

DALHOUSIE'S ANNUAL RUMBLE

By JIM HURLEY

As 300 black and gold beanies parade about the campus, the Sophomores are recovering from Sophomoritus. This strange, annual malady is common to all ex-Freshmen who endured the torture of Initiation just so that they might have the sadistic pleasure of inflicting similar torture on the following year's Freshmen. However, many a senior student at Dal must be asking himself just what sort of thing does a Freshman do.

This year, revolutionary tactics were employed during the Initiation. After listening to the mumbings of campus officials at the "Welcome" (what could be less welcome than to be forced to listen to the endless dronings and the prolonged "ums" and "ahs" of our officials?) the Freshmen gleefully ran out onto the campus to play "Ring Around the Rosie" and to engage in other worthwhile activities in their stocking feet.

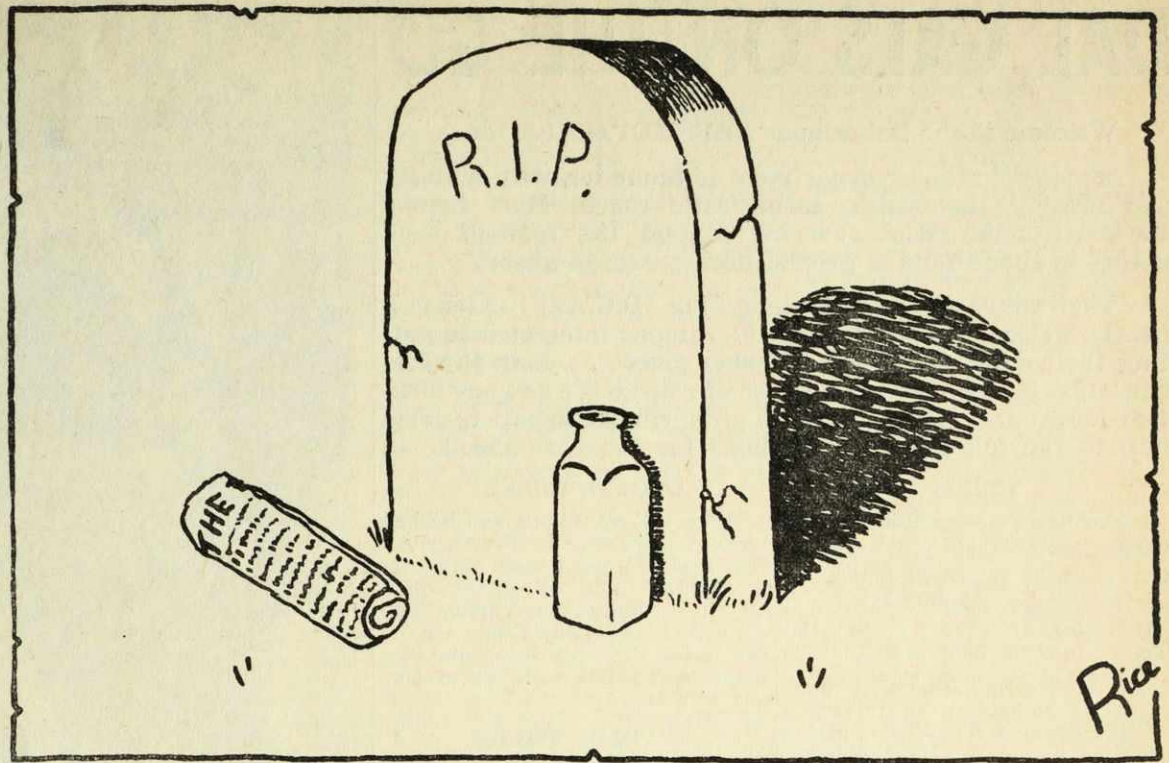
Nevertheless, it was during the Scavenger Hunt that their education was expanded most. Their ill-gotten gains that evening ranged from a lock of blonde hair (John never did explain adequately how he got his) to 10c worth of sauerkraut to a colored nylon to a lucky charm inscribed "I am a Green Freshman." It was a marvellous experience for all, and those cleaning the Gym afterwards learned that sauerkraut is more potent than deodorizers; the next festivity was held out of doors.

It came to our ears that some campus officials had the gall to warn the Freshmen not to engage

in too many activities and to be sure to keep class work up to date. To this heresy we were quick to make reply. After all, don't all Freshettes come to university to catch a husband, and don't all Freshmen come for — what DO the Freshmen come for? At any rate, we need not worry: we know from experience that natural instinct will guide these new-comers rather than the advice of the officials....

It was chilling to listen to the hushed knife-in-the-back tones of one Freshette who confided to her companions that she could hardly wait to get even with next year's pre-destined victims (yes R.M., pre-destination is not just a Calvinistic theory; it is a cold and cruel fact.) As we listen to the restrained glee hidden in the shadows of her whispering, we were moved by pity. Poor deceived one! Have you not learned that to toast a nice marshmallow one must have a good fire? To build a good fire requires lots of good wood, and good wood is so hard to find these days.

Have fun, Fosh—next year you'll find that the "Torturers" suffer most!



Studley Campus Explodes Into Growth

"It is easy to be a big university—in numbers"—but it is not so easy to be a good one. In a recent interview, an eminent faculty member pointed out Dalhousie's gradual and controlled growth, with the emphasis on producing quality along with quantity.

Soviets Swipe Canadian Students' Films

OTTAWA (CUP)—NFCUS officials hold little hope for the return of film taken from six members of this summer's NFCUS-sponsored tour of the Soviet Union.

The confiscation took place at Brest on the Russian-Polish border June 30.

"I do not know if the film will be returned; it is up to the local authority there," Victor A. Selivanor, second secretary of the Soviet Embassy said in a recent interview here.

He added that the six "must have done some wrong." He expressed his regret that the film was taken as punitive measure—"but this will not prevent Canadian students from making another tour."

During the trip, four members entered forbidden areas in Moscow, and left the city to visit a communal farm.

Their visas were good only in Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev.

"Every foreigner in our country must respect our people. When a foreigner does something wrong, our people become angry — your proverb 'when in Rome do as the Romans do' applies to the situation," Mr. Selivanor said.

Only six of the 26 tour members had film confiscated. One of the six, tour leader John G. Nicholson, Professor of language studies at the University of Montreal, said the film contained pictures taken prior to entering the Soviet Union.

Others to have film taken were: Burke Doran, University of Toronto; Marshall Harrison, University of Alberta; Roland Lamontagne, past president of Laval; Richard Lavoien Quebec City; and Donald Wilson, University of Western Ontario.

NFCUS President Mortimer Bistrisky indicated the quiet attempts of NFCUS to get the film back are at an end.

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To many who have been fervently agitating for the new Men's Residence during the past few years, this might seem to be an expression of conservatism in its most extreme degree; however, since progress was set in motion by the bequest of the Late Sir James Dunn, Studley campus appears to be in a state of dynamic expansion. Many long range plans are on tap, but the immediate prognosis looks favorable for Dalhousie's imminent growth.

This new Science Building stands sedately on the Dalhousie landscape, and is equipped with the most modern facilities. The large lecture room, accommodating 240, four smaller ones, accommodating 80 each, many seminar rooms, workshops, and an enormous drafting room should be more than adequate to cover expansion at Dalhousie over the next few years. Built at an estimated cost of \$2 million, the building should be ready for occupancy some time next summer. It will have the dual goal of teaching and research—for which two of its rooms are already in use.

The nuclear equipment, and the special low-temperature apparatus which utilizes liquid helium to produce temperatures as close to absolute zero as modern science can allow—are unique in their type of any establishment east of Montreal. These should, of course, prove to be of invaluable assistance in research, and will be instrumental in raising the already good standards of the Science and Engineering Departments here.

As "money begets money," so it would appear that progress begets progress on this campus. Immediately after the first sod was turned for the science Building, plans were set in motion for the Men's Residence.

Among other things, including single room accommodations for approximately 150 students, the residence will contain a Chapel, efficient cafeteria (improvement on the present model) and a Common Room, which will actually be an extension of the Library. This will be at an estimated cost of \$1¼ million, and should be ready for occupancy in the FaM of 1960.

SAM

I spent Sunday afternoon with Sam.

Sam is tall, thin, dark, sparkling, and Ceylonese. It took him 26 days to sail here, during which time he passed through Columbo Bay, Athens, Suez, the Straits of Gibraltar, and Halifax Harbor. Sam speaks English fluently (he has been learning it since age 8), and is taking Chemical Engineering; a temporary resident above the Canteen, he is now permanently established at 267 South Street, three blocks from Dal.

Sam (his Ceylonese is slightly longer and slightly less pronounceable) has never seen Autumn, Winter and Spring. He is watching the leaves change with a growing sense of wonder which is soon to be replaced by one of stoic suffering when the indescribable Halifax winter creaks and slushes into place. In Ceylon the temperature gravitates around 85 and the sun blisters the bright blue sky all day long (and all summer long . . . which is all year long), from 6 a.m., when most Columbans get up, to a dusk which ushers in a 9:30 bed-time.

Sam's father is a planter; principally tea, by whose saleability Ceylonese economy stands and falls. Consequently Sam's 17 years are divided between lush plantation fields and bustling Columbo streets (the city has 100 rotaries and 1½ million inhabitants). He has reconciled the two with his own collection of orchids, ensconced in coconuts husks and collected in a city greenhouse formed of cypress trees. Sam has his own horse and has ridden elephants (he rode a camel when he saw the pyramids this summer).

Sam is a Buddhist. To him it is a philosophy and not a religion; he has studied the Dharma (Holy Book) of Gautama Buddha, and has learned the exercises which may transport his soul from its series of earthly vessels of desire into the perfection of Nirvana. He has seen the 2,500-year-old ruins of Ceylon, and the teeth and relics of Lord Buddha in their shrines.

Sam finds Halifax calm, and he likes that. He can compare it with many much stranger cities.

You should look Sam up sometime.

—John Chambers.

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