

# Ed Cohen Reports On W.U.S. In India

W.U.S. (or I.S.S. as it was then called) first appeared on the Indian scene in 1947, when through the active efforts of an Indian member of the central I.S.S. staff in Geneva a South-East Asian office was established in Madras. At first very few universities had committees, and most of the relief work was handled through the regional office. Gradually this situation changed.

Indian students have always been forced to undergo considerable privation, but the influx of large numbers of penniless refugee students in the wake of Partition made the situation much worse. Relief was urgently needed, and the I.S.S. ideal of international cooperation and self-help appealed to many Indian students. As a result committees sprang up in Calcutta and Delhi; soon after this, serious floods in Assam created great problems for students and led to the formation of a committee at Gauhati University; it was not long before most of the other major universities entered the fold. When the South-East Asia office was disbanded there was in Delhi a strong Indian W.U.S. committee ready to carry on.

Last year committees were functioning in 14 out of 29 Indian universities. This year the number should be considerably greater for several reasons: (1) the good work being done by W.U.S. in the country is being recognized and is leading to an expansion of its activities; (2) this year's Seminar held in Mysore, by bringing together influential students from almost every university in the country and giving them an opportunity to learn about the work of W.U.S., is bound to stimulate interest in W.U.S. on every campus; and (3) our three study tours, by which we visited almost every university and came into personal contact with thousands of students and professors, have served to make the work of W.U.S. generally known among the mass of the students. Indeed, the influence of the Seminar was so great that by the time we reached a number of universities in the course of our study tours they already possessed W.U.S. committees newly formed by their representatives who has just returned from the Seminar.

While the conditions of extreme distress that prevailed among the students four or five years ago have eased somewhat, a great deal remains to be done in providing them with material necessities. It should also be noted that the percentage of poor students is growing at a rapid rate and that a great number of deserving students desire to enter university and cannot for financial reasons.

My study tour visited the east coast of India and then travelled northwest up the Ganges valley to Delhi. Here are some very brief notes on student conditions and W.U.S. activities in some of the universities we visited. They are quite typical not only of the other universities in India but also of those of Pakistan.

**Madras**—Being in the centre of a drought area, most students have insufficient nourishment and grossly inadequate housing and medical care; however, the students are very active and are eager to cooperate to improve their conditions. At present international W.U.S. operates a 20-bed T.B. ward at nearby Tambaram; as well, the local W.U.S. committee is ambitious—planning to build a new student health centre.

**Cuttack (Orissa)**—General student conditions are depressing, and economic privation leads to low scholastic attainment. W.U.S. has not been active here, but plans have been made to start a committee in one college.

**Calcutta**—The peculiar position of this huge university, which has most of its colleges situated in India's metropolis, poses a great many problems for the students: economic and nutritional conditions are quite depressing; a large number of students are refugees from East Pakistan, but only a small fraction of students from outside the city can be accommodated in the highly limited residence space available in this greatly overcrowded area. W.U.S. is playing an important part here by aiding needy students and by operating a hostel for refugee students just outside the city.

**Santiniketan (West Bengal)**—The university hospital here has been receiving considerable assistance from Indian W.U.S.; as well, W.U.S. is aiding needy foreign students who come to this international centre of culture and learning.

**Patna (Bihar)**—W.U.S. has been extremely active here; the present project is a most ambitious one—constructing a \$30,000 student hospital ward to alleviate present critical health conditions among the students. An active campaign for raising funds is already underway.

**Banaras**—There has been no W.U.S. committee functioning in this large university; the situation with respect to residence accommodation and students' meals is most unsatisfactory; a poor students' book fund and a health society have been formed.

**Allahabad (U.P.)**—A W.U.S.

committee has recently been formed here but is struggling to establish itself against the opposition of other student organizations.

**Lucknow (U.P.)**—W.U.S. was virtually unknown here prior to our visit, but now it appears that a committee may be formed.

**Agra**—A W.U.S. committee has just begun its activities and is supplying needy students with notebooks.

**Aligarh (U.P.)**—W.U.S. has been active here, particularly in providing books and medical supplies. The Vice-Chancellor of this university, Dr. Zakir Husain, who is perhaps India's leading educator, is also chairman of Indian W.U.S.

**Delhi**—W.U.S. has been most active here: W.U.S. work has included organizing a work camp and providing scholarships, medical supplies, books, and notebooks. A new W.U.S. health centre is now under construction.

**Gauhati (Assam)**—There are most encouraging signs here: national W.U.S. is sponsoring a student recreation room and plans to add a medical centre and a T.B. ward in the Shillong hospital. The local committee is very active.

**Bombay**—The W.U.S. committee is quite active; money is being spent on residences and on a student health program.

## The Med Corner

With rugby gone from the scene we are preparing strong entries for the Inter-fac sports beginning next term. Johnny Williston is sports representative and has secured managers to handle the various teams. Ed Grantmyre capably managed the rugby team. Tiny Bonuik will manage badminton and ping pong while Art Lesser will again handle the hockey team. No basketball manager has been named as yet.

The Med Chorus, which was so popular a couple of years back is to be formed once more. Professor Hamer has consented once again to conduct the chorus which will consist of approximately 25 voices.

For the past two years the Medical Society has sponsored a Med Banquet which brings together students and faculty. The banquet has met with such success that it is now an annual affair. This year's banquet will take place Thursday, November 19th at the Lord Nelson Hotel.

## Everybody's Doing It!

Everybody's doing it. Why? Nobody knows. When? Continually, sometimes as many as twenty times a day. Where? All over the campus, which has admirable facilities for such actions. What is it? do you say, in an exasperated voice? Why, running upstairs, of course.

Notice a crowd of students ambling across the campus towards the Arts Building. The peaceful conversation and unhurried pace continue until the lower set of steps is reached. Then, suddenly, as if compelled by some inhuman force, everyone runs up the steps. A slow walk across the wide esplanade is terminated by another run and a gasping grasp at the door. Once inside, the number of different stairways leading to the second floor present wonderful opportunities for students to indulge in this self-enforced torture.

May I repeat again, why? The amount of time saved is negligible, and, indeed, if the stairs are very long, a good starting sprint usually ends in the enthusiastic ones sitting down exhausted at the halfway mark, with both legs feeling like tin cases filled with lead.

The most popular form of running up stairs at Dalhousie seems to be a sort of jolting bounce. The students races towards the bottom steps, lands on one foot, and thence heaves himself up in the air and down on the next step, on the other foot, sparks shooting from his jarred spine all the while.

Young ladies who spend hours fixing their hair, pressing their clothes and picking stray locks off their shoulders in order to look as ravishing as possible, think nothing of jolting upstairs, their eyes fixed on the goal (top step) with a glassy stare, their mouths open as they pant to keep their breaths, and their bodies bent at a 45 degree angle in order not to fall backwards while running. Many a maiden has wondered why her hero is not enthralled by her devotion as she runs upstairs towards him. The explanation is simple. He does not recognize her in this gasping, glassy-eyed creature.

Then, too, the habituee of the staircase sprint is bound to find himself uncomfortably warm as he nears the top. The longer the stairs, the warmer he gets. The desire to peel off all his clothes in order to be cool he must repress, particularly if he has just run up the library stairs. Suppressed desires are dangerous, as any such student will happily tell you.

This sport is disastrous in wintertime when everyone is wearing snow boots, parka coats and a couple of suits of long underwear, yet that mad, dashing impulse to run upstairs persists. A tumbled mass of figures encased in great-coats and snow boots, sprawling exhausted at the landing, makes passage rather difficult for the next one.

A bare mention is due that athlete of athletes who flips up the stairs two at a time, his body bent double like a bicycle racer's, his heels clipping other people's chins and his great ham fists which he flails in order to keep his balance, leaving the down-coming section literally paralyzed.

Running downstairs is not very different. There is a feeling of exultation, that brisk feeling that we all get when our class is over, which perhaps compels the run down, but if you will notice, students instinctively run down steps which are quite far removed from the scene of the last class. Exhaustion is not quite so great, but the unraceful jolt is there. When he who runs down meets he who runs up in mid-course, the echoes can be heard a great distance.

It is true that we shall not be able to run up or down stairs when we are old. I doubt, though, if Horace had this in mind when he urged young people to "pluck the day".

Now I must be off, so that I can run up to the library to return the book I borrowed. And when you get the Gazette, I bet you will hardly be able to wait before running up to your room to read it instead of writing your English essay. Eh?

N. W.

## Too Many Patients in Too Small a Ward

by John McCurdy

This summer I worked as an attendant in a mental hospital.

One day as I was sitting on the steps of the office building, a group of people, beyond the high wall, happened to pass by the gate which had been left ajar. They stopped. They eyed me up and down. They pointed, laughed and waved.

People react in strange ways to things they do not understand. The public is unconscious of the condition in mental hospitals. You may ask yourself, "Why should I be interested?" Perhaps it has never occurred to you that one day you might be staring out behind caged windows. A blow on the head would do the trick.

Supposing this did happen to you. Would you not prefer a clean, respectable room and have people to care for you and do things that you might expect your own family to do? Whether you would be aware of what is going on around you is hard to say but I'm sure that if you were to visit a mental hospital today you would thank your lucky stars that fortune has been favorable.

The majority of mental hospitals lack the proper staff. They need more doctors, more psychologists, more social workers and more attendants. Also, with the rising percentage of cases they are becoming crowded; some have a waiting list. Too small wards for too many patients!

With the attitude which the public has developed toward such institutions there will be little progress. We haven't freed ourselves from the Bedlam of London where the patients were on exhibition.

We still cling to the idea of the madman stalking the towers and how Charlotte Bronte horrified us with "Jane Eyre."

What is a shock treatment? This is a question that pops up time and time again. People often plug in lamps or radios and receive a slight sensation like a prickle or a sting. Such a shock is mild compared to the therapeutic one, for this produces a convulsion.

A patient is asked to lay on the table. A rubber band is strapped securely to his head. Discs are placed on the temples and electrodes are inserted. The nurse says "ready" and the doctor pulls the switch. Immediately the patient lets a slight groan and his body stiffens. His legs rise slowly in the air while three attendants place their hands on his shoulders and thighs to avoid any straining of the muscles. Seconds later he begins to shake, his eyes roll backwards, his breathing becomes heavy, foam forms around the mouth. He is then laced upon a bed and whirled to a partitioned area where he remains, unconscious for about twenty minutes.

One morning I was bathing some of the bed patients. I was relieved from duty and sent to the basement for supplies. When I returned I found that all the patients had been bathed—in twenty minutes. One of the attendants told me that he had bathed all the patients in the same water. He didn't have time to do it properly. There was not enough help.

TOO MANY PATIENTS IN TOO SMALL A WARD.

# The Continental

by Helen Scammell

Judging from the various papers across the country, the news seems to concern blood and Sadie Hawkins pranks. A strange mixture. It needs further explanation.

It seems that the University of British Columbia has derived a novel method of getting the required amount of red and white corpuscles from the male students. We could call it "a peck a pint". Anyway here is the story. "The University of British Columbia has found a method of running a successful blood donor drive. A "Kissing Booth" was set up in the clinic with posters reading "trade a pint for a kiss" outside. The quota set for the week was topped by the end of the fourth day.

The Gateway, child of the University of Alberta, announces that its first Ph.D. will be conferred at the annual Fall Convocation upon Clayton Pearson, of Edmonton. Mr. Pearson, a World War II veteran, received his M.A. degree from the University of Saskatchewan. His field is plant science. Also, from the Gateway is a slight deviation from Shakespeare.

"To work or not to work; that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of ex- am- time failure, Or take up a pen against a sea of problems, And by a slide-rule solve them."

A sad tale of woe comes from the McGill Daily, as a reprint from the MacDonald College paper, telling of two damsels who fell afoul

of the 'Sadie's Court' staged in the foyer of the Women's Residence, by the men students, prior to the dance. A Home Ec.er was required to attend the big dance dressed in a bathing suit and high-heeled shoes. Reason? She had dated an Aggie and took a 9 p.m. leave. The Aggie reported her. A Fresh- ette was sentenced to attend the dance in full football uniform, and to 'scrimmage every hour on the hour'. Cause unknown. The Daily also flashes the banner head that 326 pints of blood set the record for the opening day, with Arts and Science being the prime donors by 128 pints.

Varsity, from Toronto, hoots that "Blues Scalp Redmen". In their opinion the team from McGill was definitely mediocre, as they held them scoreless while rapping home 34 markers for themselves. That is not all. Did you know that the famous Senator, Joe McCarthy was burned in effigy last Saturday night? The entire ceremony was accompanied by the chant "Joe's our foe! Joe's a shmoe!" Telegrams to the notable himself as well as President Eisenhower, from the students read as follows—"Senator McCarthy is denounced by students of Victoria College, Toronto, Canada, on All-Hallow's Eve as the symbol of North American fear. We join in condemning the political Hallow- e'en which threatens to destroy the vitality of North American democracy, and demonstrate, not against the man, but against the focus point, the bogymann of McCarthy- ism, witch hunts and fear tactics." Its the most!

## Tub -Thumper

If there is any committee lacking in spirit, spunk and spark of life please contact the Gazette and they will refer you to the ones that were mentioned on page 5 of last week's issue; they were full of it!

Last week, as you may all have well noticed, a whole page was donated to articles on apathy; referring to the idleness of the student in various outside activities. Surely there must have been some vital reason for donating a whole page! Naturally if the campus feels that all lack spirit (whether we have or have not is irrelevant) what chance is there of us having any? Surely, because we don't climb flag poles and stand on our heads we are creatures suffering from acute apathy!

This always seems to be a major topic of discussion amongst students. Often, we are thumbing through magazines and come across articles about American colleges that have panty raids and do all sorts of wild and wonderful things. We see students yelling madly and displaying an over- powering zeal for their ALMA MATER. We could easily have a panty raid at Shirriff Hall if that would apply the torch and gird the loins.

It is not necessary to make such an issue of this subject. One may say that we are in college to gain

an education of some sort and not to graduate with a diploma in C.S. (college spirit). Of course that may sound Victorian but not completely without meaning. These extra-curricular activities are secondary to classes; believe it or not—at least that is the way your parents and professors look at it.

The vice-president of the Council remarked on the attendance of the last forum and admitted herself that there was no sensational issue discussed. Does one blame that on the student's apathy?

"My sentence is open for war."

## University of Kings College: Scholarship List

- Chancellor's Scholarships:
  - Graham Laing, Sydney, N. S.
  - David Millar, Halifax, N. S.
- Foundation Scholarships:
  - Mary Bell, Halifax, N. S.
  - Joan Caines, Halifax, N. S.
  - Judy Bryson, Halifax, N. S.
  - Carolyn Naftel, Halifax, N. S.
  - George Phills, Sydney, N. S.
  - Benjamin Smith, Sydney, N. S.
  - Mary-Elizabeth Todd, Halifax
  - Alice Joan Venner, Halifax
- Keating Scholarships:
  - Noel Andrews, Newfoundland
- (Outside King's)
  - Bermuda Scholarship:
    - Charles Kempe, Bermuda

## Geography Lesson in History

'Truro? Where the heck is Truro?'

To a few people on this campus, them's fightin' words, pardner. To many others, they are the logical reply when the news that both Glee Club productions this year would also go on stage in Truro was announced. Some towns always seem to be a matter for ridicule when one arrives in the big city; and this may be the right attitude, for those born in a city who know nothing of the feeling that one finds in small town life. Some universities, usually those in small towns themselves, have "regional clubs" to which the students of a particular district belong; hence the Cape Breton Club, the Pictou County Club, and the Lower West Pubic Club. Confidentially, I have never heard of a Truro Club. At Dalhousie, these organizations do not exist; we figure that we have enough organizations now to take care of all those people who never want to attend anyway. But there comes a time in every man's life when he feels it his duty to take up typewriter and defend the honor of his home town.

Anyone who has taken History 8 must have heard of the Acadian settlement at Cobequid. Even I heard about it, despite the fact that the reference was veiled in a cloud of chalk dust and was therefore quite obscure. During the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, Cobequid was hastily vacated, and

sat around until 1767 when some hardy immigrants from New Jersey arrived, looked it over, decided it was far enough away from Halifax, and settled there. For some reason, unknown to historians, although there have been several rumours lately, they named the village Truro. The Jerseyites were soon reinforced by some red-headed Irishmen, a few Scots trying to get away from Pictou, and the usual conglomeration of second generation infants. The town really went ahead with great speed during the next hundred and fifty years, and increased its population to about 7,000 souls, if the term may be used so vaguely. And then, then, the war came along and Truro entered into a boom period. All the industries flourished—people began wearing more Stanfield underwear, eating more Brookfield Ice Cream, using more creosoted logs, blowing their tops through Lewis's hats and caps, and generally helping along the town planners' problem by building houses in the foothills of the Cobequid Mountains. Truro doubled its population, and is now the fifth largest centre in the province. Some of us are proud of it, and we're glad that Truro has an active I.O.D.E. and Kiwanis to sponsor us there.

By the way, Truro is about sixty-three miles from the city dump on Lady Hammond Road extension, known to the provincials as Nova Scotia Highway 2. You can't miss it—it's on both sides of the road!

D. P.

smoke

## SWEET CAPS

always fresh and

TRULY MILD!



CORK OR PLAIN