

Dalhousie Gazette

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WILL THE BLEACHERS BE EMPTY?

Perhaps a few of us recall the debating match with Acadia held in Room 3 of the Arts Building on a wintry evening last year. "Sodales" president Scott Gordon was standing in the hallway awaiting the arrival of the Acadia representation. Suddenly, the doors flew open to admit the opposing debaters and an enthusiastic assemblage of some 35 Acadians—campus patriots, who had chartered a bus and sacrificed time and money to support their fellow collegians on the debating front.

What a pitiful situation! . . . Dalhousians outnumbered five to one in an "at home", Dal-sponsored debate. The discouraged adherents of the Gold and Black (all three of them) made frantic sorties through the dimly-lit campus in hopes of collecting a reasonable assortment of supporters for the home team. The library looked like the best bet. But no, everyone was—"sorry, too many studies on hand. Perhaps next time."

And so it was, that, surrounded by a vast sea of Acadia backers, our disillusioned duo mounted the platform to present their arguments.

These facts but constitute a "test case" of conditions generally prevalent in all non-academic undertakings at Dalhousie in past years. What was true of debating was true of football, hockey, and, above all, basketball. The student body simply "didn't care". The ironic "Everybody Out, Come on Gang!" posters had little or no effect on the lackadaisical reader.

WILL IT BE THE SAME STORY AGAIN THIS YEAR? Will the traditional "I don't care" attitude of Dalhousie students continue to undermine every effort in the "non-curricular" field? **SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL GAME MAY HELP TO CLEAR UP THIS ENIGMA.**

A NOTE OF EXONERATION

The fact that the long-awaited Dal Year Book has not yet made its annual appearance is in no way due to the delay or indecision of the Pharos editorial staff, according to President Art Titus of the Student Council. The problem can be traced to the publishing company where a wartime shortage of linotype operators has thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery of publication.

Apparently the required copy, cuts, page layouts and advertising were dispatched to the printer over three months ago. It is now "just a matter of time" before Pharos goes to press and is delivered to its subscribers on the campus.

"WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION?"

(In reply to this question here is the 1ST in a series of articles by members of the Dalhousie teaching staff)

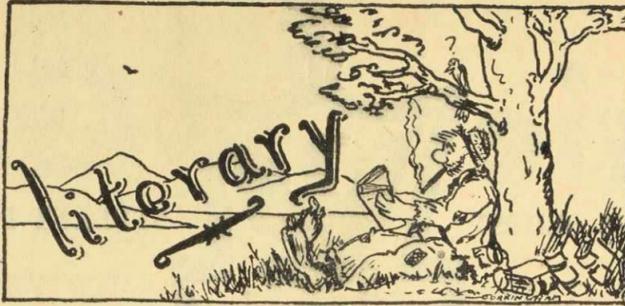
Referring to the Gazette editorial of October 13th which asked the pertinent question: What is a University education? let me say at the outset by way of comment how greatly I rejoiced to see the students' paper taking in hand a survey of the field of education. Perhaps we may find some things here or there that may be made better. It was a very wise teacher who said long ago "An unexamined life is not worth living." Beginning with the schools I think a fault is that some of them have yielded to a demand for a vague and futile sciolism neglecting the fundamental disciplines which help to fit a boy or girl for any career they may choose in the days to come. The tendency too often is to prepare them for making a living (which of course we all have to do) but not to lay emphasis enough on the greater aim of making a worthy life, as the President urged us to do in his opening address this year.

This tendency is carried on into the college days and the result is a narrowness of outlook greatly to be deplored. It seems a pity that some one since my time invented the phrase 'extra-curricular activities' which implies a comparison or even a contrast of aims and pursuits—a contrast which should not exist.

In the matter of games I would urge the students to adhere to the old and well-established games which have been played on the campus and on foreign fields from time immemorial, and to avoid bringing in fantastic substitutes for these old and proven forms of strenuous exercise, and in general to spend less time in watching others play rather than to get out upon the field and play easy or strenuous games themselves. The weird customs of the modern bleachers never seemed to me to add much value to our recreations, and this all comes under education—ask Plato if it doesn't.

Well, it is fifty years since I wrote about education in the Gazette. Since that time I have fought the Philistines in Nova Scotia as well as in France, so you must bear with me if I add a word or two, a little impatiently, on the more obtrusive of our new manners. Meditating upon the changed aspects of college life I find myself sometimes forming a mental picture of a thoughtful and earnest student escaping from the noise of the radio and its distortions of the movie-shows and seeking a quiet place whence he may look out upon the world and, in Arnold's phrase, try to see life steadily and see it whole.

J. W. LOGAN,
Department of Classics.



BOOK REVIEW

SIMONE, by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by G. A. Hermann
(Published by The Viking Press)

"Simone" is the simply told story of a young French girl, struggling against the collaborationists and pro-fascists during the early days of France's occupation by the enemy. "A tall, lanky fifteen-year-old," Simone is living in the Villa Monrepos, just outside the city of Saint-Martin, when the Boches begin their march across France. For ten years she has been under the guardianship of her uncle, Prosper Planchard, ever since the death of her father, Pierre Planchard, when Simone was five years old. Uncle Prosper had always treated her kindly, but Madame, Prosper's mother, has nothing but scorn and hatred for the girl—the waif of a despised stepson.

Pierre Planchard had died in the Congo, instigating a rebellion among the exploited natives. Simone feels that she has inherited his hatred of oppression, his pity for suffering, as she watches escaping refugees, flow along the narrow road past the villa, and pour into the city streets, weary and wretched. Although she has always had the highest regard for uncle Prosper, she grows suspicious of him when he will allow only a few of the cars in his transfer company to be used by the fleeing refugees, and when he signs a contract with the Marquis de Brisson known to be a pro-fascist. Finally, when Uncle Prosper refuses to destroy his company before the approaching wave of Germans has arrived, Simone decides that the time is ripe for action, and takes matters into her own hands.

The book is divided into three parts—Readiness, Action, and Realization. The characters are like a chain of beads, varied and multicolored. First, there is Simone. Graced with an understanding beyond her years, she seems to grow as the book progresses, as her knowledge of the war increases, and as realization dawns as to what her role against the Boches must be. Then, there is Uncle Prosper whose treachery and deceit make him one of the most despicable characters in the book, next to Madame who is even more despicable than he is. There is also Maurice, the insolent truck driver, who tries to persuade Simone to seek safety with him in unoccupied territory, and Pere Bastide, an old bookbinder, who lends Simone the books on Joan of Arc, which help her to live through some difficult and trying days. Indeed, there is a striking parallel drawn between the life of Simone and the life of Joan. Several chapters are devoted to the influence of Joan's career on Simone's thinking.

The characters which group themselves around Simone are both friends and enemies, the enemies plotting treacherously against her, the friends trying helplessly to save her from a darkened destiny. Yet Simone faces the future with a high confidence in her heart, and a determination to survive the blackest hours until the dawning of a new day of freedom.

K. E. B.

TEA WITH MRS. COPLEY

(Concluded from last week)

"Oh Mrs. Bromford," she choked, "Keith is safe, he's SAFE," she almost shouted the last word. "The telegram—it just came. Your dream, Mrs. Bromford, it came true." She covered her face with her hands, shoulders trembling.

Mrs. Bromford embraced the trembling shoulders. "Oh my dear, my dear," she said breathlessly, "I'm so happy, so glad for your sake. But come," she said softly, "you must sit down. It's been a pleasant shock, but a shock nevertheless."

"No-no, Mrs. Bromford. If you'll excuse me I think I'll phone my daughter-in-law. I simply must find out if she's had word." Elizabeth had uncovered her face and had turned towards the door.

The call was over in a few short minutes. Mrs. Copley soon returned to the living room, but much to her surprise, she found that Mrs. Bromford had disappeared. Yet she could hardly have left without Elizabeth seeing her, since the telephone was in the hall. The door in the hallway, however, was open, and as Elizabeth stood on the stone steps outside, she thought she discerned the dim outline of a woman, turning a distant corner of the street.

That night, there was happy rejoicing in the Copley household. Several friends were notified of Keith's safety, and paid congratulatory visits. In her excitement and relief, Elizabeth forgot about Mrs. Bromford until the last guest was ready to depart. Then as they stood in the darkened hall-way, Elizabeth mentioned Mrs. Bromford's visit, and how grateful she was that the older woman had given her such hope and comfort. The departing guest looked askance.

"But—but Mrs. Copley," she stammered, "Don't you know? Didn't you read in the paper? The robot bomb—Mrs. Bromford was killed yesterday afternoon."

Elizabeth stared at her. It was several moments before the look of horror and bewilderment had passed from her face. Then an odd little smile crept from the corners of her mouth. She gazed through the open hall door, and saw again, a shadowy figure disappearing quietly into the fog.

K. E. B.

Moot Court—

(Continued from page 1)

awed courtroom ducked and dogged while he threw his arms and arguments about, but it was a well-worded piece of work, legal syllogisms piling up on each other and falling on the judges with the desired effect.

Mr. Sheffman presented his case with good argument, but lack of time for preparation told on its effect to the critical judges. The judgment was given with one dissent by Barry.

The unfined section of the first year class is approaching today's

session with the hope they won't be overlooked. If the judges are thirsty, they won't be. The case is a mythical one, before Matthews, Reddin and Frances Clancy; R. J. McCleave for appellants, Fred Martin for respondents.—McC.

Commission—

(Continued from page 1)

day night, Oct. 26th in conjunction with the Dal group of the Canadian Youth Commission. There will be a radio program followed by discussion and refreshments. This is an all-student organization, so give it your full support.

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