

The Dalhousie Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
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Cape Breton Club of Halifax Bursary

Two bursaries have been established by the Cape Breton Club of Halifax: one for a Roman Catholic student at St. Francis Xavier University and one for a Protestant student at Dalhousie.

The conditions specified by the Club are, first, that a student to be eligible, must be a native of Cape Breton whose domicile is still there, and secondly, that ability, character and financial need be considered in making the award.

Applications for the 1953-54 Dalhousie bursary should be addressed to the Registrar not later than December 1st. The application should include the grounds for the request.

The Med Corner

Last Wednesday our domination in inter-fac rugby was ended. A determined, aggressive Law team squeezed through with a 2-0 win. We had won the rugby crown two years in a row with no points being scored against us. Last week Law tied us 2-2 in a rough and tumble game. All Law's points came on penalty kicks by Medjuck, our only consolation being that no one has crossed our goal line in three years.

In the 2-2 draw with Law, Gordon Crandall, a stalwart in the scrum was injured. He suffered a knee injury which has hospitalized him and may keep him off his feet for a month. We hope Gord will be up soon.

Regardless of losing the rugby crown, the boys put up a great show and in losing detracted nothing from the sportsmanship displayed by Med teams of the past.

An Inquisition

By Kenneth Kalutich

Few questions have aroused more curiosity than the rise and fall of a civilization. As men witness the great changes in political, economic, social and intellectual development throughout the world the question arises if our North American civilization is advancing or retrogressing.

If our North American civilization is advancing why is our home life breaking up? How can we account for one out of every five marriages ending in divorce? Why have our children lost respect for the authority of parents? Why does a young married couple prefer to buy a car before they place a down payment on a house or have a child? Why do American authorities estimate there were over 100,000 abortions last year?

If our civilization is advancing why do we have prostitution flourishing across the border and in our large cities? If our society is developing why do we have over 650,000 women and 1,000,000 men alcoholics in the United States? How can we account for the increase of juvenile delinquency, dope addiction, mental cases, and crime increase rather than decrease? What has happened to our generation when our youth know more about Mickey Spillane's Mr. Hammer than the Bible's prophets?

If our civilization is increasing intellectually and aesthetically why do we allow filth in our form of pocket books, pulp magazines, and girlie books on sale at our newsstands? Can anyone read these books without having his decency and normality debased? If our society hasn't declined why can't useful books and magazines compete with this filthy garbage that is sold at newsstands?

If civilization is surging forward how can we account for the countless people drifting without a purpose; people who are content and delighted with their own egotism, selfishness, immaturity, and aimless convictions? If our future is promising how can we justify the facts that the leadership of our society is slowly being represented by the type of men who are no longer interested in the welfare of society?

If our civilization has stability why have workers become clock-watchers? Why have our high school graduates become ignoramuses who can't read, write, spell or think? What has happened to our teachers to make them so incapable? Why are there so many mothers who spend more time at parties than they spend with their children? Why are

there so many people wasting lives in the endless pursuit of pleasure?

If our civilization hasn't gone with the dogs why have we lost our respect for virginity, and why do we no longer look with horror on the adulterous acts of friends? If society is not retrogressing why have we lost respect for good manners, for authority, womanhood, and for outstanding individuals in our country? Why do our university graduates prefer to degenerate themselves by lucrative soul destroying labor, coarse pleasure and barbarous amusements? Why do students think that power and money is the yardstick for measuring success?

If civilization is not declining how can we justify the fact that the state is gradually encroaching upon the rights and privileges of an individual? How can our race claim that our civilization is not crumbling when immorality has become so commonplace that almost every person boasts of practicing it? Finally, was Bernard Shaw right when he said: "A nation's morals are like its teeth: the worse they are decayed the more it hurts to touch them?"

A HITCH-HIKING TOUR OF THE ISLES

May 9 . . . I gazed down the excited English street and realized I was in a country with terrific zest and spirit. The whole area was a hurley-burley of mass living between tram car and tea shop. There are about a million people crowded into this city which is not much larger than Halifax and suburbs. Liverpool is not one of the nicer cities of the British Isles. It is dirty and war-scarred and tinged both with the industrial area smoke and the dockyard underworld. After shooting my camera at all possible street scenes which almost included my brother being left flat by an irate street car, we decided that the best thing to do was to get started on the first lap of this almost non-stop 'educational' tour (a la hitch hike) of the land of the men who never shall be slaves. For those of you who tuned in late this is your roving wolf cub reporter giving you in his own words, in his own little way, a thumb nail report of the 'Auto-stop' trip which he and his brother took around the British Isles last spring.

Riding over the lake district to the north on our way to Scotland we were startled by the great change from our own country. The houses were nearly all red brick and so close together you could light your neighbor's cigarette if the smoke didn't put out the match. Although it was still May, everyone seemed to be swimming in the lakes. I wanted to go swimming too but it would have been too relaxing and I hate relaxing. All I wanted to do was to get to the land of the purple heather and find out if it was true when my father told me we were descendants of Robert the Bruce. He was lying. The man's name was Bruce Robertson, and the only fighting he had ever done for Scotland was in beating up a cripple in a tavern brawl on the day of Colodren Moor.

We arrived in Edinboro' at 8 o'clock and not being able to find a youth hostel we swung up to the Bruntsfield Hotel. The cabbie, eyeing my bulging hip pocket, put out his grimy hand in friendly anticipation, and not wanting to insult him by offering money, I shook it. "Pip now," I said as I escorted my brother into the lodgings, "dinna ye ken tha' Canucks can accept hospitality when they see it?" We walked into the lounge and I ordered crumpets and tea at the bar. "Smashing, just jolly smashing," I called out to the sweet old lady slinging the teas inside the horseshoe. "Be good enough to show us to our chambers!" The room was damp and cold and the light from the street lamp bothered me. There was a movement and a crash, but there was no more street light and I hate street lights.

Two bonny Scotch lassies brought in our breakfast at one o'clock the next afternoon. I took a walk around Edinboro' accompanied by my companion since birth. "What do you think of it?" he queried. "You were right," I answered, "it's Scotch." After watching a church service and a scout rally, I knew where I wanted to go. I crushed my cigarette butt in an old lady's ear and gazed up. That was it. I looked at my watch. It was 2 p.m. "Let's go, Bob," I said easily. We walked through the park and I pushed through a barbed wire fence. Looming high above me in all its traditional grandeur lay the castle. I started running up the 80 degree hill, but it was too much for my cigarette addicted brother and he took to the paved road incline. All I could think of was that somewhere above me, someone had carved the head of Mary Queen of Scots into a too close poodle cut, and I hate poodle cuts. I jumped over a picket

fence in the "keep out" section and succeeded in getting the irate caretaker screaming at me. I finally made the courtyard and saw the guard. This was the one I wanted to get. Just before he turned I raised the cold metallic object in my right hand, and as he saw me I could see the surprise on his face, but I got the best candid picture of the day. I stood at the castle wall and looked out into the city. I had to admit it was one of the most beautiful cities I had ever seen. It had a historical grandeur that was hard to equal. It was as solid and granite-like as the tradition of Bonny Scotland itself. I thought, "If I ever take a post grad course, Dad, you'll want to send me here." Our next stop was at St. Giles' Cathedral where John Knox preached for years and it was a terrific experience. There were at least three services going at the same time, the church was so big.

Our next stop was Glasgow. We settled down in a youth hostel, which is equivalent to a YMCA and you can get a bed for 25 cents a night only you have to be in at ten o'clock. Used to retiring early, and rising early I didn't mind that. I took a walk around the University and managed to get locked in the gates. I finally got out to find that the youth hostel was closed. "Crums! . . . I exclaimed, and walked down the road to the nearest rooming house. I kicked the door once and a frightened looking woman got even more alarmed as she viewed my unshaven appearance. She tried to close the door in my face, but my number tens were already in. "I'm from Canada," I said. And that was that.

May 14 . . . We were still in Glasgow but we were not excited any more. It lacked the spectacular atmosphere of Edinboro' and except for a brush with some body snatchers who somehow thought they could sell my brother, the visit was quite uneventful. We hitch hiked to Loch Lomond. Singing lustily the song of the same name as I rounded the bend, I thought I had never seen such a thoroughly picturesque scene. To see Ben Lomond rising above the Loch amid the most, especially in the dew of early morning was a sight to lift the tired traveller's heart. We settled in a youth hostel made over from an ancient castle, and spent the day seeing the sights of this beautiful and romantic landmark.

May 15 . . . I was awakened roughly by my brother punching my face. He always woke up first because of his nightmares. "Hoot mon," he jabbered. "Din-

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EXTRA! EXTRA!

Sizzling Song Sung at Law Brawl . . .

I asked another Engineer what the score for the above song was. He told me he hadn't been at the game, but he had heard that Dal had lost. Oh our poor football team. May they rest in peace.

YOU AIN'T KIDDING

Oh pity the plight
Of the poor Gazette.
They put out a paper each week,
And yet—
You can hardly imagine
The drains and strains
And the poor unfortunate readers' pains.

Oh yes, us Engineers can write poetry too.

Dig this:

"A fellow by the name of Danny,
Kicked his girl in the stomach.
That doesn't rhyme
So she turned around."

But us Engineers are famous for our one act plays. They are the most. Last year it was "Julius Caesar" (An explanation of this title is in order: whenever a beautiful female, a rare creature around Dal, came within walking distance of the shack, we would tell Julius to seize her.) This year we present the second volume by hysterical historians:

MARC ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

by an Engineer called Shakey.
Scene one: (1) (une) (ein):
Of all the guys who have told their gals they'd give the world for them, there is only one who

ever got around to actually doing it.

This unparalleled phenomena took place at a time when Rome ran all over like a syndicated column and its Army spread out like a girdle, or a radio network.

Now the head man of half this army, Marc Anthony by name, was a Roman general who had been around, and not merely geographically. He was a regular sort of fellow who was prone to drink and sometimes prone from drinking. One day encamped by a river he sent for Queen Cleopatra of Egypt.

Now Cleo was a gal with a streamlike figure. It eliminated all resistance. She had just got hold of a report called, "The Kinsey Report" and was one of those girls who read the end of a book first. She was a pretty smart talker and was the first to prove that the female of the speeches is deadlier than the male.

So Cleo barges up the river on a raft that would make the Grand Salon of the Queen Mary look like an address on Water Street. When they met she asks Marc, "Will you join me in a glass of wine?" and Marc, Wit that he was, replied, "If you get in first!"

Well this breaks the ice and before you can say, "Nfcus," she invites him to her palace to lead a life of luxury.

"But what will we do with all that time on our hands?" asks Marc.

"Don't worry, we'll think of something," said Cleo.

(To be continued)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Scene Two will appear in the next issue.

COME TO
THE GAZETTE
DANCE
NOV. 20!!

The King's Column

"The War of Words"

Among the happenings last week at King's were play rehearsals for J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look", (for the Inter-University Drama Festival) directed by Colin Bergh, and also for a one act play, "Goodnight Please!" directed by Malcom Smith.

The King's rugby team played at Truro.

One of the most interesting events was the inter-bay debate Sunday night on "whether sports at King's should be compulsory for everyone who is physically fit." The affirmative, with Bob Winters and Charles Kempe for Middle Bay, argued that "should" since we live in a country where freedom is stressed, meant a feeling of obligation on the part of the student. They made four main points: that sports offer a chance to meet and know others informally, that it developed the student's body and mind, as sportsmanship and seeing the other's point of view were obtained, that the Rhodes scholarship, one of the most famous scholarships, especially asked for good character, interest and success in sports. Finally, it was an opportunity to add to the reputation of the College. The negative, with Alec Farrell and George Phills for Chapel Bay, argued that the University's purpose is to educate, and that therefore sport was not necessary, and that "only necessity justifies compulsion." Sport does not always de-

velop the body, and the non-athletes do not benefit much from sport; compulsory sport would interfere with their studies.

"Should" in the resolution meant compulsion, which was against our heritage of Liberty in Canada.

The rebuttal by Chapel Bay was that social life was not confined to sports, that physical development could be gained in other ways than organized sport, that (referring to Middle Bay's previous point that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton") lessons are learned from mistakes, not competition, which is often distracting.

The debate was then thrown open to the audience, and a lively discussion began, with some entertaining though derogatory remarks about "the athletic aristocracy in American Universities," "glorifying the baser elements in human nature," and argument whether the mind should be trained at the expense of the body.

Finally the judges, Rev. Dy-sart, John Farmer and Al O'Brien gave their decision, that Radical Bay had won, and offered some valuable criticism. Dave Walker announced that next Sunday's debate will be "Resolved that Man is the weaker sex," with Radical Bay versus Alexandra Hall, the girls taking the affirmative.

Tub-Thumper

This week I wrote in a more serious mood for one is not able to say witty things especially when he is in bed with the annual inflamed state of the mucous membrane.

Have you ever stopped to figure out how many students enter college without an idea of what they would like to be? Perhaps we owe that to the university for its stimulus of free thinking.

Would it be better to remain cowboys, firemen and nurses? The pre-med student changes to law; the systematic Commerce student switches to Arts and graduates with an M.A. in Philosophy. Why this sudden change is it because we follow our senses until we reach a certain point when nothing seems real, and then we retrace our steps and find that they were there all the time?

Reflection

Come hither young man of the night,
Let my beams shine with a light
On pure, youthful predilections; revolving,
Changing, becoming clearer.
Draw nearer, young man!

Now, as you stand beneath my rays,
I shadow these perscribed days
In an arduous mist; now, a man loving,
Hating, growing bolder,
And older. Alas!

Fly on and meet your neighbor,
For you have missed the ride. And labor
In a different stream, perchance to strike
Invisible footsteps
You left
Behind, young man, behind.

—JOHN McCURDY.

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