

# The Dalhousie Gazette

CANADA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER  
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## "Just Because They are There"

Sir Edmund Hillary spoke at Queen Elizabeth High School Auditorium last Saturday about one of his recent achievements, namely, being one of the first men to reach the top of Mt. Everest. Now it is well known that mountain climbers climb mountains "just because they are there", but the other night we had occasion to speak to Mr. Hillary, so we asked him what it felt like to stand on the top of Mt. Everest; "Jolly Good", was about all he said.

Now most of us will never be able to climb mountains of the geological variety, but there are plenty of mountains to be climbed in the world of learning and knowledge and there are enough mountains of truth about the nature of man and God to keep us busy for a few milleniums yet. But the most important thing to remember about some of the mountains we have to climb is that there will seldom be any profit for the climber except that when he gets to the top if will feel "Jolly Good".

## Campus Christians and The Death Penalty

The question is presently before the Canadian Parliament on the worth of capital punishment; whether or not capital punishment in Canada should be abolished.

On the Dalhousie campus there are at least three Christian groups—the Newman Club, the Canterbury Club and the S.C.M., all of which are alleged to believe in and to further the words and teachings of Christ.

The question then arises on the campus whether or not these Christian organizations are expressing any of their beliefs on the matter and, if they are, what are they doing about them? It would seem, in view of the teachings of Christ, that they could be no other course open to Christians than to condemn as anti-Christ-like any part of law that would permit the taking of human life.

Why then is there no action being taken in this matter by the Campus Christian groups? Why are these Christian groups not demanding that the death penalty be abolished? Is it that the teachings of Christ are not worth making known to the nation's legislators?

If there were any need for Christian student action it is now.

## "Take Them Out and Shoot Them"

Last Sunday at the Dal-Tech Newman Club meeting the question of McCarthyism was discussed both pro and con. But perhaps the most significant statement to come out of the meeting was this, that, "if a man is guilty of (the) crime (Communism) then take him out and shoot him". This is truly a remarkable statement of Christian charity, in fact if the proverbial Man from Mars were to have overheard that profound statement of the Christian Church there is no doubt that he would have doubted the goodness of Christianity.

Naturally the activities of those who will betray their native land cannot be condoned for such but it seems rather a blanket prescription to "take them out and shoot them".

As far as McCarthyism goes, it seems that Mr. Hoover of the FBI, has settled that question.

## "What Is Art?"

Starting next Monday on the Dal Campus there will be an art exhibit of work done by the students and faculty. This is not a competitive exhibit but just a display of paintings and drawings done by those associated with Dalhousie and although it probably will not approach the dimensions of the Louvre it would do most of the students good just to go into the art room and take a look at it, if not to criticize or appreciate the work then just to compare the work with the artists, most of whom will be known to you.

And then if you go outside into the hall in front of the art room you will see some art forms created many centuries ago by some men down in South America.

Then when you have seen them both sit down and see if you can determine just what art is.

# Engineers' Ball — Feb. 19

"THE BALL CARRIERS"

## Ball Committee Deserves Praise; Budget Calls for \$1000 Expenses

As the time before the Engineer's Ball decreases, the amount of work increases for those engineers who are on the Ball Committee. It is the job of this nine-man committee to see that the Engineer's Ball is the outstanding social event of the college year.

This year the committee is composed of Terry Goodyear, Jack Fawcett, Jack Dawson, Al Keddy, Dex Kaulbach, Mac Sinclair, Dave Street, John Brown and Dunc McNeil.

Terry is a third-year student who takes a keen interest in all society activities and is a veteran of several ball committees. He is this year Chairman of the Committee.

Jack Fawcett is a senior student and the very popular president of the Engineering Society. He also is a veteran of previous ball committees.

Jack Dawson is a third-year student and secretary-treasurer of the society. His job is to take care of the \$1,000 budget of the ball. He also has served in a number of capacities on the campus.

Al Keddy is a second-year student and is serving his first term on the committee. He is very enthusiastic and is a real cog in our machine.

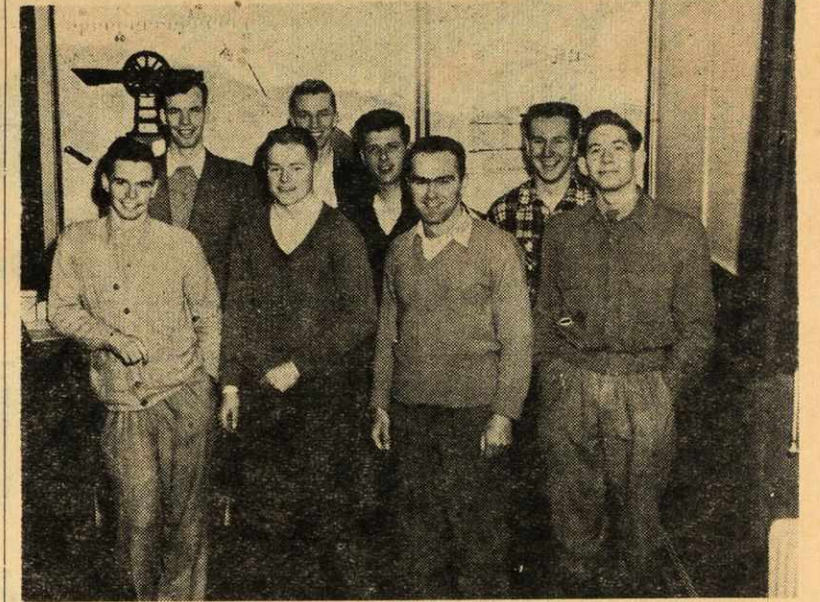
Dex Kaulbach is a second-year engineer who is very active in society affairs. He is also a musician of some note, we might add.

Mac Sinclair is also serving his first term on the committee. He has made the Engineers' Queen Ceremony his special business and is making a fine job of it. Mac is also one of our big inter-fac athletes.

Dave Street is a first-year engineer and also a first-term man on the committee. Thus, he gets nailed with all the joe-jobs. He is also a keen inter-fac sportsman.

John Brown is a third-year student on the committee for the second time. He has served on several campus committees and is keenly interested in society affairs.

Dunc is a third-year student and has an important part in our planning. Lady Godiva is expected to ride to the Nova Scotian on Dunc's motorcycle.



Front Row, l. to r.—A. Keddy, D. Street, J. Goodyear, D. McNeil. Top Row, l. to r.—J. Fawcett, J. Brown, M. Sinclair, D. Kaulbach.

## Applied Science Plays Big Role in Gala Engineers' Ball

"But what", you say, "has applied Science got to do with a dance?" First, we say, let go of the notion that this is just a dance. This is a Ball "par excellence", a magic night spent in a wonderland.

Secondly, an engineer, an expert in applied science, learns to plan and think for himself and let nothing be taken for granted or allowed to stand put. What better qualifications are needed for the sponsors of a ball? All these talents will be put forward to make the ball an event to be remembered.

The list of attractions is long,

and we propose to mention but a few. First, is the Queen of the Ball. With a keen eye for line and curve, and the other concrete things, and an appreciation of the abstract — charm and personality, the engineers have chosen a truly lovely lady as the Sweetheart.

Then there is the Hall of Mirrors highlight of a spectacular, new, decoration scheme. Those at the ball will be given the opportunity to view this spectacle of color which was designed by experts with a knowledge of electricity, lights and color. Hundreds of balloons, soft filtered spot lights, all add up to a perfect harmony of light and color and delicate shades. The whole is calculated by the inverse square law and the enjoyability constant, to make the estimated five hundred paying customers (ahem, guests)

at the ball feel as though they were dancing on soft clouds in another world.

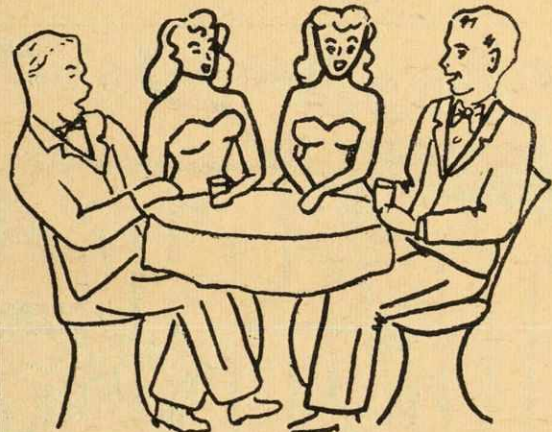
With a knowledge of acoustics they have contrived to make the mellow music of Don Warner and his orchestra blend with the clink of glasses and the murmur of excited voices.

These are merely intimations of the attractions of the ball. By a detailed study of the construction of the Nova Scotian, and a great deal of slide rule work on stresses and strains in wall, floor and ceiling members, they have calculated that everyone can be packed in without bursting a balloon, so there is no excuse for not going.

So, why not treat yourself and your best girl to an evening of solid enjoyment and "be the guests of the Engineers".

# ENGINEERS' BALL

**DATE — Friday, February 19**  
**PLACE — Nova Scotian Ballroom**



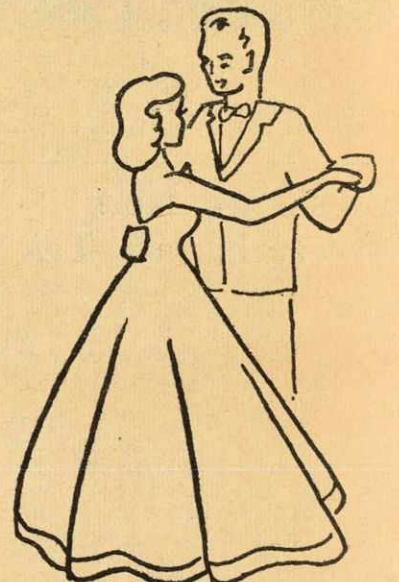
Orchestra: Don Warner, his Trumpet and Orchestra

Price: \$4.00 per couple

Special — Ball of Mirrors Presentations

Queen of the Ball — Balloon Galaxy

Tickets: Available from any Engineer or Butsy.



## NINETEEN FIFTY-FOUR

Taken from the journal of an ex-slave labourer in Soviet Russia,  
by N. Vito

Translated from the Russian by  
O. V. Pudymaitis

### CHAPTER 5

#### In Asiatic Mud Huts

I regained consciousness in a dark and smoke-filled mud hut. A low, smoke-stained ceiling stared down at me. I tried to raise myself, but collapsed again. My body was aching and burning. I lay there for about three minutes with my eyes closed, then opened them and began to survey my surroundings. I noticed that I was lying in a corner of the mudhut where the distance between the ceiling and the floor was but one meter. The ceiling grew in height when it approached the door above which a small porthole took place of a window. I could see neither furniture nor dishes anywhere. Nonetheless, I could see that this mud hut was inhabited. There was a pile of old rags heaped in one corner of the hut and a specific smell betrayed that someone had been living here for a long time. In the middle of the floor, surrounded by a semi-circle of stones, a small fire was burning.

While I was surveying the hut, the door opened and a Mongolian woman crawled in. She was rather old with a swarthy, Asiatic face. Noticing that my eyes are open, she immediately stepped to my side and in bad Russian asked me how I felt. I told her that I felt badly and asked for a drink of water. She warmed some water over the fire and gave it to me in an old can. Afterwards she sat down at my side and started telling me what happened.

Greatly surprised, I learned that I had been laying there for three days. Together with many other prisoners, I had been picked up by the Mongols and carried here. All that time I had been without consciousness.

"Am I wounded?" I asked her. "No, you are not wounded . . . the only one among them all."

That pronouncement astonished me greatly. I fell silent, trying to recollect all that had happened to me during the last few days. But memory would not come.

"Where are my friends?"  
"There," replied the old woman.  
"Where?"  
"In the other mud hut."

"Why am I here all by myself?" Then she told me that all the other prisoners they had picked up, had died from wounds the very first day, and they had been in a separate hut which was sort of a pigsty. I begged the woman to take me to that hut. At first she refused, but after a while consented. Gathering all my strength, I got up and, supported by the woman, began to walk towards the hut. My host opened the door, and a picture of immense horror presented itself to me.

The "pigsty" was half filled with corpses of the prisoners. Most of them had their heads smashed with rifle butts and their bodies were horribly mangled with bayonet wounds. There was evidence that the Asians had tried to help them. The wounds of some corpses had been dressed with rags and colored material, the like of which I had seen covering the floor of my hut. On the rags on the clothing, on the floor, everywhere, black stains betrayed profuse bleeding. The fact which shocked me most of all was that among the dead, I perceived a few women. Their breasts had been horribly mangled with bayonets and their heads too had been smashed in.

Although the temperature within the death-house was just about the same outside, the corpses had be-

gun to decompose and a suffocating stench pervaded the whole hut.

I do not know whether it was

the sight of the mutilated corpses or my weakness, but I lost consciousness again. It returned only the next day. Opening my eyes, I saw towering above myself — an MVD man! He was staring at me with great curiosity. I thought I was in a delirium and again shut my eyes.

"Well, how are things!" he asked me in a loud voice.

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*Player's*

Canada's Mildest,  
Best-Tasting Cigarette  
PRESENTS



"THE  
**DENNY VAUGHAN**  
Show"

Your favourite  
hits featured by  
Denny Vaughan and the Mello-Aires.

MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY  
CHNS 960 on Your Dial — 7:45 p.m.

FOR TOPS IN MUSIC  
IT'S THE DENNY VAUGHAN SHOW