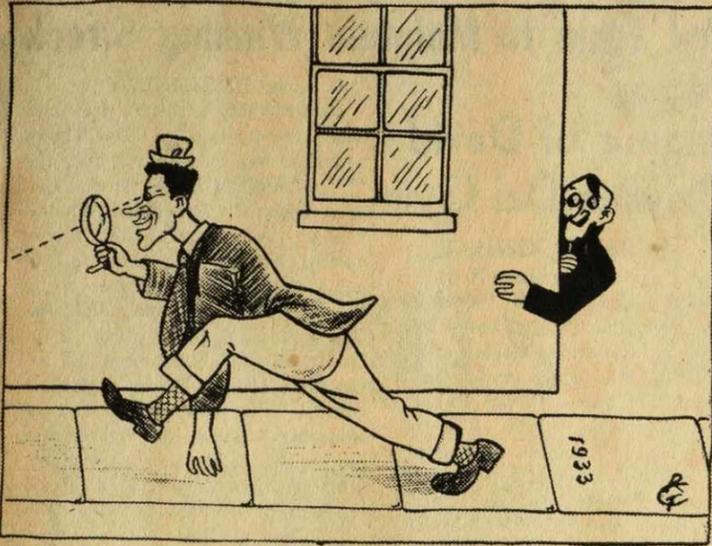


FEATURES



DETECTIVE GARTHSTONE OF THE DEATH SQUAD tracks down clues in the recent blizzard of coat disappearances from the Men's Cloakroom in the library.

The Reign of Terror

In the operetta "Iolanthe" by Gilbert and Sullivan, there is by a long suffering student, the patter song by the Lord Chancellor, which is the description of a long and drawn out nightmare. Any resemblance between this and the weeks up to and including examinations lacks all coincidence.

Even the atmosphere around the campus changes once the exam lists are posted. We fall again into the routine which is so familiar to everyone over the life of a freshman. The misery of all night vigils, with the history books, the Math problem long cast into the bottom drawer of the desk and now resurrected like printed statements of the forecast of doom, the themes which seemed an awful bore to write once a week way back in October. Your only faithful companion is the coffee pot. Long live the coffee bean!

The Reign of Terror—the period between the appearance of the exam list and the last exam—begins, as usual, with a fruitless attempt to catch up. (From long experience I can vouch for the impossibility of this). Professors lack all understanding. As soon as you have caught up with one subject you find yourself behind on the other four and each professor intent on beating all others to the post. The library which was dull and dreary two weeks ago is now overflowing. The doors swing in, the doors swing out, and the tide washes up some astonishing students. Three weeks dwindle to two, two to one and finally the last day of classes arrive when

there is no more to be said and the professor looks into the haggard faces across the desk, smiles benignly and says gently. "I'll see you next week. Merry Christmas gentlemen!"

Exam week is a nightmare within a nightmare. There are the long, agonizing trips to the gym where you stare blankly into space for two hours, praying for divine inspiration and hoping the professors prowling up and down the aisles like so many detached ghosts can't see you. It at least relieves the monotony of cramming!

Tempers are short, days are even shorter, but the week stretches out like an endless race in front of you. The last exam finally passes, but when the last paper has been handed in and all you can do is hope, there is an odd sensation! Everything is flat, disconsolate and dreary! There is nothing to do!

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On Fealty and Symbols

Much has been written, more has been spoken, of that vague affection known as spirit at Dalhousie. With ever increasing persistency the subject of apathy in this university regarding this matter raises its bewildered head, to a more bewildered group of analysts. The answer to the question is not to be found in the destructive criticism of organization heads, or on the student body or on the Senate; the truth is found in the ingredients of all patriotism and also of human nature.

Ask yourself what patriotism is; it is the response of a class of people to artificial and coldly calculated stimulants formulated by a deliberate education. Witness Hitler's creation of fanatical fervour. Or regard the fealty of American's to the Stars and Stripes. Why? Simply because they read, hear or see some symbol of America's greatness.

Whether you like the example or not the principles are basic to the creation of patriotism in any organization. So college spirit is maintained. It is the show, the outward manifestations, the veneer, that holds the fealty once created. Publicity is more than advertising. Publicity is the stay of public opinion, and to utilize it to this end is to brand it into the people's minds consistently by various means. For example that the University colour's are black and gold. Never permit them to forget it and you have your spirit, your pride, your fealty.

The other element to consider is that unjust and capricious attribute of man—human nature. The problem is to create in him as a class this desired spirit. The fact is that patriotism has a price. Men will not produce a quantity of fervour for sentimental reasons alone. They need something noble, something greater than themselves, a thing they can admire, envy and emulate every night or day. This is the generator of pride—the real creator of exaltation and trepidation. These prerequisites are bought, prosaic though it may seem.

It is a sad reflection on man that his nobler virtues are obtainable at a price only. So you buy talent for your campus newspaper; spend thousands on publicity; purchase the best of athletes. The re-

sult is an incomparable effort in all fields. A reputation is born—and all want to share in the glory and the fame. And on the football field is seen the perfection that all men admire and strive for. There lies the greatness that all will seek to identify themselves with—there lies the formula for spirit, patriotism and pride. Then the reciprocal association process evolves and one name becomes the symbol of all this rich and eminent panorama of pride. America, Notre Dame, or Dalhousie.

It is all a question of cultivation of natural responses by the offering of greatness, talent, superiority as maintained by repetitious publicity. There is no one so popular as a champion; nothing so enervating as to be associated with predominance. This is the triumph of the dollar and the key to the whole deceptive problem.

A.J.

CANADA MOURNS

Canada lost one of her foremost citizens in the recent death of Archbishop Kingston, Primate of the Church of England in Canada. He was a great Churchman and a great Canadian.

A native of Ontario, he came to this province in 1944 as Bishop of Nova Scotia. In 1947 he was appointed Primate of all Canada. In the short time that he was in this province he became one of the most widely known figures of the province, even to the smallest fishing villages. There was no phase or part of Nova Scotia that did not draw his keen interest and the problems of this province were always close to him. He was a man that people looked to as true Christian tolerant and just in all his decisions, and with his death Canada has sustained an irreplaceable loss.

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