

# Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869 "THE OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER IN AMERICA"  
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## TRADITIONAL ACADIAN HOSPITALITY

The "Athenaeum" (student publication of a small residential college in the Annapolis Valley) recently published a verbose harangue referring to last week's Dalhousie-Acadia football encounter. The greater part of this treatise, however, is an attack on the caustic cartoon appearing in the last issue of the Gazette, and considered "more infantile than puerile" by the sombre, conservative-minded Atheneans.

The pompous Acadia scribes, apparently unable to take an innocent ribbing, were "shocked" by our spirited portrayal of Tiger-Axemen rivalry. Furthermore, the fact that the "Athenaeum" lacks a staff cartoonist, threw additional fuel on the fires of childish resentment.

The fatiguing editorial goes on to censure the "undignified conduct" of Dalhousie supporters at the game. The criticism, we feel, is far from warranted in view of the inhospitable well-extended Dal aggregation as a whole. Members of both Tiger squads, by the way, were charged "50 cents per head at the dance in the Acadia gym that night while hordes of Glod and Black supporters were denied admittance with a characteristic flourish of Acadian hospitality. Under such circumstances, the so-called "undignified" actions of our Dal rooters seem fully justified.

The "Athenaeum" concludes with a flattering reference to Dalhousie as "an institution with standards and traditions supposedly as high as our own." Ha, Ha, Ha!

This, then, is our parting advice to the Athenaeum's editorial staff: First, set YOUR OWN house in order, then come out of mourning and do your best to acquire that sense of humour which has been so obviously lacking in past years.

P.S.: Our staff artist (who has donned sack-cloth and ashes) sends his humblest apologies to the "Athenaeum" for the "infantile and puerile" cartoon in last week's Gazette.

## UNWARRANTED CRITICISM

(The following is not written as an invective against any one person. It has a "general" application and is designed to prevent needless friction and misunderstanding in the future.)

The fact that material submitted to The Gazette does not always appear in print, has been the theme of a melancholy dirge chanted about the campus of late by one of our contributors. Blissfully unaware of the facts, this individual proceeded to attack our paper with venomous abandon and to accuse The Gazette management of "an undemocratic attitude" to campus journalism.

These rantings bother us no end—not because conscience pricks (for we are not in the wrong)—but because we feel genuine pity for anyone who blindly condemns an action which has been prompted by the sincerest of motives in the best interests of Gazette readers in general.

We remind our readers that Gazette space is strictly limited and that unforeseen circumstances (such as the last-minute arrival of advertising cuts), may force us to omit material for which we would otherwise have found space. All we can do is give prominence and preference to those articles which are of THE GREATEST INTEREST TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

The Gazette does not play favorites. Our policy has been to submit to the "majority opinion" of our readers regarding news coverage, editorial and literary comment and the general appearance or "layout" of The Gazette. We appreciate the constructive criticism of Dalhousians in every faculty and will endeavour (as far as possible) to comply with the individual whims of our readers. But, above all, let it be a fair and just criticism—based on truth rather than the fictional imaginings of an offended ego.

To promote "the continued prosperity of Dalhousie University and the progressive interests of its student body" is the principal aim of this year's Gazette staff. We have a right to expect interest, co-operation and fair play in return.

## ACADIA TRIP HIGHLIGHTS— (Continued from page 1)

dreary indeed after the night life of the Valley Town.

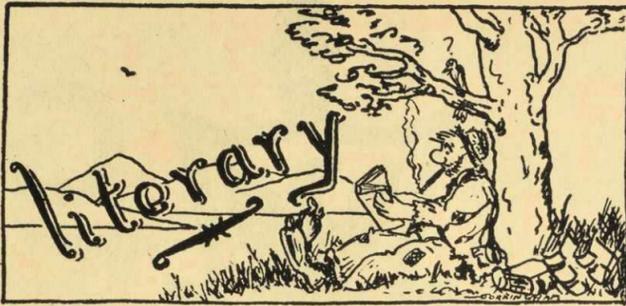
### Douse The Glims

Songs, cheers, devotions, and the occasional round of Rummy lightened the Great Return, featured by the visit of a top-ranking railroad official, an apostle of the Higher Light, who murmured over the Dalsters respectful silence. "May I suggest you ladies and gentlemen kindly refrain from extinguishing the illumination—and if youse !?(!) don't stop dousing the glims every &\$?!(, one of youse stays in Windsor fer de weekend". (When asked by a fellow Engineer to translate from the Swahili, he genially replied, "Us Enneers don't need no English").

And as dawn broke with a rasping crash over the distant smokestacks, and the heavens outdid themselves in morning dew, the train pulled into the station, and another

Acadia Trip was over.

Bits from a Baggage-Rack:—Lund doubling for a cart-horse between the shafts—three Engineers turned publicity agent for Imperial Oil—Kerr sipping orange juice through several yards of adhesive-tape—Dunlop calling engineers to the Mercy Seat—Unrepressed Emotions from the People You Didn't Think Would Do It—Boudreau valiantly rasping "Razoo-Bazoo I got six in the last ten minutes" at 3:10 a.m.—Smith setting out via car with a large load—Shorty applying engineering ingenuity in compressing five-foot-one in a three-foot baggage rack—Mary deciding "This is bigger than both of us"—the Foster brother-sister act with a strong crew (e)—"Have a chocolate"—Shields reaching new heights in early-morning devotions—McCarthy insulting Roe and the Toronto Terror—Graves doubling for the D. A. R.—"Anybody Got a Match?"



## "LIFE IN THE STACKS"

(Herewith a journey into the mysterious unknown with an ancient inhabitant of the "stacks")

Have you ever wondered as you happened to see a son of Dalhousie with a particularly preoccupied look on his face disappear rapidly into that section of the Macdonald Memorial Library, known to its inmates and others as "the stacks", what kind of place it was, and what went on in these regions of the "other world"?

The stacks consists of rows and rows of books piled higher and deeper than elsewhere in the library. In fact it extends over five floors, and very industrious is the mouse, or student who consumes even a part of it in his stay at Dalhousie. But there are not only books in "the stacks." No! Here and there at most of the windows are to be found small tables and chairs. Some of the latter are especially favored with legs capped with rubber, and you may be sure the competition for such a treasured possession is keen. Legend has it that a former inmate entered very late one evening for the sole reason of carrying off one of these treasures to his table.

A word about the inmates of "the stacks" seems necessary here. Generally speaking, they are what is now termed "lovers of the liberal arts." Science students are unknown and unheard of in this region, and one member of the fraternity of "the stacks" even went so far as to say of one scientist-to-be (a medico) "Why, he'd go absolutely crazy here!" Quite true, no doubt, my friend. "There seem to be a number of good examples around anyway!" we hear someone exclaim. In particular this is the Promised Land of the variety of bookworm known as the English Student. Here amid the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer et al he spends his days, and sometimes his nights, acquiring knowledge and culture. This is also the home of the philosopher. It is evident that Dalhousie's would-be philosophers are not all of the same variety. Some are the watch-tower on the Rhine type (to be found on the top floor) while others descend to the neither regions (bottom floor) to speculate as to what would happen if all the books fell down, for instance.

We are very much afraid that knowledge among the inmates of "the stacks" is not at a very high level, or so it would seem. The latest evidence of this is that one particularly mad individual saw a classmate recently who was wearing a rather flashy pin on her sweater. "Say, what in the deuce is that?" he exclaimed. It took quite a long while for him to realize that it was a "frat pin" (men's) and that under the decorations there were three Greek letters. He still isn't quite sure about the letters. Among the various amusements of the brotherhood of "the stacks" the findings of one "stack-lover" (or otherwise) is a racy publication known as the Gentlemen's Magazine, takes first place.

And now let us take our farewell of "the stacks" as we see at five-thirty on any afternoon "stack lovers" wrench themselves from their beloved desks and creep unwillingly out the library door, and as they walk sorrowfully down the steps we can hear them sing:

Dal library, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of books and me,  
Of thee I sing!

## "WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION?"

(In reply to this question here is the 3rd in a series of articles to members of the Dalhousie teaching staff)

One of the main functions of a University is to prepare young people to a profession: divinity, law, medicine, teaching professions, and literary professions of all kinds. Professional people can use their hands, but only by accident; they also can become rich, but that will be another accident: the professional man is not concerned with manual labour and his specific aim should not be to make money; being an authentic, though very modest descendant of the monk or the noble man of former ages, in a modern democracy where God and the King have been replaced by Society and the Public, he must devote himself to their service.

Now it is obvious that a certain amount of training is needed in each profession. The University will train the student to diagnose, or build bridges or write articles or poetry. But we feel that pure training is not enough. The young graduate will have a life to learn all the tricks and knacks of his specialty. What Society, the boss, really needs from him is some training with a maximum of education that will enable him eventually to be best trained in anything, with the best result.

But if we want to enlarge the notion of education beyond the aptitude to put forth effort and be trained, we will be almost obliged to use words like: values, principles, philosophy, perhaps even destiny and meaning of life. Which all imply that there is in us "something else" than is dreamed of, in laboratories planning for the world of tomorrow. The "planners" have strong positions and clear arguments (Cf. John Dewey in Fortune, August 1944) though not entirely free from the metaphysical implications they blame upon the others.

Education is liberation from our condition of bondage: bonds from within, bonds from without. Not that we want to refuse ultimately that human condition of ours, and get away from our ourselves, our families, our countries, in search of impossible enchanted islands. What we want is, through knowledge, to be able to bear our burdens as things not imposed from without but freely accepted from within. Call it, if you like, passage from inconscience to reflection, from spontaneity to will, deplore the fact that we cannot live like happy brutes: it is our dignity and our duty. An "equilibre" will be reached in the long run, but not before a long dissatisfaction and groping in the dark—to shake the minds of the students out of their peace; to bring up to their attention all kinds of problems still unsolved and perhaps impossible to solve and to make them feel that comfort in intellectual life is death; that is the worth of a university education.

Ignorance makes you sleep, knowledge only awakes you. Know your own heart through great works of literature; know your country and your countrymen through history and social sciences. Know your mind, human reason and its expression through Mathematics, Philosophy and the Languages. Know nature through experimental sciences. Then perhaps you will begin to understand that great forces come from society, nature and our physical and spiritual inheritance that meet in us; you will see their strength and lose the peace of your mind; but after four years of College and a whole life—because to the job there is no ready end—you will be able to understand them, control them perhaps and gain something of the serenity of the great sages of the past.

GERMAINE LAFEVILLE,  
Department of Modern Languages.

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