

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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Deadlines: Copy for Tuesday's issue must be in News Editor's hands by 3.30 p.m. Monday; for Friday by 3.00 p.m. Thursday. All copy should be typewritten and double spaced.

Appointment Marks Era Close

The appointment of the Honourable Vincent Massey to the post of Governor General of Canada marks the first time a native has been so honored and marks, too, the end of the few remaining formal links with Great Britain.

The position of Governor General extends back to the beginning of British rule in this country and has seen all types of men in its service, but certainly none who have been so sincerely liked and appreciated as Viscount Alexander. In the choice of Mr. Massey, however, to succeed him in his position we feel that a worthy successor has been chosen.

The decision to appoint a Canadian in place of a Briton to the post, marks the second to last step of the cutting of all ties to Great Britain, steps which this country has been steadily adopting since the signing of the Declaration of Westminster in 1931 and the withdrawal of the right of appeal to the Privy Council in 1949. The last step, and one which, even now, is under consideration by the provinces and the Federal government, is the right to amend our own constitution.

We are not the last of the countries, formerly British Dominions, to adopt this step, Australia and New Zealand having for some years regularly appointed natives to the post.

In Canada, indeed, the announcement was marked with very little excitement, due probably to the amount of publicity the anticipated change in policy had aroused in the past months. Newspapers had even published lists of the prospective candidates for the post.

The decision to appoint Mr. Massey, was undoubtedly partly because of his work in the Report of the Arts, Letters and Sciences, named after him the Massey Report, but we can think of few other men so well prepared to take on the responsibility of the post.

A Decision Already Made

In two weeks the six man executive body of the National Federation of Canadian University Students will meet in Ottawa to discuss the proposed visit of the Russian students to Canada.

The answer they will give, if rule by the majority is still in effect, has been settled for them by the decisive answer of thirteen universities—Yes!

Yet there seems to be on the part of the executive of the NFCUS organization a hesitation to put into effect the wish of the majority of the students at Canadian universities. Certainly a vote of thirteen universities for and three against should be a fair example of which way the wind is blowing.

The decision of the national conference in September to turn down the proposed visit, was, as has been made clear were dubious of the way in which ratification of the proposal would be received on their respective campi. Now that the decision has been made for them by the students themselves there is no valid reason why the visit should be refused. No national conference can hope to be as conclusive as the opinions of the students themselves.

We will await the outcome of the meeting with interest.

LETTER to the EDITOR

January 24, 1952

Dalhousie Gazette
Dear Madam,

It is the custom at Dal for the Junior Class to sponsor a formal dance every year, usually held in the gym. It is now the end of January, and as yet, no apparent thought has been given by this year's class, to their effort. Also, the gym schedule is pretty well taken up so that it might be difficult to get a suitable night on which to hold the dance. If too much time is allowed to pass before anything is decided it will be vir-

tually impossible to get any night at all.

This is the dance at which complimentary tickets are given to senior students. It has always been done in the past and let's hope that it will be done this year for the class that put on an exceptionally good Junior Prom last year.

I think the class of '53 would find it worthwhile to undertake this and also to remember that whatever profit they make can be used to make their Convocation Ball an equal success.

Member, Class '52.

Tales of a Train

Some people shoot rapids in a barrel for excitement, others do stunt acrobatics in a plane and still others like to scale mountains for a thrill but the best way of all is to travel by train. You can cross Canada by rail from east to west and from north to south and you'll never have the same experience twice but you will always have an experience!

Perhaps it's because people, like to feel the train "lap the miles and lick the valleys up" but the true train traveller devotee would rather spend a week on the train that 'one' day on a plane.

The fun, of course, starts at the point long before you actually board the train, when you attempt to read the timetable—that instrument of delicate torture. Whenever I meet up with it I am reminded of the story that it takes seven years to train the main switchkeeper in the New York Central Station for his post. It seems to have been composed during the war years when the movement to save paper was at its height and they put everything in a space which required a magnifying glass to read it. This, multiplied by the effort to sort out trains arriving and leaving, and directions thrown in odd places to "read up or down here," makes for a delightful four of five hours puzzle pleasure.

Once safely aboard the train you can relax and wait for things to happen but getting on the train is good for a case of nervous prostration any day. There is, of course, the feeling that every one has that you are going to miss the train, whether you leave for the station half an hour or an hour in advance. A last minute search too, for the tickets which you have safely stowed away in an obscure pocket so you will know where to find them and have promptly forgotten is good for a five or ten minute panic while you whiling away a twenty minute wait. The tickets found, you are now ready to board the train . . . but wait there is still a half mile or so to trot before you find your coach—which is the last one on the train.

The first hazards are now past but a bigger one is fast approaching. There are several types of travellers well known to every devotee. First of all there is the "nice old lady" type (the kind mother always warned us to sit with). This type is fast disappearing, however, as they all travel by plane, nowadays, the modern way. If you do happen to meet up with one they are almost sure to be old maid aunts going home for their holidays or grandmothers going off to visit daughter and her 'two darling children'. This last can always be counted on for a two hour story of how sweet and well-mannered darling Susie and Georgie are and how well son-in-law is doing.

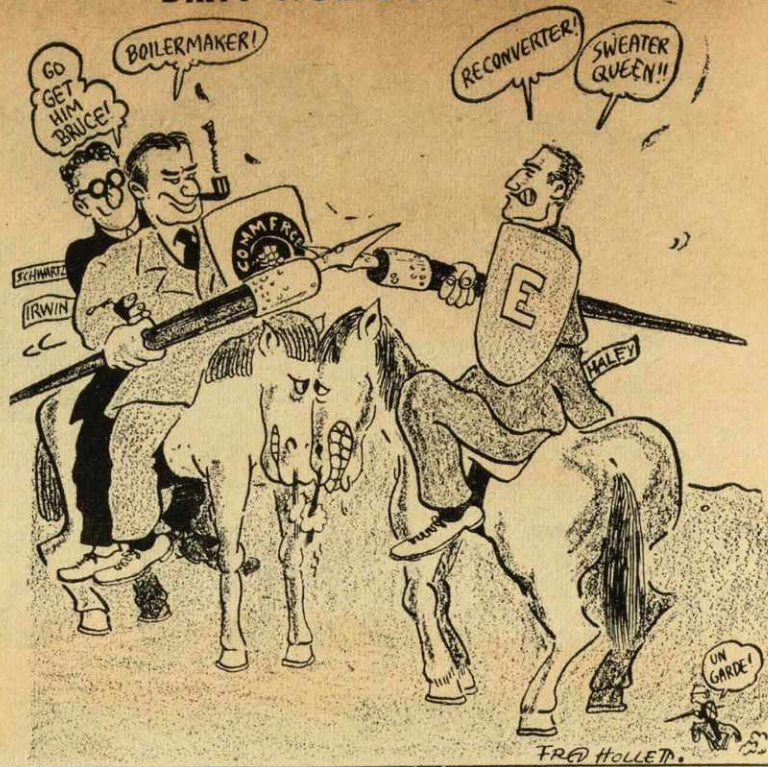
If you sit by yourself you are almost sure to find as your companion one of two other types—the travelling salesman who sees you as a prospective conquest or the mother with two children who sees you as a prospective babysitter while she goes off to the dining car in peace. The first type usually approaches you with an offer of a cigarette (while you watch him get up nerve in the window). There is nothing that can be done in the face of this direct attack although a curt no-thank-you will sometimes suffice for a few more minutes reside. You see a lot of scenery when you sit beside this type. If you don't preserve a stony silence or turn your back and go to sleep you might as well resign yourself to a chat on ladies' wear or men's shoes depending on the business he happens to be in.

On the same par is the mother with two kids type. Mother is usually a long suffering individual who is convinced that because she can put up with her two hellions everyone else can. The 'kind lady' wont mind when little Susy plays train under your feet, or while crawling over Mum gives a good kick or two in the ribs. This type also is usually good for a tantrum or two as follows, "I want it." "No darling." "I want it!" "Shhh!" "Give it to me!" "Look at the pretty dolly, darling. See?" Wahhhhh!!! Now is the time to beat it for the dining car.

The only way to avoid the above type of travellers is to carry six oranges along and peel them as soon as you sit down. It is practically infallible.

Almost as much fun is changing trains. Never, never, do you know before hand whether your reservation is good ahead of you and you are left biting your nails and wondering if you are going to sit up all the way from Montreal to Winnipeg. Such incidents are pretty, however, compared with the actual changing to another train. This may see

DIRTY WORDS AT FIVE PACES



cally across the tracks while the only train in the next twelve hours slowly pulls away and your porter, following like a lame duck, leaves you with visions of arriving at your destination with your baggage sitting majestically in Montreal Station.

If this doesn't happen you are likely to find yourself sitting, whiling away the hours on a hard C.N.R. or C.P.R. maple bench which makes you wonder if these two most respectable companies did not have in mind "no loitering allowed" when they bought them.

If it is Sunday you might as well resign yourself to a wait on one of these benches, but if it happens that you are lucky enough to be travelling through the week and are still luckier and are not routed out of your berth in the wee small hours of the dawn you can of course have recourse to a show. In this you must resign yourself to leaving just before the hero kisses the lady or the villain

is discovered hiding in the heroine's closet with hatchet tucked away in his pocket.

The list of experiences such as these can go on forever but the final maxim, and the one that always consols the faithful devotee is—

If you're in a hurry, go by plane
If you want excitement travel by train.

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