



By BRUCE WILLIS

Now we are all well into the fray. The first edition has given us a glimpse of things to come, and of things which, should go. Since this is a column with the columnist's views, I think I'll start using this page to good advantage.

At the beginning, let me point out, that I do not intend to injure anyone, nor do I wish to cause undue pain to anybody, friend or what have you, but there is considerable room for criticism of Campus conduct, Campus affairs and Campus thought. In this column in future, I shall be glad to point out any needs expressed by students who will write me, c/o this column, and put forth their beefs. I will not give them credit for the comment, but will use it in the body of the column. This I promise.

Since the last column was prepared, we have had an opportunity to see the mettle of many freshmen and freshettes, tested in the great melting pot that is Dalhousie's Student body. Many have lent their services to the Gazette, as witness the first edition, with talented artists and reporters and writers of ordinary merit. Some have invaded the field of NFCUS and other student organizations, and it will be interesting to see if their ability equals their enthusiasm.

The movie houses down town are taking their annual beating from Dal students. There are almost always good pictures to be seen and who can resist the temptation? We owe a lot to the NFCUS committees of the past who have provided us with the discounts which enable us to visit the cinemas regularly for the price of a meal in the canteen. Then who can deny it is much more comfortable and possibly a little more in the Romantic vein to sit in the balcony (loges are prohibitive) of the Capitol.

But the men's residence we have still with us.

If you freshmen who have not found your way to the cinema, or have not met Lady Hamilton, don't be disappointed—there is much more to come. Those Friday night dances are generally a good breathing space around the end of the week. There will be football, soccer and later hockey and basketball games to amuse you; there will be Glee Club productions and impromptu artices in the Gazette. Very few centres in Canada can compete with Halifax as an amusement and relaxation ground. In its size the old "Warden of the North" provides a dazzling array of movies, concerts, parades, wrestling matches, boxing cards and other sports events. For the stout of heart there is always Nova Scotians Provincial Pastime, the Big Game. Consult the daily swindle sheet for further information.

In regard to the daily papers here in Halifax one should point out that they are both published by the same firm, and allegedly print all the news that is news. The papers are only slightly biased and the existing situation does more harm than good. Do not be influenced by Haligonians who consider their newspapers infallible; first, however, assume a mental state of preparedness before plunging into the one-sided fray. Do not be influenced unduly by the editorials, the writers mean well, but they have a job to do.

Actually, there should be more competition. Anyone interested in starting a rival newspaper can drop . . .

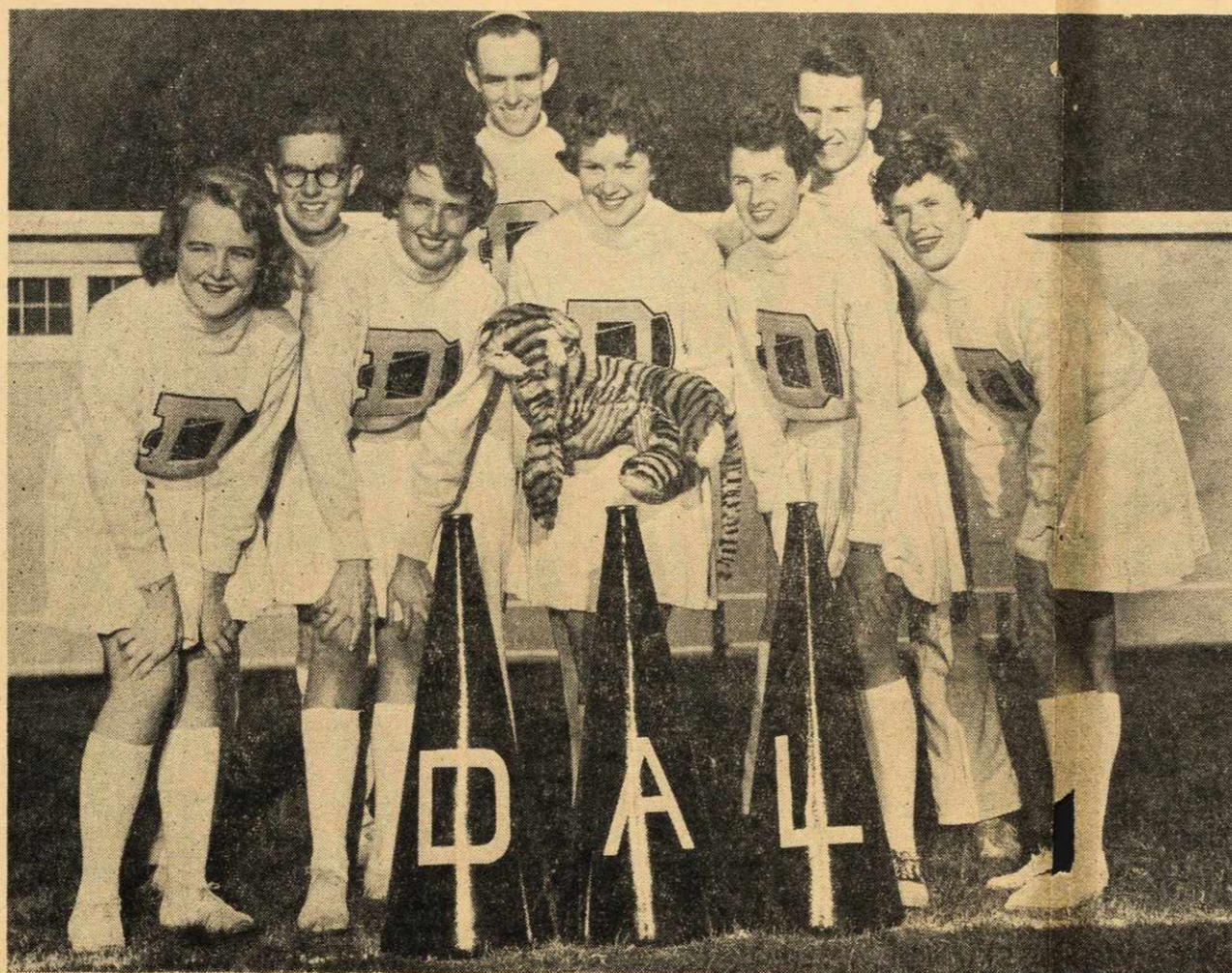
Some questions to interested people, which I am sure will be answered capably.

How come, WUSC committee is made up of entirely Law Students? Is there no interest on the part of other students, or have they been given an opportunity to take part? How come?

I leave, conveniently, with this question, overheard in the bathroom of Buckingham Palace.

One catty dowager to another: Who was that knight I you with last, Lady?

The Cheerleaders 1957-58



Smiling out at you are the faces of the Dal cheerleaders of 1957-58, organized once again this year under the leadership of Dave Moon, but this time as an integral part of the newly-formed Pepcat Committee of the Council of Students. The cheerleaders perform, free of charge, at Football and Hockey games as well as other organized athletic endeavours. Holding that cuddlin' (with good reason, as you can see) tiger is Joan Herman, Council liaison representative with the group. Pictured from left to right are: Jean Lane, John Keyston, Carolyn Potter, Dave Moon, Joan Herman, Joan Millar, Jim Goring and Bonnie Murray.

LA LUTMONDO LINGO

by John A. Wright

Esperanto is an artificial, or man-made language, a composite of many European languages and intended for the use of all humanity.

There is in many fields a very real need for the adoption of an international language. To take only one example, that of medicine—there are reports published in many languages which the modern doctor would like to read. He will, however, even if he knows English, German, French and Russian perfectly, miss some important facts. Once Latin was the language of all scientific work, but its day has gone except for the naming of diseases and species. What can replace it? Not English, nor Russian, nor Spanish, nor any other language that "just gre." Nationalistic feeling would doom such an attempt to failure. Besides, why spend years learning correct English, when two or three weeks' spare-time study and a dictionary will make you capable of perfect Esperanto? The rules of Esperanto grammar could be printed in to columns of the Gazette. Once you know them there will never be any new exceptions or idioms. Follow the rules and you are always right.

In the 1870's Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, the author of Esperanto, saw plainly the need for an international language. He developed it while he studied medicine, and in 1887 published the first textbooks. Its grammar contains none of the unnecessary constructions found in natural languages, and its spelling is phonetic. By supplying about two score strategic prefixes and suffixes he made it possible to express nearly all non-technical ideas with a basic vocabulary of less than a thousand roots, so that the language can be used after a very short period of study. Gradually many thousand additional words have been officially accepted and they

provide a wider choice for the experienced Esperantist. Technical vocabularies have been made for many crafts and sciences, such as medicine and carpentry. Each word, or rather word-term, is made to resemble words of the same meaning known to as many people as possible. For instance, nearly everyone would probably recognize "Linguo" in context as meaning "language."

Zamenhof was not satisfied with his language until he had tested in practice, by reading aloud, every construction and word choice that seemed good in theory. This is the reason for one great strength of Esperanto — harmony. People who tried afterwards to "improve" it were usually proposing things Zamenhof had tried and found wanting.

The highest authority in the Esperanto movement in the U.E.A. — Universala Esperanto - Asocio. There are also many state and local associations. U.E.A. is neutral about religion, politics, war and world federalism; its sole purpose is to promote the use of Esperanto, as it believes an international language is necessary. It also keeps changes from being made too quickly in the language. Zamenhof's grammar has stood the test of time; the principal

changes have been simply new words and one or two new affixes. U.E.A. publishes a handsome monthly magazine, has an annual convention, and has a network of voluntary delegates around the world who perform small friendly services for other Esperantists.

There are quite a number of specialized Esperanto associations such as law, medicine, and stamp-collecting, as well as associations not affiliated with U.E.A. directly because they are non-neutral, such as vegetarians, Catholics, atheists, World-Federalists. Many periodicals are published by these organizations and by national Esperanto societies. Several authors have also translated the classics into Esperanto.

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Kitten interprets the Chanel Look for Fall, with all its relaxed loveliness, in this new heavy-knit, "Shetland-type", Orlon cardigan . . . with tuxedo front and pockets! All the famous Kitten quality is here . . . the full-fashioning, hand-finishing and immunity to moth, shrinkage and the tedium of long drying. In White, Red, Honey, Black, Platinum Beige, Yellow, Sea Spray and Powder Blue, in sizes small, medium or large. \$14.95 at good stores everywhere!

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SP438

Oldest College Newspaper The Dalhousie Gazette

by DANNY JACOBSON

On January 25, 1869, the Dalhousie Gazette made its first appearance, being at that time the only college publication in North America. It contained four pages with a promise of a larger paper if circulation were good. Early critics scoffed at the idea of a college newspaper and progress was slow. In 1925 issues, which were the first to be filed at MacDonald Library, were still only four pages.

SMALL ISSUES

While the issues were small, there was, nevertheless, considerable interesting reading to be found in each issue. On Oct. 20, 1926, the following sports headline was printed:

"Among the outstanding players of the winning team were professors Johnstone, Bennet, Wilson and Theakston."

Some of the advertisements carried by the Gazette of the 1920's would make our mouths water. Clayton's was selling tuxedos for \$24.00 and Rex cigarettes cost but 15c a package.

Registration 750

At this time the registration of Dalhousie was approximately 750 students of whom nine were privileged to be the staff of the Gazette.

In 1928, a Chevrolet touring car was advertised on the pages of the Gazette. This automobile, in excellent condition, was offered for \$35.00. However, two months later it was still being offered but at the reduced price of \$25.00. Obviously \$35.00 was much too high a price to charge for such an item.

In 1929, during the days that Tom Mix was starring in "Silver Valley" at the Casino and Charley Chaplin was featured in "The Circus" at the Orpheus, the Gazette observed

Esperanto is a fine hobby; it is also the movement toward world friendship; it can be a language of fine literature, or just a useful business language. Be advanced! Be an Esperantist!

There will be a meeting in the West Common Room, Men's Residence, on Friday, October 18, at 1:30 p.m., for all those interested in founding a Dalhousie Esperanto Club.

its 60th anniversary. B. Guss, now a barrister in Saint John, N.B., was editor and under his leadership the size of the Gazette was increased to six pages, the largest it had ever been.

College Spirit

These were great days for the University as well as its newspaper. College spirit was at an all time high. The rugby team won every trophy available, and the University was very active in debating, track and field, wrestling and boxing.

The next years however showed decline in many ways. Felt hats could still be bought for \$1.50 and camel hair overcoats for \$17.50, but college spirit fell of considerably. The following headlines were typical of the editorials in the Gazette in the early 1930's:

Should Athletes Be Subsidized? Dal's Hockey Problem

What's Wrong with Our Football? In 1933 an interesting advertisement appeared in the Gazette. Parker announced a revolutionary new pen . . . "the first saless pen without piston, pump or valves." Before this revolutionary pen was introduced it must have been difficult to distinguish a fountain pen from an automobile engine!

New Look

By 1940, Dalhousie's fortune had slumped, although the Gazette was holding its own. It was smaller on a new look. It looked more like than it was in 1929 but it had taken a newspaper and less like an ancient Egyptian manuscript. The pictures did not give the impression that they had been developed staff was almost one-third its present size. Articles on basketball and hockey had taken the place of stories about fencing and wrestling. Suits could no longer be purchased for under \$20.00 and there were fewer advertisements starring Charlie Chaplin and John Barrymore. Editorials now commented on the battles in Europe rather than those on the rugby field.

Disappointing

The editorials were now changing back to the theme of "Support the Team." There was good reason for this. Sports headlines in the late 1940's and early 1950's were disappointing. These headlines were typical:

Dal Drops Two Out of Three to St. F.X.

Tigers Take Triple Touncing

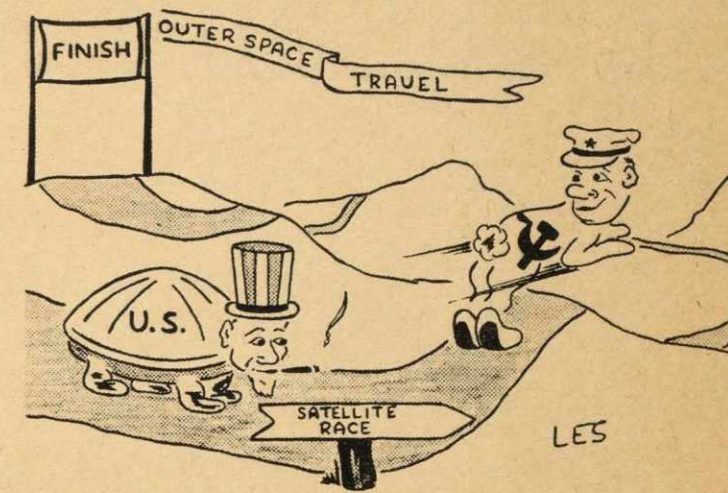
In 1951, Dalhousie sports fans finally had cause for cheering. The basketball team won the city crown and for the first time in many years the football team won the championship. The Tigers won the Purdy Cup by defeating Shearwater 5-0 in the final game.

Eight Pages

By this time the Gazette was a large newspaper. Occasionally it contained eight pages and its staff had increased enormously. This growth has continued until the present and now the Gazette has a staff of 50 students who put out a weekly paper.

If improvements continue at the present rate and if the present and future staffs show the same zeal as those who came before them, the results should be fantastic.

The Race is not Always to the Swiftest



The Race

by Ruth MacKenzie

The Russians are a clever race They've got a satellite in space They've trumped America's petted ace, And the U.S.A. seems horribly cheezed. Though international back-slapping rapidly died And geophysics has not proved the perfect guide To lead to sweet talk from either side— Still I bet Joe Stalin's ghost is pleased.

Year of Yearbooks

by Peter Outhit

It has been noted that the Students' Council recently proposed back issues of PHAROS (to Freshmen, our yearbook) be sold at lower rates—the cost being less as the age increases. Well I for one heartily approve of older people paying less for youth magazines.

Obviously I would have you think the yearbooks increase in value as they reach back into Dalhousie's gay, mad past. Photographs were pretty scarce 50 years ago, but then everybody knew what everybody looked like anyway. Those were the days when all 417 students turned out in their raccoons to cheer Dal's rugby heroes to one victory after another; when "Five Foot Two" wasn't just another fraternity standard, but really meant something (since lost); when Shirreff Hall was a dream of the future—now a dream of the present.

How well I remember the class of 1912! The yearbook was a handbill printed on both sides in fine print, with YEREBOOK 1912 on the cover; that was the year before our Academic standards were raised. And those heartfelt messages from the president, who of course knew everyone; "Well, boys, (girls at college were still considered husband-seekers who would go to all lengths) we'll be expecting to see you in a few years."

Remember those years when, for a slight fee, there would be no yearbook at all? Or the year the prohibitionists found out the mysterious machine in the yearbook office wasn't manufacturing printer's ink? Those books—and those years—will never return; and, after all, is that so bad?

Here is the '29 issue, in glossy full color, with 14 blank pages in which to press old money, priced at only \$9.98. And here is the '30 issue, drawn by hand on folded kleenex. Yes, there have been times when Dalhousie professors were paid; when (get this!) some Valentino would phone up the Hall 20 minutes before the Big Dance, ask some girl to meet him at the ol' gym, then leave her to dance with his friends all night; returning only to say thanks and set her on the path back to the Hall. Those days will never return—but neither did those boys.

Since the war (Civil, Boer and First) this record of humorously presented tragedy acquired the name of Phoras, meaning—now there's a sentence I never should have started. It has grown in size, losing those inky fingerprints on the cover and the nostalgically missing third page, the obscured signatures of venerable governors, and the glassy-eyed photo of the editor. The lighthouse on the cover has varied with the artists capabilities, but represents a beacon of learned light from the "college by the sea" or perhaps denotes a ship going down. In any case I am sure it is symbolic. Why, the new Phoras is modern, streamlined, easy to produce. It represents Dalhousie today—no problems, no troubles, smooth and bubbling with spirit.

But it is the old yearbooks which are mortal: these record all the despair, the joys, the ambitions, and the undiscovered crimes of generations of eager students. Now they lie in moth-eaten martyrdom beneath decades of dust. They are priceless; all that is needed is someone to buy them.