

L I T E R A R Y . . .

Editor's

OUR UPRIGHT SELF

The Fearful

Foreword

EDITOR'S FOREWORD—Dal . . .

Last year I remember talking to another student about the literary efforts that found their way into spaces in the Gazette usually reserved for the latest resolution of whatever society had met recently. My friend strongly criticized not only the scarcity of literary work in the Gazette, but also the poor quality (so he said) of the works that were printed.

The first of these complaints is now null and void; the Gazette has prescribed a page to the greater glory of whatever Muse is unfortunate enough to be the guardian angel of Literature. Whether or not the other complaint shall remain valid is entirely his affair, and yours.

Those who have lamented the lack of a literary page in the past must now support it. While we welcome any criticism, a few contributions would be much more to the point.

We would appreciate any criticism, but if you want the page to stay, write for it. For information concerning awards for such work, look in the Gazette Constitution in the students directory.

—A. M.
Literary Editor.

WHEN THE WAR FINALLY ENDED WE WERE SOMEWHAT APT TO PAT OURSELVES ON THE BACK AND THINK THAT OUR WORRIES WERE OVER. IT WAS, NO DOUBT, A RUDE SHOCK TO MANY TO DISCOVER THAT OUR TROUBLES DID NOT ABIDE BY THE RULES, AND ONLY STOPPED FOR A WHILE TO CELEBRATE THE WAR'S END.

WE HAVE SINCE SPLIT INTO THREE SIDES, THE VIOLENT ANTI-RUSSIANS, WHO ARE PREPARING THE OTHERS FOR WAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE, AND THE EQUALLY VIOLENT PRO-RUSSIANS, WHO LOOK TO MOSCOW FOR THE LATEST DECREE ON WHAT THE WORLD SHOULD BE. THE THIRD SIDE IS THE MINORITY, THE MODERATES WHO ARE WILLING TO CONSIDER BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION. THE GREATER MAJORITY ARE, UNFORTUNATELY, DEDICATED TO HEARTILY DAMNING ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER WITHOUT CONSIDERING THE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

The anti-Russian group are, to a certain extent, justified in their fears when the purpose behind Russian post-war expansion is considered. Russia has advanced into Europe up to a line roughly running from Stettin to Venezia-Giulia, several formerly sovereign states being absorbed on the way. In the Far East she has occupied part of Manchuria and Korea, and Inner Mongolia, and much depends on the nature of her policies towards China, India and revolutionary groups in Burma, Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies. Interesting also is the fact that fully one and a half million Japanese, including eighty thousand men of the old Kwantung army, have been detained in

areas held by Russian troops. No such restrictions were placed on Japanese Communists, including Nosaka, the leader of the Communist party in Japan, who were repatriated recently.

With these facts in mind many citizens of the Western democracies blame Russia, and the Rusophile manages to ignore them, and blames the West, generally with the statement that Russia is protecting herself from "Capitalist Fascism" (one of many such catchwords that mean approximately nothing). The former is amazed; in his opinion it is childish to mistrust the democracies. Unfortunately it is altogether too sane.

Nobody doubts the good faith of Mr. Bevin or of Mr. Byrnes, but there was not a more faithful man in the U. S. government than Wilson in 1919. What is to prevent a change in the governments of either country, and the consequent repudiation of foreign policies followed by their predecessors. Even in the United States, the "birthplace of democracy" (quite a mistaken view, the Greeks had a better brand by 400 B.C.), racial intolerance is openly practised in the southern States, the insidious "boss" system flourishes, and the selfish attitude of American labor of late are things which would discredit any state, even if there were no cabinet crises and presidential blunders to consider. Russia is probably interested in long-term agreements which will not be endangered every four years. The recent events which ended in the resignation of Mr. Wallace would not inspire confidence in any state at any time, much less in times like these. Our greatest mistake has been not in believing that one side was wrong, but in thinking that any side was right.

It may be considered by some that the previous paragraphs make a somewhat lengthy prologue to what I have decided to call, for lack of a better term, a literary review. I thought, however, that a brief exposition of the interpretations which, according to my experience, many people apply to current world affairs was necessary before directly concerning myself with the subject of the review, which is an article from the July 27 issue of the *Economist*, entitled *Peace Without Honour*.

The opening part of the article deals with the apparent loss of moral principles in the Western democracies; this aspect will be considered later on. The latter portion, which deals with Allied policies in Germany, is of more immediate importance.

The article is the first, to my knowledge, to concern itself with the moral implications of the manner in which current affairs are being conducted, particularly the occupation of Germany. Other writers have lightly touched upon this theme, and during the war our moral superiority was great-

Freshman

Last Saturday morning the usually austere facades of the Dalhousie buildings smiled down upon the bewildered group of freshettes and freshmen who milled around the Gym., embarrassed, but bravely bearing their bright placards and regalia.

A group of older freshmen and one freshette stood near the Gym entrance watching their more unfortunate classmates who obediently went up and down the stairs backwards. An attractive sophomore Mother Superior stood at the foot of the stairs thinking of fiendishly ingenious forms of punishment for potential intellectuals whose only crime was that they had registered for their first year at Dalhousie.

A tall, moustached veteran was leaning against the building. His expression was not one of amusement, and I looked at him curiously. His mouth was compressed into a taut line and occasionally his jaw muscles twitched nervously. I approached him and, after remaining silent for a few minutes, I opened the conversation.

"Amusing, eh?"

"Yeah—in a way." He still did not smile.

"I'm glad we don't have to take any of that stuff."

"Yeah," he said. "I'm glad too."

There was a slight pause.

"I was just thinking," he went on, "that I'm glad I had a bit of service. I always wondered what good it would do me and now I know. I just couldn't stand that. Imagine having to walk down through town in such ridiculous costumes!"

"Pretty grim," I agreed.

"Grim isn't the word for it."

"Well, I'm certainly glad we don't have to take it."

My companion was silent for a moment, and then said:

"A fellow would have to be pretty brave to go through with it."

"Yeah," I said. "I guess he would."

"I couldn't go through with it," he confided. "Guess I haven't got the guts."

The parade departed from the campus and the student-veterans who were not veteran-students slowly walked away from the gym. The man who was not brave enough took his leave of me and I watched him as he left. A couple of chaps stood at the foot of the stairs chatting, so I approached them to ask the name of the moustached veteran.

One of them answered: "Oh, him?" and nodded at the back of the departing freshman.

"I don't know his name, but I asked another fellow about him and he gave me a bit of lowdown on him. He said that he was one of the bravest soldiers that ever fought. He was in just about every campaign in the past war; killed more men than the bubonic plague—got decorated six or seven times—Yep, a brave guy—damn brave."

—L. MILLER

The Spirit Of Dal . . .

Look for the spirit of Dal!

You'll find it not in her songs, but in the heart that sing them,
Not only on her playing fields where cheers
Are raised for those who play the game with skill,
But on the lips of all who themselves have played,
Not well, but with their hearts, and who rejoice
Ungrudging, in the glory that shall fall
On those of keener eye and swifter limb,
Feeling with these, our heroes of the day,
The common bond of all who play the game.

Look for the wealth of Dal! — it is not found

In brick or stone, but in the ivy creeping
Quietly over all, not in the width
Of land she calls her own,
But in the grass that makes it soft to tread,
The footworn paths that breathe the friendliness
Of those who walked them long ago, the trees
That lift the weariness from bookworn eyes,
The smile of friends, the hope that cannot fail
When one sees youth, with brilliant hopes and dreams,
Looking to older, wiser, kinder men,
Nor disappointed in the gifts it asks.

Where is the wisdom of Dal?

Not in the books that stand along her shelves—
Not there alone—but in the eager mind
That turns as readily to work as play,
Thus finding both more sweet; not in the cold
Mind grasping after facts, but in the heart
That seeks to make itself a treasure house
Of wisdom, truth and beauty, that will give
Courage and gladness to the lives about him
And a triumphant purpose to his own.

—H. G. P.

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