

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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YOU'RE SERVICES ARE WANTED

An editorial appearing recently in a local paper states that people attending university should be students first of all and athletes second.

This is so obviously true that it cannot be disreputed, but the importance of extra-curricular side of a student's college life is often overlooked, and it may be as important to his future as are his scholastic endeavours.

The usual reason that a person comes to college is to improve his mind and obtain essential training so as to equip himself to take his place in society.

The courses a student takes at college are important, in fact the choice of courses is perhaps the most serious decision a student is called upon to make, but nevertheless he may obtain much advantage from judicious use of his leisure hours.

If a student is interested in nothing but the subject he is taking he will nevertheless find that there is a society that will help him in this field, whatever it may be. There are clubs and organizations associated with many faculties. There is a Psychology Club, a Classics Club, the Cercle Francaise, and others. For each of the faculties of the university there is a society. Arts and Science, Medicine, Law, Engineering, Pharmacy, and all the rest have societies that sponsor social events and sometimes provide special events that assist students in their courses.

There is not a student at this university whose mind could not stand a little improvement. For this purpose there are cultural and religious societies which would welcome all interested in joining.

Some of the organizations on the campus provide training that will prove useful in later life. Sodales, for instance, shows its members how to become public speakers, and people who write for the Gazette learn how to write properly and how to organize their material in a manner best calculated to express their ideas. A trained voice is often an asset, and in the Glee Club a student can receive just that training.

There are people who leave college without ever having developed a sense of system and method, and an appreciation of the fact that the proper approach to a problem will save much time and effort. A person who knows the proper approach can deal more effectively with a situation than one who is untrained in the arts of efficient organization. The extra-curricular activities help to develop that organization and to provide that training.

There is no organization on the campus that has not a place for more members. Membership in every group has fallen drastically from former years. There is a great deal of hidden talent around the campus, people who feel they could contribute nothing to a campus organization, or that they don't have the time.

Let such people consider this an invitation, and apply immediately to the heads of the organizations that interest them.

The organizations are for the students' benefit, and if the students do not participate in them they will collapse. Everybody can contribute something. Now is the time to start.

A Bluenose Fisherman

by FRED NEAL

There at the end of the "Crooked Mile" he stood, weather-beaten, and time-worn, looking out over the new government wharf. His black pipe was drooping peacefully out of the corner of his mouth, clasped hard between sparse teeth and wrinkled lips. Albert Graves, immortalized by MacAskill as one of the fisher folk of the South, his features tanned and scored, was thinking of the earlier days when Peggy's Cove was uncommercialized. Then there were no roads within two miles and the fishermen spent their evenings in "the shop" at the innermost corner of the cove, seated around the Franklin stove, mending the nets and telling the latest bit of news from along the shore.

Even in those days his dark home-made, straight-cut trousers smelled of fish and salt, much like today. But instead of the slicker and sou'wester of former mornings he wore a wrinkled felt hat, an Eaton's catolgue suit-coat, and a dark vest.

"Well, now, fancy that. You down here to the cottage again, Commodore?" This was his friendly greeting to us; he always called my father the Commodore. "It's good to see you folks again. I s'pose you want some fish, Mrs. Well now, I hear the mackerel's runnin' down off the harbor. You might find some there," and he pointed down the shore, continuing, "but they've got most of 'em in salt down at the wharf. My brother got three barr'l this mornin', but they's all down." This was the voice of a man who had hooked hundred pound cod and haddock by hand and had fished for seventy-odd years by hook and line. He didn't think much of the new wharf built by the government. "They just put that there to get our vote. Those Liberals don't have no sense. Why, they can't bring big boats in the cove 'cause of the reef, and where they put that wharf, you can't float more 'n a dory at low tide. I've seen some mighty big boats in here at times, but the cove's filled up a lot now." One could easily tell that this old fisherman had one fond memory and one main interest, the sea.

But even over the sea he knew that there was something more powerful, more moving. We passed into the sitting room of his home. It smelled musty and hadn't been opened for a long time. It was the place where the minister was entertained and was always kept spotlessly clean. Stiff white curtains hung at the windows and the wall paper was yellow with age, but the room kept its immaculate

reserved look. In the corner of the room there was a reed organ played by pumping with the feet, and here, after some coaxing, the old man sat down. He played one hymn after another and sang lustily the moving gospel songs. Mr. Graves had played the organ in the Anglican Church for over forty years whenever there was service. "It's terrible now, Commodore, we ain't got a minister. Some students come out from town in the summer but for six years now we haven't had a good preacher. It's a real shame. Why, I've seen the church filled mornin' an' night; you've seen that haven't you, Commodore, when you was in these parts some twenty years back?" My father agreed, for he had been a minister on the neighboring circuit and well knew the change that had come to the Saint Margaret's Bay parishes.

We left the parlor and again went outside. "We just get a handful in church now," continued Mr. Graves with gestures toward the steeple across the cove. "There's big crowd's to the dances up at the Hall, but the people's got out of the habit of goin' to church, I reckon. Some o' the younger boys o' the cove even haul their nets come Sunday." He spoke these last words with a look of real concern on his face. Mr. Graves was a deeply religious man, humble and sincere, and he believed that the Lord's Day should be kept Holy.

Mr. Graves had lived in Peggy's Cove all his life, and his wife had come from 'the Harbor', two miles along the shore, over the "Whale's Back." They had had one son, lost at sea in one of the storms of the early part of the century. Mr. Graves' eyes filled with tears as he recounted the story of that day when he and his son had been washed overboard out off the reef. He had managed to cling to the overturned dory, but the son had been drowned in the treacherous waters. Years could not harden the heart of this man, though every fiber in his outward body was ready for storm, cold, or whatever came.

Just then some visitors passed by on the path in front of the house and asked the way to the lighthouse. "Right that way," our friend said, pointing. "Watch out for the mud there, lady, an' take care of the grass folks; we haven't got much, you know." And this was the truth. Barns were scattered through the settlement and

fences surrounded every bit of grass, for the cattle had to have hay for the winter and in this rock-bound cove, every sparse bit was needed. Mr. Graves was always friendly and helpful to visitors to the cove. "This summer," he told us, "we've had visitors from all over. Why, we've had as much as five hundred cars a day.

Mr. Graves' keen senses noted a sharp change in the wind and he said he'd have to go put up the storm warnings. This old man, no longer able to go to sea, still took an interest in the fishermen and their work. He had taken over the daily duty of Lloyd Garrison when the latter died, and tended the storm kettles and the lighthouse now. His brother and he still had a wharf in the cove, but Albert only used it for storage for the winter now. The brother was younger and could do the heavy work of the sea and made the matutinal trips to the nets. The nets were one of the big problems of the men; dogfish used to get in them and tear them apart. But Albert Graves had never bothered much about the nets; he had preferred the conservative headline method of his ancestors, and his rough brown hands showed the old creases of the codline.

When he came back from putting up the storm warnings he explained to us that the wind was from the "sou'east, the bad quarter." We talked on, and when we finally left him, this friendly old man was whittling on an old piece of kindling wood.

As we passed by, we could see that the woodshed was filled with stove-wood, split and neatly stacked. Inside the house, Mrs. Graves was baking bread and the smell of the fresh loaves was all about us, mingled with the freshness of the rocks, the tang of the sea, and the fishy smell of the boathouses. Mr. Graves waved goodbye to the Commodore and his friends from the States and stood by the stile, silhouetted against the pink-gray rocks with the lighthouse towering behind him and the sound of the waves crashing all about.

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