

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER  
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## A MATTER OF COURTESY

Since the close of the war a general laxness and loosening of long accepted standards of behavior has evidenced itself on university campi across Canada. We had long thought that it was merely the influence of the informal tone of life effected by the students but since last Friday, faced by the sheer disrespect and rudeness evidenced at the Freshie-Soph Dance, we have seriously been forced to consider if the answer does not lie a great deal deeper than this.

We are referring to the failure of certain students at the dance to acknowledge the chaperons, which included the President of the University and Mrs. Kerr.

The breach of manners was not confined to any one group, older students as well failing to observe common courtesy, but far the greatest number of offenders were the freshmen, hardly twenty of whom went through the receiving line.

It is natural for new students to be hesitant when they first enter college, but a matter such as this surely is not new to them, it having been the custom at dances through junior and senior high school of asking members of the staff to act as chaperons at school social events.

It is not asking too much to expect the freshman to respect the custom at future dates and neither is it asking too much to remind the seniors to do the same.

It is not a matter that requires much thought it is just a matter of common courtesy.

## MY HOME, MY NATIVE LAND

By M. A. J.

The attention of the students is drawn to this feature written especially for The Gazette, being as it is a panaramic of Canadian life, manners and morals as seen from within.

It is not the smallest or is it the largest, not the greatest or the weakest, not the oldest or the youngest. It is that tremendous tract of land that covers the northern one-third of a continent, forever washed in the West by the blue Pacific, east by the gray Atlantic, north by the white Arctic seas. It is the land where great rivers twist and turn forever through its very bowels, where great lakes and forests lie in endless quiet and where vast plains stretch up to Rocky Mountains. It is the place where harsh winds roar at 40 below over sunless wastelands; where January permits wild flowers to think of spring and where unsufferable heat vibrates on the plains in summer. Somewhere in its south its borderless lands become the imperious U.S.A., somewhere in its floundering youth it reached the point of nationhood, somewhere in its history the seeds of greatness were sown. We are a nation without a history, but it is better to have a future without a past than a past without a future. This is Canada, our home and native land, and whether we are satisfied or not, content or discontent, happy or sad, we are Canadians all, distinctive, singularly separate from all other Anglo-Saxon races. What then, can be said of us, the fourteen million who reside by the dauntless railways that span this restless land? What is it to be a child of the pitiless north, an inevitable protégé of U.S. culture and a historical ward of the glory that was Britannia?

We are the ones who like to think we have maintained all the conservative dignities and virtues of the British while blending the swift moving and unrestricted trends of that home of modernism, the U.S.A. We are a people who have but lately fostered a national pride and been given the key to total independence. We are the people who value such independence but are reluctant to leave the time-honoured wisdom and diplomatic protection of an England whose unparalleled history sheds by association some of its glory on us. We are the ones who live under an organized treaty of provinces and forever watch the conflict between our Provinces and our national capitol as each asserts its constitutional autonomy. We are the political arbitrators between impetuous America and reluc-

tant England. We are that part of the English speaking world which can effect an American with an English accent and come out with something called "Canadian". But most of all, for all our errors and our weaknesses, we are young and fired with the strength of youth and the muscles of U.S. capital.

You can find us on the coast or the Pacific, or in the plans and foothills on the eastern side of the Rockies; in the rivers and lake settlements of the Yukon; in the rail junctions and farms of Saskatchewan. In Crystal City on the vast plains of Manitoba some of us live or in the black, earth-tortured mines of Sudbury. In villages of wonderful names or the great cities, we live, or along the coasts, valleys and ports of the Eastern Provinces. You find us East or West and North or South, but most of us live along the southern border and most of us die in the populous region that lies on that mightiest of rivers, the St. Lawrence, which endlessly drains the Lakes and feeds the hungry Atlantic.

Resting on an archaic constitution and living on a geographically centralized economy we are a nation of Inter-Provincial rivalries and hatreds. Somehow out of this weakness a strength is preserved, but to those who visit us the impression is that of a quarrelsome family. We are a seething cauldron of localized patriotism out of which, after the seething of hostilities is over, a sort of pseudo-Nationalism is derived. For to a Cape Bretoner Canada is only a piece of land lying West of the indominatable island; queenly Toronto to cosmopolitan Montreal, but a young up-start too loud not to be jealous of; the proud prairies to Vancouver, only a setting to travel over on the five day trip to the East. The chosen ones of wealthy Ontario and Quebec look with contempt at the impoverished East and with snobbery at the West and out of the false prides in conflict arises the prevailing discontent. We are but children who say: "Where I come from our highways are made of concrete" and be answered with a disdainful "Empty vessels make the most noise!" And we are the ones who all are brothers, unequal it is true, but by blood, of the same heritage. (Con't on Page Three)

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or Lt. T. MANORE, R.C.N.  
Staff Officer in Room 20, Arts Building  
Afternoons 2 to 5