

The Dalhousie Gazette

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They Burned McCarthy

Last week the students of Victoria College in Toronto, dressed in Klax Klan white sheets, burned an effigy of one Senator McCarthy of the U.S.A., supporting the action was a statement to the effect that the burning of the effigy was a manifesto of their disgust and contempt for that dirty little man in the U.S. government, and for the hateful things that evil little man does in the way of instilling fear and censure into the American people. They did what only well thinking people could do, and that is to let the nasty little man know what is thought of him and also to let him know what the attitude will be toward him if he starts meddling with Canada as he has started to do of late. There is nothing good to be said about Mr. McCarthy. And now that he has taken to expressing opinions about Canada it is time for Canadians to make known their opinions of him.

A short time ago he said of Canada that he could not conceive of a nation friendly to the U.S. that would refuse to do what the U.S. wished, after Canada had refused to allow Igor Gouzenko, Canada's reformed Atom spy, to go down to the U.S. and go before one of Senator McCarthy's Senate Inquisitions. Apart from the right of Canada to refuse, we laugh when we heard that Mr. McCarthy could not conceive of such a refusal from a friendly power.

Has Mr. McCarthy ever heard of the McCarren Act which effectively closes the U.S. border to hundreds of friendly Canadians, not to speak of English, French and other citizens of nations friendly to the U.S. We wonder does McCarthy realize that Canada would not let Gouzenko go behind the Iron Curtain nor is it advisable to let him go behind the U.S. Paper Curtain.

From the way McCarthy works it almost seems that he might be a Communist himself because he seems to have created an aura of fear and mistrust even more effectively than the Russians have. Who knows maybe McCarthy is the Master American Communist himself.



MR. LOCKHEED

New Librarian

Mr. Lockheed is the new librarian at Dalhousie University. He was born at Guelph, Ontario and grew up in Ottawa. After receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree from McGill University he attended the University of Toronto and graduated with a Master's degree in English. Then he returned to McGill University to study for a B.L.S., which is a Bachelor of Library Science.

Mr. Lockheed has held positions as librarian at Victoria College, British Columbia, and as a lecturer in Sociology at that university. During the last war he served in the Infantry Corps. Last year he was on the staff of Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, and in July came to Halifax to become head librarian at Dalhousie.

Writing poetry is one of Mr. Lockheed's diversions and he is also interested in advertising and publicity work. His first sixteen summers were spent in Fredericton and he is married to a Maritimer so this part of Canada is not entirely new to him. We hope that Mr. Lockheed will find pleasure in his position here.

Mr. Lockheed believes that all the students should be well acquainted with the library and make use of it frequently. In speaking about the library he says "everyone acknowledges the library as the center of university work. If you have a good library you will have a good university."

EUROPE AND BACK '53 The CORONATION

By Bob Latimer

June 2nd. A London gravel sidewalk isn't the most comfortable of beds. Tried to catch a few winks of sleep but some clod would step on me just as I was dropping off. I looked at my frozen chum. Like Service's Sam McGee, he longed for his home in Tennessee. About 1:30 I took a walk with two Cambridge boys, to get the fresh air. Crowds continued to pack into the Mall. Tireless bobbies did an excellent job of keeping order. This was no small task, since many had taken the occasion to celebrate. Every mounted policeman and broom-wielding street cleaner got a rousing cheer from the crowd as he passed. Newspaper peddlers, representing a dozen different publications, had pre-Coronation extras out by 2:00. These papers also brought an account of the Queen's latest Coronation gift—the conquest of Mount Everest by a British expedition. Probably the three most useful purposes served by these papers were: (1) to sit on; (2) to lie on; and (3) to hold over your head for the rains which event-ually came.

About 4 a.m. several detachments of black-uniformed London bobbies marched down the Mall to take their posts at the other end of the route. The day began to dawn, grey and cold. At 6 a.m. the radio was made available to us via loudspeaker. There were announcements and descriptions by various Coronation commentators. It started to shower a bit, just for a change. The State disc jockey tried to penetrate the sombre dawn with a bit of English wit. Over the loudspeaker bounced the tunes "Singin' in the Rain," and "Sunny Side of the Street."

We had news for him. Presently the soldiers who were to guard the route started marching past. Guardsmen, with black bearskin helmets, red jackets, navy blue trousers and bayoneted rifles, presented a very smart appearance. Groans arose from the multitude as the Welsh guards began to take up their positions along the sidewalk in our area. (Visualize the utter hopelessness of anyone parked behind one of those fur monsters.) We said a prayer for midgets.

There appeared to be three distinct classes of Coronation spectators: (1) The Elect, who had seats in the Abbey, (2) the plutocrats who had seats along the route (3) the Commoners or great Unwashed, who camped on the sidewalks. . . . Those who had seats in the stand gradually began to arrive. These were followed by the dapper peers in grey toppers and morning suits, carrying coronet and umbrellas, and heading for the Abbey. As they passed, the Cockneys cut loose. "urry up, guv'nor, or you'll miss your ruddy service!" "Well, if it ain't 'is blinkin' lor'ship, Sir Percy 'imself! Where's 'er Ladyship, Perce?" "Gor blime! Ain't this one a dandy? Little Lord Flaunteroy 'imself! Model yer new bonnet, yer Lordship!" The good-humoured aristocrats would generally wave their arms in Joe Louis fashion, and even the best-bred ones would at least smile stiffly and wobble their coronets at the crowd. The Englishman has every respect for nobility.

I looked at my watch and pinched myself. It was 8.00. Far down the Mall the procession had already begun to move, with the Lord Mayor and the Speaker of the House in the vanguard. The first exciting feature was the motor-car parade of foreign dignitaries, Schumann, Akahito, de Gasperi, Gromyko, Marshall, and Co. They were followed by the Colonial rulers, led by Queen Salote, Conga's answer to Sophie Tucker. Next came the carriages carrying the commonwealth prime minister. Winnie got a standing

ovation—that is, we were standing, and it was an ovation.) The rain still continued to come in scattered showers, but everyone was sure it would clear off. Any fool knew that it wasn't allowed to rain on Coronation Day. But the weather man didn't have a rule book.

Down the Mall moved the procession of royal relatives, with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret in royal pursuit. The hour had come. A hundred thousand screaming voices heralded the arrival of the state coach before it was visible to us. Suddenly it broke forth upon our vision, golden and radiant, magnificently designed and adorned, and drawn by eight noble greys. Now it was almost abreast of us, and every neck was strained to the uttermost to catch a first glimpse of the young queen. Children shrieked hysterically and wagged their flags, girls stood as if in a trance, hardened men could scarce restrain a tear as they blurted, "God bless you, Bessie!" and old ladies bawled unabashedly. Elizabeth was never so beautiful—an enchanting fairy queen beside her handsome prince. We got a terrific view of them from where we stood, even though a galaxy of arms was waving in front of us. I held the camera above my head, and snapped—and prayed.

We settled down on the gravel for another long wait—for the duration of the Abbey service. Our lot improved. Some of the people left after seeing the first procession and we were able to move up from the eighth row to the fourth. As we dug ravenously into the lavish lunch provided for us by our rooming house proprietress,

the commentator started to describe the Coronation ceremony, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Beside me a fellow swilled beer. Back by the stands two little boys began to fight. The rain diluted my coffee.

Blue sky came through briefly about 3:30 but was soon curtailed by more unwelcome precipitation. At 4:15 the parade of Empire and Commonwealth servicemen swung through Trafalgar Square, under Admiralty Arch, and down the Mall. First came the colonial outfits of airforce, army and navy, from Zanzibar to Singapore, Swaziland to Sarawak—all looking "très fier et très colonial." Next were the commonwealth forces from Ceylon, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, Pakistan, Australia and Canada.

Undoubtedly the sharpest detachment in the whole group was our own Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Their coal black chargers were in perfect control as they brought them down the Mall, and as horses and scarlet-coated riders passed, proudly erect, a tremendous deafening cheer broke from the crowd.

And still they came. A unique and stirring sight was the Ghurka's pipe band, followed by the massed pipe bands of the Commonwealth. Our RCAF brass band looked and sounded razor sharp—even the notes. The three services of the U.K. were the last to file past before the return procession of the queen. Thunderous applause again heralded the approach of the newly crowned monarch, Elizabeth II, wearing St. Edward's crown. As she passed, she smiled graciously and the people went wild

(Continued from Page Three)

Going on a Date?

By Kenneth Kalutich

A date is a social engagement of a man and woman which is for the enjoyment of each other's company and involves no matrimonial commitments. The young man has the responsibility of giving the invitation and the young woman has the privilege of accepting or refusing.

Within the last month a survey has been taken to find what traits a girl looks for in a man she dates.

Girls interviewed like a man who:

- Is not a last minute dater.
- Consults the girl in regard to the evening's plans.
- Arrives on time.
- Does not honk to announce he is waiting.
- Dresses appropriately.
- Meets a girl's family gracefully.
- Has good manners.
- Uses good English.
- Compliments a girl on her appearance.
- Does not act as if he was conferring a favor by dating her.
- Is a good talker without having a line.
- Is neat in personal matters like hair, nails, teeth and rim of glasses.
- Does not talk loudly or brags.
- Omits vulgar jokes and swearing.
- Can talk on current affairs.
- Excludes sex in his talk.
- Shows respect for girls.
- Is a good dancer.
- Takes girl to nice places, not necessarily costly.
- Does not criticize girls' dress or hair.
- Is a good mixer.
- Has good table manners.
- Enjoys sport.
- Devotes himself with rapt attention to his date.
- Is liked by his associates.
- Does not flirt with other girls while in your presence.
- Has poise.
- Is not immoral.
- Is thoughtful, dependable and a good sport.
- Has a good sense of humor.
- Does not try to neck on the first date.
- Is not a routine petter.

- Knows when he is not wanted.
- The girls expect no man to have all the above listed qualities but the more he has, the higher he will stand in a girl's estimation.
- Low Date Ratings**
- Money, a car, football abilities, belonging to a fraternity all received very low ratings by the girls interviewed.
- Traits Disliked By Girls**
- When late for a date does not take time to phone and explain.
- When asking for a date instead of saying "May I have this dance?" the girls are asked with "dance", "shall we", "let's go", and "what about it".
- Chewing gum or smoking a cigarette when dancing.
- At the end of a dance leaves her stranded in the middle of the floor.
- Leaving partner neglected while he joins the boys for a "quick snort".
- Constantly being asked to drink when not wishing to.
- Neglecting little courtesies like walking on the outside, helping her with her coat, holding her chair, and helping her up and down curbs.
- Girls Recommend in Survey That A Date Bureau to be formed on the campus.**
- Square dancing and Virginia reels be played at all dances to foster better intermingling of dancers.
- The men encourage the girls to come by themselves when they are not asked to a dance.
- That men drink less at dances.
- That some men improve their dancing, or stay home.

Dalhousie Radio Committee

Let us introduce you to the Dalhousie Radio Committee now starting its fifth year on the campus. Plans have been made for a large variety of activities during the present year. Heading the list are two major productions for the local airways. First a series of eight weekly programmes is expected to start early in January. The other major presentation will once again be D-Day on March 8th when the Radio Committee will take over radio station CJCH for one day.

Other activities include the presentation of news of coming campus activities over the public address system in the men's residence. Tours of radio studios are also planned to give committee members a first hand glimpse of radio at work. The Radio Committee is a valuable asset in widening the field of extra-curricular activities on the campus. The members receive valuable training in the various fields of radio which include administration, production, script writing, announcing, news broadcasting, musical and dramatic presentations, technical operations and public relations.

Needless to say such a variety of activities requires a considerable amount of time and work, thus a fairly large committee is required if this year we are to surpass the successes of past years. This year's activities started three weeks ago with the appointment of a new executive.

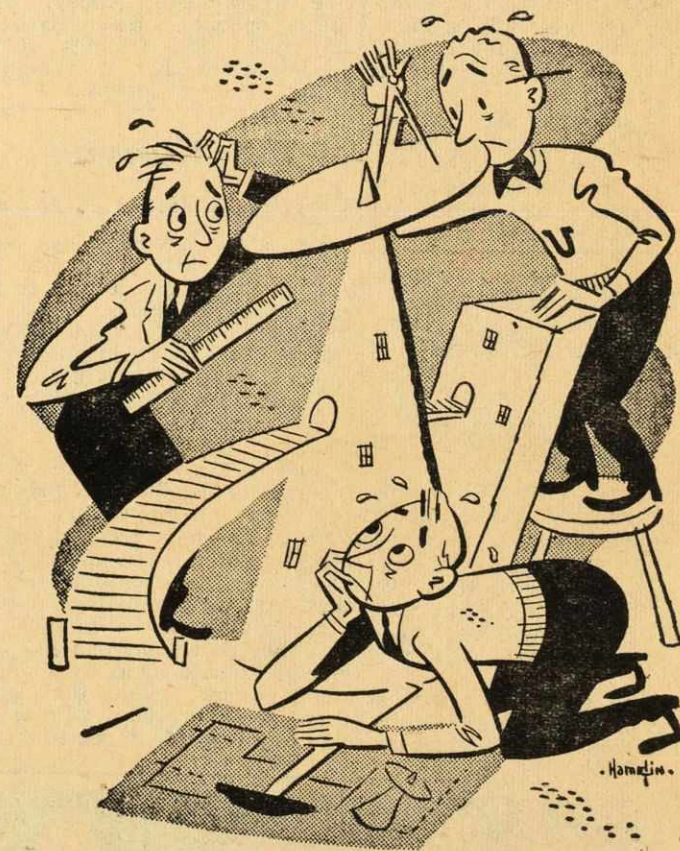
The many responsibilities of the chairman this year fall to Russ Hatton from Springhill, who is no novice to radio. Russ occasionally has assisted in the "Sunday School of the Air" over CJCH and last year played a prominent role in the D-Day presentations. The two vice-chairmen this year are Ken Stubbington from Toronto

and Matt Epstein of Yarmouth. Ken is also in charge of music and production and will be remembered for his portrayal of Sir Joseph Porter in last year's DGDS production of "HMS Pinafore". This is his third year with the committee. Matt Epstein in his first year at Dalhousie is a valuable addition to the radio committee, and is in charge of script reading and production. A graduate of the Radio Academy of Arts in Toronto he was formerly in the employ of the British United Press Radio News Service in Montreal.

Adding a feminine touch to the executive is Barbara Grossman of Halifax, the new general manager, who is kept busy with administrative, correspondence and financial problems of the committee. Last year Barb was featured on the Dalhousie series over CBH and was active in the publicity department.

John Mercer heads this year's enlarged Public Relations Department. The work of this department includes the running of the public address system on the campus, the issuing of press releases and advertisement to the Gazette and city newspapers and the distribution of articles and posters. John has been an active member of the committee for the past three years. Before coming to Dal he worked for a year as an announcer and technical operator at CKNB, Campbellton under the "Sleepy Time Story Teller" of CBC fame.

The plans have been formulated and now the year's work is about to begin. New members will be welcomed, so if you are interested come along to Room 7 of the Men's Residence anytime where you will always find some of the committee busy at work. General meetings are held every Friday at 1:30.



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