

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

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## The Place of Commerce

The Faculty of Commerce is among the newer faculties at Dalhousie University.

It was first introduced because of the growing emphasis placed upon Education in the modern business world. It is no longer possible to start out without a cent and work your way to millions without a good sound knowledge of business and economics.

Education is a valuable asset in any field, and especially so in modern business. In the Good Old Days a young man who wanted to go into business either was "taken into the firm" by a dotting parent or else left school at an early age and started "at the bottom of the ladder", his success depending upon his native ability and whether his first boss gave him any chance.

In those days many people who set out to make a fortune ended up as a small salary clerk in a back office. A few fortunes were made, it is true, but the great majority of these were amassed by several hard-working generations and exploited recklessly in a time of financial crisis to make the heir to the family riches one of that small group of mogouls who controlled most of the big financial dealings of the last century.

In those days a person without the right connections had little hope of real advancement, he could only hope at best to build up enough of a fortune to live comfortably and to leave enough when he died to give his children some chance to make a name for themselves.

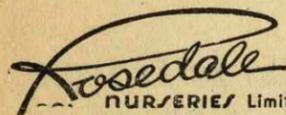
Business is no longer the uncertain boom-and-bust thing it used to be. It has become a matter of cold statistics. Profits are no longer so huge, but they are more certain. Governmental controls, while not new, have been applied with great rigor to make the national economy yet more inflexible, or at least that is the intent.

With the development of better and better means of communication competition has become keener and more universal. Monopolies are becoming a thing of the past. Big Business has found that it pays to hire experts in every phase of its operations, and it is to the universities that these would-be experts first turn to learn the intricacies of trade.

Not every person who graduates with a B.Com. will end up with a million, but a large percentage of them have a possibility of obtaining a fairly good position with a firm that they would have been unable to fill had they not taken some course to fit them for the job.

A person with a Commerce degree should have little difficulty in getting a job and many graduates will be able to get a position with opportunity for advancement. A person with a degree has a great advantage over a person with no education in elemental business practices. The existence of the Faculty of Commerce in this university is a sign that modern trends in business have not been overlooked.

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## Euthanasia

"The quality of mercy is not strained".

The law of the country says that he who does murder can be punished by death. At once the issue is joined. Who is to do the killing, who decides whether execution will be done? The Church must be taken to acquiesce to such legalized killing and yet one of its basic principles is: thou shalt not kill! The human being is endowed with a conscience on which moral codes are based. It knows that to kill is wrong. Killing seems to be a historically favourite pastime.

Whether in war or in the Court room or in the mind can it ever be said that killing is justified? At once we discount war on grounds of self defence. We discuss here moral aspects only.

First the Courts. These are merely tribunals created by the ingenuity and advance mind of man and controlled by men—the Judges. But the title Judge does not assure infallibility. It resolves then that this man has taken upon himself to judge his fellow man, clothed in written rules he deems correct and proper and so has 'legalized' a justified killing. For no matter how elaborate the legal eloquence and how correct it may seem to men, it is still killing. Where is the original Biblical authorization? There is none. And so we have a way to kill legally. Now, as aforementioned the Church acquiesces. Does this mean then that this is a morally correct action? Here lies the crux of the matter and from it could stem many forms of "justified" killing.

Second, what is the Church teaching? It holds that for one man to kill another is a mortal sin. Is there a qualification? There can't be. Killing of men by men cannot be justified by any ecclesiastical authority. It, therefore, recognizing the supremacy of Parliamentary law must overlook the fine issue of Court authorized executions by passive acquiescence. If the same issue arises, though, respecting an individual who claims justifiable homicide, the Church is adamant in its stand, unless the law settles the question and then the Church ignores it.

Lastly, we come to the human conscience, and the form of killing known as euthanasia. Initially let us note that man is a superlatively rational animal. He can take any difficult situation and by his own unique qualities reconcile it with a guilt complex turning sins into virtues. The process is especially easy if he notes the above comments on the views of Law and Church on the matter. As an extra facilitation he has his emotional

upset on such occasions that aids in any decision.

His reasoning would go like this: I love her and she is dying a slow and agonizing death. Death is a medical certainty for her. So why must she suffer. She begs for mercy — she begs me to end her suffering. The hangman can take lives in the name of the State so why cannot I in the name of God and mercy?

At this point the most credulous reasoning takes place—a reconciliation between his own conscience and his God. It is a personal thing. The command is not to kill — he speculated and yet it must be qualified if the Church permits legal executions. Granting this, then would it be a sin in the eyes of God. Can He hold me guilty if I feel and believe I am doing right?

## "Harold"—A Dreamland Fantasy

By Fred Neal

It was a damp and drizzly evening in early June and not at all seasonable for even the late spring that had been the occasion of so much comment and no little mis-giving among the farmers. I had settled myself in a large rocking chair in front of a well-built log fire, had shaded the floor lamp at a suitable angle behind my right ear, and had prepared myself for a delightful evening with a short story of the South Seas. The wind had freshened since supper and a loose shutter on the back of the cottage was apparently prepared to flap backwards and forwards in unison with several frogs in their nightly orchestra from the swamp below the house. Although the rain had been incessant for the past three days, the rivers were very low and the Power Company had warned us that the lights might fail at any moment. It certainly was a cheerful prospect for such a night, and alone.

There can be no doubt about it that I had eaten too heartily of supper, and before the tenth page of the novel had been reached I found the lines strangely running into each other, and the words playing all kinds of pranks with each other. Gradually the room seemed to become quieter and I looked up as a strange, inexplicable thing happened. I was startled by two scaly green eyes that lifted themselves out of the fireplace, moved slowly to the right, and then to the left. Beneath the luminous eyes there yawned a wide, cavernous mouth, and from the depths of the abyss there came a deep bass growl that sounded like nothing I had ever heard before.

Slowly this strange monster climbed over the fender and across the hooked rug. I am sure that I had seen him somewhere before! It was a gigantic turtle. Slowly, deliberately, lumberingly, he came across the center of the room and then raised himself up on his hind legs. As I attempted to speak he waved his front flapper-like paw in a motion of silence. It may seem strange, but I did not have any desire to say what I had had in my mind to say. The eye of that reptile had hypnotised me into amazed awe. Slowly he raised his leg to shade his eyes and then he craned his neck and said with a sepulchral voice, "I am Harold."

It is altogether impossible to reproduce the effect of this announcement and the tremulant manner in which it was made. It was something like the noise made by water gurgling down a sink in the kitchen in the middle of the night. Then he made a profound bow, and a big tear trickled from his left eye and down his carapace on the inside. "Yes, sir, I am Harold." It was very sad and I felt impelled both from courtesy and from genuine emotion to produce my pocket handkerchief. Two more steps he took and then crawled up my outstretched leg and on to the bottom

In all His mercy He must understand the quality of mercy in men and how can a sin be a sin if you have no sense of wrongness but on the contrary believe you are doing more than right for you are exercising one of the noble instincts that He governs: that of kindness that distinguishes us from mere brutes.

It is not hard to see how in euthanasia a killing can be justified in one's mind. It is very easy to believe that a sin becomes a sin no longer if the motive is not sinful. To conclude, the element of sympathy, the supremacy of the emotions at such times, is such as to apparently erase all danger of eternal damnation, for can a man be held responsible for his actions when he has successfully rationalized his guilty conscience by the seductive instrument of mercy? Not even the Church can decide with any finality how Heaven will judge such deeds.

button of my vest which I had carelessly left unbuttoned and exposed. Harold evidently considered this button a seat especially placed for his benefit, for with a turtlish sigh of contentment he settled himself gracefully, as gracefully as a turtle can, and once more fixed me with his cerulean eye. I say 'cerulean eye' in the singular, for the other eye was firmly closed and kept closed in a perpetual wink. Again he bowed his mosaically designed carapace and declared, "I am Harold the Turtle."

Apparently he did not expect a reply, even if I were capable of framing one. With a majestic flourish of his right leg and another courtly bow, to which I sought to respond with almost disastrous results to the turtle's unsteady throne, he gurgled the opening cadences of what proved to be a lengthy speech. He repeated himself six or seven times during the opening sentences until he detected some sign of intelligent recognition in my fascinated glance. At last I had become accustomed to his form of speech and from then on he continued without breach or punctuation or capital letters or paragraphs to spin the most amazing yarn that ever an Haroldian turtle had spun. Of course I must remember it as well as I can and I will put it down with appropriate grammatical alterations and explanations as may appear desirable for its better understanding.

"I am Harold. About a month ago I went to live in a nice new home. I have several brothers and sisters and we all live in a nice large tank in a sunny room and all around us there are flowers and greenery. Queen Plummer (that's my mistress!) feeds me every morning, and King Philip takes care of my tank-mates, the goldfish.. At the bottom of the tank is the strangest object I have ever seen. Dickey, my turtle boy-chum, says it is a piece of looking glass, but Algy, who went to the finishing school for turtles before he came to live with us, says it is a fragment of a mirror. It is certainly a strange machine, or perhaps it is an animal or a vegetable or a mineral. When I jump off the slab in the morning after I have sunned myself and go down, down, down to the bottom of the tank I sometimes look down at this piece of glass and I can see myself getting bigger and bigger until I bump into myself. At least, I think it is myself, because Algy says that's what I look like.

Well, a funny thing happened the other day. As I was going down and was looking in this funny mirror, I saw a clock. It was the grandfather's clock that belongs to the Queen and although I knew it was only nine o'clock in the morning (I heard King Phil say so!), the clock in the mirror said it was three o'clock. Then something still more curiouser happened, for the

(Continued on page three)

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