



The Campus Roundup

by Windy O'Neill

This weekend will see the first Dalhousie Homecoming, an event which all hope will become an annual affair. This is in line with an idea of the American universities to keep the alumni in touch with their alma mater and make their school spirit into a lifelong attachment. This, of course, makes pecuniary extraction more painless.

This remark is not meant to be cynical. In this day fastly becoming devoid of loyalties, it seems to be the rule that as soon as a student collect enough training to go out into the world, professional and otherwise, and begin collecting banknotes the alma mater is forgotten. No university can be self-subsisting and in order for we students of today to enjoy up-to-date facilities someone has to kick in.

The load has usually been left to those fortunate individuals who amass so many mint marks, they hand it to the different universities just so they can have somebody count it. With the increasing policy of "soak the rich" this happy breed is becoming less and less—and with it, also, the contributions. The day is coming when either each institution of learning will become a new government charge or the body of alums will have to put their shoulder behind the wheel.

And why shouldn't they, and why shouldn't we? Certainly, there will always be those self-centered, spiritually defunct personages that will consider that they paid their fees and loyalty and chivalry is something for those silly fellows who cavorted in cans sometime during the twelfth century. Dalhousie boasts grads in the top brackets of every branch of Canadian life, and perhaps, before, they have never been approached with the right line. This could be it.

So each and everyone of the student body can do his bit this weekend to welcome those who have gone before us, to make them feel at home. Show them a stay that will make them even more proud of Dalhousie. We especially hope that the football team will come up with a good effort. Art Moreira and the Students' Council have put tremendous effort in preparations for this event and it promises to be a top weekend. So everyone on the ball!

Now we have seen everything—but this is too much! The great penance of the twentieth century is the motion picture industry. First it was lousy pictures, then, it was double bills, and more lousy pictures, then, horse operas, and still more lousy pictures, then psychiatric films, and even more lousy pictures, then, musicals full of big names, and yet more lousy pictures. Now the Hollywood hoods have outdone themselves, You'll never guess—advertising. At both the Casino and Oxford theatres the operators have had the nerve to perpetrate this crime on the paying public. Here's how they do it. First some bim in a bathing suit, that wouldn't be a moth's meal, appears and you have grabbed your seat in honest anticipation, when bang, some jerk with slick hair and a thin moustache asks you what your ravve number is. B-o-i-n-n-g!

Sam Peeps--

I am told that is the best tradition of legal scholars, who are business-like even with their pleasure.

Soon did tire of the legal ball, and to the home of the great Pigma Sty, from the Indies. There

I was much amazed to perceive one Knave Flusher, for I had thought him abroad. And with this Knave were many of the inmates of Marmalade Hovel, pleading with him to take them home, but he refused, and did tell Miss Cutit of the Hovel that they would not be home till the morning. And to bed much later.

A Canadian Interprets

(The following is part of a letter which was printed in the 'Bouvine Star' the daily paper put out by the Seminar Members at the ISS Seminar in Breda this past summer. This opinion, as the preceding one, is that of one student, and his own interpretation of German attitudes and German problems).

The Germans are certainly not German "types" as such. Each German is to a large extent individualistic. The combined facts of the "Iron Curtain" splitting Germany in twain, and an inherent fear of Communism seems to have produced a certain uniformity of thinking.

Hoplessness has conceived apathy and lack of responsibility which in turn led to a criticism of the Western powers as being in a large measure responsible for Germany's present plight.

Perhaps the German's general line of thought runs something like this: We fought a war and lost. Hitler was, and stood for, something evil; we admit atrocities, but we, too, have suffered, for evidence of which, please witness our devastated cities and the numbers of our dead. How far does a revenge of resent go? It does not seem to us that vindictiveness and democracy do not make good bedfellows. We realize that we must be occupied both for your protection and ours. Considering, however, our overcrowded country, the fact that some factories competing with Britain are being dismantled, that one million Germans are still prisoners in Russia, and that actual authority still rests with "the powers" how can we be democratic?

We regard the refugees as potential Communists if they are not fed, and it is up to the Western Powers to ease these conditions if they want the "democratic Experiment" in Germany to be a success. That is, you must trust us for your sake, as well as ours.

Now, a great deal of this is sensible, but it contains a whining note. "You must do for us", which seems to be a very unhealthy state of mind with which to build up a free society.

It is extremely difficult, when the German considers the immediate situation, of prime importance, to impress upon him that democracy is a long, tedious method; that it involves much patience and heartbreak, plus the willingness of a portion of the society to be more concerned with the idea of a free, great Germany, rather than just a great Germany; and to have that part of society willing to persevere through all in order that Germans as a whole may be familiar with that gem of free society "Compromise".

(This is the second of a series of three articles to appear on "The German Discussion" of one of the vital issues of the Seminar).

Autumn

"I know the night is near at hand,
The autumn sheaves are dewless,
dry;
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
But I have had the day."

—George MacDonald

And thus it goes, time marches on and since time and tide wait for no man, it is time to be about and doing. A few hardy souls are perennially hard at work in the Library. None of the delicate aroma of burning leaves can possibly penetrate their nasal passages. We of the elite, who have not opened a book, have skipped half a dozen lectures and whiled away our ambition either on ten cent caffeine or Milton, can still find happiness in scuffling through the leaves, briskly trotting to a hockey practice or to watch the ruggah or football boys kick up the green.

Man is not to be outdone in this wild galaxy of colour . . . light blue vests and purple shirts merely complement the brilliant reds of the opposite sex, evident not only in sparkling lipstick and sweaters but in coats and shoes. "In Spring a young man's fancy . . .", in the Autumn there seems to be no more restraint in man's emotions than there is at any other time of the year. Romances are budding all over the campus . . . one may still hear the refrain of grade school days . . . "May I carry home your books?" and all the other delights that go with adolescent fun. Now is the Autumn of our childhood, and we are on the threshold of adulthood. Some think that they have already gone quite far into it, but they will face reality when bogged down in the Spring thaws before a carefree summer may be enjoyed. Let us not be as

Did You Hear The One...

Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"
Prof.: "You remember the question: 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"
Student: "Yeah"
Prof.: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

7 WAYS TO GET A WOMAN

- 1 Get a car
- 2 Get some money
- 3 Get a car
- 4 Dress well
- 5 Get a car
- 6 Always agree with her
- 7 Get a car

Walking with a friend one day, a professor passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish with mouths open and eyes staring were arranged in a row.

The prof. suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed: "Heavens! that reminds me — I should be teaching a class."

"I would like some alligator shoes".
"What size does your alligator wear?"

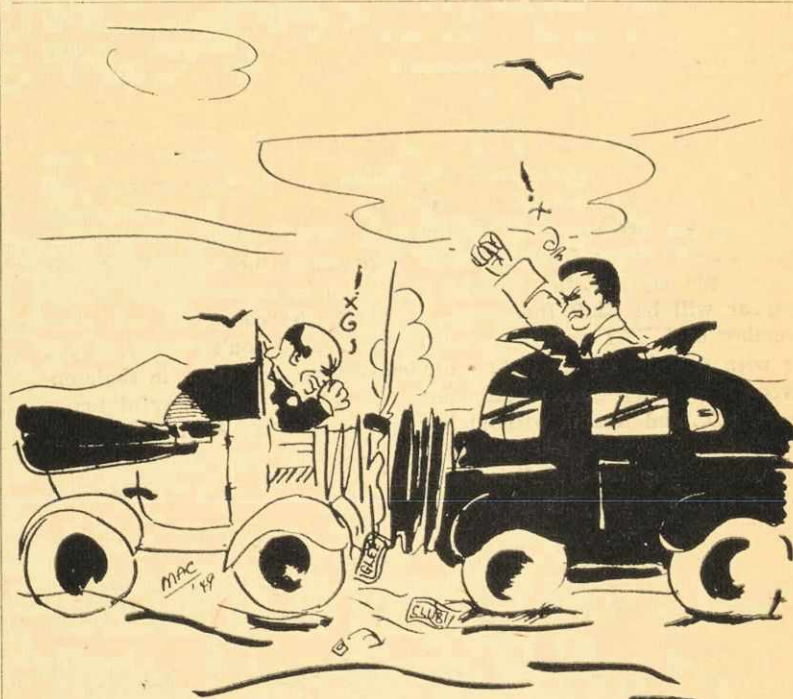
An attendant in a mental home was making his evening rounds when he came upon one of the patients industriously fishing in a wash basin with rod and line.

Wishing to humor the man, the attendant asked him if he had caught anything.

"What!" said the patient. "In a wash basin? Are you crazy?"

pensive as Mitchell for we have not had our day, but onward to the dawn of new endeavour.

By E.N.



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