

**DALHOUSIE**  
**Gazette**  
 AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

GAME AT  
 WANDERERS  
 TOMORROW  
 AT 2:00

FOOTBALL  
 DANCE  
 IN GYM  
 TONIGHT

Vol. LXXXIV HALIFAX, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1951 No. 4

**FALL CONVOCATION YESTERDAY**

**Second Hand Book System Proposed**

A proposal that a system for the exchange of second-hand text books be set up by the Students' Council was put forward at last night's Council meeting by a committee appointed by last year's Council to look into the whole question of second-hand books.

Charles MacIntosh, Chairman of the committee, told the Council that any system involving actual handling of the books would result in a financial loss to the Council, while other systems would interfere seriously with the retail book-store operated by Roy Atwood.

The report stated that while Roy Atwood dealt in second-hand books, few students availed themselves of his facilities because of the necessary commission charged, as well as the waiting period before they could collect their money. Lack of publicity for this feature of the present book-store was also blamed for the low turnover.

The new system recommended would involve the setting up of a general filing system in which would be entered the names of people with books to sell. During the first two weeks of college, students wanting to buy books could avail themselves of the information in the files. A small service charge of 5c or 10c per book would be necessary.

Another feature of the proposed system would be an agreement with the University, whereby students would be forbidden to post notices offering books for sale outside the Council exchange. This would be necessary to keep the turnover large enough to be worth while.

This scheme is unlikely to interfere with the activities of the present book-store, the report stated.

Sally Roper, John Nichols and Don Woodside were appointed to a committee to place this new system in effect, if it proves practicable, so as to be ready to handle second-hand books next autumn.

**Final Call For Directory Issued**

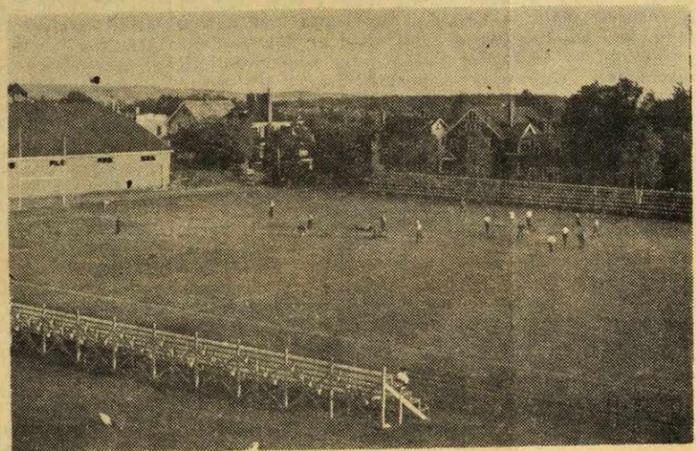
Students who have not yet filled in their registration cards for the 1951-52 Students' Directory are reminded that the final deadline for completion of the list is Saturday, since the edition is going to press Monday morning.

A number of students did not include on their card complete information and that are asked to contact the Editor, Orval Troy at 3-0476 by Saturday.

Names of those who omitted to mention their local address and phone number are listed in the first paragraph and those who omitted only their phone number are listed in the second paragraph.

Alley, Charles; Hannah, Glendon M.; Cassidy, L. P.; Meating, James Henry; Santry, Dallas C.; Doig, Ian Michael; Boates, Francis Keith; Kanes, John Hugh; Dimock, Gordon Keith; MacDougall, Daniel.

Flood, Thomas; Murphy, Cyril; MacKay, Douglas; Kelland, Allison; Fairweather, Jack; Macdonald, Dorothy; Wheldan, Frederick; Pudymaitis, Oscar; Stewart, Margaret; Bower, Thomas; McLeod, Helen; Lister, Frederick; Wadden, Melvyn; Stewart, Marina; Rae, James R.; Fisher, Russell; Jenkins, John; Margison, Malcolm; MacLean, Kenneth; Armsworthy, Carl; Yee, Hush; Valentina, Ferdinand; Henderson, George; Andrews, Alan; Tweedy, George; Harris, James; Enkenhvs, Kurt; Lawrence, John.



STUDLEY FIELD which will this year be the scene of six home games as well as two other games played by other teams in the Halifax Senior Football League. The first game was played last Saturday, when Dal downed Stadacona 12-6. The second game was to have been played last Monday, but had to be called off due to rain and a muddy field. To the left is the Dalhousie Memorial Rink, which was completed last August.

**Officials of Society of Industrial and Cost Accountants Visit Dal University**

The Thursday morning lecture for the Commerce One class was cancelled this week. Instead Prof. W. Berman presented short talks by two well known figures in the Canadian Accounting circles, George Ian MacKenzie, B.Sc., R.I.A., and J. Nelson Allen, R.I.A., president and secretary-manager, respectively, of the Society of Industrial and Cost Accountants of Canada.

After an introduction by Prof. Berman, Mr. Allen told of the Society's early history. It was founded in 1920 by a group of chartered accountants. In the thirty-one years since its founding the Society has had Provincial Legislation passed, so as to set a uniform standard of qualifications, required to obtain a degree, in the ten Canadian provinces. This legislation was just recently passed in Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Mr. MacKenzie, a blend of farmer, engineer, teacher, army officer, and accountant and in Industrial Adviser to the Bank of Montreal, gave a short talk on the hopes of aspiring accountants, what they expect from the future, and the uncertainty of the coming years.

Each year the society helps some 1,600 students to overcome this uncertainty to a great extent by giving courses in specialized accounting for business enterprise in seventeen colleges throughout the Dominion's ten provinces. Dalhousie is one of these colleges. On completion of this course the student is given his Registered Industrial and Cost Accountant or R.I.A. degree.

"These students", says Mr. MacKenzie "will make an immense contribution to the future welfare of industrial life in Canada, by a deeper knowledge of the workings of Industrial and Cost Accounting."

The Society with headquarters in Hamilton, and provincial and local chapters from Newfoundland to British Columbia, has as its chief aim a "better standard of cost accounting" and its degrees are recognized throughout Canada and the United States and Great Britain, where similar societies function.

Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. Allen will give a similar talk to the accounting students at St. Mary's University in the near future.

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**Fifteen Degrees Conferred; Dr. Kerr Welcomes Students**

Fifteen Masters Degrees were conferred at the annual Fall Convocation held yesterday morning in the Dalhousie Gymnasium. Dr. A. E. Kerr, President of the University, delivered an address at the Convocation in which he welcomed new students to the University.

Members of the Faculty entered the Gymnasium in academic procession at 12.15. They took their seats in front of the auditorium. Behind them came the heads of the various faculties in procession. They were led by Mac MacLeod, carrying the Mace.

In this latter procession also were Lt. Col. K. C. Laurie, Chairman of the Board of Governors, Rev. D. A. Conrad, President Incumbent of the General Ministerial Association, and Dr. Flemington, President of Mount Allison University.

Following the invocation by Mr. Conrad and the singing of the Dalhousie Hymn, from Ocean to Ocean, Dr. Kerr gave the address.

He first expressed gratitude that Col. Laurie was able to attend and he then welcomed Mr. Conrad and Dr. Flemington. He then welcomed the students, new and old, and told the new ones that their coming to University was an important experience which would be pleasant and profitable.

He then outlined the history of Universities in general. He said that a university was once a guild or union of people gathered together with right to protect and standards to maintain.

Later, Universities assumed their modern meaning. The had students, instructors and taught the seven liberal arts as well as at least one profession.

Dalhousie was founded in 1818. It had a bit of the old type University when a Glasgow graduate became its first president and a bit of the new type University since it was modelled off the first of the modern Universities, Edinburgh.

He pointed out that in England one out of 1,100 people are able to receive a college education; in Scotland, one out of 400 and in Canada one out of 125.

He then described the 500th Anniversary of Glasgow University, which he attended last summer.

He told the new students that they should arrive at some self-commitments here while learning. They must learn to investigate everything by themselves and take nothing for granted.

After his speech, the conferring of degrees took place. Those receiving a Master of Arts were Margaret Ann Stevenson, Newcomb Bloomer, Cyril Bingden, Donald Clark, John Forest, Gordon Rutherford and George Tracy. Degrees in absentia were conferred on Marjorie Fahrig, Malcolm Parks and Edward Thompson.

Receiving a Master of Science were Dorothy Smith, Gerald Crawford, Ernest Hayes, Edward Nichols and Corbin Noel. All these were in absentia.

After God Save the King and the Benediction, the procession went out of the Gym.

**Students' Council Briefs**

A fine of \$2.00 will be levied on students who put on their skates in the lower gym this year following a resolution passed by the Students' Council Wednesday. The action was taken when a complaint was made that serious damage had been done to the floor and the ramp in this was last year.

Ratification of the pro tem appointment of the Gazette Business Manager was made by the Council. Jim Macdonald was appointed.

**McGill To Observe No Activities Week**

MCGILL UNIVERSITY—(CUP)—The Student Union here has made plans to observe a 'No Activities Week' from Nov. 19 to 25. During this time no student activities will take place. The Union will be closed for all student functions and the Daily will not be published. This is one of a series of moves that the Students' Executive Council plans to help cut down the percentage of failures.

**NEWS BRIEFS**

**Dal Band**—A meeting of the 'new' Dal Band was held at 1.45 today in the Lower Gymnasium.

**Football**—Dalhousie Tigers play Wanderers at Wanderers tomorrow at two o'clock. Admission will be 50c. Turn out and support your team.

**Rehearsal**—A casting rehearsal for Glee Club's production, Captain Applejack, took place in the Ladies' Common Room last night.

**First Drill Night**—The first drill night for the academic year for the UNTD's was held last night at H.M.C.S. Scotian. Lt. Cdr. H. D. Smith, RCN(R), is Commanding Officer.

**Concert Series**—The Y's Men's Club are sponsoring a Halifax concert series in the new auditorium at Queen Elizabeth High School. There will be five concerts for which students may obtain a ticket at a special rate of \$3 for all five. Tickets may be obtained at the auditorium on the opening night.

**IVCF Party**—The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship held a party last night in the Common Room.

**Pre-Med Meeting**—The first Pre-Med meeting of the current year will be held in the Chemistry Theatre on Monday evening, Oct. 15, at 7.30. All students who eventually intend to study medicine are invited to attend.

**Teaching at K.C.S.**—George Tracy, former well known Dalhousie Student who received his M.A. in classics yesterday, is teaching at King's College School in Windsor.

**Exams Soon!**—Just a reminder that exams will have started within nine weeks.

**Dalhousie Doctors Address Surgeons**

Three members of the teaching staff at Dalhousie Medical School recently addressed the annual meeting of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

They were Dr. Martin Hoffman, Research Professor of Medicine, who spoke on "Studies on a Patient with an Adrenal Cortical Tumor"; Dr. Lea C. Steeves, Assistant Professor of Medicine, who spoke on "Acute Pulmonary Oedema"; and Dr. W. R. Carl Tupper, Demonstrator in Obstetrics and Gynecology, who spoke on "A New Method of Treatment of Pelvic Abscess."

**YELLS**

1-2-3-4  
 2-4-3-4  
 Who you going to yell for  
 D-a-l-h-o-u-s-i-e  
 That's how you spell it  
 Here's how you yell it  
 DALHOUSIE.

**Pharos Editor**

Applications for the position of Editor of Pharos will be accepted up to six o'clock on Wednesday, October 17th at the Council office.

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER  
Member Canadian University Press  
Editor-in-Chief  
**BARBARA R. McGEOCH**

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Circulation Manager	Dave Anderson
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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 panoramic 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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Want your hair to have natural lustre? Want it to have that "just-combed" look all day long? It's the easiest thing you know with this new, different hair tonic — the only cream that contains wonder-working Viratol\*. Try a bottle! You, too, will agree that this is the hair tonic you've always wanted.

\*Gives your hair lustre — keeps it in place without stiffness.

NEW 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic

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

Education reveals life's possibilities: systematic saving helps bring them within your reach.

THE MUTUAL LIFE

LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

of CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONT.

## My Home . . .

(Continued from Page Two)

This then is Canada. But we who live here, clinging to the vestiges of English custom and overpowered by the influence of mighty America, despite all our differences of opinion and our limitless land, have a consistent physiognomy, a national brand, which marks us as of the same breed in Calgary or Halifax, Windsor or Winnipeg. With the fading generation this distinctive brand has faded and today we are becoming more and more 'Americans'. To the foreigner, who does not know the fundamental difference, Canada is so much the echo of America that the one cannot be distinguished from the other.

### I.

In April the timeless tide of spring moves northward like an early American tourist and creeps irresistibly in an irregular line of advance against white winter's cheerless inconsistencies. Down the St. Lawrence the endless winds begin and whip the dust of Dominion Square and Levis by clouds into the air. To the Western plains comes flood, to the eastern coast, summer's brief prelude, fog and rain. Across the land the people stir. In the cities mass escapades dart to the lakes to fish, in the country the farmer checks his plow. At evening can be seen men raking and planting their gardens, in a perennial manufacture of beauty. When the newspaper columns start predicting baseball prospects the sound of a million balls in contact with leather mits are heard down every driveway. At night the young high school men get their fathers' cars and take their girls to the universal seclusions of youth, or linger by their soda fountains conversing on a thousand topics and remembering nothing of what was said. The men get out their sport jackets and flannels and the women their radiant cotton dresses with pumps to match. The family cars are polished and everywhere the face of the nation has been lifted, washed and rejuvenated for the summer with its burst of life. And somewhere in this favoured

time of year, amid all the birth, there lingers death. The fire engines careening through the streets with half the town in hot pursuit, suggests it; an upturned boat on an unfinished lake, confirms it; the scream of tires on pavement and the clean, sharp sound of breaking glass, repeats it.

### II.

It is a land of violence and a land of peace, a place of solitude and a place of teeming life. Each summer highways north of Winnipeg carry the thousands to the northern lakes. Down Nova Scotia's southern shore the beaches are packed, the yacht clubs of Quebec rest beneath the quiet summer heat. We are a restless people. We have so much space that by nature we live to use it. We golf, play tennis, boat, and swim and so the lurid summer passes its passionate way to death. On summer evenings the people linger on the steps of their houses, or hang from the windows dripping the summer heat. In all the lovely places, the parks, the fields, white lust walks and like animals in escape the people wander restlessly the lonely streets at night. In some dark alley a gunman puts an end to someone's life; in some city slum a woman lies assaulted in the streets, in some penthouse apartment a wife in utmost secrecy consorts with her lover; in the back row of the balcony teen-agers kiss and pet their sultry way through the endlessly sultry film of cheap romance. By the pool rooms, drug stores and soda fountains of towns and cities, beneath the neon lights, beneath the silent skies, the youth of the nation linger aimlessly, and chain smoke cigarettes and dream of wealth and girls, leisure, —and girls. And the girls with wide eyes moon in their lonely rooms lost in some concrete jungle, in their solitude, in their city caverns, about men. Then through the air the sound of a distant train calls mournfully in the night and they wish they were on it—going anywhere, as long as they could move—could hear the rails clicking beneath their feet, could see the vision of a lonely water tower emerge out of the haze of the West. For it is sum-

mer in Canada and nothing stands still, life must be lived, life must end too soon. This is the land where the young farm boys come out of the hills in summer in search of city fame; this is the land where the Toronto lawyer moves to Chicago, where the Sydney youth heads west to Calgary and oil, this is the land that is restless with impatience, potent, unpredictable and its people bred on the insatiate energy, are, like nomads, rootless also.

What is it that makes life pass here so differently and with such careless attitude? Is it the afternoon teas with the impeccable fashions of dress? The evenings spent with the favourite American magazine on the Main Street in some sleepy New Brunswick town? Is it the two hour escape through the magic retreat of American celluloid? Is it the serialized soap-operas of radio, or the singing commercials that flouts a superlative hair shampoo? It is the place where travellers meet to shave in the rocking train coach and say sleepily 'From Alberta—where you?' "Niagara, wish to hell I was back there." It is the place where the great steamers bellow lazily in the Lockes a thousand miles inland, where the planes of T.C.A. drone regularly over the wilderness, and where the staid and unrepentable CBC vainly offers culture to a too Americanized people. It is summer and a Canadian dreams not of American might or his British heritage, he is a child of the new world and thinks only of his lover's lips or of how Bill Jones went up last month for fifteen years.

### III.

In October the air cools off abruptly. No longer do men walk coatless through the streets or the women hang out their windows at midnight; no longer does the canned music of a phonograph bounce heavily down the city streets at sunset. No longer do these fourteen million think of the great outside but rather revert to their rooms, apartments or homes, and as if burned out by too much sun and a paucity of recklessly dissipated energy, they turn to other avocations. As far as the eye can reach, fields of wheat move like an inland sea throughout the west; in the fruit belts the trees stand in agony beneath the weight of fruit, the price of their fertility, and the nation begins to harvest and fill the graineries that will satisfy so many craving bellies. October has come again and as the falling leaves clog the gutters of Main Street, the wet winds descend from angry skies and aggravate the restless Atlantic. And on a street corner in Snowdon two Montrealers plan for Laurentian skiing and in a Forest Hill backyard a young boy kicks a football. In Hull, Quebec, some woman stabs her husband and into Halifax Harbour comes a ship

from another world with immigrants agog for the newer and freer way of life. Beneath a Coca Cola sign a young man ponders listlessly over the want ads; overflowing a phone booth an obese woman with a dozen parcels in her arms gesticulates angrily at the mouthpiece. At the same moment in a hotel lobby a wedding reception is going on amid much talk, laughter and upturning glasses. If you are a dweller of the swank Van Eagle apartments, at five in the afternoon you will be entertaining with cocktails and wondering why. At five the next morning, if you are a garbage collector, you'll be tossing grimy cans from a dirty sidewalk to a filthy truck. The nights are cold and often rain walks tirelessly through the streets and the street lamps glitter in the wetness and tram cars rumble noisily through the artificial lights. At evening the smell of burning leaves fill the ominous air and expectancy and quietness prevails. On Saturday afternoons you take part in the pageantry of football with flags and music and popcorn vendors and arguing men. At night your radio gives you jazz or your favorite new commentator, or, "direct from Hollywood, Radio Theatre."

While a million turkeys are fattened for a million ovens for a ceremony labelled Thanksgiving, somewhere in the West the first snow falls. On the Maritime coasts they look forward to another snowless winter. In the North the trappers prepare their snares, in the cities a young man plans to do the high spots some frosty night. It is autumn in Canada. The flaming trees, the flowers frost-shattered in their beds, the lowering skies, mark it as such. You take a walk to the bridge and gaze down into the murky movement below. You sit over a coffee to rest your shoppers feet, you wonder why in hell nothing ever happens in your life to make it interesting. You think of the latest labour strike, wonder about the racing passions of 1922, and you think and dream of girls and love and men, and who will win the Gray Cup. If your a high school student you talk about the latest scandal of "that Wilson girl". If your in a University you are lost in the blinding bliss of your own imaginary importance. If you are a store clerk you are insolently looking askance at some impatient shopper. And some go so far as to say that in autumn even Ottawa awakens from its summer slumber.

### IV.

When winter comes most of our active life ceases. While Montreal shivers at 20 below a young girl walks gayly, open-coated down Spring Garden Road. We still trudge daily to our usual office routines and at night go to a show, or to the tavern for end-



less beers, or to our favorite club for dancing or to a friend's to play bridge. We are that strange people who live for the weekends, who become inexplicable elated at 5 p.m. on Fridays at the prospect of Saturday, that day of leisure and festivity. We thus watch our life slip by weekends, for these are the goal of the glamorous week that starts with the Monday morning blues.

We shiver in the sleet and curse the tram companies, look with quiet pleasure as a passing pretty face and argue vehemently for the Maple Leafs or Canadiens. And invariably we follow with increasingly avid interests the fortunes of L'il Abner and the misfortunes of Dagwood Bumstead—our mythology, the comic strip. Life has virtually died and lies beneath the silent snow and the radio and magazines take the place of the golf clubs and the family car. And from coast to coast, in city or town, north or south, in every Province and in every home, we follow the basic routines common to us all. We have but one heritage: we are Canadians. We are the half way house between old and new. We are the emotionless inhabitants of an emotionally modernized society. We are the echo of the U.S.A. and her destiny is ours. We do not like it, but we can do nothing about it. And on a winter night before the fire we can admit these things to ourselves, and realize what we are and why, and what we yet will be in this Canada that is our native land.

## The Unremembered

Last night I took down from a shelf  
The snap-shot history of myself;  
And 'neath the dust of Time there lay  
The faded loves of Yesterday.  
Forgotten echoes seemed to sing  
Of dances; of a moon in Spring;  
Of love; and some remembered laughter—  
And sorrow's tears that followed after.  
Suddenly I seemed to know  
That, as the sunset comes and goes,  
So does each friend, in passing, bend  
To the inevitable end.

## UNIVERSITY UNDERGRADUATES

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There are the following schemes to choose from:

1. Subsidization Scheme: Technical, non-technical and aircraft.
2. Winter and Summer Training Schemes: Technical, non-technical and aircraft.

#### Qualifications:

Students applying for Flight Cadet rank must fulfill the following requirements:

1. Be in the 1st or 2nd year of a 4-year course or in the 1st, 2nd or 3rd year of a 5-year course.
2. Produce evidence of satisfactory academic standing.

3. Be a Canadian citizen or a British subject resident in Canada.

#### Candidates for Air Crew:

Must have reached their 18th birthday but not reached their 22nd.

#### Candidates for Non-flying Branches:

Must have reached their 18th birthday but not their 35th, on the date of application.

#### Marital Status:

Must be single unless having had previous service.

#### For Further Information

concerning the above-mentioned schemes contact your R.C.A.F. University Liaison Officer:

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**—THE TIME IS NOW!**

# Dalhousie To Meet Redmen At Wanderers Saturday

## DOWN SPORTS ALLEY with Sally

Girls' sports are now officially started. On Tuesday night Gerry Grant, president of D.G.A.C., held a meeting of the active members when Miss Rowley, physical instructor, and the various team managers were introduced. From 7.30 to 10.00 p.m. the girls participated in badminton, basketball, archery and ping-pong. There was a good turnout and D.G.A.C. had a most promising beginning.

This week sees the tennis hopefuls out on the Studley Courts where the Dalhousie tournament is being played. The draw, as posted in the gym, is supposed to be played off by Thursday, Oct. 11. The team to represent Dal in the Invitation Tournament, being held at the Cathedral courts on Saturday, October 13, is to be chosen according to the results of this play.

Ground hockey practices started Tuesday on the field below the Science Building. All girls are urged to come out and take part. The team will not be chosen until just before the first league game, and until then practices are going to be held every day from 1.00 to 2.30 p.m. The inter-collegiate league opens with Dal meeting Acadia on the Studley field on October 20. On the 23rd, Dal plays King's on the King's field. We go to Acadia on the 27th, and

the 30th finds King's opposing Dal on Studley. Besides these scheduled league games, it is hoped that Dal may also play the girls of St. F. X. in an exhibition game.

Plans for the Intra-Mural basketball league are being finalized now. Any girls who are interested in playing on Tuesday nights and who have not signed up for it, had better do so right away. For girls who are interested in basketball, this, by the way, is an easy and pleasant way to put in some of your gym time.

One of the athletic enthusiasts to come to Dal this year in the freshman class is Jans Wilson, of Truro. Well known in tennis circles, Jans has been Junior Ladies' Doubles champion of Nova Scotia for the last three years. She has also been active in basketball. Unfortunately she had an accident at the Hall a few days ago, when she tore some ligaments in her leg. Because of this she is now unable to take any part in sports until the first of the year. We all hope to see her well and active soon. It was a tough break, Jans.

By the way girls, wasn't that a good football game last Saturday? Congratulations, boys! We'll all be there pulling for you at this Saturday's game.

## Dal To Meet Acadia In Opening Game

The Dalhousie girls' field hockey team opens its schedule October 20, with Acadia providing the opposition in the three team loop, Kings being the additional entry. The new physical instructor, Florence Rowley, is particularly pleased with the showing the girls have displayed in practices and feels confident Dal will field a strong contender.

Back from last year's squad will be Carol Cole, Jane Cox, Sally Forbes, Margaret "Foo" Grant, Carol Chepeswick, Betty Morse, Mary Chisholm and Hazel Sharpe.

Out for the first time are Mary Ann Lohnes, Eve McMackin, Susan Palmer, Pat McLeod, B. Melanson, Audrey Atken, and Doreen Mitchell. Coach Rowley says there is a fair turnout, but would like more girls attending the practices. The team has been holding daily workouts each day from 1 until 2.30 at the campus. She states that all positions are open on the team and those wishing to play are urged to attend these workouts.

### NOTICE

Varsity and junior varsity basketball tryouts will be held in the gym Monday evening at 6 p.m. All those interested will please report.

## Tigers Against Red Squad —Out To Take Second Win

The Dalhousie Football team practised in mist-shrouded fields Thursday in their last heavy scrimmage before meeting the Redmen of Wanderers. The spirits of the team were at a high level and battle scars of the Naval encounter were still prevalent in the form of limps, bruised eyes and backs, and the cockiness the team displayed. Saturday's game was a great one and if the play Saturday is any indication of the potential power of Dal's Football Tigers the season ought to be an interesting one for Coach Vitalone and the win column.

Dal's first win last year was at the expense of the Wanderers club. This year the Redmen will scrimmage almost the same team with Murray Malloy, an ex-Dal man and Ralph 'Sab' Maskell running the team from the quarterback slot. The new men Wanderers have added are a few linemen fresh from high school and a high school back Bob Wentzell, who scored his first touchdown last Saturday at Cornwallis when Coach Burkhardt's team defeated the Deep Brook squad 11-3. Fresh from this win they will hope to increase their wins with a victory over Dal Saturday.

The team Dal will line up on Redland Park at 2 Saturday will

include some new faces. The victory over Stad interested some of our students and they are now prepared to make the supreme sacrifices. Jim McEwan, starry end for the last three years has been ordered to take a rest by his physician following his concussion injury in the Navy game. The team will sorely miss his fine tackling and pass receiving as exhibited in the game at Studley. Hopefuls intending to fill his boots will include Garry Watson, a soccer player of late, Neil MacKinnon, freshman from Ottawa, Malcolm Young and his size 13's, and Hector MacInnes and David MacKeen, two Halifax boys, who have been showing great promise.

Linemen have been increasing in number to bolster the already powerful first wall of Dal's attack. Ken MacLaren, who injured his ankle at an early practice is ready and raring to go. He may be due to see action this week end along with guard Lou Sarka, who in his easy going, affable manner has shown great promise.

The coach has been very pleased with the increase in attendance at practices, but this has not in the least softened his training programme. To quote the coach in his pre-scrimmage chat Tuesday "One game does not a season make". Let the students remember this and come out and give the team the support it needs.

## Initiation Over, Freshmen Sighing

Students of the class of 1951—those unfortunates commonly referred as "Frosh"—breathed a sigh of relief Friday night as the windup of "Introduction to the Field of Higher Learning" came to a conclusion.

They heaved mighty sighs, but not until the worst of the crop had been tried and convicted (convicted, at least) by a high court of sophomores at the Freshie-Soph dance. Those who had the weight of guilt lying upon their souls suffered the penalties due their kind. Various liquids of varying viscosity were generously applied to the scalps of male and female delinquents alike.

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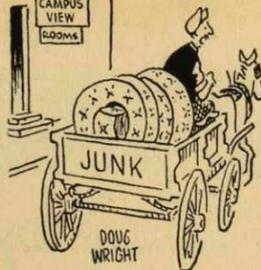
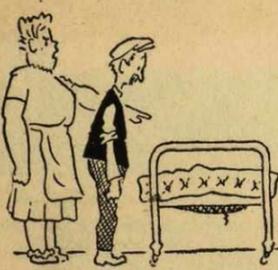
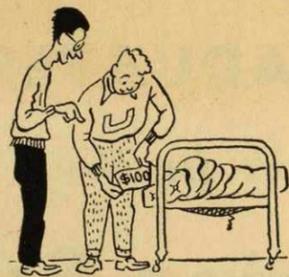
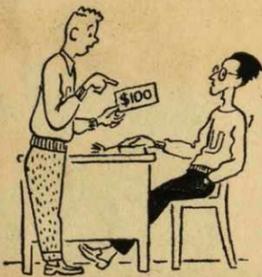
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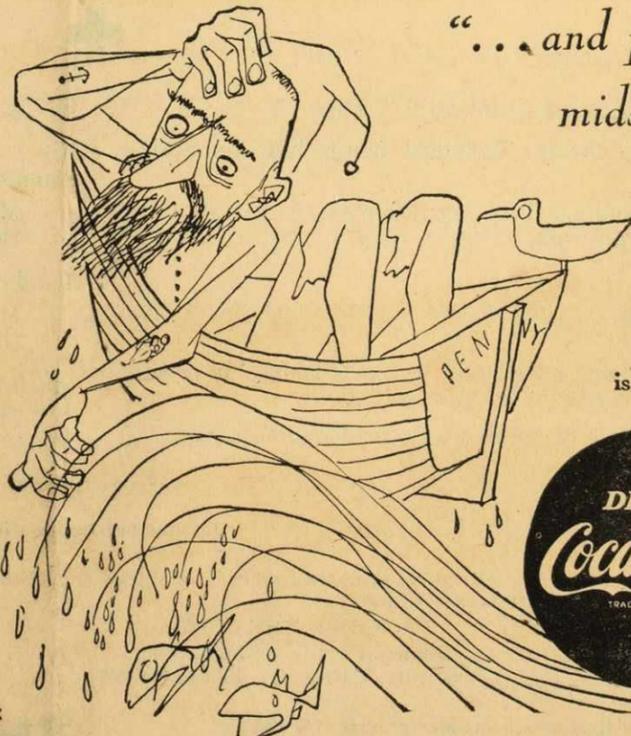
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