



The Dalhousie GAZETTE

CANADA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

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No. 7

A GUEST EDITORIAL: THREE MINUTES

They have given us two minutes to remember war. Two minutes to remember that it is hideous and terrible; two minutes to remember that it is slimy and loathsome. Two minutes to remember that it twists men's minds: that it breaks their bodies: that it crushes their souls. You've heard about the glory of war, the marching bands, the fluttering flags, the glorious heroes? Ask anyone who has ever been to war. They'll tell you of the glory . . . the glory of watching your friends die, the glory of killing a fellow man. That's the glory of war. You say these men fought for this glory, you say they died for Queen and country? Maybe so, but we are willing to bet that they fought for just one reason, for just one basic reason — no matter what people say. They left their homes and went to war because there was a job to be done and because someone had to do it. And when it was over, most of them had just one thought about war: and it was not for the glory. Forget it, they said, forget everything about it, forget

day of the eleventh month — a bugler will sound "G" and bared heads will be bowed. And for two short minutes for fifteen million lives in the Second World War alone. Two short minutes for untold millions in all the wars since time began. Two minutes . . . two short minutes.

We are opposed to war. Indeed, we believe it is probably the absolute wrong. Nothing about war is good. But today we will remember war. We will remember war, and we will remember those who fought. We will remember those who fought and did not come home. Why? Not because we honour war: we do not. But because we owe a personal debt to each and every one of those who fought. Because we owe an unrepayable personal debt to those who fought and did not come home. That has been said before, and it is probably a cliché. But we do not think it will do any harm to say it again, and again, and again.

But today we are going to take a third minute

THE HIDDEN HURT

I am the living.
Today I walk with them
who are the dead.
That great uncouthed host
who carried high
the banners I so lately bore aloft.
Their names are legion,
but their Fame is one.
Their hopes were with mine:
That theirs' should be
the last and awful register of
Man,

penned in the horrid gaping
book of War.
Alas, they were but men
who went before
along the road;
And now they rendezvous
with newer, stranger hosts;
Comrades of mine
whose banners are
alike to theirs,
And so their fears and hopes.
This is the Hidden Hurt:

That passing Time,
which heals in passing,
still may heal too well.
That mortal stripes
may soon become but scars,
And Man will march again
to war with Man;
And they who sleep
in sunlit poppy fields,
Will sleep again in vain.
I am the living.
Today I walk with them
who are the dead.

it and damn it to eternity. And yet today we remember war. All of us remember war, and most of all those who came home remember it.

Today is Remembrance Day. And as the morning sun moves from east to west across the Dominion, Canadians will gather to remember war. In the tiny outposts of Newfoundland they will gather; and in the great cities of Ontario and on the lonely farms of the prairies. Some will gather at great cenotaphs, some will gather at simple memorials: some will gather by a little white cross which represents a dream that never came true: and wherever they gather, they will remember war.

They will remember war in as many ways as there are Canadians. Some will remember in impressive ceremonies, some will remember in austere services. But each of these ceremonies will have one common feature. As eleven o'clock draws nigh - the anniversary of the fated eleventh hour of the eleventh

to remember war. Today we are going to take a third minute, but not to remember those who fought in the past. Today we are going to take a third minute to pray for the future. We are going to pray for peace, but not peace at any price, for that is not peace at all. Just peace. And we ask you all to take that third minute to pray for peace too. That will be the best way you can honour those who died in the slush of Italy, or on the sand of Normandy, or on the rich black earth of Germany or in the jungles of the Pacific.

But that third minute will do more than that, for when the next war comes, as come it will if all of us, each and everyone of us, does not fight to stop it, when that war comes there will be no-one or nothing to be remembered. Far from it. There will be no-body to do the remembering.

— Ed Roberts

The Dalhousie GAZETTE

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Editor-in-chief MIKE KIRBY

News Editor DAVE NICHOLSON

Business Manager DON CUNNINGHAM

Associate News Editor Ian MacKenzie

CUP Editor Brian Backman

Associate Features Editor Rolf Schultz

Features Editor Jim Hurley

Sports Columnist Joel Jacobson

Photographer Dave Bissett

Boys Sports Editor Jack Conrod

Girls Sports Editor Sharon Blackburn

Circulation Manager Joyce Wyman

Reporters in this issue: Beth Creighton, Bobbie Wood, Jennifer Botterell, Wendy Harrison, Jean Hattie, Brock Randa, Harry MacDonald, John Cooper, Paul Fanley, Peggy Mahon, Marilyn Withrow, Joan Stewart, Margaret Jones, Bob Clarke, Dave Grant, Frank Cappell, Ian Martell, Linda Wallis, Mike Burke.

Typists for this issue: Winna Miller, Joan Smith, Jane MacLean

A CRIMINAL ACTION

Inter-university rivalry is, we suppose, the sign of healthy university spirit; although this competition often seems a tremendous waste of energy, it is nevertheless basically a harmless thing.

Quite another matter, however, is the sort of perversion which leads supposedly mature university students to visit the grounds of a rival college and engage in senseless, wanton destruction. And these are the terms which must be used in connection with the destruction caused by students who painted over large areas of the Dalhousie campus last Halloween.

It is impossible to say just who caused the damage. The letters painted were those of St. Mary's university. There is, of course, no proof that the damage was indeed caused by St. Mary's students. But since there was no word from St. Mary's students about the damage, one can only assume that it was students from this university who took part in the juvenile action.

The Dalhousie administration this week received a letter from the administration of St. Mary's university which suggested police action would be taken were such incidents to occur again. The Dalhousie administration will presumably concur.

This seems a sensible course. The damage caused to the campus was considerable. Although no damage estimates were immediately available, removal of the damage will easily mount to a high figure.

College spirit is futile at its worst. But even this is a far cry from the criminal, and most immature, action taken on the Dalhousie campus last week.

A PRESSING PROBLEM

At present there are two playing fields on Studley campus, one used mainly by Dalhousie students, and the other by Kingsmen. However, in the near future a new residence and other facilities will be built on the King's field, leaving only one field between the two universities.

As it is, sports facilities at Dalhousie are overcrowded. For example, in a nine hour period the Dal football field might be used for two interfaculty football games, a junior varsity football practice, a varsity football practice, a soccer practice and a girls' ground hockey practice. In fact there have been times when three teams have been seen practicing on the same field at the same time.

The intercollegiate events, the junior varsity football team has as often as not to play home games away from home, while the soccer team waits its turn until the varsity football squad gives up the Studley field.

This being so, the question we would like answered is what is going to happen when Dal students find King's asking for a share of our field?

One solution to the problem, we suggest, would be to clear and level some of the scrubland behind the Arts and Administration Building for practice fields at least. We would also advocate the construction of a running track and facilities for field events, something which is sorely lacking at present.

Last month Mount Allison University opened a new million-and-a-half dollar sports centre

containing a gymnasium and swimming pool. We realize that, despite the overcrowding of the Dal gym and lack of a swimming pool, there are other facilities which have a prior claim if this university is to keep up its academic standards.

However, we feel that it is not unreasonable to ask for better outdoor sports facilities, and that any money spent on constructing playing fields on land not at present being used for any useful purpose would be money well spent.

A TOAST TO HUCKLEBERRY

Many campaigns have been launched against television. It has been accused of poisoning the minds of our youth, of destroying our desire for exercise and the great outdoors, and of helping to ruin our moral fibre.

Contrary to this national trend of criticism we would like to be among the first to praise TV and to toss a bouquet of roses at one programme in particular, namely Huckleberry Hound.

This Wednesday afternoon feature ranks among the most popular programmes in the country and is viewed by people of all ages. Here at Dalhousie it is seen regularly by a host of avid fans. What has made this programme so popular? Why is it considered to be intelligent as well as entertaining?

It's popularity rests mainly on the human qualities which its characters possess. Huckleberry Hound, Mr. Jinks, and of course Yogi Bear all portray some aspects of the typical North American. They are not perfect and contrary to the normal run of events on TV they can be beaten.

We will never see Robin Hood being hung by the Sheriff of Nottingham or the Rifleman being gunned down in a duel or even see Perry Mason lose a case, but we can often witness our friends on Wednesday evening being easily duped, as we so very often are in real life.

Huck has been known to be taken in by someone selling a new invention. Yogi and Boo Boo usually fail in their attempts to trick the park ranger. The mice are very human in their attempts to tease Jinx.

Human beings like laughing at their own faults when they are expertly portrayed and in Huckleberry Hound we have a very good mirror of our own image.

But there is a more serious side to this programme which reminds us of the brilliant satirical works of Mark Twain and Jonathan Swift. The characters in the show give many comments on the passing world which are as pointed as an arrow. For example, Yogi commented one day recently that if so much money was being spent on nuclear weapons, which will soon be obsolete, why not more and better food for the bears at Jellystone.

Indeed, all the members of the cast find opportunity to give asides which reflect the passing world scene. The tension over Berlin, the question of nuclear arms, the pennant races are all treated with the deftness and power that has become associated with Huckleberry Hound.

We are happy to see this form of entertainment being patronized by college students. We suggest that producers of many of the other so-called adult shows such as the Flintstones sit up and take note, for none of them are in the same league as our beloved Huckleberry.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"BY THE WAY, DEAN, I'VE BEEN HOPING SOMETHING COULD BE DONE ABOUT THE SHORTAGE OF SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL IN CHEM 1-A."

OUR REPLY TO THE MUSE

In a special issue published last week the Muse, the student newspaper of Memorial University of Newfoundland, attacked the Gazette for what was termed a slanderous article on Newfoundland. The story in question appeared in the October 25 issue of the Gazette and was entitled "John, the baptist, meets the multitude in the promised land."

In an editorial the Muse charged that the Gazette had "violated the code of ethics of the Canadian University Press" and had done irreparable damage" to Newfoundland. The editorial went on to say that the Muse was circulating a petition asking that a full public apology and retraction be printed in the Gazette.

Despite such serious charges and the graveness of such an attack, the Muse failed to send a copy of its special issue to the Gazette and therefore we cannot reply directly to many of their charges.

We can, however, comment on the petition received Friday by the president of our Student's Council which was signed by about 300 Memorial students, and also on the letter accompanying the petition which was signed by Peter W. Lebens, the editor in chief of the Muse, until he resigned last Saturday.

The comments by Mr. Lebens show that the staff of the Muse and the student body at Memorial completely misunderstood and misinterpreted the Gazette's articles. To infer that the Gazette honestly believes that the people of Newfoundland are easily lead down the garden path or that they are starving is non-sensical. Surely the Muse does not believe that because we live in New Scotland we have blue noses, wear kilts and speak with a Scottish accent.

As for our comments that "the people of Newfoundland have been hearing promises for twelve years" and that "they will be hearing them for a long time to come"; we would like to remind the Muse that the last provincial election in Newfoundland was fought over Term 29 of the Act of Confederation. And it was Premier Smallwood himself who said that Newfoundland had been "promised" money which Prime Minister Diefenbaker had said the federal government would pay no more.

To claim that most Mainlanders are gullible or that many mainland newspapers contain the trend of thinking which was present in that article is equally preposterous.

It would appear to us that Mr. Lebens and those who signed the petition are far more gullible, and for more ignorant, of the Canadian political scene, than we could ever be.

And so, gentlemen, the Gazette will not apologize. In the opinion of the Student's Council and of many Dalhousie students, if an error has been made it has been made by you.

The charges and wild accusations you made against us we can best describe as foolish and as the results of a poor attempt at cheap journalistic sensationalism.

We would suggest that the Muse, Peter W. Lebens, and the three hundred students at Memorial who signed the petition should be more careful in the future before they launch such an unwarranted attack. It might well be worth their while to make sure that they have grounds for complaint before they go to the extremes that they did against the Gazette.

If anyone, gentlemen, has done damage to Newfoundland, it is yourselves. As a result of actions such as yours it is easy to see why so many Mainlanders picture the residents of Newfoundland as a little backyard and as extremely sensitive to any comment on their homeland. It is people like yourselves who have forced Premier Smallwood to try and change the average Canadian's views on Newfoundland. And it is reactions like yours which do much to destroy the excellent job which your Premier has done.

And so, gentlemen, we can only conclude that if an apology is to be made to the people of Newfoundland, that apology should be made by you.

Memorial Paper Attacks Gazette



Muse Charges Gazette Story On 'John the Baptist' An 'Insult To Newfoundland'

The Muse, the student newspaper of the Memorial University of Newfoundland, last week brought out a special issue attacking the Dalhousie Gazette for an article printed two weeks ago, entitled 'John, the baptist, meets the Multitudes in the Promised Land'. A petition was also circulated on the Memorial University campus demanding a formal apology and retraction be printed in the Gazette.

LETTER TO THOMPSON

Peter Lebens, editor in chief of the Muse, in a letter to the president of the Dalhousie Students' Council, claimed "this article, although cleverly written, is an insult to Newfoundland and her people".

"We, in Newfoundland are well acquainted with the gullibility of most mainlanders," the letter continued. "This article contains the trend of thinking which is all too prevalent in mainland newspapers."

Misconceptions

The Government of Newfoundland had spent a considerable amount of money to clear up misconceptions about Newfoundland, Mr. Lebens said.

Articles such as this can do irreparable damage to Newfoundland. There are numerous references in the article, which, to state it bluntly, are in extremely bad taste. Particularly the reference to the igloos and the starving Newfoundlanders."

Mr. Lebens continued that the staff of the Muse and the student body could see no reason for the publication of this article except to slur the Prime Minister of Canada at Newfoundland's expense.

Petition

A petition signed by about 300 Memorial students — there is a student population of approximately 1,800 at Memorial — was enclosed with the letter.

The attack on the Gazette came as a complete surprise to its staff.

The first intimation the Gazette had of the attack was when staff members heard about it on a local radio station, which had in turn received the story in a Canadian Press release from St. John's.

Criticism of the Gazette, was, however, not confined to Memorial University students. Ron Humphrey, publisher of the St. John's Woman, the Conception Bay Times and the Newfoundland Veteran, in a telegram to the editor of the Gazette, said he deplored the fact that the Gazette "while being the voice of such a fine university, would lower its editorial standards such as that portrayed in covering the opening of Memorial University."

"Full public apology should be made to the Prime Minister, Premier Smallwood and residents of Newfoundland," the telegram concluded.

The editor of the Xaverian in Antigonish also sent a telegram to the Gazette. "I see no need of apology for publishing those opinions, simple case of hurt pride," the telegram went.

MUSE EDITOR SUB-EDITOR RESIGN

Pete Lebens and Verna Robbins, the editor and assistant editor of the Muse, have resigned. Their resignation became effective last Saturday. In his letter of resignation, the editor stated that he could not fulfill his duties due to the pressure of studies.

Thompson Replies To Demands by Muse

President of the Dalhousie Students' Council, Dick Thompson, has replied to a letter from the editor of the Muse demanding the Gazette publish a formal apology for an article printed two issues ago. Mr. Thompson termed the demand "preposterous", and added the Gazette would not be requested to publish an apology. Following is the text of Mr. Thompson's letter:

Text

In reply to your letter, I must inform you that the Council of Students of Dalhousie University does not consider a formal apology and retraction necessary for

baptist, meets the Multitudes in the article entitled "John, the Promised Land", which appeared in the October 25th issue of The Dalhousie Gazette.

Satirize

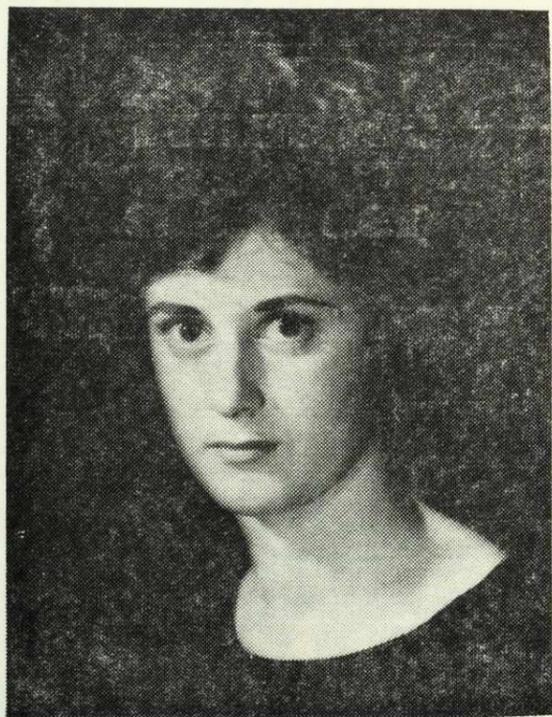
The Council feels that this article was not written to make fun of the people of Newfoundland, but to satirize the campaign techniques of the Prime Minister of Canada. If the people of Newfoundland have taken the article in a different light, then I feel it is they who must be sympathized with for their ignorance of Canada, not the ignorance of the rest of the Canadian people.

Preposterous

The Council feels that this request for a formal apology and retraction printed in The Dalhousie Gazette is preposterous. The Council has examined the matter thoroughly and on reading the article finds it impossible to believe any student of Dalhousie would find it detrimental to Newfoundland. Anyone who would believe that the people of Newfoundland live in igloos certainly is not living in the twentieth century. Would you expect a Nova Scotian to complain bitterly and demand a formal apology every time he was called a "Bluenoser" or "Herring-Choaker"? I certainly do not think so.

No Apology

In conclusion, I have not ordered the editor of The Dalhousie Gazette to print a formal apology and retraction in the newspaper because I do not feel one necessary.



PORTRAIT BY BISSETT

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CUP President 'Innocent Bystander'

"I'm just an innocent bystander," was CUP president Ted Johnston's comment on the dispute between the Dalhousie Gazette and the Muse of Memorial University of Newfoundland.

In a special statement to the Gazette, Mr. Johnston said all he knew was that the Muse had made a protest over a story which purported to represent the visit of the Prime Minister to Newfoundland. He said he did not know what the specific bone of contention was.

"I can see where the Muse might take offense at the loose reporting of the Gazette," he said, "but I fail to see a direct insult as alleged by the editor of the Muse."

Mr. Johnston said the regional president had been asked to investigate the matter and both editors requested to send further information.

NFCUS Head — 'Failure At Council Level'

Ottawa (CUP) — The president of the National Federation of Canadian University Students has charged that student councils are responsible for the apparent weakness of the organization.

"The real failure of NFCUS," said Walter McLean, "is at the council level. NFCUS is being regarded as just another club instead of the council's and the student's voice in national and international affairs."

Deep Interest

Mr. McLean, just returned from a tour of universities and colleges in the Atlantic provinces, said he found deep interest in the Federation, as well as "solid backing", but he charged that the basic problem to be overcome was the "unawareness of councillors."

NFCUS, he said, was not being seen in its right context. It was the local students' councils' opportunity to lobby for those concerns which were of interest to particular students.

Mr. McLean will begin a tour of universities and colleges in Ontario and Quebec this month and expects to be in Western Canada in January.

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FIGURE SKATING

All Dalhousie students interested in figure skating are invited to attend the Halifax Figure Skating Club's skating session in the Dal rink, Nov. 8 at 8 p.m. No admission is charged.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BEAUTY QUEENS

Sir:
I took your suggestion and looked up our Campus Royalty section of last year's Pharos. I can't find a dragon in the bunch.

You seem to feel that the term Queen is a false suggestion but your argument that our faculty queens are only average looking Dal girls goes far beyond misrepresentation. Look around you — see the overweight sloppy creatures with weird haircuts and sneakers. Believe it or not, they are the girls of Dalhousie.

You ask what useful purpose these Royal ones serve. I can't answer this but I can make a suggestion — if the above described Dal girls would take them as their models — check up on the scholastic and sports records, personalities and poise of these faculty queens and give even a half-hearted attempt to make themselves more attractive than perhaps, we could pick a Miss Universe from our campus.

Are all the members of the Gazette staff blind or is there no eye for beauty among you? Pick your own queen. We picked ours and she won.

In closing, let me say that you would have difficulty convincing one Barrington street photographer that Bonnie Murray wasn't a good selection for Campus Queen (beauty-wise). Did you see her graduation picture outside the studio?

Sincerely,
The More Critical Eye

FROM MT. A.

Editor:
This is merely to say that we follow your controversy with Memorial with much interested amusement and it occurred to us that you might meet Memorial's demands for a retraction as follows: We certainly do apologise to Newfoundland for the parallels drawn by our correspondent, since it is quite obvious that the Newfoundland is not the promised land, nor can Diefenbaker, by any stretch of the imagination, be compared to John the Baptist and, as for Newfoundland's ever-depleting population, it would be surely erroneous to describe it as a multitude.

A Well Wisher at
Mount Allison University

SPORTS SCHOLARSHIPS

Sir:
The letter from A Discouraged Student, prompted by Dal's unsuccessful football season, has raised the ever controversial topic of sports scholarships. I would like to question several of his assumptions.

Even the most avid sports fan will, I think, admit that the function of a university is to educate men, to teach them to think, and to prepare them for life, not to produce outstanding athletes. Certainly a university which habitually succeeds in intercollegiate sports will attract many high school students, but will they really benefit the university? I contend that Dalhousie needs students who have the ability and desire to think and work intelligently. This kind of student will not be deterred from asking admittance to a university by its mediocre record in sports.

If funds were unlimited, ath-

Dal Cross Country Held

The Annual Dalhousie Cross Country race was held last week and was most successful as most faculties were represented by a good turnout.

There were 40 entries in the race, the Engineers won a trophy for having the greatest

letic scholarships could perhaps be justified. However, the financial resources of any Maritime university are severely limited. It would be a gross injustice if many of the scholarships destined to aid intellectually gifted students were given instead to athletically talented students of average intelligence.

I am an enthusiastic sports fan, but I definitely think that a sense of proportion must be maintained. If more of our nearly 2,000 students would take an active interest in sports, Dalhousie could produce good teams without resorting to athletic scholarships.

Finally, I would like to state that my pride, or lack of it, in Dalhousie depends upon the level of its scholastic achievement, not upon its athletic record.

Heather Saunderson

INCREDIBLE

Sir:
Here stands our football team! Rugged men they are, harder than granite, mightier than Caesar fearing obstacles and braving the worst conditions with the best of courage.

Here lies a Gazette. Oh! they lost, as usual . . . broken legs . . . next year . . . tiddleywinks. Here is a picture of the team — Ted Wickwire. A rolling football gathers no score. The student body . . . burning, burning, burning. Scholarships for football players. Damn the scholarships? No. Damn our football players! Student money lost . . . gone . . . try tiddleywinks, much cheaper. Hurry up, please, it's time.

Here stands our football team! 52-0. A slow moving bunch they are, softer than jelly, weaker than women, trained to play defensive. The vision is fading. So is our football team. It's incredible.

Sincerely,
E.L.M.

B. Sc. 63

* * *

KATANGA

Sir:
Mr. John Harris states that my recently published analysis of the Katanga situation lacks depth. Clearly his comments lack knowledge.

I am not obsessed with the virtues of authority, order and stability, but I do recognize these attributes as having some value in the chaotic turmoil of Congo politics. Unlike Mr. Harris, I dislike seeing the stability of Katanga ruined through the imposition of a uniform pattern of disorder. This is precisely what U.N. military action has resulted in. I would rather see the good order of Katanga taken as the norm, and have the U.N. use its influence to spread it to the Congo.

Had Mr. Harris referred to the record before rushing into print, he would have discovered that Mr. Tshombe has repeatedly declared himself willing to participate in a united Congo, provided this be on the basis of a federal state. It has been the so-called Central Government in Leopoldville, with U.N. support, which has adopted an intransigent attitude towards the maintenance of a manifestly unworkable unitary constitution. Mr. Harris' suggestions, therefore, if they succeed in anything at all, merely support Mr. Tshombe's position.

Mr. Harris goes on to state,

number of participants in the event.

The winner of the race was Doug Inglis a Medical Student. The medical faculty copped the first two places with John Barsonette another Med student finishing in the runner up position. Al Swansy of the de faculty finished third.

when Katanga is considered in relation to the whole Congo problem, it becomes apparent that its stability could not last, even if the U.N. had not invaded it'. How this becomes apparent to Mr. Harris I cannot say, since he produces not a shred of evidence to support this supposition. For myself, however, it is quite apparent that Katanga did operate extremely well until the U.N. attacked it. I see no reason to believe it would not have continued to do so.

In regard to what Mr. Harris considers to be the problem facing the U.N., I would suggest he has allowed his tensions to become confused. It is not a question of whether the U.N. should allow the Congo to disintegrate. Clearly it has already allowed that. Is it not, as with Humpty Dumpty, a question of putting it together again?

Finally let me say that I am firmly in favour of a united Congolese state — so is the Government of Katanga — but not at the price of universal confusion. Given the political ineptitude of the Congo's leaders, and the Communist sympathies of the Stanleyville lobby in the Central Government, I put forward what I can only consider as a reasonable suggestion. That is for the Western countries to support the only regime which is at once stable and pro-Western. Great Britain has done this, and has registered displeasure at U.N. aggression. Is Mr. Harris' country, like Mr. Harris himself, too bereft of its senses to do likewise?

Sincerely,
A. St. G. Abbott

FARCE

To The Critical Eye:
I think your article was a complete farce. Obviously, you have based your facts on off-hand remarks made by a few prejudiced, and probably jealous, individuals.

So what if the girls have boyfriends in the various executives! (if this is true, as you seem to think). Surely one man's opinion can't sway a whole group's idea unless the young lady in question does have the required attributes!

If the Munro Day Contest were listed as a beauty competition, I may be inclined to agree with you that not always are the Campus lovelies well-represented. However, as you said yourself, beauty is worth only 25 per cent.

Besides, on a campus like Dalhousie, scholastic accomplishment should definitely merit more than the achievements of a beautiful Dumb Dodo!! To laud the latter would be to degrade us, the rest of the students. Surely the Munro Queen shows other Campuses something about ours. I am ashamed to think that you would rather be identified with a wiggle, a sigh, and a few cute words!

If you think the contest belongs to another era, what of gowns, convocations, etc. The retainment of old customs and traditions is essential to a university for it becomes richer and more mellow every year.

No, you certainly didn't impress me with your article". Although you think you know the flaws of the present system, never once did you suggest anything constructive. So I suggest you either organize your own contest or keep your views to yourself until you get your facts straight.

Heather Corston,
Secretary of Science Society

THANK YOU

Sir:
Thank you very sincerely for your editorial feature on the International Students' Association. Your interest and the interest of such a large number of Dalhousie students is greatly appreciated. Your words concerning my own humble efforts were very kind, but more to the point was the comment re the executive as a whole, "an outstanding example of just what can be accomplished by students of many races and creeds when they are prepared to work together" to quote from your article.

The university administration and other groups have also been instrumental in assisting us to carry out our endeavours. The support given the I.S.A. on the Dalhousie campus speaks well for the attitude of our students and stands as a tower, as the ancient Pharos, in the quest for better international relations.

Sincerely, Brian Brown
Pres. of I.S.A.

Sir,
Moral philosophy is the last resort of the blackguard and a powerful moral case can be made for the vilest actions. So it was as a modest connoisseur of hypocrisy that I studied last week's correspondence from

Dalhousie's fraternity apologists.

They answer the charge of racial discrimination by invoking the individual's 'right' to discriminate against others on the basis of colour, in choosing his friends.

Since it is clear that this right is not a moral one, your correspondents must be citing a legal right.

Sir, I was walking down University Avenue the other day, and as I passed the Rehabilitation Centre, I noticed a man in a wheel chair sitting in the sun. He had no legs. Some Dalhousie students chanced to pass at that moment, and they laughed at the man as they gaily went on their way.

The students were acting within their legal rights, so it seems that the mere fact that a man is not transgressing the law does not guarantee that his conduct is decent.

The fact is, of course, that people who discriminate against others in the basis of colour, are scum.

WILIAM H. JAMES

* * *

Sir:
In spite of my hearty disagreement with certain articles of recent Gazettes, may I congratulate you on having, at least, inspired the readers to action!

The ranting and raving against fraternities was, on the whole, more bigoted than the "fraternity idea" itself. However, the storm raised surely must indicate that a few, hidden grains of dissent with the existing system are present. I have one comment on the article reprinted from the McGill Daily . . . it took courage.

A definite break, however blatant, with the stodgy, fearful conservatism display by the Gazettes of the past deserves some commendation. Too long have the institutions of Dalhousie covered under the baleful glares of the Administration.

Those completely in disagreement might think back two or three years. Compare the "readability" of today's Gazette with those former sheets of stale nothingness. Compare . . . and be patient, realizing that stability IS reached even though the pendulum of change does swing widely.

S.H., Class of '61

DGDS PRESENTS!!!

On November 23, 24 and 25, the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society will present a three-act comedy, "My Three Angels". Adapted by Sam and Belle Spewack, the play is based on the French "La Cuisine des Anges" by Albert Husson.

The setting for the play is French Guiana in December 1910. The adventures and mis-adventures of three convicts in their relations with the "famille Ducotel" form a fast moving plot.

The director of "My Three Angels" is Charles Haliburton. Laurie Borne is the assistant director and Randall Smith the producer.

The cast includes Ross Hill, Janet Coffin, Jane Elliot, Betty Hicks, Rupert Ray, Michel Guite, Tony Harris, Clunny Macpherson, Peter March and Victor Stanton.

"My Three Angels" will be performed in the Dalhousie gymnasium. Remember the date, and be sure to see this comedy!

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FEATURES

"The question is not where did civilization begin, but when will it?"

Lest we forget

By DAVE JONES

On November 11, 1918, the First World War ended in the long prayed for Allied victory. The world went mad in a frenzy of joy. At long last the millenium had arrived and the "war to end all wars" was over. The cost of preserving the world for democracy had been high - 9,998,771 dead and 6,295,512 seriously wounded - but if this had really been mankind's last conflict, we might today count these numbers as small indeed. However the illusion soon dissipated:

It soon became apparant that the world was little different and man was no closer to perfection. As in the past, the settlement following the First World War contained the seeds of future strife. After a twenty year truce, mankind entered an even more vicious struggle in which civilization reached the new heights of Buchenwald and Dachau, Hamburg and Hiroshima. And again, as with most wars, the settlement contained the seeds of a new conflict. The world is again divided into two hostile camps. Yet this time there is a growing possibility that our next conflict will indeed be the war to end all wars. Only wars of extermination have close to enduring peace, and a war of mass extermination would certainly achieve this objective.

With the above prologue, I must now find suitable sentiments for Remembrance Day, 1961. There are usually two easy courses open to the writer of this

type of article. One can always follow the popular courses, probably popular since the beginning of wars, and men. This is to write of the glory of death for one's country, right or wrong; of fighting the "just war", if such a thing exists and of heroic sacrifices to bring about the Western paradise of today. Or if this style seems a bit sour, the writer can always turn to the opposite extreme and discuss the sad if unimportant fates of brute armies off to die on the orders of stupid or selfish leaders.

Neither these courses seem desirable or sufficient for my purposes. The first is unrealistic and the world seems little changed. Yet, we can say that the soldier who believed in his cause died in vain? I, for one do not feel myself to be in a position to judge. And further, on this Remembrance Day, in the midst of world crises, we would do well to remember these dead. They died in

THE CREEPING DEATH They Called It Rog

Throughout the spring of 1962, the rumour was circulated that They were going to detonate an Omega Bomb, the bomb to end all bombs, the ultimate. The world was electrified. Letters of protest were sent through the regular channels, but to no avail. Scientists from abroad warned of the dangers involved. Little was known about the potential of the bomb, about its effects, about methods of controlling its fallout, about the amount of fallout to be expected, if any.

Finally, the day for the test had arrived. It was May 1st. The powers-that-be thought that it would be a fitting way to conclude the annual celebrations. After a display of fireworks on the evening of May 1st, the bomb would be fired many miles from the capital city, but it was expected that the cloud, under the glare of many highpowered spotlights placed about the area, would be seen in the city and that it would serve as a triumphant finale to the festivities.

After The Blast

Everything went according to plan. The citizens had raged through the city, cheering tumultuously, following the blast. A magnificent, multi-coloured cloud had arisen in the classic mushroom shape, and under the strong illumination provided by the authorities, its beauty could be seen plainly by all. It had been em-

phatically successful, the view from the city had been superb, and the citizens joyously settled in for a long night of celebration. The state declared the succeeding day to be a holiday to mark the event. People rose late the next day, for the celebrations had been prolonged, and they wished to get maximum rest on their coveted holiday. A few early risers noted, however, that the morning mist was much thicker than it normally was, and that as the morning wore on it got progressively thicker instead of burning away. Rather heavy fog, they thought. The state scientists had been happy on the evening of May 1st. They reported that the winds had been in the right direction and that the people need fear no ill effects. Overnight, however, a catastrophe occurred. The winds shifted, and heavy currents carried the radioactive fallout back onto the capital. Horror-stricken scientists reported the radioactivity over the city to be greater than anything they had conceived possible.

Flight From The City

The news quickly reached the governmental headquarters. The situation was desperate: nothing could be done to avert the calamity. A public announcement would throw the people into panic. The senior officials of the government soon decided on a course of action. They would flee to a special headquarters to the west, built for such an emergency, and would remain there until the effects of the fallout on the citizenry had been determined. "Too bad," murmured a few, "if the populace is doomed, it will have been an enormously expensive experiment. The efficient central bureaucracy will be severely decimated."

By noon on May 2nd, the number of those dead and afflicted

by a strange new disease had risen to alarming proportions. People were clamouring for information, for help, for advice. At six o'clock in the evening, it was announced on the radio that the city had been blanketed by an entirely new phenomenon, radioactive fog. They called it rog.

Chaos ensued in the city. The dead were beginning to clutter the street. The thoroughfares were soon jammed by the multitudes, anxious to flee to the country. Some tried to load their few possessions into any handy means of conveyance, others fled in blind terror. Not in a hundred and fifty years had the city witnessed such an exodus, not since 1812, when hearts in the capital had been chilled by another menace of almost equal magnitude. Pandemonium reigned throughout.

The Rog Rolls Away

On the third day, the rog dissipated into the atmosphere, but its toll had been enormous. Only one third of the populace of the capital had managed to escape the terrible plague that befell the citizenry. When the survivors were allowed to re-enter the city, their zest for life had suffered a severe set-back. The capital was but a bleak echo of its former self. Ruin abounded everywhere, the old furnishings of the city had been burned to avoid contamination, all was desolate.

Viewing the debacle, the directors realized the folly of their actions and decision which had led to such disastrous results. They were impressed, horrified, perhaps even contrite, but human memory is such a fickle thing that it would be rash indeed to say that they had all learned a lesson which would control their actions and decisions for the rest of their lives.

This was concluded the world's first experience with rog.

The Third World War

The time has come, the time is near
In which our cherished lives so dear,
Will be swept away with one fell swoop
To leave us in a human soup
Of arms and legs and bloody gore
And civilization will be no more.

Yes our fellow man and friends
Will be the cause of a deserved end
And when we see the missels soar
Our civilization will be no more.

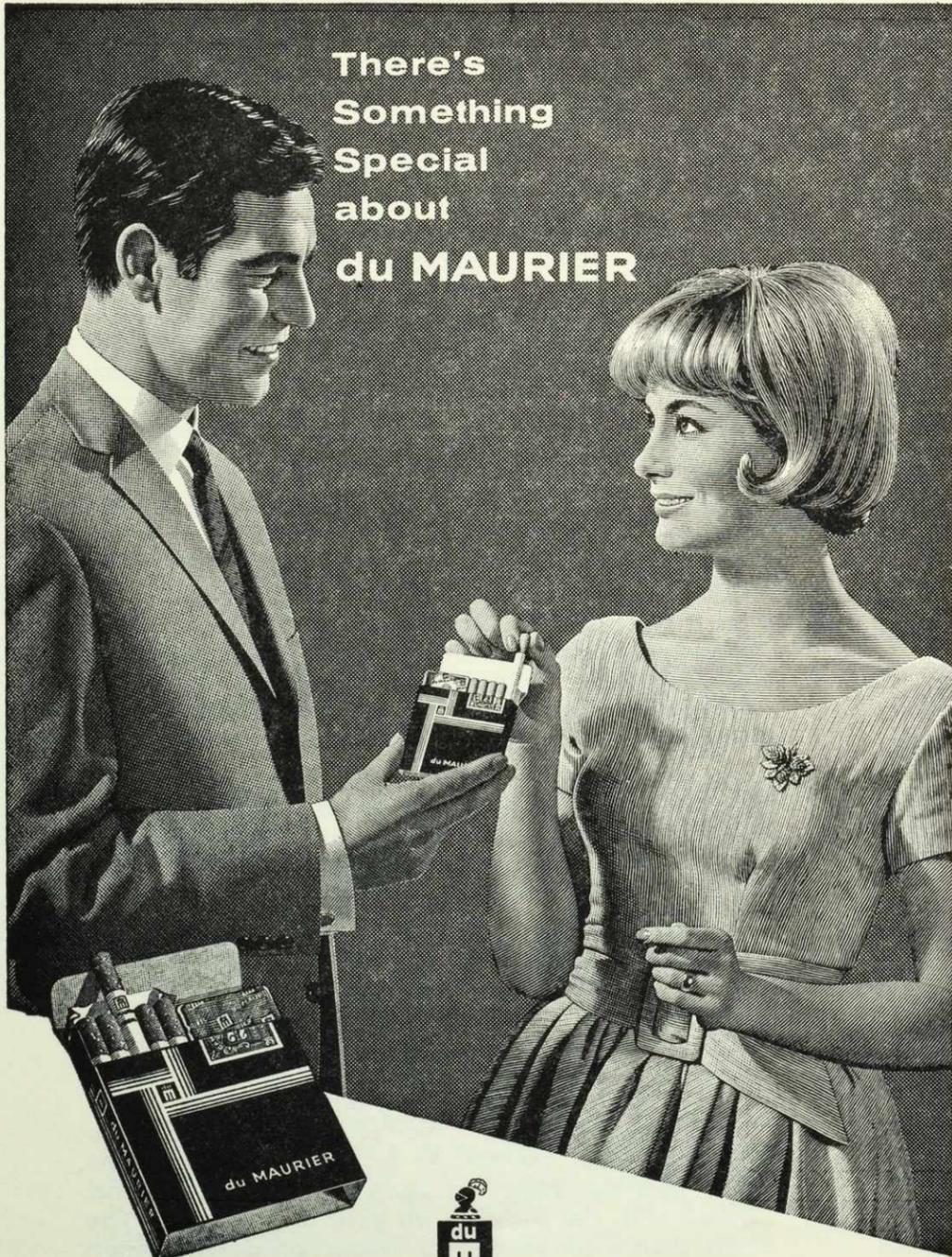
Atomic war is the real end
There is no escape from it my friend;
And there you sit and wonder why
Our cherished civilization must die.

Yes it must the answer comes
And when it does you cannot run
For radiation, shock and fire
Will sizzle you into a wire
Of charred and burning soot and ashes
With which our civilization clashes
To cause for us the deserved end
Brought by our friends and fellow men.

Is there a way to change our fate
To rid the world of eternal hate
To save our lives we so dearly love
Or must they perish like Noah's dove?

The answer lies with you my friend
Because it's you who'll cause the end!

B. A. Class of '64.



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NOVEMBER 22, 1963

When Halifax department store executive Albert Munro turned the corner at Barrington Street and started up Spring Garden Road, he was walking against an autumn wind that was shedding the last leaves from the port city's trees. Passing the Library, he had to hold his briefcase before his eyes to shield against dust being skirled down the street by the wind. He decided it was a rotten day for his usual walk home from work, and two blocks later, when the first drops of rain were followed almost at once by a downpour, he hurried toward a doorway near a bus-stop to await a drier way of getting home. People rushed past in all directions, all of them trying to avoid getting wet, and all of them fast being drenched. It looked to Albert as though they were PANICKED by the rain. He pulled his collar tight and began to feel uncomfortable as the wind changed and chased rain into his shelter.

Herman Zinck watched an identical scene from his ground-level kitchen window at north Barrington Street. Two men went by with lunch cans under their arms gripped by their soaked clothes. It meant little to him that he was out of it. Two weeks were left before the city would vacate Herman, his wife, and three children from their five-room quarters. The search for a new home was impossibly hampered by Herman's \$40 weekly wages. He knew he had to find something, but that hardly made matters easier. His wife Shirley had become his biggest concern. Her worrying grew daily, and it wasn't right for her to worry like that. Not with another child on the way. So Herman cared little he was out of the storm that caused so much hasty activity in the street opposite.

Lee Sterne lost interest in his magazine in a hurry when he noticed rain coming in through a crack in the window frame and obliterating a mathematics assignment he had finished an hour ago. He looked at the wet blot that disfigured his calculations and cursed loudly. Small good it did to build a modern residence when little things like windows couldn't keep out rain. A bloody multi-million dollar residence and rain came in the windows! "In a hurricane, I'd be floating in here," he thought. Damn poor show when a chap isn't even protected against the elements. He sat at his desk and started to recopy the work.

From the highway running through Hubbards on the Bay Road, you could see William Fraser up on the roof of his barn. He was laying the last sheet of metal when the rain caught and soaked him. He would have worked to finish the job if rain had not made the roof so slippery. He secured the aluminum sheet and made for the ladder. Once down, he closed the barn door and hurried across the yard to the porch of his farm house where he paused before removing his boots and appraised a week's work. It wasn't a bad job. It was one roof that would last a lifetime. His, at least . . .

But the heavy squall that was pouring over Halifax and the south shore of Nova Scotia was of little consequence compared with the political winds shaking the doors of the world. After two years of civil war, the Congolese were still fighting bitterly while the UN — forced earlier to withdraw by threat of bankruptcy — watched in disappointment as the blight spread over the continent. Red China had now consolidated its ill-gained hold on Quemoy and Matsu, and despite presence of an Allied fleet in the area and steady arms shipments to Chiang, the world considered an invasion of Formosa inevitable. Jordan still smarted under restrictions imposed by the Communist coup experts who had seen Hussein dead and his Queen fleeing before they admitted success and set about reorganizing the country. Meanwhile, the Soviets were hard put to make little of an obvious complete deterioration in relations with the Chinese. The world was scarred and pitted at every focus by hotbeds of political dispute.

But the widespread concern once evidenced by a flurry of fallout-shelter building undoubtedly had levelled off. The Allies had sacrificed no caution, and the gravity of the world's health was still critical. Yet, the mild panic had been replaced by a feeling

of the unlikelihood of war. War might come, but it probably wouldn't. Anxiety was dulled by a decade of narrow escapes. Admittedly, it might not always be that way, but to many a constant readiness to dive for shelter at first warning seemed worse than actual attack. They were still frightened. Optimism had simply been born of passage of time.

Such sentiments were almost universal, and it was a fair analysis of the way Haligonians felt. Most had accepted the premise that if war came, the international situation would deteriorate visably enough to permit preparations . . . evacuation and all that!

The assumption was hideously false. For an instant at 6:15 p.m., November 22, 1963, time stood still. Across a city, a nation, a continent, gasps of disbelief from the throats of a race were inaudible under the sirens that screamed as in terror. In Halifax the same screams wailing a steady note of dread reflected off buildings, raced through streets, penetrated and paralyzed. The long warned alert sounded for three minutes. The little city suddenly found itself thrust into the front lines. And the new soldiers were defenceless.

Albert Munro was hanging up his coat in the hall closet and already anticipating a night of rest before the television. His wife was in the kitchen at the stove. The twins were at supper. From his hallway view, it seemed a pleasant enough family sight to greet the tired breadwinner. Albert was at once proud of his family. The sirens caught him amid that thought.

Herman Zinck too was at supper. Shirley was not eating: "It's just a little loss of appetite," she told him when he asked. "Don't get upset — I don't know why I feel this way. Maybe I'm worried about the future. I don't mean just the baby and all that, but I'm frightened about what we're going to do . . ." Herman interrupted and sent the kids from the table.

"I know," he injected without allowing her to finish. "But dammit I can't do any better than I'm doing. I can't look for better work and rooms too. One thing at a time." She had looked like she was about to show tears, and he was annoyed — not so much at her as at himself in being unable to assure a home for his family, who at this moment didn't seem to have much confidence in him. He was about to tell her to stop worrying and being "frightened" and leave their welfare to him when the sirens started.

Lee Sterne had the radio on while he worked, and he heard the wailing above the music. He turned it down to listen. A thought occurred to him that it was the first time the army had tested the sirens at that hour. Usually they sounded in the morning. "Maybe something's wrong with the circuit," he thought, and he turned the radio up again to listen for an announcement. The music had stopped. There was no sound on the air. Then:

There was another pause before a strained voice began; "Ladies and gentlemen, it said: "Listen carefully to this announcement Do not change stations. Leave your radio on for further announcements. The chief of staff of Her Majesty's Armed Forces has ordered an immediate alert. A general attack on the North American continent by the armed forces of the Soviet Union during the next 24 hours is imminent. Immediate evacuation of the city and its surrounding area is advised. Gather your family at once and prepare to leave. Evacuation route information and suggestions for provisions and emergency equipment will follow a message from the Premier of Nova Scotia. Remain calm. Conduct yourself in an orderly fashion. The best possible chance of successful defence against attack with the warning we have is evacuation. The best chance for successful evacuation depends upon absence of panic of any kind. No one will be permitted to enter the city. All exit routes will be used for evacuation. Repeat: Do not turn off your radio. Do not change stations. Directions will be issued over this wave length. Listen carefully and do as your arc told. We will return after this message . . ."

William Fraser, his wife and her father were at the table finishing the evening meal. The radio was not on. 15 miles from the city, air raid sirens were drowned out by the sound of heavy rain. The Frasers continued to discuss next improvement on the farm to which they would devote some of the year's profits.

In minutes, the news had swept the city. Hardly a house but had a radio on listening to directions for packing food, medical supplies, water, blankets, clothing, and general directions for the exodus. If everything went according to plan, said the radio, 60,000 could be evacuated in a matter of a few hours. Those with cars were ordered to make room for those without transportation. The Chief of Police, warning against panic or crime in the haste of evacuation, announced 250 active and reservist policemen had been called on duty. They would, he said, cope with anything that might arise. "with force". Those with relatives in hospitals were told to trust their welfare and safety with hospital staffs.

Until his neighbour had told him differently, Albert Munro, like Lee Sterne, had thought the sirens a test. Now he was loading his car. Luckily, his wife had stopped the day before. He had wasted little time. His wife he ordered to assemble food according to radio directions. One phrase he had caught while not really listening to the radio stuck with him: ". . . You're on your own . . ." He had sent the twins about collecting their clothing. When one demanded more toys and started to cry, he quietly but forcibly halted her protests, and told her to choose one doll to take "on the vacation." Then, he said, they were to help their mother. He finished with the car and started into the house to help his wife when a thought hit him: he was almost out of gas! He knew there was only one thing for it. But he could not bring himself to leave his family to get more. God knows how long he would be. And his wife: he had spotted her crying softly as she gathered supplies in the kitchen. No. He could not leave them alone. They would have to find other transportation.

The men's residence was fast being deserted. People still came bringing static news reports of happenings about the city but left again quickly. Lee knew Halifax was panicking. He had heard of riots in the supermarkets with thousands trying to get food. It was just before payday. Nobody had much cash . . . and the banks were closed. Apparently nobody was about to open them either. So people took what they wanted. He had seen Jack Evans leave a short while before in his car. He was back again, and met Lee in the dining room where everybody seemed to mill around. There was no gas available, Jack told him. Most of the station owners were looking after themselves and their families. While that made little difference to frantic motorists who forced the pumps, it did little good as one by one the filling stations' tanks were emptied. Gas was at a life and death premium. Nobody had enough.

In the heat of the moment, Lee realized he had forgotten his family in New York. They were sure to get it! For the first time, he was afraid. If he had been wondering what to do before, he was no longer in doubt. He ran back to his room to grab a few things and started on a course other students had already taken: get out on the road and find space in someone's car. Outside, a giant writhing snake of cars, trucks, and vehicles of every type and description, was slowing to a halt. As far as he could see, there were lights. Horns bleated. Children screamed in terror at the sudden upheaval of their lives. An army of refugees from the now doomed city streamed close packed down the street and side walks. "I pity them," Lee thought out loud as he watched. "On foot they haven't a chance." Then he realized he was one of them.

Herman Zinck and his two oldest children were in that moving mass passing the residence when Lee Sterne joined it. At one point, the four walked together. Both had an acute anxiety to move faster than the rest, but it was impossible. Herman watched the cars

as they passed carefully. Somewhere, in one of the countless cars leaving the city was his wife and their youngest child. At least she was looked after — if that was what you could term being in a car moving a snail's pace out of the city. All along the route was evidence of the holdup. Frantic citizens had taken to their cars though gas tanks were all but empty. Now they were holding up the lines at intervals. The next cars pushed the stalled derelicts off the road. For the unfortunate families involved, there were two choices left: find space in another car, or join the walkers. Most of them joined the crowd. Occasional policemen could be seen about trying to create some order amid chaos. Few in the crowd made conversation. The dark night of horror was punctuated only by the cries of babies and infants, horns, and the shouting of the anxious.

William Fraser had finally heard the news. He and his wife were already preparing to be of help when the refugees reached them.

If there could be any common thing shared by the fleeing thousands other than desire to escape death, whether they were in cars, trucks, busses, on foot, or those huddling already in their basements, it was a pulsating wonder: WHEN?

The night was clear, crisp. There was no fog, and the sky was filled with stars. The cold body of steel that broke the Atlantic swells two hours later 300 miles off the Nova Scotia coast found the night an interesting but unnecessary aid to navigation.

Albert Munro was in the Johnsons' car . . . people from across the street who had offered room for Albert and his family. The south shore countryside moved past at an agonizing pace. All in the silent car felt the same. It was slow, but they were making progress from certain death.

Herman Zinck had crowded himself and the children with a sweating mass of refugees jammed in a transport van. They had moved a little faster when they had reached the highway for both lanes were being used for the exit. But they slowed again when a traffic jam was encountered at Bedford. Somewhere in the trailer, a woman was praying aloud. From all sides came muted mummings in some kind of verbal accompaniment.

Lee Sterne walked alone, in his mind were thoughts of a family he would never see again. He had reached the rotary, but failed to note his progress.

In the now quietening city, rows of smashed windows, looted stores, and abandoned cars marked the path of frenzy. Articles of every description littered the streets. Any craft that was seaworthy had long since left the harbor with its load. Stocked with cargoes, the wharves and docks stood deserted. The city's lights blinked once, then were off.

Far ahead of the fleeing armada, an ascending blaze marked completion of a mission. There was no time for sirens.

The missile struck south-east of Bedford. Decimation of a world was commencing. Incineration claimed the city of Halifax in seconds. It claimed Lee Sterne, Herman Zinck, his children, and his wife, who had been only two cars behind the van. It claimed all others seeking escape, but caught too near.

Albert Munro, William Fraser and their families saw the multi-emblazoned explosion in the night, and minutes later felt the earth lurch. At once, on all sides, there was holocaust. They lived, for the present.

The millions of tons of pulverized earth, stones, buildings and other materials that had been a city were drawn up into the fireball.

80 miles away and 70,000 feet up, a lone pilot saw it all.

"God help them," he said.

— Brian Backman

Illusions of Neutrality

by A. St. G. Abbott

In a rare moment of perception, the late John Foster Dulles once declared neutralism to be immoral. Nowadays, when the "uncommitted" constitute a noisy yet influential bloc in the United Nations, such words are eschewed by Western diplomats. The established democracies have succumbed to the turgid and interminable verbosity of recent initiatives to freedom.

But what Mr. Dulles meant is still true: that free nations which decline any part in the common defence of freedom continue to enjoy it at the expense of those who do accept this obligation. Sir Winston Churchill put the matter plainly enough when he remarked during the war that those neutrals who pretended to wonder what the Allies were fighting for would quickly find out if they were to stop fighting.

Lesson For The West

The recent conference of neutrals at Belgrade should succeed in teaching the West several lessons, the most important of which is that neutralists are on no account to be trusted. In the midst of the conference, Russia resumed H-bomb testing. Yet not a single delegate mounted the rostrum to announce that the Russian action had prompted his country to change its basic assessment of the rights and wrongs of the cold war struggle. There were expressions of regret - notably those of Mr. Nehru - but there was no sign of such abstract disapproval being translated into concrete diplomatic terms which might make Mr. Khrushchev desist in his bomb-testing. Remember that it matters not a damn to Mr. Khrushchev whether neutralist opinion approves or disapproves of his bomb-testing, provided such opinion does not result in solid backing for the West on Berlin, Germany, or any other cold-war issues.

Improbable as it may seem at first, Russia's resumption of nuclear tests has resulted in more rather than less neutralist support for the Russian case on Berlin, Germany, and Laos. Let me explain.

Russia's resumption of tests has convinced the neutrals that Moscow is in a really ugly mood, while Washington's restraint has convinced them that the United States is more flexible. Thus any pressure for peace the neutrals can exert is likely to be more influential with the West than with the East. Their main concern is the preservation of peace, not the rights or wrongs of Berlin or anywhere else. This objective is more likely to be achieved by putting pressure on the moderate Americans than on the immoderate Russians, which has in fact been the result.

In any dispute where the on-lookers are not immediately concerned in its cause, but are concerned only to prevent the disputants coming to blows, their weight will be thrown into encouraging the least aggressive

party to withdraw. Consciously or unconsciously, neutralist opinion is doing this today. Although anxious not to risk outraging either side, experience has unfortunately taught the neutral that less risk attaches to criticizing the West than the East. Precisely because the West is prepared to go on treating these countries as neutral, even when they oppose Washington and London at every turn, whereas Russia is not prepared to (at the first hint of the neutralist obstruction in the Congo Mr. Khrushchev attacked the whole concept of neutrality), they take up the "middle" position which is in fact much nearer that of the East than that of the West.

False Assumption

Western hopes of winning over the uncommitted world to its side are based on the false and dangerous assumption that the neutralists will back the side which has the best case. In fact, however, there is nothing good enough the West can do and nothing bad enough the East can do which will prompt them to take sides, since they are convinced the benefits of non-alignment outweigh any advantages that commitment could bring. This is a neutralist article of faith.

The West must understand, therefore, that the more it seeks to align its policies with the neutralist nations, the more it seeks to use them, the more they will

feel compelled to move Eastward, so as to avoid the unwanted embrace. The truth is that if the neutrals are to retain their middle position, they cannot afford to lag too far behind Soviet intransigence or to be overtaken too completely by Western moderation.

This should lead us to some fairly evident conclusions. Firstly, the neutral states can in no way be relied upon to act as objective and impartial arbiters in the cold war. Secondly, the West can never hope to woo them to this cause. Thirdly, and as a result of the first two considerations, Western policy should be to castigate and berate the neutralist camp as the situation warrants it - certainly not to cringe and curry favour with this rather seedy group of countries. To my knowledge South Africa and Rhodesia are the only two countries which have so far displayed the imagination, the guts and the realism to do this.

DARWIN

There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair grew curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist;
Then he was a Man and a Positivist.

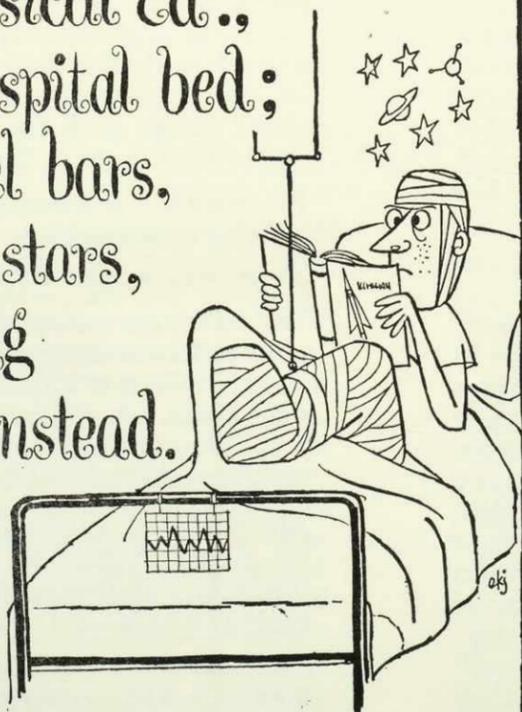
THE OUTCAST

Once there was an eager and naive young moralist
Who pointed a golden finger at humanity
Denounced the very lust, and drunkenness.
And when he turned
To see his words' effect on the populace
He found himself alone,
Friendless and fingerless.

Terry Wedge

A student in Physical Ed.,
Reclines in a hospital bed;
From the parallel bars,
He fell, and saw stars,
Now he's studying
space flight instead.

If bills your finances are wreckin',
Give a thought to Personal Chequin',
The account that says "whoa",
To your vanishing dough -
To the B of M now you'll be trekin'?



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BELL



Hillel Takes Best Play Shield Award

True drama expresses the archetypal patterns of man's dilemma in the universe. Miss Genni Archibald, the adjudicator of this year's Connolly Shield plays, seemed to doubt that the presented plays were true drama.

Miss Archibald's chief criticism of this year's production was the choice of plays. "Universities," she said, have a duty to lead the way in choosing good plays. Riders to the Sea was "done, done, and overdone" in Nova Scotia in the last ten years; The Other Mother was "sloppy sentiment;" Submerged was "unreal;" "Between the Soup and the Savoury was "a good play but could not be appreciated in Nova Scotia for we don't know the types; Man in a Trench-coat "could have been preachy" but it wasn't. Of Fortune is a Cowboy there was "no printable comment."

Keeping List

For next year's Shield producers, Miss Archibald is keeping a list of good plays at her office in the Adult Education Department.

Riders to the Sea, presented by the Education Faculty, had "good people on the stage," the adjudicator said but it needed "more emotional direction." The Other Mother by Delta Gamma featured "very good acting in a terrible play. The actors of KCDCS were praised as creating "distinct characters which did not exist in the play as written."

Between the Soup and the Savoury also presented by KC DSC created "a whole new play, better on the whole than the original."

Good Plan

Man in a Trench-Coat, presented by Hillel, was a good

play for the group, and was put over energetically. It was well cast and had a good build-up to the climax.

Fortune is a Cowboy was acted "as well as possible" with the script.

The Education Theatre was also praised as the best little theatre in Halifax. Miss Archibald said the Connolly Shield Festival was a good thing. She said it deserved more attention from the production end, and had enough good actors and actresses to put on a Festival of very high calibre.

Capacity House

Before a capacity house Thursday night, Miss Archibald awarded the Shield to Hillel for Man in a Trench-Coat.

The best actress award went to Judy Newman for her role as Evi Kramer in the winning play. Greg Moore received the best actor award for his creation of Bryce in Submerged.

However, the greatest interpretation of the drama was by Miss Archibald herself. She was an understanding, perceptive and constructive critic.

WUSC Treasure Van on Campus Next Week

Looking for something new, either for yourself or as a gift? The WUSC Treasure Van will be back in town again next week. This year it will feature many new objects, and many new countries, including Ghana, Isreal, Korea, Spain, Sweden, and the West Indies.

Treasure Van will be on the Dalhousie-King's campus from Nov. 13th to 17th, and will be housed this year in the new Dalhousie men's residence. The doors will be open from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m., but will close early on Friday.

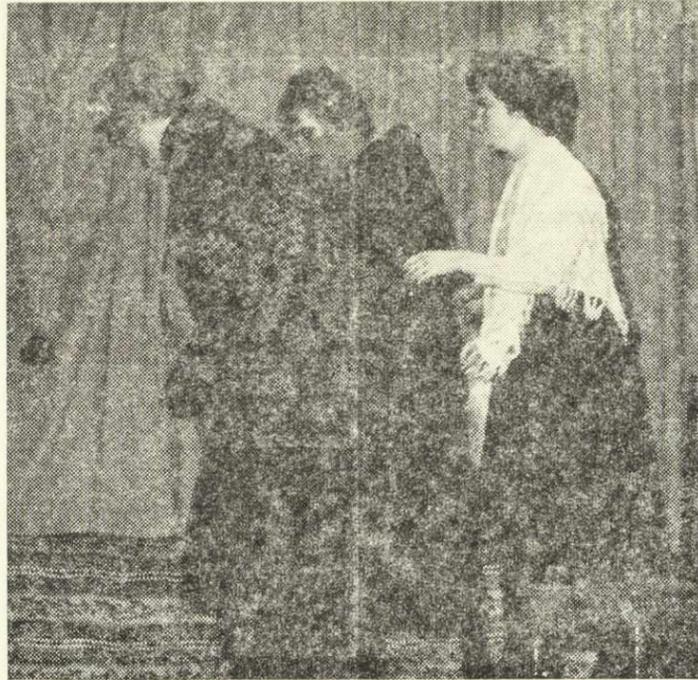
The new and unusual objects featured this year will include ceremonial masks, drums and calabashes from Ghana; bamboo bracelets and bean and olive wood necklaces from Isreal; flutes, glass bead necklaces, myout games and fans from Korea; damascene jewellery and swords from Spain; cushion covers, carved crosses and stars, and carved Dala horses from Sweden; and steel drums, tortoise shell jewellery, 'wife leaders' and machettes from the West Indies.

Items which have proved popular in previous years will again be on sale, giving wide range of articles from which to choose.

A student, getting back to college late, had difficulty in obtaining a suitable place of lodging.

One landlady, showing him a dingy bedroom, remarked persuasively, "As a whole, this is quite a nice room, isn't it?"

"Yes, madam," he agreed, "but as a bedroom it's no good."



AFTER THE BALL IS OVER — No, these are not young ladies from Shirreff Hall returning disconsolate to their cold, lonely beds after their recent Hall Formal, when fairy god-mother's lavish ball-gowns turned to rags at the stroke of twelve. Rather, they are competitors in the recently staged Connolly Shield Drama Competition, which was held in the Education Theatre. Hillel walked off with the prize, while these young maidens were left to pick the bones. (Bissett Photo)

U. of T. PC's GO FOR BOOZE

TORONTO (CUP) — The Toronto Varsity reported last week that about 50 U of T students paraded in Varsity Arena for Progressive Conservative candidates under the promise of free booze.

The students, it is alleged, were called out from their residences Tuesday night to attend the leadership rally for the candidates to replace Ontario's Premier, Leslie Frost.

"I don't think our demonstration would have any effect on the delegates," said one of the seduced, "since they were in on it as much as we were. It was only to impress radio and television audiences and future voters — some impression, this bibery of minors."

John Roberts, minister of education, was chosen new party head.

DAL GETS \$2,500 GRANT

Dalhousie has received \$2,500 in a grant from the Geological Survey of Canada for geographical research.

The grant was announced Saturday.

The grant was one of 16 awarded to Canadian universities. The grants totalled \$75,000.

Other Atlantic Province universities receiving grants were the University of New Brunswick (\$3,040); St. Francis Xavier (\$1,000) and Memorial University of Newfoundland (\$2,000).

Acting mines minister Dinsdale who announced the grants, said they would go toward the cost of financing 28 new projects and 15 already underway in other universities.

U OF T CUCND PREXY QUILTS

TORONTO (CUP) — The campus president of the University of Toronto branch of CUCND resigned his post Tuesday when CUCND members defeated a motion which could have led to the expulsion of U of T Communist leader Danny Goldstick from the organization.

"I resigned on a matter of personal conscience," said Howard Adelman. "I could not sit on the executive in which one of the members supported nuclear testing."

The resolution, "that the CUCND, Toronto branch, interprets the policy statement of CUCND as opposing nuclear testing by any nation for whatever reason," would have made it possible to oust Goldstick from the organization on the grounds of his support of USSR bomb tests.

Adelman had warned the executive beforehand he would resign if the vote were defeated. It was decided not to inform the meeting of this lest it be interpreted as coercion, though Adelman did stress to the meeting his major part in pushing the resolution.

He urged the meeting to support the resolution as an endorsement of the majority of the executive's past actions.

External Affairs No Cocktail Party

OTTAWA (CUP) — If the average student thinks life in the Department of External Affairs is a continual round of cocktail parties and trips to foreign lands, he is to a degree, correct. If this is his main reason for joining the foreign service then he will not be welcome. It's doubtful if he will be admitted.

While it is true that foreign service officers do hold receptions and travel, "life," according to one senior official, "is not all beer and pretzels, and we are not interested in the fellow who thinks a homburg, striped pants, and a furled umbrella make a foreign service officer".

But if the picture of a foreign service officer is not the portrait Hollywood has given us, then what is it?

External Affairs wants men and women too - to handle one of the most demanding jobs in the Civil Service. They must be able to read, digest, and analyze quickly, and have a capacity to write and speak clearly and effectively. They must be able to negotiate and to use discretion and judgement. As this official put it, "they must be able to move from A to B to C."

Work as a foreign service officer encompasses a great range of ideas and geographical areas. Change of jobs and locale is stimulating, and the degree of responsibility is heavy but satisfactory because it comes at the working level. There is a variety of it which cannot be treated in the regular manner of a company executive.

66 Posts

Candidates must have resided in Canada for at least 10 years. They can be graduates of any faculty as the department does not look for specialists, and recruits can expect to be sent to one of 66 posts in more than 50 countries for a period of one to three or more years.

But it's not easy to get into the department. A candidate must pass an oral exam as well as the regular Civil Service examination. Once he passes this, he is on probation for one year, during which time he gets the opportunity to look into three major sections. These are: area (geographic), administration, and functional (particular subject). He also attends lectures given by senior officers, and speaks from outside the department, and he may visit such places as the United Nations, Chalk River, and the National Film Board.

By the end of his first year he should have the feel of the department. His case is reviewed and if he stays - the majority do - he will be posted or take on a desk job until there is an opening.

There is an old story around Ottawa, "Tell them where you don't want to go, and they'll send you where you want to be." This

chestnut has some truth insofar as a man may be sent to Latin America, even if he is interested in India; if there are no openings available at the time he is ready for posting.

But no matter where he is sent he is encouraged to learn the language of the country. Although he is not expected to be completely conversant in that tongue he must become mildly fluent.

To encourage the foreign services officer to learn a new language he is given a monthly \$25 allowance for a tutor, and he can continue this training abroad on an allowance of \$50. However, if he has been studying Spanish in Canada and is posted to Germany, he will drop Spanish, pick up German a few months prior to his departure and continue to learn it in Germany.

The length of any posting ranges from two to three and one-half years depending upon the physical and political hardships encountered. The officer is rarely sent to another country immediately after his term, but comes home for a vacation and a period of reacquaintance with his own country. This is important, for he must not lose contact with the ways and thoughts of Canadians, or he will be unable to represent them abroad. Following this period he will be re-posted, usually to a different country. And the circle begins again.

Good Pay

A student who joins the department this spring will start anywhere from \$4,560 to \$5,880, depending on any previous experience related to the work or work in graduate studies. Not only does he receive a good starting salary but he is offered a superannuation plan, a health plan during his tour of duty.

He will rise through the ranks in relation to his performance in numerous countries. At the end of his probation period he is promoted from Foreign Service Officer 1 to FSO 2, and may keep rising until he reaches ambassador rank. An FSO 2 is usually one of the third secretaries in an embassy. By the time he has been in the service for five to seven years, he should reach the level of second secretary. After eight to ten years he should be first secretary, and some embassies have more than one.

In 13 years he may - if he has not reached the peak of his ability - become a councillor, then a minister councillor and finally an ambassador or high commissioner. (Canada is represented by a high commissioner in commonwealth countries.)

What keeps men and women interested in a life which uproots them and their families every few years? According to one man it is "a sense of service of the country," and to another, the feeling of living in the bloodstream of the twentieth century.'



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TIGER TALES

by Joel Jacobson



BLACK SATURDAY RIDES AGAIN

Dalhousie has done it again. For the second week in a row and the third Saturday this season. Tiger teams lost all Saturday games. Two squads lost Maritime championships won last year.

The varsity football team did better than most expected. Scoring two touchdowns and holding Xaxier under 80 in dropping a 77-13 decision. The JV's were bombed 55-0 at the hands of Shearwater. The soccer Bengals lost their last chance to retain their Maritime Soccer championship when they were whipped by X 6-3. The girl's ground hockey team did not play but saw Mount Allison take their title when the Mounties walloped King's 8-0.

TOMORROWLAND

Saturday November 11, Wickwire-Corkum Day. A sunny, cool afternoon. Packed stands and an SRO crowd. Both Dalhousie Tigers and St. Mary's Huskies ready and waiting at the side line as the National Anthem is played.

The Tigers kick off to the visitors. Rollie Lines, one of fifteen Tigers playing his last game, boots a long end over end kick to a SMU on the 10 who gets only to the 15 before he is smeared by three Tiger tacklers. On first down, Dick (I'll make the fans forget Wickwire) Loiselle fades to pass. Don MacMillan and Pat Picchione blitz and Loiselle eats the ball on the 7. After spitting out the laces, the SMU quarterback fades to pass again. This time he gets it away but Pete Madorin knocks the ball away from the receiver. On third down, SMU punts and Dal takes over on the Huskie 30.

ADVENTURELAND

The crescendo of the fans' voices is heard by all and sundry in the metropolis of Halifax as the cheerleaders cheer and the Dal band booms forth with a "Glory, Glory for Dalhousie". Ted Wickwire assumes his position at quarterback in the final game of his career. On first down, Pete Corkum's number is called and the 180 lb. halfback gains eight over left tackle with Bill Rankin opening a gargantuan hole. Ted (the H-1 with you, Louselle) Wickwire rolls out on second down and keeps on a jaunt around left end that places the ball on the 11. Sid Oland throws the block that sends Wick on his way.

Utter bedlam in Bengalsville. SMU fans are pleading with their defence to stem the Tiger tide. Bengal supporters are begging the offensive squad to score. Wickwire fades to throw again and four Huskie pour through the line at him. Bob Hayes, Huskie coach, tears his hair as Pete Corkum carries on the draw and is up-ended on the 2. "Holy Cow!!! We're going to score!!! Corkum over the left side. Touchdown, thanks to blocks by Doug Parker and Rankin. Cartwheels and trumpets. Madness. Pete Madorin calmly boots the extra point. Only four minutes played. Can they hold 'em for 56 minutes?

MORE ADVENTURELAND

Kickoff!!! The Huskies don't move as Reid Morden keeps them away from the left end and Mike Lloyd and Ross Mollard allow no one through the middle. The teams trade possession of the ball and the quarter ends with Dal scrambling to hold their 7-0 lead. The second quarter continues in the same vein until Wickwire hits Bruce Stewart with a 40 yarder on the Huskie 20. Two passes fall awry and Madorin sets for a 27 yard field goal attempt. The snap, it's down, it's in the air — good!!! Dal leads 10-0 at the half.

During the half time interval the usual entertainment of a Dal-SMU game is presented with each side scoring a slight mortal victory. SMU steals a Dal drum but Dal steals a SMU cheerleader. Dal got the worst of the deal.

As the half time break closes, Wickwire and Corkum are honored by their fans being presented with Cadillacs, a harem, golf clubs, lifetime subscriptions to PLAYBOY, etc. ad infinitum.

Finally the game resumes with Corkum returning the kickoff 62 yards to the SMU 37. On first down, Stewart makes a leaping grab of a Wickwire pass on the 22 and races to the 15. With Oland and Parker throwing key blocks. Corkum gains eight and then scores the 186th point of his career with a 7 yard TD romp. Madorin converts and Dal holds an unbelievable 17-0 lead.

STILL MORE ADVENTURELAND

After the kickoff, neither Greg McClare nor Ted Chandonnet can escape the clutches of MacMillan, Lloyd Mollard, Oland, Lines and Co. The punt is returned but the Bengal machine sputters. Are the Tigers dead? Lines answer that query quickly with a tremendous 60 yard punt into the wind. SMU takes over on their own 7.

Dick (maybe I'll go south for the winter) Loiselle is hit by Oland on first down so savagely that the ball is jarred loose. Vince DeRobbio, back after a long layoff, jumps on the ball.

With the fans cheering and Harry Wilson, Merv Shaw and Reg Cluney pensively watching the offensive squad, Wickwire fades to pass. Finding no receivers, the quarterback dodges three tacklers, picks up a block from Eric Parsons and dives into the end zone. Madorin again kicks the point and Dal lead 24-0.

Play continues into the fourth quarter. Wilson chortles with glee. SMU finally gets an offensive threat going with Ray Roy taking over from Dick (there goes my "scholarship") Loiselle. On Dal's 10, McClare carries and is snowed under by Mollard Picchione and Lloyd. No gain. Roy fades to pass and blitzed by Oland — 10 yard loss. Bob Hayes openly weeps at the SMU bench.

FANTASYLAND

Dal leading 24-0 with about three minutes remaining. This can't be. I'll pinch myself to see if I'm dreaming . . . Darn, today's only Wednesday and I'll miss my 9 o'clock class if I don't hurry.

Hockey To Start Soon

Dalhousie Varsity hockey team has been holding practices all week, in preparation for their first game on November 11 against an improved Nova Scotia Tech team.

Lost from last year's team are Pete Corkum, Ray Kaizer and George Boyd. Several of the football players are question marks for some time, Roy Velmirovitch who was injured playing football is not expected to be in action until after Christmas. Eric Parsons is a doubtful starter for some time.

The success of the team at this time depends on a number of questions marks, but if a number

of football players and those injured recover, Dalhousie could have a successful season.

Among the newcomers are two former St. Mary's stars Wayne Keddy and Velmirovitch from Queen Elizabeth is Johnny MacKiegan.

The Tigers have entered a local league this year composed of Dalhousie, St. Mary's, Tech, Stadacona, Shearwater. Two games will be played with Acadia in Intercollegiate competition, one being the annual game in Acadia during the winter carnival. After regular league play-offs an Intercollegiate playdown will be held with the Acadians for the Inter-collegiate championship.

Meds. Take Inter-fac Lead

Medicine have taken the lead in interfac football with only one playing date remaining. The doctors have won five games without defeat and hold a two-point lead over Commerce and Engineers deadlocked with four wins and one loss.

Last week, Medicine virtually clinched top spot with a 13-0 win over Commerce. Pete Hawk and Tom Dobson scored majors for the winners with Lou Simon adding a single. Medicine have allowed only seven points in their five games played.

Dentistry and Engineers each picked up a forfeit win with Dents beating Science and Engineers winning over Arts.

In the final game of the week, Commerce paced by Don Bauld, whipped Law 13-0. Bauld scored his fourth TD of the year to take over second place in the scoring race. Don Sullivan, Engineers' quarterback, has scored six times to lead with 36 points, while Bauld has 25 points with a convert added to his four majors.

Lou Simon of Med has 21 points on three TD's and a trio of converts.

STANDING

	W	L	F	A	Pts
Medicine	5	0	65	7	10
Engineers	4	1	44	24	8
Commerce	4	1	40	20	8
Dents	2	2	8	18	4
Arts	1	3	12	20	2
Science	1	5	13	42	2
Law	0	5	0	51	0

Men Wanted Now

The following positions are open in the Athletic department for the winter season: Trainer, Salary - \$50.

Varsity and Junior Varsity Equipment Manager, Salary - \$200.

Inter-faculty equipment manager, Salary \$150.

Those interested in making application for these positions should do so immediately to Athletic Director Dewitt Dargie.

Registration Pictures Box

The Registration Pictures are now at the

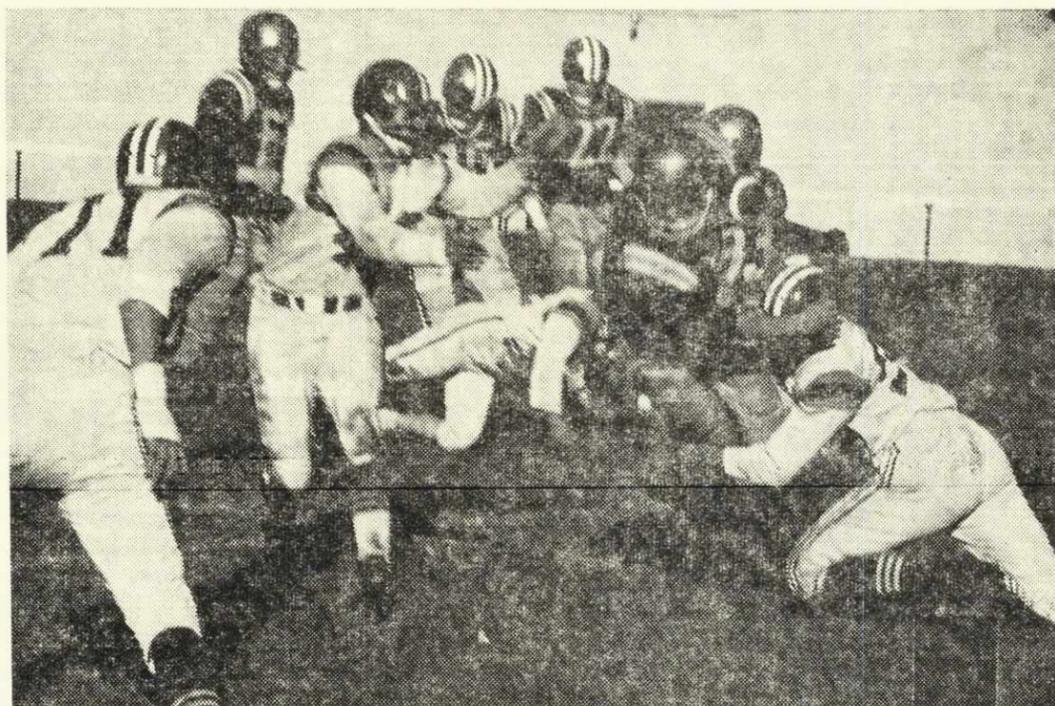
PHAROS OFFICE

— Old Men's Residence —
Wed., Thurs., Fri., 12 noon to 1:15 p.m.

Please pick them up right away.

Retakes

All students who did not have their pictures taken at registration, please present themselves to be "shot" in Room 103 A & A Building, Fri. Nov. 17, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. or Sat., Nov. 18, 9 a.m. to 12:15 p.m.



Ken Elloway is shown making yards against Shearwater in the 55-0 defeat of the Junior Varsity last Saturday.

Tigers Drop Three

By JACK CONROD

Both Dalhousie Football teams and the soccer team had another unsuccessful weekend all three by top-heavy scores.

The varsity football team lost to arch-rivals St. FX by the top heavy score of 77-19. Madorin and Corkum scored majors for Dal, while Hayes scored seven against the Tigers. This ran the Dalhousie record to 0-6 but next week they can act as the spoilers in St. Mary's bid for a playoff spot. By keeping the score close they can eliminate our city rivals from the playdowns and win the Lobster Trap Trophy. This would be sweet revenge for the Tigers but a win would be an even bigger feather in teams' cap.

The soccer team lost also, to the X-men by a 6-3 score. This eliminated Dal from their quest for a second straight Maritime Soccer Championship.

The Junior Varsity team who wound up a winless season with a loss to the Shearwater Juniors 55-0. Emery Chopin, Rondeau, and Ken Abelson starred for the junior Tigers in their losing cause.

Although this was the second week in a row that Dal teams dropped all three games, it must be remembered that the men who play for these teams play only for the love of the game and come to University to get an education. They do not receive any remuneration for the services. No blame can be attached to the players and coaches, if the rest of the league through various means have been able to field a better team than the Tigers local players.

SOPHISTICATE!!!

Kitten

perfectly-matching skirts and sweaters in "Twenty-one" orlon—fully-fashioned, hand-finished, in many exciting new styles for Fall—in many new high-fashion shades! Above—¾ sleeve cardigan, with roll back collar, new Wevenit dyed-to-match skirt. Sweater, 34-42 . . . \$10.98, skirt 8-20 . . . \$14.98. At all good shops!

Without this label it is not a genuine Kitten.

Dal Edges King's 1-0; Now Second in League

The Dal Field Hockey gals ended their Intercollegiate season on a victorious note last week, as they squeaked by a fired up King's team, 1-0. Jane Williams connected for the lone tally of the game with five minutes of play remaining. The win left Dal in second place in the league, behind Mount A.

The game played last Tuesday, was a pleasant contrast to Dal's last outing (against Mount A). Play was clean and fast, with the accent on passing and stick-work.

Effective Defence Work

Most of the play was between the two twenty-five yard lines, with both defensive units effectively bottling up the other team's attack. Dal penetrated the King's defence two or three times, resulting in scuffles around the King's net, but they were unable to get the ball the last three feet into the goal. King's closed in on the Dal goal once or twice in the half but Penny Bennett, Dal's goalie, was equal to the occasion and soon dampened any hopes King's had of scoring.

The second half was more wide open, as both forward lines began to carry the ball more effectively. Frankie Cochrane, King's speedy right wing, gave Dal some anxious moments, with her rushes down the field. Dal's freshette forward line if Sigi Frihagen, Dorothy Woodhouse and Jennifer Botterell, with veteran Janie Williams in centre, and former Acadia player Jeanne Fraser on left wing, went on the offensive and carried the ball into the King's end.

Williams Tallies For Dal
Jane Williams' goal, which proved to be the winner, came as the result of a Dal free hit out-

side the King's circle. The ball went straight to the King's goalie, who cleared it, but the Dal forwards were right in there, and after a scramble Jane Williams tapped the ball over the goal line.

This was the last Intercollegiate game for Dal stalwarts Jane Williams, Bobbie Wood and Penny Bennett, who have all played standout hockey for the Black and Gold over the past few years, and their graduation will leave a few big holes to be filled next year. However, with such a strong core of freshettes on the squad, and with help from a vastly improved JV team, coach Iris Bliss should have little trouble moulding a winning combination next year.



BARBARA CARSLEY playing for a King's Field Hockey team is pictured above as she slips the ball past Dal's full-back Joyce Smith in last week's match on the Dal field. To the left Joyce is Dal's halfback Winna Millar.

(Photo by Bissett)

BLACKS BOW TO GOLDS IN FIELD HOCKEY FINALE

Twenty-two loyal Tigettes turned to rivals last Thursday night as they battled out one of their last games of the Field Hockey season. Two teams were drawn up at random from the Varsity and Junior Varsity players, forming a Gold squad and a Black squad.

Bliss Opens Scoring

Following warm up displays, scheming huddles and outbursts of cheer, the Blacks and Golds finally came to blows. During the first half the play centered around the Black squad's end with the Gold players driving for goals. The Black defence did their best to keep their opponents at bay but were unable to intercept the spectacular shot executed by Iris Bliss who played a good wing game for the Gold team. The Blacks were unable to break through to make any shots on the opposing goal during the first half and hence the score was 1-0 for the Golds at half-time.

The second half of the game saw a slight change in normal procedure. The defence played offence and the offence played defence. All players of both teams covered the whole field including the mobile goalie, Penny Bennett, who tried her hardest to surprise her Black opponents by slipping in a goal. Then up stepped the veteran, Bobbie Wood, and made a spectacular run covering half the field with the hockey ball tucked away in her pocket and dropped it into the net. This stunned the Blacks but not for long as Ann Dunnigan, trying the same trick, started down the field at top speed. The Golds, however, were prepared and intercepted her on the 25-yard line, ending the Blacks' only hope for a goal.

Excitement Mounts

Excitement increased as time went on. Three hits on a bully narrowed to one, roll-ins soaring through the air, and corners saw every Gold player lined up against every Black player. The ball travelled from one end of the field to the other with all the team members playing their best ground hockey of the season. The game ended with no hard feelings and the Golds were the victors.

The teams were rewarded with such prizes as horns balloons, windmills, etc. at the party following the game, with everyone having a terrific time. A presentation was made to Iris Bliss as a small token of appreciation for the wonderful coaching she gave to her teams.

Black lineup: Kay Aldworth, Ann Dunnigan, Joyce Smith, Daphne Armstrong, Rebecca Chan, Dorothy Woodhouse, Jean Hattie, Wendy Doody, Donna MacRae, Julia Greene.

Gold lineup: Penny Bennett, Jennifer Botterell, Sharon Blackburn, Bobbie Wood, Janie Williams, Donna Crockett, Gill Rowen-Legg, Heather Grant, Diana Messervy, Winna Millar, Iris Bliss.

Season Opens In Volleyball

Turnout for Volleyball this year has been very poor so far with only four to eight girls turning out to practise at one time. The coach, Iris Bliss, would like to have as many girls as possible come out to these practises for the Intercollegiate Tournament is only two weeks away. You do not have to be an accomplished player — everyone is welcome.

This year King's College is hosting the Intercollegiate Tournament which will be staged November 23rd and 24th. It is to be a round-robin tournament with

the various Maritime universities competing. The U.N.B. "Rompers" took the championship last year with the Dal "Tigettes" in second place. Perhaps Dal can take top spot this year — let's make a good try anyhow!

ATTENTION GIRLS!
Would all girls interested in trying out for the Varsity Swim Team please leave their name and phone number with Miss Bliss at the gym.

HEY FELLOWS!

JV and Varsity Basketball gets underway Nov. 13
5:30 p.m. in the gym.
All interested are asked to try out.

Train for a Career With a Future



Here are four interesting and rewarding plans for young men interested in a career as a commissioned officer in the Canadian Army:



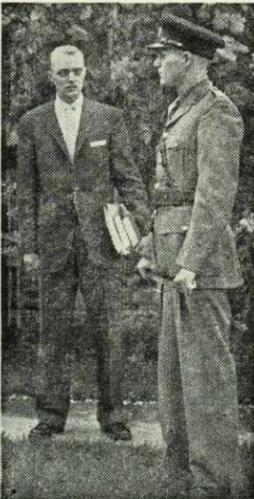
SUBSIDIZATION FOR PROFESSIONAL TRAINING—There are tri-Service plans wherein university students in medicine or dentistry can be subsidized during their course and become commissioned Doctors or Dentists in the Canadian Armed Forces.



THE REGULAR OFFICER TRAINING PLAN—This is a tri-Service Plan wherein high school graduates receive advanced education and leadership training at one of the Canadian Service Colleges or a university to become officers in the Royal Canadian Navy, the Canadian Army or the Royal Canadian Air Force.



THE CANADIAN OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS—University undergraduates may obtain a commission by training during their spare time and summer holidays. The student who trains under this plan is paid for his actual training time and is not obligated for full-time service after graduation.



THE OFFICER CANDIDATE PROGRAMME—Selected high school graduates, not wishing to undergo academic training for a degree, may qualify as a short service officer after a brief intensive period of military training and later may apply to become a regular officer.

You may obtain full information on any of these plans from your University Army Resident Staff Officer.

CALLING ALL GIRLS!

Volleyball practises are now underway.

All interested girls are urged to come out. See the coach for practice times.

The intercollegiate tournament will be

held Nov. 23rd and 24th.



THERE SHE GOES—Janie Williams is pictured above leading the Dal forward line in a breakaway into the King's zone. Janie scored the only goal in the game giving Dal a 1-0 win over King's.
(Photo by Bissett)

U. N. 'Imperfect But Indispensable'

— SAYS WOODSIDE

U. of T. Rejects CUCND

Toronto (Cup) — Students at the University of Toronto have voted their rejection of the CUCND.

Results of the Varsity's poll on Nuclear Disarmament, carried out last week, showed about two-thirds of the 2,325 students who voted, had methods ed both the aims and methods of the ban-the-bomb organization. The results are the same as those at McGill University where a similar poll was run by the Daily.

Statisticians from the Wallenstein Foundation warned the Varsity that the figures shown in the tabulations should not be accepted as exact. There may be as much as 30 per cent error in any of the figures.

Boxes Stuffed

Stuffing of ballot boxes - done by both sides - also has thrown a shadow over the results of the survey. However, claims the Varsity, the large number of total votes, together with the fact that samples taken on different days and at different places all compared closely with each other, show a definite trend against CUCND in voting.

Generally, arts students were less opposed to CUCND than were science students.

Comments and suggestions on the ballots showed great intensity of feeling in some cases.

Ballot counters pointed out that every single ballot handed in from a Divinity School favored retention of nuclear weapons.

Most students agreed that Canada should have nuclear weapons, and the most frequent comment was "better dead than Red."

Aims Unknown

Generally, the poll showed that most students did not know what the aims of CUCND are. Many who said they supported the aims did not agree with the statement "Canada should unilaterally renounce nuclear arms" which is, in point of fact, part of the policy of CUCND.

Toronto president of CUCND, Howard Adelman, said he congratulated the Varsity "for its interest and willingness to conduct such a poll. It did not, of course, some failings. It did not differentiate between those who did not support CUCND"

"The poll, of course, revealed a grave failure of the CUCND to advertise its policies sufficiently," he said.

"The United Nations is an imperfect, but utterly indispensable organization," Wilton Woodside, national director of the United Nations Association in Canada said at Dalhousie last week.

Weak

Mr. Woodside said physically the U.N. was a very weak organization and had never been able to compel its two strongest members to do anything they did not want to do.

"Viewed this way the United Nations may not seem a very impressive organization," Mr. Woodside said. "What is the strength that keeps it going? It is moral strength, and I include as a moral factor the need which almost all nations feel for a world meeting place," he said.

Mr. Woodside said there must have been some powerful idea which had brought nations together from every corner of the world. "This idea is the recognition that, in today's world, no nation can live by itself."

Commenting on the changes in the U.N. since its inception in San Francisco in 1945 Mr. Woodside said it had shown a capacity for growth and development which marked one of the great differences between it and the old League of Nations.

China Problem

One of the great problems facing the U.N. this session, he said, was the seating or admission of Communist China. He said there were three ways in which this could be handled: as a matter of credentials in which the credentials committee could reject the credentials of the Nationalist Chinese delegation and accept the credentials of the Communist Chinese delegation; use the same procedure as above, but impose the condition that Communist China must agree to a plebiscite on Taiwan, or promise not to seize the island by force; or by accepting both mainland China and Taiwan as members.

Mr. Woodside said that if mainland China were seated at this session it would probably be done by accepting its credentials and throwing out Nationalist China. But he added it was more probable that a commission would be set up to study the whole problem and report on the best solution at the next session.

One outcome of the China question, he said, was the problem of finance. If communist China was seated this session, there was a strong possibility the U.S. Congress would cut its financial support to the U.N., placing it on the brink of bankruptcy. He said he thought President Kennedy was counting on at least one more year to bring public opinion in the U.S. round to a point where it would accept the seating of mainland China in the U.N.



REV. TOM ALLAN



Allan Ends Successful Mission At Dalhousie

by MARILYN WITHROW
Gazette Staff Writer

Rev. Tom Allan, the Scottish evangelist, wound up his five-day mission on the Dalhousie campus last week. Officials indicated that the mission had fared better at Dal than at other universities.

"It is impossible to preserve our intellectual integrity and fail to be aware of our dilemma," Rev. Tom Allan told the students. The address was one of a series given by Mr. Allan during the mission.

Many Reject

Mr. Allan pointed out that many rejected the Christian faith at the point where it affirmed men were sinners who needed to be saved. Most of us rebel because we are not willing to recognize our true position, he said. "Wisdom begins when we realize that the basic fault lies with ourselves," Mr. Allan said.

Christianity, Mr. Allan claimed, involved a personal commitment of the whole man to Jesus Christ and in this commitment "lies the ultimate hope of man." Christ was not concerned with "the emasculation of human personality" but in its fulfillment, he said. Mr. Allan emphasized that mind, heart and will must all be involved in response to Christ. "Christ doesn't destroy reason," he said, "he sanctifies it."

Person Of Christ

Christian faith he said was not an ascetic philosophical or theo-

U. S. STUDENTS PROTEST BOMB

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA (CUP from UPS) — Joining in the chorus of protests against the resumption of nuclear testing by the Soviet Union, students at the University of California here held a 24 hour vigil this week to condemn nuclear explosions.

The vigil, went from Tuesday noon to Wednesday noon. Tuesday night a resolution was to be presented to the Executive Committee of the Associated Students of the University of California, in the hopes that it would support the vigil.

The text of the resolution read:

"The Executive Committee expresses its sympathy for, and support of, the vigil against nuclear testing now being held on this campus. The Committee calls the attention of the students on this campus to the vigil and urges that students participate in it."

The resolution was circulated on campus together with the signatures of faculty and students. Other peace groups in the Bay Area were also being contacted in the hope that they would join in the vigil. The sponsors also hope that other campuses around the country will hold vigils.

logical propositions but the confrontation with the person of Christ. Personal response in faith was demanded by the person of Christ, by Christ's work, and by the claims which he makes upon us.

Open identification with Christ was "a fundamental condition of discipleship," Mr. Allan said.

Mr. Allan claimed that no man, he said could enter fully into "the powers and possibilities" of the Christian life apart from membership in the church of Jesus Christ. The church was not an institution to maintain moral principles or a particular way of life. The church was the living community of believers and the pledge of the victory of God. It was "the instrument of God's purpose" to continue the redemptive work of Christ. "The church must be concerned with the world pre-

cisely because God is concerned."

Great Issues

Mr. Allan mentioned the great issues facing man today and said as Christians consider their responsibility "they must exercise the gift of charity." He said there are legitimate differences of understanding among Christians faced with the tremendous modern problems. However he said there was "no place for fear in the church's attitude to the world."

Mr. Allan emphasized that those who reject the Christian faith "should be sure that it is Christianity they are rejecting," and "not a human interpretation of it." "It is part of our duty as students and people of intellectual integrity to find out what we are rejecting if we reject," he said.

"Is this dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"



A COLLEGE EDUCATION — St. Mary's University paid its annual Hallowe'en visit to Dalhousie last week with the same results — damage throughout the campus. Here a couple of workmen attempt to clean up the damage left by the maurading students.

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