

# SCHOLARSHIPS ANNOUNCED AT DALHOUSIE; LAW SOCIETY WELSHES ON DAL SONG

## Law Misplaces Dal Song Hundreds wait— Hear Nothing—

The Law Ball was its usual sterling self the other night and for all concerned it is reported to have been a magnificently splendid evening.

However, somewhere along the line the Dal legal beagles seem to have let the old side down. Judicial integrity seems to have been dealt a body blow by the Dalhousie Law students at the very height of their festive fancy. To quote Howland Owl, of Pogo Possum fame, "the star has vanished from the heavens of jurisprudence."

Are you wondering what happened at the Law Ball? We are all wondering. We are wondering what happened to the "Dalhousie Song" that was alleged by a body of Law Blaws (blaw—de-lusive promise, or the like—Funk and Wagnall) to have been prepared for presentation at the Ball.

In other words, there was no Dal Song officially sounded at the Law Ball. After the Gazette went to the trouble of supplying a two column story about it, with a two line 24 point tempo head and a 60 point Gothic banner it turns out that there was no song after all. There is a feeling of great injury prevalent in Gazette editorial circles.

First official reports on the missing song indicated that it had been stolen by Soviet agents; however, subsequent Gazette investigation leads to the belief that the Dal Song was misplaced or lost in a heavy fog that started to settle over the Law Ball around 10 o'clock. However, some kudos must be bestowed on the lawyers for a very nice thought, anyway.

### STORK CLUB

Monday, October 27—5:30 a.m.—Prof. Louise T. Welsh had a son, 7 pounds!

### Hazing Fatal

Johnson City, Tenn. — A Milligan College freshman died Monday of injuries suffered during a freshman week hazing event. Calvin Dougherty, 17, was injured Sept. 21 when he ran into a tennis cable racing against time on orders of upper classmen.

## Drama Club Prepares "As You Like It"

Shakespeare's *As You Like It* is a charming comedy which combines the elements of romance, pastoral, and native English ballad.

Duke Frederick, after usurping his brother's crown, banishes the fallen Duke from his dominions, but keeps his daughter, Rosalind as a playmate and companion to his own daughter Celia. Also living at court are the three sons of Sir Rowland de Boys, Oliver, Jaques and Orlando. Orlando and Rosalind meet and fall in love with each other, but shortly afterwards, due to unjust prejudice the girl is banished from court. Celia, who loves her cousin very much, flees with her, to the forest of Arden, where unknown to the two girls, Rosalind's father lives in the company of his loyal noble men.

There are several delightful scenes during which the two girls who have disguised themselves as shepherd and shepherdess, meet the forest dwellers. Meanwhile, Orlando is also banished from court after he and his jealous older brother, Oliver, have quarrelled. The two lovers, Orlando and Rosalind, meet and are reunited in the forest of Arden. The plot of the play is lightened in the typical Shakespearean manner by the introduction of

To the man who is guilty, the Gazette has decided, rather than prosecute the Law School for breach of contract, to quote once again the immortal words of Howland Owl. To the guilty party, wherever he may be, we say, "Stay! that the sword of justice may fall upon your handsome hollow skull, and the mantle of guilt will shroud you before a goggin' world." As Cicero said when Bingo was legalized in Rome, "Sic transit gloria legis."

## Proposed Raise In Students' Council Fee

A hike in student council fees loomed as a strong possibility for some 1100 full-time students at Dalhousie University. Hint of the proposed boost came on Tuesday of last week at a Student Council forum held in the Arts and Administration Building.

Reg Cluney, president of the Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Club, told a small audience the need for more money had resulted from Dal's decrease of over 100 students in enrollment for the 1953-54 term. "If Dal is to improve its name in intercollegiate sports," declared Mr. Cluney, "then it must make every effort to take part in as many types of sports as possible.

In a report on the Maritime Intercollegiate Athletic Union, the speaker noted that Dal had been

## Junior Prom Radio Committee Nov. 10

A Junior Class Meeting was held in room 234 of the Arts Building on Tuesday of last week. John Brown presided over the meeting.

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss plans for the Junior prom which is to be held November 10. It was decided that a queen will be chosen at the Prom. Judges chosen to decide who the queen will be were Al Campbell, Dave Fraser and Jans Wilson.

The problem of decorating the gym was also discussed before the meeting was adjourned.

## Radio Committee Meeting

The Dalhousie Radio Committee held its initial meeting in Room 7 of the Men's Residence, on Tuesday, Oct. 27. Publicity Manager John Mercer, conducted the meeting and gave those present, especially the newcomers, a briefing on the activities of the Radio Committee.

The executive for the year were announced. They are chairman, Russ Hatton; vice-chairman, Ken Stubington; vice-chairman, Matt Epstein; general manager, Barbara Ann Grossman; publicity manager, John Mercer.

It was brought to the attention of the meeting that the activities of the DRC placed a demand for such talents as announcing, producing, script writing and typing. Those who could not attend the meeting on Tuesday and are interested in learning something about radio work, are urged to attend a meeting of the Radio Committee on Friday, Oct. 30 in Room 7 of the Men's Residence at 2.00 p.m.

The DRC has ambitious plans for the coming months, they want to get down to work right away, but they need lots of help. If you're interested in radio work, come on out to the meeting on Friday. Previous experience is not a necessity.

## Notices

The Glee Club requires the services of two trumpeters to exercise their art on stage in "As You Like It." The benefits of this employment will be chiefly a trip to Truro with all expenses paid, but also the satisfaction of appearing on stage in a costume and letting your friends hear you blow. Anyone interested in these positions please come to rehearsal on Friday between 6:30 and 7:00 in the West Common Room of the Men's Residence, or contact Dave Peel.

Will everybody who leaves a coat in any of the lockers at the university please put their name in the coat as there have been some confusion in taking the wrong coat.

Will all organizations that have any notices concerning announcements of meetings please bring them to the Gazette not later than noon on Tuesday of every week.

## Reception For New Students

President and Mrs. Kerr announce that they will be at home to all students registered here for the first time, in the various faculties of the University, on Friday evening, October 30, at 8 o'clock.

The main purpose of the "At Home" is to give the President and Mrs. Kerr an opportunity of meeting all the new students in the University for the session 1953-54.

## Dal Will Enter Drama League

Dalhousie Dramatics Club is again taking part in the Inter-University Drama Festival this year by entering Stanley Houghton's one act play *The Dear Departed*. The plot deals with the complications which arise when a man who was believed to be dead is discovered to be still alive. Casting for *The Dear Departed* took place last Wednesday night at the Engineering Common Room. Roland Thornhill, this year's typical freshman, will take the part of Henry, while Joan Edwards will take part as his wife. Dave Peel will be Ben

and Brenda Murphy his wife, David Murray was chosen as Mr. Merryweather, and Victoria, a ten year old child will be played by Carol Vincent. The play will be directed by Prof. Devan, and will certainly be a success when it appears on stage early in November. Acadia and Kings are the other two universities taking part in this festival, which has been met with much approval in previous years. Be sure to watch for posters announcing the exact date in which the plays will be held at the Dalhousie gymnasium.

## Twenty-Five Scholarships Awarded To Dalhousie University Students

Twenty-six scholarships, including 23 entrance scholarships, have been awarded by the Faculty of Arts and Science at Dalhousie University, according to an official announcement. "The Scholarship Committee," the announcement said, "reported that excellent marks were obtained by the scholarship winners, indicating that these new students are of outstanding academic quality.

For a variety of reasons, students have been registering late this year and registration is not yet complete. To date 1,388 students have registered and approximately 12 more are expected, bringing the total to 1,400, compared with 1,413 last year. So far, 431 new students have registered, compared with 425 for the previous year, and the figure includes a notable increase in the Department of Engineering.

The scholarship awards are as follows:

Sarah Pullen, Chester Basin, has been awarded the Dalhousie Club of New York Entrance Scholarship to the value of \$800. Other University Entrance Scholarships to the value of \$600 and \$700 have been awarded to Melvin Calkin, New Glasgow; Lalia Dauphinee, Dartmouth; Carolyn Flemming, Truro; John Keyston, Rockingham; Jean MacPherson, Bridgewater; Ross Martin, Corner Brook, Newfoundland; Patricia O'Brien, Noel; Donald Ross, Salt Springs; Victor Saxon, New Waterford; and Olga Apinis, Colleen Ashworth, David Betts, Emanuel Laufer, R. Graham Mitchell, David Murray, and Ernestine Pace, all of Halifax.

Other entrance scholarships have been awarded as follows:

Armdale Chapter, IODE Bursary; John Donald Hill, Armdale; Price of Wales College Scholarships; Dr. Samuel N. Robertson Memorial Scholarships, Alan R. Champion, Kensington, Lily Hamilton Seaman Scholarship, Sarah Isabel MacLeod, Murray River; Morton R. Heinisch Memorial Scholarship; Juanita E. Rinzler, Halifax.

Howard Murray Scholarships in Latin have been awarded to James Donahoe, and Margaret Henderson, both of Halifax.

The scholarships in English have been awarded as follows: the Archibald MacMechan Scholarship, Dorothy M. S. Coons, Halifax; Marion S. Morrow Chapter IODE Scholarship, Barbara Davison, Dorval; and the Evangeline Chapter IODE Scholarship, Gaylan Rutledge, Dartmouth.

## No Increase In Fee for NFCUS at Dal

A decision by Dalhousie University not to increase its payment-per-student to the National Federation of Canadian University Students has resulted in Dal being dropped to a second-power voting member of NFCUS.

This was made known last Thursday at a Student Council forum with president Gordon McConnell presiding.

Reporting on the recent national meeting of NFCUS in Montreal, Duncan Fraser, Dal NFCUS

president, stated it was the intention of this university to continue its 20-cent-per-student payment to the national body. Last week's convention adopted a procedure whereby only those universities which contributed 50-cents-per-student to the main group would be granted voting privileges at the 1954 plenary session.

Adoption of the measure has split NFCUS into two financial camps. However, Fraser pointed out, those universities that exhibit outstanding work in the field of NFCUS may be granted plenary voting rights—based on a decision to be made at the national conference.

Among other items urged by the Montreal delegates were implementation of national scholarships, reduction of student rail fares and expansion of cross-country competitions among Canadian universities in the field of visual arts.

## Sherriff Hall Formal November 4th

The annual Sherriff Hall formal will take place on Wednesday, Nov. 4th with Les Single and his orchestra providing music from 9-1.

Tickets are \$1.75 per couple and may be obtained from any of the committee: Barbara Cheswick, chairman; Sarah Pullen, Ann Rayworth, Pat MacAvity, Anne Thompson and Sandra Fraser. Chaperones will include Miss Mary Mowat and various members of the faculty.

This dance promises to be as enjoyable as it has been in past years. The committee members refuse to divulge the decoration theme, but state that it will surpass that of former years.

## ATTENTION STUDENTS

The WUSC is having a dance this Friday in the gymnasium with music supplied by Dexter Kauback. The proceeds of this dance will go to the Delhi Health Centre in India.

It is the first regular dance of the term and all are welcome. So grab your favorite girl and hike up to the gym on Hallowe'en.

## Dal-Tech Newman Club

The Dal-Tech Newman club held its first communion breakfast of the season last Sunday morning. Mass was said in the chapel on the second floor and then breakfast was served. Everybody agreed that the food was tops. A short business meeting was held and the faculty representatives were elected. The attendance was better than last year but there are many more who could come. So come on fellows and girls show some spirit and get up a little early for the next one which will be held the first part of November—you will be glad you did.

In the evening the usual weekly meeting was held. Father Robertson gave a short talk and a discussion followed with many of the questions puzzling people for a long time being cleared up. The regular social was held after the meeting and was very well attended, especially since the weather was so bad. Next week Father Robertson will again give a lecture on apologetics, so come along enter the discussion and enjoy the dancing afterwards.

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

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## Editorial

In response to many queries received lately from those who wish to write for the Gazette but are a bit doubtful of what to write about, we are including here an outline of the Gazette's desires and hopes for the coming year.

To begin with the Gazette is striving for a superior literary quality; we realize that we often fall short of that mark, but it is only by constant endeavor that the Gazette will be able to print literature equitable with University standards.

As far as choices of topics go the Gazette leaves that to the discretion of contributors, however, it might help to point out the possibilities in many fields on which ideas, opinions or information might be written. Although there are really too many to include them all, here are a few random areas wherein contributions would be welcome.

Contemporary Morals — Utility of Religion, pro and con — the Haphazard Choosing of Mates — Communism vs. Capitalism — Contemporary Literature — The State of Art — The Integrity in the Workings of Canadian Justice — The Pros and Cons of Revolution — Adjustment of Sex Convention to suit Present Actuality — The State of Canadian Prisons — The Fate of Modern Education—, and so on. In a word the number of topics, both controversial and informative that are worth putting in the Gazette, are numberless.

Now there are those who will claim that many of the above mentioned topics are of no relevance to University students; for those people there can be only pity, for in truth there is nothing in the world that should lie beyond the concern of the University student.

Therefore if you have wondered about a subject which might be of interest to the readers of the Gazette we can only say that anything you care to put effort into has worth to worthwhile people.

Fact or fiction, write it down and hand it on to the Gazette, you do not have to sign it if you do not wish to—the Gazette is a Free Press.

## "Judge Not!"

*In Men, whom men condemn as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still.  
In men whom men pronounce divine  
I find so much of sin and blot.  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two where God has not.*

In our modern age, as in all ages, we are apt to spend a lot of time condemning or praising groups or individuals around us without trying to make an objective appraisal of the virtue of those we measure.

What it boils down to is that the little folk verse above is saying, in other words, or with a different mood, what was said by the Nazarene many years ago when he said "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

for with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Although it is banal to relate such a great truth to such a trifle as the printed page it is perhaps worthwhile to consider what we have to say about what we read in print. For every man who writes had behind it a thought or an ideal. Perhaps the writer is not always right but it is likely that somewhere in his thinking he is looking for truth in his expression.

Therefore when we disagree or criticize, it is well to remember;

"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye and then shall thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

In place of too much criticism let us apply enquiry and self effort to improve.

Instead of hostility let us apply charity.  
The resultant harmony will be of benefit for all.

## A Student Goes To India

It was my privilege this past summer to spend twelve weeks in India representing Dalhousie at an international students' Seminar sponsored by the World University Service of Canada (W.U.S.C.) About 40 Canadian students and professors attended the Seminar, which was held in Mysore City, making us the largest national group represented; as well there were ten from the U.S.A., ten from European countries, and about 40 others. In all, nineteen countries and four continents were represented.

Such a Seminar is an expensive undertaking, and it was made possible by generous grants from the Ford Foundation, from provincial governments of Canada (including the Government of Nova Scotia), and from local W.U.S.C. committees.

The five-week Seminar was designed to provide an experience in international living; by this means it was hoped: (1) through formal and informal discussions and contact

May 1. Stood at the stern rail of the Franconia and watched the Chateau Frontenac become smaller and smaller. The fast-setting sun, striking the green copper roof, for a moment gave it the appearance of a halo, then quietly slipped beneath the western skyline, to leave me staring down at the murky bubbleings of a new-born wake. A long sigh broke the stillness and I turned to see a familiar figure standing nearby, elbows on the rail, chin cupped in hands, and eyes fixed on the little twinkling lights dotting the St. Lawrence shore. "Kind of hard to leave," said Hughie, in a mournful manner, like maybe we were leaving to settle in the Fijis for life . . . As he picked himself up off the deck and brushed the seat of his pants off, he began to come to his senses. "Maybe you're right," he murmured, "maybe you're right. O.K., let's make every minute of this count. For instance, I can smell that turkey three decks down." That was it.

There were three varieties of salt water . . . rough, unbelievably rough, and slip-me-over-gently-but-save-the-flag. On our trip, I'm sure old Neptune came up with a fourth variety. There were eight people at our table . . . that is, there were eight places for people. One girl from Minnesota put in a momentary appearance the night before we docked, just for the looks of things . . . you know how women are. The headwaiter helped her back to her place at the rail. By the end of the second day out you couldn't buy a place at the rail. Funny how people like to look over the side of a ship when it's going. Watching the gulls, I suppose.

Those Cunard sailors really take pride in keeping their ship clean. The hoses were going twenty-four hours a day on the upper deck. We shared a cabin with two "characters". One was a sallow-faced baker from Montreal named Hebert, going over to compete in the motorcycle marathon on the Isle-of-Man. The other was a stolid English business man from Yokohama, Japan, who had spent part of the war in an internment camp. I can still see Hebert leaning green-faced across his bunk as Turner stood well planted in the middle of the rotating floor and expounded at great length on his voyage across the stormy Pacific. And I can also see poor Hebert, when he could take it no longer, stagger helpless across the room and lurch across the corridor.

Second day out I was putting on an act with the best of them, head held high into the wind (so as to get the benefit of the maximum amount of fresh air in my nostrils), and peering disdainfully at the mourners on the rail, when I felt a small tug on my left arm. "I say, old chappie, are you up to a game of ping-pong," said a voice, and I turned to see the mousy-looking little English bank clerk, who sat beside me at meals, occasionally. Horrors! Ping-pong on a rolling deck! The very thought was madness! But the honor of a nation was at stake and there could be no backing down. I would show this English midget that Canadians too could stand a rolling sea, whipping salt spray, and wicked back hand serves. An hour later a mousy-looking Canadian student navigated across the sport deck and eased himself down the companionway, utter dejection writ large across his countenance, and bearing upon his body the bruises of many a recent contact with floor, rail or table corner.

The upper deck lounge was a crossroads of nations and it was to this cosmopolis that we adjourned on many an evening after the supper meal had been put away. Here we stuck up an acquaintance with young people from Scotland, England, Wales, Denmark, Switzerland, South Africa, United States, Canada and Toronto. "And here there was rhetoric of the finest, well-chaired forums, intelligent discussions, sparkling patter, and dancing when the first class passengers would allow us to have the ship's orchestra. Funny how some individuals stand out so vividly in one's memory. I remember one particular Commerce student from McGill, half-Egyptian, half-French, who spoke with an Oxford accent although he had graduated from Cambridge. He loved Paris, but his favorite country was Italy. Then there was the moustached gentleman from Transvaal, who used the same line with all his feminine friends: "You must come down to my cabin and see my collection of Mau Mau spears." The girls nicknamed him "the Beast of Zambesi". And I'll never forget the Canadian army sergeant, who was the scourge of the weak-stomached individuals in rough weather, as he insisted on forming line at the rail each night at 11.00 and feeding the fishes by numbers.

May 6th: Beautiful sunny day; moderate swells (the chart said). We arose for breakfast for a change this morning. This was Hughie's first but the exertion proved too much for him and he retired to bed again immediately following the ceremony. Plague upon plague! While loading color film into my new camera on deck, the ship gave a roll, followed by a pitch and toss, and my camera

lay smashed in the scuppers. One of the old salts took me aside and whispered in my ear: "See, it'll happen every time. Always said it was bad luck to have women aboard." That made me feel better.

On the eighth day we sighted land. Hughie and I were out on B deck forcing down our mid-morning bouillon when it happened. "Sail ho!" cried a two-armed version of Horatio Nelson standing on the quarterdeck. We swung our strained eyes slowly across the foggy horizon and finally a white sail dove into view. He was right. It was a boat. Before long we ran into a whole school of fishing smacks. One came in so close that I thought he was going to try and board us and I was hoping the captain would let him have it broadside, but he veered off at the last minute and when last seen was making like the pendulum on grandfathers' clock. Soon the ship was buzzing with more excitement. I walked up to the other deck and ran into two old Irishmen dancing up and down with unabashed delight. "Thir's the Emerald Isle, boy," one of them shouted. I looked closely. How brown can an emerald get?

May 9th: Woke up feeling awfully queer, and suddenly realized we weren't heaving any more. As a matter of fact, we were hugging the dock at Merseyside, Liverpool. I swung myself out of the upper bunk, carefully placing my number tens in Hughie's face in order to bring him around. Through the porthole came the skirl of "Highland Laddie" and "Hundred Pipers."

"We're here," I said with an air of finality. I spoke decisively and my words were well chosen: "This is Liverpool!"

"Good," said my more practical companion, "then let's have breakfast."

The last meal over, we reluctantly bade good-bye to many a shipboard acquaintance, picked up our club bags, tipped the table and room stewards miserably (and ducked the rest of them), and picked up our train tickets to Edinburgh. The starboard rail was thronged with people trying to get a glimpse of somebody on the dock trying to get a glimpse of them. Down on the dock the pipe band of the Irish regiment marched tirelessly up and down, playing in a way that sent ten thousand little nerves dancing around inside me.

Soon a sleek Rolls Royce slipped up in front of the main gang plank and the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, with pomp and ceremony, stepped out to welcome officially our prize cargo—the first Canadian army Coronation contingent.

Several hours passed before we were able to disembark. The waiting was intolerable. Hughie suggested putting in a complaint to the captain, and I took an oath I'd not travel cattle class again. After the people had filed down the gang plank, they herded us off.

A half hour of rifling and prying by the customs men and we were set at liberty. Waving outside the eager redcaps, we staggered out of the customs shed laden down with baggage, and emerged into the sunlight of a beautiful May morning.

"So this is Blighty," I said, my head fairly reeling with excitement, and Hughie quickly pulled me out of the way of a lumbering hack.

"Get out of me blinkin' road!" screamed the hackie. We were in England.

## Letter to The Editor

To the Editor,  
Dalhousie Gazette  
Dear Sir:

As of late there has been a deluge of frustrated voices being transmitted through the medium of your venerable newssheet. All those voices clamoring for a broader education; predictions of the "decline and fall" of Canadian morals and intellect have been aired. It sounds horrible. We seem to be on the verge of complete annihilation. Yet one has only to step on the street and mingle with the "corrupt" people and the realization dawns that all this clamoring is hogwash. The mass of the people never changes intrinsically. It has neither risen nor declined in the last 10,000 years. It is the upper crust that is in perpetual motion. Yet, this upper crust does not seem to exhibit any laxness. Appreciative audiences in symphony halls and operas exist. Good books are being read in spite of the danger to which they are exposed by various digests. Ballet has found in Canadians great fans and the L.P. classical records do not seem to be suffering any great sales reduction.

Hence why all this outcry? Because the mass of the people prefer comic books to Toynbee or Montaigne? Because Roy Rogers appeals to them much more than Hamlet or Mephistopheles on the stage? Environment and education play a tremendous role in creating an appreciative mind. How can we expect the mass of the people to possess appreciative minds if conditions do not permit? Culture has, since time immemorial, been reserved for the elite, i.e., ca. 10% of the population. Who would be digging ditches, laying cables, chopping wood, working on the farms work in factories, etc., if every member of society were suddenly to be educated? Believe it or not, the vast majority of the "common" people find just as much happiness (perhaps of an inferior sort) and peace of mind (which is what really counts) as the perusers of Plato and Spinoza. Men and women who thirst for knowledge (for knowledge's sake) will get their cup filled. As for the rest, don't bother them, you can't change the world.

Yours respectfully,  
Simplicitus Simplicissimus.

know no father—but God.

On the twenty-fourth day of March, a messenger arrived at André's door. José an African nurse was desperately ill at a tiny out-station.

Without hesitation, except to prepare the necessary equipment André set off with two African companions. They arrived at the point on the river Mousangi, across from the camp where the nurse lay ill. It was the rainy season and the river was swollen a hundred fold. All bridges were out. André had with him the power to save a man's life. He was an excellent swimmer, and he decided to cross the river. His companions urged him not to take so great a risk, but he answered "I must go. I am not afraid, for God is with me. My friend may die, I have the power to save him. I must go." He plunged into the river and failed to re-appear. His body was found on the opposite shore. He had reached his goal.

What did André gain?

In Switzerland, a mother crying for her only son, given to the Lord.

At Caluquembe, in Angola, a young widow, after three years of

radiant happiness, clasping in her arms, three orphaned children.

But more really than that. In the hearts of all those—and they are many—who hear; this question;—"Why". For what good this supreme sacrifice? Can there be a life of such rich promise?

And to the African country, and to the hearts of the Africans, objects of such costly great love to André, there were answers. He died for us. He died that we might live.

And for me it is enough. Christ died that I may live. And through His life of perfection, I come and believe, with all my heart, in His words, "He that believeth and is baptized will be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

And a prayer—His own prayer, for the writer of the article on the non-existence of a life after death, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do". My friends the writer of that article can never have that true peace of mind which comes only with perfect faith in the Father. And until they find this faith, they can never get that true enjoyment from life, for this comes only with Christian service.

to advance mutual understanding between East and West;

- (2) to strengthen the work of World University Service;
- (3) to help the North American participants to evaluate the Point Four program and the Colombo Plan and to decide on the responsibility of Canada and the U.S.A. in helping Asian countries improve their social and economic conditions.

At the conclusion of the Seminar in mid-July the North American and European delegation, consisting of about 50 members, was split into three groups, each of which toured a separate area of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon (known collectively as the Indian sub-continent). The three tours together, which also lasted five weeks, were able to visit most of the important universities and development projects in the sub-continent. After the tours the three groups were reunited in Delhi for a week-long conference, where we exchanged impressions and observations.

There were two chief purposes to the study tours—(1) to bring North American students face to face with a large cross-section of Indian students and professors and convey the goodwill of North American students toward their fellows in Asia; (2) since the tours would visit areas not normally reached by tourists—especially universities and development projects—they should be productive of a report, to be evaluated in the final conference in Delhi, providing a useful bird's-eye view both of university conditions and of the economic and social problems of the sub-continent and the efforts already underway to solve them.

In these aims both the Seminar and the study tours were highly successful.

The theme of our Seminar was 'the human implications of development planning'. This is rather an imposing title, but it is in my opinion the best angle from which to approach the problems of modern India and to find the direction in which their solution lies. Development planning involves an assessment of the country's needs and resources, in the broadest sense of both these terms, and a planned development and allocation of these resources so as to add to the material and spiritual well-being of the people. As necessary background for our study of development planning we discussed in as much detail as possible in the short space of time at our disposal conditions of life in Asia and North America and the historical, geographic, and cultural factors in these two civilizations. The many informal discussions we were able to have with the Asian members of our seminar were most helpful in supplementing and clarifying what we learned in our formal lectures.

This has been a general outline of the background and purposes of our stay in India.

## The Story of Andre Henry

André Henry was born in Switzerland on the eleventh day of July, 1918. André was an only son, and his father died when André was just four months old. He spent three years of his college life studying theology, and ended up with the conviction that he was not chosen for the ministry, so he studied nursing.

One day André met Dr. Rudolphe Breecht, a Swiss missionary to Anglo-Portuguese West Africa. Soon after this, he felt himself called to serve God in Africa.

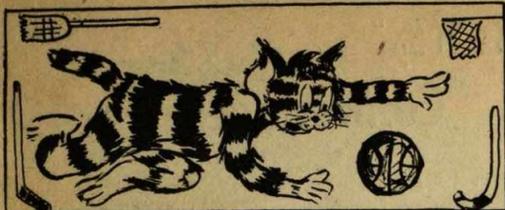
In order for himself to be sent as a missionary, it was necessary for him to be married, so that in Feb. 1947 he was married to Suzanne Roselet, young, of won-

derful courage. In March of the same year they sailed for Portugal, to study Portuguese, the national language of Angola.

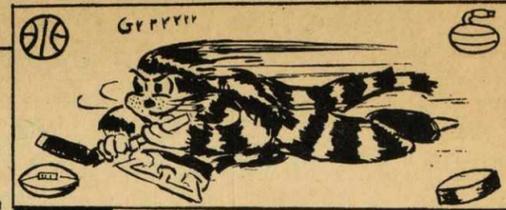
One year after their arrival in Portugal, the Henry's sailed for Angola. The first time I saw André and Suzanne was in June of the same year.

They walked into our house one day about noon, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, Suzanne gave birth to slightly premature twin babies.

When the babies were strong enough to travel, the Henry's returned to their own mission station, where they ran a small hospital. In Feb. 1950 Suzanne bore another son, a son who was to



# DALHOUSIE Gazette SPORTS



## DAL GOLFERS WIN BY ONE STROKE

### Dal Takes MIAU Title

Last Saturday at Brightwood Golf Club a team of five golfers from Dalhousie won the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate Golf Championship by posting a total aggregate score of 432 against 433 by St. F. X. and 447 by Acadia. The tournament was played in five rounds with a player from each university in each round. Both fog and rain hampered the play. After the first hole the fog lifted for a while, but it came back again on the 10th hole and thereafter the players just drove the ball in general direction of the fairway. Despite the inclement weather some very respectable scores were turned in. George Arsenault of St. F. X. was low man with an 81. Doane Hallett led the Dal quintet with an 83.

**Dalhousie**—Doane Hallett (83); Jean Gibson (85); "Burpy" Hallett (86); Lea Windsor (89); Bill White (89)—432.

**St. F. X.**—G. Arsenault (81); D. Richards (83); E. Ricken (87); L. Rae (90) and Belland (92)—433.

**Acadia**—K. Hewitt (83); B. Parker (86); J. Taylor (89); R. Fraser (95) and Hatchard (97)—447.

### Open Letter to Sport Managers

This article is intended as a request to the Sports' Representative of the various faculties. With the present staff of the Gazette it is impossible to cover all the Inter-Fac games adequately and the suggestion has been made that each week the sports reps report to the Gazette the games in which their faculties have played. This could be done in either of two ways. The results could be phoned in to the Gazette Office on Monday of each

week or, preferably, a report typewritten (if possible) of about 100 words could be handed in at the Gazette Office on Monday. At the present English rugby and cross-country are the main Inter-Fac sports and it would be appreciated if Arts & Science, Meds, Dents, Engineers, Commerce, Pharmacy and Law would report their doings and their plans in these and any other Inter-Fac sports by Monday, November 2, and every following Monday.

### Coming Events

- Saturday, October 31—Canadian Football — Dalhousie vs. Cornwallis at Cornwallis. English Rugby — Mount A. vs. Dalhousie at Studley. Ground Hockey — Dalhousie vs. Acadia at Acadia.
- Saturday, November 7—English Rugby—St. Dunstan's vs. Dalhousie at Studley.

### El Club de Pan-Americano Gran Suceso

Latin American Music, Films in Spanish, and Conversations in the South American style, were highlights of a very successful get-together on Monday night by the members of the Pan-American Club. The atmosphere was heightened by the presence of four young ladies from Mount Saint Vincent College, two of whom are from Mexico, C.A., and two from Columbia, S.A. Two students from Saint

Mary's University also honored the Club with their presence. These latter students representing San Salvador and Guatemala.

Another meeting of the club may be deferred until the New Year because of the shortness of the present academic term. Assurance has been given, however, that when the club meets again, the programme will be just as interesting and entertaining.

### National Academy Offers Fellowships

The National Academy of Science—National Research Council has announced the following postdoctoral and predoctoral fellowship programs for the academic year 1954-1955:

- American Cancer Society Postdoctoral Fellowships in Cancer Research
- British-American Exchange Postdoctoral Fellowships in Cancer Research
- James Picker Foundation Postdoctoral Fellowships in Radiological Research
- Lilly Research Laboratories Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Medical Sciences
- Lilly Research Laboratories Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Natural Sciences
- Merck Senior Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Natural Sciences
- National Research Council Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Natural Sciences
- National Tuberculosis Association Postdoctoral Fellowships in Tuberculosis
- RCA Predoctoral Fellowships in Electronics
- Rockefeller Foundation Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Medical Sciences

These fellowships provide special opportunities for advanced study and training in fundamental research for young men and women of unusual promise and ability. With the exception of the RCA Predoctoral Fellowships in Electronics which are available to students who have completed one year of graduate training, all other fellowships are open to applicants who have completed all academic requirements for the Ph.D., Sc.D., or M.D. degrees.

Most of these fellowships are limited to citizens of the United States; however, citizens of Canada may also apply for the Rockefeller Foundation Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Medical Sciences and the NRC Postdoctoral Fellowships in the Natural Sciences. The James Picker Fellowships in Radiological Research are not restricted to citizens of the United States.

Appointments will be made for one year but applications for renewal will be considered. A candidate must present evidence that he will be accepted as a fellow by the scientific adviser under whom he will study. As a rule, a fellowship applicant is expected to choose an institution or laboratory other than at which he has had most of his academic training.

Applications for all of these 1954-1955 programs must be forwarded to the Fellowship Office and must be postmarked on or before December 10, 1953.

Because the postdoctoral fellowships are available in a large range of subjects and programs, potential applicants are encouraged to write to the Fellowship Office, National Research Council, stating their field of specialization, age, and study plans so that appropriate informative material may be sent.

Information and application blanks may be secured for any of the programs by writing to the Fellowship Office, National Research Council, 2101 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington 25, D.C.



Shown in the above picture is Dal's kicking star Charlie MacKenzie just as he is about to kick the ball held by centre Steve Harper. MacKenzie has kicked seven successful converts in his last seven attempts but was not given a chance to increase his string on Saturday as Dal were shut out 43-0 by Stad.

### Girls Win Over Acadia, Patty Macleod Scores Two

The first girls Ground Hockey game of the season was played with Acadia at Studley Field. Dal won the game with a score of 3-0. At the end of the first half there were no goals scored, leaving the score 0-0. However, at the beginning of the second half, Ann Rainnie came to the rescue by scoring the first goal for Dal. Pat MacLeod scored the next two goals for Dal making the final score 3-0 for Dal.

The first game was scheduled to be played with Kings last Thursday, but it was unable to be played. However, it will be played sometime this week. The next Ground Hockey game will be played at Acadia this Saturday.

**Lineups:** M. A. Lohnes, manager, left back; S. Forbes, centre half; P. Macleod, left inner; T. Nightingale, right half; M. Grant, left half; E. Woodside, right back; A. Rainnie, left wing; P. White, right inner; M. Thompson, right wing; H. Morse, centre forward; Eleanor Woodside, goalie.

### Inter-fac Cross Country on Nov. 11

The annual Inter-Faculty Cross Country Race will be run off on Wednesday, November 11th. The race will be timed so that its finish will coincide with the half-time of the football game between Dalhousie and Shearwater to be played on that date. The system of declaring a winner will be the same as in previous years. Each competing faculty will have at least four entrants and the faculty to have four of its members cross the finish line will win the event, won last year by Arts and Science. The race will be run in the neighbourhood of the campus and will be approximately three miles. The sports representatives of the various faculties should note that entries for the race must be in by November 7.

### "By the Way"

(Continued from Page Four)

about Dalhousie were placed in it: "Introduction to the History of Dalhousie," by D. C. Harvey, archivist, and "Dalhousie Today," by Charleton Stanley, former president.

Two items of the ceremony itself went in: an invitation to the ceremony, of laying the stone, and a drawing of the platform layout, showing who stood where. One issue of the Halifax Chronicle, bicentenary edition, June 20, 1949. The Maritime Merchant of November 3, 1949. A folder on the Dalhousie fund campaign. Then, we have the Canadian coins of 1949: no cornerstone is complete without coinage. Finally, the relics of two world wars were included: the Muster Roll of the Dalhousie Hospital Unit of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, for the first war, and the battle patches of the Second Canadian Corps of the second war.

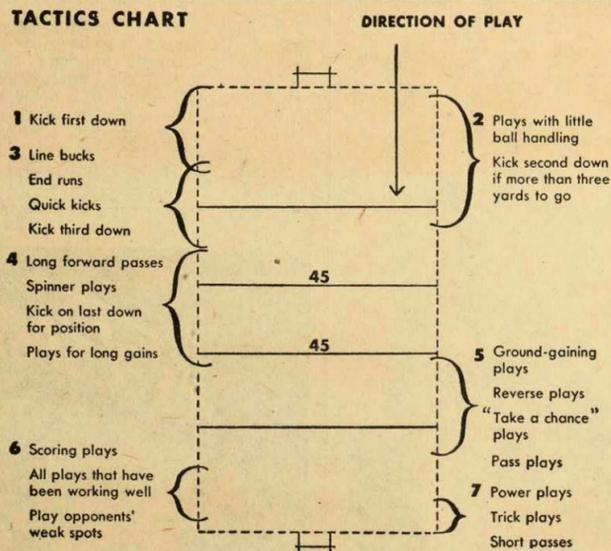
These, then, are what today's men have provided for those who will work their way through the desolation that once was Halifax, to the silent ruin of our busy quadrangle. We do not know how our descendants will be living, or what they will think of us, but in that hour, our appeal to them will be heard.

### Dal Rink Open By Nov. 1 For Student Skating

The Dalhousie Memorial Rink is expected to be ready for student's skating by November 1. "Pop" Jones and his ice-making crew have already begun to lay the ice, a job which takes some time to be completed, but it is expected that everything will be ready by the first of November. As some of the newly initiated may not know, students are allowed free skating at certain times. The exact times of such periods will be published in a later Gazette.

### Worries of a Quarterback

Many people have the idea that the quarterback's job on a football team is a snap. According to these people, all the quarterback does is receive the ball from the centre and then hand it off to some other player to carry. This is, however, an oversimplified view. The quarterback, besides handling the ball on almost every play, must make the decisions as to what play his team will use next. He must be quick to note the strength and weakness of both his own and his opponent's team. Moreover, his decision of what play to call is also affected by the score of the game, the time remaining, what down it is, how far to go to a first down, and by even such items as the weather, the direction of the wind and the condition of the field. Following is a tactics chart which shows the general type of play that a quarterback will try in various positions of the field. This chart gives no hard and fast rules and it would be a poor quarterback indeed who followed it to the letter, but it does give a general outline of the plays a quarterback will call.



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# The Age of Mediocrity

Many names have been given the age we live in, the Machine Age, the Age of Science, the Atomic Age, but in truth may we not call it the Age of Mediocrity.

It is not a century characterized by diligent striving for personal perfection in all spheres of life. Rather, it is a time of appalling indifference and disregard for personal perfection. "All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing than the other, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without advance, without finishing."

We are ever ready to defend our right to "individualism," our freedom to express, both in the spoken and written word our personal opinions, to vote as we please. Yet, are we truly expressing our own feelings and ideas and not the stale cant of the mob. Have we continued to value our individually, thus escaping the smothering tenacles of the self-complacent majority. Has our norm of conduct become that of the majority, and public opinion, our criterion of good, or do we cling tenaciously to our own convictions in spite of humiliation and perhaps social expulsion. I believe in giving up our personal convictions and accepting the beliefs, actions and thinking of the dominant majority we have obliterated our individuality and are becoming mediocre.

With the rapid technological growth of the 18th and 19th cen-

tury we have strived to become specialists in all types of endeavor. That science, industry, education have made prodigious advances in the last century is indisputable. Yet through this limiting of endeavours the individual has become subservient to the complex society he has created. Personal identity is obliterated in the labyrinth of modern living. One writer sums up over specialization in this manner, "men, whose minds are possessed with some one subject, take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which which utterly foreign to it, and happens to fail them."

Man is now content for perfection in a limited field of endeavour. Thing foreign to his particular pursuit hold little meaning for him and thus he does not devote to them the time and effort which they deserve.

Through the medium of the press, radio, books, and moving pictures manners expose to the overwhelming forces of stereotyped thinking.

Through constant exposure to mass communication man often releases his grip on individuality and accepts the mode of conduct and thinking of the mind. He does not seek perfection as an end in itself, but rather adheres to the tenets of the masses, for fear of ridicule or social expulsion.

Knowledge is no longer such as an end in itself. Utility has become the only goal of education. If we are obliged to pursue a particular study, which appears to be of no use at the present we are content to do only the minimum amount of work. So in any field of human endeavor, if the toil involved appears to the mind of the immature not to be of utility it is shunned like a putrid leper.

That we live in a complex and technical age is indisputable. In limiting our scope of learning we must not limit our striving for perfection. If the majority are willing to seek only the minimum form a university education, we must not be satisfied to do likewise.

Man is not subservient to the state or society. He is not a mere embroidery on the complex social fabric, he is the fabric itself. He has the power to lift man out of his present pit of paths or follow the slothful mediocrity and oblivion. Man can perfect himself only if he believes perfection is superior to mediocrity and is worth striving for as an end in itself.

In 1820, at the laying of the cornerstone of Dalhousie College, the Earl of Dalhousie had some pertinent advice to give future students of indifference and mediocrity. "From this college may every blessing flow over your country. May it continue to disperse them to the latest ages. Let not jealously disturb its pace, let not lukewarm indifference check its growth."

# The King's Column

By Dave Millar

ACT 1, SCENE 1:

(The scene is the porch in front of Sherriff Hall; the time, five to twelve. The rain and fog part to show us a King's man at the door, saying goodnight to a Dal femme.)

D: "You haven't told me about King's College. What's it like, anyway?"

K: "Originally (to begin at the beginning) I think it was at Windsor, but later it was moved to a spot down by the Arm here in Halifax. The building there burned down, and the building I'm living in now was built on the Studley Campus. That's how Dal and King's were affiliated. D: But they have separate Students' Council, don't they?"

K: Yes, King's has a rep on the Dal Council, though, and it's been paying money each year so that the King's students can enter Dal activities. I hear there's quite a controversy over it now—Dal doesn't want it any more. D: Say, how did the parts of the buildings down there get their names?"

K: I told you about the building on the Arm—well, there the different faculties lived in different bays and special names were given each bay. Radical Bay for the theologs—King's isn't all Divinity by any means, though; Middle Bay because it's in the middle, Chapel Bay—nearest the Chapel, the farthest away now, North Pole Bay because it was on the north, farthest from the furnace (it's right over it now), and the names stuck. The Women's Residence, Alexandra Hall was named after Queen Alexandra. The "Bays" may be a hangover (joke, you know these sailors) from the Navigation School that was here during the war.

D: Isn't there a big cave or something down there? Professor Bennet called it the Cloaca Maxima.

K: There's a tunnel that connects all the parts of the building—very handy for winter and initiations, but it's only resemblance to a sewer is during water fights.

D: Oh! You have those too?

K: Do we ever!

D: What kinds of sports do you play?

K: Well, I'm on the rugby team—we've played three games so far, and the girls' ground hockey team has played two. Later on there'll be basketball, hockey and track, etcetera.

D: Great merciful heavens! Look at the time; Miss Mowat will skin me alive. Good night!

K: Good night!

"By the Way"

# "Cornerstones"

By Alan Marshall

We live in a very self-conscious age. "For the first time in history": this phrase is so scattered through modern life that it is impossible to avoid stumbling over it. We feel ourselves to be part of a historical process. An important event is never allowed to happen naturally: everybody ohs and ahs says, as Ogden Nash puts it:

"We are lucky to be on the spot

At a moment," he says, "so momentous . . ."

It wasn't always like that. The traditional picture of the Congress of Vienna shows a casual group of men standing around as though they were having afternoon tea, while some are draped across chairs and sofas. These men had to draw the map of Europe after Napoleon had torn through it. Nowadays? Well, I remember seeing a picture of one of our post war conferences (in the days when we had more hope in conferences). Men were putting the delegates' portfolios on the desks, before the session was to begin; and to put them in position, they stretched a string across the row of desks and lined up the portfolios on it! This was an important event, you see; and everything had to be just so.

Why we insist on preparing for big events as big events, instead of concentrating on the job to be done, and discovering afterwards what was important and what was not, I don't know. Perhaps the work of archaeologists and historians, exasperated with the carelessness with which earlier generations allowed great events to slip through their fingers (and therefore be inadequately recorded), has made the modern age more sophisticated about history in the making. There may be more significant reasons.

Perhaps, in a world as secular, as "worldly" as ours, the events in our lives have assumed greater importance to us than they did in an age when people had unworldly worries as well as worldly ones. So historical events press on us more relentlessly than in the past. People are more the prisoners of the times than they used to be, and find standing against the stream more difficult. That may be why we see the world as historical drama with ourselves as players. Our audience? Well, if we are all players, then future generations form the audience. From this view, comes the necessity of seeing that our doings are adequately recorded, so that we can reach our audience. The opinions of future generations are the ones that count. Contemporary opinion is far too uncertain and unchangeable for us to place much confidence in it. The historians of the future stand over us as judges.

Nothing more clearly illustrates the attitude that we are playing a part in a historical drama before future generations than our custom of laying cornerstones. The cornerstones are set in the buildings as part of our effort to insure that later men shall know what we have done. And so, preparations for the days when buildings shall fall into ruins are made before they are even built. The architect assists future generations in their search for the twentieth century by putting bits of into cornerstones. I doubt if anything in earlier architecture quite matches this self-conscious effort of our times. The closest resemblance seems to be the pyramids of Egypt, in which the bodies of kings were preserved along with their possessions and records of their acts. Indeed, the discovery of Egyptian tombs may well have had a hand in encouraging men to appeal directly to their successors in works of stone. The Egyptians however were not moved by a desire to assist later men to learn about them. Indeed, they sealed their tombs as tightly as possible to prevent anybody from getting in. They were moved by the importance their religion attached to keeping their bodies intact, and their possessions with them for use in their future life.

Nor have I heard of appeals to the future in later architecture. I don't think that they put cornerstones in the Greek temples, nor in the Roman public buildings. Nor were they set in the Romanesque and Gothic churches. It is, in fact, one of the greatest glories of Medieval architecture that much of its greatest work was done by men who had no hope of future recognition save in the work to which they had given their labor anonymously: a far cry from the cornerstone appeal to posterity. No, I think that they are comparatively recent.

There are several cornerstones on the Dalhousie campus. The most unobtrusive is that of the National Research Council Building: a simple stone like the rest, with 1949 carved on it. Those in the Law, Library and Science buildings are great long blocks of gray sandstone, telling who laid them, and the date. That of the Science building was laid by the Duke of Connaught, who was the Governor General of Canada at the time. By the way, the caretakers have very carefully kept the ivy off these cornerstones, even though they have covered the walls in which the stones are set. The Sherriff Hall stone is granite, and the letters carved in it are lined with a sort of gilt. This stone was laid by the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VIII, and now Duke of Windsor. When he laid the stone, the building was not ready for it so the stone had to be laid somewhere else instead, until the Hall was built up enough to put the stone in it.

The stones in the Arts buildings and the Rink are black, and they have a very high polish. On the Arts and Administration stone we find:

This stone was laid

by  
J. MsG. Stewart  
C.B.E., K.C., B.A., LL.B., D.C.L.  
November XV, MCMXLIX.

He was the Vice-president of the Board of Governors and Chairman of the Dalhousie Campaign Committee when the stone was laid. In line with the cornerstone tradition, an appeal to the future generations has been placed in a box inside it. There are several Dalhousie publications: the Calendars, regular and graduate (what will they think of Dalhousie education?), the Alumni News and the Dalhousie Review. A whole copy of the Dalhousie Gazette unfortunately was not included; but an article from it was put in: a description of the mace of the university. Two booklets

(Continued on Page Three)

# A Polite Letter to a Christian

Dear Sir:

For the Christian who suggests that the man who does not believe in a life after death therefore cannot believe in God, I should like to point out a few things. Firstly, I have never in my life met a man who did not believe in God; and secondly the person who has decided there is no after life has by that same God given reason opined emphatically that there is a God.

And furthermore a man need not be a Christian to be a devout and God-wondering man. I have in my travels around the world met Moslem, Hindoo, Jew, agnostic and humanist who did not believe in Christianity as the road to enlightenment yet who lived more ethically perfect and morally good lives than, I regret to say, more than 99% of the Christians I have ever met.

When you say that someone has probably never met any true Christians he is absolutely right, and when I meet a true follower of Christ and not a banal follower of dogma and indoctrination I shall probably be so taken with Christianity that I shall then plead to profess a Christian ideal.

As far as the fact of an after life is concerned I should like to point out that while it cannot ever be proven as such not being; I am assured also that no one ever has or ever will satisfactorily prove beyond a reasonable doubt that there is. The argument against the great fallacy is too extensive to be included here, as is the arguments for the possibility of an after life.

However as food for contemplation for the writer of the Christian letter I would like to ask one question: "When does this after life begin?" one minute after the heart stops, five minutes after we are dead, or is it twenty minutes after, when the body cells start to disintegrate? I declare that there have been thousands who have seemed dead from drowning who have been revived, hundreds ready for the tomb from electric shock who have been brought back, and on the operating table how many doctors have massaged the heart of a recently dead patient only to bring him back to life? Of course you will say they were not dead; but had they been under your discretion you would

have merely shovelled them under.

But the big question is: how many of those dead one minute, two minutes or twenty minutes ever were able to tell of even one glimpse of heaven, hell or purgatory when they were with us again?

Frankly none of them were, because they knew nothing, no feeling, no consciousness, no awareness, just nothing. And that's just what is in store for all of us.

Yes life after death is a very pleasant and comforting thought; very contenting, but what contented man ever accomplished anything?

And that it where the trouble lies, everyone is so sure of a beautiful reward that after 20,000 years of civilization, 10,000 years of Oriental religion, 5,000 years of Judaism, and 2,000 years of Christianity we still cannot get along together in the world because everyone is so busy trying to get into Elysium that they have not the time to live on earth as God planned it should be.

—S.O.S.

## WUSC Thanks

The WUSC Committee very much appreciated the interest shown by the "Treasure Van of India" last week. People were very generous in assisting with the organization of this project. In particular the committee wishes to thank Dr. Kerr, Prof. Bennett and Prof. Theakston for allowing us the use of room 21 in the Arts Building; Pat McCurdy for coverage in the papers; the boys of Pine Hill, the girls who made the posters and acted as sales girls, and the Commerce Society.



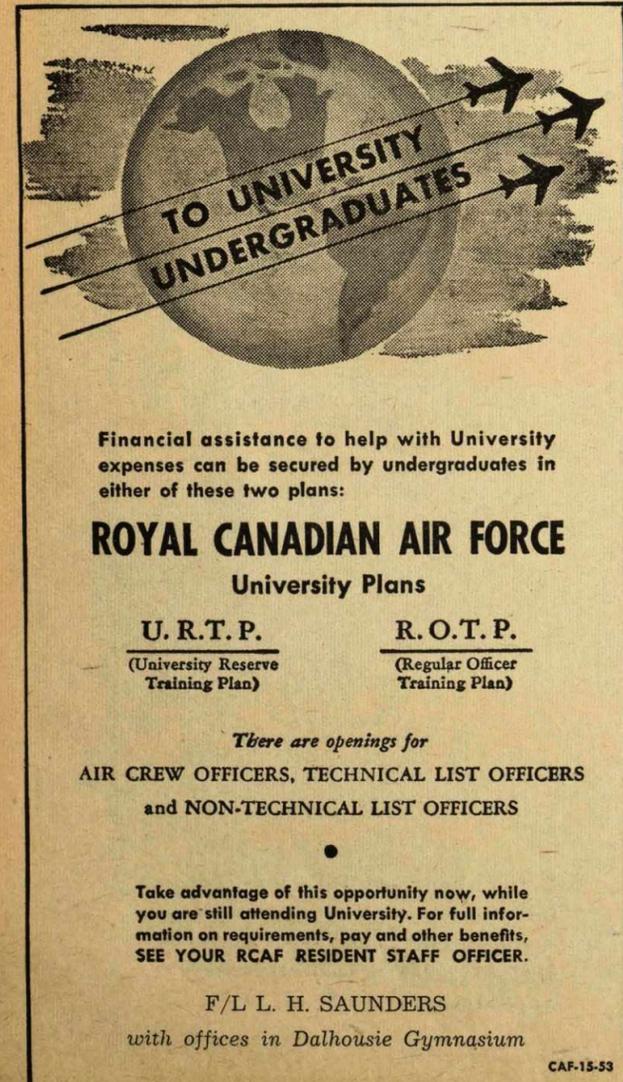
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## Camera Club

The Dalhousie Camera Club will have its second meeting on Monday, Nov. 2, at 8 p.m. in the basement of the Men's Residence.

At this proposed meeting, the officers who will serve the club for this year will be elected. If you have a genuine interest in photography, do come and make the meeting a success. We have planned a field trip and the finishing touches will be put to the program for the period.

The University of British Columbia's Camera Club has invited us to submit entries in their salon competition, open to both black and white and color pictures. Come to the meeting and decide at once if you wish to participate in the competition—so that we may inform the UBC.



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## The Tub-Thumper

Last Friday evening was a big event at Pine Hill when the Resident Freshmen held their annual brawl in the dining hall. Initiation will never be stepped at Pine Hill, even though they tub about every student in the residence and hurl bags of water around like peanuts. Also, it is not unusual to see toilet paper stretched out the length of the three floors. Quite a suitable abode for students who are studying for the ministry. It has often been misquoted that theologs are out on their last fling, but they are just as noisy and half-hearted as the other students.

One doesn't hear much from Pine Hill except when Munroe Day swims around in its inebriated fashion. Next summer they are planning to tear down the old building and erect a new one. They plan to have a bowling alley in the basement so one can get his daily exercise without swimming in the Arm as some students have done. Wouldn't it be a wise decision to build a residence on the campus for the benefit of the male student? I believe they were going to build at one time but perhaps they thought that Memorial Rink would be more serviceable than Memorial Hall.

I suppose that no one has thought about the exams since there is so much activity around the campus. Do you realize that it is only seven weeks away? Joy killer!!

## No Fishing Today!

There is a ring around the moon  
As the young men watch the sea,  
While the ships, like helpless flowers,  
Await the nimble bee.  
No fishing, today,  
The young men say,  
And they watch the cliffs resist the spray.  
The shore is deserted,  
The seagulls cry aloud,  
And a wind begins to bellow  
While the young men in a crowd  
Turn away.  
No fishing, today.

John McCurdy

## A Frosh Writes A Friend

Dear Ian:  
You probably have heard stories of how the professors mark papers by throwing them from the top of the Arts building. Well, that's a lie; our professors are too old to climb to the top of the Arts building.

Finally had to stop wearing my black and gold Dalhousie sweater. All my associates kept telling me that the sweater was gaudy, but I paid no attention until Vic told me—he's colour blind.

A friend of mine is being rushed by a fraternity. He said perhaps the reason that people were called rushees is because at the fraternity houses everybody was a rush-eeing to the bar.

Saw a friend of mine who lives in Dalhousie Men's Residence. Ha! ha! What a place. Every morning they draw straws and whoever loses goes into the wash-room first. While the loser fights the cockroaches, the others sneak in and wash.

Remember how your father and my father would study until the wee hours of the morning? Well, my lights burn until the wee hours, too. No heat in my room.

Heard a story by a Dalhousie student and it must be true, for our students can't do anything wrong except at examinations. It seems that while he was in a restaurant he saw a football player slap a girl (he assumed it was a football player since he had a crew cut, bottle in his hip pocket, and four copies of Mickey Spillane under his arm). Just as the player slapped the girl for the third time the coach ran and grabbed the player by the throat and hollered, "What are you trying to do?" "The next time you slap a girl wear a glove or you'll ruin your hand." No wonder this team never loses.

Yesterday a professor called me into his office and told me that in all his years of teaching he had never seen a student like me. In fact he insisted that I was different, in fact so different he was wondering if he could obtain a job for me on Sable Island.

That's all for now.  
Your pal,  
Kos.



Two Dalhousie students inspecting the Music Library in Dal's Music Room. They are Virginia Ritcey and Graham Conrad.

## Tschaikowsky "Swan Lake" "Death and Transfiguration" Rinsky-Korsakov "Scheherazade"

The music room was opened at Dalhousie to provide the students with facilities for hearing good music and to give them the opportunity to participate in organized music appreciation groups. This room, situated on the third floor of the Arts and Administration Building, directly above the main door, is open to the students from 8.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday, and from 8.30 to 1 on Saturday. Tobacco fiends on the campus will be glad to hear that smoking is allowed there so come along and spend some of your leisure time there.

At first glance, the record collection may seem small but since all the recordings are made on 33 1/3 rpm discs, there are really many hours of classical music recorded on them. Long-playing records are by far the best medium for reproducing classical works. One record can contain an entire symphony and it is reproduced for us as flawlessly as modern science allows. By using microgroove records a much higher degree of fidelity can be attained than was possible on the old style 78 rpm records. The long playing records give a complete uninterrupted

programme and they are unbreakable; but please don't toss them out the third-floor window to see if they will bounce on the concrete steps.

The list of recordings includes Handel's "Messiah", "Death and Transfiguration", Chopin's "Preludes", famous concertos and symphonies and, in short, the best in classical music.

If you have never stopped to listen to or to appreciate the long-hair type of music, why not give it a try? Maybe you will be surprised at what you find on a classical record. Even if you are still unimpressed by serious music (and I don't see how this is possible) there are a few recordings in a lighter vein. For instance, one may find "Swan Lake" by Tschaikowsky, "Scheherazade" and also a delightful programme of Boston Pops arrangements.

The last time I wandered into the music room there wasn't a living soul in it. What a waste of good music! The records are not doing anyone any good by collecting dust. They were bought to be played, not to look pretty by sitting in the music room. Speaking of looking, there is an

exceptional bird's-eye view of eastern Halifax from the windows of the music room. Sight and sound are both satisfied in this tricky sound-proof room. While the ear is attune to the three great B's of music (Bach, Brahms and Beethoven) the eye is free to gaze at the trees and buildings and also the fair town of Dartmouth.

This is certainly a pleasant way to spend a free period and I am sure it would do just as much good as an hour spent studying. It usually takes fifteen or twenty minutes to settle down in the library and by the time you are well under way in your work it is time to close your books and wend your way to the next class.

In the music room an hour is an hour and you may hear good music from the time you walk through the double-door sound-proof arrangement until you reluctantly depart. A guilty conscience about not studying can be cured by this remedy. Books can be carried around and studied in any old place at any old time, but the records are in the music room, so enjoy them while you are on the campus.

As the music room acquires more classical music, the Gazette

## The Continental

NFCUS, NFCUS, is the cry across the nation. We find it on the front page of the McGill Daily, the Queens Journal, and the Toronto Varsity, and this week on the title page of the Dalhousie Gazette.

McGill was the host to the 1953-54 NFCUS Conference. As was fitting their chairman opened the session by saying that "perhaps the most valuable thing that NFCUS does, is that it helps to bring together the students of Canada into a united student community. This goal, he emphasized, was the original purpose of NFCUS and is the most important part of the Conference." New member universities to NFCUS are St. Dunstan's, Queen's University and Waterloo College, who joined the Federation last year. This was not all the news at McGill. In a rough, tough, whoop-it-up and smack-'em-down game at the Richardson Memorial stadium, the Redmen lost a 13-12 decision to the Gaels of Queen's University, in Canadian football.

The Toronto Varsity looked at the conference of NFCUS in this light. "In what can be considered an unanimous vote, delegates in Commission 3 decided to investigate 'possibility of a qualified relationship with the International Union of Students (akin at Dalhousie to WUSC)'. They made it clear that there should be no consideration given to the idea of joining IUS at this Conference. While Toronto was the lone dissenting vote it did not oppose the content of the motion but rather the tone. The Toronto delegate felt that the proposal as presented by Laval took a negative instead of a positive view of associate

membership with IUS." The conference next year will be held at Toronto. On the frivolous side the Varsity wonders if "A Woman's Place is in the Home?" One brave soul looked at the problem this way. He said, "a woman is to marriage like an anchor to a ship. As long as the anchor stays in its place, the ship is safe. As soon as the anchor is lifted and wanders, the ship is swamped".

It was interesting to note that the Dalhousie initiation squabble aroused the Queen's Journal to the tune of four inches, third column, first page, at the bottom. It was titled "Dalhousie Moves For Self-Respect". On the question of the NFCUS Conference Queen's seemed to be primarily concerned with the fiscal policy. "The conference's administration and finance committee decided Tuesday night to base discussions on a 50c per capita levy . . . Some universities may be subject to the increase, but six have stated that they will refuse to pay more than the present rate of twenty cents." Turning to the light side of the Kingstonites, one student appeared concerned about the Kinsey Report, and disagreed that the \$8.00 volume was not a book that was straightforward and free from bias," but did assert that it was a contribution to knowledge. The author of the letter did not state the type of knowledge with which the text supplied him.

In conclusion I would like to inform those of you who read the column that good-natured ribbing should not, I hope, be mistaken for sarcasm or prejudice. The Athenaeum is admittedly one of the best college newspapers in Canada.

## Poem: To Milton

Milton does all that one man can  
To justify God's ways to men.

And now and then he strikes a place  
Where the defence might rest its case  
But, charmed by his own eloquence,  
He keeps on adding evidence.

By his rich rhetoric bemused  
The listener is too confused

To see the whole crux of the case is  
Lawyer and client should change places,

Milton himself should land in quod  
Or justify his ways to God.

J. S. W.

will publish the names of the new recordings.

These are the recordings that the music room has now:  
Verdi's "Rigoletto"  
Mozart "The Magic Flute"

Bach "Saint Matthew's Passion"  
Beethoven "Symphony Number 9"

Mozart "The Marriage of Figaro"  
Handel "The Messiah"  
Chopin "Preludes"

## INDIVIDUAL OR STATE MAN OR MOUSE?

by JOHN R. NICHOLS

The freshman has faced the problem. Since the first day he set foot on the campus he has been besieged by personnel and posters to join one of the university branches of a government service, either the naval, military or air branch. His choice has been resolved and action has been taken. But have they thought? Herein lies the greater problem.

The university branches of the armed forces offer among other things a chance for a student to free himself from the economic burdens that he shoulders at entrance to college. His very existence can be cared for to the n'th degree. Security is guaranteed in return for which the government requests only that he spend a few nights through the year and his summers with them in training. Like the feudal lord, granting safety and security in return for so much labor, the student like the serf, allies himself to a form of economic feudalism, giving of his time and mentality for the mess of government pottage.

The government stipend is a splendid inducement for spending a summer on a cruise or seeing parts of Canada, if the student is content to be hypocritical enough to take without giving much in return other than making up a reserve force of some sort. For true Christians the word force should be a deterrent to uniting with any such organization. But just as there are those who enjoy a completely ascetic life, so there are those who are completely worldly. The crux of the problem lies not in this but in the after effects, in what happens after graduation.

Those students who have worked in these schemes just to make some money find that after they graduate there are not so many openings in the world of reality that offer financial inducements and security comparable to those of the service organizations. Rather than optimistically facing the struggle of life and giving constructively to it they are content to rest under the sheltering branches of the maple tree, caring little for the earth that is nourishing it.

The government is supported by the citizens who as part of the "madding crowd" are individuals desiring to preserve the right to be individuals. Whether presidents, priests or prostitutes they have all in their small way, if not in their taxes, contributed something for the welfare and enjoyment of the others. They are not

content to let others support them deluding themselves that what they were doing was patriotic or loyal. As Voltaire emphasizes in *Candide*, one's work in one's garden is more important than sitting and worrying about what is not accomplished or should be done in the larger gardens of the world and people.

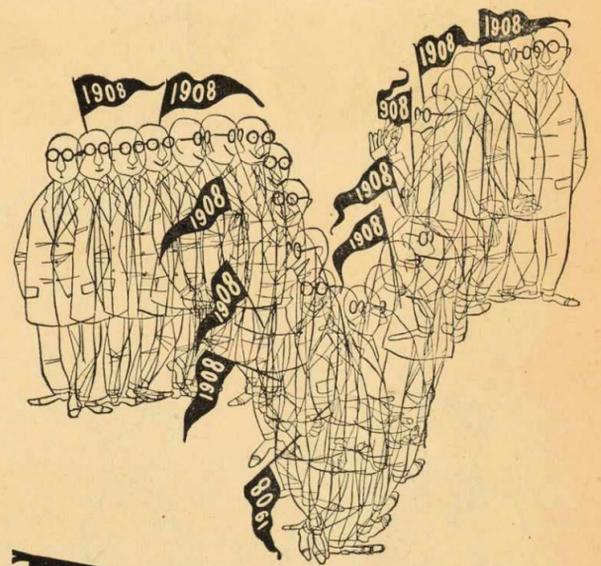
The "economic serfs" find that they themselves are supporting a system that is itself a serfdom depending on other nations for the security it guarantees its individuals. Because of maintaining a standing or reserve force, means of employment must be found for it. What is the sense in having a new shovel without having holes to dig, or fill in somewhere? Like a young child in a sand pile eager to test the bombing mechanism of his toy plane, they construct a sand castle of false economy so they may destroy it, to create a stronger economy. It develops into a vicious circle. Forces used to create the need for forces. The supply far outreaches the demand so a demand has to be created. The number crying for security, desirous of economic feudalism increases forcing the need of balance. The balance is effected at the expense of those seeking security and those supporting the state that operates in this manner. Is it to be the individual or the state?

There are those that will argue that the state is a collection of individuals, which is quite true, but which is to be supreme and at

the sacrifice of which, the individual or the state? Is the dog to wag the tail, or is the tail to be food for the dog? The student must choose. Milton wrote in *Areopagitica*, "When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing."

Man must exert himself above the pressure of public opinion. He must make himself more than a mouse with which the state may play cat and mouse, for the betterment of himself and his fellows. The state is you: make it what you will, but make it. A university training is not to learn how better to kill or maim your enemies, but how to enrich the lives of all with whom you come in contact. As Plato points out in his *Republic* each has a peculiar work or function or activity in the satisfactory exercise of which will be found his well being. Those undergraduates who are not in the trade or business schools of this university realize the importance of the contribution of self for the benefit of many. That is why he is at university.

The university is not preparing for the ways of death but of life. Granted that until human nature is changed we will need a police force of sorts. But should we let a like force control the entire actions of the individuals? The paradox still exists: Man or Mouse, Individual or State?



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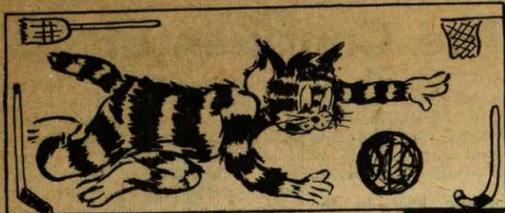


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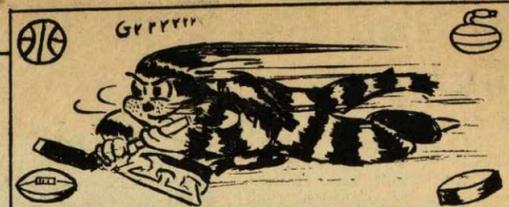
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# DALHOUSIE Gazette SPORTS



## DAL FOOTBALL RECEIVES SETBACK

### Stad Powers To 43-0 Win; Tiger Spirit Still High

HMCS Stadacona emerged as victors over Dal Tigers Saturday afternoon at Wanderer's, as the powerful sailors pounded out a thundering 43-0 verdict in the Canadian Football League. The game, played on the muddy field, was witnessed by more than 1500 rain soaked spectators. The Navy squad rolled to eight touch downs and held the hapless Collegians scoreless. They once again used the single wing formation to great advantage and picked up more than 400 yards on ground plays. The Tigers on the other hand were bottled up and managed to pick up only 160 yards via the ground route.

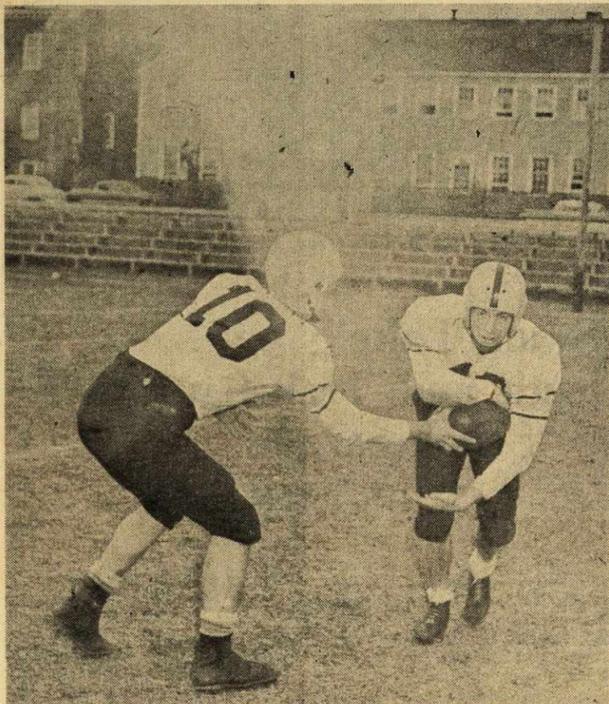
The first quarter saw Dal give the Stad team quite a battle. After driving to the Stad 30 yard line, Cluney attempted his first pass of the game, throwing it to Johnson. Stad intercepted and raced to the Dal 10 yard line. Two plays later, the Tars had their first major. The Tigers again pressed, but the Stad line held and Navy once again went into high gear. Their second TD was converted and quarter time read Stad 11, Dal 0.

In the second quarter, the Tigers were discouraged. Mud caked on their uniform and face the players became unrecognizable. McSweeney attempted a field goal, but failed. The ball, however, went into the scoring zone and bounced out of play giving the Stad team a rouge. The sailors still pounded the Tigers. Blocking a kick on the 3 yard line, Hayes raced across for the third TD. Minutes later they were back for another.

In the second half, Dalhousie were all but exhausted. Stad using the two platoon system, however, were in top shape. They rolled to one more converted touch-down in the third quarter and picked up fifteen more points in the final quarter. The final score stood at 43-0.

The score was the worst Dalhousie has had since she went into NSFL play. The Dal boys tried hard, but were no match for the Stad team. Two Dal players were put out of the game on penalties. Lovett being heaved for rough play, and Bryson being heaved for an indelicate gesture. Actually, Bryson had every right to be mad. The Stad were pretty cocky and when Bryson raced around right end for a long gain, the Stad back threw him down by grabbing his sweater around the neck. The object was to hurt Bryson, who got onto his feet and threw the ball disgustedly at the Stad back. Referee Cole, seeing no penalty, threw Bryson out of the game.

### TIGER THREAT



Bryson from Cluney. Shown above is one of Dal's backfield combinations moving into high gear. "Dependable" Dave Bryson, half, receives a handoff from quarter Reg Cluney in practice session. Both players are out for revenge Saturday at Cornwallis.

### Tiger Ruggers Drop Third Game 8-2 at St. Dunstan's

The Dal Rugby squad continued their losing streak over the weekend when they were defeated by St. Dunstan's in Charlottetown.

After twenty minutes of play L. Gaudet of SDU raced across the Dal line to score the first try of the game. The convert was not successful thus St. Dunstan's led 3-0. With only 35 seconds left in the first half Mel Young, who was playing his first game of English rugby, made a 44 yard penalty kick to make the score 3-2 at half time.

In the second half after 14 minutes of play the Saints scored again when P. Jay made a try. The convert was not good, St. Dunstons now led by 6-2.

With only nine minutes of play left R. Innis kicked a penalty kick to make the final score 8-2 for SDU.

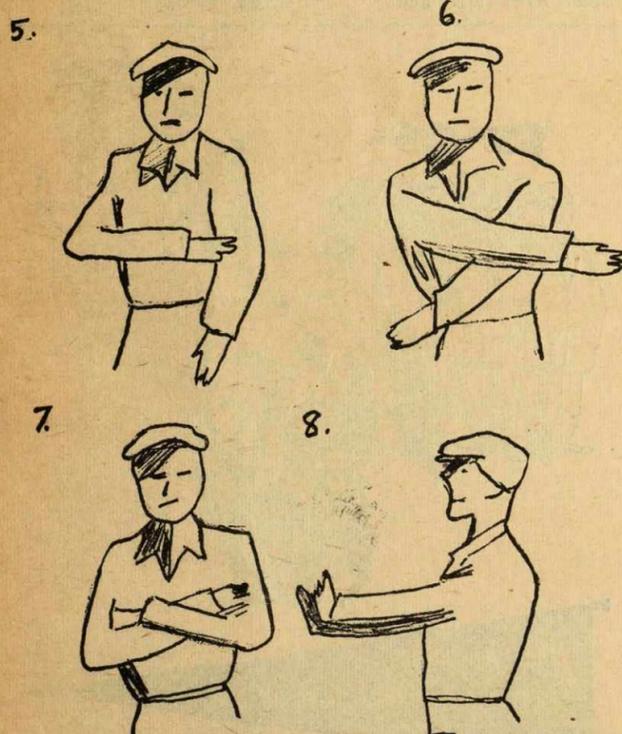
The light but powerful Island scrum out-healed the Dal squad 31 to 13. The Dalhousians handled the ball very little but played a very good defensive game. Ted Marshall played an excellent defensive game for Dal. Mel Young, playing his first game of English rugby was outstanding and did a very good job of playing fullback.

This coming Saturday the Dal squad will play their second game in Sackville when they meet the strong Mount A who have won their first two games to give them first place in their section of the league. The last time the two teams met, Dal provided stiff opposition for the Mounties and only lost the game in the last two minutes of play. A forty-five yard drop-kick by Mount A star Davies was the deciding blow.

Mount Allison as mentioned above, have already won Section B. The Dalhousie boys, however, will be out to upset their unbeaten streak Saturday. Tackling has been the mainstay of the Dal Ruggers and this Saturday Dalhousie will be tackling extra hard. The other game on schedule for Dal will be between St. Dunstan's and will be played at Dal on the seventh of November.

### COMMON PENALTIES

5. OFFSIDE PASS: A lateral pass thrown forward. Penalty: Loss of a down.
6. AN ILLEGALLY THROWN FORWARD PASS: A pass caught by ineligible receiver. Penalty: Loss of a down.
7. "NO YARDS" ON A KICKED BALL: Any player who is not behind the ball when kicked, must be at least five yards away from an opponent who is attempting to receive the kicked ball. Penalty to offending team: 15 yards.
8. ILLEGAL INTERFERENCE: An attempt by players of the attacking team to block opponents outside of the prescribed limits. Penalty: loss of a down and 10 yards. "Clipping" or blocking an opponent from behind. Penalty 15 yards.



### Tiger Prowl

Dalhousie Football teams ran into two power-houses last weekend. At Wanderer's Grounds, the Varsity Canadian Football squad were all but annihilated to the tune of 43-0. Their conquerors were none other than the same victors of the previous week, HMCS Stadacona. Stad played like a championship team and had no difficulty whatsoever solving the Tiger offence and defence. Dalhousie could not get started all afternoon, although for the first quarter, it appeared that Dal might turn the tables. In the long run, the two platoon system killed Dal. Stad were fresh, while the tired Dal line had to muster every strength to stay alive. Ken MacLaren, Pa Porter and the rest of the Dal line tried hard, but you cannot play fifty or more minutes of Canadian Football against a team like Stad.

Dalhousie is far from being discouraged. That loss should really make them fight from here on in. For the many skeptics around Dal, fellows who say they know football yet, you never can find them out in the rain, just remember that Dal tagged Stad 44-1 last year. Stad went on to win the league, but they were panted in the finals by a score ranging in the sixties to zero. What is more, Stad is getting mighty cocky. It's not often you hear the players bragging on the field. The next time the two teams meet, (which will have to be in the finals), the cocky sailors might be doing some more talking—this time, of a different variety. Stad have no Horatio Nelson and neither has the rest of the Canadian Navy. If the Tigers do make the finals, it could well be a different story... savage beast against a tar. Navy will have to throw more broadsides then they did last Sautrday to hold back an enraged Tiger.

At Charlottetown, the other contingent of Dalhousie Football, the Rugger team, met their third straight MIAU loss at the hands of St. Dunstan's. The team is out of the running for the Championship, but two games still are to be played. Dalhousie can be proud in an ironical sense of their Ruggers. They have played with spirit every game and their tackling has been excellent. Most of the team are freshmen and as such stand a good chance to make next year's team. In short, it looks from the Sport Desk that Dal should be strong contenders next year. The team made a favorable impression this year. Next year promises to be an even bigger year as far as Dalhousie's English Rugger Squad is concerned.

The bright side of the Dal Sportlight was the Golf Championship won by Dal at Brightwood Saturday. The golfers eked out a victory over St. F.X. and Acadia and thus gave Dalhousie her second straight Inter-Collegiate Championship.

### EUROPE 1954

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### N. S. F. L. SUMMARY

The Nova Scotia Canadian Football League Schedule is rapidly drawing to a close. As of last Saturday's game, the standing in the league sees Stadacona holding an almost unassailable first place, with Dal and Shearwater locked for the second place division. Cornwallis brings up the rear, with no victories yet recorded in 1953 football. Stad, by virtue of their two recent victories over the Dal Tigers, moved into the first place division. Dalhousie, on the other hand, having lost the last two games, fell into a second place tie with the idle Flyers from Shearwater. Dalhousie will go against Cornwallis in Deep Brook while Shearwater will attempt to bomb HMCS Stadacona in Halifax this coming Saturday. The experts pick Stad over Shear-

water and Dal over Cornwallis, thus breaking the tie for second place at least temporarily. Anything, however, can happen and the Flyers might upset Stad while the Cornwallis team on their own field might be the match for Dalhousie. At any rate, the next important game for Dal will be at Studley on November 7 against the Shearwater team. Both Shearwater and Dal will be looking for the second place division, as the holder of this position will have home field in the semi-finals. The standings in the NSFL: Stad—four games played, won four, lost none. Dal—four games played, won two, lost two; Shearwater—four games played, won two, lost two. Cornwallis—four games played, won none, lost four.