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LETTERS

... Perfect Young Ladies ...

Sir:

Permit me to quote the opening lines from the Boyfriend:

"We're perfect young ladies preparing to make The most of the charms we possess."

The female body of Dalhousie is more than annoyed at the barbs and jibes directed at their foot apparel.

Let us face the fact that we are in the cold Canadian north. A thin pair of nylons is scanty protection against the bitter cold. One ought to fortify herself with a life insurance policy from Lloyd's before teetering forth to class on the icy paths.

If we are the "perfect young ladies" of the coming generation, we at least show a little sense in wearing knee socks and leotards. A scene played in hundreds of Halifax homes last week can only be imagined. Seated in the break-

thing constructive has been achieved; an Athletic Board has almost been formed that will, next year, supervise and co-ordinate sports on the campus.

The canteen suffered from fine intentions as usual. The guiding lights were going "to implement the canteen investigation committee's report and press for more dispensing machines to speed up service." The committee's report had suggested (1) that the canteen be inspected regularly by the Student Health Service, (2) that the waitresses should be equipped with hairnets and uniforms, (3) that the residence should be provided with a room wired for hot-plates so that men in residence could prepare snacks, (4) that dirty dishes should be deposited on the other end of the canteen so as not to spoil appetites of people getting their lunches, (5) that vending machines for snacks be provided so that students could get food on 24-hour service, and (6) that a swinging door be put between the kitchen and the counter. We have coat-hooks.

We were also promised that the alumni would be approached "with a view to having a student-sponsored homecoming to help maintain alumni interest in Dalhousie." Yeah.

We are perfectly aware, of course, that election platforms usually have to be taken with a grain of salt, but the effort, or, rather, the lack of it, shown above is nevertheless indicative of the Council's (horrible word) apathy. There has still been no decision on the question of the Munro Day band. Dal dances are still being attended by outside elements. And so we could go on, almost endlessly.

Ugh.

* * *

Do You Just Gotta Have Heart?

They just don't "give a damn" anymore cries out the author of last week's letter on "heart." And the Peccats wail in tedious unison as that "true college spirit" eludes their grasp once more.

And someone will inevitably rediscover the iniquitous decline from the golden age of the university campus, where hot-blooded idealists championed righteous causes with unbelievable passion. The pitiful culmination of this decline is seen in the self-satisfied materialist of today.

Somewhere a fervent little group will gather, eyes blazing with the light of the outer spirit. But the fervour dies as they throw in the sponge to soft living and hard

when the temperatures swoop. We dress to suit our moods. We tend to think twice about running through two or more pairs of costly nylons a week just to please the whims of the opposite sex.

To "make the most of the charms we possess" is our continual aim. Flat shoes, we admit, are not flattering. But we don't have the ¾ of an extra hour to waste by mincing to class, coyly sidestepping icy patches, detouring puddles and extracting ourselves from some muddy mire.

What's the matter with the knee socks? For many of us, this is our

last fling before we brave out into the wicked world of Katherine Gibbs. We take turns being teenagers and business-conscious 20-years-olds.

Do not despair men! Have you not discovered that the more concealed the feminine form is, the more the little sex-wheels in your head work overtime? Watch out, or fashion might decree ankle-length skirts and high button shoes.

Or would you prefer us in slacks?

—Anonymous.

Ed: Yes!

Kibitzer's Corner:

The Old School Ties At Dal Appear To Be On Apron Strings

By BOB SCAMMELL

Dalhousians are inclined to wonder why they are such model children.

The answer was, I think, to be found in *The Chronicle-Herald* which last week ran an item informing the populace that Arts and Science tuition fees at Dalhousie would rise anywhere from \$35 to \$85 in the 1960-61 term.

"Dr. A. E. Kerr," the report went on, "university president, said in a letter to parents that over the last six years tuition fees have increased by less than \$35 while the operating cost per student has soared by \$3,200."

To the parents indeed! It would seem that the administration at least believes that Dalhousians are model children because they have model—and monied—parents.

* * *

fast nook are Joe College-by-the-Sea and his father, Joe Sr. Mother is at the stove stirring little Joe's pablum. Father has been beadyly eyeing an envelope bearing a Dalhousie University return address.

Father: "What have you done now you little —?"

Joe: (Choking on his homogenized Papaya juice) "N-n-no-nota-thing."

Father: (Ripping letter open) "As usual. Hmnnnnnnuh. Great Gobs! Mother, do you realize that it is going to cost \$85 more to send your son to Dalhousie next term?"

Mother: "Is it? I wish you wouldn't scream so, you know little Joey's dulcimer can be so easily upset early in the morning (Approaching table) Here's your nice pablum, Dear."

Father: "Money money! You may just have to go to work this summer."

Joe: (Cowering behind pablum bowl) "No! No! Never!"

Mother: "Don't be absurd Joe Senior, you know that the fees the students pay are only a fraction of the amount actually expended on the education of the little darlings."

Father: "Don't I know it! White bucks, Meerschmumpfs, sports cars, paternity suits—costs a fortune to send a kid to college these

days. Grow! And do I get any voice in how they run that place? I suppose they still haven't done anything about the Prof—Verboten was his name—who was giving the kiddies all that Marx rot in Comparative Religion."

Joe: "They've been talking of exiling him to King's."

Father: "Snarl!"

Joe: "Gotta run . . . be late for Interpretive Dancing."

Mother: (To Joe Sr.) "They work the poor things so." (To Joe Jr.) "Don't forget your Twong Pouch. Did you wash behind your ears? Dry them? Don't be late for Yogi Bear. Don't fall down, and if you do—don't get dirty, etc, etc."

Father: "Retch!"
(Fast Fade)

One hears rumblings of a future Dalhousie Parent-Teacher Association.

One thing about sending the letter to the parents is that it is safer. Even if they did have the time, the rioting days of most fathers are over. And Junior will pay Poppa's money without complaint if the administration's assumption bears the weight of truth; the assumption that Daddy-o pays the piper and *ipso facto* calls the tune.

One has heard, however, of universities which pay their students the respect of not assuming — at least openly—that the purse strings of these same students are inextricably entangled with the apron strings.

drinking, giving up the apathetic as lost forever.

And soon the same striped repetitious process of Peccats and spirit committees begins again.

It never seems to occur that in their Dalhousie of broken goal posts and stolen tigers there may be very little to give a damn about.

One thing is certain—nobody (not even Joe College with his three-buttoned mind) does give a damn. Maybe he's just lazy. Maybe (and it's a big maybe), he too is fed to the teeth with apathy beaters and their organizations.

Perhaps he is looking for something for which he can show some concern. This something may exist at Dalhousie if our organizations were stripped clean of their false fronts and bloated ideals. Certainly the creation of something of worth would be made easier if the deadwood (maintained by illusions of contributing to campus spirit) was carted away!