

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, SHIRREFF HALL,

Dear Mummy,

We are finally at Dal! As a freshette entering Dalhousie University the year and even the week ahead seem formidable. University life is new and every first impression serves to formulate ideas.

Throughout the summer months, the freshmen girls had been contemplating initiation week with something close to fear. Perhaps the boys had been too (of course they wouldn't dare admit it.) However we experienced a wonderful week in which all fears were grounded.

From the beginning, until initiation was banned, the majority of the freshmen enjoyed the so-called abuse from their superiors, except in rare cases in which a few sophomores took advantage of their position.

The first day of initiation whet our appetites for spirit. The placards we wore did not embarrass us (if you could only have seen them!) for they proved to our advantage. It is easier to approach a stranger when we already know something about him. In this way it was no task to start mixing with other freshmen.

It can safely be said that when these placards were removed an embarrassed silence seemed to fall over all new students to the point where we found it hard to mix. We did not make the associations in the first week that we should have. That silence is being only slowly broken away. I think that the removal of all orientation practices backfired in its purpose.

Our costume instilled school spirit, a thing that is rapidly waning in institutions today. It was an instrument of association which basically takes away the feeling of inexperience and loneliness. All these senses join together to give the new student a feeling of security. This probably sounds odd to you, but we feel we belong and are not strangers when these senses are joined.

Of course the week's orientation plan was not perfect. Some upper-classmen, primarily sophomores, sought to take advantage of the initiation proceedings. Though outlawed eight years ago, this initiation has been permitted in good faith, and well it should have been. The great majority of upper-classmen have used it well. We freshmen did not feel personally selected during the hazing; we were all "in the same boat". Frankly the greater part of the upper-classmen and the initiation committee should be congratulated on their use of the privilege. The high-jinks through which they put us were an excellent outlet for tension and diverted our feelings from homesickness.

If it was possible for a person to be warm in his abuse upperclassmen certainly were so. Because we were never made to do anything we didn't really wish to (that sounds much worse than it was), we were shocked when the "coup" arrived. We begged for the rough treatment. We did not want to see initiation end!

The most prominent aspect of Dalhousie (the nicest thing) is the friendliness of the upperclassmen — like so many big brothers. We expected to find a caste system here on campus and did not.

The functions of orientation week were a huge success in one sense, and we want to thank the upperclassmen for all their efforts. With the removal of the orientation costume, however, the excitement was taken away. I feel that this is a step, a big step, toward eliminating school spirit and Dalhousie can not afford to lose this loyalty. It is true that Dal is a conservative school, but the new students cannot feel loyalty for things that lie ahead. Most of all we cannot feel this together if we are not made to feel equal and as one. Therefore we feel that the beanies and placards should stay!

Say hello to everyone for me and please send some cookies! The food's lousy but we only get it three times a day.

Love and Kisses, LINDA

CRIBBERS I HAVE KNOWN

(the ONTARIAN)

My name's Cessive, I'm an educator. I want to tell you about the methods students use for cribbing on final exams because I think that maybe by telling you this, I may possibly save many students from the embarrassment of having to go home and tell their parents "Folks, I got caught cribbing". Then Daddy would say, "Oh that's alright, son; we know you'll pass your supp." and Sonny says, "Sorry, Dad, there won't be any supp; I'm right out of college." At this point Daddy does a fast fade—in fact, he faints when he thinks of the money he invested in Sonny's future by sending him to college for that one year.

The first method I have seen as an instructor involves the laborious copying of the entire year's work onto two or three tidy little sheets, small enough to fit into the students shirt pocket. Then during the exam, the student merely reaches into his pocket for a fresh pencil, looks at the notes and goes on writing. This method is so obvious to an instructor that he only needs one glance to know whether a student is cheating or not.

There are many variations on the above method; these involve the placing of crib notes into the pantcuffs, the tops of Wellington boots and assorted other hiding places. All such methods have one thing in common—in the time spent in preparing the crib notes the students probably could have learned the course backwards and forwards.

A second method showing infinitely more genius is that of using a specialized holder for the crib notes. One student I caught had developed a watch with a small roll of paper enclosed whereon was typed the whole course. Every five minutes, he wound his watch, thus exposing a new set of notes. This lad would have gone on forever had he not stopped writing to ask me the time. Nobody who wound his watch that often could possibly be on the level in wanting to know the time.

Another brilliant student always carried a ball-point pen with the cartridge out of ink. He would stop writing, take out a new cartridge, fill his pen, and start writing again. Turned out that he was wrapping crib notes around the cartridge, extracting them for his cribbing and replacing them in the pen with the fresh cartridge. He flunked, as most cribbers do, gloriously and completely.

Delegate says —

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I cannot agree with him now. They do have a sense of humour and although they resemble Americans in their desire and ability to obtain material well-being. They are not "just like Americans."

What would be fair comment on the Swedish people? A population equal to that of Ontario and living on rock, remains independent in the world unallied with any other political power, alone and with great internal unity: pacifist, yet better prepared for nuclear survival than any other western country. Quiet, well-organized, well-educated industrious, a little slow but very thorough they continually seek quality. We have much to learn from them.

MAN

Long before Shakespeare asked: "Who is Sylvia?" somebody wondered the same question about himself: "Who is MAN?" Man has speculated on the nature of his own being since time immemorial. Charles Darwin finally offered a logical solution to at least one facet of the query with his Monkey-Man descendance theory. But, was it really "logical?" Mr. Darwin in bolstering his theory with scientific data ignored the obvious source of truth affecting his theory. Obviously, Mr. Darwin was never a journalist. But the GAZETTE is a journal; and the GAZETTE has undertaken to study the source Mr. Darwin left untapped:

THE MONKEY'S REPLY

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be
Said one to the other, "Now listen you two,
There's a certain rumour that can't be true,
That man descended from our noble race —
The very idea is a disgrace.

No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life,
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another,
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.

And another thing you'll never see
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree,
And let the cocoanuts go to waste
Forbidding all other monks to taste.
Why, if I'd put a fence 'round the tree
Starvation would force them to steal from me.

Here's another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes, man DESCENDED, the ornery cuss,
But, brothers, he didn't descend from US!"

... So it seems had Darwin queried the monkeys, of course, we'd be left without enlightenment, as to our source.

But the Nature of Man, however revealed, can occasionally leave one with nausea filled:

"Man is a beast! He may be a gentleman, a scholar or a playboy by training, but by heredity he is a beast. And regardless of the superficial finery in which he wraps himself, he will remain underneath it essentially a beast, ruthless and fierce. When we look at man we forget to see the hairy pig-eyed monster; he has become sophisticated. But civilization is a gloss varnish. It does not remedy grossness, merely hides it. How else are we to account for wars in the names of peace, tyrannies in the name of liberation, atrocities in the name of religion and wholesale hatred in the name of God?"

"Man is by nature selfish, cruel, contentious and cunning. So he has always been. And so he will remain. Sweet-smelling body lotions and pious pulpit platitudes effectively cloud the issue. It is expedient that man hides from himself, for the really colossal crimes, the mass murders and social rapes, can only be performed under the proud colours of respectability. Independent and spontaneous inhumanities are pretty; the foulest lecheries, and the most magnificent, require planned co-operative effort. Man

has evolved from crude to efficient bestiality.

"Our mystics and prophets are wrong; we'll never see that idyllic world of love and joy. The vision of peace is but another priestly robe on the great primitive beast. For years the world has been talking of disarming and proceeding to do otherwise. There have been schemes and leagues and utopian experiments. There have been wars to end wars, each more savage than the one before. There have been maniacs with powers of oratory, and always there have been the opportunists, the fearful, the lazy and the stupid to cheer them on. There will always be the many who cringe, and the few who hold the whip.

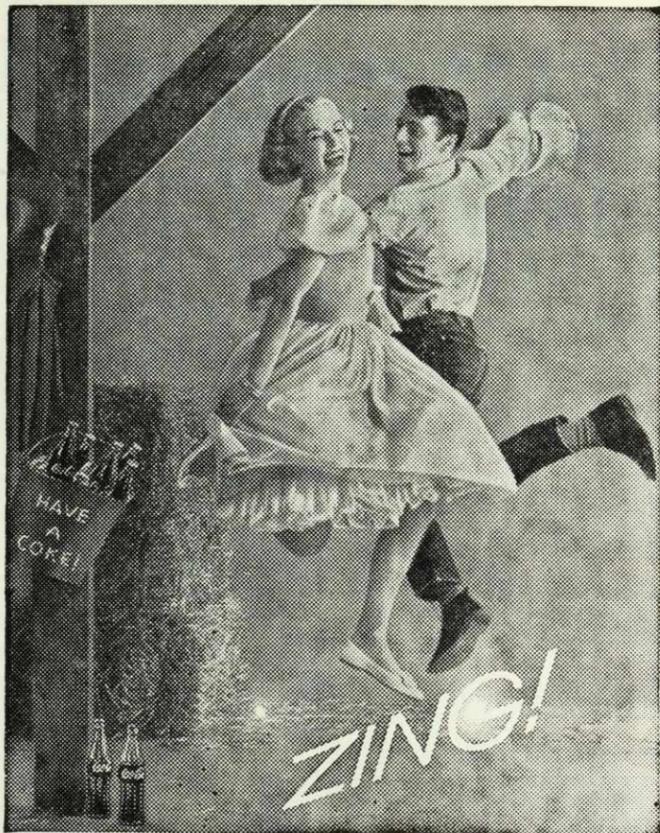
"Man is an animal. Ultimately he respects no authority but that of force. There is no use whining about human rights or prating about human dignity. It is vain to speak of freedom. It is naive to look for love. The best we can do is recheck our weapons and hope to keep the beast at bay."

The Canadian Student defines political parties:

Socialism: A man has two cows — he gives one to his neighbor.

Communism: A man has two cows — he gives them to the government which gives him part of the milk.

Nazism: A man has two cows — the government shoots him, takes the cows, and sells the milk.



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AN INVITATION

All students at Dalhousie University who are interested in writing features for the Gazette are cordially invited to submit poems, reviews, cartoons, interviews, satire or articles of interest or humour to the Features Department to be considered for publication in the Gazette. Such submissions should be addressed to the Features Editor and should be posted on the bulletin board outside the Gazette office in the old men's residence.