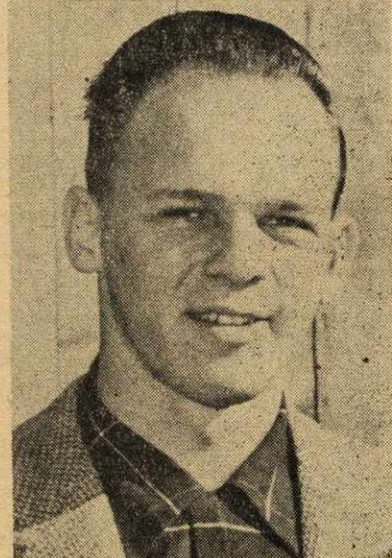




By BRUCE WILLIS

Dalhousie has come to life again. After three weeks of staring at Lawyers and Medics, in an atmosphere of professionalism, we have finally been shown, rather forcibly, the shape of things to come.

Before going on, let me point out, as sharply as possible, that unfortunately the opinions expressed in this column, now and in future, are those of the columnist and are not necessarily those of the editors of this newspaper.



This Year's Columnist

After a long and in some cases, arduous summer, it is, no doubt, good to be back to the relative security of college life. For the next seven months, our fears should not extend beyond the confines of our own personal responsibilities, namely, to study diligently, to take a keen and active interest in our school on its intangible spirit, and to enthusiastically attend all social functions, at the expense of our studies.

A rather enjoyable, and unusual football game was played at Studley Stadium last Saturday. The fact that it ended in a tie was not important, but the main thing was the Tabbies were not trounced, which was the regrettable case in all our games last season and has been this year up to Saturday.

A note of encouragement to the class of '75—there will perhaps be a men's residence on the campus. In the meantime, there is a new science building on the way, we hear. I have it from usually reliable sources that the roof will, like the Crimina Code, cover a multitude of sins, and the Engineers will be put away in the attic of this new building, so that they will not be in a position to scare away future students.

From the Men's Residence we have still with us. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those souls who voted for our party in the Model Parliament last February 8. While it is small comfort to realize we are no longer in power, Federally or Provincially, there is no shame attached to our present position, for we have often been on the wrong side, we have never on the side of wrong." (Quotation from one of P. M. Baker's Campaign Speeches, lifted verbatim from the Dal Newsletter.)

Closing let us put in a dig at Lord Altrincham et al. The English Nobleman: Who was that lady I saw you last night? The second English Nobleman: That was no Lady, that was a ss!

A Freshman Looks Back at the First Two Weeks

by Roger Doyle

From the beginning, most sophomores were realistic. Instead of thinking, "Why must Frosh wipe their shoes on the university seal," they thought, "Really, how clever of them to know that shoes go on the ends of their legs and need laces and so on."

However, although that was their usual attitude towards freshmen, sophomores, like flies, come in many species. They ranged all the way from the skeptical sophomore who thought the university seal was the picture of a schizophrenic ant-eater, to the hot-eyed sophomore who reminded us of a picture we saw some time ago in one of the magazines, of a dog's head severed from its body which the Russians are keeping alive for some obscene Muscovite purposes by pumping blood into it from a bottle. It dribbles at the mouth when it smells a cat . . .

The freshmen spent the last week imbibing wormwood and atmosphere and knowledge and things. We toured the campus, saw the professors; looked, were looked at, and smelled both the aura of mystery surrounding Shirreff Hall and the aura of formalin surrounding Forrest campus.

Everywhere we went we were met by indefinable expressions of surprise, as if the professors were only slightly less shocked at being confronted by us than we were at being confronted by the Mathematical Conception of a Set. Perhaps this last is not true; perhaps we only read reflected bewilderment in the professors' eyes.

There were so many of us that we all enjoyed the receptions and dances. We fell into congenial company; there was none of that acute general discomfort which arises when the extremely shy are forced to talk with those who are only rather shy.

We began to be absorbed into the university. The freshmen adapted themselves to classes big enough to lend anonymity to anyone sleeping in the back row. Courses caught us up in their routine; societies held meetings. At least some of us became unself-conscious enough to sit with apparent equanimity on the steps of the Arts and Administration building. College spirit surged. Instead of staring stoney-eyed at the antics of our cheer-leaders we bellowed lustily at the games.

Finally, sometime during the past two weeks we abruptly realized that all are class-mates trying to do the same things, and that those in university are filled with similar ambitions. So we start to move with Dalhousie, some of us with only the vaguest objectives, but most of us excited by the feeling that what we are learning now seems much more important than what we were taught before.

From the Manitoban we stole this article which we think will be controversial on this campus. What are your views?

We sometimes wonder what royalty is coming to these days. There used to be a time when royalty furnished a noble, upstanding example for the common people. But all play and no work makes Jack a lazy demented clod, and we suspect this adage holds true whether Jack has a crown on his head or not.

One has only to consider the type of recreational activity participated in by royalty to realize how true this is. In fact, there are only two

A Pessimistic Poem

by Margaret Doody

One thing of which there is generally a great deal too much Is the praise of halls of ivy and such. To them as knows (like us) these halls Are simply institutional walls.

Now, for whatever may be the cockeyed reason, We are gathered here together for another season. Our feelings for our Mater (Alma) Do not grow noticeably warmer When, on arrival, all our (flowing or otherwise) coffers Are coolly emptied at the Business Office. Someone takes much too seriously (we infer) The relationship between "cash" and "register." We then nourish ourselves (after the shock) and try to make life bearable

By trying to drink a liquid called "Kanteen Kawfee"—usually terrible. We can mosey over to the football field and observe The team in action in all their vigor and verve Can someone tell me (I don't quite know the reason) Why the great old cheers, After you've been losing all the season, Begin to sound faintly like jeers? Be cheerful, things could be in a worse pass— Like for instance, going to class . . . We are all in the same boat, or boats, When it comes to that interesting performance known as taking notes.

With some professors this is very much on a par With trying to catch the caboose of a speeding railroad car. Not only is this bad, but what's worse (Leading poor students to an early hearse) Is the notion that we are supposed to know what we've taken— An idea which appears to be obsolete and mistaken. With handwriting like mine Trying to read notes is simply a waste of time . . . May I close by avoiding such statements as, "Life can be beautiful if . . ." And merely remark: "Life can be stiff!"

A Sport Called "Queens"

sports not looked upon with disdain by nobility at the present time. These are, of course, the sport of kings and the sport of queens. Everyone knows that the sport of kings refers to that ancient and corrosive form of lottery, the horse race. But far worse in its damaging effect upon character is the sport of queens, the human race. Now this remark was not made merely to appear punny. There is indeed a distinctly human race, usually limited to the female of the species, but a very perverse type of race at that. In the first place the mode of competition is not running, but rather cakewalking—the art of being conspicuous in as many places as possible. The contestants are chosen

who by the very process of being chosen loses all claim to the title because of a swelled head.

All this for the sake of beauty. However, it is apparently deeply ingrained in human nature to judge girls by this petty standard. I do not wish to alter the foibles of the human race. But it does seem odd that the university should sponsor a contest in which a minimal entertainment. It would be far more appropriate for the university which has an agricultural faculty to sponsor a Prize Shorthorn Contest. However, that is an opinion, we are sure, with which only the male shorthorns will concur.

An Interview With Cleland Marshall

D. G. D. S.: What is in Store for This Year?

By GAIL NOBUARY

During the past few years there has been much controversy over the part played by the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society in campus activities. Last Thursday afternoon I interviewed Cleland Marshall, this year's president of DGDS:

Q: Do you think Meds have time to join in the activities of the society?
A: Some tried out for parts in the three-act play to go on the end of the month.
Q: What's the name of the play?
A: "The Admirable Crichton." We were supposed to do "Pygmalion," but we received notice that the rights for production are unobtainable.
A: What are the dates of the presentation of "The Admirable Crichton"?
A: October 31, November 1 and 2— at Dal gymnasium.
Q: When are the other productions you have planned going on?
A: The Review has been tentatively scheduled for the third week of

January, and the musical will probably be early in March. We can't tell the definite dates until we are positive they won't conflict with any other activities on the campus.
Q: What will the musical be this year?
A: Well, we can't tell the name of it right now.
Q: Why not?
A: It will be announced by Mr. Edwards, the new musical director, at the DGDS meeting Tuesday night.
Q: Will it be a Gilbert and Sullivan production again?
A: No, we're planning something new.
Q: How come?

The executive feels it's time for a change. It seems that G. and S. is not liked year after year.
Q: What makes you get that idea?
A: The audience hasn't been as big the last few years, so we're figuring a change will renew interest in the musical productions.
Q: Has the musical you're thinking of doing been presented here before?
A: No.
Q: What did you think of last year's productions on the whole?
A: Last year's society did the best they could. Their biggest disappointment was not being able to do "Oklahoma." The produc-

tions, however were enjoyable, and there was more active participation among the students.
Q: Do you see much new talent around this year?
A: There seems to be a lot in the Freshman class. Last year not too much talent was discovered.
Q: What are you doing to interest the students, particularly the new ones?
A: We're asking around, and have posters up and so forth . . . the usual things.
Q: Are you doing anything besides the three-act, review, and musical?
A: Contact any members of the executive: Julia Gosling, Jean McPhee, Sidney Oland, Art Fordham, or myself. We are very anxious to have as much new talent as possible.

Q: What are you doing to improve the society this year?
A: We are choosing plays and the musical with larger casts than average so more people can participate, and of course we have the new musical director, S. Fyhton Edwards. Also the review won't have a narrow theme, because when it has, a lot of talent gets cut out.
Q: What shall new students do if they want to join in on any DGDS activities?
A: Contact any members of the executive: Julia Gosling, Jean McPhee, Sidney Oland, Art Fordham, or myself. We are very anxious to have as much new talent as possible.

President Introduces New Professors

By MOIRA KERR

At a special fall convocation in the Arts and Administration Building Tuesday, President A. E. Kerr introduced the 17 faculty members joining Dal's teaching staff this year.

ARTS AND SCIENCE

In the faculty of Arts and Science, C.G.I. Friedlander, Ph.D. (Zurich) has been appointed Carnegie Professor of Geology and head of the department. Swiss by birth, Dr. Friedlander is well known throughout Europe for his research papers and work as a petrologist and mineralogist, and until recently he was working in Northern Rhodesia. Working with him as associate professor will be George C. Milligan, M.Sc. (Dal '48). A native of P.E.I. he will soon receive his Ph.D. from Harvard.

In the Physics department, Alan T. Stewart, Ph.D. (Cambridge) and C. Keith Hoyt, Ph. D., (M.I.T.), have been appointed associate professors. Dr. Stewart, who was on the staff as assistant professor four years ago, has come from Chalk River, where he was doing research work for the Atomic Energy Commission. Dr. Hoyt, who joined the staff in 1955, has received a new appointment, designed to allow students to become more familiar with the expanding field of electronics.

ASSISTANT PROFESSORS

As well, seven assistant professors have been appointed to the Arts and Science faculty. Miss Maria Garcia Lopez, Ph.D. (Madrid)

who will be giving Dal's Spanish courses. Alexander M. Kinghorn (Ph.D. (Aberdeen), comes to the English department (King's) from the McGill faculty.

To the history department comes Guy R. MacLean, M.A. (Dal '53) who left Dal in 1953 as Rhodes Scholar for Nova Scotia. While at Oxford he received his B.A. and has completed the requirements for D. Phil. Peter Michelsen D. Phil (Gottingen), M.A. (Wales) comes to teach the German classes, with previous experience at Gottingen and Wales.

Another recent Dal grad joins the faculty, this time in Engineering: Richard L. Vatcher, B. E. (Civil) (N.S.T.C.), Newfoundland.

Two new appointments in the Chemistry department are Russell V. Webber, Ph.D. (Wisconsin) and Owen H. Wheeler, Ph.D., D.I.C. (London). Dr. Webber has been studying for the past two years in Germany.

Mrs. Usmiani, M.A. (Harvard), comes to Dal as lecturer in German and the Romance languages, and S. Hylton Edwards, Fellow of Trinity College of Music, London, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, comes to the part-time staff. The latter's appointment is a conjoint one with the Maritime Conservatory of Music.

LAW

Two new figures will be on the faculty of the Law School this year, George V. Nicholls, Q.C., B.C.L. (McGill), an ex-editor of the Canadian Bar Review, who has been appointed professor, and W. Andrew MacKay, LL.M. (Dal '54). Mr. MacKay has been a member of the staff secretariat of the Department of External Affairs, and for the past year and a half was working with the Gordon Commission.

MEDICINE

To the faculty of Medicine has been added, in Surgery, Dr. Ian MacKenzie, F.R.C.S. (Edinburgh), Croix de Guerre with Gold Star, who hails from the West Cumberland Hospitals, England.

GRADUATE STUDIES

The one appointment in the faculty of Graduate Studies is Horace D. Beach, Ph.D. (McGill), as associate professor of Psychology. He is a Rhodes Scholar.

A Soph - isticated Letter to the Freshman Class

Dear (?) Frosh:

How are you? I do hope that you feel properly bewildered, confused, abused, befuddled, muddled, bumbled, humbled, amazed, dazed, and Utterly Undone.

During the past week, we, your upper classmen, have observed a lot of you wandering around, enclosed by two pieces of yellow cardboard, flipping your lids in the form of beanies (from Latin, beanus, meaning brain, hence signifying the lack of one.) In this past week, you have had the happy experience of being capably frustrated by your able and active acquaintances, the sophomores—don't mention it, it's been a pleasure. In current Ivy League lingo, all people on campus belong to one of several categories; they are clued in, clued up, or clueless. It is a well-known fact that all freshmen come in Absolutely Clueless, and this clueless state lasts a lot longer than you think it does. You have come in as green as June apples, but now the green shade is beginning to give way to black and gold. You are even feeling fairly smug, congratulating yourself on initiation terrors past. Aha! My dear young friends, you are suffering from third-weekitis, a disease manifested by a tendency to behave in a manner directly opposite from that of your first days here. Your arrival has caused your elders and betters (namely us) much brain-racking, pains-taking effort, and loss of time otherwise devoted to quiet rest and recreation. You have been the recipients of many feasts and foot-shakings (dances to you.) Your hot little palms have been pressed by many V.I.P's. As a direct result of nourishment, exercise, and attention, your little heads are beginning to swell. Victims of the Third Week Disease, you are full of self-confidence. Through the grapevine (generally via some pretty rotten grapes) you have picked up all the old ideas and opinions of frosh from way back. To friends and relatives you are quite willing to give forth your various valuable pronouncements regarding professors, residences, our coffee, our football season, the Glee Club, English 2, etc. and etc. You can deliver, whether called upon or not, quite an oration on such subjects as the Men's Residence and Dal College Spirit (or why Dal needs me.) Yes Frosh, you really know your way around. (Fiendish laughter echoes from upper-classmen.)

How little you know, you poor misguided things! Initiation period is over; the time has now come when you can stop making like Sam the Sandwich man, remove your beanies, (disclosing the hidden vacuum) and fall to work. You have noticed, and probably ably interpreted mistakenly, the fact that professors on the whole are not too keen on initiation. This is not through any misplaced charity on their part, but merely because they have such a better surprise for you coming up. Just you wait, Fearless Freshman, just you wait!

Now you are in for the Real Thing. When the placards have vanished, the pull-toys have disappeared, and the Engineers have dried their wet heads — then comes the r breaking in. You, with all your little high-schooly ideas, must now grapple with (a) COLEGE. Think now of the fate that awaits those who muddle their Math, bungle their Biology, or mutilate Milton.

Yes, Frosh, we can cease our little efforts in your direction, and leave you in the capable hands of the professors, certain of your being amply cared for. If the initiation week have given you a small hint of what is in store for you, our endeavours have not been in vain. (Hope you are properly grateful.) We predict that the symptoms of third-weekitis will vanish with the approach of December, but alas! the pangs of Examitis may take place. You will suffer from a mild case of this prevalent disease only if proper measures are taken early. Start now!

Well Frosh, I've said my little say. Our last words to you are "Clue Up!" Bye now. See you around.

With most pointed regards,

F(ri)end Sophomore,
Margaret Doody.