

Another Season - Another Reason For Making Whoopie

by Rolf J. Schultz

By now most of this year's crop of rebel minded rookies are probably becoming aware of the fact that there is more than one sex visible on campus. As a matter of fact, there are three: the masculine, the feminine . . . and the convertible.

Each registered rebel, no matter what sex, automatically becomes a member of one of the three distinct groups which inhabit our campus.

First, there are the habituals. It is this group which constantly meets in the library, raises thought provoking questions during lectures and constantly passes examinations. However, since its requirements tend to be modelled around the word "study", it is composed of only a small part of the student body, drawing only about 10% of the incoming crowd.

Secondly, there are the drifters. These are the people (50% to be exact) with a limited amount of initiative, who spend considerable time in a form of art called "drag". From a wide variety of examples that can be taken to illustrate this latter point, come the following:

- a) . . . asking a bright little question in class in hopes of impressing his professor, only to find out that the answer had already been given earlier during the same lecture;
- b) . . . walking along the corridor with his professor, attempting to discuss, in a semi-intelligent manner, what effects the Mau Mau Doctrine has upon the counter revolutionists of Laos, while smoothly slipping him an offer to accept his favorite brand of cigarettes;
- c) . . . dropping by to see his professor in his office at least four times within the two weeks prior to examination time.

Finally, there are the dreamers. These remaining 40% have selected those courses whose lectures are given in lecture rooms possessing a southern exposure. Their only purpose for coming to college is to hibernate through the long, cold winter months. With the coming of spring they seek the warm rays of the sun, and are usually the first to boast of a suntan.

Freshman, The choice of membership is yours. But you are wise to remember that unless you keep on your toes your classification is liable to change. It has been the misfortune for some habituals to become drifters, and for some drifters to become dreamers. Facts which have led to overcrowding of certain groups and have caused a drastic change in the status quo.

In any case be sure to consult your Student Employment Officer early in the season. This way you avoid the Christmas rush.

Things this year's Initiation Committee forgot to include in their programme:

- a) A cocktail party for the sophomores in the atrium of the Arts and Administration Building to mark the opening of another college term, supplemented by a cordial invitation for the teaching faculty and administrative staff to join the festivities.
- b) This brings to mind a mixed pyjama party at Shirreff Hall some Sunday night. Well, how acquainted can you get?
- c) A visit between this year's young rookies and local union executives; primarily designed for the 40% who won't be with us next year and will therefore be in need of a \$8000 a year executive position;
- d) A "friendly" visit to St. Mary's. (No further comment needed here.)
- e) A treasure hunt held by all fraternities. Details as to the nature of the treasure to be announced later.
- f) Finally, a reception at the residence of Dr. Kerr. For their final duty, each frosh is requested to bring several well-dried twigs and branches together with a match. The evening will be marked with a big bang in the form of a housewarming party. Members of the local fire department will join the proceedings later.

Well, thus concludes all the things that could have been done . . . or should have been done. Meanwhile, don't let me take up any more of your valuable time, during which you'll be mostly looking for four-leaf clover, polishing shoes or lighting cigarettes. And all the time wearing your placarde and beanies. Who knows? If you have any real rebel in your ranks Come next year we may see a change in initiation proceedings.

Oh, there was just one other thing I wanted to mention before falling asleep. Extra-curricular activities are always such fun. Now, with a whole new world opening before you, here is your chance to become a fraternity brother, a Gazette reporter, an actor in a DGDS production, a football hero, an active participant in NFCUS, and even perhaps a member of the Student Council. Just think, all this in the first six months at college. See you at the tennis courts . . . but never on a Sunday.

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The Start

The dawn is breaking, crimson white,
The sun is up in flaming spread.
The road is dim, beyond all sight,
Where none can see the way ahead.
Through blackest night, or dawn's red glow,
Where will it end? They do not know.

Through mist and fog - through storm and sun
Through pain and sorrow - love and care,
Through cheering millions - lost or won,
How will the new born marchers fare?
Who knows? Amid world beating hearts
The tumult and the shouting starts.

A TOURISTS TREAT; or . . .

ADVICE FOR THE INEXPERIENCED

Over the next few days you will be welcomed within these hallowed walls by many people of every race, creed, and - what is more important - sex. Some of the advice tendered will be useful, some will be laughable, and some should be completely ignored by freshmen.

Elsewhere in this paper you will be informed of where to go and what to do when you register, what societies there are to join, and what not to join, how to conduct yourself before professors, fellow students, and your seniors, and other details of everyday use for those intent on avoiding duels, suicide and the like.

However, the information I am about to impart to you is designed to raise you from the status of the lowest form of animal life, namely frosh, to the heights of the experienced campaigner. In a word, read this and you will read of the mistakes of your forefathers and how to avoid duplicating their faults and follies - delightful as some of them were, for I remember . . . but that was in another country, and, besides, the wench is dead - and thus, as a native philosopher once put it, attain wisdom.

"Down the way where the nights are gay . . ." so the old song goes. However, this is Halifax not Kingston, Jamaica, despite the illusions of grandeur the once merry old port has taken on since the advent of the Cocktail Lounge. In fact Halifax is a 'nice', quiet sleepy

city, ideally suited for those reaching retirement age with pockets well lined from the rum-running era of the 20's and 30's.

So, for no particular reason I can think of, we will now commence an historical tour of the campus, visiting those shady nooks most likely to interest our budding young intellectuals.

Dalhousie was originally founded from funds filched from the customs house at Castine, Maine, during the war of 1812. Thus if you see a group of American nationalists - disguised in all probability as tourists - glaring at a small plaque on a large cairn in front of the main Arts and Administration, you will know what black thoughts are circulating behind the clicking cameras.

The next financial shot in the arm of learning came when George Munro, one of the original New York publishers of pirated copies of Dickens, the Confessions of . . . , etc, donated some of his 'literary' gains to the university. Oddly enough he wasn't even offered an honorary doctorate for his services, an oversight which one can feel confident would not be made in the present era.

But enough of this. Let us survey the campus as it is today. The stately Arts and Administration building, designed with equal grace from the bottom of its lowest step to the top of the tower, towering over all else; the law school to the left, literally and metaphorically speaking, depending on where you are standing; the library with seating for about one tenth of the student body - which satisfies the ten percent who do study; and the chemistry building, directly opposite to which stands a concrete structure known as Atwood's Canteen, a democratic institution where even lawyers have been known on occasion to mingle with the common herd.

On the other side of the canteen lies the football field, that mecca for the good, clean-living, all American type boy and his plump female counterpart who tends to expose herself - on most cases unduly - on cold Saturday afternoons, while wiggling her bottom distractingly at the very moment one least wants to be distracted.

At one end of the football field lies the ice rink adjoining the gym. In these frigid quarters many a battle has been fought for the advancement of mankind - and not always on the ice.

Now about face and proceed down field, past the goal posts and ever onward until the girlish giggles emanating from that impregnable (after midnight) fortress of virtue Sherrif Hall assail the ears. Tarry awhile and you may have the luck to glimpse those flashy lassies with the classy chassis (ranging from the model T type to the Cadillac convertible) as they scurry about their business.

On round the circumference to the University of King's College, an ancient Anglican institution which intends to expand its women's residence in the near future.

Opposite King's there is of course the new Sir James Dunn science building, home of the up and coming engineer, physicist and geologist. In the basement of the building is the low temperature liquid helium machine, which makes things colder than anything this side of Sherrif Hall. Further on across the grass lies a place so far known only as the New Men's Residence, but a far more appropriate title we feel would be 'Done In'.

Then there is the Forrest, or, more commonly, med campus. Here you can see cavorting medics gleefully cutting cadavers to the tune of 'Mac the Knife'. There are also nurses, as the freshmen will no doubt find out in good time.

There is one species of supposedly homid sapiens which should be taken into consideration, and that is the professor. Unfortunately the university has not been able to afford an enclosure so far, and subsequently large numbers often escape back to the jungles of Upper Canada, but it is hoped that adequate fencing will be put up in the near future.

Thus ends our guided tour. So good luck to you in your future deliberations, and men, with recollections of what brings the fairer sex to college, always remember:

The glances over cocktails
That seemed to be so sweet
Don't seem to be so amorous
Over the Shredded Wheat.

TIGERS, HUSKIES TANGLE WEDNESDAY

Dalhousie Tigers open their 1961 football campaign Wednesday evening when they meet St. Mary's Huskies under the lights at Wanderers Grounds. The Bengals finished the 1960 season in third place in the seven team Atlantic Football Conference, missing a Purdy Cup final berth by one point.

The 1961 edition of the Black and Gold will appear minus 16 of last year's starters and with 13 "old-timers" back for another fling. At the pre-season camp, in operation this year for the first time, head coach Harry Wilson had 14 new faces on hand. The two week training period started in earnest on the 11th of this month with approximately 20 players living in the New Men's Residence and getting their fill of the grid game with three practices daily.

Among the returnees are last year's MVP and All-Star quarterback Ted Wickwire, tackle and co-captain Sid Oland; Eric Parsons, linebacker; Doug Parker, tackle; Bruce Stewart, end; Reid Morden, end; Duff Waddell, end; Charlie Brown, guard; Pete Corkum, fullback and leading ground gainer on the Tigers last year and in 1959; Steve Brown halfback stand-out of 1960; Larry Wood, guard; Don MacMillan, guard; Pete Madorin, fullback; Sandy Leslie, tackle.

Two stalwarts of years gone by will reappear with the Ben-

gals this year as well as three players who performed at other universities in the AFC. There will also be two junior varsity members who will make the leap to varsity. Brian Noonan, who played end two years ago, has returned and Pat Picchione, a fourth year med student will resume his duties at the linebacking position. Roy Velemerovich, a solid center from SMU has transferred to Dal as well as Nick Fraser who played at the Robie Street school as a defensive back. Lou Simon, for many years a defensive back at St. F. X. under Don Loney will don Tiger livery this fall. The two JV's advancing to the varsity are Al Agar, who will shift from back to line and Larry Hayes a back.

Rookies in camp are Pete Howard, a speedy back from Oakville, Ontario, John Dill, a lineman from Indiana University, Tom Lynch, a back from Rothesay Collegiate, Jamie Wright a halfback from Ottawa, John MacKeigan, quarterback for Queen Elizabeth High School in 1960, Peter Deleves, a

halfback for the same team. Al Belisle, a lineman from Winnipeg, and Frank Sim, a member of last year's Dalhousie hockey and soccer teams.

Losses from last year's varsity dozen are: Derek Delamere, Wilf Harrison, Jon Hoogstarten, Tom Evans, Dave Gardiner, Harold Garrison, Dave Logan, Vince DeRobbio, Rick Dawson, Stu MacInnes, Bob Shea, Bill Rankin, Frank Palmer, John MacIntosh, Ted Brown and Don Tomes.

Assisting coach Wislon are line coach Merv Shaw and backfield coach Reg Cluney. Handling the Junior Varsity will be Don MacLeod and Gord MacConnell. Managing the Tigers will be Barry Annis and equipment manager is Albert Bartlett. Team trainer is fourth year med student Hank Newman.

- 1961 Schedule**
- September 27 - vs. St. Mary's University (away) (Wed. night)
 - October 9 - vs. Mt. Allison University (away) (Mon. holiday)
 - October 14 - vs. University of New Brunswick (home) (Sat.)
 - October 18 - vs. Stadacona (home) (Wed. night)
 - October 28 - vs Shearwater (home) (Sat.)
 - November 4 - vs. St. Francis Xavier (away) (Sat.)
 - November 11 - vs. St. Mary's University (home) (Sat.)
 - November 18 - Purdy Cup play-off (Sat.)
 - November 25 - Atlantic Bowl Game (Sat.)