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Don't Fall in Love

The Gazette's Law of Inverse Variation: the amount of Council's surplus fund varies inversely with the quantity and quality of constructive thought concerning that surplus.

Dalhousie, it was recently announced, probably has the richest student surplus fund in Canada, and to prove the above law, The Gazette questioned several Council members.

One member said of Council debates, "I think that over 50% are taking part" - while another explained her difficulties in following unfamiliar topics by "It's not as though they were always talking about Cheerleading."

While this edition of The Gazette is grinding through our printer, Council will be discussing, and distributing over \$100,000.00 in Revenues. Surely Council cannot restrict its new business solely to Cheerleading, and thus Council members themselves must make the effort to orient themselves to new business.

Last week Council accepted a motion that all members be sent copies of the following meetings agenda, in the hopes of increased participation. The Gazette hopes that next week it will be fair to say that Council has carried out its responsibilities to the students. Perhaps we expect too much.

all I want for Christmas is a new gym floor

October 23 may bring this year's last on-campus Friday night dance.

Held for past years in the gym, these dances have temporarily been moved to the gym. (until first icing for the hockey practice).

Providing non-council supported organizations (political parties, I.S.A. Arts Society etc.) with operating funds for the year, these dances must either this year be improved or eliminated entirely.

Mr. Gowie's objection while partly to the principal of non-accountable revenues for these organizations is primarily that the administration recently invested \$10,000 in a new gym floor, which might be seriously damaged by these dances (hard-soled shoes, cigarettes butts, etc.)

President Hicks however stated that this \$10,000 expenditure represented merely normal maintenance costs, and while appreciating Mr. Gowie's "proper concern", said that "since we don't have other adequate facilities the gym will have to serve a dual purpose for some years to come."

While the Gazette, too, appreciated Mr. Gowie's position as an employee of the athletic department, and thus his responsibility to basketball, gymnastics, and the like, we hope that he will consider his position as an employee of the University and thus his responsibility to the whole student body.

The Gazette agrees with his objection to the principal of various campus organizations indiscriminately offering admission to these dances, without proper records of annual expenditure.

Measures must be taken, not merely to continue these dances, but to raise them to a University, rather than a high-school level.

If Council were to provide a paid commissionaire to sell numbered tickets only to University-level students, then accurate revenue accounts could be kept, and compared with expenditures. (Perhaps Political clubs could divide the profits from three dances, rather than hope for a more profitable evening than their competitors).

Mr. Gowie's deep concern for the floor, while equally valid, must be considered among the alternatives. Surely "sock hops", with their enforced "no shoe" policy, do not improve this high school "dirty-monkeying", it is unfair to provide two alternatives: one leading to the immediate end of these dances, and the other to their gradual suffocation from smelly feet.

We certainly hope the Council and the Administration can resolve their differences and aim to provide the most efficient possible use of revenues for student organization and of campus facilities.

"One thing you must avoid this year is falling in love". -Dean H.G. Woods to the Frosh

(The scene is the lower campus. The trees are green and the birds and squirrels are really chugging away as hard as they can. The air is pregnant with excitement. And everything. There are billboards on the trees reading "Keep off the Grass".

Enter from stage left a beautiful young girl. Who is dressed beautifully. In sensible tweeds, which try as they may, fail to hide the lithe young. And everything. She carries, no, bears, she bears a copy of the Student Handbook, a copy of the Daily, eighteen reading lists, fourteen exercise books, four sharpened pencils, an eraser, a 700-page American textbook entitled Canada's Economy, six sheets of Your Student Desk Blotter with the compliments of Your Life Subscription to Life. Oh Time. And eighteen fresh paperbacks. She is in high heels. She is in her First Year.)

Sings: "Oh joy to little me - hee I'm in the Arts faculty - hee (1a, 1a) I'm going to get a degree - hee And the counsellor at Crumble-

bum High said I would command a terrific salary - hee And have a split level on - oops!" (A young man enters, sunlight striking off his manly. And everything. He is dressed in quiet grey flannels and back-to-school quiet grey blazer. And this really slim tie. He is bearing everything she is bearing with the addition of the New Yorker, Esquire, Playboy, Time Magazine with Canadian Content, five Set-squares and the A to M volumes of the Golden Book of Knowledge. He has his hands in his pockets. Really non. Chalant. Okay, now then.)

He: "I'm sorry, I appear to have interrupted your - ha, ha - song." (He is assured, his voice is soft but strong, light but tonal. Very tonal. And he has the winning ways.)

She: "Oh, nooooo, indeeeed. Not at All, At All." (She blushes. A flush of crimson prevades her features in a most tetching way. She crimsons, is startled, like a young fawn in its lair. Really.)

He: Look here, how about . . . (She looks there. And looks away again quickly.) - having a coffee in there with me . . .

She: Eeek, eeek, eeek! (He slaps her face sharply - one, two, three and one, two, one, two, up and down, up and stop. Down. She giggles hysterically and then begins to sob. Great sobs shake her young frame. She continues through her sobs.)

I'm sorry. I'm such a fool, sniff, sniff.

He: (thoughtfully): Yes.

She: Only - you know that we've been told, don't you? At this meeting, I mean?

He: (bitterly): Yes.

(She drops her Political Science text. They both stoop to pick it up and their heads crack together, Rendering them Momentarily Dizzy. They both collapse to the grass, sit up, gaze at each other, and then suddenly roll over together in helpless laughter through the Verdant Undergrowth. Music swells up into wild

strings of sea music. Or seaweed music. Camera zooms to big closeup of Three Bares.) He: Why don't I take you away from all this? She: Oh, yes please. He: When, when? She: Tonight, now, now. He: Where? She: I dunno. Anywhere. Verdun. He: Oh God! Yes, yes, yes. (Loud voice over P.A. system in the trees, behind the foliage. Birds and squirrels rapidly de-chug. All of Nature is stilled.) The Voice: "One thing you must avoid is falling in love." Click.

She rises slowly, her body wracked with pain, her blond tresses drooping wantonly, brokenly, hiding her face. Then she begins the long walk down the campus, out the gates, and carefully arranging her tweeds, lies down under a Montreal Transportation Commission Bus. He, in the meantime, throws back his head and drinks a stiff vial of poison from Time Magazine. Leaves flutter down and cover his sensible grey flannels. A mean trombone moans "Careless Love" as the titles come up . . .

PATRICK MacFADDEN The McGill Daily

The Gazette apologises to Art Donahue, Regional Vice-President of YPC's, on behalf of our printer, for omitting his name on "Thoughts on Thinkers Conference" - Sept. 28/64. The views expressed therein represent guest editorial comments, in no way intending to deny The Gazette's political objectivity.

