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Typists for this issue: Marilyn Withrow, Mary Martin, April Dockrill, Linda Mosley, J. Austin
Managing Typist Jane MacLean Ass't Photographer: Jill Morton

A REGRETTABLE DECISION

It was with considerable disappointment that we heard the faculty had refused to allow the organizers of the forthcoming SHARE campaign to collect donations from students during the first 15 minutes of the larger classes on Feb. 15 and 16.

While we appreciate the fact that such a disturbance at the beginning of a class would necessarily disrupt a professor's routine to a certain extent, nevertheless we feel any harm done by such a loss of time would be far outweighed by the good done by the extra money it would have been possible to collect.

A campaign of any sort runs into difficulties in trying to reach all the students, and this is especially true of a financial campaign. By collecting donations at the beginning of classes like English I and II, History I and Biology I it would have been possible to contact a far greater number of students than by setting up booths in the corridors and canteen.

The student government and the university administration has given this campaign their full backing. It is regrettable that individual professors, all of whom are members of World University Service along with the students, should cut down on the effectiveness of the campaign in this way.

And so we can only hope that even without such cooperation students and faculty alike will donate generously to the cause of furthering the well-being of our less fortunate compatriots in other parts of the world.

A PROMISE OF IMPROVEMENT

This week the campus has been littered with political posters and platforms, as each of the three parties seeking election tries to win the favor of the student body.

As in past years the campaigns have been well organized and much work and money has gone into preparing them. All of which is good provided that the parliament itself is equally well run.

In recent years this has not been the case. Many of the members who speak at the parliament know little or nothing about the subjects they are discussing. They have spent virtually no time preparing their speeches. Last year for example one of the party leaders gave members of his party only two hours in which to prepare a speech on one of the major bills. Needless to say the speech was utterly useless.

Many of the technical aspects of the sitting have also been handled badly in recent years. Such items as getting a master of arms, and a speaker of the house should not be left to the last minute, but should be handled well in advance. This would serve to eliminate much of the confusion which has taken place in past years.

Above all, those people who sit in the parliament should be interested in taking part in the debates and they should not be given a seat merely for the purpose of helping fulfill the quota of seats won by their party.

An example of what happens when disinterested persons sit in parliament occurred last year when three Tories were urged to sit with the grits in order that the government would have its necessary number of seats. Then, during the first session these three members crossed the floor and tied up the house.

It is ridiculous and a mockery of our system of government that such events should be allowed to take place.

And so it was that the Gazette was pleased to learn that this year's parliament will be void of such instances. The leaders of the three parties have pledged themselves to producing interesting and well organized sessions.

We hope, that they fulfill these promises and we hope that their efforts will be rewarded by a large turnout of students at the poll on Friday.

THE COLLEGE NAME

There seems to be a certain unhealthy air of anonymity which pervades the whole atmosphere of Dalhousie. It probably springs from the fact that Dalhousie is neither a large nor a small university. In a small university, there are few enough students so that most know each other; in a large one, such as the University of Toronto, there may be very few students who know each other, but so the saying goes, there's safety in numbers.

But the impersonality of the university does not exist merely among the students. There seems as well to be an almost intentional campaign on the part of the university administration to make certain Dalhousie's name is not banded about by every Haligonian.

For instance: we wonder how many universities there are in North America which have no signs up at some point around the campus identifying the university. We have searched Dalhousie's campus from end to end, but we have failed to discover one place where the grounds are marked as being part of Dalhousie University.

The City of Halifax has done its best to help the university make known its location; it has provided us with a University Avenue, a College Street and a Dalhousie Street, all in the immediate vicinity of the university. Surely it is not too much to expect of the administration to go along with the city officials in providing some identification for the college grounds.

There is yet another instance. The new men's residence is now in its second year of operation, and a name has to be found for it. Some students, with a certain fondness gleaming in their eyes, refer to it perhaps unfairly, as the Done Inn.

It is a tricky business to assign the name of a particular man to a college building, for obviously there are those who would maintain that it should have received some other name than those assigned. But it seems, to take one example, that the administration could not go wrong in naming it after the late C. D. Howe, a distinguished Canadian politician who served for many years as chancellor of Dalhousie.

These are admittedly petty points. And yet The Gazette can not help feeling that they help to contribute to that general lack of identification the average Dalhousie student feels for his university.

The Critical Eye The Bounty - To Buy Or Not To Buy

Some say there's a good reason why the Lunenburg-built copy of the British mutiny ship Bounty should be brought to Nova Scotia - she belongs here.

Others disagree: "No sense in the thing at all," is a typical comment. "That first Bounty was a British ship, sailed by British seamen, who ate British worms in their British buns. That ship never even got near Nova Scotia, and there's no reason why we should pay good money to bring a copy of her back. The Lunenburg-Bounty has no connection at all with this province - except that she happened to be built here . . ."

That, ladies and gentlemen, is quite an exception. From the foot of her keel to the tip of her tallest topmast, the ship was fashioned by Nova Scotia's shipwrights. Noise of workmen "wedging-up" the Bounty the day of her launching on Aug. 27, 1960, was in itself an epilogue to an era that had all but disappeared, and to an episode of world history in a large part credited to Nova Scotia through the sweat of her sailors and the skill of her shipwrights.

The Golden Age of Sail, it is commonly called. No wonder. Names like Shannon and Bluenose - Nova Scotia built and Nova Scotia sailed - top the list of frigates, barks, clippers, brigs, packets, sloops and schooners that made the name of this province a dockside cliché the world over.

The Shannon - dirty, black, ungainly - drew all Halifax to the waterfront one summer day in 1813 when she entered harbor with the newly rigged, masted, and painted American Chesapeake licking at her wake. The Shannon was really a British navy ship. She was built here, but she had no real connection with Nova Scotia. True, she anchored in the harbor for several years, but you can't nail a metal plaque on the water. She happened to sail out of port, happened to challenge the Chesapeake, happened to spank her, and happened to come back to Halifax Harbor, because she happened to be based here. Years later, tired after several decades of service, the Shannon was demasted and dismantled somewhere across the Atlantic.

The Bluenose - black, lithe, fast - drew interest from the world with her thoroughbred racing between work-horse trips to the Grand Banks. It was like Old Dobbin winning the Grand National, not once but a dozen times, and every time she was entered. And she was built in Lunenburg - a few yards from where the Bounty was built. Some of the shipwrights worked on both ships. But when war put an end to racing, and the American yachts had to cool their hulls while they waited for another chance at the Lunenburg upstart, the Bluenose became a problem. It cost money to keep her around. There was \$7,000 owing on her! WHO was going to pay it? The government wasn't! Her owners couldn't! The public wouldn't!

Her skipper, Angus Walters, gave her a new lease on life when he paid the \$7,000 a

mere hour before the Queen of the North Atlantic was to be sold on the auction block as a slave to the highest bidder. Angus kept his queen for a time, but he only delayed her fate. Though she happened to put Canada before the eyes of the marine world, though she happened to drive the Yankee boat-builders to distraction trying to build something to trim her, though she happened to play good-will ambassador to England and the Chicago World's Fair, she happened to be expensive to maintain too! What's more, she was really like a lot of other schooners still around.

"We got a lot of them," was the typical comment.

There aren't many now - you can count on the fingers of two hands those that are left in Nova Scotia. Most of them are not real schooners - just wooden fishermen with some faint characteristics of their sailing forbearers.

Today, one out of every 10 tourists who check in at the Lunenburg information booth asks:

"Where can we see the Bluenose?"

Then, "Well, where can we see SOMETHING like her?"

There isn't anything there.

But there WAS something at Lunenburg in the summer of 1960. Bounty was being built at the shipyards. True, she wasn't the Bluenose, and she certainly wasn't the old Shannon. The nearest thing the town's old salt could remember that looked like her were brigantines, barkentines, and some newer square-riggers. But she was being built here, in Nova Scotia, by local craftsmen, with skills that had almost been forgotten.

It was a revival of an era buried in novels and history texts, and in old men's minds.

Some 10,000 spectators watched the Bounty join the marine fleets of the world at her launching. They were enthusiastic about bringing her back.

They've got their chance now. For \$100,000 in operating costs, they can have the \$650,000 Bounty back for nothing. Just sail it around the North American seaboard. Then do as they like with it.

But DON'T MOVE TOO HASTILY. Use caution! Port your helms! After all, there may be a good reason why this single example of the old shipwrights' art should not come back. After all:

Captain Bligh never set foot on Nova Scotia.

The mutiny didn't happen off Pubnico, or somewhere like that.

Fletcher Christian chose Tahiti for refuge instead of Newfoundland . . . and Pictairn Island instead of McNab's.

The ship really doesn't have any connection with this province.

There's really no purpose in accepting \$550,000 in a sea-going tourist attraction unless we can find some fact in the dust of history that will give the ship some local significance.

She was built here . . . But you can't rely on that.