DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Election Sidelights Big Brother Elmo Is Watching YOU?

By ELMO ECHT

Candidates for office should hold their postelection parties before going to the polls. I learned more about the would-be minions of the people in six hours of frenetic drinking than during the week long bout of circuitous, rhetorical campaigning a n d frenetic drinking which preceeded. Come with me to Inebria, land of the magic marshmallow, for there our leaders are themselves. Wonderous visions of truth await those who dare submerge themselves in the mellow fog of convivial drink.

POLITICS AND CAMERON

Happiness is warm Cameron Al, the people's drink. Take a radical amount of 200 proof, a little cucumber for smoothness, some parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme, mayonnaise, bologna, whipped cream, and the fly - leaf from any pre-1900 edition of The Collected Works of Rosa Luxemburg and you have it - the ultimate cathartic and prime mover of all that is political. You talk of students and the people, of the campus and the world. Finally you walk past the hanging stencils and paraphenalia of the pamphleteer, through the stern gaze of Marx, Engels and Lenin. Wir nicht. You leave the commune in the old house on Walnut street.

GOLDRING AND GROG

A small basement apartment on Robie street is a good place to drink beer. Goldring and Underwood found that out long before we got there. People were talking, laughing, smiling, sitting on the comfortable old furniture, standing in groups, leaning on the panelled walls and the bookcase containing volumes on history and politics.

Gilbey's security blanket was there in abundance, and had apparently been well received by many of those present. Goldring mounted a chair and communicated with the people. Ha ha. Have another beer, A. R., you ol' juicer, you. This sure beats the bar in your office I bet.

THE BEST FOR BUTTON

Potential lawyers and business executives (every mother's dream come true) and svelte young ladies, socialities of the first order, adorned the Brentwood apartment of E. Button, Q. C. There were Canadian Club and Bacardi's and even enough glasses for everyone. A mechanical party for and by mechanical beings. Yes indeed, it must have been his grass roots approach - he hit the people in the guts, that's why he won. Yes, I guess that's it, all right. Yup. A real man's place, with etchings and ski posters and everything.

GILLIS AND THE PEOPLE

What those acquaintances of mine were doing there. I don't know. Did the man of the hour actually associate with them • a warehouseman, a truck driver, two or three others, all of whom finished their educations

The Gray Case

By SANDY LYTH

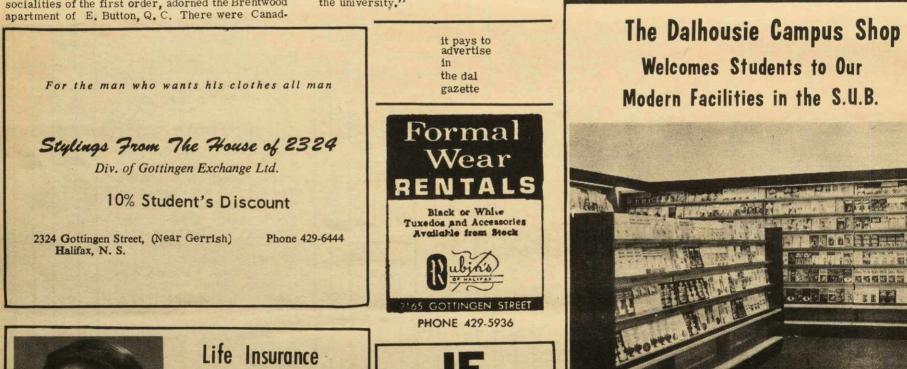
The Stan Gray case at McGill University appears to be developing into the big issue on campus this year. Last year the infamous John Fekete fought obscenity charges for an article reprinted from the Realist in his weekly column 'Boll Weevils'. The case was dragged out from the Autumn to March, first in civilian courts and then before all the 'disciplinary,' bodies the university could muster. It petered out in March when Fekete got a rap on the knuckles for his misdemeanor and proceeded to graduate among the top three in the university. Gray, a Political Science lecturer, is faced with dismissal for "participating in various disruptions in administrative committee sessions as well as a disruptions of the first open meeting of the McGill Board of Governors late in January." And who is his advisor? Well, who knows more about facing university charges? But one John Fekete, naturally.

Preliminary hearings broke down early last week, and University President Dr. H. Rocke Robertson made further moves to have Gray dismissed. Robertson offered to drop all charges if Gray would promise "to refrain from future disruptions of university business." but Gray refused. And so the battle continues. Robertson has now formally charged Gray with "conduct that affected adversely the general well being of the university." in high school? Was he really a man of the people? No. He was hiding in the kitchen with his most constant and admiring companion and their court, while his guests retched in the salon. He bore a sceptre of cake with a picture of King Randall the Last embedded in the frosting. Then he sang; his voice shot out and hit the people right in the guts. Wump! Communication. We left during "Rtch Man's Spiritual", which was rather appropriate, since at twenty-five cents a pint we had done much to substantially restore his bank balance to its pre-extravaganze level. He should have charged admission.



STANLEY GRAY

However, Robertson and his administration are fighting a fairly lonely battle. Gray has the support of the Student Council, Political Science students, the Political Science Association, the rest of the Political Science faculty unanimously, the Tri-Partite Commission, and the teacher's union at l'Universite de Montreal. The lines are drawn, the camps are defined, and McGill is ready for whatever now occurs. Gray says he will not agree to the three man arbitration committee made up of professors from outside McGill without several changes. Robertson refused to drop the issue. And the talk goes on.





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