



on second thought

—Peter Outhit

EDUCATIONAL FACTS

It seems there's just no other way.

I'll have to use this column for the propagation of numerous little projects that have occupied my mind during four years of lecture hours here.

Which means whatever you perceive in this corner is liable not to have anything to do with college affairs ("sports" handles that one), governmental decay, sin (this newspaper is against it), life in this vast, untamed metropolis, and nearly everything else.

Look on these notes rather as the abortive mutterings of a Gazette editor gone wrong.

But on to my first subject, which is animal. Notice how I have avoided eulogising the year's crop of fuzzy-checked rookies. (Some, of course, are married), leaving that to some 1500 local experts.

Apparently we're already four valuable days behind them smug Soviet students. While we were pouring tar over each other and emitting bourgeois campus songs last week, USSR undergrads were whisperings sweet geometrical-analytical-calculus equations into the ears of their husky coeds and inventing solid missile fuels during their mid-morning breaks.

So alarmed am I at this that I have foregone my originally planned Handyman's Guide to Established Dal Women (marked edition) and instead will give you a dull, incomplete, but slanted report on education as it stands right here in Canada today (have I enough adverbs?).

Not everyone has seen fit to publish such a report in the last six months. The SPCA and the Bird Society are holding off for bigger game.

A band of indefatigable researchers, dedicated to the proposition that "Something is Wrong With Canada" have gathered the following statistics on education. Their embassy has asked me not to disclose their names.

NEWFOUNDLAND: 27 of this province's one-roomed schools have, in fact, two rooms. The older girls refused to use the bushes.

NOVA SCOTIA: 47 university students are having their education subsidized by a malt manufacture concern, which shall remain nameless. (Apply Export scholarships, inc.)

NEW BRUNSWICK: The children attending primary schools in this province can be divided roughly into two sections, boys and girls. (In some places the division is more rough than others.)

QUEBEC: The school children here who do not speak French speak English, and vice versa. Our researcher says that vice here is versa than anywhere else in Canada.

ONTARIO: The amount spent on education of Toronto infants is greater per capita than the amount spent on liquor for them. This might be amended through slight revision of the liquor laws.

MANITOBA: There are 125½ wooden schools in this province. It is advised the next count be made before a tornado, instead of after.

SASKATCHEWAN: No student who fails to spell the name of this province correctly is allowed to attend university (at least not under a government scholarship.) Exception is if his father is an MLA.

ALBERTA: 98% of the teachers here can read and write. The 2% are physical educators.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: 67% of all grade 9 children here think Nova Scotia is an island of the north coast of Russia.

P.E.I.: This province was hardest to locate, so it comes last. Our researcher's pigeons have disappeared somewhere over the Northumberland Strait. "Fowl" play is suspected.

To The Freshmen:

LET'S GO, CHARLIE; IT'S A FULL LIFE

(Ed.'s Note: Because of possible personal injury to either the author or his family, we shall not disclose his identity. The radical must always run contrary to public opinion, and although the editors do not necessarily agree with the views presented, we feel they should be published.)

Interested in Dramatics?

Talk to your society president or get a group of your friends together and enter a one-act play in the Connolly Shield Competition, Nov. 1, 2 and 3. Details are posted on the bulletin board in the canteen.

Perhaps I have caught you before it is too late. Don't believe him . . . of course I mean him . . . the fat fellow there . . . no, no, the one with the large bottle of clear red wine. Can't you see it dribbling over his grizzled chin, building the perimeter of a dark red circle on the T shirt that sticks to his stomach? You haven't met? Ah, then I'm in time. Sit down, my friend I want a word with you.

Let me warn you immediately that I am by no means impartial; indeed my views are highly prejudiced, for this is a matter of some personal concern. However, first I must clarify my position, and so to lead you to some understanding of my agony during sleepless nights. Frankly, my friend, I stand for moderation—a quiet harmony of interests. The adoration of the full man is my delight; I long to cast out the academics in our midst who are doing so much to lead our youth astray. How, then, is it possible for me to sleep while this creature of decadence still talks.

Yes, my young friend, before this collegiate world of rebels, reds, and existentialists engulfs you, before this seething mass of revolutionary ideas takes hold of your youthful mind and crushes what little spirit there remains, I must speak.

The full life is before you as the vast expanse of extra-curricular activities spreads itself at your doorstep. Do not fail to heed the call, and allow yourself to be led down the narrow path of intellectualism by some sophist in the nether regions of the canteen or indeed in the columns of this newspaper. Participate! Revel in the joys of the university community! What better path to wisdom than a thorough knowledge of the many-sidedness of

man. Yet you must see all his sides, for there is moderation only in fullness, and fullness only in moderation. All must be stressed equally, though, as you will no doubt guess, some will be stressed more equally than others.

Pause a moment and think of the scope that is being offered the ordinary man—NFCUS, WUSC, Sodales, A. & S., Class of '64, Students' Council, DAAC, Delta Gamma, The Gazette, SMC, Varsity Sports, etc. You may be troubled as to what is the best way to achieve this completeness, and still pass your examinations. Put yourself at ease, for the answer lies before you on the new, revised point list for D's.

Countless hours have been spent to show you how to budget your time so as to get the most out of university life—to emerge well rounded. It provides the springboard of our hedonistic calculus. From it you can discern, with the help of an experienced man like myself, the greatest amount of points to be had in the time available. The more points, the more well-rounded. The truth is often so simple, isn't it? Allow me, then, to help you achieve a gold D in two years. The rough guide I shall present can easily be altered to fit an occasional quirk of personality. For instance, girls' sports are always a good bet.



Dick and Jane at College

—Photo by Bissett

Dick and Jane Come To Dalhousie

Mother woke Dick and Jane on Monday morning. How happy they were! Jane clapped her hands, and said "Today is the big day."

Dick clapped his hands, too, and said, "Yes, today is the big day."

Today they were going to college. They had a big, big breakfast. Then they said, "Goodbye, Mother."

Mother said, "Goodbye, Dick. Goodbye, Jane."

Spot said, "Bow-wow, bow-wow." Jane and Dick ran to college. It was such fun. They wrote on papers. Jane wore a tight, tight sweater. She talked to big boys. No one talked to Dick.

Then some bad boys gave them some cards. Dick and Jane put them on.

"Look, look," said Dick. "Mine is yellow."

"Look, look," said Jane. "Mine is yellow, too."

Then a big boy gave Dick a hat. Dick put it on.

Then a bad boy gave Jane a hat. He put it on for her.

Then they went out to play. It was such fun. They sang and danced. Jane liked her song. Dick did not like his song. Some of the bad boys made them feel sad. Jane said, "I am like Little Red Riding Hood."

Dick said, "I am tired."

They saw some picture shows. They were wonderful. They they had a parade. It was wonderful, too. Some bad boys made them find some bugs. That was bad. Then they danced some more. It was better this time. Dick went home soon. A big boy took Jane home.

Mother woke Dick and Jane early. Now Jane was tired.

Mother said, "Good morning, Jane. Good morning, Dick."

Dick said, "College is wonderful." Jane was sleepy, but she said, "College is wonderful," too.

Mother smiled. Spot said, "Bow-wow, bow-wow."

Frosh Speak Frankly

The following are a few candid answers to the question: Do you think that the Sophomores' treatment of Frosh during the Initiation should be more mature?

Halifax Freshette: I think it's mature. There are just too many people telling you what to do and they take it too seriously; I think it should be a joke. Outside of that, I think it's fun.

Camp Borden, Ontario, Freshman: There are too many would-be leaders among the Sophs, but otherwise it is all right.

Fairview, Nova Scotia, Freshman: The Initiation is just for fun and to meet people; it needn't be mature.

Halifax Freshette: I think it was great. Off hand, I can't think of any way it could be improved.

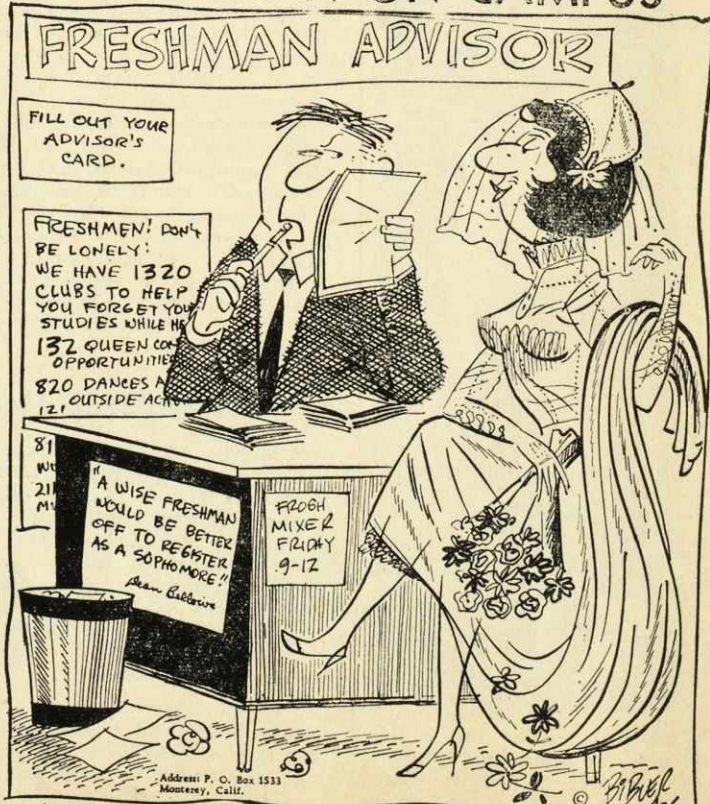
Pictou, Nova Scotia, Freshman: I think it is very good as it is. It enables you to break the ice. The few sacrifices are to be expected.

Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, Freshman: If they made it any more mature, they would take all the fun out of it. Since it is all being taken as fun, there is nothing to which I object.

ACTIVITY	POINTS
First Year:	
Reporter for Dal Gazette	20
3 Interfac Debates	12
Publicity Committee	20
Chorus in Revue	10
Chorus in Musical	15
	—
	Total 77
Second Year:	
Stage Crew for DGDS	25
Treasurer for WUSC	10
Secretary for NFCUS	15
Non-Council member of Council Comm.	10
Minor Sport	15
	—
	Total 75

The engravings are up to you. Go forward Charlie it's a full life.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



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