

## ON IDIOT FASHIONS

Two mutually exclusive but equally sickening trends have been noted by your Fashion Editor:

1. The penchant of the undergraduate female to manifest an animus overdressii;
2. The tendency of the undergraduate female to go to the other extreme and appear at classes and other campus events in slacks. This shall cease!

There was a time when the undergraduate female dressed sensibly, one of the standard outfits being sweater and skirt, nylons, girdle (optional), and stylish but flat shoes. Negative fancy hairdos and eye make-up. That was the dress up to two years ago, and so pleased the average humble male undergraduate that he scarce ventured to comment on same.

Carol Coed now looks little better than a low-priced prostitute. Ask any senior male. Thick eye gunk, spike heels, rouge (or some

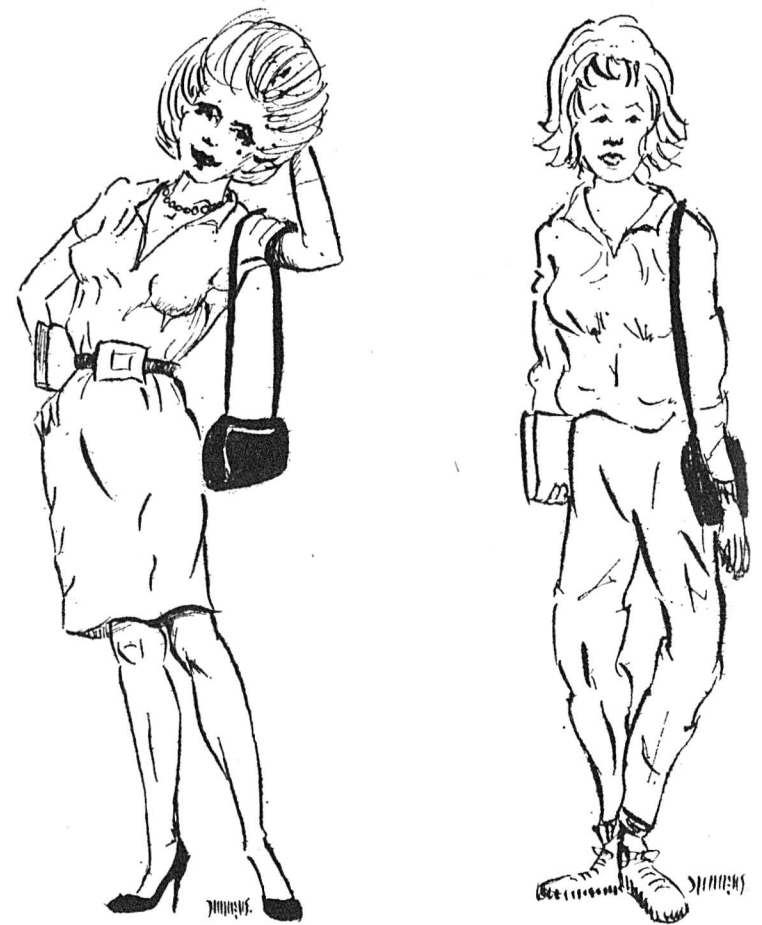
equally revolting substitute smeared on), cocktail dresses, bee-hive idiot hairstyles. Don't touch them. They're sterilized. They use Ponds. They'll never get engaged.

Who are these fools trying to impress? They still giggle and gabble like high school girls, so why do they try to look different?

Slacks are another depressing matter. Sure, it gets cold. It gets bloody cold. Sure, they have to keep warm. But might we make a suggestion? Why don't the few who turn up looking like orphaned Eskimos arrange to come in pincurls, and chew gum and make rude noises and all that fun commensurate with their dim-witted appearance? Campus males are fed up with fat bums in bell bottoms and fat legs in ballet pants. Save it for the super-market.

Come back to Earth, Fashionplates; and Join the Human Race, Slackers.

Just a suggestion. No offence.



"Come back to Earth . . ." and "Join the Human Race . . ."

## ON EMPTY AWARDS

We have no quarrel with awards *per se*. They can be valuable if used with discretion and prompted by spontaneous appreciation. But on this campus the awards system has become a farcical dis-service to the students. It is beyond the need for "apology"; it should be scrapped.

Pins, keys and rings are now handed out on the basis of an application form.

The Awards Committee will deny this of course—the official term is not "application" but "questionnaire." But terminology does not alter the fact that you are asked to recommend yourselves.

Students who consider themselves deserving of an award are asked to "apply"—to fill out a form describing their own accomplishments "in the fullest detail." In a letter to the editor (this issue) the Awards Committee Chairman explains that "you are expected to advise us on your contributions to campus life."

Why will anyone fill out an awards questionnaire? IN THE EXPRESS HOPE OF RECEIVING AN AWARD, AND FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE. When it comes to the point that you have to request your own honors and glorification the whole awards notion has been perverted beyond recognition.

Stressing the democratic, impartial nature of the system, select nominees are NOT asked confidentially for information; rather you are invited EN MASSE to pick up your own questionnaires at the SU office.

The Awards Chairman asks that you be not "reluctant to expatiate," assuring you that you are not "patting yourself on the back." Garbage! The only people convinced by this sort of rationalization are the deliberately obtuse.

We don't mind "expatiating" on our own

merits when we apply for a job; that is out in the open, and the admitted intent is to sell oneself. This is not the idea—or should not be—with awards. We protest the commercial approach.

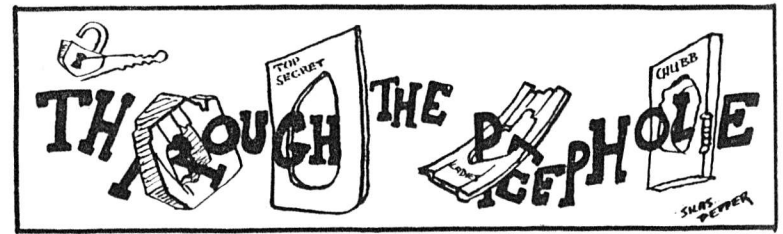
If recommendations were made to the Awards Committee by campus organizations or by students at large (according to the by-laws any three students may nominate) some element of genuineness might be preserved. If the committee must send questionnaires they might send them to these and to a few others who render such service as is obviously outstanding—though the necessity might well be questioned, since student records are, after all, on file.

If these methods do not produce enough candidates the awards should go begging. For unless there remains something of spontaneous initiative demonstrating sincere appreciation for service rendered, on the part of those who have been served, the awards system is perpetuated and degraded by a twisted set of values.

There will be a protest that some deserving candidates will be neglected. So let it be. If a student complains on his own behalf we will ask: "did you work for the award or for the work's sake?" If one complains on another's behalf we will remind him that the opportunity was his to make recommendations.

There will be a protest that the load on the awards committee would be staggering. This is certainly true for people who can see only through bureauratic blinkers — but when awards get mixed up with big government and big business we wash our hands of the whole business. We protest the production-line approach.

An award is an empty honor when we must fill out an application for it.



with Manfred Rupp

His name is Martin Fellenz, formerly leader of an SS-storm-troop, today, or more accurately yesterday, senator in the city of Schleswig. He is accused of the murder of 39,000 Polish Jews. Which alone should prove that he can't have been more than a little wheel in the machinery of the "Final Solution." So I feel sorry for him. And I shall tell you why.

**He has, roughly twenty years after the above "acts" are supposed to have been committed, lost his position as a senator.**

This imposes a severe hardship on him, because this position must have been a hard-earned one, since it cannot have been very easy to accomplish a smooth transition from the black uniform to the white collar. And now, imagine—it all has been for nothing—the hard work of 20 years as an honest and useful and even leading citizen wasted just because some so-called democrat had to listen to a communist radio station, and just because this honourable citizen stooped to such low a trick as to squeal on "one of his own!"

This is regrettable, and my sympathies are with ex-senator Fellenz who has now tragically, become one of Germany's twelve unemployed.

Let us look a little closer at the man's alleged crimes. They couldn't prove nothin'! All he did was organize "resettlement," "in a technical sense." How could he know that his shipments would be resettled in the river Weichsel, in the unseemly form of ashes.

**Except in two measly cases—which by the way involve no more than one thousand people at the most—no killings could be proved.**

But because of the noise made by some left-leaning newspapers, who even now refuse to recognize the true enemies of the free Western World, the judges were under undemocratic pressure to pronounce something. Which they did. They sentenced the respectable citizen Fellenz, who, as you will recall, had already lost his job, to four years in the pen; I am relieved to hear, however, that the two years spent in prison while waiting for his trial were counted fully, and the remaining two years were waived. He's out on probation!

**And since there aren't too many Polish Jews left to be murdered, he has promised not to do it again. And all that twenty long years after it is "supposed to have happened" . . . . .**

(Note:—The above was NOT written by ghost-writer Stahlheim)

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