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apology for his untidiness

Having observed how seldom attention is given to the problems of masculine attire, we have decided this week to unburden ourselves on the subject. It occurs to us, reflecting upon our recent experiences in the fashionable life of the Studley coffee-house and salons, that the way we vest ourselves represents neglect of an art.

Admittedly the less fanciful and more businesslike of the sexes, we dress in a fashion too utilitarian. We dress to serve the occasion, or the purpose in hand, or some physical misfortune. A bald man is careful to wear a hat. A man planning to enter the Arts Building on the King's College side will not wear heavy boots. Playing cards, we wear brow shades, hoody jackets and dangling cigarettes. Going courting, we wear shirts, ties and padded shoulders. And so on ad nauseam. The attire is chosen because we think it practical or correct or necessary to the success of whatever we happen to be doing.

To say that co-eds also dress functionally is to tell the truth, but not the whole truth. The cardinal point of their clothes philosophy, if we may be so bold, is that clothes find their ends in themselves. This would hardly be an adequate clothes philosophy pour des hommes, since clothes are only incidental to masculine grandeur.

The man dressing must seek his inspiration in another direction, at a more distant point than the obvious one of appearance. His aim, we submit, should be somehow to capture in his clothes something of the spirit or the mood of what he is doing—the spiritual equivalent, we might say, of letting ashes fall into the pant cuff or the sleeves be coated with mustard.

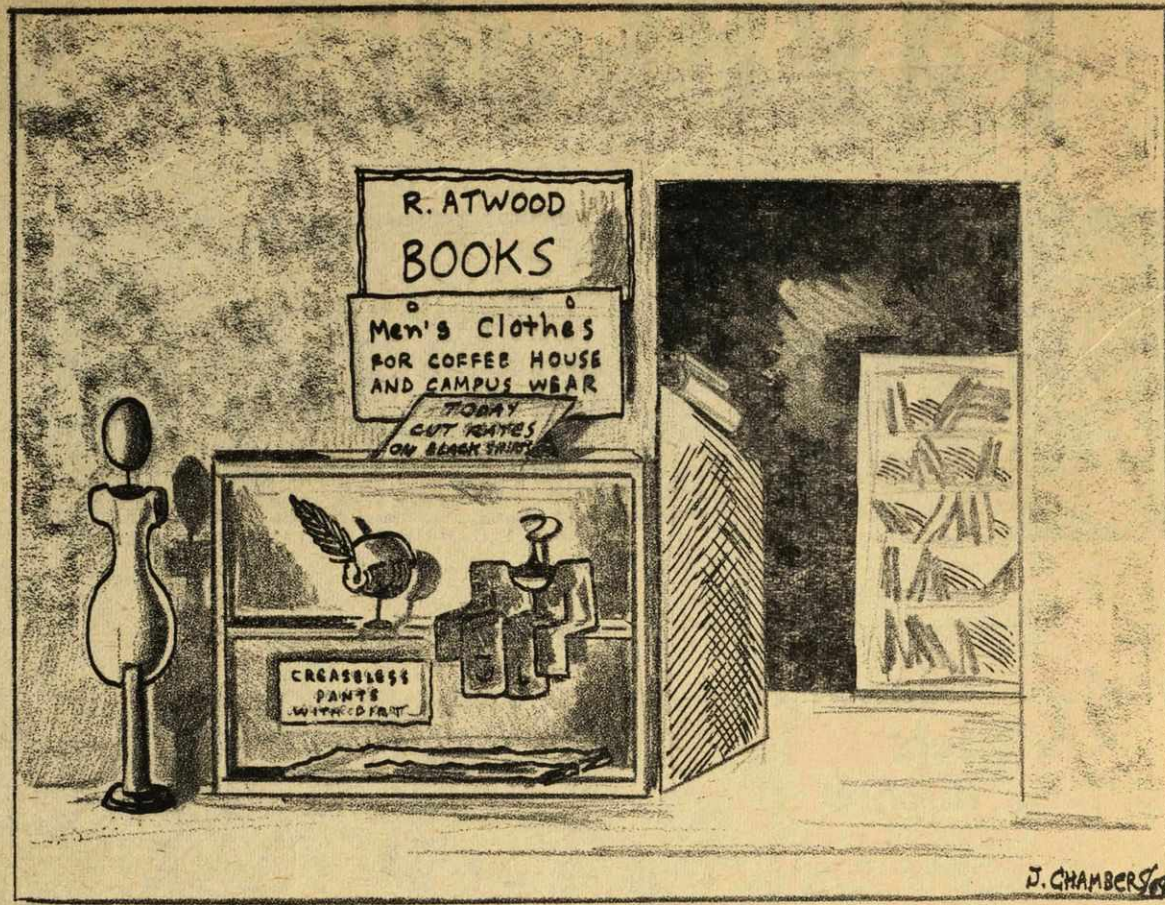
Let us try to illustrate the point. Only a shirt with a frayed collar is proper to the philosophy lecture, for nothing better expresses that conquest of the material so necessary in the philosopher. An old jacket, unpressed pants and shabby shoes would complete the ensemble. And what an ensemble! It would stand for the really real, the changeless essence of things. Smooth creases, glistening shoes and spotless shirts belong to the historian, and to history. They exist in time. Their beginning can be dated and so can their end—usually soon after.

The emphasis need not be, however, on the academic. It is not in other matters. Why make this an exception? If the better part of the day is to be spent in the coffee-house, then dress as befits a man who has a place in the beau mode, wherein the life of Dalhousie unfolds before the awe-struck eye a pageant of beauty and of brilliance. Ce beau monde, glittering though it is, is essentially an indolent world and this, it seems to us, is what suggests the pattern of dress. Most appropriate would be clothes with no distinguishable qualities whatever. Since this ideal defies embodiment, we should therefore settle for an clothes which may fairly claim to be a part of the art of taking it easy. A sweater-coat open at the neck with extra-long sleeves turned up over the wrists, a jersey underneath, neutral pants, black socks, shoes with buckles, a cape for entering and leaving, would all go to make up a casual habit.

The combinations of "mood attire" must be as many and various as the imaginations able to conceive them. Let such imaginations loose, and let their influence prevail, and the notion of "dressing up" will become an odious one.

—colunchill

bond street



letters to the editor

blue law

Dear Sir:

In your editorial entitled "Blue Law Unnecessary" the writer "J.P." states, "The great difficulty lies in determining where the line should be drawn . . ." and goes on to suggest, or at least to imply, that the state has no right to determine what constitutes positive obedience to the Sabbath.

I am not a Christian and therefore cannot speak as a Christian might, nor do I intend to do so. But as I see it the writer "J.P." is overlooking a very basic human fallacy which can be summed up in the crude expression, "If you give a person your finger he is liable to take your arm;" that is, once you begin making inroads upon the recognized "dons" of Sabbath observance, there is no end. The best example is the present U. S. trend in very large metropolitan centers like Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and New York toward "Sunday shopping" based on the very weak grounds that most people shop on Sunday only because they have no other time. This argument is supported by quite greedy businessmen (of all faiths) who simply realize that people will come at their leisure if their stores are known to be open seven days a week. "Where does one draw the line?" your writer quite correctly asks.

I think most Dalhousians will not agree with the university's administration in its "puritanical" attitude toward rehearsals, games and other extra-curricular activities on Sunday and may misunderstand why they have taken rather stringent action in preventing such activities. But every Dalhousie student should attempt to understand the reason for a day of rest and should try to reconcile this logical rule to his own modern existence. The ancient Egyptian taskmaster did not think it necessary or useful that his slaves be given one day off regularly since would interfere with his efficient construction of buildings "built to the glory of a god."

Who are these reasonable men "J.P." speaks of? Are they efficiency experts, ministers, judges, politicians, trade union leaders, corporation lawyers, college administrators, businessmen, or someone else?

J.P.'s last statement concerning positive morality seven days a week is equally naive. Observance of the Sabbath does not excuse man from his moral obligations the rest of the week. The Sabbath has a different purpose? What do you think, J.P.?

Arts Student '59.

sorry

Dear Sir:

At the Engineers' Ball on February 21, there were a few ladies who did not receive the free corsage as advertised they would.

Our Ball Committee had expected about 200 couples, and therefore, ordered that number of corsages. However, as it turned out, there were a few more than the 200 expected couples attended the Ball.

Therefore, I would like to apologize on behalf of all the Engineers to those ladies who did not receive a corsage.

K. R. MUIR,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Dalhousie Engineering
Students' Society.

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sam and women

Dear Sir:

It is with some natural inclination that I take pen to paper to reply to your periodical; certainly I have always held that it is beneath a woman to descend to the arena of literary combustion. Yet on this occasion I feel it incumbent upon me to extol my voice in objection to certain writings which have appeared in your inimicable journal. Rather than follow the slimy paths of the allegory, I will peruse the matter briefly.

There have recently appeared in your publication a series of noxious and sedentary columns, written in a foul and disorganized manner by this man Sam Peeps. Although his misapprehension of his literary talents is sufficient in itself to cause distress, I must with virulence cenate and repress particularly his moral views; to wit, regarding women. His attitude to us is, sir, disgraceful; his constant and peculiar chastisement of his unfortunate spouse is enough to make any honest person's cheek palliate with horror. Since no gentleman of this degenerate age has seen fit to take up the sword in our defence, I have held it no dishonour to take to the pen, to utter a cry of ripetetic pathos—and believe me sir, I write with the voice of many women behind me. Although Woman may not contain the attributions of an orator or a player, yet her natural abilities have long been found valuable, nay indisposible, in this fair region. Woman's charms of grace and delicacy have long been celibated hereabouts, while the contributions of her mind have not been inconsiderate;

she must be acknowledged undisputed reign in the happy art of calligraphy, nor is she deferent in the realms of literature, as may be seen even from so poor aneffusion as my own.

This person (for gentleman he may not be called) has with his malicious writings defamed the prestige of our whole sect. I do not venture to hope that he will mend his ways—the dens of iniquity he inhabits, the company with whom he assort—make that little likely. But I warn him now, his treatment of his wife must either improve, or he must cease perpetrating the atrocity in your periodical. Furthermore, his maladoit comments upon Marmelade Hovel (the one and only place of gentility in the vicinity) will not too longer go unproved. If I were to descent, like the person in question, to the level of play on words—if his malefactions against Marmelade Hovel do not cease, he is likely to find himself in a Jam. There are those, Mr. Peeps, who have for you a rod in the Pickle, who would not hesitate to see you mentally browbeaten to a Jelly. Preserve us from all such fellows!

I am not without hope that this warning will cause the person at least to retrench upon some of his sayings and to guard his tongue in a more upright manner. The asperins he has cast upon our honour have been a blot upon our fair and purloined escutcheon which I have long wished to see mended.

Yours sir,

Lady Wordley

Tea

There will be a tea at Dr. and Mrs. Kerr's for all interfac and intercollegiate debaters, Saturday, March 8, from 4 to 6 p.m.

Thank You

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who helped and supported us in the recent Council elections. We are grateful for your reception, interest and help.

BRUCE WILLIS
NIGEL GRAY

Lost

LOST—Duaflex II Camera. If found please contact Hugh Fraser, 66 Seymour Street or phone 2-5375.