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IMPORTANT CLARIFICATION

Statistics published on Page 8 of last week's GAZETTE showed a decline, from 123 to 73, in the number of graduate students registered at Dalhousie.

We have been informed, however, that these figures are the result of a Senate-approved transference of Medical Graduates taking courses in Psychiatry and Basic Medical Sciences from the Faculty of Graduate Studies to the Faculty of Medicine, where enrollment showed a corresponding increase of 56 students.

We are assured, moreover, that "the number of graduate students in courses leading to Masters' and Doctors' degrees shows an increase (70 to 74) from last year, and corresponds with the increase in registration in Arts and Science."

Graduate enrollment has thus not dropped 40% this year as previously stated.

The Welsh Problems

by HUW (SIC) WILLIAMS



Mr. Williams is a second-year M.A. student in the Philosophy Department at Dalhousie. Coming from Wales and being intimately associated (although he insists he is not a member) of the Welsh Nationalist underground movement, he is in a particularly good position to give Canadians a feeling for a repressed national movement. He hopes that it may lead to a more sympathetic appreciation of the French Canadian, who is, many ways, in the same situation.

When asked to write this article, I wondered how the subject could best be introduced to readers. The Welsh Problem has affinities with the Quebec Problem. We, too, have the job of trying to preserve our language—a task which we perform with more efficiency than any of our Celtic cousins without Home Rule.

LETTERS

...flooding away...

...badly disillusioned...

Sir:

After reading and reading your article, which was a little mistaken, I found that I had to reply to you badly disillusioned men. I am of course referring to those odd paragraphs entitled "Women Our Mother Never Told Us About."

Surely you big, strong and stubborn boys realize that we of the opposite sex are a fragile part of this mad human race. If you managed to weather the so-called "storm" of the chemise and the sack (you must have loved the trapeze because you neglected to mention that style), then perhaps you can put up with our little bit of fun—namely leotards.

No. We girls are not going out of our way to dress "poorly." Far from it. We try to look attractive and sometimes we risk freezing during winter because of this. Generally we try to dress sensibly because the clothes we wear are "The Clothes Our Mother Did Tell Us About!"

If you boys object when we of the fragile and fair sex try to cover up our delicate frames from the bitter cold, then may I suggest that you try walking around with your legs bare to the howling (and I don't mean whistling) winds of the Dalhousie campus.

I believe that the writer of the article may have been inspired by a man (or mouse) who was quite possibly jealous of the shapeliness of his own limbs. I have come to only one final conclusion—that you men are practically impossible to please.

A Fragile Female.

...the right to cheer...

Sir:

Where does "X" get that famous spirit? From its winning teams? No. True college spirit supports a team through thick and thin. "X" weren't always the almighty giants they seem to be now. But "X" fans cheered their team in its defeats and they've earned the right to cheer in victory.

The very Dalhousians who were most contemptuous of the St. FX team as they ran onto the field were the first to begin talking about a final score of 69-0 for "X" after the first two touchdowns of today's game. To all you faint-hearted fans I say: Start supporting your team when they've fumbled, when they've had a pass intercepted, when they've missed a perfect scoring chance. That's when they need it most. That's when you show real spirit.

Heather Saunderson,
Science ('63).

USELESS INFORMATION

A film kiss in the United States is limited to 16 seconds.

* * *

Women's feet now average a full size larger than they did 25 years ago.

* * *

4% of American nurses are men.

There is, of course, more to the Welsh Problem than that of language; yet without a language, all feelings of individuality would be lost and our national identity would cease to exist. It has been noted, however, that national consciousness in an active political sense seems to grow inversely as a language dies away. This decline of language cannot continue indefinitely, and so while there are still people who speak the language as a mother tongue nationalist politicians feel an active political mission.

For without the natural flow of this language from the Welsh people themselves the demand for independence becomes diluted to a demand for a federal system. Welsh nationalism would then be watered down to mere provincial government, efficiency rather than the preservation of a national identity.

Of course, the question is often asked: why turn to such romantic ideas in an essentially utilitarian age? Moreover, when one stands for the preservation of Welsh integrity, one has a large proportion of the Welsh people themselves to persuade.

The Welsh Nationalist Party is run by, and for the welfare of, intellectuals. Some, but very few, join out of a sense of outraged pride, as their language and traditions are being treated with indignity. These are to be found at 10:30 (closing time) in Anglo-Welsh towns, and in London, demanding a fight with any "uffernol Saeson" ("Saeson" meaning an Englishman) that they meet.

However, those of a more considered attitude who try to answer this question, do so in terms of history. They argue that no reflecting man can live without respect for his history and in view of this they warn that without conscious nation feeling now, the Welsh people will find themselves in a position where they are not only politically but culturally dominated by another power.

This domination is, of course, not equivalent to the old colonialism of the British Empire in physical suffering, but rather the psychological domination of a country traditionally known as a nation "of bards and musicians."

SABATICAL STUDIES

A Rough Definition

Students naturally think for themselves, but professors are paid to think for them. The difference has to be ironed out: this process is called education.

* * *

The Retired Professor

I lecture in my dreams a retired man for whom life is one unending coffee break. Death, interesting as a postman, comes walking down the street of my days.

* * *

Some Modern Critics

"Literature," saith the Critic, "is the best that has been thought and said." As for us, we do not worry about what has been thought or said; our main concern is the study of "literary form."

—from the McGill Daily.

Enough, For Now

Gazette editors feel they have done all that they can do to point out the serious problems besetting the university management. It is now up to the appropriate organizations to take action on behalf of us all.

We are therefore bringing to a halt, at least for the present, our unanswered inquiries into the reasons for the many professional resignations last spring.

Why Not Shakespeare?

Along with the recent attention being paid to increased scholastic facilities for a rapidly growing student body at Dalhousie has come a demand for greater creative outlets for our swelling population. There has, however, been little if any growth in the number of such opportunities on the campus. This situation is especially noticeable in the dramatic arts.

Traditionally, DGDS presents two light productions a year; the musical in the spring provides experience in the intricacies on singing, dancing and farce, while the comedy produced in the fall allows those students who are concerned with the delicate manipulations of comedians to display their skill. We suggest, however, that both the field of serious modern drama and the more traditional forms of the art are being seriously and unnecessarily neglected.

The production of a Shakespearian tragedy at Dalhousie would satisfy both the requirements that seem to be essential for all college presentations; it would attract a large audience and, secondly, it would offer an opportunity to those of a dramatic leaning to satisfy their creative impulses at the same time as they are acquiring a taste for the work of the greatest playwright in the English language.

The probability of a large attendance may be questioned by those who feel that most people prefer the local movie-house playing *Pollyanna* to a carefully produced version of *Hamlet*. An encouraging example of the size of the crowd that might be expected at a play of this type may be seen in the numbers of people who flocked to Acadia University's auditorium last Saturday night to attend the production of *Twelfth Night*; for this performance, which followed two earlier productions of the play on the previous evening and afternoon, the Hall was filled almost to capacity. Comparing Wolfville's population with that of Halifax, and the number of students at Acadia as contrasted with those at Dalhousie, it would appear that DGDS could pack the gym here,

at least theoretically, for weeks on end. Certainly good attendance could be maintained for three or four nights. It must also be remembered that a more popular play such as *Macbeth* or *Romeo and Juliet* would attract still larger crowds.

If a town the size of Wolfville can warrant such a production, and a university with half the student body that attends Dalhousie can present such a performance, the question of why we cannot also do the same becomes purely rhetorical. We can; we haven't because we haven't tried. With the necessity for an increase in the scope of DGDS to match the growing population of our university, we feel that the presentation of a Shakespearian play at Dalhousie should be seriously considered.

It's time that this university took some interest in dramatic material other than musical comedies, farces, and satires, and turned its attention to more substantial matters for at least a short period of the academic year.

Canteens Compared

Criticism of Mr. Atwood's enterprises has become a perennial tradition on the Dalhousie campus, and the *Gazette*, more to evade the boredom of ceaseless repetition than anything else, has thus far remained studiously silent on the question of the canteen.

It was not until our editors, during a recent CUP Conference in Fredericton, had an opportunity to eat at UNB's Students' Union that the miserable inadequacies of the Dal canteen became truly apparent.

Items offered on UNB's lunch menu alone indicate the inferiority of Mr. Atwood's provisions. Included were 3 varieties of bread, rolls, crackers, 21 different deserts, 11 varieties of sandwiches, hamburgers, hot dogs, doughnuts, the usual selection of ice creams, cigarettes and beverages, plus 5 different vegetables to go with 6 different main plates.

The most expensive plate of the day was fried clams, priced at 75 cents. We were told that the cafeteria, which has two cash registers handled 400 people at a meal, and remained open from seven in the morning until eleven at night.

It becomes obvious that it is still profitable for a catering concern to serve a wide selection of foods at very reasonable prices while maintaining a three-shift staff, even if the number of customers is relatively small.

Consequently we can see no reason why Mr. Atwood cannot lengthen his menu, increase his staff, and extend his hours so that the canteen can properly fulfill the function for which it is theoretically designed.