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NOON HOUR FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL: To the victors go the spoils To the losers— bruised bodies and empty stomachs



HEY! GIRLS! ... WHY NOT ADVERTISE?

In an age of psychological advertising, which has succeeded in introducing us to the point where we buy cars we cannot afford, and go to the dentist because we believe the lies about "painless" drills, it surprises us that the females around Dal are so slow to adopt the advertiser's methods.

In actual fact, her sales problem is much simpler. For example, they're selling spark plugs these days with ads consisting of one-tenth spark plug and nine-tenths attractive female.

And what is one of the advertiser's main gimmicks? Why, attractive packaging, of course; packaging skillfully designed to accentuate the virtues, and hide the defects, of his product.

Which brings us to the Spark Plug Queen, which brings us to her interesting packaging, which brings us to clothes, and the crux of this editorial. For the virtues of Dal's girls are truly many, their defects amazingly few, and we are dismayed and saddened that the packaging they employ does so little to reveal their true nature.

How about It? What happened to high-heeled shoes, broad belts, nylons, fitted skirts, plain cotton blouses, tastefully chosen sweaters, and coats that were designed for use south of the Arctic Circle?

The idea of showing an hour-glass figure seems to have gone out with the coming of the watch, and we haven't seen the end of flats and wool socks since Dr. Ballard's "Cure for Flat Feet."

The common feminine apparel around the campus seems to be intended to make Dal the "Down-and-Outs Home for Lumber-Jacks."

And, (believe it or not) our motives are nothing but noble. We are concerned in our hearts only with the welfare of women, the happiness of men, the promotion of a Canadian reputation for good taste in culture and art, and the end of frustration and deception for all.

We admire thee mightily, Girls of Dalhousie, But our passion is tempered And our sight is sore. Our desires are simple, (Though perhaps you'll say "base") So why not present us With a quick "about-face", And wear some nice clothes To please us with grace?

LETTERS ... politics ...

Sir:

I see by the last issue of the Gazette that a once great college newspaper has descended to the very depths of political partisanship. You tell us in your editorial that the campus politician is dealing with intelligent persons who are able to understand politics.

The Tory party spent 23 years in the political wilderness for these same reasons. It took that long for them to realize that ridicule and criticism are not alone enough to be elected.

The Dalhousie Gazette does not exist for the expression of small, petty, crocodile tears and sour grapes. Your last issue reminds me of the "Monster of Error" in "The Fairie Queen":

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw A floud of payson horrible and blacke Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw

If you wish to patronize Mr. Hicks and Mr. Pearson, if you wish

Kibitzer's Corner:

Ed Sullivan's "Report" —and a Marxist Challenge

By BOB SCAMMELL

In a recent Halifax press conference, a Russian capitalist name of Mikoyan branded charges that 150 students in Hungary are soon to be executed as "rumors, just rumors." It seems that during one of his recent "shews," Ed Sullivan started the rumor when he grimaced and whispered into the ears of 50,000,000 TV viewers that the 150 were soon to be executed in Hungary, and wasn't it a dirty shame, etc.

to display your ignorance and pettiness, do so at your own expense. I tell you not to do at the expense of our newspaper or at the expense of our university.

Great men are usually ridiculed by those who do not understand their greatness. I get the impression that you did this as a lark for laughs. Politics is not a laughing matter. I suggest that you go out and work a few elections and find out just how serious a game it is.

Let us see if you have courage enough to publish this letter as a step towards that bigness.

Yours sincerely, GARTH TRIDER, Engineering III.

... senseless ...

Sir:

I note with much concern certain articles appearing in the November 18th issue of your publication. It is these articles that I feel that I must protest against.

Firstly, I think that I should point out that the "Dalhousie Gazette" (Continued on Page 8)

So universities in Canada, abetted by NFCUS, started a nationwide petition.

Then it transpired that the Canadian Department of External Affairs and the American State Department knew nothing of the proposed Hungarian goulashing.

On the strength of this lack of confirmed information, the students' councils at McGill and the University of Alberta refused to circulate the petition.

It was then that a pall of the glums descended on the college editors of the nation. What to do, what to do? Wurra, wurra.

But no pall darkened the visage of David L. Humphreys, editor-in-chief of The Manitoban.

No indeedy. Ole Humphreys, who must be revered for having more nerve than an abscessed tooth, just picked up the blower and gave Ed Sullivan a call after his Sunday "shew" two weeks ago.

The result? A line story in The Manitoban under six inches of big black type saying:

GUILTY AS HELL SAYS SULLIVAN

"They (members of the Communist regime in Hungary) are guilty as hell—tell that to your university," The Manitoban quotes Ed as saying.

When the reliability of his sources were questioned, he said: "That's just incredible, just incredible, I wouldn't go on the air" (Continued on Page 8)