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Let's Rebuild Munro Day

We suggest to the newly-appointed Munro Day Committee that if they want to set an exciting, new pattern for the student celebration, the plans must be made NOW.

Munro Day—the spring finale of student sport and entertainment—ought to be the most exciting event of the season, and something to look forward to.

Yet the last few Munro Days have been unimaginative, generally listless affairs. By this we don't say there weren't bright spots; we simply mean that they have fallen far below the standard we should expect of the term's biggest student holiday, when, at least for two days, Dalhousie spirit sparks into life.

What do we suggest? A new approach. The Committee should begin NOW to locate new material from student holiday celebrations in both Canada and the U. S. Nearly every university has a special weekend, and few are alike.

And while they're at it, why not:

*Stage a solid feature attraction. We would like to see that Big Dance Band, promised for so many years, come to Dalhousie THIS spring. If not, some other special entertainment to set the day apart.

*Bring in an outside hockey team. Dalhousie's team, always one of the best college squads east of Montreal, would provide great competition for a good Quebec or Ontario hockey team. And it would draw!

*Make the Ice Carnival twice its size. Here is a goldmine of entertainment waiting exploitation. A program of acts can be planned and rehearsed well in advance—with a script—the whole thing Emceed and organized weeks ahead of time.

*Move the Dal Revue out of the two-day festivities into a time of its own. This show can be excellent, and indeed has shown great promise in recent years. It deserves presentation by itself, rather than to be mixed in with a conglomeration of lesser events.

All it takes is imagination. With a committee that begins planning and working in the Fall term, we can make Dalhousie Munro Day, in itself a unique holiday, unmatched by other local universities, the top attraction of the college year—and the top college event in the Maritimes.

Just Call It "Show Business"

So you're a popular music fan.

In the blaze of publicity handed television's biggest quiz shows, free of charge, the rest of the entertainment world finds itself no longer able to slip every practice under the slick "show business" label.

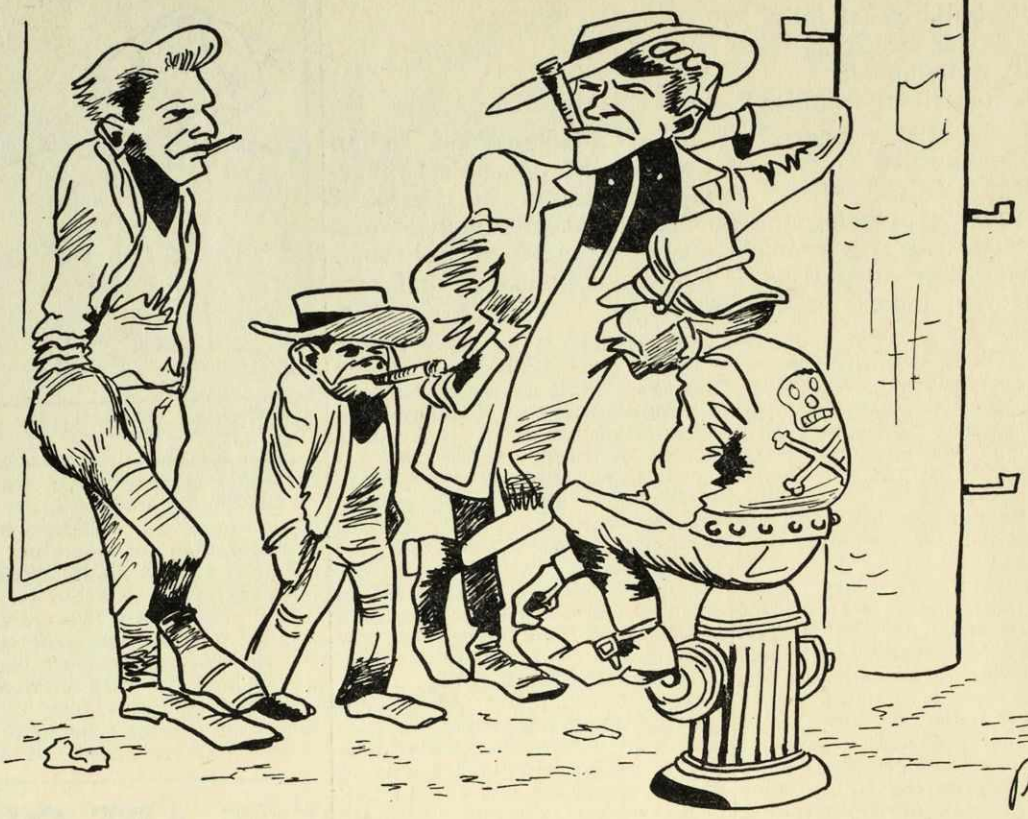
And the music industry, which involves some \$25,000,000 annually to publishers, is one of the most inviting targets of money-hungry entertainment exploiters.

For a start, America's most listened-to disk jockeys have been accused of accepting millions of dollars annually, in bribes from music publishers to play certain songs on the air. There is little doubt that this is true, although the Deejay Association will collectively deny it.

But the lure for quick profit, however unethically taken, has found TV producers an even more fertile field. Nearly every daytime TV producer in the U. S. has found it vastly profitable to cut himself in on music publishers' money. The key statement to the publisher's agent: "We play your songs; ASCAP (music publishers) pays you \$60 per network appearance for your song; you take \$30 and we'll take \$30 and nobody gets hurt."

This simple payoff takes place on nearly every daily TV

"...OR WE CAN GO TO DA DAL DANCE AGAIN..."



music-and-audience show. Music publishers can't escape it.

The whole unethical system, evolved out of the vaudevilian practice of paying a star to do your song, was then excused because you paid for the chance to have your song made a hit. Now, there is NO option: every network plug for your tune means, if you're a publisher, you lose half the royalties to the TV producer.

The outright harm to popular music is that the song itself has been almost lost in the grab for the money.

That's why we hear so constantly songs of only fair or poor quality, while better tunes languish unheard in record libraries. It's a question of "You pay—I'll play."

On television any decent producer, who works in 15 songs (only the titles need be mentioned) for a half hour show, makes \$2,250 per week on this alone. Figure it out.

Yes, this music business is rapidly becoming the most lucrative trade since Chicago's Protection rackets.

Poor Dead Bastards

What could you say for the dead of the wars? What could you REALLY say? Well, there were a lot of things you could say automatically and without thought, but they were all the wrong things; and just this once, just this one war anyhow, let us try to say true things about the dead. Begin by cancelling the phrase, "our honoured dead": for that is not true—we forgot them, we do not honour them but in rhetoric—and the phrase is the badge of those who want something of the dead. If the dead of this war must have a mutual encomium, then let it be "poor dead bastards". There is at least a little humanity in that. And let us not say of them, this time, "they gave their lives" for something or other; for certainly there was nothing voluntary in their dying. And neither is it fair to speak of "dead heroes", for not at all necessarily does the fact of death include the fact of heroism. Some of these dead were shining youths scornful of the sanctity of their own lives, who lived daily with terror rarefied by inevitability and died with a flawless gesture of self-immolation; and others died as the result of injuries sustained in falling through a privy. But, if they did not live equally, they are every one equally dead; and you could say this affirmative thing of all; that in a war of terrifying consequence and overwhelming agony, they participated one hundred per cent. That was the only true thing you could say for all, but it was enough. The war demanded the shortening of how many—two million, five hundred and sixty thousand, two hundred and fourteen?—lives, and these men were chosen. So pile them high at Austerlitz and Waterloo and Ypres and Verdun, and add a few new places, Aachen and Dunkerque and Anzio; only do not talk lies about the dead. They are the chosen.

—by reprint

LETTERS

Strangers at our dances

Sir,

Something must be done concerning the absolutely untenable situation which exists at the so-called "Dalhousie" dances in our gymnasium.

Last Friday evening, October 30, we walked into the gym expecting to enjoy the comradeship of our fellow Dalhousians. Yes, the floor was crowded with a mass of humanity but familiar faces were scarce. We saw several creatures with duck cuts and pimply faces, obviously high school (or junior high) students, and even a "mate-lots" uniform. Personally we have nothing against these persons; but should a certain amount of silver in the pocket be sufficient for admittance to a Dalhousie affair? Are we running a public dance hall? We believe this question should be answered in the negative. Our dances are for the enjoyment of Dal students and their guests. Of course we welcome the presence of nurses and other young ladies, but let us set up restrictions on the admittance of non-Dalhousie males!

Arise, Dalhousians, we have nothing to lose except our disgust.

(Signed) Ora et Labora
(names withheld)

Kibitzer's Corner:

Girls and Curfews

Like an amoeba swallowing a wombat does a University engulf new ideas.

And like the amoeba, the University engulfs its food agonizing and digests it interminably.

Universities just do not go on new idea kicks too hastily.

Take Women's Residences for example.

On every campus in the land absolutely no one (except the still unbussed suitor as the sign-in approaches) questions the fact that girls in university residences must be told when they can go out and how long they can stay.

I, however, have asked the odd Dean of Women and the odder

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