

Objectionable Object

Students' Council has approved a draft constitution for the Committee on Student Affairs. This draft will be submitted to the University Senate, where it will be shelved, or, in some form, implemented.

There is nothing in the proposed constitution which would significantly change the rules governing this important student-faculty committee. But for a clause assuring full Gateway coverage of Committee meetings, and clarification of voting privileges, this constitution merely puts into words what is now practice.

Here might be the rub.

Since it was brought into existence, shortly after the University was incorporated, this Committee has sat constitution-less. It has exerted an influence bridging on "do-or-don't" power over almost every student activity, and has recently established itself as the first and final authority over those student dollars contributed to the University Athletic Board.

Executive officials of the Committee have, on occasion, made use of the lack of a constitution to keep contentious questions off the Committee agenda. This year, Student Committee-members were told that debate regarding student parking was out of COSA jurisdiction, according to an unquoted precedent established sometime between 1911 and now.

A constitution which makes more clear the jurisdiction and the duties of COSA would limit the pliability of the Committee. This is the objection which might be raised in the University Senate, and it is the object of the student proposal.

Teapot Tempests

Many of the great battles which waged their way through the fifties have not died on the doorstep of the sixties. Instead they carry on, some with greater vigor than their initiators ever intended.

The Bomarc was pitted against the bomber in a battle for air superiority while the consumer battled the producer to keep red lines off bacon packages, and the motivational researcher infiltrated the mind of man to make him buy more bacon.

The scientist warned against the dangers of radiation, and an atomic war, and the newspaper editorial writer arrayed himself against these frightening warnings in a valiant attempt to console the public.

Battles were waged against hurricanes, typhoons, blizzards, earthquakes, and floods, yet some people still found time to warn us of poisons in our drinking water, and cranberries, and to take time out to write condemning letters about the ETS when the service got bad, or about the poor condition of city maintenance when the power went off for an hour, or the streets weren't properly sanded immediately after a heavy snowstorm. And the royal family tackled the politicians and satellites for the most

room in the world's newspapers.

These strikingly evidence the awareness of the common man about the affairs of this day and age, and the influence he wields over diversified things, many of which surprisingly enough he knows nothing about.

It is a stirring feeling to know that while our neighbor on the left is condemning the ETS for the poor quality of service, our neighbor on the right is rallying the forces of the uninformed, but nevertheless inspired, public against the evils of fluoridation so that the dentist can afford to have eggs with his bacon which, of course has no stripes on its package, due to the efforts of a neighbor across the street.

Meanwhile, newspaper editorial writers, utilizing the vast resources of the press, and armed with the conviction of their own opinions avidly debunk the opinion of the narrow, and sometimes absent-minded scientist, concerning the potentiality of such an insignificant and inconceivable thing as the atom to blow us all to smithereens, although it is a well known fact that radiation is bad if it gets into grass which our milk cows eat because it does something to the bones.

In fact it is almost as bad as that cranberry poison, which was caught just before it annihilated civilization, despite the fact that one would have to eat a half of a box car of cranberries everyday for two years before the poison would take hold.

It is heartening to see the news services throughout the world giving good coverage to the Queen's forthcoming issue. However they could probably devote more space to royalty if they were to omit a lot of this malarkey about outer space, and politicians running around having conferences, neither of which has any bearing on the real homey side of life like good features on important contributions to the royal family. It's a life like theirs that everyone looks forward to, not just the talk of a politician or scientist about what the future has in store.

All things considered, the common man, the salt of the earth, has shown that he has great ability, at least in the last ten years, to keep his thoughts clear of the so-called fate of mankind in general, and to concentrate his abilities on the important issues—the things that concern only him.

The attitudes of this kind of man are destined to carry western culture, with all its luxuries and benefits, without change far along into the future.

Pungent Poets

In those lines that General Wolfe wished he had written, poet Thomas Gray suggested that planted in country churchyards around England, and indeed the world, were unmarked men who might have become great statesmen, great churchmen, great poets.

Outside of those sitting in the Social Credit legislature, we do not know what has happened to the churchmen and the statesmen of our age whom fame has by-passed. But we do know about the poets.

Ranged about this country—some of them reclining on rural riversides, some of them propped in beatnik cafes—are this generation's unmarked poets. Though their topics and their temperaments are as different as the winds, they are all bound together by one common practice.

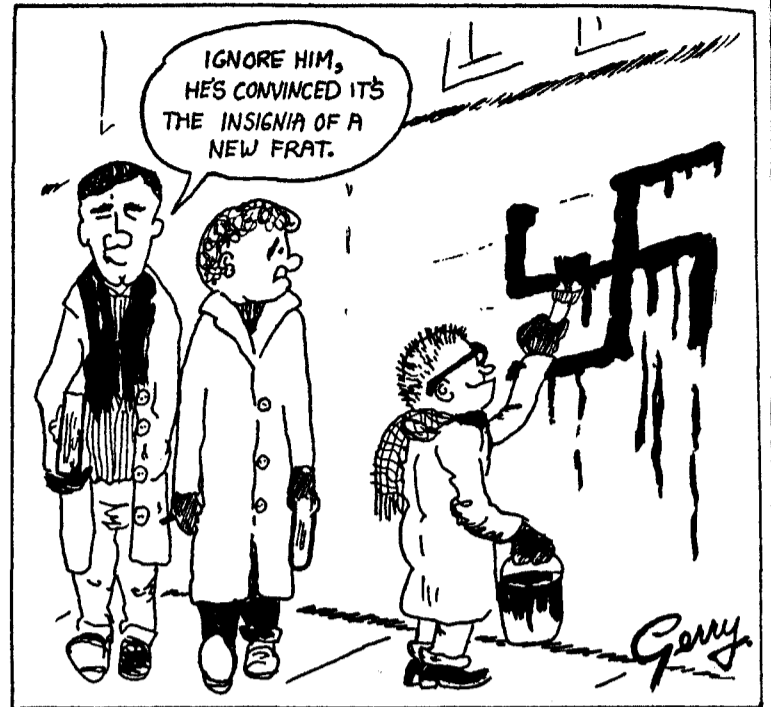
They all submit their stuff to newspapers. And expect to get it published.

The office of The Gateway receives many wierd and not-usually printed contributions through the mails. Last week our haul ranged from a Communist brochure to campaign literature from Jesus Christ II. It included a poem.

Now Communist brochures we can snarl at. And Jesus Christ II we can nail up on our wall. But poetry. What is a newspaper office supposed to do with poetry?

If we print it, readers will think we've gone cultural, and will quit reading. If we post it, some staff-member will turn in a story in iambic pentameter. If we ignore it, some poet's heart will be broken enough to cause him to gush out another one.

Poetry causes more trouble in our office than the University provost. Please poets . . . stay buried.



DREGS from the CUP

People at Dalhousie have been politicking lately. One week they were honored by a visit from Prime Minister Diefenbaker and the next week by a visit from Mr. Pearson.

Somehow they didn't seem too impressed with Mr. Diefenbaker though. As the "Deathless Quote of the Week" the Dalhousie Gazette printed Mr. Diefenbaker's statement upon his arrival in Halifax, "I am happy to be in this city, and am gratified to know that there is in Halifax, that identical feeling of Canadianism that means so much to each and every one of us, as fellow Canadians." The Gazette asked, "O.K., Dief, we give up. What does it mean?"

And in the ears in the top corners of the front page somebody said, "I like Diefenbaker—But then I'm only six." Now Halifax will be sorry they voted the Liberals out of office two years ago.

We've suspected for some time that the educational standards in our neighboring province of Saskatchewan were lower than ours. Our suspicions were sadly confirmed by a recent issue of the University of Saskatchewan's Sheaf. They were urging people to get out and vote for Model Parliament and printed in their ears, (and they print ears too) —"If you're illiterate, Just mark an X". While suspecting University entrance standards might be low, we didn't realize they took Grade 2's.

A survey conducted at the University of Ottawa by the English-speaking paper, The Fulcrum, showed that the students at the University are in worse health than most inmates of an old folk's home. During the week of their Red Cross Blood Drive 70 per cent of the student's volunteering blood were rejected on the grounds that they had or had had colds, malaria, jaundice or some other dire and deadly form of illness. The Fulcrum reported that big husky students started sneezing the minute they registered and every second person had a medical history steeped in contagious diseases. Somehow this

sounds all too familiar—one suspects that a similar survey made of any campus in Canada at Blood Bank Week would present similar results.

Once again the University women of Canada are being attacked. The Manitoban and the Dalhousie Gazette are unhappily complaining about their co-eds. The Manitoban featured a lead editorial stating: "Women on Campus Thrive on Dull Similarity." They sternly advised, "Go East young man, go East to see Eastern Women."

The editor, strongly influenced no doubt by his trip to Quebec for the CUP conference, was extolling the virtues of French-Canadian women whom 'cold weather does not turn into a group of cigarette-smoking, snow women clad in leotards . . . The decade of the fifties has gone down, alas, as the decade of the decline of the Manitoban female. They all wear roughly the same clothes and hair styles and spout the same brilliant witty and interpretative conversation. It is our hope for 1960 that she will rise above the level of the animated clothes peg."

And at Dalhousie, the call was out, "Hey! Girls . . . Why Not Advertise???" As the Gazette's lead editorial stated, "In an age of psychological advertising, motivational research and the like, it surprises us that the females around Dal are so slow to adopt the advertiser's methods. Assuming that the average girl's primary aim in life is to find a male to support her, it would seem that modern selling habits contain some valuable pointers which they might use to advantage.

The editorial continues, "Since one of the advertiser's main gimmicks is attractive packaging we are surprised that, while the virtues of Dal's girls are truly many, their defects amazingly few, we are dismayed and saddened that the packaging they employ does so little to reveal their true nature. The common feminine apparel around the campus seems to be intended to make Dal the 'Down-and-outs Home for Lumber-Jacks'."

Actually however, we do wonder at the gravity of their editorial—on the page opposing it we find an article entitled, "Of Women and Figures." Among other things the article states, "women should learn that men are attracted to other things besides a good figure. In by gone days women still managed to land husbands without running around half-dressed . . . After all, high pressure advertising is done only because someone has something to sell—or give away."

Well anyway, the Dalhousie Gazette does add something to the concept of consistency.

THE GATEWAY

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