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LETTERS

... disrespect ...

In last Friday's issue of the Gazette your permitted yourselves to fall into the same behaviour of a former Chief Magistrate of our City who deliberately mispronounced our Prime Minister's name and showed a total lack of respect for his position, and well known virtues and qualities.

Criticism and humor are good—ridicule, and disrespect are not. Can you remember at any time people of Conservative convictions ever treating Mr. St. Laurent so disrespectfully? No, our Prime Minister is our Prime Minister regardless of our politics and we hold his position (no matter who he has been) in proper perspective.

I hope you will publish my letter because I have always enjoyed reading your publication as was very disappointed that the Editor-in-Chief could be so petty as his cartoon predicted. Remember—“None are so blind as those who will not see”.

Here's hoping for improvement in the text of your so-called humor and not a further decline.

Sincerely, A Dal Gal's Mother.

... inaccurate ...

Sir, Not only was your front page political editorial out of place and in extremely bad taste; but it was also inaccurate in its headline. A better headline would read “the line forms on the left, babe! now that Lester B.'s back in town.”

A. M. MacNeil, '63.

Ed.—We thought of that, then reconsidered with the prospect of volumes of mail from “concerned” students telling us we had misquoted the song.

Campus Girls Don't Want Marriage

Sir, In regard to your article in last week's “Hey Girls!” Why Not Advertise—obviously written by some dissatisfied male being, I would like if I may to bring in my 50c worth on the girls' behalf.

Has it never occurred to the egotistical manly creature that a girl just might come to college with other intentions than capturing an ivy league clad, desert boot Romeo? It is possible she actually came to study so she could be independent of some male to support her.

What is wrong with flat shoes and knee socks, they're nothing compared with the Tartan tams the fellows are modeling. If a girl wants to be comfortable why not let her? ...

... Almost rarely do we see a white shirt and tie together on our Dal boys. Usually the white shirt is present minus the tie, exposing the underwear at the neck, or else the tie may be present to clash with a sports shirt. Nevertheless, we still love the fellows, so why can't they take that attitude and let us be comfortable, too.

It has often occurred to me when I hear a member of the opposite sex repeat this worn out phrase: “Females only come to college to trap a man.”—that why would any sensible girl pay hundreds of dollars on tuition and study like mad to keep those passing grades if she just came to trap a man? Why, everyone knows any man can be captured and tamed with a 15c bottle of exotic perfume, and 35c worth of paroxide!

That is my 50c worth.

A flat shoe and knee sox fan.

Sir: DOWN WITH “THE INDIGNANT DAUGHTERS OF EVE!”

Love,

a few gals in the Hall with a broader outlook on life.

Ed.—This letter was actually written and given us by girls who have identified themselves to us. We were naturally, shocked and amazed.

... love for the dead ...

Sir: Mr. Somerville has sadly misinterpreted the Remembrance Day piece your printed three weeks ago. Far from contempt for the dead, the writer of that article was expressing, in his own way, love for them. It is almost impossible to make genuine feeling shine out through often-repeated phrases, for these become cliches so familiar to the reader that they fail to hit home.

Kibitzer's Corner:

Our Unsolicited Gems

By BOB SCAMMELL

The GAZETTE office was as letter-swamped as it could ever be last week.

At risk of incurring the ire of the staff, I will say that MOST of the letters were justified.

Well-slanted news does not convince the reader that its writer was concerned only about his own lack of well-earned notoriety.

Barring any of a million incompetencies that could occur in The GAZETTE, or for that matter, any newspaper office, the letter should appear in this issue.

I refer to the letter in which “Dal Gal's Mother” takes umbrage with The GAZETTE for daring to print a vile attack on our beloved and bewattled Prime Minister.

She would have a point if she were not “Dal Gal's Mother.” Being such, she leaves herself open to the rhetorical: “So who asked her?”

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Since Sputnik I took its grand tour, education in North America has become everybody's business.

And as the chosen people, university students must have a new idealistic, pure, and positive approach toward their duty of saving “everybody”.

Thus armed, people like “Dal Gal's Mother” feel justified in making known their displeasure at levity or lack of awe in students toward those institutions which the post-Sputnik I breed of positive thinker deems to be worthy of veneration.

So, on the one hand we have the universities in which students—“everybody's” hope of beating the Russians at the education game—are firmly entrenched.

On the other hand, in these universities we have some thinking students—Dare I say radicals?—who from time to time would spit on those very institutions which society is so sure must be preserved by (quote) those fortunate enough to have an education (unquote).

“Throw them out, or at least make them be serious—these infidels who abrogate their responsibilities!” screams the public.

It is certainly no coincidence that 11 infidel editors of college newspapers in Canada have been fired since Sputnik I went sailing.

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There can be little doubt that universities are starting to enforce “everybody's” edict that students must be pure and devoted in thought, word, and deed.

In fact some universities are starting to turn aroused public “interest” in education into cool, green dollars.

Need I do more than mention the success of the University of Toronto's mammoth TV advertised, knock-on-“everybody's-door” campaign for money?

A few years ago there was a move in Canada's universities to install as vice-president a man steeped in knowledge of “the business aspects of running a university.”

Some of these men are now vice-less presidents, and like most college presidents in the U.S.A., are little more than P-H-deed public relations officers.

They are men who have forgotten—or perhaps never knew—that the great contributions of any university are made within the wide ambit of the field of criticism, be it scientific, social, artistic, literary, or political.

They are men who have read Dale Carnegie and a certain best-seller of a few years back which made them forget that negative thinking is still the most powerful thought force in the world merely because it is so rare and stings whenever it finds a voice.

They are men who can be converted by “everybody”, no longer do they form new thought by attacking the traditional.

Yes, they are men who have even been known to take action on unsolicited letters much like the gem from “Dal Gal's Mother.”

Rorai means by it. But if he means that I profess skepticism because it is the fad to be negativistic, or “beat”, I object. Skepticism is forced on me, against my liking and in spite of my best efforts, by serious philosophical perplexity.

“It's only by something operating that you get to know it,” he says. Quite true. We will have a better hope for wisdom after we leave the academic world and face practical responsibility than we have in theoretical ponderings here. But pondering is necessary; you will only get to know what philosophy is worth, Mr. Rorai, by trying it in operation yourself.

To “warn” us that the ideas of all the great men he dismisses so briefly “are philosophical answers” is a very pernicious sentence. It implies unfairly that “philosophical” is a pejorative word.

“Philosophy is rewarding ... from the hedonistic point of view ... it gives you that superiority feeling ...” Ouch! That hits home, for I drift toward this sin all the time. But it is a sin against philosophy, not one committed by it.

No offense meant, John A. Wright.

Let The Communists Speak!

Elsewhere in this issue there is a news report of student disturbances during talks on communists at the University of Manitoba. Socialist speakers were heckled, jeered and ridiculed while a disorderly crowd vented its passion on the innocent and defenseless furniture of the assembly hall.

This exhibition of extreme intolerance and lack of diplomacy, not to mention complete absence of good manners, by supposedly responsible members of society is distressing. Unfortunately, it is also rapidly becoming typical.

To drown out with catcalls the views of a group that threatens our way of life, whatever that may be, is like stamping on a bug; only, the bug of communism isn't going to sit pat and squish. It's going to fight back, and the more aimless stamping we do, the easier it is going to be for it to trip us up.

Not so very long ago many Canadians scoffed at the tactlessness of our rich neighbours to the south who frequently attempt to shove their “great American way of life” down the gagging throats of non-Americans all over the globe. Those “many Canadians” were themselves choking under the U. S. flood of cliché-ridden propaganda, and protested against its outspoken dogmatism.

But the climate of opinion is changing. We, too, are presently joining the propaganda game and have taken up the paradoxical “School of Democratic Intolerance and Unreasonableness.”

It is high time that the loyal followers of democracy, free enterprise, capitalism, freedom of this and freedom of that, realized that they are not going to defeat the proponents of communism, central planning, bureaucracy, control of this and control of that, by insulting them.

Please, No More Cha-Cha-Chas

The University of New Brunswick Brunswickan recently published an editorial entitled “The Prom Was Potentially A Good Dance, Cha-cha-cha.” The point of the article was that the barrage of so-called “popular” Latin American rhythm revellers were faced with at UNB dances was both tiresome and embarrassing to most dancers.

We suggest that this is, alas, doubly true at Dalhousie.

Certainly, cha-cha-chas have a finger-snapping rhythm and the rhumba is an awesome thing when performed by professional dance artists. But poor old Joe Dalhousie doesn't pretend to be a match for these pros, and there is little reason why he should.

In fact, it gets fairly obvious halfway through a set of Latin American melodies that perhaps a third of those attending even bother to attempt to follow the beat. Instead, there is the awkward excuse, the sudden fatigue, the going-to-the-ladies'-room, and the rest of the time-passing devices.

Let's face it—the aim of a dance is for guys and girls to have fun! That means allowing the majority to waltz, or jive, or fox-trot, or perform any number of simple dance floor gyrations.

But we'll be darned if we're going to invest in maracas and how-to-dance booklets just to keep pace with the much-ballyhooed “Latin American Trend”.