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LETTERS

Re: Racial Problems

Sir: It has been brought to our attention in the last edition of the Gazette that there is racial discrimination rampant on the University of Toronto campus.

We, the undersigned, wonder why the editor has to fill his pages with such news from the University of Toronto, when he need only to look around him on the Dalhousie campus, to see such goings on. Why is it, we ask you, that not one Chinese, West Indian or Negro student is rushed at any of the social fraternities? Why must Caucasians reign supreme? Here on this campus, one is constantly coaxed to be unapathetic, to be fraternal, to accept one's fellow man. We all read, with pretended disgust, news items on discrimination in American schools, hypocritically claiming to be better than the Caucasians at Little Rock. We ask you . . . Are we?

Sincerely, with a bad taste in our mouths.

X1, X2, X3.

* * *

Sour Grapes??

Sir: Narrow minded, and apparently unfounded, criticism (or should I say Sour Grapes) is one of the most degrading fronts a university newspaper can put up.

Allow me, please, the opportunity to express my complete disappointment and disgust with regards to an article entitled — "X IS ALL HEART" which appeared in your second edition.

The validity, and indeed the truthfulness, of such an article I doubt very much.

To allow such tripe in a publication bearing Dalhousie's name is a complete discredit to any Dalhousian.

I speak not as an "X Man" for I have no connection with that university at all.

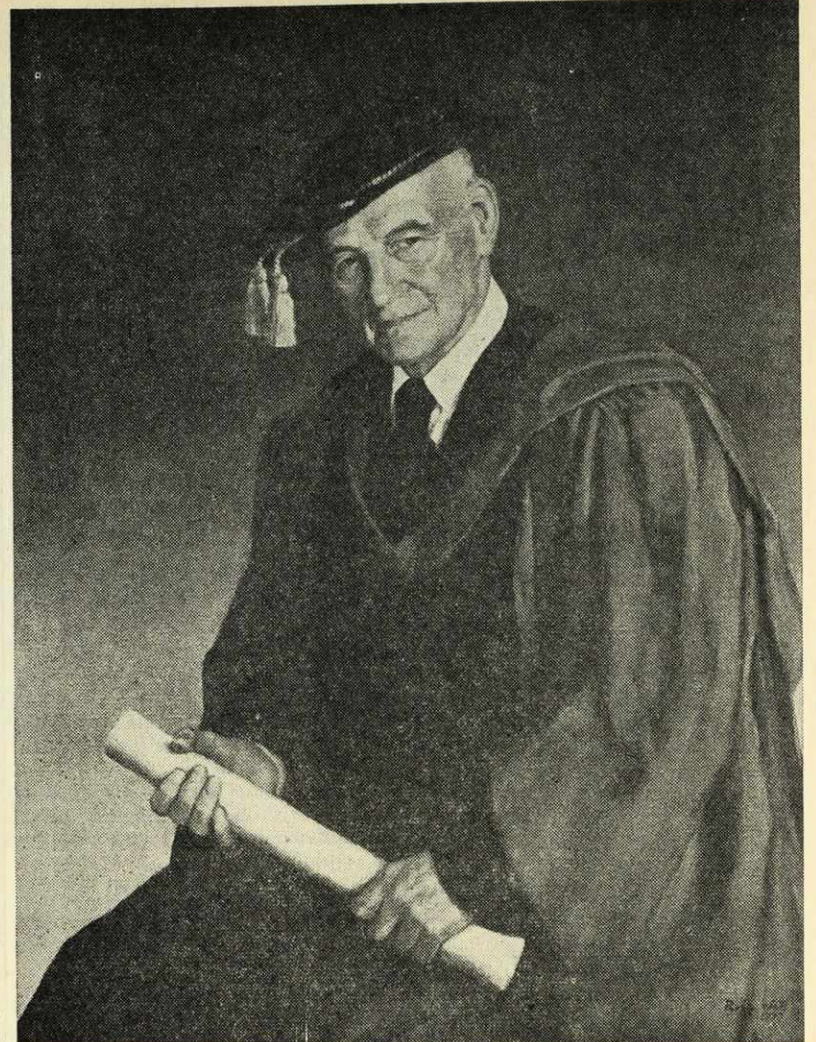
What does this "We Dals Hate X" mean, anyway?

I agree that we at Dal don't take a statement like that with much meaning; but let's face it, the Dal Gazette goes much further than the Dal Campus . . . Or perhaps the Gazette is trying to set up a group of adolescent critics, hating everyone not on our side simply for the sake of having something to say. What other reason?

Let's wake up. This is a University, not a High School.

I attended the game to which the writer refers and found at least 90% of the Dal students in bleacher seats. The Editor should ensure that reporters be not quite so imaginative in their reproduction of fact, especially when the reproduction involves criticism of an opponent.

The statement: "Even Dal Dollars (Continued on Page 8)



SIR JAMES DUNN

Dalhousie's Great Benefactor

Kibitzer's Corner:

Sorority Selection Policy Their Own Business!

by Bob Scammell

They made a martyr at The University of Toronto last week. She is Barbara Arrington, the Negro student who was "cut" by two sororities.

The sororities explained that while they have no bias clause in their constitutions, they are forced to take "certain discriminatory measures" so as not to offend American chapters.

So Barbara was taken for a walk around the block, and the problem explained to her during the stroll.

But Barbara is a fighter, and she got action—fast.

The Students' Administration Council passed a motion severing its connections with any discriminatory student organizations, and further recommended to President Claude Bissell that "he use his power to expel students who insist in participating in student organizations which he deems discriminatory."

Barbara Arrington sat by, weeping softly as the result of the vote was announced.

I submit that it is none of the SAC's or President Bissell's business who the fraternities reject or accept.

Somehow I just fail to follow the reasoning which concludes that fraternal organizations are "student organizations."

The distinction is that fraternities are private, self-supporting organizations, where "student organizations" are public organizations in the sense that any student can belong by reason of the fact that some portion of the fees he pays supports that organization.

At registration, a student is not automatically accorded the right to belong to the fraternity of his choosing.

The SAC, apparently with the blessings of U of T's administration, has forgotten they have no jurisdiction. But then, universities all over North America have long reserved the right to recognize or reject fraternities.

But here, for the purposes of discipline, the SAC has decided that fraternities are student organizations.

One—perhaps the only—virtue of (continued on page eight)

Winning... The Only Thing

It is the season of the maddened sports reporter, armed to the teeth with statistics of Canada's losing ways in the world of international sport. "Send over the Montreal Canadiens" snarls an irate scribe. "We'll show 'em what stuff Canadian boys are made off." Winning in athletics has become more than a mild focusing point for national feeling, it has become an object of national dishonor, a glaring void in the continuous stream of Canadian culture.

It is distressing that this deification of the victor has not remained on the national level but has seeped, not so subtly, through the porous strata of our universities. A poignant example is found in Big Jim Tatum's remark: "I don't think winning is the most important thing. I think it's the only thing."

For now we are not prepared to discuss the complexities of professionalism, the lures set out for the athlete both psychological and material. We are not prepared to condemn Vic Obeck's defense of sports scholarships. "They are hard working boys who wouldn't otherwise get a chance at college. Is that sinful?"

What is highly disturbing is the atmosphere that has allowed men like Tatum to exist. We are concerned with the sometimes Machiavellian approach to college sports—any means will suffice if the ends are achieved. Such naive notions as sportsmanship, comradeship, and just plain good fun have been swept aside for the more important ends of winning games and attracting big audiences.

Little doubt it is far too Utopian to imagine a reversion to college sports played simply for enjoyment, and keeping yourself fit. Indeed, the varsity team has its place. Games can provide spirited healthy competition; they may develop, if only superficially, a kind of "esprit de corps" among the spectators, and in general provide a very pleasant couple of hours.

But the varsity team DOES have a place and that place should not transcend the university in general. It is laughable to defend it as Don Canham, coach of the University of Michigan, who says, "Canada's educators have failed to appreciate the tremendous value that hard competitive athletics have in the total educational process." The percentage of varsity players as compared with the total student body, will hardly contribute to a general upsurge in the physical health of the latter. It is equally questionable whether such hard competition does in fact provide an intellectual stimulus.

Yet on the other hand it is not difficult to be in sympathy with men who are forced to deal with the painfully inadequate specimens of Canada's physical education program.

What then do we suggest? Simply much less emphasis on varsity sports and a return to the inter-faculty, inter-class sports on a much larger scale—larger that is, in the amount of players, sportsmanship and good will, not greater in the quality of the players and equipment. And if in varsity we find ourselves under too much pressure to compete in a particular league—Get out, and try to form a league with people who are similarly minded.

We Have Thieves

Just before deadline on Sunday, the following complaint was submitted to Gazette editors. Comment is unnecessary; the letter speaks for itself:

Sir: Tuesday night while I was at football practice, someone went through my clothes in the locker room. Missing is my wallet full of important documents, including immigration papers, service discharge, etc., a silver watch (Pierce—17 jewel, second-hand red luminous dial), and a gold high school ring (dated 1951, initials J.R.S. inside, and containing a red-stone with golden emblem in the center.)

I'm pretty disgusted. I came up here to play football, and wanting to be a good sport. I hope you will do whatever possible so that I can at least get my valuable papers back. It's pretty rotten trick for a fellow to have his valuables taken while out on the field.

Thank you,

John R. Schiffmann,
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