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LETTERS

N. S. Players O. K.

Sir: In reading the last issue of the GAZETTE, I came across a few letters referring to your "X" articles in the October 14 issue. One of these letters, "X Complains", was submitted by one Stephen G. Muise. In this letter, I found a reference to myself wherein I "was painfully calling on the members of the varsity football team 'to come to practice.'"

This, I am ashamed to say, is very true, but it is, however, no longer the case, as can be witnessed any week-night on the Dalhousie grid iron.

It is not this statement that I make exception to, but in paragraph (2) he states, and I quote, "Surely any native of Nova Scotia will admit... we have not been able to develop the calibre of players necessary to play in the league."

I would ask Mr. Muise to look over the next Dalhousie football program he finds on the campus. On this program there are 32 (roughly) names on the roster. Fifteen of the boys call their home town Halifax, there is one Truro native and a man from Liverpool, four are from P.E.I., two from New Brunswick, three from the United States, two from Ontario, one from Winnipeg, one from Regina, one from Flin Flon, and finally Charlie Kempe from Bermuda. As one can easily see, two thirds of Dalhousie's football stars come from the Maritimes. Surely, taking a look at this roster, any native of Nova Scotia will admit we have been able to develop the calibre of players necessary to play in the Nova Scotia Football League.

While watching the "X" slaughter in Antigonish, I managed to read the "X" roster, and if memory serves me correctly, rought three X-men hail from the Maritimes. Is this an accident, or could Don Loney have

Kibitzer's Corner:

V. of T.'s SAC REFUSES TO BACK DOWN; C.U.P. RAGS STAY PIOUS by Bob Scammell

Guess I am just a voice crying in left field, as reports have it that the University of Toronto's Students' Administrative Council and President Claude Bissell refuse to back down.

They are still firm in their belief that students who persist in belonging to "discriminatory student organizations" should be expelled.

I wonder what they are going to do about the Newman Club, the Hillel Club, and other sectarian student organizations.

But the student newspapers across the nation have given the Toronto incident a good run through their editorial mills.

In an attempt to keep up with the Toronto Varsity, editors have been running surveys to see if they can dig up some discrimination scandal in their own baliwicks.

Most campi so investigated came through the survey as pure as newly driven Lux suds.

The Manitoban allows there might be some discrimination over town, but there is none on the campus.

But the prize for smug, self-righteous redundancy goes to The Loyola News which reported last week: "There is no discrimination here, probably because we are a Catholic college."

And out at the University of Saskatchewan which suffers no fraternities, The Sheaf — the unofficial organ of Canada's Bleat Generation — ran a sub-headline below the headline on the Toronto discrimination story. It said:

"OH, HOW WE LIVE WITHOUT FRATS."

been recruiting a few players during his summer vacation? The latter, I fear.

This, however, is not my quarrel. Think again, Mr. Muise. Dalhousie, or any team, for that matter, if they try hard enough is able to develop the calibre of players necessary to play in this league.

Bill Rankin, Former Sports Editor.

With all humility, I would submit frats are not the only things they live without at the University of Saskatchewan.

And it is with a little chortle of glee that I note the name 'Bobbie' Arrington is now on the masthead of the Toronto Varsity.

The more faithful of my readers might remember that Barbara Arrington is the Negro girl who could not, and The Varsity is the paper which indignantly blasted forth with the whole story.

I wonder if her present association with The Varsity is a case of collusion before or after the fact.

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At Queen's University last week, the ultimate in de-segregation was achieved.

An unidentified male student, in the guise of a Queen's co-ed, went through the candle-lighting ceremony and all the other hocus-pocus requisite to becoming a member of the Levana Society — the Queen's equivalent of our much-maligned Delta Gamma.

He had a couple of bad moments when his spikes caught on some steps, and when he was caught ogling some of the other girls, however, he is now a member of the sisterhood.

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Again at University of Manitoba, their student literary magazine — Creative Campus—has been assured of success. The administration announced that the pornographic current number is forthrightly banned from university and down-town bookstores.

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I always thought the abundance of food available at the Ontario Agricultural College was equalled by no other college in Canada, and a notice run on the front page of a recent number of their Ontario confirms my belief.

It says:

Anyone caught throwing food in any amount in the Dining Hall will be fined \$10.00.

They should donate some of those old victuals to the WUS campaign for the starving students of Outer Fibula.

Or someplace.

—Stay sober.

Are We Progressing— Or Dying?

The Victorian era died long ago, and in dying it took with it much that was old-fashioned and out of joint: the ambition of the Protestant Ethic, the principle of the survival of the fittest, the worship of thrift, the love of imperialism, the respect for the individual, hard work, and self-reliance, and even the severe, if somewhat hypocritical, standards of morality that prevailed in the period. Its decline was, in brief, accompanied by the decline of all that the industrious Middle Class stood for in the eighteenth century.

But what has replaced it; and are we better for the change? The first of these questions is not difficult to answer, the world around us being none too subtle about its character. The ambition is still there, but its aims stop with material security and social prestige, not with any concern for divine approval. The principle of the survival of the fittest has been replaced by that of state support for the weakest. The "earn now and buy later" concept of thrift has succumbed to the "buy now and pay later" policy of credit.

Imperialism in the west has changed to fearful, timid and dangerous defense measures in the face of aggression in the east.

The self-reliant and hard working individual has become a nine-to-five puppet for big business, big government, and big universities. Moral standards have grown ludicrous in the light of flagrant juvenile delinquency, government graft, labour union scandals, and plain bad manners.

Are we better for the change? This is a more difficult problem. On the surface, the answer would seem to be "Yes". Social welfare, creeping upon us more and more with every fulfilled election promise, is certainly giving security for the aged, the unemployed, and the sick. Pension and insurance plans in big business are making old age a haven of rest. "Pay by installments" schemes are enabling us to buy at 25 what we would normally have only at 50.

Emphasis on conformity supplies us with the psychological luxury of knowing that we are "one of the group". Advertising is making all our economic decisions for us by simple indoctrination, appealing to the passive and lazy character of the human mind.

The key word of modern society is, then, security. Every modern trend in politics, business, and thought seems to embody one aim: "Let's make everything so easy for ourselves that we will not have to fight or struggle anymore."

But the decline of the need to fight is bringing with it some unfortunate fringe characteristics. Materially secure, we become mentally apathetic; hence the hypnotic appeal of television. The forty-hour-week and apartment living — where else lies the cause of the high divorce rate, the persistence of juvenile delinquency, and the increase in the number of psychiatric patients. We could go on like this indefinitely. And we are dismayed.

A Word About Women

"The trouble with college girls is that too many of them are too anxious to get married." Thus quotes a prominent newsmagazine of Dr. Thomas Mendenhall, newly appointed President of Smith College, America's largest independent women's college.

Somewhat hesitantly, and a trifle deviously, we wonder if Dr. Mendenhall didn't have a point.

He was speaking of the matrimonial mania which prevails among higher institutions well south of Nova Scotia; it may be true that the colder Maritime weather may in some way affect the female attitude here.

Be that as it may, the "craze for connubiality" which causes 60% of United States girls to drop out of college before graduation is far from unknown up here. The only thing that prevents this article from becoming a wonderful tirade against college women is that it takes two to make a marriage.

And let's face it, men, girls with ambition confused and frustrate us.

We shall not attempt to take a stand on the issue; (suicide is no answer.) We might, however, note that at this university, women are far more subtle in attaining the above goal than their more flagrant American sisters. For instance, the girls here don't dress or act particularly to attract men, and seem to be pretty confident that those men will come to them in time.

Of course, they do. They cost campus Casanovas more money—as witness the mushrooming social season of November and February—requires better long-run male dispositions, and evokes the admission that one does not "stake a claim" on a woman, instead tries to WIN her over to one's point of view. This has been known to last -er, we mean, take, years.

But with such a large investment involved, a marriage made in college will last a lifetime. This is not a paid advertisement.

Alumni Association's Annual TEA and SALE Shirreff Hall — Friday, November 13 3-5 p.m. Admission 35c