

higher education

Freshmen with lollipop thumbs
angstrom brains . . .
new jackets . . . low slung sliderules

Church on Sunday
kilometer opinions
cigarettes . . . coffee . . . canteen
Christmas

Schizophrenic Sophomores,
beards
freshettes

like freshmen . . . and initiations
pipe
snap course

Careful Juniors
pinned

stack permit . . . second divs
friday dances
saturday classes

Tired Seniors . . .

got to pass them all
Math 1
Esterbrookpen . . . old jacket

week-ends shot

Sunday hit parade
money

Professors

stale tobacco
stubby pencil

pile of papers
brown packet . . . blue tie
old text
crepe soles
'56 Austin

Pappy

quick eyes

OAC Commandos Stage Raid

Hamilton, Ont. (CUP) — Night raids on the Ontario Agricultural College and MacMaster University threaten to renew the rivalry between the school that has lain dormant in recent years.

Seven MacMaster students were detained at OAC Wednesday night when they could not provide security police with an adequate explanation for their presence on campus. Same night, a two-foot high bronze model of a jersey bull, valued as an art object, was stolen from the rotunda of the college's administration building, and on the MacMaster campus, red paint spelling out the letters OAC was smeared on buildings and stones. Dean Ian White, at OAC, told the "Silhouette" Thursday "We haven't any guarantee that the MacMaster boys took the trophy, but it could be possible."

The seven students were released after officers took their names.

MacMaster Dean of Man, P. R. Clifford, is in the middle of an investigation into the matter and refused to comment.

This is the first sign of hostility between the schools since November 1958, when OAC students painted their college's letter on MacMaster's nuclear reactor. In 1957, twelve MacMaster under-grads stole a highly prized antique fire engine from the Aggie Campus.

The Facts About Our Fraternities

By RICK QUIGLEY

Most of us have heard of fraternities before we came to university. Probably no two stories were alike. As a result we were not sure just what a fraternity was, nor did we really find out until the end of our first year. Fraternities are different things to different people. What a fraternity amounts to depends on you.

Greek letter fraternities such as we have here at Dal are found exclusively in Canada and the U.S.A. They first started shortly after the end of the American Revolution in 1776. There are now more than 100 International Greek letter fraternities in North America.

Basically, a fraternity is a group of college men bound together by the common factor of friendship as embodied in their fraternal codes. The members will reap the benefits of this friendship for the rest of their lives, not only while in college.

While you are in college your fraternity provides a room, meals and companionship, a home away from home, and provides its members with a social life and sports events (on a smaller, less formal scale than the University).

In the fall, and again in the spring, all fraternities have a rushing period during which prospective members or pledges are introduced. Some freshmen have the idea that they must be asked to a fraternity during rush period.

This is wrong. If any freshman has a preference for one fraternity he is urged to go to its functions and introduce himself to its members. Rush period is the time for the freshman to get to know fraternities, and let them get to know HIM. If you are asked to a rushing function, and you have a friend not in a fraternity, bring him along too!

There are five social fraternities at Dal, and two Medical fraternities. The five social fraternities are, in alphabetical order:

Zeta Psi at 258 South street, Sigma Chi at 304 South Street, Phi Delta Theta on 66 Seymour Street, Phi Kappa Pi at 348 Robie Street, and, our all-Jewish fraternity at 286 South Street, Tau Epsilon Phi.

These five are undergraduate fraternities. We have two professional medical fraternities which are Phi Rho Sigma at 101 Inglis Street, and Phi Chi at 160 Robie Street.

Interfraternity dealings are carried out through the Interfraternity Council, known as I.F.C. This council regulates rushing periods which this year began yesterday and will end three weeks hence. I.F.C. also organizes the I.F.C. Ball and an Orphan Xmas party.

A few final words on rush period and joining a fraternity. In all fraternities except Tau Epsilon Phi and the two medical fraternities, no man is initiated during his freshman year.

A man may not be pledged to a fraternity until he has written and passed successfully one set of college exams. The academic standard required by each fraternity varies slightly. The fraternity you wish to join expects you to maintain its standards.

If you think you'd like to join a fraternity these next weeks are made for you. Try to visit each fraternity, you'll be welcome.

UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCEMENT

To mark the birthday of Sir James Dunn, Bart., classes will not meet on the afternoon of Thursday, 29th October.

A. E. KERR,
President.

"... And The Sun Shines Gaily On The Mountain Tops..."

By ELLIOTT SUTHERLAND

"You Canadians take democracy for granted. You don't know what it is to be governed by outsiders. We knew: Now because of federation we can rule ourselves, and I tell you, it's an exhilarating feeling to realize that."

So spake the editor of the Jamaican weekly magazine, Spotlight, to me and four or five other Canadians—fittingly enough on July 1. When several of us looked rather skeptical as Jamaica and the other West Indian islands had representative governments before federation and still had a long way to go before they would be completely independent, he went on to explain how greatly the federation of the 10 British West Indian colonies had brightened the hopes of the islanders. Thus we had an opportunity to hear from former colonial subjects, their thoughts on colonialism, and to observe first-hand the tremendous drive for self-government surging through the underdeveloped countries of the world.

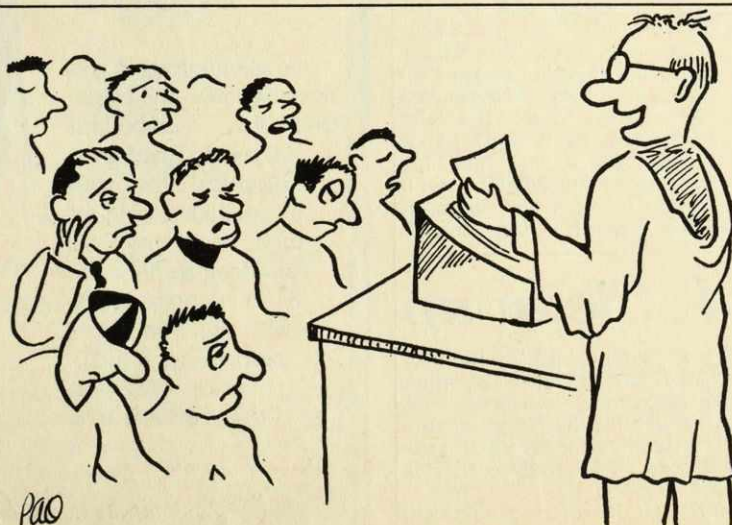
This unique opportunity to visit the new federation of the West Indies, to live among its peoples, to talk, work, and laugh with them, to discover that a West Indian has the same hopes, dreams, and fears as a Canadian was provided for 33 Canadian students by WUIS of Canada. The theme of the seminar was "The West Indies in Transition: through lectures, and study groups, but most of all through conversations such as the one above, we soon realized that long-time friends in the Caribbean were indeed undergoing a transformation.

and oh! the frenzy of a villager if we made the sign of a party he opposed! Once we stopped to look at a good-sized crowd on a beach gazing at men working in the water, when suddenly they came swooping towards us, shouting angrily. We were taken aback at this outburst of hostility, used as we were to being greeted with almost overwhelming hospitality. We soon learned the reason for their hostility. They belonged to a trade union associated with one particular party and thought we were spies for the opposing party.

Exciting as this was, we could understand the concern of the professors and students at the University College of the West Indies about the emotionalism of the politics. They and other educated West Indians are working to have a more rational, less violent political atmosphere. Most of these people were very pleased when Manley's less radical party with less emotional appeal won the election.

(First in a series of articles on West Indies)

Since federation political awareness has grown so that party affiliation is far more important than in Canada. We were in Jamaica just before an island election, (comparable to a provincial election in Canada). The excitement was intense: party s'reet meetings drew crowds of people who shouted and applauded loudly at demonstrations of the other party and who stood for hours listening to one long speech after the other. These political meetings were a most enjoyable form of entertainment—too much so, for the police had to call them off for a week because of violence. Each party had a special sign—Manley's socialist party (who won the election) waved a clenched fist; Bustamant's party which promised "Bacon and eggs for breakfast before education!" made the Victory sign with two fingers. Driving through villages we used to make these signs



"NOW GENTLEMEN, IF I MAY BE SERIOUS FOR A MOMENT..."

The "hi" Problem

Dal hasn't much in common with Quebec's educational cellar, McGill University, but we found, after hours of searching through its daily student mouthpiece, at least one mutual problem. It centers on the social graces, and it goes like this:

"A University presents a unique problem in simple etiquette that leaves even the most diplomatic types floored. We refer to the innumerable little tragi-comic campus encounters that center around the tired, limpid momosyllable—"hi."

"The situation is something like this. Every hour a bell rings around the university. Like miniature, mechanical, wound-up men we spring from our library chair or throw down our pool cue and criss-cross our way through the school to our respective lectures. There are some 8,000 students daily treading their way through the maze of campus paths, hallways and staircases. Now the chances are that on the way to each lecture we pass the same people each time. Fine. But sometimes we pass the same person say nine times a day. It might be someone you were introduced to four years ago. You forget each other's names. But nine times a day you pass and doggedly grant each other a begrudging, sickly, fading and increasingly embarrassing "hi."

"Well, now the editorial chorus: 'What's to be done?'"

"It may be observed that several of the more enterprising among us have cultivated various private remedies to the situation. Starting with the most crude and simple methods, we have noticed one rather desperate attempt which takes the following form: On the approach of a prospective "hi" situation, the attention of the escapee suddenly appears to be distracted

by something in the opposite direction. He wheels about and stares intensely into space or at whatever seems to have captivated him. This is obviously amateur stuff—very botchy . . .

"A more sophisticated attempt is that of the guise of the meditating philosopher. Here the fugitive simply fixes his gaze stolidly on the ground and plunges by as if wrapped in the throes of metaphysical speculation . . .

"We gradually arrive at the most highly skilled type of theatrics which calls for iron nerves and immense capacity for bluff. This is a breathtaking manoeuvre in which the player neither looks aside like a shrinking violet nor gazes at the ground—but rather looks straight at the other person—right straight in the eye—but fails to see him. He sees through you. And so he walks off cloaked in a dignified air of lofty introversion . . .

"The individual attempts must be given their due. But the only way we see out of the dilemma on a large scale is perhaps compulsory face masks or something. Any suggestions will be appreciated."

Don't Just Sit There
WORRY

or better still,
write us. We'll
be glad to publish
your letters*.

*just watch your language