

A Degrading Mess

(An article given to the Gazette by an unknown author.)

As an old Dalhousian I enjoyed my tour of these hallowed halls which hold so many memories for me—As I completed my visit, I headed across the campus to the ramshackle building still known, as it was in my day, as the Men Residence. Upon entering I headed for the East Common Room, swung open the door, and stopped dead!

Before me was the most degrading sight I had ever seen. Around the tables were various groups of males busily engaged in extracting money from their acquaintances by card playing. The floor was littered with add bits of paper and cigarette butts. In fact, the entire room was one glorious mess.

Horrified, I turned to leave, but not before I glanced at my watch and realized that it was only 10:15 a.m. Funny, I mused, that all these students should not have a lecture at this hour. Or was it simply that they were not going to class that day?

In the course of my day at Dal, I asked many people what really went on there, hoping that things were really not as bad as they appeared. To my amazement I knew very little of the facts.

It seems that some of the expert card sharks of the campus had set up shop and were frequently enticing freshmen to join in their friendly games. These games became so friendly that large

amounts of money were inevitably lost by the unsuspecting freshmen.

But this alone is not what prompted me to write this article, for surely by the time a child reaches college he should be prepared for such things. I feel that the entire atmosphere of the place is completely alien to that which should be present on any campus.

I am not striving to spoil the pleasure of the student body now that I have graduated. But I do feel that there is a place and a time for everything, and Dal, in this case, is not it.

A few years ago this problem was realized and stopped but it has begun again and it was with regret that I saw that no one has done anything to rectify it, not even the Students' Council who should surely be the ones to exert discipline in this case.

I think Dal is one of the best-looking-after colleges in the country, and I hope that on my next trip I will see this one degrading facet removed.

INTEGRATION CAN WORK

By ELLIOT SUTHERLAND

We Canadian students in the West Indies on the World University Service of Canada Summer Seminar, had our first opportunity to live in another culture, and in gaining first hand knowledge of it, to better evaluate our own. We found the West Indians warm, friendly, and quick to "get in the mood" of a song or a dance; observing them we became aware of our own Anglo-Saxon reserve. It was a smile—and a yawn—that, remembering the rumor that people of the Tropics have little energy, we watched our West Indian friends do a lively cha-cha in the Students' Union at 3 o'clock in the morning. To keep up with them we were forced to observe that annoying but necessary practice in the Tropics—an afternoon nap.

Life in the West Indies is very relaxed. People have time to enjoy themselves and to do things for others. The Registrar of the University College, Dr. Hugh Springer, endeared himself to us by driving a group of five or six of us to the beach every morning at 6. Time is a different commodity there than here—9 o'clock means anywhere between 9 and 9:30. This has many advantages—I, who can get up at 6 and still be late for a 9 o'clock class in Halifax, can now boast of six weeks without ever being late.

The West Indies, though it can hardly be called a nation yet, has many things to teach the world. Its most important lesson concerns the color and race problem. The West Indies are a multi-racial society.

There is a great, almost infinite, variety of skin shades. Among the market women in the Victoria Crafts market, Kingston, Jamaica, among the guests at a party, even among the members of a family, skin color ranges from a light honey to an ebony. These people laugh together, work together, argue with one another, as if color mattered no more to them than eye color does to us.

It is unrealistic to say that no one thinks about color. People are color conscious, but, to quote a West Indian student here at Dal, this color consciousness does not imply prejudice. The West Indies not being paradise it is foolish to think of it as being completely free from discrimination. In Jama-

ca, girls darker than a certain shade are not allowed to work in banks, in Antigua there are two tennis clubs—one for "whites," one for "coloreds." (It is interesting to note that it was the latter club that put on a party for us.) The girl who roomed next to me in the university residence, a beautiful girl with dark skin, told me that people of her skin shading feel they must work harder and have a better education or else the lighter skinned persons will be preferred. She also remarked that the situation is improving every year.

Realizing that their multi-racial background can be either a cause of diversity or a source of richness, West Indians for the most part are striving to make it the latter.

OUR BELOVED CAFÉ

by JIM HURLEY

When the new Men's Residence opens next year, students at Dal will be able to go to a nice new cafeteria for lunch. However, those who are nostalgic may still cling to that dearly beloved carry over from 1942, Atwood's Café.

When one enters the Café, one is struck by its breath-taking decor. The ceiling has been painted egg-shell white to give a noble feeling of grandeur and expanse. The walls are painted in an elegant, pale, pea-soup green to refresh lunching students, while the floor has been painted a dark obscure color so that it need not be swept too often, thus saving students much inconvenience. On the walls, paintings by several old masters hang in solemn glory.

The windows are hung with authentic Chinese bamboo curtains from Lower Tatamacadie Harbour. There are about 12 tables and about as many chairs if you arrive between 12 and 1 o'clock. If one arrives too late to get a chair, you are assured that the floor of the Café is ideal for a pleasant picnic.

What about the food at our Café? Fortunately, few students buy any

of it, except tea, coffee, milk or soft drinks to moisten their lips, parched from endless talking.

But some students do eat the food. A likely comment is, "Hmphch glug snoogle ulbglub edible!" if the speaker has his mouth full, which is usually the case since he would not dare describe the food clearly in mixed company.

Behaviour in the Café is most interesting. Most students from gossip groups around various tables, smoke like teen-agers (which they usually are), tip ashes into milk bottles (you'll get 5c if you return it to the counter!), and discuss the people at the other tables.

But not all students are ordinary: intellectuals also patronize the Café, and they form two groups, 1) the Intellectual intellectuals, and 2) Pseudo intellectuals. The former are people who say Smart Things

and read thick books. The latter generally are those who sport beards and expound opinions a la "Time Magazine." The Intellectual intellectuals strongly doubt whether the amount of a person's intelligence can be gauged by the amount of hair on his face. They call this The Fuzz Theory.

In France, there is a gourmets' association that awards symbolic knives, forks and spoons to restaurateurs, according to the quality of the establishment and the excellence of its food. It was recently announced that they had awarded Atwood's Café with a Gilt Toothpick of the Third Degree. Mr. Atwood thinks he might celebrate by installing crystal chandeliers in his Café just to show it has Class.

Don't get the impression that the Café isn't heavenly. Experts always call it a Flea's Paradise . . .



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RECOGNIZE THE ANIMAL

How'd we ever get these shnooks? Pouring acid on my books, But look at how demure he looks: My lab partner.

He isn't a terrific learner But watch him with that bunsen burner, That girl! I knew that he would burn her; My lab partner.

He doesn't have a clue at all; He comes to chem to have a ball; He gets his kicks when test tubes fall; My lab partner.

He puts no faith in what I say, He thinks the lab's a place to play. But Lord, he'll live to rue the day: My lab partner.

And when the lab days all are through He'll find that low marks are his due, What's this? Him ten, while I got two???. Ugh! My lab partner.

—Michael Lloyd.

I am going to take Mircea Eliade's work as my bible,
And go about preaching the Eternal Return.
It is autumn. Mother Earth, Mother Nature we name her, is closing upon us again
With rains and mists and fogs, and with cold, and with earlier, earlier darkness at night.
The stars tread their assigned and destined paths,
The planets retrace their orbits as of aye,
The Months return in order as in Illo Tempore.
The Mother Goddess passes judgment on us in this, the judgment season.
It rains on the just and on the unjust,
For all have sinned.
As we tighten our mufflers,
As we put mittens on the hands of the small ones, and hang up the wet ones to dry, as our mothers did before us and their mothers before them,
Every time we blow our nose, suffering a dismal cold,
Let us remember that we are expiating our sins as Mother Earth see fit,
For we have in our days repeated the sins of Kronos, of Persephone, of Prometheus, of Heracles . . .
The spring of forgiveness will come, in Earth's mercy.
She having chastised us as is fit;
For us, as in Illo Tempore, the warmth comes faithfully in spring,
For our brothers in latter days it will come,
From everlasting unto everlasting,
At it was when the world was made,
Amen.

—Amor di Cosmos.