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We're Pretty Serious...

Across thousands of campuses, in the yellow October haze, the migration has begun. Teen-agers in cadillacs, and model T's, in tailored suits and khaki pants, with textbooks and without, are streaming back to college in the greatest mass attendance in history. Why do they come? There are almost as many reasons as there are students; but whatever the answer, the underlying desire is to learn, to mature, to become people and not ciphers.

Those golden rah-rah foolish stunt-filled college days are a thing of the past. Even the well-publicised campus games of today, e.g. panty raids and telephone booth stuffing (two current favorites), are not so much the spawn of youthful hilarity as an outburst against the sudden seriousness of university life. One can even see this seriousness sharply reflected in college sports where a losing coach has little future, whatever his excuses; where faculty and alumni try to outdo the students with that old varsity spirit; and where hints of professionalism are continually creeping into all student athletics.

There are so many things that can be said about college that one is awed just thinking about it. Put simply, college is life itself upon a small scale; and what happens to us at college is an accurate forecast of things to come.

You're Funny...

To all newcomers, the Gazette says welcome. The university is waiting for you; you're a big and enthusiastic class; always try to remain that way.

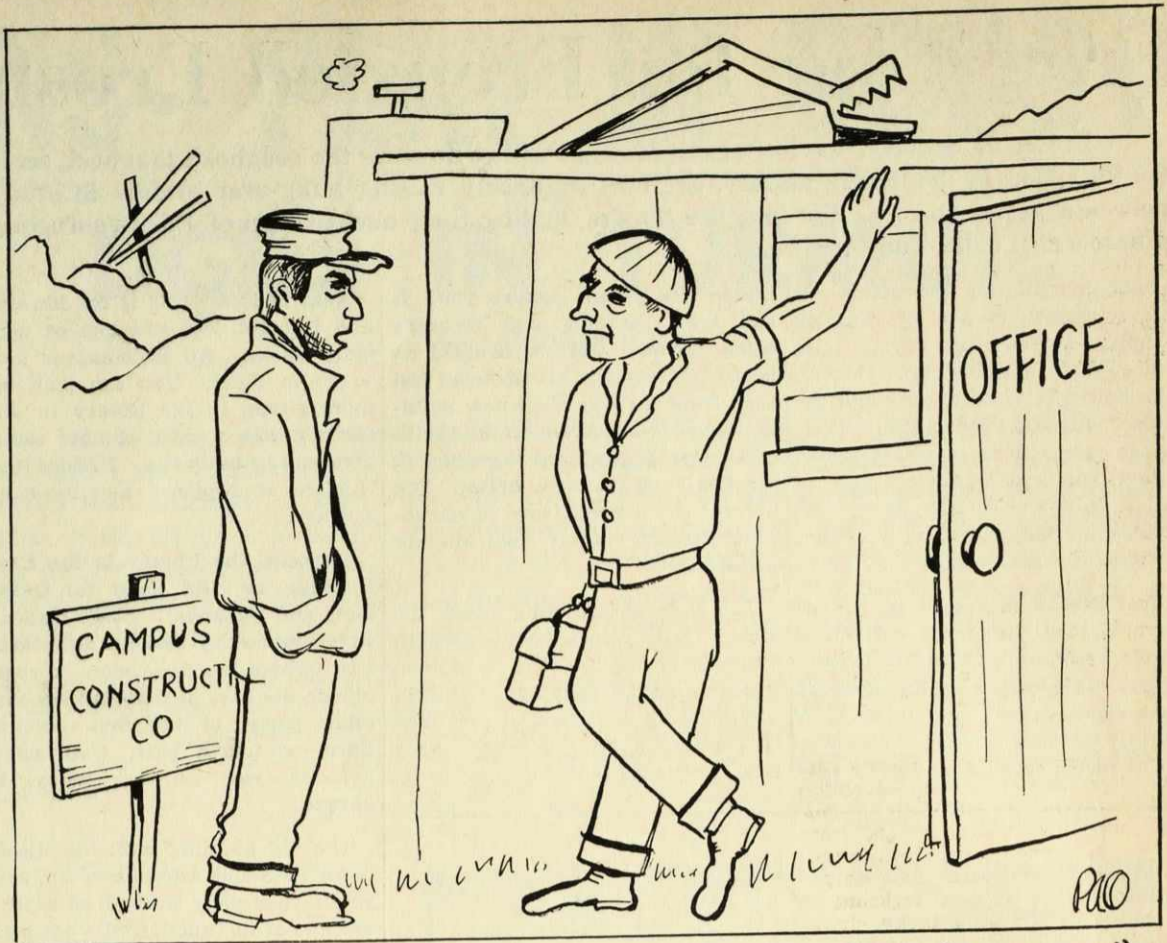
The formal initiation is over. But the informal part, in which confused and apprehensive freshmen try to become adjusted to a new way of life will go on for some time yet. Make no mistake about it—our sympathy, and our encouragement is with you. Everybody has to go through it; and I venture to say that within a month freshmen will match seniors in the studied casualness of old college men.

...But Welcome Anyhow

Freshettes are in for an exciting year, but you'll have to work if you want to be around for more than one.

The Gazette will keep you posted on most non-academic activity. In these pages we hope to arouse the instincts of enthusiasm and criticism—the two powerful weapons of a college student. Don't take anything at face value; read and think; if you disagree or disapprove, write and let us know. College graduates become the world's moving force for criticism and change, because they are products of the university system's only aim: to teach people to think.

Good luck. Do your work, but have fun.



"IF ONE MORE KID SAYS 'IS THIS WHERE I REGISTER,' I QUIT."

NEWS BRIEF

MOTORCADE TO ST. FX.—"Plans are afoot for a motorcade to the football game at St. F.X. Saturday afternoon," said Gregor Murray, effervescent leader of Dalhousie's Pepeat spirit organization. Notices as to times and places and payment for gas will be up at press time.

ODE TO A FRESHMAN

(with apologies to A. E. Housman) —Jim Hurley

When I was once a Freshman I heard a wise man say, "Give hours from your leisure, Not lecture time away. Spend your spare time chatting, But keep your classes free." But I was once a Freshman, No use to talk to me.

Now I am a Sophomore—I heard him say again, "The lectures that one misses Are never missed in vain; One pays by flunking finals And with nights of endless rue." Now I am a Sophomore, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Kibitzer's Corner:

Frosh Baffle Budding Journalists by Bob Scammell

College editors across the nation have churned out a barrel of verbiage on freshmen since the presses of the Canadian University Press started creaking last week.

Perhaps the divergence of views on that creeping malignancy known as a freshman was best expressed in two editorials in the McMASTER SILHOUETTE.

In one THE SIL piously noted "a successful sophomore is worth more than a freshman failure."

Right beside it they reprinted an editorial that appeared a few years ago in THE UBYSSEY—Canada's vilest rag.

It sez in essence: "Maybe the English professor looks as if he knows something you don't? Maybe you have an inferiority complex?"

"Congratulations! You should have an inferiority complex. You are inferior. You're nothing at all... So smarten up, kiddies. You're not much of a credit to the university with your present boy scout mentalities."

The McGill Daily produced a Frosh Edition in which they said things like: "Get out and meet new and interesting people," and "Freshettes, Go Home!" If freshettes are worth little at old McGill, degrees are no bargain either, for they end one editorial to the frosh by saying: "McGill can make you a Bachelor of Arts, but she can't make you a man."

Good old McGill, she's never satisfied to leave anything to mother.

But at U of M the degrees are worth something. The Manitoban informs the freshette that if they don't get their man they can always get their B.A.

Apparently they like their mothers well-educated at U of M.

And frosh orientation programs have been much maligned. THE LOYOLA NEWS observes: "We are glad to see you despite what the orientation program may have led you to believe."

Perennial problems other than freshmen are cropping up. In Quebec the big question is: "Are we going to get grants now that good old Dupe is dead?" At Queens they still haven't got a bar on the campus. At McMaster the students are advised to save money by leaving their cars at home as there is no parking space anyway. And at Manitoba they are still eating Crowe (as in Harry Crowe who got his mail read). A student questionnaire taken at registration revealed that 51 students thought he shouldn't have been fired, 29 thought he should have been, and 20 were afraid to say.

And we note with interest that the name of Norman E. Lacharite—who has been fired from almost every student newspaper in Quebec in the past two years—is on the (continued on page eight)

Player's Please



THE MILDEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE