



Canada's oldest college newspaper.  
Member of Canadian University  
Press. Published at Dalhousie Uni-  
versity, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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## rude shock

Christmas examinations as usual have brought home the inescapable truth to many freshmen. The pass lists posted on "the wailing wall" of the Arts building once again show that a very high proportion of first year students failed to pass the examination in one or more subject, however strange this may seem in the light of entrance requirements which are more selective than ever before.

Some did not pass these examinations because they happen to be the product of a public school system, which led them on to believe that, having matriculated, they were thus capable of college-level study. However, it may be only another side of the same coin to say that these people just do not have the necessary capacity.

A much larger group did not obtain passing grades for a much simpler reason; they did not study enough. For these people one need have little sympathy because although they have the ability and the opportunity, they prefer not to exert themselves. Their reward can only be wasted years, weakened character and atrophied brain tissue.

The only true purpose of a university, especially at the undergraduate level, is to help an individual educate himself. To those who have not yet realized this, the rude shock of examination failure may be a necessary evil; many have "failed" in the past, but by realizing shortcomings and acting to correct manifestations of immaturity, they succeeded in their university education, while less sturdy characters fell behind and stopped altogether.

Final examinations are fourteen weeks in the future. No one expects continuous study and concentration for the duration, but let us not forget why we are here.

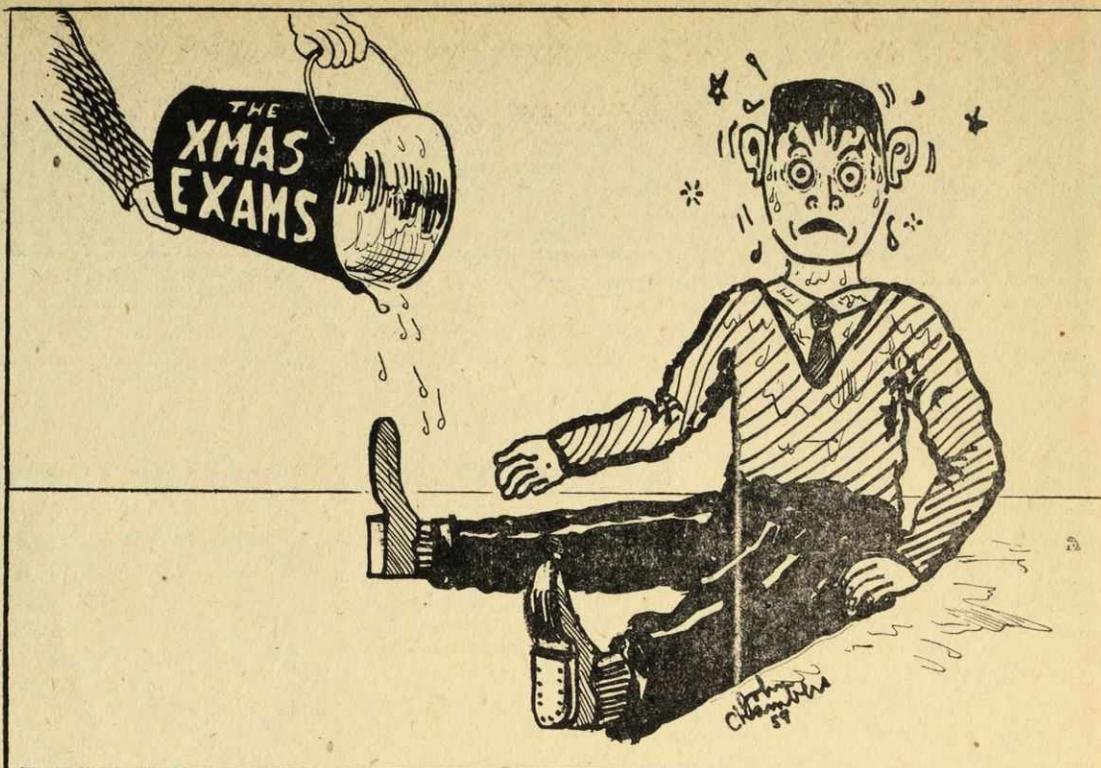
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## hidden nooks

Unknown to most people are the hidden nooks on this campus where sinister events take place behind a heavy curtain of shadows. These are the alcoves of Shirreff Hall. Necking, the main past-time of their occupants, is again on the rise at this university, and many responsible leaders in student life are known to be participating. But, little do they realize that an undercover agent of the Dalhousie Gazette has been investigating under the guise of satisfied and rapturous co-operation. Little do they realize that a complete list of participants (including phone numbers, and size of lips) is being prepared for presentation to the university Senate on Munro Day and for publication in the Gazette. Oh, how the telephone wires will burn that day.

However, the purpose of this editorial is not merely to warn students of the far-reaching consequences of such participation, but rather to implore those who "have the habit" to cease and desist in this widespread sickness. Surely there are other sources of pleasure and amusement available. Many already realize the truth and are turning their attention to other endeavours. Hic.

## dunked



## letters to the editor

### music

Dear Sir:

Why is it that Dal offers so little opportunity for those who are interested in music? In the present state of affairs the only thing that exists for a student who is interested in singing is the chance to take part in an annual dramatic-musical performance. In this, only those with some degree of outside training can take solo parts, so the average student's musical activity consists in swelling the large numbers of chorus that grace the backdrops.

This offers very little for those (the majority of us) who have enthusiasm for singing and only fair-to-middling voices. There is a need for some kind of choral group,

such as many universities already have. Such a group would allow interested students the chance to get together and sing—without worrying whether their voices would ever make the Met. The Choral Society could look forward to putting on a concert sometime during the year, but this would NOT be the primary aim of the group.

We suggest that such a group, by giving people who want to sing a chance to sing, and putting some JOIE DE VIVRE into music, could be very popular with students on this campus.

Yours sincerely,  
M.D.  
P.R.

## editorial comment

### montreal the pretentious

(McGill Daily)

Montreal calls itself a great cosmopolitan metropolis. Sentimentalists, nationalists and the tourist industry visualize its sprawling agglomeration of suburbs as a bit of the old world grafted on the new.

Yet what metropolis is less cosmopolitan and more indifferent to the outside world? Indeed, if it is cosmopolitan, one may well ask what on earth could make it so? Surely not l'affaire Chateau Maisonneuve? The Montreal Star's short-lived excursion into French grammar? Its synthetic Chinatown a la Rasputin?

Admittedly, there are hundreds of thousands of foreigners in Montreal, people from all parts of the world and who presumably have preserved some of their native background. Do they provide the alleged tinge of cosmopolitanism?

But what is the role of these new Canadians, so dear to forward looking businessmen and sixty-million-Canadians-in-1980 friends? What is their contribution? Not great. Relegated to second-hand neighborhoods and second-hand jobs, they are despised for their accent, their odd ways, their "foreign" looks. They are feared by workers and hated by their unsuccessful competitors in business. Confined to the servants' quarters of our society, they are tolerated as the raw material necessary—but unpleasant—to the expansion of the country. Just about the only places where they are welcomed are the espresso dens where they bring an "authentic" atmosphere.

But do we allow them to penetrate in our intimacy? Do we allow ourselves to get near them? No. We carefully insulate ourselves and

our anemic culture from any strange influence.

Perhaps Montreal's Frenchness explains the alleged cosmopolitanism. After all, is this not the "second largest French city in the world?" The Paris of North America? One wonders. Montreal's drab streets, colorless residential shanty-towns, unimaginative architecture, dull night clubs, hopelessly tragic taverns, impersonal restaurants, gaudy moving pictures, temples and uninspiring churches remind one more of what is worst in North American cities than of the vivacious elegance and picturesqueness of a continental city.

Although French cultural life is more varied and interesting than its English counterpart in Montreal, it too is being smothered by the weight of public indifference and ignorance. There is often more respect and understanding for French culture elsewhere. And yet, when it comes to art and literature, to an original Canadian culture, the French Canadians are way ahead of their English fellow-citizens who still bask in the borrowed glow of the Canadian Stratford, where about the only thing Canadian was the money.

Cosmopolitan Montreal? A bit pretentious, isn't it, for a city where wrestlers and orchestras share the same stadium, where ballets are accommodated in a movie theatre, where art galleries specialize in Sunday painters and where paltry collections shiver in a tottering municipal museum. Where a good movie may last one week, city whose citizens live in well-insulated communities, protected against every breath of fresh air that might wander their way.

### through the

## keyhole

by Pat McDonald

I see by the McMaster Silhouette that the Editors of the Student paper have resigned en masse because "nobody gives a damn on this campus." Editors were doing reporters jobs. "We haven't got time to do any thinking about features and editorials."

Ed. note: If these chaps think they have troubles, they should only observe our Editor as he goes about his numerous activities which include even sweeping the Gazette office.

The largest college jazz society in Canada exists on the campus of Sir George Williams College. One hundred and sixty-five swinging students hold live sessions every Saturday in one of the Common rooms.

I see by the Quartier Latin of Montreal: "Il y a de beaux gestes qui ont le don d'insulter, qu'on endure comme des giftes recus d'une main sale. Il y a des prevenances et des soins qui humilient ceux qui en sont l'objet."

Ed. note—no comment.

The eleventh annual Mock Parliament at the University of Manitoba was dissolved rather unexpectedly recently in the first day of sittings when the Progressive-Conservative government failed to survive a vote of no-confidence in their government.

From the Sheaf:

A group of Student nurses was creeping back to the hospital one night, and at the gate they met three Interns.

"Shh," said one of the nurses. "We've been out after hours."

"Shh," yourself," said one of the interns. "We're going out after ours."

In the Brunswickian, we are told of the Editor who received for publication the same day a wedding announcement and the notice of an auction sale. Here's what resulted:

Bill Smith and Mary Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast, and two white calves, before a background of farm implements, too numerous to mention, in the presence of about 70 guests including two milk cows, six mules and one horse. Rev. Jackson tied the knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal couple left on one good plow for an extended trip with terms to suit the purchaser.

Goodnight Princess.