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One Veritable Oasis

The days of the canteen appear to be numbered. On every side the clamor is growing for a Student Union Building to house the various student societies, a place to eat, and a bookshop (if students still retain what little they have of the reading habit when that time comes, and are not being educated on closed-circuit television.) Such a building may soon rise on the fields of Dalhousie. Every day its likelihood seems greater, if only because the clamor is getting tiresome and those at whom it is being directed know there is only one way it will ever be stilled.

Probably most of the noise is being made by people who understand university life in terms of Progress. The good university is the one where the buildings are big and numerous, the rooms in them are spacious, the paint is fresh and the very air is fragrant with the aroma of newness. In a superficial sense, this view is spacious like the object it beholds, but it has no room for the notion that the old and the humble may still be worthwhile.

Many students have found the atmosphere of the old canteen convivial and stimulating, as close a representation of the beau monde as it is possible to conceive on this campus. One sometimes feels, indeed, that the only thing lacking is wine.

This atmosphere has not been created solely by the canteen's habits. Partly responsible, too, is the suggestion of personal dignity and power, as strong a feature of the canteen's design as the plainness of the walls. Here is one place, one veritable oasis, where one is capable of exercising some authority over one's own student life. Elsewhere our schedules are arranged for us by the numerous student societies which swarm over the campus, arresting our attention and, subsequently, our energies. The canteen is almost the only place where we can participate in the group life of Dalhousie students as individuals. Soon it will be gone. Perhaps the university's expansion plans could be made lavish enough to allow a Studley-style Smithsonian Institution, where this particular canteen might be preserved unaltered.

Man: A Product?

(Reprinted from The Brunswickan)

Modern man faces the very real danger of becoming the unsuspecting victim of his own creation, the technique of mass production.

No one will doubt that the use of this device in manufacturing has contributed much toward improving the living standards of people all over the world, and we can be grateful that its economic potential is not yet exhausted.

But many well-meaning, though misled persons now want to mass produce man himself. They want to turn human beings into so many interchangeable parts, one no different from another. They continually urge us to adjust, to fit, to compromise—and to hell with the cost!

These people do mankind a great disservice.

Compromise has its place, but only as an instrument for achieving the greatest possible justice. It has no value by itself.

The majority is never necessarily right, and nothing can be gained by surrendering valid beliefs merely to be "well-liked". As George Orwell correctly claimed, sanity is not a statistical thing.

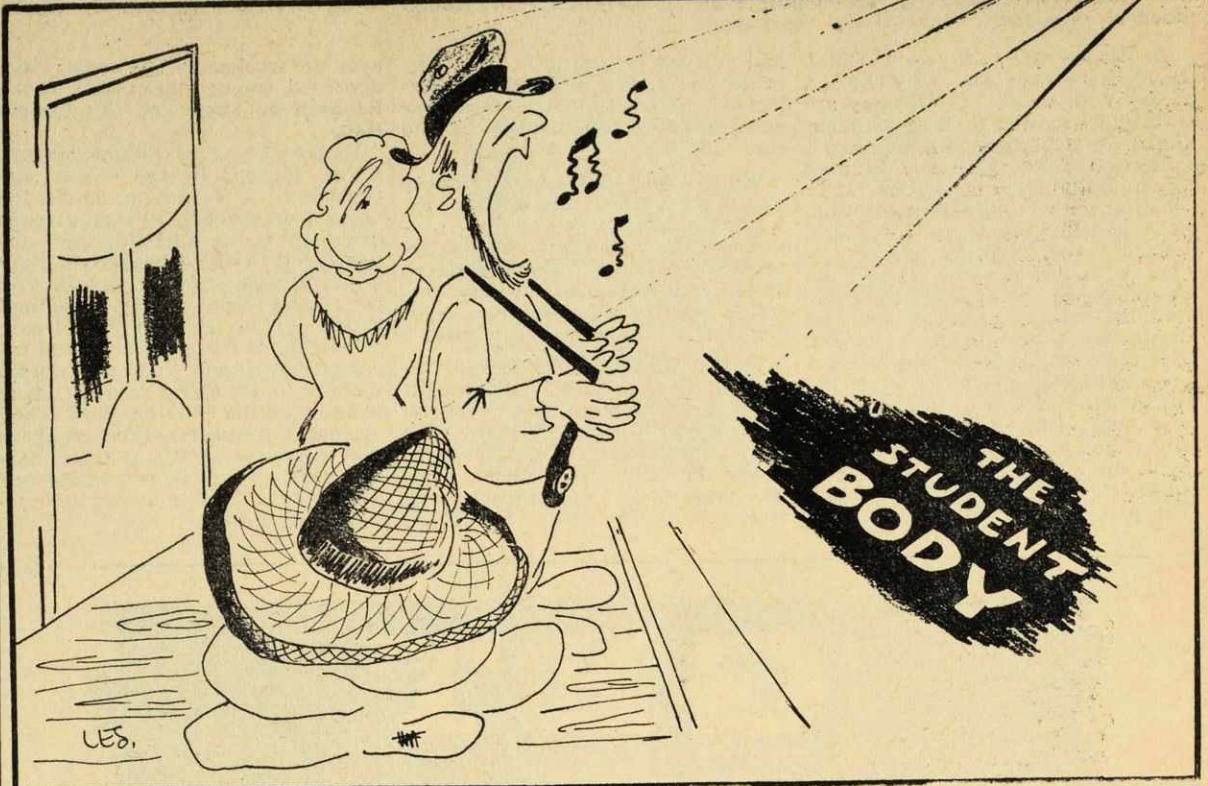
History is full of examples of truths ridiculed by the masses. How few went along with Billy Bishop when in the 1920's he predicted the inevitable impact of air power? How many laughed at the few brave souls who warned that the 1929 bull market could not last?

To stand by one's own correct but unpopular ideas has often been socially suicidal, but never more so than today, when the Top Ten is always "the best music", the newest fashions make yesterday's frocks laughable, and only the most-watched television programs can draw money from sponsors and approval from Freebooter.

Yet we all don't have to become spiritual jelly-fish. We all don't have to embrace the cowardice of complacency. We can still say no when we believe we are right, and by so doing we help to preserve the freedom of the individual.

We must demand the right to be unhappy and dissatisfied, for true progress comes only when man sees the faults of contemporary life.

ON WITH THE SHOW!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Correction

Madam:

With reference to a comment by Mr. Atwood in a recent issue of the Gazette, we would like to point out that the coffee vending apparatus, referred to as "a dirty machine", has proved to be quite satisfactory.

It is sanitary, efficient (i.e. it is not necessary to stand in line while waiting to be served) and most important of all, coffee and hot chocolate are available 24 hours of the day.

THE EXECUTIVE,
Law Society.

In a Different Light

Madam:

Considering the present controversy concerning the canteen situation, it would be disastrous if Mr. Atwood were to change the canteen situation for the better as the canteen is now the only deterrent toward student apathy on the campus.

BERT LEVY

Here at university is a good place to start the fight against intellectual invisibility.

In the words of Lawrence A. Kimpton, chancellor of the University of Chicago, we must make room for the oddity, perhaps even "supporting (the) weird one just for his weirdness." For the world wasn't always flat, and today's weirdness may become tomorrow's wisdom.

The good university must make a place for "the excitement and rebellion, the maladjustment of youth."

In short, "sedation is for sissies, and in great universities, chaos must continue."

Missing

Madam:

Recently, a pair of boots were missing from the Men's Locker in the Arts Building. Unfortunately, they were mine. Enclosed is a questionable piece of literature which, if printed in the Gazette, may help to guide my wandering boots home. I certainly have faith in your discretion. As to the literature itself, any errors found may be attributed to poetical licence.

I am quite sure my boots are not the only articles on the list of the missing. If the printing of the enclosed does not make a or shall I say, encourage the production of mine, it certainly may prove to be a caution to others.

ED MATTHEWS,
2 Duftus Street Extension.

To a Boot-Stealer

Shall I compare you to the leopard's way,
The art of lifting other people's things,
Just like the spotted sneaks upon his prey,
Forced, these articles of mine sprout wings.
Oft times too quick, the feline missed his game,
One too-smart thief, his time is yet to be,
How well-trained cats can over-shoot their aim,
Your time will come, so be it, wait and see.

Again the cat is stalked by hunters true,

An honest man dislikes your crooked game,
And like them all, he gets to him what's due.

If I by chance could find that is your name.

If this be false, I shame-filled hide my face;

Come forth and prove, or else my boots replace.

ED MATTHEWS.

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