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Pick 'em for looks

In the not too far distant future, Dalhousie's campus will be the scene of a barbaric custom entailing enough psychological cruelty to put professional brainwashers to shame. The time for selecting campus queens is approaching.

That this is a barbaric tradition is obvious even to the most short-sighted of observers. The public parade of aspiring young socialities, led about like so many prize heifers at a country fair, is spectacle enough to make the average butcher sick to his proverbial stomach. The repercussions are tremendous... and miserable. The whole deplorable mess can do nothing but give rise to untold jealousies, envies and hurt feelings.

Those who make it to the top of the greased pole are of two breeds. The first of these, the nice ones, worry about those who don't rate, and find their relations with them strained and awkward. The other kind couldn't care less, which is worse.

It is easier to deal with the ones who are knocked out in the first round. They feel wretched.

The system, in brief, stinks of all the despicable qualities of a rigid social hierarchy.

Nor does the method of selection do anything to relieve the situation. Personality, scholastic ability, and extra-curricular activities are supposed to be the chief grounds for the judges' choice. But it would be a farce to maintain that officials are completely unmoved by a pretty crop of hair, deep, misty eyes, or a shapely leg.

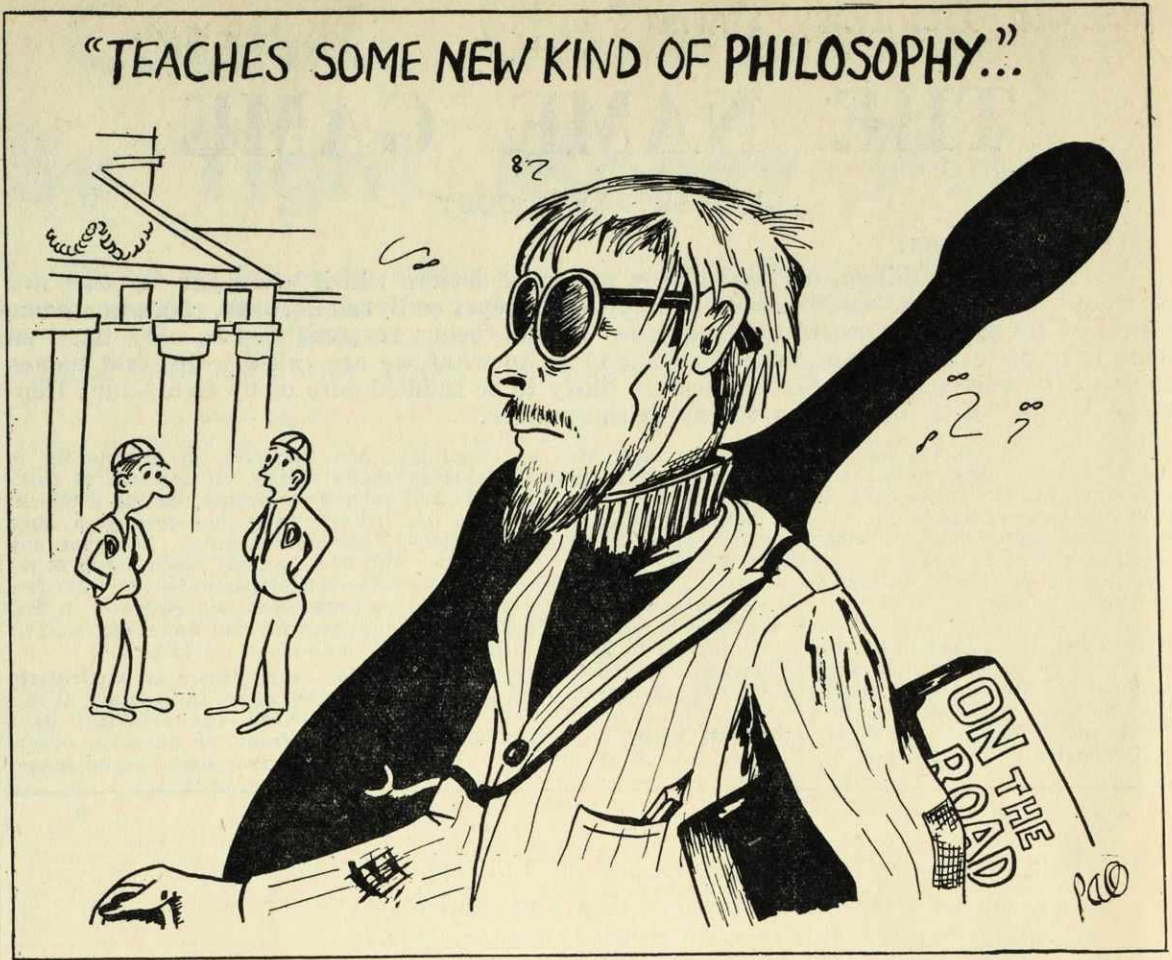
And who is such an accomplished judge of character that he is able to estimate the quality of a girl's personality from a few short interviews, most of which are in public? Surely only the most superficial of characteristics can be discerned under these conditions.

What of our heifer's attitude to others, her sincerity, compassion, and all the other qualities pertinent to female excellence? Good manners and an easy poise are certainly admirable traits, but they are hardly the most essential ingredients of good character.

True, it may be argued that academic and other achievements are in themselves indicative of a fine personality, but it is just as probable that success in these fields is a sign of a desire to promote selfish social ends, than as a mark of self-sacrifice and enthusiasm for the welfare of the university.

We realize, however, that it would be pathetically naive of us to suggest completely abandoning the "Queen" tradition. Social ambition in the female, and hour-glass vision in the male, are natural human characteristics impossible to overcome.

But let's wise up and stop being such miserable hypocrites. The girls are being chosen as ornaments, so we might as well be honest with ourselves and make the selection of the basis of appearance alone. There would still be the petty jealousies, but at least we could dismiss them as mere manifestations of female vanity.



LAW YELL

Here's something that we dug up out of an ancient (1927) Gazette, which should prove conclusively how much progress the Law has made since then. Ye lawmen, does this famous old yell smack of familiarity?

Lindley, Anson, Pollock, Bevan,
All the lawyers go to heaven.
Thayer, Odgers, Blackstone, Snell,
All the rest can go to
Hip, hip, hip
Haw, haw, haw
Whoop - her - up
Whoop - her - up
Law, law, law.

Kibitzer's Corner:

So We're Apathetic; Isn't Everyone?

by Bob Scammell

They're off and running in the annual "Apathy Sweepstake!"

Yes, the sport is a national classic carried on during the fall in Canadian University Press newspapers.

Every paper seems determine to prove once and for all that their university is the most apathetic in the nation.

Even at old Dal the sport is played, but mostly by campus wheels.

When I first arrived all dewy-eyed on the camus, I went to the cesspool they call a cafeteria here. In one of the danker corners I saw a female wheel (same as male wheel only the spokes are curvier) sitting in a corner and heaving with huge sobs.

"What aileth thou?" queried I.

"Beggorrh, foresooth, great scaley barnacles, and woe is me," she moaned, "Are not our students the most apathetic in Canada?"

"And is not this, in itself, a thing of noble distinction?" quoth I, handing her a kleenex.

She drew herself up, proudly, as she blew her nose. "It is indeed," quoth she. "I will write a paper to that effect for the local journal."

"Hot damn!" she squealed, and rushed out on her noble mission.

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I have news for her. Almost every University in the land is claiming to be the winner in the "Apathy Sweepstake".

The McGill Daily has not been receiving letters from students. So they say: "Apathy among students at McGill has been the rule now for many years."

"Students at UNB have always been known as apathetic, lethargic, and/or lazy. The crowds at any sporting event are no exception," growls a column called "Hotbed" in The Brunswickian.

And at the University of Alberta where they form corporations, limited companies, and hold leadership conferences all because there is money in it if you lick apathy, The Gateway gives the cheerleaders a backhand pat:

"Even though their lack of action was evident in the first half of the

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Our Empty Minds

What has happened to the thinking, idealistic student? He is a vanishing breed.

Let us assume that Canadian Universities are the only spawning ground of the old-fashioned and fast-vanishing "educated" man. Then let us take Dalhousie as a typical university and multiply it by fifty, to arrive at the number of college men currently churned out in Canada.

Is this the best our system—orabilities—can produce? By far the greatest amount of graduates become engineers, scientists, or businessmen; we may call them technicians. In a close second place are the professional people—doctors and lawyers—whose purpose and training aims at giving them a secure income in a somewhat bewildering world. . . .

In Canada, educators and thinkers, good writers and statesmen, are sadly lacking.

There are all kinds of explanations to this problem, but hardly a single justification. Many feel that today's college man in Canada, a product of the postwar generation, has grown up in a world stressing reconstruction, research, and the development of a "new" way of life; call it materialism.

It is a scientific age, and Canada has become a scientific people.

Small wonder, then, that philosophy is only a word encountered by a very tiny percentage of university students. Yet it was not long ago that philosophy was considered the most important offering of higher learning.

Nobody wants to go into today's world armed with mere idealism. Yet everyone seems to be leaving college with no views at all on ethereal things, fewer opinions, and relatively closed minds.

If tomorrow does come, it may be valueless.