

# Dammit the Dalmatian



**DAMMIT, HE'S A LUCKY DOG**—On campus for his third and presumably junior year is Dammit the Dalmatian. The envy of students in lecture classes in the Chemistry Building and Farrington Hall, Dammit saunters in and out at will, usually followed by a few of his campus friends. Dammit can be counted on making himself at home no matter where he is. Shown here reclining and slightly impeding traffic in Hemenway Hall, Dammit proves he's not so dumb—look at the view he's getting. No, Dammit is not practice teaching this semester, nor is he Ka Leo's cartoonist . . .

(Ka Leo Photo by Roy Uejlo)

# No Other Candidate Can Make This Statement:

*"I have a platform."---D. the D.*

## VOTE FOR DAMMIT THE DALMATIAN FOR ASUH PRESIDENT

### Dammit's Platform:

1. Abolish Spirit and Rally Committee.
2. Convert Hemenway Hall into an art studio.
3. Increase funds for Theatre Group, Ka Leo and support Ka Lama.
4. Lower Cafeteria, snack bar and bookstore prices.
5. Donate College of Business Administration to Cannon's School of Business.



Ad paid by Dammit. Endorsed by Amy Senaga, president, league for More Aesthetic Posters; William Ichinose, Student Emeritus; John Saclausa, Longhair Society, High Phi chapter; Jim Whiton, Anti-ASUH Society; Ka Leo Chapter; Charles Fujiwara, Lifesmanship and Sportsmanship Club.

**NO OTHER CANDIDATE CAN MAKE  
THIS STATEMENT!**

## Dammit Fights Driftwood Benny

We saw Dammit the Dalmatian talking to Benny Wood the other day. They were having a big squabble about



who's column gets the readers for Ka Leo.

We finally dragged Dammit out. Driftwood Benny rushed off to Social Science Building looking for some wahine.

Dammit: You know, there's another art exhibit up at Hawaii Hall. It's on photography.

Us: Photography, an art?

Dammit: Of course. Photography need not be literal. It can have subtle effects. The photographer can become a creator by placing his subjects in an interesting way; he can create pleasant and artistic lighting effects; he can . . .

Us: Don't strain the subject; we'll think it over after final exams.

Dammit: At any rate you and everyone else who think photography isn't an art should go see the exhibit instead of wasting money on 3-D films.

Us: Some crazy guys at Ka Leo are planning an art exhibit in the Ka Leo office next week. I'll see if they include photography.

Dammit: An art exhibit in the shack?

Us: Yes. You and anyone crazy enough may visit the exhibit. You and anyone crazy enough may bring objects de art for the exhibit, too. The show, we hear, will have any kind of artwork. There is no screening board; all you do is put your effort up.

Dammit: Reminds me of that wonderful service station; Kapalani service station is the name I think; it has all kinds of paintings and sculpture pieces in the office among cans of tire patch and spark plugs.

Us: Who did them?

Dammit: Some artists. Several are from the UH, I hear. I think one of them is Bumpei Akaji. The garage is across Hale Nanea restaurant. There's a huge sculpture piece standing outside the garage office. It's quite nice, too.

Us: We must see that place.

Dammit: I must see your exhibit too. I can imagine what you'll have . . .

## Dammit: New Ka Leo Staff Addition

We talked to Dammit the Dalmatian between classes the other day and decided that he is quite an intelligent dog. And he isn't a pseudo-intellectual either. He didn't mention Bauhaus even once.

So, Ka Leo decided that Dammit should be a regular feature on Ka Leo, even if he doesn't draw cartoons which no one likes.

Us: Dammit, since you're a junior, you'll be making use of the new UH Library which will soon be coming up. What do you have to say about this?

Dam.: It will be wonderful. Now the horde of cars will be parked across the Administration

Building on Dole Street. You know how I hate cars. I'll meet less of them as I hardly go near the Ad. Bldg. But one thing I'm quite afraid of is when they move the books to the new library.

Us: Why?

Dam.: Well, you know how it is when people move. They throw a lot of things away. I hate to see the library throw away some books that I really like, like "Robin Hood" or "Huckleberry Finn" or that Freudian "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Maybe even "Alice in Wonderland."

Us: You mean you really like "Robin Hood?" What will McCarthy say? You know you might be ruined by saying things like that.

Dam.: Oh, well; so long; I have to go to my philosophy class. His nephew teaches that course. He's quite an interesting guy. Very learned fellow. Very different from his uncle.

Us: You mean they're related?

Dam.: Why do you ask such stupid questions? Stick to editing your "Barren Desert" art reviews and your angry letter writers. Aloha.

(Next week: Dammit discusses the ASUH).



DAMMIT

# Dammit the Dalmatian... Discussed by ASUH

Dammit the Dalmatian was very angry the other day. He had just come out of History 100 class. Dr. John Stalker teaches it. He was mean to Dammit. He threw pieces of chalk at him.

Us: But, he's a good actor—

Dam: And an interesting lecturer. But anyway, I am angry.

Us: Why?

Dam: That chalk incident. And also a downtown paper. The paper put a picture of my cousin the other day; put a wrong caption under it, labelling him a colonel.

Us: How terrible! But, you are supposed to talk about ASUH today, we promised the readers.

Dam: Well then, I read the November 2 Newsweek and the editors had an interesting article in the education section about college students of today. The magazine made a survey of seven different colleges and found some interesting results. It found that students today are reactionaries—they want to conform socially, economically, philosophically, politically and emotionally. One of the reasons implied was that college students today are insecure, living in an age of insecurity.



Us: Do you think that this applies to ASUH?

Dam: In a way I do. Much of the enthusiasm and fervor in political issues, UH issues, etc. characterizing the student government of several years ago are gone. Today, students are rather unconcerned.

Us: What reasons do you give?

Dam: Offhand I could give several possible answers besides the reason that we are living in an age of insecurity: Immature student leadership; the results of progressive (so-called) education—the idea of creating well balanced, normal, average, personable, conforming, sociable, "nice" adults; the reluctance of good student leaders to participate in student government. The reluctance perhaps developed by present and past experiences with student government.)

Us: Do you really mean that?

Dam: I could think of more maybe absurd and obscure speculations.

Us: Please do.

Dam: No, it's almost time for my next class.

So Dammit ran off. We could see saliva dripping from his mouth as the bell rang for the 10:30 class; he also muttered some unprintable statements about some Professor Pavlov.

# Dammit Pays High Tuition for Higher Education and Pay

Dammit the Dalmatian was moaning and groaning the other day. His fangs glistened with saliva in spite of warnings from HVB officials who have signed documents testifying, certifying and swearing that there is no rabies in Hawaii.

Us: Is that a report card you're looking at?

Damm: No! It's my bill for tuition and fees.

Us: What's the matter, don't you want to be a member of the ASUH?

Damm: Not only that; the tuition is high but what is this \$10 registration fee for?

Us: Why — it's probably for the efficient IBM machine. It has to be fed, you know.

Damm.: It must be overfed — about 3,400 students registering — 3,400 times \$10 equals \$34,000. You can buy almost 6,000 LP records with that much money.

Us: But that's impractical — who needs records? We need education.

Damm.: Someone asked me why I spend over \$100 each semester for my education. He told me that I should buy tubes of oil paints and pounds of clay instead. Sometimes I think he's right.

Us: But don't you want to be



## Dog Speaks . . .

### Tho't I'd Come Too: Dammit

By JAMES PROSSER

"Everyone and his dog is going to college these days, so I thought I'd come too." With this profound statement, Dammit, the clever canine of the campus, opened his first press conference.

The four-legged sage of Manoa said that he had decided to release his statement to the press due to many discourteous remarks he had heard directed toward him as he moved from one class to another.

"Take the time I entered a certain history prof's class. I went in to hear his lecture and he threw a piece of something at me. I decided to give it the taste test. It tasted a little funny but fairly good.

"I thought he was just being generous when he threw some more, but then he said something about it poisoning me. Yikes! A murderer in the faculty!"

When asked about his major,

No Major

he gave a negative reply. He stated that he hadn't made any decisions as he wanted to look around for awhile first. He said he didn't want to be out of fashion with the younger set. Why should he make up his mind now and maybe save Pop a few bucks when he could decide after two years that he didn't belong in this institution after all. Or, if he were a girl he could major in husband-hunting.

"Oh, your father is subsidizing your education?" was asked.

"No, he isn't," Dammit said.

"Are you going on the GI bill?" someone asked.

Dammit replied that he was struggling along on his own. He told of the trouble he had getting a meal around here. When he decided to have a picnic one day, he wandered over to the snackbar to see if he could find any benevolent souls who would share their lunches with him. He wandered from group to group waiting to be asked to join them. He even laid a paw on one of the girls to show her he wanted to be a comrade. She screamed. "All rightee," he thought, "I can take a hint." He fled.

"Man," he said, "I sure would like to get on that gravy train."

"What gravy train is that?"

"That GI bill. Those guys really got it made. They don't have to go to work, get paid for going to school. I wish I could do that."

"How much military time you got, Mr. Dammit."

Dammit's a Non-Veteran

"Military! Don't mention that naughty word please! What do you think the non-veterans are up here for? That draft board is a great convincer toward higher education."

When asked what year he was in, he said that he was not too sure. He said that he was not receiving any report cards and by some oversight on someone's part he had failed to pick up his ASUH card. He decided that he would have to have a small confer-



Dammit

# Dammit The Dalmation Advocates No Annual

The Board of Publications recently appointed Joshua Against next year's Ka Leo editor. The BOP, however, failed to find a Ka Palapala editor. We were talking about this situation over a cup of

coffee with Dammit the Dalmatian.

Us: I guess we might not have a yearbook next year. Won't that be terrible.

Dammit: It's not as bad as you think. There are many good points in not having a Ka Palapala.

Us: What do you mean? How absurd can one get?

Dammit: Well, for one thing, we never did need a yearbook. All we do is look over the annual everytime it comes out and then put it away. We look over it every now and then (a) for lack of anything better to do or (b) to confirm a certain piece of gossip.

Us: We disagree, but don't you have other reasons for not caring whether we have an annual or not?

Dammit: All the money that goes for Ka Palapala (about \$10,000) could be returned to the students and thus the student load will be cut down.

Us: We still don't think your reasons are valid. How absurd can you get? It would be just as absurd to dissolve the ASUH.

Dammit: I won't say anything about your last statement although I could fill a whole column in Ka Leo by talking on that subject; but what about this reason? The Ka Leo office is cramped. It is; if we didn't have a Ka Palapala, well — you'd have about 20 per cent more space.

Us: Dammit, after seriously considering all your reasons, we think we are inclined to agree with you.

ence with the student body president and find out what's going on.

"What do you think of the other canines about the campus," he was asked.

"They are pesty beasts," he declared. "They get under foot, they are always trying to mooch a meal; they put their muddy paws all over you, and are always cluttering up the aisles in the classroom."

With the ringing of the nine-twenty bell, Dammit brought the interview to an end. He said that he had a nine-thirty class in history and had to run.

