

# Ask Traveller

DEAR TRAVELLER—I thought I saw the last of dress codes when I was in elementary school. How come the commerce school jocks all wear khaki pants, topsiders, white shirt, and 1947 ties?

(Signed) E. Atwood

DEAR E.—Yes, an unwritten dress code does exist at Washington and Lee, although it would be wrong to strictly call it a dress code. It's more of a code of conduct, dating back to post-Civil War times when General Lee required all his horses to shave and shower regularly.

Anyway, the code is employed today primarily as a means of distinguishing different fields of studies. You have picked out the most obvious code—that of the C-school jock. It is the most obvious because C-School people are perhaps the most unimaginative bodies in the university. Their idea of a good time is trying to figure out who Newcomb Hall is named after. (Last we heard, the C-school had that problem narrowed down to two choices—Dean Varner or Sidney Lewis.)

Yes, the C-school clan makes itself known in an obvious fashion, as you have described above. But don't forget the other facets of this university. They, too, have their codes of conduct. For example—

Those in art walk around with a box of crayons in their back hip pocket.

Those in music hum.

Those in history hum the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Those in sociology ask you how you're doing, and they're actually serious about it.

Those in psychology ask you how you're doing, and then they wonder why your lying to them.

Those in philosophy ask you how.

Those in physics tell you how.

Those in drama walk around pretending they're trees.

DEAR TRAVELLER—What was your major here?

(Signed) Unsigned

DEAR UNSIGNED—Hummm.

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH—It is not intended to be the common practice of this column to have to explain what it meant by such-and-such a remark. Certain circumstances pertaining to last week's column, however, force this writer to make such an explanation. That an explanation was needed was raised by a midnight visit of 16 members of the Student Association of Black Unity to my dorm room last week, asking me to explain the last section of my article regarding Fancy Dress (see last week's article for details).

The point is that no comments derogatory to SABU or to blacks on this campus in general were intended. Indeed, this writer meant by the wording of the article to ridicule both the Student Activities Board (yes, that is what that organization is really called) in its decision to require tuxedos for those attending this winter's Fancy Dress and the university's past policy towards blacks—namely, complete exclusion from the university except for instances of servility. Nothing else was intended. Period.

It is hoped that this will be the first and only such explanation needed in this column. Indeed, an explanation of the racial meaning of the column last week is merited only by the fact that there still exists an atmosphere of racism at Washington and Lee, whether on one or both sides of the fence.

—TRAVELLER