



# on second thought

—Peter Outhit

## 60 SECONDS OF CULTURE

Sing a song of sales plugs  
A pocket full of dough,  
Four and twenty ad men  
Louse up every show.

J. P. HOSSENDORFF, esquire, leaned back in his stained mahogany chair and plucked the havana from his mouth.

"Gentlemen," he said to the seven expectant faces on either side of the shiny Board table, "we are going to sponsor a TV spectacular this year that will make all our earlier efforts look like the best bumbling promotions of McCrury & Fitch across the plaza."

Fourteen faint smiles obediently twitched the corners of fourteen mouths.

"This is the greatest idea since liquid detergent," J. P. continued. "We will sponsor a two-hour spectacular of commercials with only six three-minute interruptions for performers."

Needless to say, the experiment was instantly successful. Nobody even noticed the difference, except the performers, who couldn't get into the make-up rooms because they were full of announcers, demonstrators and phony doctors.

Someone high in a Madison Avenue office building has actually put that fabled roomful of monkeys to work in a roomful of typewriters. While the law of averages hasn't yet allowed them to bat out Hamlet, present-day TV commercials must be the first constructive results of their endeavors.

Turn on any radio or TV machine and you will be instantly and incessantly told that unless you rush to your nearest neighborhood store NOW, your chances of ever winning a dream girl or guy are just about nil. There you'll be, left at the post, always a bridesmaid, ruefully surveying your yellow teeth and crooked smile while last year's model mobile den-of-iniquity, hopelessly outmoded, stands unloved and unwanted in its obsolescent stall.

One of the all-time dillies is the filmed pitch of a certain brand of kitchen cleanser. I omit the name not for fear of being sued (or even "rubbed out," heh, heh) but because a free plug is the last thing I'd want to give anyone connected with the whole mess.

To get the nub of this horror, it starts out with two shoppers meeting in a grocery market. They're standing before some shelves that are loaded to the very scuppers with cans of the sponsor's cleanser. One of the women, it seems, is unfamiliar with the magical powers of the product (she's evidently been in stir or someplace.) But her friend breathlessly tells her how

great a boon it is, and as she talks, we're allowed to see how easily and quickly her sink at home is cleaned by this wonder-product.

So far, so good—but hold on for a moment. Now convinced that the cleanser is truly the greatest miracle since spotwelding, the other woman reaches up for a can of it, but those very same shelves are now absolutely bare. In the brief time they've been talking, mind you (and without their even noticing the pillage) every blessed container of the stuff has apparently been whisked away by other shoppers. (The gals have a cheerful little laugh over this, by the way, knowing the supply will be replenished in a jiffy).

I would have laughed, too, if the stupidity of this whole vapid vignette hadn't jarred me as much as it did. With those two sentinels standing so steadfast in front of that cleanser rack, how could even the sneakiest or most predatory of shoppers have got near those shelves? And even if a few outstretched hands had managed to thrust their way through, how could all those rows of cans disappear in the time it took to clean that single sink?

Or, to turn the situation around for a moment by assuming the time consumed by the sink-washing operation was "telescoped" for us in the film, how good can that cleanser really be if it takes as much time to clean one lousy sink as it takes for a store to sell a full arsenal of the stuff?

Me, I like clean sinks as much as the next guy, but before I'd buy that particular cleanser I'd move into a tent.

The horrifying part of these inane commercials is that they're becoming

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# NEW BOSS SPARKS LIBRARY REFORM

by RUTH MacKENZIE

With a forthright declaration clutched firmly in my hand . . . "Dal leads Canada in the development of a new idea in university library organization" . . . (It was the lead on a recent article in the *Halifax Herald*), I wended my way into the sanctum sanctorum of Mr. J. P. Wilkinson, Dal's new chief librarian. With an honours degree in history, both a bachelor's and master's degree in library science, and 95% of the work complete for a doctor's degree, Mr. Wilkinson seems to be making the old cliché of vim, vigour, and vitality look like an understatement.



Mr. Wilkinson framed by library of new science building  
—Photo by Bissett

He was most eager to explain the new "divisional plan", used with great success in the U. S. The system, as it will be used at Dal, will be purely administrative and will not entail re-lettering the books or manning the card index any more complicated than it already is. The plan calls for the division of the library into the three main fields of Sciences, Humanities, and Social Studies, and will eventually add to the staff three senior librarians, one in charge of each department. Mr. Wilkinson is hoping to announce the appointment in the humanities field in the near future, and will proceed to hunt out a qualified librarian for the Science department. The third appointment will be made as soon as the resources of the library permit.

The greatest benefits of the plan will fall to the third and fourth year students and the graduates. They will find library personnel not only to dig out their reference books from the labyrinth of the stacks, but will also appreciate the intricacies of the problem on which they are working. Mr. Wilkinson, looking ahead a few years, sees this service in the student's frame of reference providing a focal point for closer relationships with the senior students, and perhaps discussion groups in which the librarian of the relevant department will participate.

In addition to an explanation of this new system, we garnered also a goodly harvest of comments on the Dal library, on what it needs, and on what changes are planned. Dal has a fine library, but will need constant and increasing support to maintain its high standards. Since it is undeniably a small library building, there is a pressing need for more space, both in view of greater number of students, and in view of the various departments branching into graduate work. Its age, however, has lent it more than the dusty veneer of antiquity, in that it has time to build up quite a good collection of research materials. Weaknesses in the collection are undoubtedly present, but the basis is there, and money will do the rest. The recent university budget, aware of the need, has provided for increased financial support.

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## WANTED: MORE PUNCHES

by M. MORF

That the freedom of the press is strictly for the birds has been obvious to sensible Canadians for a long time.

No longer are there any William Lyon Mackenzies to pour the gentle acid of their satire over the authorities. Gone are the days when every editor and reporter was a radical and an idealist.

Newspapers originated and flourished when the plebeians arose to throw off the yoke imposed by kings, clergy, and feudal lords; when the Americans landed their well directed blow on the royal jaw of George III. Newspapers started out as manifestations of freedom, and controversy was the stuff they were made of.

Today, Idealism is the one thing most detrimental to the big daily's interest. Material with the remotest tinge of controversy causes editorial night mares. Mass appeal and value of advertisement have become the indices of journalistic success.

The big newspaper's editor is no longer a man with ideas. He is a business man, a public relations officer, a diplomat steering a vague and non-committal course in order to please the aged, the farmers, the women, the suburbanians, the liberals, the socialites, the conservatives, and the local politicians. His main function is to double check every word in order not to offend and lose one precious reader.

The result? The big dailies have lost all backbone and have been reduced to means of feeding an indiscriminating population the news of the latest women's auxiliary tea party.

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## FORMER CZECK V.P. FINDS NEW LIFE

Reverend Dr. Uhler, well-known Associate Professor of Sociology and Anthropology at the University of King's College and Dalhousie in Halifax, was born and educated in Czechoslovakia and obtained a Ph.D. from Masaryk's University.

A former member of the Czechoslovak Parliament and Vice-President of the Czechoslovakia State Council, he later became President of the Parliamentary Cultural Committee and acted as Minister of Education. Twice taken prisoner, once by Germany and once by the Communists, he subsequently came to Canada in 1951 to lead a new life. Becoming an Anglican deacon in 1955, he was ordained priest in 1956.

The following are some of Dr. Uhler's views on university students, expressed in a recent interview:

**What do you think about our students here?**

I love young people generally and, of course, our students and am in regular contact with them in many colleges and universities, especially through *The New Life* publication and my missionary work. I believe that everybody who loves The Country has to love also its young people, for they are her hope, future and guarantee of greatness, whether material or non-material.

**Do our young people tend to wrong-doings about which we often read in the press?**

Thank God, they do not. Our students are generally decent, well-behaving young ladies and gentlemen. They have a sense of personal responsibility towards themselves and their fellow men. No doubt,

this sense is one of the greatest treasures which they received from their own homes. I believe that a family that lives according to God's Commandments and considers Him a daily Companion and Friend, can send only good sons and daughters into the world. As far as I know, the Canadian family, in spite of all the modern paganism which has influenced it, is still a God-believing and God-fearing family.

**What do you think of our students' intellectual abilities?**

Of course, not all of them are scholars, but most of them are intelligent people, seeking for more knowledge enjoying learning, struggling for good success. Christmas and the Spring are the best indicators of this fact. I usually find three main types of students with regard to their intellectual abilities,

when reading their examination papers: to the first category belong those who KNOW, and also know how to express it; to the second belong those who KNOW, but have trouble expressing it; and the third category are those who do NOT KNOW, but usually know how to express it.

**What would you like to tell the students?**

The knowledge which our students get in their classrooms is very valuable material which they can use for building the highway of life, but to possess only material is not enough. There must also be a blueprint of the Highway and its direction. The Plan of Life is in the Planner of Life Himself, for only He can give us the direction of Life. Remember His words:—"Without Me ye can do nothing."

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"IF YOU'LL THINK BACK A FEW LECTURES -- I SAID YOU'D GET YOUR CHANCE TO EVALUATE THIS COURSE AT THE END OF THE TERM!"