

Let's Be Logical

It won't enable you to make eighties on all your exams, it won't explain the mechanism of a woman's mind and it won't cure hangovers.

Yet, a knowledge of logic will act as a compass to guide you through the engulfing fogs of fallacious thinking.

We live in a scientific age. During the last century and a half the natural sciences have received a tremendous impetus, their scope of investigation has been widened to a remarkable extent, their achievements have been of extraordinary nature, and their material benefits to mankind have been phenomenal.

Accompanying this unprecedented emphasis in Natural Science there has evolved and developed a lethal dislike for non-factual studies such as philosophy. As a result the study of logic, a branch of philosophy, has become a lost art.

A logician might define the study of logic as the science of those principles, laws and methods which the mind of man in its thinking must follow for the secure and accurate attainment of truth. Or more succinctly, the science of straight thinking.

It is not a study reserved for the intellectual elite or the bearded scholar, but rather it should be employed by all of us in our daily reasoning.

Straight thinking does not depend entirely upon logic but it does demand that we take time to think clearly and intelligently. I am not suggesting that in every thought you express you employ a written syllogism, such as:

All men are mortal.
Fred is a man.
Fred is a mortal.

No! I don't suggest this, but rather you should know at least the fundamental rules of logic, which you will evoke, sub-consciously, in all your thinking, and thus attain a fuller and clearer understanding of people and things.

We are all aware that we have been endowed with some innate logical talents, which philosophy calls innate ideas or natural logic, while we call it horse-sense. The difference between a person having natural logical talents and the person with trained logical talents, is the difference between an amateur actor and a professional.

Unfortunately, as in all ages, people have detected our weakness, lack of rational thought, and are taking advantage of this serious weakness. Today we live in a world of propaganda. Through the medium of the press, radio, movies and television someone is grappling desperately for control of our minds and purse strings. These people are not using subtle tricks of magic but rather they are making remarkable use of our apathy and complacency in illogical thinking.

The battle of propaganda is a serious business. We live in a country where propaganda comes from all sides. If you lived in a totalitarian country, you would know how difficult it is to keep up the fight against one-sided propaganda, trying desperately to keep your head above the sea of fallacious arguments. What makes the struggle so hard is the fact that the totalitarian's strongest weapon is not logical, but psychological. It relies on the tremendous power of repetition. After the steady hammering of the propaganda machine, millions of Germans were sincerely surprised to

learn that New York had not been bombed to ruins and that Roosevelt's real name was not Rosenfeld.

Who is immune to such trash as: Wash your undies in Lux—Ava Gardner does.
Drink Gilby's Dry Gin—Aga Khan does.

Perhaps the most ludicrous advertisement of late is the following for Black Panther perfume:

"The slumbering first of Black Panther attacks a man's heart, attacks a woman's, until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an unforgettable evening, but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. Sold at all 5 & 10c stores."

The deplorable fact is that such frivolous trash brings results, at the expense of the day-dreamer, who scorns the basic rules of straight thinking.

Logic will enable you to soar at times into the rarified regions of the stratosphere of clear reason, where, it is true, breathing becomes exceedingly difficult, but the outlook upon the thinking of the world as a whole is so far-reaching and magnificent, that the shallowness and foibles of human reasoning disappear from view in the realm of CLEAR, INTELLIGENT THINKING.

H. D. M.

From ACP

The Kansan Dialogues

This filial exchange appeared in the Daily Kansan, University of Kansas:

Father?
Yes, my son?
I have a problem.
What is it, my son?

I have allowed myself to become mad at another's opinion.

I am disappointed in you, my son. Have I not told you to think rationally at all times—and that only fools allow a discussion to deteriorate into an argument?

Yes, my father. But this is a bad situation. My efforts and the efforts of my friends have been belittled by a powerful man in local affairs.

Oh? my son? What could a mind no older than yours fashion in the way of opinion that would draw the ire of an elder?

Politics, my father.
Politics?

Yes, my father. I chose to believe that one man would have been better as president for this country than did a majority in this area. The powerful voice in local affairs has said in a public statement that "An occasional error in judgment or selection of editorial personnel is to be expected. It happens in the best of newspaper organizations." He is referring to me and my friends, father.

Listen, my son. Do not dignify this statement with an answer. Though every bone in your young body cries out at the injustice of the falsehood, think tolerance. You can do nothing.

This I do not understand, my father.

Hush, my son. Listen. You are young. Wisdom is gained only through the years, therefore only the elder may be deemed wise. This is a premise on which many men have built their lives. Education is chopping away with relentless strokes at their life's beliefs—and they find the strokes no more pleasant than you do their cries of pain.

I am beginning to see, my father.

SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS needs you to exist. Come on!

Poem

Dalhousie Pete is a man you should meet,
A kind of guy who is wise and discreet.
His story is short, but fitting you see,
For he brought fame to our university.
Although he is lanky and looks sort of ill
There's a lot of blood in old Pete still.
At the Red Cross, he chanced to meet,
A fair young maid, who was mighty sweet.
As he lay there sort of still
A pint of blood, he there did spill.
The nurse she was a kindly sort
And Pete and her began to court.
Now in the latest Dal Gazette
Hero Pete is giving yet.
For in the spilling of his blood
He caught a wife within the flood.

H.D.M.

CLIPPINGS

From Coast to Coast

by JEAN DENIS VINCENT

Well, another week has gone by and I have nothing to say, strange though it may seem. So I'm reproducing a letter which nobody would print and adding to it certain items which the printer was kind enough to cut out of the previous issues. Printers are a funny lot; ours seems to think that it is more important to have ads. than features. (I use the term loosely).

So that next week, if you read about "Sludge" where my column is intended to be, do not be surprised. Or have you heard about Sludge, the new miracle breakfast food. Sludge does not snap, crackle or pop. It just sits in the bowl and stares at you. It does come individually wrapped, it does not come in a handsome package, you just go to the grocer's and he pours it in your pocket; and furthermore, Sludge corrects ir- about Sludge, that is why my column is irregular . . . too much Sludge.

Dear Fellow Traveller:

I have the distinguished honor of being a member of a committee to ask for a donation to be used for placing a statue of Harry Truman in the Hall of Fame.

We have decided not to tease it by placing it next to George Washington (who never told a lie), nor next to Thomas Jefferson (who spurned a third term). It has been decided to place the statue next to Columbus, who, after all, did not know where he was going, did not know where he was when he got there, nor where he had been after he returned home. But he did the whole trip on borrowed money.

The inscription to be engraved on the Truman statue will read: "I pledge allegiance to Harry Truman and the intention for which it stands: one man indispensable and with corruption for all."

Five thousand years ago Moses said: "Pick up thy shovels, mount thine asses and camels, and I

will lead you into the promised land."

Five thousand years later Truman said: "Lay down your shovels, sit on your (donkeys), light a camel—this is the promised land."

If you are one of those who seem to have anything left after your taxes are paid, we will accept a liberal contribution.

Yours sincerely,

A FELLOW TRAVELLER.

Noticeably enough, Eastern papers took all the awards in CUP competitions this year, though UBC seems to have lost out on a lapse in the judging point system. Jean Yves Pilon, national secretary of Nifous, during his recent visit to Dalhousie, gave some interesting statistics concerning the organization and aroused more interest in it than I have seen displayed in a good many years. . . . Acadia University, in case you should worry, which I doubt, is still there. . . . Toronto's The Varsity is now publishing without a sports section; devoted reverently a whole issue to civil liberties, and in cer-

tain articles was very violent in its attacks.

A Russian flag was found flying one morning not long ago from the mainmast on McMaster University's campus. The act was termed by authorities a prank, the kind of a prank that leaves in my mouth the same taste as would swallowing a glass of iodine.

There is a \$10 fine imposed on all Queen's students who fail to get themselves X-rayed, as they should according to university regulations. Times are difficult when you have to force a horse to drink or the Queen's people to pay such royalties.

And there is the story of this homesick Polish girl-student, who was smuggled aboard their ship and hidden in a lifeboat, under a tarpaulin, by three sailors, only to find eight weeks later that she was on the Dartmouth Ferry.

And not long ago a policeman who stopped a College student driving backwards received this explanation: The car was rented on a mileage basis and the student was driving that way because the speedometer didn't register in reverse.

For Three Professors Three Suspensions

Three veteran New York City college professors last week were suspended because they refused to answer questions asked by the McCarran senate subcommittee on Internal Security.

The questions concerned the professors' past affiliations with the Communist party. The professors cited the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution in support of their refusal to answer the questions. It states that a person does not have to testify against himself if he feels it will incriminate him.

The New York Board of Education, in dismissing the teachers, claimed that they violated a clause in the city charter which holds that a city employee can be dismissed if he refused to testify before such an investigating committee.

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