

The Continental

by H. L. S.

Starting out West in British Columbia, this week, the Ubysey offers a brilliant suggestion. It seems that the weaker sex staged a fashion show presenting the Ubysey-new-look, and allowed the males to enter—at a price. All proceeds went to WUS, but the boys were not worrying about that—they saw sensational blue negligee and night-gown modelled by last year's Totem Queen, Joyce Rohrer. Along with this was a strapless glamourall, guaranteed to keep the men home evenings, and gaol-striped bathing suit, guaranteed to keep them on the beaches. It was altogether most successful,—except perhaps, for the participants who had to bear the brunt of male approval.

The Ubysey also announces that "student newspapers at Victoria, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Montreal, are being attacked by Student Councils, students and professors." At Victoria the Student Council is barring reporters from Council meetings and have announced the policy of naming councillors as Editors-in-chief. In Saskatoon the "Sheaf" is being ridiculed for its "wishy-washy policy" and a professor at McGill told the "Daily" it was "illiterate" and "a disgrace to the University".

Eastward to Toronto and the Varsity, where they were holding a Red Feather auction. This included everything from the UC chair to two cheerleaders, who realized \$18. between them. A total of \$75. was collected which was worth the thrill of hearing the band play their specialties, "Lady Godiva" and "Goodnight Irene".

Above the masthead of the Varsity is this quotation which I should like to pass on to you—"Suffer yourself to be blamed, imprisoned, condemned; suffer yourself to be hanged but publish your opinions, it is a right but a duty. "Providing they are worth it, with the Christmas exams near at hand, these seem very good thoughts.

Although I believe in the old adage, "let sleeping dogs lie", my patriotism was aroused by an article appearing in the University of Western Ontario Gazette, headlined "American Papers Comment on Varsity Effigy Burning". It seems to me that the United States newspapers show poor taste and bad editorial judgment in making such an issue out of the Torontonians prank. Admittedly, they were over demonstrative, but how do you like this bazooka shell from the Chicago Tribune? "Why should Canadians criticize Senator McCarthy instead of their External Affairs Minister, Lester B. Pearson, who has demonstrated a tender spot in his heart towards Soviet and Red Chinese Communism."

And lastly, back out west to Winnipeg, the Blue Bombers, and the University of Manitoba, where the Liberals have taken the majority in the University's Mock Parliament. They have a majority of 57 seats, the Conservatives 17, the CCF 9, and Labor Progressives 3.

The Peggars are also thrilled with Sadler Wells Ballet, and Margot Fonteyn, dancing Odette in "Swan Lake". They say of Miss Fonteyn, "the English language lacks words which could adequately describe the character and achievement of Miss Fonteyn's Winnipeg performances. We must be content to say she was superb."

Since this is the last issue before Christmas, may I extend wishes for a very happy Yuletide Season and the very best of luck along the long tables in the Gym.

For best results, "don't give a continental".

Song

A pink-streaked morning sky,
Waves flipping
Like a cat's back rubbed the wrong way,
Down-dipping.
Slap, slap, slap.
The water-round pebbles roll rumbling back,
Pretty pink and grey stones.
Over grey water, unlighted
Black waves mount higher and quick:
A red wind chases the waves to lick
The clean stones . . .
And I must wait in a dry, still room.

N. W.

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Snoopy Sees Dal at Work

Our critical campus busy-body has noted a definite knuckling down in the last week or two around Dalhousie. He attended the Gazette dance, only to find that few others had the time to do so, and at the Sophomore hop last Friday our poor busy-body was almost alone. Thinking it all over, and taking one consideration with another, he has concluded that at present, a student's life is not a happy one.

Having done no studying himself to speak of, our friend went about in the libraries and common rooms to find out what joys others seemed suddenly to find in this pastime. He decided, logically, that if there was anything in it, he might try it himself. In the library he spoke to the librarians, for the students were too engrossed in their books even to give the customary stare at whoever opens the swinging doors next. He discovered that the students, having neglected to read those books which had been set as required during the term, were all trying to read them all at once now that the exams were near. This was rather hard on the librarians, whom the students seemed to think were responsible when someone else had got there first and drawn out the book they wanted. This, our busy-body concluded, was why the librarians were wearing suits of full armour and extra-long hatpins during the pre-Christmas rush.

Next he snuck into the stacks to interview a few of the privileged ones who have separate tables. Stepping over the bodies of those who had died of suffocation in this airtight hotbox, he finally reached a live senior who was quietly sitting at his table, trying not to tear out too much of his hair. He discovered that the senior had before him requirements for sixteen essays which had been recently assigned and which had to be passed in the week before exams. Our busy-body sympathized silently, because he was afraid if he said anything he would be left with the essays.

He was not frightfully encouraged, but determined to carry his experiment to its close, he rushed over to the common room. A few scraggy characters were lolling in nice, plush chairs, listening to an even scraggier character play the piano. They had Chem manuals in their hands and were evidently under the impression that by holding the book that near to them, they would perforce assimilate something from it. Their ears were closed to everything but the tune, their mouths issued gusts of cigarette smoke and, clutching their books, they looked extremely happy. Their condition interested our hero, who realized that if one could really study this way, it would be worth trying. After sitting with them for a while, he discovered he could get nothing out of either his textbook or the tunes, so he gave it up as bad job.

It was rather hard to gain admittance to the girls' common room in the Arts' Building, but by disguising himself as a scrubwoman, and picking up the broom from the Gazette office to use as a convincing prop, he made the bold sally. A slight haze of cigarette smoke drifted across the room, a ladylike haze, and seemingly scented with eau de cologne. Bussing himself with sweeping the floor, he secretly examined the inmates of this feminine harbour.

Several girls were playing cards with an old green pack, but these he ignored as they looked too stupid to know what a book was, unless it concerned cards. The rest were in varying attitudes of strain and repose. One pretty little blonde was trying to paint her fingernails and do her geology at the same time, which he thought a remarkable feat. Another was

lying on the couch holding a book over her head as if to read it in this comfortable position. Her difficulty was that other girls, not knowing she was there, kept sitting on the couch. Every once in a while the females at the card table would shriek and howl in such a pained manner that the busy-body, his masculine instincts aroused, sprang forward to help the fair damsels in distress. To his chagrin, he realized that the cause of all the outbursts was that someone had trumped someone else's king.

Fleeing this harem, he took a promenade along the fair fields and wooded paths of Dalhousie to think the problem over. He definitely didn't want to be a senior, though there wasn't much chance of that for a few years, and the gentlemen and ladies of the Common Room variety did not inspire him, either. In the end he worked out a few rules for those who may be puzzled when it comes to exams and exam-time.

- (1) Try to get your compulsory reading done as soon as possible. If you find you are late and the book is in demand, out of courtesy to others, get it read as soon as you can.
- (2) If you are going to study, DO IT. Listening to the radio or wandering about with a book in your hand is not studying.
- (3) Study alone. Someone else is not going to help you in the least.
- (4) Study comfortably, but not too comfortably. In other words, don't study lying down because this tends to relax

the whole body and lowers concentration.

- (5) Plan your studying. Set a time for English, a time for Physics, a time for Philosophy. Make a timetable of study and stick to it.
- (6) Find out whether you study better in the night or in the morning. If you study better in the morning, it would be wise to stop at 10:00 at night and continue at 5:00 instead of studying right through until 2 or 3 in the morning.
- (7) Break your studying every hour or so with a five-minute rest. Eat a banana or listen to the radio—anything that is entirely different.
- (8) Don't study two things that are similar, one right after the other. For example, don't study French and then Spanish. You are bound to get them mixed up in your mind.

GOOD LUCK!

ATTENTION GRADUATES

All those graduates who have not as yet made appointments to have their photos taken for Pharos are requested to make their appointments independently with the photographers. Jack Dodge will take all Arts, Science and Commerce graduates, and Cliff Wright will take Engineering, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Medicine and Law graduates. Please try to co-operate as much as possible, since all photographs must be ready by the end of this term.

Peace Ho!

There has been quite a bit of speculation around the campus as to the identity of the writer in last week's Gazette who so ardently upheld the feminine world against those big, conceited males. Some declare it was written as a protest against English 2 and Milton generally, and was originally an aside on one of those delightful English II themes.

Others, with more logic, claim that one of the poor brow-beaten girls in the canteen might have made this feeble effort to defend herself, but this theory falls down when it is remembered that the female population of Dalhousie browbeats the girls as much as the men.

The girls rather tend to disown the article when approached about its authorship, and the boys get downright het up over the whole thing.

The author remains a mystery, and I advise her to keep her secret or face the consequences.

At any rate, it made better reading than this article.

Thomas

"Who are you?" asked the man,
"I am what I am", he replied,
Smiling kindly and a little hesitantly,
Expecting, perhaps, some response?
"No, no, I mean your name," the man went on, "and Your business—are you a merchant, doctor, lawyer?"
"A doctor, you might say, for they have called me Healer of men."
The man thought him a little odd, and felt afraid,
Perhaps this gentle stranger was a murderer, an Escaped criminal; he had read about such things. Why did he keep his hands clasped so? Was there A dagger in them?
Now the stranger
Looked at him piteously, pleadingly, and held out his hand As though he were a friend!
Horror! A great half-healed wound,
Crusted with blood and skin, raw in the centre.
The man jumped back,
Turned and ran away, looking over his shoulder
To see if the madman was following.
"Help, police!"
"Help, police!"
And the police came, and again took him away.

N. W.

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