

Science Is Great

Science is a wonderful thing. In no other field are objects so definitely what they are or so indefinitely what they might have been. For instance, the atomic weight of chlorine is 35.457; these are not just ordinary numbers but are significant figures. Now they are even weighing finger prints in the balance room of the Science Building. The students should really be weighing precious little chemicals and not finger prints, so that is why tweezers must pick up each item and a camel's hair brush sweep off the weights and balance pan. Meanwhile the students mumble incantations to themselves.

On the other hand, there is flexibility in some fields of science. The Age of the Ostracoderms may have been several billion years ago—more or less. You may give or take a million years or so.

I have had suggested to me a table of measures which would be useful to frantic freshmen who plan to advance in science. It has been noticed in the lecture room that there is a much homier atmosphere when we speak of a "small piece" or a "large chunk" of something rather than 18.4 grams. The difficulty arises in comparing the relative sizes, and so this table is presented:

- 20 itsy bits 1 bit
- 7 bits 1 chunk
- 2 chunks 1 lump
- 5 lumps 1 hunk
- 15.924 hunks 1 mound
- 6.481 mounds 1 pile
- 3 piles 1 heap
- 72.666666 heaps 1 hill
- 49.3 hills 1 mountain
- 5 mountains a lot of stuff

As yet, there is no table compiled for conversion from these measures to grams of kilograms. Science is advancing and after research and experiment this, too, will be found.

Campus Comments

What do you think of the loudspeaker in the canteen?

Joan Caines:
The new loudspeaker in the canteen is a good way to keep up on campus activities that you might miss through posters or notices. I think it would be good to have announcements every hour on the hour and soon people would be expecting and listening for it. This might even draw people to the canteen and make for more business.

Adelia Amyony:
I think that having the loudspeaker in the canteen is a good idea. That way you really find out what's going on around here and it could even be a means of entertainment—maybe at dinnertime we could have some music: Western Airs or something like that.

Sonia Smith:
Since most people most of their

time in the canteen anyway, I think that's the best place for the loudspeaker. Everybody is in there sometime during the day, usually with friends, and often you can make plans there about the announcements you hear.

Lois Child:
I've heard a lot of people talking about this loudspeaker, but as of yet I haven't heard anything coming over it, and I've been in the canteen quite a lot lately. It would be better if there were definite times set for announcements.

David Brown:
For important announcements I think it's alright, because it keeps people in the know. Otherwise, I don't think much of it. The canteen is the only place where you can get together with your friends and then to have to listen to that contraption blaring about something everybody knows anyway, just doesn't appeal to me.

Retaliation

I hear the nonentities of page 1, 2 and 3 are sponsoring an ORGANIZED TOUR, dirt cheap for fifty cents, to the hen and chickens and various other points of international interest around the Arm. Don't be fooled! First of all, any girl who would have the courage to take the trip with THAT crew should have her head examined—not that any would—that is a warning from the anonymites of the features pages. It is obvious that they have no regard for the fairer sex, judging from page one last week,—so probably wouldn't take you along even if you did want to go.

No one guessed the complete answer to the Sam Peeps contest, but we did give one prize away to Oscar (Menengitis) Pudymaitis. He and his beautiful partner danced the light fantastic, at the Sadie Hawkins Dance, and it was hard to tell who was the more pleased! As a result, we feel that the contest should be repeated next year, and we hope that the lawyer who called it a booby prize remembers the old parable, "judge that ye be not judged".

Infant Care Talks Begin Feb. 16, 17, 18

With registrations coming in from the four Atlantic Provinces, 150 nurses are expected to attend an Institute on Maternal and Infant Care being presented by the School of Nursing, Dalhousie University, on February 16, 17 and 18. The program, which will be given in the Arts and Administration Building of the university, is designed for public health nurses, as well as for institutional and private duty nurses caring for maternity patients.

The conference leader will be Miss Aileen Hogan, consultant in Maternity Nursing at the Maternity Center Association, New York. Miss Hogan is a graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and has served there, in the United States Army, and at Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

Certain phases of the program will be presented by Dr. H. B. Atlee, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Dalhousie University, and staff members of his department. The program will include nursing aspects in the care of the

Really Rare

Charlie had the time of his life last Friday evening—he had one of the most beautiful girls on the campus, he was sober and he never missed a dance. And the food, hmmm, he was skipping so lightly that he almost stubbed his toe on the moon. Anyway, I should mention that all was well except one thing—he made the mistake of telling his girl a story about one of his adventures in Slobovia and—"I can't bear to tell you what a mess she made of him."

I'm going to repeat the story here and then I think I'll hibernate for the rest of the season. Seems that Charlie, while on an unusual hunting trip, captured alive a peculiar little animal commonly called a "rarey" bird (there's only one bird rarer than a rarey bird and that is a harey-rarey). As the story goes, Charlie took the little fellow home and decided to keep him for a pet. He soon realized that the rarey bird loved the best of food, and the more it ate, the bigger it grew. And it grew and grew and grew (by this time it was really grown-some). Something had to be done and Charlie's only alternative was to get rid of it.

At first he had planned on shooting it. But as he shoved the muzzle into its face, it began to cry and the tears flowed freely. This made Charlie's heart melt and he couldn't do it. There was only one thing left to do. He took the rarey out into the country with the intention of dropping it over a cliff. But again the poor thing cried and wept and Charlie just couldn't do it. But he had to do something—the bird was getting bigger and bigger and bigger.

He had an idea—he took the bird and put it in a bag. Then he climbed into his canoe and sailed far, far out into the deep with the intention—well, you know.

Charlie's girl-friend had been quite attentive up to this time, but she couldn't see the point at all. Charlie, trying to smile through his tears, only had one thing to say—"It's a long way to Tipperary!"

—Woody Woodpecker

THE KING'S COLUMN

Action—that's it! No other word can so aptly describe King's events. You don't believe it? Just read this.

Three times in five days has our basketball team gone to the showers defeated by a relatively narrow margin. Friday at Acadia, 71-53; Saturday at St. F.X., 61-45; and again in the Acadia's toy gym, 53-50. The team merits much credit for not being a weak sister to these strong men of the league. The coach has asked for the cooperation of the campus' femmes fatales. He fears that the strain of additional late nights during Wallflower's Chance Week might well prove too great a factor against us in the forthcoming game at Antigonish.

The girls spent Monday evening having a number of the male student body entertained at the local cinemas. It seems they were biased in favor of freshmen. At any rate, I had to pay my own solitary admission.

I must admit that Friday's Interbay hockey games give the lie to my action formula, but they did produce evidence of something more lasting, more substantial spirit. The outstanding example was quite naturally, the North Pole team and in particular Art Tucker, a Bermudian and thus a foreigner to the game. His spirits were such that he ventured out upon the cold ice without the as-

sistance of skates, and armoured with only leg pads and a stick, to assume the duties of goaltender. Ken Woodhead, John Turner, Bert Severance and Frank Marsh put the puck in the net six times, but this was no fault of his, Art assures me, and I will vouch for him, that he was nowhere near the net at those times. Mr. Tucker announces his retirement from the game—and ice, forever. The Arctic club's most prominent lady-killer, "Midnight," is expected to resume his duties in the near future—the only active star for North Pole was "Tricky Will" Hill, who scored the only goal, and stopped the Chapel Bay rushes time and time again.

By finally deflecting one of Bob Young's blue line specials past Kingsbury, Charley Piercey won the game for Radical Bay 1-0. The whole affair was too well played to be discussed here; even the tumultuous moments when the more spirited Bermudians tumbled onto the ice were too few.

Political speeches preceded the usual Sunday evening debates with its typically humdrum resolution "The sword is mightier than the pen". As usual, Alexandra Hall was defeated, this time by the Radical representatives, Messrs. Buntain and Moores. Misses Wakefield and Bell bore the burden for the Hall. There followed a lively sing-song, and coffee.

Speaking Of Politics

There was a commotion over the Law Library last week which lasted for two nights—the 69th Annual Model Parliament was in session. For the 18th consecutive year Leonard W. Fraser, Q.C., was Speaker of the House of Commons, a record for which he was paid high tribute by the various party leaders. William Wickwire, Q.C., acted as governor-general, a position which customarily falls to the lot of the present incumbent in office as president of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society. Professors Lederman, Meagher, and Mechem of the Law Faculty filled the positions of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Speaker of the Senate, and Clerk of the House of Commons respectively, while Major Gillan and Dave Vine alternated as Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Government forces were led by the Rt. Hon. George Mitchell. Considering that the Prime Minister failed to obtain an overall majority at the polls it is significant to note that he was able to guide his party through the sessions without incident. In other words, the Prime Minister is to be congratulated for the manner in which he conducted the business of the House and especially for the agility he displayed in averting an unfavorable result on the P.C. vote of want of confidence which was supported by the Maritime Rights Party.

Pat Nowlan and his P.C.'s had very few occasions on which to agree with any other Parties in the House. However, from the opening gun when the leader of the Opposition condemned the M.R.P., the two opposition Parties saw little reason for agreement with each other. Nevertheless, common ground was the attack of the combined opposition on the Speech from the Throne which was referred to as being "more conspicuous for what it left out than for what it contained."

On various occasions tumults of laughter were created in the House with each Party contributing to the fun. Clovis Richard of the Liberals brought in a report of a special committee of the House explaining away the flood of New Zealand cheese on the Canadian market. He suggested that the situation was well in hand and only of a temporary nature since the cheese was merely consideration by the Government of New Zealand to the Government of Canada for the Cape Breton lumber-jacks which Canada had recently exported to the country down under.

Newfoundland's old political warhorse, Fintan J. Aylward, speaking on behalf of the Maritime Rights Party made life worth living for all assembled with a half-hour diatribe on a subject which, at times, came very close to being political. The Honourable Member condemned the laxity of the Government in its outlook towards the Maritimes and boldly demanded a new public building for his constituency.

Speaking on the Government resolution to create a trusteeship over Formosa, the Honourable Member from Middleton, Sonny Dowell thought the situation could be solved by shipping a quantity of apples each to both sides along with the time honored prescription that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away." Mr. Speaker ruled out part of the speech as being irrelevant.

As the session came to a close, Mr. Fraser expressed the hope that the gathering had been beneficial to all concerned and regarded his request to fill the position as Speaker as being a rare "privilege".

Among the distinguished visitors were President and Mrs. Kerr, Dean and Mrs. Read, and Mrs. Fraser, wife of the Speaker.

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