

# The Continental

With the beginning of the New Year it is natural for all of us to make a list of resolutions, and see which one we can break first. One of my resolutions was to write a better column, but as you read further you will see, or rather read, one which is just as mediocre as before.

There are three things however which come to my mind as being worthy aims for the new year. The first is to improve scholarship. By now the sweet and bitter seeds of exam time passes and failures have been tasted. A good many of you will look upon a failure as the very end of everything, but it isn't. A failure at Christmas is a warning that you are not quite as proficient in the subject as you could be, and the worst way to correct the failure is to be discouraged. Surprisingly enough a little extra work, spread throughout the term will often see a failure at Christmas turn into a second division mark in the Spring. For those who pass — congratulations, but don't rest on your laurels. Your Christmas mark should be an encouragement to work all the harder.

In the corner I hear a little voice saying, "why don't you practice what you preach," and it would be woefully right. My point in mentioning the above was because I have seen too well the results of the other method, and thought it would help, the first year students particularly, to avoid the pitfalls.

The second, is to participate more actively in the various student organizations. This should be considered only when your scholarship is good enough to permit it, for after all the main reason we are at Dalhousie is to obtain an education, and not to waste the money which we, or our parents have earned. Now granting that the status of our marks will allow participation, why don't you take some time and go to you class or society meetings? These are held at a time when there are no classes and notice of the meetings are always posted in the Gazette or Campus bulletin boards. Nothing is more depressing than going to a meeting where only a few are interested enough to attend, and you in turn are depriving your self of a knowledge in your class and in the affairs of the campus in general. If you are not the athletic type, why not show some spirit by attending the Varsity hockey and basketball games which will be starting almost immediately? This year, because Dalhousie has rejoined the MIAU, and will be playing teams from other Maritime Universities, your support is needed more than ever. If you are one of those persons who look upon the Student Council card as just so much waste paper why don't you see what it has to offer you. Did you know that there are free student skating sessions Tuesday and Thursday evenings, as well as Saturday afternoon? Last Friday night for example, there was a free dance, sponsored annually by the Student Council, and intended to acquaint the students with the Council and also, let you work off some of the holiday blues.

Now this may sound like a commercial, but—if you want to know what is going on — READ YOUR GAZETTE, if you can't bother to do this ASK SOMEONE. The man or woman was never made, who could not find out something if they were at all interested.

Lastly, I hope we will all resolve to donate blood in the forthcoming drive, which will be held on the Campus, "Greater love hath no man." When you think that you may save a life at the cost of little discomfort to yourself, isn't it worth it? The need for blood plasma today is great. Nothing could be more tragic than a life lost because there was no blood plasma to give when it was needed. If you were in this position, what value would you place on a pint of blood that saved your life? What would be your feelings toward one who gave and one who did not?

## THE PERPETUAL PROBLEM

By KENNETH KALUTISH

During the last few years men and women of all ages have been drawing visibly closer together. Holding hands and entwining arms seems to be the fashion. Light affectionate contacts have become part of everyday scene. Even old married folk go sauntering along the street hand in hand.

Petting, known as "bundling," "sparking," "spooning," and "necking" is another of the expressions of love.

Some of the reasons given why young people pet are these: One needs assurance that he or she is desirable.

Where else can one obtain a little loving.

The rest of the crowd is doing it. It's exciting.

It's something to do.

It seems to be expected of you.

Most dates without petting are a bore.

How else can you know you are compatible.

There seems to be some agreement that promiscuous petting has hazards that most folks like to avoid. Briefly listed, these difficulties are:

Petting often rules out other activities.

It tends to over-emphasize the physical aspect of the relation.

It may limit the choice of a championship.

It may give feelings of shame and guilt.

It arouses sex feelings and then leaves them unsatisfied.

It leads too often into premarital sexual intercourse with the threats of unwanted pregnancy and feeling of regret.

It makes good marriage adjustment difficult, especially when the petting has been too promiscuous and too deeply established as a pattern of behavior.

General opinion is that it is not necessary to pet to be popular. Sexual promiscuity may obtain dates for you but it is not enough to keep them. At least it won't

hold those who matter. Free and easy petting has never been known to increase a person's popularity in an enduring sense, nor can it in itself lead to mature relationship.

An intelligent man wants a girl who has not been "pawed over" by every male on the campus. An intelligent girl feels the same way about a boy; she too wants exclusiveness in his affections. Yet, no chap need ever feel that he cannot succeed with a girl because he does not pet. But he should realize that he will never obtain any girls worth having if he is too promiscuous in his affections.

In still another way petting may be injurious—to a chap—as it prevents him from learning more about the girl's interests, ambitions, ideals, and other mental, social and spiritual qualities. Can you imagine a couple after a petting spree talking about music, art, sculpture, philosophy, or theology, or some of the other fine things of life? Thus, because of petting the couples generally fail to gain a richer understanding of and heightened respect for each other.

The main danger of petting is that the physical intimacies of embracing, kissing, fondling and other forms of caressing will stimulate sexual desire to such an extent, that it will be difficult to control. It is easy for "light petting" to develop into "heavy petting" and easy for "heavy petting" to develop to the point where "going all the way" or "petting to conclusion" with result. And, if not carried to this climax, such petting may leave both individuals unsatisfied, tense and unhappy.

To keep dating what it should be, fleeting, casual, and friendly a few rules may help.

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# - JAIL -

by ALAN MacGREGOR

The whip cracked again across my back as they pushed me to the floor. I lay still in the dirt and the straw and listened. They moved to the iron door and as they shoved it shut the metal scraped harshly on the stone floor.

"And see that you make no noise, or there'll be more of this for you." The butt of the whip rapped on the bars and I knew too well what they meant. In the short score and two of my years, the whip was one of my most vivid memories. I listened as the two pairs of boots resounded down the corridor. When there was no further sound I raised my body from the floor. They had beaten me painfully, but they had not really hurt me. I was used to pain and my muscles were hard. The flesh on my back tingled and the blood made odd designs on my chest as it ran through the dust that had stuck to me. I staggered to my feet and tried to look around the place where they had put me. As my head cleared and my eyes began to focus on objects further away than my own body, the first thing I saw was a window! There were bars in it, but they meant nothing to me. There was also a rough wooden bench that was supposedly a bed, and a wooden bucket. The window let in light enough for me to measure my situation, and it seemed not as bad as I had expected. I struggled across the floor, leaning on the walls of black rock, and looked out the window. The scene was not familiar, but quite ordinary. I turned my head and sank down on the bench. And then I saw it.

The boy and his young mother clung together in the corner of the filthiest cell in the town's jail. She was quiet and resigned to her fate. Her life had not been unhappy, but since the death of the boy's father it had not been easy for her. She was a pretty woman, despite the dirt and disarray in which she now found herself. She clasped the lad to her breast, and he slept there un- easily, not understanding the events of the past few days, but feeling something very wrong about them.

She turned her head and looked out the tiny window. The stars evoked happy memories and she smiled silently to herself. Her son stirred in his sleep and awoke. To think of him made her sad, but she looked bravely at him. He scanned the stones of the walls confining them, and his eyes came back to a grey one beside the door. It had a ragged diagonal crack in it that in his childish imagination became all the evil that had befallen them.

"Mother," he whispered, "is that a snake on that rock?"

"No, my child. There are many strange pictures in stones if one has eyes to see them, but you must never do that." She shuddered. "Or anything else like it," she said softly, half to herself. But his wide eyes, red from crying, could not keep from the snake, the whip, the canyon, the lightning that he found on the rock. He closed them, and drifted again to sleep.

He awoke with a start as the door rasped open. His mother uttered a sharp cry and he saw a

great black man standing there before him, showing his white teeth in the moonlight. He wrapped his arms around his mother in fright, and she screamed as the negro's naked hulk advanced toward them. He kicked the child away, grabbed the woman's hair and jerked her to her feet. With his giant's hand he took her dress and ripped it from her. Her son was clawing at him and pounding his bare legs and body with his small fists, but it was as if they were not felt. She screamed again, and her fear made her child more furious and more noisy. The huge savage finally became aware of him, picked him up and hurled him to the opposite corner. His mother's voice called his name, but he could not move. He heard sadistic laughter from behind the iron door. Then he saw faintly the chasm in the light grey rock, and heard his mother's cries as she seemed to fall into it. They grew farther and farther away until all was darkness.

When consciousness returned to his small frame, the first light of morning showed him his mother lying on her clothes and crying softly. He crawled there and she pressed him to her. He felt the warm, sweaty skin on his face and neck, and they lay still a long while. His brain was still numb when they came and took her away. He was dragged along too and made to watch as she was led into the square and tied to the stake. They brought bundles of sticks and placed them around her feet and legs, and then set fire to them. He remembered her screams as the flames leapt higher on her bare flesh,

and then he seemed to fall himself into the ravine in the light grey rock.

There it was—that rock. This was the same cell that my mother spent her last days in, and now I had come back to it. They did not know who I was, but that did not matter to me. I would escape and burn the whole town that had burned my mother as a witch. Witch, eh! I'd show them who was a witch. I reached quickly for the bucket and dumped its smelly contents on the floor. The handle came off easily and I wound the two ends of the wire together to make a sharp point. I jumped on the bench beneath the window and began digging at the mortar that held one of the bars in place. It was slow work, but I was succeeding. My mother—that damned rock—the black man—that rock—the whip—the light grey rock—I must get out, I must escape from that rock, that rock that killed her—Suddenly the bar came out and I put my head through the opening—but my shoulders would not go! No matter how I squirmed and wriggled, I could not get out. There was nothing to do but start at the next bar, but my time was short. It had taken several hours to dig one out, and dawn was not far away. I glanced at the door, but all I could see was that grey rock with me, and tears on her cheeks. I my mother's face between it and turned again to the window and

started frantically picking at the base of the iron. My thoughts wandered over all my experiences in jails, all leading me back to this one. I was a criminal? I decided, by normal standards? I had learned to read from my mother, and in her books there were many strange things, whole chapters on subjects most people did not know existed, and they had excited me. The rock did not bother me now; I was beginning to feel rational again. I picked harder and faster at the cement and as the first light appeared in the east the one thing that kept me from freedom and revenge gave way. A great music filled my head as I began to pull my body through the space. But then something held my feet and dragged me back. I struggled and shouted, but suddenly my whole body grew limp and I sprawled on the floor. Through the red of the blood that clouded my eyes, I saw an iron bar—and the light grey rock. The man holding the weapon swarmed into my view as he fastened chains on my wrists and ankles, and kicked me swiftly at the temple.

"Guess that will hold him till we're ready."

"Yea. You'd better tell Jerry to watch him, and get the gallows ready. We'll show him that murderers don't escape from us. Haven't had a hangin' here for a long while."

"Nope, not for years."

## Administrative Committee Set up at Kings

An administrative committee has been set up by King's College as a replacement due to the sudden passing of Canon A. Stanley Walker. The committee consists of the following men:

- Chairman—Dr. A. K. Griffin
- Dr. J. H. A. Holmes
- Rev. H. E. Dysart

A special committee from the Board of Governors has been set up to select a new President of King's College, but as yet, no action has been taken.

## Art Exhibit

An Art exhibit is being held in the Arts Room in the Arts and

## Coronation Medals

Congratulations are in order for several members of the faculty of King's College who have been honored by being awarded Coronation Medals. They are: the late Dr. A. S. Walker; Dr. A. K. Griffin; Dr. J. H. A. Holmes; Dr. S. R. Prince and Rev. H. E. Dysart.

Administration Building featuring the paintings of Miss Betty Sutherland, a native of New Brunswick, who is now residing in Quebec.

The exhibit began January 13 and will continue until January 20.

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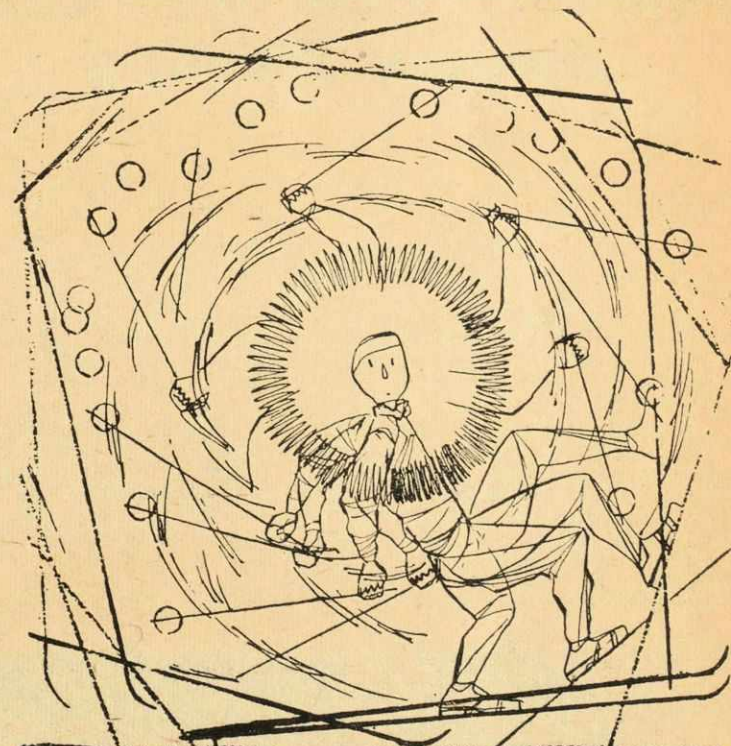
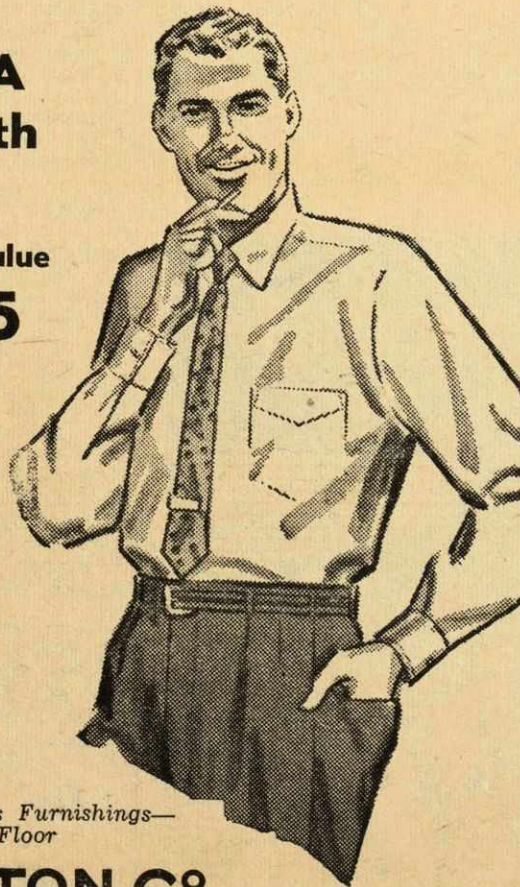
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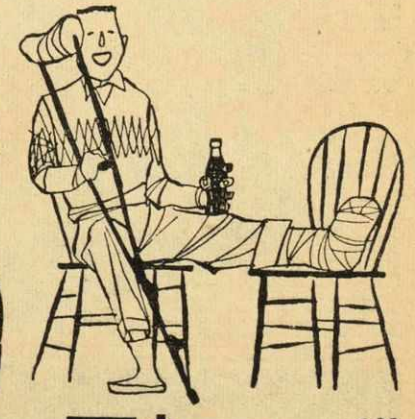
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