



on second thought

—Peter Outhit

CULTURAL DISCOVERIES

Culture isn't all play, you know. Behind the scenes in this great hemisphere of ours there are great men who devote a painful amount of time to exposing the hoaxi (plural of hoaxus) of our literary Lulliput. Daily they publish hundreds of hitherto-and-herafter neglected papers which often arrive at the truth about things. Such a man is Rumbelow Burp, literary paperweight for **Reader's Disgust**.

Inspired by that recent, potent masterpiece of American celluloid "Sons and Lovers", Burp stumbled out of the darkened theatre into the dawn of a new realization: that T. E. Lawrence (The Arabian one) and D. H. Lawrence (the Lady Chatterley one) were the same man! The key to the whole mystery, says Burp, "is that they're both dead." However accurate this may be, we're ready to agree with Mr. B when he says "this is one of the most important feats of American scholarship ever."

Further evidence lies in the fact that no literary expert can tell you what the T.E. and the D.H. in front of each name stand for. Possibly Lawrence had been christened TEDH by his father, a Derbyshire miner who, it is rumoured, was drunk at the christening.

In any case, Lawrence produced two major triumphs — "The Seven Pillars of Lady Chatterley", a book on architecture, and "Lily's of the Valley", an ode to his juvenile sweetheart.

A strange postscript to the story is that Lawrence won his widest fame for a book he did not write at all. A Dr. Ferdinand Lawrence, personal physician to the same Lady Chatterley, constructed for a medical society a paper entitled "Lady Chatterley's Liver," a discourse on the effects of cirrhosis upon female foot disorders. A misunderstood world in a long-distance phone conversation with his publisher resulted in the circulation of a book which we all know is banned in every civilized American reading room and library.

Perhaps a somewhat lesser *fait accompli* is that of Yale scholar Artemus Prong, who claims that Eugene O'Neill wrote the lyrics for the musical comedy Christopher Robin Goes to College, and also was set designer for the little-remembered wartime trailer The Hairy Ape Mets Werner Von Braun. The dia-

In World Under Microscope

Canadians Are Six, Rich, Fat Cats

by GLADYS SHENNER
(Courtesy Toronto Daily Star)

Imagine the world's two and a half billion population compressed into a single community of 1,000 persons.

There would be six Canadians, 60 Americans. The other 934 would represent the rest of the world's population.

Now, imagine you were one of the 66 Canadians and Americans living in the polyglot town. What kind of a life would you lead?

You'd live in a magnificent home on a spacious tree-lined street. You'd have every comfort and modern convenience. You and your family would be well-fed, healthy and happy.

COULD YOU BE HAPPY?

You'd be happy—that is, if you had no heart. Or, if you could avoid seeing most of the other side of town—the area across the tracks that houses your 934 fellow citizens.

The difference between the two sections would be incredible.

For, while you would be living amidst beauty and in great comfort, most of your neighbors across the tracks would be existing in degradation, filth and squalor. More than half would be starving. One-third of the children get only two meals a day. More than half would be living in overcrowded, unsanitary slums which would be breeding grounds for disease. Whole families,

crowded together in tiny rooms, would be ravished by epidemics and famine. Spindly legged children, continually exposed to chronic and infectious diseases, would have much less chance of reaching adulthood than would your children.

But, as one of the town's 66 elite, none of this would affect your way of life. Your clique controls half the town's total income. Your average yearly income is \$3,842, as compared to the \$50 annual wage of two-thirds of your neighbors on the other side of town.

Though you comprise six per cent of the town's population, you produce almost 20 per cent of its food supply and eat 98½ per cent of

what you produce. You tend to feel rather stuffed after meals. That's because you're eating 72 per cent above optimum food requirements.

You could actually save money by giving away excess food, but you store most of it in great warehouses. You think that giving it away would disturb the economy of your part of town.

ALWAYS HUNGRY

Across the tracks, most of the people are always hungry. There is constant tension because they never know whether they'll get enough to eat. One-fifth of the deaths in this section are due to faulty environmental conditions that you have never experienced: lack of sanitation, ignorance of elementary hygiene, lack of proper housing and nutrition.

On the average, you have 15½ times as much of everything as does the average of the 934 other citizens of your town. You have 12 times as much electric power, 22 times as much coal and 20 times as much general equipment.

But you take all this abundance for granted. You're accustomed to space and convenience: you have 125 times as much room to move around in! six times the transportation facilities. You have your own subway and rapid transit system; a car in every garage. On the other side of town, the majority walk or use outmoded conveyances. You have a television set, a washing machine and a sewing machine. Many "downtown" have never even seen these modern inventions.

CALL A DOCTOR

You take good medical care for granted. You have a doctor constantly in attendance. But a single nurse, aided by two or three annual visits from an out-of-town doctor, cares for most of the remainder.

That's why the majority of your poverty stricken neighbors cannot expect to live to 40, while you have an average life expectancy of 70 years.

Despite this, you spend almost \$8,000 on ornament for every dollar you spend improving health conditions for those in the poorer part of town. Maybe that's why your area bristles with the latest defence weapons.

You don't realize — or, you don't want to realize—that half of your neighbors are ravaged by plagues, malaria, cholera, smallpox, typhoid and tuberculosis; that continually exposed to disease - carrying germs and infected water, may suffer from chronic debilitating diseases which sap their physical and mental energy.

DON'T EVEN NOTICE

Blinded by the chrome of your shiny new car, you don't even notice that most of the towns inhabitants are poor, sick, hungry and ignorant. Almost half cannot read or write. They are only 300 christians in town. Approximately 70 of these are Protestant. You, as one of the town's 303 whites, are out-numbered by more than two to one of the 697 non-whites.

You're too well-off to be interested in the dogmas of communism, but there are at least 80 believing Communists in town and 370 people under Communist domination.

And, with conditions as they are, it is likely that, very soon, more than half the town's population will be hearing of Karl Marx.

logue was in German but the screams in English.

Then there was last weeks exposé of G. B. Shaw, better known as George "Beatnick" Shaw, the bearded wonder of the pre-bongo era of show-business. You'll recall Shaw as being ideas man in the American team which produced "My Fair Lady". The exposé is simply that G.B. is NOT related to Artie Shaw as had been hinted—nor even to Billy Rose, for that matter — although all three have a common beat.

We could go on, but the nation's business waits for no man. Let me close in the words of Rumbelow Burp (again), who says, "It is not anachronistic to emphasize the unimportance of syllogistic vernacularisms perpetrated in somnolent erudition," he says. "Either that or I miss my guess."

Scene

He: Without things poetic
Life is pathetic
Prosaic, ascetic! . . .
Uhhh . . . let's get poetic!

She: Your unguings prophetic
To mergings athletic
I find quite emetic
Instead of poetic

He: But what I propose is poetry wild . . .

She: Stop looking like that, you idiot child!

A NEW BREED OF WOMEN

by GAR

A new breed of women has come to Dalhousie. They appeared for the first time during Freshman Week and are the first examples of a new style in females which is becoming increasingly prevalent throughout the high schools of our-country.

This new brand of female can best be described as a very poor imitation of the heroines of Hollywood movies. They, like the current crop of starlets, dress in the latest styles, wearing clothes that are either too old or too tight for them. At the same time, they have so many other accessories that it is impossible to tell where nature ends and science begins.

When these creatures speak, they invariably sound as if they have laryngitis or a heavy cold. The voices have soft, husky tones, yet fail to achieve the desired effect primarily because they are so obviously artificial. These same demure, innocent girls can be seen screaming in a high-pitched voice at any of the Dal hockey games.

Other characteristics of these imitation glamour girls are their toothy smiles and their exaggerated wiggles. The former tends to remind one of the Dentyne kid, whose smile is so obviously false that one wonders how it can possibly be done so well. Equally affected is the motion of their walk, which often leaves one wondering why they do not throw their hips out of joint.

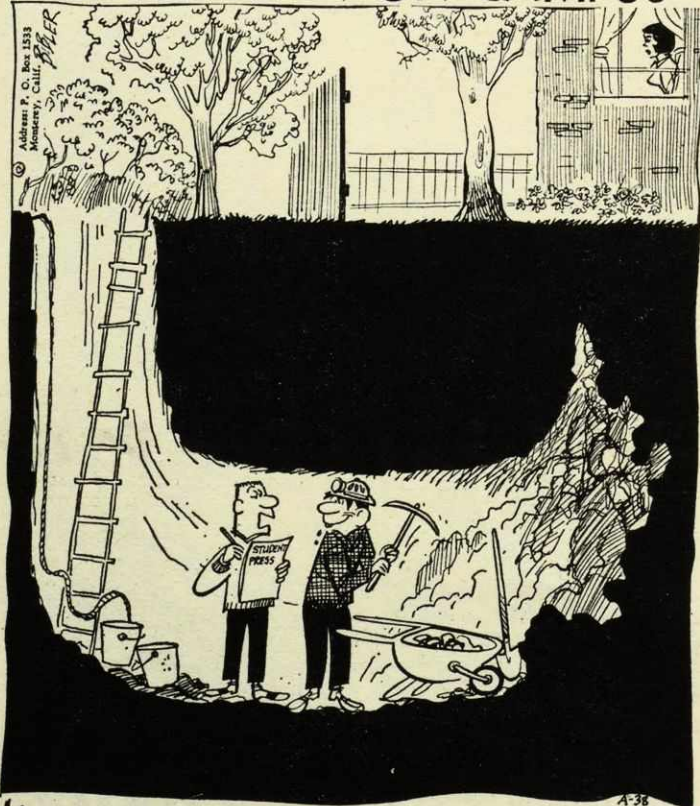
CONVERSATIONAL DUDS

But by far the most annoying feature of this invasion lies with the amount of intelligence these females seem to possess. To talk to them, to try to get them into any form of stimulating conversation is impossible. They simple don't say anything and seem to know even less.

Now very few people—least of all males — will complain about well built women with husky voices, but even men are willing to admit that unless they are somewhat intelligent these women don't belong in university. It has often been said that women come to college in order to get an M.R.S. Having surveyed this peculiar breed, it seems true, for their chances of getting any other degree seem slim indeed.

If, on the other hand, these women are not as hopeless as they appear, but rather are using this "play-dumb" routine as part of their act, then, girls, it is time you changed. It is time that you started to show a few signs of raw maturity. It is time that you grew up and started to act like college students instead of sophisticated sex-bombs.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"AS AN ITEM FOR OUR STUDENT PRESS—WHAT'S YOUR ENGINEERS OPINION OF TH' EARLY CLOSING HOURS FOR WOMEN?"



EXPORT

PLAIN OR FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

To Get There In Time . . .

USE A

3-S TAXI

for

Service - Safety
Satisfaction

CALL 3-S Anytime - Everytime
423-7188

Diana SWEETS

386 Spring Garden Road
We cater to students
at all times

"Meals a Specialty"

Joe, Tom and Pop