

Der Untergang Des Abendlandes

by Charles MacIntosh

The little boy jumped out of bed, looked at the clock on the wall, and dressed himself quickly. While he was putting on his shoes he suddenly remembered that this was the first week of the summer vacation and he did not have to go to school again until Autumn.

He ran into the kitchen where his mother had left his breakfast and sat down to eat. He could see his aged grandfather seated in the shade of the huge tree in the back yard. He gulped down his breakfast and rushed out into the yard. He looked around at the green Kansas fields for a moment, glad that he did not have to go to school. He ran over to his grandfather and sprawled in the grass at his feet.

"Tell me a story, grandfather," he said.

"What kind of story, grandson?"

"Tell me about the War."

"Not yet tired of that story? Well, grandson, the trouble all began in 1946, as soon as the Second World War was over and before people had a chance to catch their breath. The United States and the USSR began a diplomatic struggle to see which would gain the most economic advantage. This "Cold War" became hotter and hotter until in August, 1951, it broke out into an open conflagration that was to envelope the world.

"The Russians proved to be farther advanced in the field of atomic warfare than anyone dreamed. In September atomic-powered rockets began to land in the industrial

cities of America. Of course the large cities had been evacuated at the beginning of the war but millions died nevertheless.

"The Americans retaliated immediately and Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and other Russian cities virtually disappeared in a week of intensive aerial bombardment. In desperation the Russians used poison gas and spread disease germs throughout the U. S. Those who had remained in New York were killed by the gas while typhoid, plague and a mysterious disease the Russians had developed in their laboratories decimated the rest of the major cities of America.

"The American, in the meantime, made use of their secret weapon, the dreadful "Death Mist", an atomic gas that killed by deadly radiation".

"But tell me about your own part in the war, grandfather", the boy interrupted.

The grandfather refilled his pipe and started again.

"I joined a special atomic squad as soon as our country entered the war. I had charge of a company of tanks equipped with rockets. These rockets had atomic warheads and were able to destroy huge tanks and massive fortifications. Our squad went into Siberia and made a mess of the Russian armoured division that was sent against us.

"The Russians were pretty weak when we got there because most of their troops were fighting in Europe or America. They little expected that we would be able to raise an army to oppose them in the East, so disorganized were things in our country.

"Our nation had received serious blows but the Army had been expecting this war for some time and we were able to send a large force into Siberia whereas the Russians were all in the West. Our army swept westwards into the heart of Russia and the Russian generals had to surrender.

"The Russian government fled to America, for the Russians still held a large part of this country. It was up to us to reconquer America. In September, 1952, we invaded America. The Russians put up a good fight, but after being defeated in the Battles of Denver and Buffalo, the Soviet armies started to surrender piecemeal. The Russian war leaders were caught and executed. In two months it was all over.

"America was badly battered by the war so the soldiers had to build their own cities. We liked these cities so much and our own homes were probably destroyed so we decided to stay where we were. Our families were brought to our new homes and we settled down to peace. Most of Kansas is settled by the descendants of the Third Army Group.

"Now, grandson we can live in peace. Our great nation rules the world. You will never have to fight a war as long as the Chinese Republic controls the world."

Li Sung got up, bowed politely to his grandfather and ran into the street to play with his friend Su Chung, leaving his grandfather to sit and dream of the glorious past.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Financial Summary As Of February 10

Organization	Receipts	Receipts To Come	Est. Receipts	Budget
D.A.A.C.				
General.....				\$ 612.88
Basketball.....	\$ 16.00		\$ 16.00	848.55
Tennis.....				170.67
Canadian Football.....	1,399.00		1,399.00	3,346.93
Hockey.....		\$ 1,000.00*	1,000.00	1,568.70
Inter-Fac Sports.....				814.55
Golf.....				42.50
Swimming.....				141.00
Badminton.....	162.00	238.00†	400.00	846.80
Soccer.....				212.65
Ping-Pong.....				4.64
Squash.....				92.00
English Rugby.....				403.40
Track.....				135.00
Boxing.....		350.00	350.00	528.50
Volleyball.....				9.05
Total D.A.A.C.....	1,577	1,588.00	3,165.00	9,777.82
Students' Council.....	10,794.00	11,525.25	22,319.25	4,195.73
Delta Gamma.....	133.70	166.30	300.00	464.00
D.G.A.C.....				1,762.48
Mulgrave Park.....				110.00
Students' Assn.....				3,631.53
Glee Club.....	1,529.75	270.25	1,800.00	195.00
Sodales.....				774.41
Publicity.....				2,060.00
Personal Services.....	678.46	421.54	1,100.00	8,075.00
Year Book.....		8,177.25	8,177.25	5,939.50
Gazette.....		2,000.00	2,000.00	
Totals.....	14,712.91	24,148.59	38,861.50	36,985.47
Budgetable Balance.....				1,876.03
			38,861.50	38,861.50

Notes:

*University Grant for Rink Expenses.
†Receipts from Sale of Birds.

Respectfully Submitted,
M. M. RANKIN,
Secretary Treasurer

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Cercle Francais

Réunion du lundi 28 fevrier 1949
—Engineering Building—8 p.m.

PROGRAMME:

Ouverture: Disoues.—Suite Française de DARIUS MILHAUD Inter-mède Comique: LE DUC VESSASSIO, tragédie (condensée) à la manière de SHAKESPEARE.

Moment poétique: Poèmes de BEAUCLAIR et de VERLAINE chantés sur des airs de DUPARC, FAURÉ et DEBUSSY.

JEUX dotés de plusieurs prix. CHANTS populaire francais et canadiens.

Rafraichissements.

Dear Ida Spix

Dear Ida Spix,

I love a girl very much, but am afraid to inform her because I fear that she might not love me. She is the first girl whom I have really loved, and I should hate to find out that she does not love me. I intend to tell her as soon as I find out whether or not she is in love with me, but I am not sure of the way to find out. Could you tell me how to obtain the desired information without being too obvious in my attack?

I remain,
Inquisitive.

Dear Inquisitive,

I hate to draw hasty conclusions, but I gather from your letter that you love a girl and want to find out whether she loves you. The usual procedure in such cases is to ask the lady in question. I can understand your hesitancy under the circumstances. It seems much easier to let things simply drift along in the indecisive rut of a certain and pleasant friendship than to bring matters to a head only to discover perhaps, that she does not love you. Nevertheless, if you really want to know, it is much better to be perfectly straightforward about the whole affair. She probably will be very flattered. If she does love you, everything will straighten itself out beautifully; if she doesn't, it is better that you know now, so that you can begin to concentrate on someone else.

If she has anywhere near the usual amount of feminine intuition, she probably knows that you love her, anyway. She's probably wondering what on earth you're waiting for. Good luck.

Ida Spix.

Dear Ida Spix,

I am a young man who is very shy, and know little or nothing about the other sex. As soon as I meet a girl, I shut up like a clam, and hence become a perfect bore. I hate to act spiritedly because I believe in acting naturally at all times rather than effectedly. I believe it is natural for me to act as I do whenever I meet any girl. I find that the only girls who like me are the ones whom I know well and who know me well. To them, of course, I am not at all shy, but this does not help me in the least whenever I want to get to know a girl. I am frightfully sensitive and self-conscious, and whenever I am out with a girl whom I have just met, I am on my toes to see if she likes me. If she doesn't, I get terribly disappointed and melancholy with the result of course she likes me still less. The more I feel she thinks I am a bore, the more I become one. Why do girls not like me? Is it because all my sense of humor leaves me when I meet a new girl? What shall I do? I know that you can help me.

Despair.

Dear Despair,

Your trouble is an inferiority complex. How do you know whether the girl likes you or not? After all, a girl can't come right out five minutes after she's met a body and say, "Gee, I think you're nuts!" Furthermore, you can't tell by her actions what she thinks of you; some girls are perfectly horrible to the people they like best. Get some self-confidence there, and by all means, try to relax. And remember, the girl is every bit as anxious as you! Probably more so.

Ida Spix.

Law Notes

RUDY LEVEY

This column having been inactive for the last few weeks is back in circulation again after a slight misunderstanding and the pressing problems of work.

The Smith shield was argued most successfully by four very competent members of the third year class, much praise was forwarded and well it should have been to all of the participants. It must have presented quite a problem to the three very distinguished gentlemen of Bench to pick a winner. The result of this debate has not been finalized yet but the winners were announced the night of the debate. The two men who were selected as the award winners were Bill Cox and Nat Noel.

The Law Hockey team has been pressing on ever trying to stave off elimination but to those men with rubber legs and false teeth (which I may add are often separated from their owner during the game) are trying desperately to cling to the semi-final spot which they now hold. The game on Wednesday at one o'clock should prove to be the battle of the ages (One old the other young). Law who will be meeting Pine Hill defeated them on the first occasion by a score of 6-3. Law's big hope is rested in the abilities of forwards Bob Matheson and Ron Downie. Law is relying on the strong defensive work of Eric Kinsman and Roger Cyr.

Three great parties are at the present recruiting so to speak for the feat of the year in the coming of the annual Mock Parliament, the great event is slated for Wednesday 16th of February.

More Type Gremlins

From the Medical Economic Journal

The renowned Drs. Mayo had plenty of cause to blush at the item in the Fairmount (N.D.) Sentinel, which stated: "Mr. and Mrs. R— left Wednesday for Rochester, Minn., where Mrs. R— expects to have a garter removed by the Mayo brothers."

Patients, also, have had their composure shaken. A routine item in the Morristown (N.D.) News declared: "Miss Dorothy N—, who was injured by a fall from a horse last week, is in St. Joseph's hospital and is covered sufficiently to have her friends come to see her."

Pain

Let me view this deathless passion
In a philosophic fashion,
Remembering the loves that are to be.
Though today I ache in sorrow,
I shall lift again tomorrow
If an interesting Senior stares at me.

I deplore this sad condition
An ambiguous position—
The situation is quite clear to me,
But can the everlasting presence
Of persistent adolescence
Sufficiently explain such agony?