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DRIPPINGS from the Editor's Pen

No doubt you are interested in Insurance.

Most people of financial means subscribe to some type of life insurance. Property holders have long since found the value of fire insurance. Shippers continue to make use of the different types of insurance which are offered as protection in their business. In short, insurance has arisen from its gameing ancestry into an accepted position in the social and commercial world of today.

Unfortunately the only personal insurance obtainable is designed to be payable in case of accident, death or old age. The Insurance Companies obviously cannot afford to chance the risks of a professional, social or marital misfortune at a reasonable rate for the average middle class man. The only insurance that a person can purchase for these personal accidents is a knowledge derived from instruction and experience.

That the University student is interested in an insurance is evident in the fact that he is willing to spend at least four years of his youth in an institution of learning. At such an institution he is afforded the opportunity of learning something about the social media if he is interested. He learns little or nothing about matrimony.

Our knowledge of "sex education" at this university is negligible. Several of the more progressive colleges of this continent prescribe courses for all students designed to teach the student about the human body and its intrinsic anomalies. The Public Health Service of many cities offer courses of instruction to prospective mothers and to prospective fathers.

Obviously it is impractical at this college to offer an extensive course in anything nearly as advanced as this. However, it appears probably that elementary courses in the functions of the various organs of the human body could be taught.

Under the system of education followed here, only those following biology are fortunate enough to receive instruction regarding some of the enigmas of life. The Engineer knows more about the operation of a generator than he does about his stomach or liver. The Forester probably understands the reproduction of pinus whereas that of sapiens remains a mystery.

Looking Around C. U. P.

Campus Cat

Dr. Sniffy Waller, noted geophysicologist, has been reported long overdue at the faculty desk in the Library and is officially listed as missing. The Varsity learned early today. Next of kin have been notified.

Dr. Waller, who does not ordinarily use books, is understood to have entered the Library jungle in quest of Whitman's Leaves of Grass. For some time past, Prof. Waller, in co-operation with Premier Georgeous Pew, of Queen's Park has been working on a theory that the population of Ontario can be increased indefinitely, each raw family being maintained on a small patch of grass or scrub. Whitman's book is regarded as a pioneer work in the field.

Last seen wearing the regulation professorial battered hat and torn raincoat, Dr. Waller disappeared on the afternoon of Nov. 20. Speculation is rife in some quarters as to whether the missing savant, while wandering aimlessly around the stacks, was picked up by some Library mull and either taken to the cleaners or filed away for re-binding.

An alternative theory, given some credence in the Library office, is that Prof. Waller has been inadvertently wrapped up in a bundle of newspapers and put out for the salvage committee.

In any case, Library officials are jubilant over the scoring of another point over Hart House in the annual Lost Professors Contest. "Waller's disappearance puts us up 6-4 on Lickerbre's crew," exulted Librarian Walleye when interviewed in his office. "It looks as if we've got the same sewed up for this term."

He explained that the first round of the contest ends Dec. 26, and the second begins on Jan. 5, 1945. The intervening period is regarded as an open season during which no score is kept. "We don't want the affair to degenerate into a free-for-all," stated Mr. Walleye.

He hinted at collusion between Library officials and professors who disappear in the stacks, pointing out that it would be an easy matter for professors to be kept incognito among such miscellanea as Phys. Biz. Soc. Doc, etc., re-appearing after Dec. 20 in time to shave the first prize with Librarian Walleye. "They could hide there for months," he asserted, "without anybody being any the wiser. Including themselves."

At press time neither Dr. Cody nor Kidney Myth could be reached for comment.

Daybreak, daybreak,
And I am soft awake.
I hear the little birdies peep,
Damn it why can't I go back to sleep?

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-point of truth.



That's the Spirit:
"Papa, what do you call a person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"
"A bartender."
—Western Ontario

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"
"I don't know; I only laid the table."
—The Gateway

Co-ed: Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?
Boy-friend (hopefully): No.
Co-ed: Well, let's drive down that way.
—Argosy

We all make footprints in the sands of time. But some leave the imprint of a great soul — others just the marks of a heel.
—Summerside Journal

Comparisons are odious.

Are You Writing Regularly?

"Write often, keep the family bonds strong enough to cross the Atlantic, send pictures of the family, neighbours and street. Pictures warm the hearts of men away from home. Fill your letters with the homely, everyday happenings that make your soldier know he is still part of the home."

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

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