

The Lamp Hangs High

A ponderous one-act play of intrigue and imagination . . .

Our heroine, little Betty Thloupshladle (excuse me I mean little Betsy Shloupshladle), sweetheart of that wellknown, popular, big-hearted guy, and notorious enemy of the underworld, Happy Jack the Disk Jockey, has been kidnapped by Muggsy, the Boston Baby Elephant, reckless gangland king, and his henchman Sluggsy, the East Indian Vampire. They intend to hold Miss Shloupshladle hostage until Happy Jack surrenders certain vital information that he has gleaned by his own taking efforts from the files of Fong Lee's laundry . . .

The scene opens with Happy Jack introducing his well loved and eagerly awaited program . . .

Happy Jack: Hello, guys and gals! this is your old pal Happy Jack the Disk Jockey. We got some swell platters and patter lined up for you, so stick around, woncha?

(Music and the howling of wolves somewhere deep in the forests of Siberia are heard in the background). Well, after that swell fadeout of our theme, Pakistan Bounce, here's an itchy little ditty just released, an' I predict that it'll reach star billing in the Hate (er excuse me, Hit Parade) quicker'n you say Mr. Mzliplkjrnjft backwards . . . so here goes kiddies—

(More music) In the meantime, our heroine, Betsy Shloupshladle is struggling with Muggsy, the Boston Baby Elephant, and Sluggsy the East Indian Vampire.

Bet— Oh, let me go, you beat. Jutht you wait until Happy Jack, the Dithk Jockey geth here. He'll*finith you up quick alright, alright.

Muggsy . . . Alright, alright, Betty Thloupshladle, I mean Betsy Shloupshladle, I've had enough of your lip. Hey quit handin' me your lip . . . Conk her one on the bean, Sluggsy.

Sluggsy: Right, boss! Back to the studio again, where we peek in on our hero. Has he an inkling, a clue of the danger his beloved is in. Let's listen—

Happy Jack: Well, that sure was a tasty tidbit n'est-ce pas? which reminds me of the time when I was ambassador to the head-hunters of Oogooland, might be why I lost my head sometime back . . . well, let's on to the next toone . . . we've got lots of ketchy toones lined up for your entertainment tonight, in fact, just to liven up proceedings, I might even sing for you in person. Just a minute, I just, I think. Yes, I've just received a message on my telepathic

secret writ radio— Hear that, all you fellows and dolls out there, (turns his secret telepathic wrist radio to the mike)—

Dot dot dittelee dee dot dot dot—that's a message form, yes, from little Miss Betsy Shloupshladle . . .

Happy Jack always on the alert against danger—to the rescue . . .

But . . . Muggsy and Sluggsy are nobody's fool (wanna bet) they only steal cars with radios. Sluggsy had just turned on to station NUTS and hears these latest developments.

Sluggsy. Hey, Skluggsy. I mean Muggsy, what are you gonna do about they—Hey, Muggsy.

Muggsy: Yeah . . . that Happy Jack's nobody's fool. (wanna bet) We'll have to think up something fast—

Sluggsy: You better think up something fast, boss. There's a porpoise right behind us an' he's treadin' on my tail, I mean there's a string of police cars behind us led by Happy Jack, goin' at 90 mph.

Muggsy: Quick, up this tree.

(They ditch the car, which goes reeling over the edge of a precipice at 90 mph with little Betsy Shloupshladle bound and gagged inside.)

Just at that moment, Happy Jack, strengthened by 5 minute cream of wheat jumps out of his car and rushes to the rescue of the heroine . . .

Six thugs, I mean cops, capture the two cops, I mean thugs . . .

Meanwhile, Miss Shloupshladle has collapsed in Happy Jack's arms . . .

Betsy. Oh! Happy Jack I think you're the big and throng and hanthome . . .

Hap Jack: O Thucks Betty, I mean shucks, Betsy.

The play ends with Muggsy and luggsy squirming uncomfortably in their handcuffs.

Muggsy leans over to whisper sweet nothings in Sluggsy's ear. Coises! Foiled again! . . .

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Tough Luck, Juan.

The War of Ideas

Perhaps you, too, were filled with indignation when you read the article "It Just Ain't So".

To some men the telescope, the microscope, the test tube, have become the standard of truth. They treat philosophy and religion with a cynical smile or at best with the tolerance of a deprecating shrug of the shoulders. Philosophy and religion to them is nothing but the vaporizations of speculative dreamers.

The author of "It Just Ain't So" denounces philosophy as a "Finishing School" subject. Yet, he appears to be a votary of diabolic materialism or the belief that true happiness and success consists in the accumulation of the material goods of this transitory existence.

Today we are fighting the most crucial war mankind has ever engaged in—the war of ideas—on the one side are the materialists, one expression of which is communism, and on the other side, Christianity.

We, the leaders of a few years hence, will be the protagonists in this terrifying struggle for the supremacy of men's minds.

Thus, we must not only learn a profession but we must strive to obtain a clear conception of life and its true meaning. Make no mistake about it, the world has reached a crucial state and we will be called upon to give aid.

If we attend university solely to learn a trade, to make money and gain social prestige we will fail abominably in our true task. Rather, we should diligently strive to lift the minds of men above this struggling heap of moral degradation we know as materialism.

We have progressed rapidly covered mountains but for an idea—Christianity as opposed to materialism.

No! the TRUE CHRISTIAN does not go to a university for the sold purpose of learning a trade in order to make money. For: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

technologically and scientifically. Yes! we have highways, comfortable homes and anaesthetics. Highways over which guns, and tanks roar to destroy humanity; comfortable homes on which bombs fall; anaesthetics with which to give some relief to the mutilated dying, perhaps those men in Korea, who are not fighting for snow

Say!

Do you think that a metaphysician, With a long psychological plan, Could induce microscopical effort, In an anthropological man?

Could a flat phrenological failure, With a physiological chill, Love a sociological expert With meteorological thrill?

Could an archaeological sprinter Of a dark theological hue Give a nice philosophical treatise On the eyes of my Nellie so blue?

Could a methodological blockhead Having craniological feet Paint a dry neurological picture Of a wet geological street?

Could a smooth astrological fakir With a teleological brain Give a palaeological hoodoo In a long euchological strain?

Do you think ethnological records, Astroonomical worlds, will embue With correct biographical statements

As to why Nellie's eyes are so blue?

L. I. Melroy, in Chicago Record (Ex "Popular Pastimes", by Henry Davenport Northrop, The Parish Publishing Co., Toronto, Canada, 1901 Edition.)

Copied by A.A. 1) 1) S.A.—Schizophrenicus Anonymous.

It Still Ain't So

The answer "IT JUST AIN'T SO" merely confirms the criticism of the article "WHY UNIVERSITIES?", which lays the blame for apathy and decadence in college life on the attitude of the students.

We agree with "WHY UNIVERSITIES?" that most students do come to college to learn a skill, or if you will, profession. Whether they expect it or not, they should, in undergraduate work, receive more training in the art of living with that skill and the skills of others. That is . . . a liberal education. The University Faculty and Administration could do more to encourage this phase of education. It could be done for instance by making compulsory, or, at least available in the timetable for Engineers and Commerce students, courses in philosophy and psychology.

We grant the professor that his valiant efforts to teach some students proves discouraging. The

writers of this article believe, however, that the faculty as a group, and excluding certain individual members, contributes to the above mentioned apathy and decadence in the following way. There is a trend to put down information for the sole purpose of memorization; cramming cribbing and cheating are thereby encouraged. Understanding is something one is required to have only when writing a thesis for some higher degree.

The faculty could also have more interest in the dignity of the university as a place of learning. Initiations have been handled most immaturely in the few years since the censure of the older, and more mature returned men has been removed. Surely the faculty of this fine university can do something to insure that new students receive a better and more adult reception.

The case rests, THREE MORE SPECTATORS.

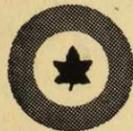
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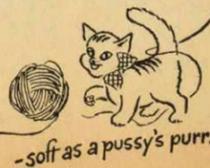
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