BORROWED BALONEY

There is an engineer stereotype. It pictures a hulking fellow, a little hairier than usual. He is adept at boozing, brawling, and wenching. He is clannish, uncouth, slightly smelly, but o-so-very male.

Do real life engineers fit the description? Not very often.

Why do we maintain the fiction? For fun. Both theirs and ours.

Does it prove anything? Yes; it demonstrates how addicted we are to stereotypes, predigested aliments, pre-cast images.

This is a good thing? Yes, insofar as it

really is fun—as long as it is only a game and an exercise in play-acting.

If it becomes more than this—if a fellow insists on playing the role until he forgets real life and lives in a world of sophistry and delusion—then he is in trouble.

If the non-engineer swallows the stereotype we are in even deeper trouble. And unfortunately this does happen occasionally.

This is why it is appropriate to point out that actually most of our engineers are reasonably normal, intelligent, and definitely of the human species.

BORROWED BALLOTS

The big "ballot box" theft was a good idea. So was the reciprocal action—the scissor work —as long as it was confined to campus.

The people who have been crying apathy all year now have a teething ring to exercise their gums on.

We are entirely in favor of exuberence and imagination, fun and games, give and take. As long as it doesn't get out of hand (i.e., in this case, as long as the thieves make sure the ballot boxes come back, once the point is made).

We are inclined to think, however, that the reaction got out of hand. We understand that the Political Science Executive threatened action by City Police on a theft charge. We suggest that such threats show lack of humor as well as lack of confidence in student responsibility.

If the police had been called in on this case they could have been called in a dozen times a year for similar pranks. To the best of our knowledge they have not been called in before and we suggest that they should not be.

There are various student organizations set up to handle such problems, and more serious "pranks" than these have been competently handled without leaving the campus.

We suggest that our Model Parliamentarians refrain from setting a "police state" precedent. We suggest that our young politicians take such pranks a little more gracefully: enjoy them, learn from them, and return the compliment by more subtle methods than police We further suggest, however, that a ballot box stunt need not be repeated in the near future. A little bit of this kind of fun goes a long way.

BORROWED BOOKS

This week, the three hundred thousandth volumne was placed on Rutherford library shelves. But how long will it be available for circulation? How long will it take to find its way to the lost list?

Due to present library facilities, the great majority of students must use the main desk distribution system. However, a great number of senior students and faculty members have direct access to the stacks. They are free to select the books they want and are to check them out at the main desk for the regular two weeks or for use in the carrells.

Thoughtlessly, these people seem to be abusing their privilege, not bothering to sign out all pooks. Hence volumes which are absent from the shelves, remain "in" the library according to the librarian's card file. In other words they are untraceable, or lost.

The borrower may have every intention of returning the book after the paper or exam is finished, even of returning it in the regulated time, but in the meantime other students cannot count on the book for their papers, even though they may be responsible for obtaining

Bentley Le Baron

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... Dieter Buse

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ENGINEER AT WORK ...



with Manfred H. Rupp

Once again, the experts are gravely aggravated. So may I once again respond with some direly needed, and guaranteed non-expert advice to solve the diplomatic crisis between Canada and the United States.

There is really a very simple way out of it. It is not only simple but proven effective. If I were Kennedy, I would have a muzzle put on Stevenson, and then I would order the blockade of Canada. Of course, opposition might have to be expected especially from some of those moralists in the philosophy department who will argue that a blockade in peacetime isn't legal or ethical. But it works, and that's what matters.

If I were Kennedy, I'd catch a cold first of all, and then I would, in a special color TV show, announce this grave international crisis, showing U-2 pictures of them empty Bomarcs which have become, because of their emptiness, a severe threat to US security. The nation will, of course, be nervously but unanimously behind Kennedy (remember, Stevenson has already been taken care of). And I'm sure the entire lobby of the US lumber industry will demand the immediate invasion of Canada.

At this point, the former statesman Pearson will pronounce a 'dynamic new foreign policy" and say we'll give in and be nice from now on (sorry, I forgot that he has already said that, but he can still offer, to show that there are no hard feelings, to hire General Norstad as his campaign manager for the next election).

Diefenbaker—it's hard to imagine what he will come up with except some sphynxian "No Comment" comment—he will probably want to sound even more dynamic than Mr. Pearson, and he might go so far as to put on a bow-tie and say, that Canada must unite behind him, because otherwise it would look to the Americans as though Canada were not united behind him, and that would be bad at a time like this.

And Monsieur Caouette will have a regular field-day. In a secret meeting with Kennedy and the Saturday Eveng Post, he will pronounce that he's been sick and tired all along of Thompson riding his back, that French Canada has been sorely suppressed by those British protestants ever since they usurped the power over the Bourbons, and then he will be allowed to stage a parade of loyal French Canadians on the White House Lawn.

Kennedy will bless the Bourbons flag and say that one day it shall fly again proudly over Canada.

And in the meantime, Tommy Douglas and CUCND will sponsor a flute concert, Nero style, on CBC—because we're already had one in Convocation Hall.

Remember: "Scotch or Bourbon, that is the question"

(Alfred E. Neumann).