

The Continental

By HELEN SCAMMELL

A perusal of the University of Toronto's Varsity shows much concern about the burning of famous Senator Joe McCarthy. The attitudes are pro and con. News Editor of the Varsity, Paul Bacon, resigned because of what he called the "Anti-American" policy of its editors. Explaining his position, Bacon said: "I wish to make an obvious stand to show my total disagreement with the Editorial policy on this paper. The editors stand for anti-Americanism and socialism on certain issues, two concepts directly opposed to my own interests." In defending their position the editors announced that in no way is anti-McCarthyism synonymous with anti-Americanism. I wonder if they heard the news broadcast which stated that a Washington newspaper had answered the McCarthy charge by asking Canadians how they would like to see the Hon. L. B. Pearson treated in like fashion. It further asserted that some of the Hon. Pearson's tactics were viewed somewhat dimly in the United States. On the lighter side of things it is nice to see that Nova Scotia's own Elizabeth Benson Guy, will be the featured soloist at the Hart House Sunday Evening Concert. Miss Guy, a native of Bridgewater, was winner of the Grand Award on the Singing Stars of Tomorrow Program, a few years back.

You have read the Dalhousie Engineer's story of Cleo and Marc, now turn to an excerpt from Western Ontario's Gazette on Hamlet. If the Dal English 2 student is simply stuck on Thursday night for something to say on the theme paper for Friday at 12 — this is not recommended.

"There are only two women in the play, but they cause trouble enough for a regiment. Gertrude is the villainess, and Ophelia is the heroine. At least this is the racket she has played for 350 years and got away with it; but it's my private opinion she's a fraud. Crocodile tears over such a pure unsullied female, cruelly used, innocent almost to the verge of simple-mindedness? But if she's so innocent as she is cracked up to be, where did she learn those dirty little ditties she sings in the presence of royalty after she goes insane? I suspect she was eavesdropping behind an arras at one of her papa's diplomatic parties; the habit no doubt, ran in the family."

Turning farther west to the Gateway, at the University of Alberta, we note that "Two Hundred Receive Honorary Degrees at Fall Convocation, Saturday." President of the University, Dr. A. S. Stewart presided over the ceremonies in which 207 degrees were presented, including the first Doctor of Philosophy, four honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws, and numerous scholarships, diplomas and prizes.

Adding insult to injury to the Engineers this issue I couldn't help but relay this poem from the Gateway.

"There is a thorn that sticks our sides, and causes us much grief,
There is a trade we can't get in its almost past belief,
We've tried and tried and been refused, and we are getting wrath,
For we cannot be massagers in a bloomin' Turkish bath!"
Sung to the usual tune "We are, we are, we are, etc."

The Queen's Journal tells us of the plight of a McMaster majorette who was captured by masked U. of T. students and forced to appear in the float parade with a rope around her neck. Under the ominous insistence of a suspended club she was fed mounds of sugar pills by U. of T. pharmacy students, "representative of the seamy side of life."

Last, but never least let's go to the Sheaf. True to form the University of Saskatchewan has really outdone itself in a column entitled the Campus Cow. This sadistic effort sprouts humor like this:

"He: There's a certain reason why I like you.

She: My goodness.

He: Don't be ridiculous."

or the one about the spinster—"One who knows all the answers, but has never been asked the questions."

Bribe

A piece of bread in mediaeval France was a "bribe." Members of wandering religious orders were usually given bread by sympathetic housewives, and in return would offer to pray for the giver. Naturally some persons would give the bread in order to gain the prayers, rather than out of pure generosity, and "bribe" came to stand for any selfish gift whose sole purpose was to obtain some favour.

Mr. Kenneth Kalutich has declared that our civilization is breaking up, and to bear out his theory has posed a number of questions—Why is immoralism rampant? Respect for the virtues declining?

The source of our present-day chaos is not far to find. During World War I those who became our parents and teachers revolted against the standards and conventions of Victorianism. They threw them off and put nothing in their places.

The most important thing that they threw away was the belief in fixed values, in good and bad, virtue and sin, right and wrong. These things are too definite—they built up instead a theory of relativity by which the value of any action or tendency depends upon the circumstances. Generally speaking, nothing can be classed as "good" or "bad", and in fact such objectives are hopelessly outdated.

The result had been that our generation has, while growing up, been encouraged to build up its own code of morals, and to find out own level irregardless of the lessons of the ages. This is a society where the old and the die-hards cling to the displaced code, and just us by it, while those who pride themselves on being modern have encouraged us to recognize no code as binding. With the breakdown of confidence in religion the lowest denominator of the masses is able to pull taste and standards down. Once this tendency had a formidable enemy, once it defied conventions which the mass of enlightened and intelligent people believed to be based on divine sanction and the goal of eventual human perfection. Now we do not know—We grow up in a world of conflict in which we are swept from side to side, perhaps in company with the majority of our fellows.

We begin with no presuppositions or right and wrong because those who taught us were afraid that to mould us in what even they felt to be decent and proper would be committing the unforgivable sin against our self-expressionism. An example of what happens as a result is shown in a recent issue of Newsweek — which gives evidence that children from middle class homes are becoming increasing delinquent — and are in fact much more vicious than the slum-bred problems. Their parents, we suppose, are above average in ability and achievement and there is the root of the trouble.

An eminent educator has recently pointed out how faulty our modern system of education can be, and (in the hands of those still rebelling) usually is. We expect our children to grow up respecting the virtues, honour, truth, patriotism, to be filial and home-loving,

TRANSITION

kind to the helpless and patient with the sick—in short the things which really made us social human beings, and which in other days were inculcated by precepts believed in by everyone. They are necessary if civilization is to con-

tinue — yet our educational goals appear to be to debunk these practices as sentimental and outmoded. We want our children to have all the virtues, yet we teach them the greater value of material possessions over spiritual, the idiocy of

sacrificing for a cause, by inference we teach them to think of self before humanity, to discount emotion and religion, to get ahead no matter what pain they cause others whenever possible. We have thrown out the old precepts because we (or, rather, the generation ahead of us) believed them to be founded on superstition and clouded by sentimentality.

So it is that we see a welter of confusion as we look for a solid foundation on which to construct out new edifice of ethics. Generally we take refuge on the slimy sub-rock of the mediocre, the safe average, the Kinsey Report, the place where we can be sure the mass of our fellows are grouped.

SLOW DEATH FOR SENIORS

Seniors, those illustrious and scholarly personages who tread on Dalhousie's soil, are faced with a horrible situation. In the "stacks" which are veritable torture chambers they are alternately suffocating or freezing. There must be a happy medium somewhere.

When a student becomes a Senior he is given permission to use the "stacks" but one soon sees that this may not be a privilege, but an endurance test. Only one window on each floor will open and the hinges on that one are so strategically placed that the freezing air comes in with tornado-like force. On the other hand, if the M.A. bound students keep the windows shut, then it is too stuffy to work. In fact it is almost too unbearable even to exist.

The Seniors use the "stacks" in the Library to get away from the noise and to read their books in peace. This in itself is a good idea but in the job of studying for a degree, THE SENIORS MAY DIE!

APOLOGY

To those Features writers whose articles do not appear this week, our apologies and a promise that they will appear in the next issue.

If any are thinking of writing for the Gazette before Christmas, we suggest that they do it now, because the nearer we get to exams, the less we feel like writing extra-curricular articles.

Remember, 2,000 words is the minimum if you wish to get points from the Gazette.

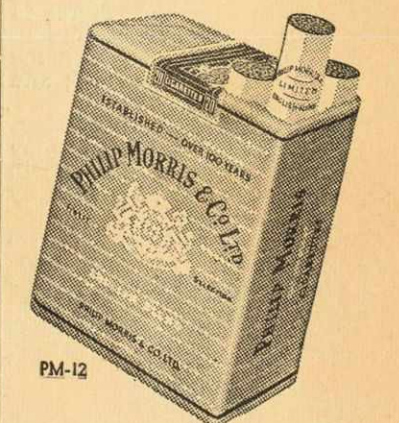
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