



Disgusted Dept.: I for one will be very surprised if there is another Engineer's Queen Week on this campus. Last week's disgusting exhibition of mob violence on both sides was too much for my delicate and basically cowardly constitution. Animal Engineers and Idiot Artsmen out to prove their manhood and win their golden spurs on the gory field of battle. Shades of King Arthur and the Round Table, only these two undignified armies of undisciplined brawlers might better be likened to King Kong and his Squares.

This year, more than ever, there was a prevalence of small groups of knuckleheads roaming the campus by night looking for a fight. "There's an Artsman—dye him" or "There's an Engineer—beat him up." No quarter asked; no quarter given. Interesting tests of a practical nature were carried out. e.g. how many times do you hit a guy before he bleeds; how much skin has to be rubbed raw before dye comes off; how much tear gas will spoil a formal dance! Vital statistics that any egghead will tell you add up to one conclusion . . . There should not be a Queen Week, because the Queen contest has been completely subordinated to other interests.

And the Queen candidates, poor timorous souls, easily manipulated pawns in a poorly-played game of chess. Little do they realize what kind of a cesspool they are diving into. They are ordered around and pushed around and dragged around by fanatical campaign managers whose only real interest is to win . . . at all costs. To Hell with her girl's reputation, to Hell with her dignity, to Hell with her health. Smile for the camera. Click! Smile for the boys. Echhhhh! Say "Hi, whadda' you in?" or "Hi . . . will you vote for me?" or "Hi . . . wherea' ya from huh?" And remember, girls. SMILE.

The Artsmen are just as bad. Their only interest is to win a reputation . . . again, at the expense of the kidnapped Queen candidate who is forced to accept the position of Prisoner - of - War - and - keep - our - mouth - shut - and - do - what - we - say - or - else. Or else what?

Why don't they just declare Engineers' Hell Week? It would be much simpler all 'round. The Queens after all, are not necessary. They are just the symbols, to most of their sponsors and kidnapers of a GOAL. They are an excuse for a fight. Better, I think, that they should use chamber pots as candidates. Same principle, isn't it? Then the Artsmen can try to steal the pots and the Engineers can protect them and we will have the same situation as last week, only this time five ladies will not be bothered by the violence.

We look forward to these new events with great anticipation. Fall in the Church Lads Brigade! Forward, for Queen, Country, faculty, glory, blood, and anything else you would care to identify with! Not bloody likely!!!!

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## Of Petty Minds I Speak . . . by jodew

"United we stand, divided we fall." An old and reliable adage; a sensible statement, of—times used as a rallying cry to unite divided factions; a statement which has endured through the ages; and one can see its verification in the crumbling of the Engineers Students Society.

Case in point—On Wednesday, February 1, 1961, Richard Jenkins, engineering 1, was "tanked and dyed" by his classmates.

A chain is only as strong as its

weakest link, and the removal of that link does not strengthen, but rather destroys the chain. To strengthen the chain, this link requires reinforcement, not eradication.

Is an organization so weak that it cannot stand criticism and if criticism is to come, is it not better for it to come from within, rather than from external sources.

Because a sixteen year old boy had nerve enough to speak his mind, his peers condemned him. He was a member of a group but he did not conform: therefore, purge him.

Have the strangling roots of

conformity now completely infected the University, supposedly the last outpost of free thought? The University motto, "Quaecumque Vera", Whatsoever Things are True . . . Think on these things. Is it to be replaced by the password of the fetid fifties—CONFORM.

Wear your blue jackets, supplicate your queen, drink your beer, wave your slide rules, but take great care that you do not think; for to think is to question, and to question is to find fault; and to find fault is not to conform, and if you do not conform, you shall be purged.

—Noli illegitimi carborundum sunt—

## KUPSCH ON CUP BY RICHARD KUPSCH



Card playing is being repressed on one Canadian campus, and is being restricted on another because it seems to have a not-wholly-desired influence.

The situation is particularly bad at McGill, where card playing has been banned in the Students' Union Building games room and the Common room of the Arts Building.

In spite of regulations against gambling, money was being passed under the table (and over it). Most card players play for money as they feel that it adds a certain spice to the game, and intensifies competition.

The same situation exists on this campus, but no one seems to be particularly anxious to do anything about it.

The McGill Daily ran an expose of gambling last term, but the feature story apparently had no effect—until recently.

An irate father's phone call complaining of money lost was the immediate cause of the decision to ban card playing.

Stakes in the bridge games range anywhere from \$4 to \$30 or \$40, depending on the players and the price per point. It is reported that two players last year split over \$600 between them. Studies were being neglected because of card games.

Card players have been removed from the cafeteria at the University of Manitoba. The reason given was that rules against card playing in eating areas existed, and were just being enforced.

The Students' Union at McGill is considering the sale of its pool tables, apparently another thorn in the side of dedicated WCTU-type people, also because the games are often played for stakes.

The situation here does not seem as serious, as stakes are not as high as for card games. Usually, the loser pays "time", and possibly 50 cents or a dollar.

Incentive was given to the Student's Union's decisions because of its theory that "the games room is not run principally for recreation, but to supply a critical part of the student's education."

Table tennis, anyone?

Heads are rolling again among CUP's French-language newspapers. The Editor-in-chief of Sherbrooke University's Le Campus Estrien has been fired, not because of something he did, as is usually the case, but because of something he did not do.

He did not pass three term examinations.

It is rather unusual, and a pleasant change, to have an editor fired for some such trivial reason as this.

Thank God there are only four French-language newspapers in Canada, or this newspaper would use up a considerable part of its valuable space reporting editor firings.

P.S.—The firing has given Sherbrooke that distinctive French-Canadian, "They are persecuting us" atmosphere.

The theme of McGill's Red and Gold Revue, a "Varsity Varieties" type effort, is "Oh Kennedy (We Stand On Guard For Thee.)" True, too true.

There is a life after death. This is proven by the action in the Canadian Senate.

## 1000 Bucks To Under 30 Authors

A \$1,000 cash award has recently been offered by the Ryerson Press for the best prose book manuscript, fiction or non-fiction, to be submitted by a Canada author under the age of 30.

The award will be awarded annually and will be accompanied by national advertising and promotion. Manuscripts submitted should contain between 50,000 and 150,000 words have "literary distinction, and

be on a theme of current interest".

The winning manuscript will be selected by a panel of three judges appointed by the Ryerson Press. Manuscripts that do not win the Award will be considered for publication by Ryerson under the terms of its usual contract.

Manuscripts should be submitted no later than Dec. 30, 1961 to The Ryerson Press, 299 Queen St. West, Toronto 2B, Ontario. Manuscripts should be clearly marked "The Ryerson Award for Young Writers" and must be accompanied by proof of the author's age.



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