

# THIS IS FUNNY, EH?

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## Love Habits On Campus

Four Clear Stages Presented In Report

Doctor H. Q. Quinsey of the Hamilton, Stoney Creek and Dundas Medical Research Foundation has made McMaster the basis of a social survey on the Sex Habits of university couples. He has after a six month's recuperation period come up with the following report. He has restricted his comment to the female of the species, presuming that one can conclude from the illustrations that the male follows right along.

**FRESHETTE:** She blushes at naughty jokes and thinks a college education is a definite social asset: and cultural and intellectual things could surely proceed from said education. She reads, "What every young girl should know," and she tells her mother everything. She likes holding hands in the buttery: and her motto is: *Mother Knows Best.*

**SOPHETTE:** Dr. Quinsey noted some progression in the habits of the sophette. She smiles at smutty jokes and of course thinks that a college education has definite social and cultural advantages. She reads a harder book, "How to win friends and influence people." She has cut her mother off, but tells just everything to her room mate. She likes to hug and usually gets hugged back. Motto: *Death before dishonour.*



**JUNIOR:** The junior is a more adept social member: she laughs at dirty jokes: and thinks that college education leads to things social. She writes everything in her diary: she has a single room and she doesn't trust her mother. She's given up hugging for kissing. The world-weary junior is less of an idealist: she lives by the maxim "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

**SENIOR:** At this point, Dr. Quinsey blushed a little, and said he didn't think he ought to because his little girl had really progressed. She tells dirty jokes. She thinks that a college education leads to things. Of course she likes to kiss, but she really likes best to neck and neck... And her motto? Dr. Quinsey whispered this with a weak kneed smile: *BOYS WILL BE BOYS!*

Dr. Quinsey took many admirable photographs during the survey. He has released these to Kuitcher and they appear on page four. The year numbers on the packets will undoubtedly aid in identifying friends.

Unfortunately the post-grad picture was vetoed by the Board of Publications Moral Committee.

—The Silhouette

She said to me:  
"I hear it's true  
That the men from Mac  
Are very few  
Who do not spend  
The whole day long  
Indulging in Wine,  
Women, and Song!"  
I assured her that  
The case is not such:  
"You won't find us  
Singing much!"

—The Silhouette

## Exhibits Shorts Seagram's Culture

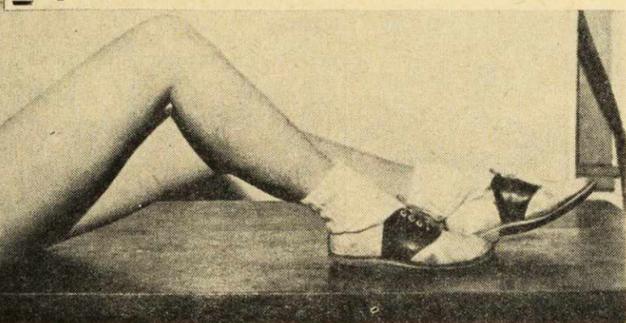


The Building and Grounds Committee, in the process of excavating for the 100 yd. Cinder track South of the Library, has unearthed a major archeological discovery in the form of the pair of chocolate brown corduroy shorts and white shoes which are modelled above and which have been acclaimed throughout the Anthropological world as an important link between the first period of Campus Society, (Circa 200 BC) and the second period of the Paleozoic Age, (Circa 201BC) and will be given a position of honor in museums throughout the world and Canada,

including the Mills Memorial Library showcases where the exhibit will be sponsored by the House of Seagram in line with that firm's policy of spreading culture more particularly Canadian Culture, and more particularly still, Seagram's V.O. which, however, seems to spread quite well by itself.

The find is subject to confirmation by the Professor of Old Testament History. The janitor making the discovery has received a citation. His assistant has also received a citation. The model has received many phone calls.

—The Silhouette.



## To Hell With You Too

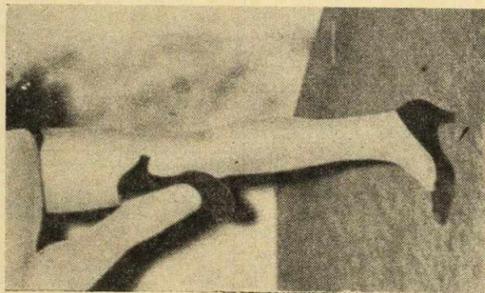
This marks the beginning of a campaign. A movement is now afoot to do away with nice, kind, friendly people. These are actually three different groups but they can be lumped together. They have one thing in common: they are all too damn agreeable. They are colorless and dull.

We can make a perfectly outlandish remark. The nice person might recognize it as such but he doesn't have the gumption to disagree. He is far too polite to contradict. And so he nods his head and smiles his vague smile.

We can be particularly nasty to a friendly person. He suffers in silence. He will continue to be friendly. He may even go so far as to slap us on the back by way of greeting. We loathe the people who slap us on the back for any reason. If this sympathetic soul should find the spirit to work up a pale sort of dislike, he would never express it outright. He might be rebuffed, you see. No worse fate can befall the friendly clan.

A kindly type would, of course, offer us the shirt of his back. We don't want his shirt. It probably would not fit anyway. If he must give us something, why not money? Or a Cadillac? Oh no! Tradition calls for the shirt off his back. That is easily explained. People who have something better to donate never do. We hate these people. We want to exterminate them. We want to replace them with contradictory, miserable, mean old slobbs like us. And we're certainly in the majority.

—The Sheaf.



## HAVE YOU TRIED?

Take your choice — gams, torso, or come-hither.. We spread it around; you put the pieces back together again. Cut out the chunks of these deluxe co-eds currently attending Dal, and see whether you can mend them correctly.

Drop your correct answers into the Gazette office whenever you feel like it? Who knows, if there is a prize, you might win it?

P.S.—The pieces are in this special edition.

## ENGINEERS AND MUSIC

It is a well-known fact that whenever men of great learning, intelligence and outstanding ability gather, there is also a much smaller group of pseudo-intellectuals that delights in berating and insulting these esteemed individuals. The inane, picayune, supercilious statements are seldom refuted, not because of their invalidity, but the refusal to lower oneself to the level of the "minutiae bagatelle."

So it is at a University. Engineers will gather for training, profound discussion, and eventual graduation. The ever present twaddle will reveal their hebetude and gross ignorance by the repetition of a series of doltish, anile, blatant phrases—the most common being "Youse Engineers ain't got no culture nohow."

It is not the purpose of these few words to attempt to analyse the reasons for this Boeotian statement, jealousy will make itself manifest in many forms: rather the purpose is to indicate how utterly nonsensical and irrational it is to infer that En-

gineers even tend to approach the state of "lack of culture."

A refutation of the dictionary definition would only result in a problem in semantics, which would be beyond the mental capabilities of the purveyors of the galimatias. Instead, the approach will be to accept the layman's definition "knowledge of the arts" and show that engineers are not only proficient in these phrases, but are actually the ne plus ultra, or summum genus.

Let us consider—music.

The casual observer, perusing the university calendar and noting no formal music courses on the Engineering curriculum, is led to believe the Engineer has no knowledge of this "form of culture." Nothing could be further from the truth. Music forms an inherent part of the Engineer's training and professional career. What Engineer can forget the thrill of the clear pitch and tone created by a transmission line, hanging as a catenary, (cosh function), when the wind gently caresses the line into sympathetic vibrations? Who can turn away from the almost bell like, reassuring, pleasantly resonant note of the 60 cycle hum of a transformer station, three phase deltatstar connected? Every student in the Mech E. 84 laboratory must recall with pleasure the subtle purr of the diesel engine operating at full throttle and the odd rhythm and syncopation caused by the historical steam engine, wheezing and whoozing in its vain attempt to compete with the more modern, more efficient form of power—the internal combustion engine. Engineers will never cease to be ecstatic about the sound of a train whistle — especially when the locomotive passes and the classic demonstration of the doppler effect is achieved. The followers of traditional symphony will never hear a more excitable, sensuous, passionate roll on the kettle drums, than the Engineer hears when a charge of dynamite is fired.

—The Sheaf.

SAD!

Down the street the funeral goes;  
The wails and cries diminish.  
He died from drinking shellac, they say.  
But he had a lovely finish!

—The Sheaf

## CAN YOU LAFF AT THIS ONE!

### It Couldn't Happen Here

At last the results you have been waiting for. The sensational results of the scientific survey recently carried out on the Mixmaster campus, entitled, "The Ideal Man" or "It Doesn't Happen Here." What does he wear? What does he look like? Who is he? Where can we find him? How old? How tall? We have the answers.

To begin with the ideal man is a man. This may seem elementary but is very important as far as being ideal goes. The ideal man is also interested in girls, females, women, dames, babes, skirts, flappers, ladies, and critters of the opposite sex. And with any luck at all, they are interested in him. But this is away from the subject.

The ideal man looks more or less like a man, you know, heads, arms, legs, eyes, mouths, etc. How tall is he. The ideal man may be anything from 3'9" to 9'3" tall. He should have some height somewhere in between these two extremes. The Ideal Man also has lots and lots of muscles, but usually reserves them for special occasions.

The ideal man is usually somewhere between 15 and 65 years of age. These are the limits, and the really perfect ideal type is about twenty-five. But since this only happens once in a man's life you can't be too choosy. The ideal man has also several important social attributes: and social attributes are important. For instance: he knows how to bite his fingernails without looking nervous. That is the most important social attribute because you never know when an ideal man is going to have to bite his fingernails.

The ideal man. What a fabulous character. He is every woman's desire, every man's rival. He lets his hair grow just long enough to have cute little curls and of course he looks cute from the moment he gets up in the morning (of course he wears striped pyjamas) until he kissed you sweetly goodnight... on the end of the nose if you're a junior. He of course, has other social talents, like knowing enough not to wear hobnailed shoes to teas, and not drinking more than one case of beer in a night. And best of all, more girls agree on this point than any other, the Ideal man gets married, to a girl, preferably, and that's better than anything else!

—The Silhouette

## XMAS EXAM RESULTS!

★

POSTED AT 9:00 a.m.

TODAY IN MAIN ARTS BUILDING BASEMENT FLOOR

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Watch for our breakdown in next week's rag. It ought to knock you for a loop if today's first shocker doesn't.

## Muffler Is Bi-Sexual Garment

by LEN DAVIS

The elongated muffler, traditional garb of British school-boys, has made its appearance on campus, and seems to be here to stay.

Students no longer have to throw tomatoes at public meetings to proclaim that they have a college education, a light muffler is better identification.

The history of mufflers is of course very well known; introduced by Julius Caesar into an-



cient Gaul, they were passed on to the British after the French saw the joke. The British never saw the joke and they were adopted as a national institution. Medieval knights had them flying from their lances, and beneath the armourial bearings of the great British families will be found the "scarf rampant" bearing the family motto.

(Continued on Page 4)

## OF VICE AND YEN

This is a very serious article. Proof of its timeliness are the scurrilous attacks that have time and again been launched against the "Campus Cow"—a venerable feature of Canada's leading AND foremost student newspaper. This hoary institution has been branded as low-minded, vicious and corrupt. In short, the elite find it vulgar.

Just what is vulgarity? And why is it frowned upon today, when great men in the tradition of Chaucer, Rabelais, Lawrence Sterne and even the redoubtable Shakespeare have not considered themselves above it? Why is it that a book such as the blatantly stupid Kinsey Report (and stupidity is the epitome of immorality) is received with loud rejoicing by the same genteel class that would frown upon anyone using the same book as the subject for a rowdy joke?

Four-letter words and good strong Anglo-Saxon are out of fashion, it seems. Polite society insists upon insipid foreign words to describe quite normal bodily functions. This is not because we live in morally scrupulous age; we even pride ourselves on having outgrown Victorianism. It's simply that our intelligentsia is too damn subtle and sophisticated—as the contemporary wave of anti-intellectualism will test-

ify. We still have puritans among us who equate dirt with earth and dirtiness with earthiness. There are still too many little minds denying man's dual nature of body and spirit. And so the university of the belly-laugh is attributed to the coarseness of the common herd.

The poetry of William Blake, his unique mysticism and highly original philosophy, his creative work in the arts of painting and engraving, have all won him his place in the rarefied heights of genius. And yet this genius was man enough to be inspired by a ribald sense of humor. There is a debunking verse of his which, as we remember it, runs quite shockingly like this:

Quoth the learned Dr. Johnson  
To Scipio Africanus—  
Lift up your Roman petticoat  
And I'll kick your Roman anus!  
Ah, the University...

—Leonard LeGault.  
The Sheaf.

# DA LOUSIE GLAZETTE

