

FEATURES

SUMMER COURSE

Dal Daze...

These articles are for the present occupied with typical I. S. S. projects which do not ordinarily come to the attention of Canadian students.

It is generally agreed by Canadian I. S. S. authorities that international projects arranged in European countries are far from satisfactory to Canadian students who at present must spend several hundreds of dollars attending them, and also suffer a loss of potential earning power upon which most of us depend for our university education.

Guided sight-seeing tours, pleasure cruises, and languid periods in rest camps are fine for students who need come no further than the distance from here to Moncton to be in a foreign country, but to us a visit to Europe is a tremendous event, not a moment of which can be wasted.

One project sponsored in Holland this summer by the great universities of that country in conjunction with the Ministry of Education, Arts, and Sciences, was a short summer course in English at the famous old university of Leiden.

To this came students from all over Western Europe and the United Kingdom, with four from Canada. The course was entitled "The Culture of Cities," the aptness of which title becomes evident when we realize that the whole history of Holland has been one of development of many cities, closely placed within the small area of the country, each with a story neatly dovetailed with that of each neighbor.

The political, economic, and social history was presented in this light by means of a carefully designed syllabus of lectures, tours of inspection, demonstrations, and even a recital on the magnificent fifteenth-century organ of the Pieterskerk in Leiden. The famous art of Holland was the subject of a particularly interesting series, as was the bouwkunde, or architecture, in which field Holland's contribution has equalled and perhaps exceeded that of any other country.

A grossly overpopulated country like Holland is very conscious of the meaning of a word we use carelessly, *home*. The entire country is undergoing a great change guided by a national plan of construction. The details of this plan were studied at length, particularly in the field of town and city planning. It was of great interest to see the plans in blueprint form for the reconstruction of Rotterdam, the entire centre of which was flattened by one of the worst German attacks of the war. "Temporary" buildings of brick and tile were promptly built at the end of the war, and are being replaced under the plan, which in the course of time will result in the entire city being rebuilt.

A project of this kind is worth the attention of the overseas student, as it gives an intensive course of acquaintance with a foreign country. One particularly interesting note appeared in a lecture by a high-ranking government official, which was rendered with the utmost candour. To build a house in Holland, it is now necessary to have the sealed approval of no less than thirty-two government offices.

Other projects of the same sort were held in different European countries this summer, of which the famous Salzburg Seminar was the most conspicuous example by reason of the abundant publicity its American sponsors gave themselves in this worthy effort. In this as in others the best of everything was provided — first-rate lecturers, a fine, historical setting, good accommodation, and the best possible opportunity for international fellowship among students, earnestly studying the problems of other nations.

International gatherings this summer frequently degenerated into low comedy by reason of their great numbers. International Quakers, International Children of Temperance, International Women's Clubs, International Students, International Communists, Boy Scouts, Christians, flocked together, bustling with good-will, and enormously satisfied with what is now humorously known as "The International Outlook."

In the first year in many of comparatively unrestricted travel, thousands flocked together, hashed over a ten years' backlog of cliches, and returned either hopefully confused or tragically oversatisfied.

Not too much can be said for an international gathering in which students meet to study very seriously together in a constructive way and under the guidance of the greatest men in their fields. No efforts by Canadian students in their International Students Service in building up a world-wide university community will be wasted.

Geoffrey Payzant



Robert E. Hart

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GAZETTE SAVED

Circulation Booms As McClod Arrives

By P. Juniper McClod

Red-itor Dew Millwright sat at his desk in the basement offices of the GAZOOT (Dullhouse's Oddest Student Flublication). His fevered brow was drenched with sweat. It ran in little rivulets down his nose, saturated his redundant mustache, and dripped into an ink-bottle. Millwright was worried. At the other side of the office a trash can wiggled uneasily. It jumped. It slid back and forth. Fatuous and Fliterary Editor Less-Ozone peered anxiously over the rim. He was worried also. Millwright had just thrown a typewriter at him, and he was completely unkeyed. It was less than ten days till deadline time, and Less-Ozone had received no contributions. He had tried. That was obvious. He had paraded the campus with signs declaiming on "Friendship, Companionship, Battleship — all are offered in the GAZOOT clique," and "Come Along, Freshmen — won't you join us for tea and tears?" But no one had contributed. He had offered cash prizes for the best poems on "Communist Infiltration and Canadian Football" and "Ten Best Methods in Hanging an Iron Curtain." Still no one had contributed. He was cornered. Millwright was angry at him. The GAZOOT would be late next month.

The air was tense. Millwright threw a table at Ozone. Ozone climbed up the wall. . . There was a gentle knock at the door. . . No one spoke. The door opened slowly. Millwright gasped — making a wet sound, and began to murmur fervently the magic words — "C. U. L. A. means confused under Liberal Administration, C. U. L. A. means . . ." There, outlined against the stygian darkness of the outer-hall, stood a stranger, tall of stature and capitalistic of countenance.

Summoning all his strength — the Red-itor pulled a Union Jack from his pocket, and gaining strength thereby, advanced to meet the stranger. Ozone clung to the wall, quite near the ceiling.

"W-w-w-who are y-y-you?" demanded Millwright, in a stentorian falsetto.

The stranger's saturnine countenance beamed upon him. "I say, old man, I'm the contributor."

Ozone slid down the wall and splashed on the floor. With great self-control, Millwright muttered, "Yes, that is of course, and certainly." Recalling the fruitless

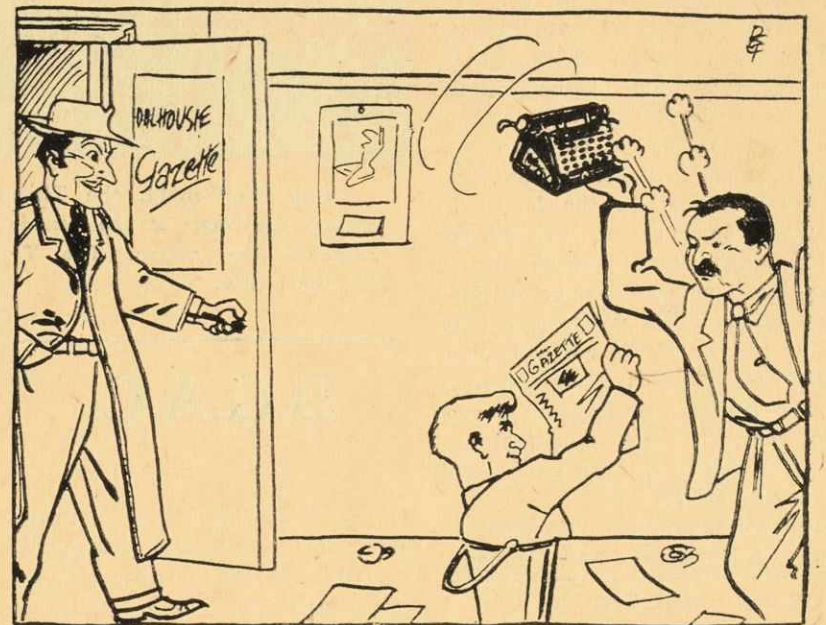
T - SQUARE

Anybody got a cigarette? Only two weeks since the smoker and not a cigarette on me. That's what I get for going in the common room. Why didn't you go to the smoker, Blakey? Just think, you could be smoking your own cigarettes.

Orchids to the rugby team who showed their true colors (black and blue) by defeating a strong Arts and Science team 8-0. It must have been the orange juice, eh fellows? Lets keep up the good work and put Commerce in its place. How many noticed the pair of bloomers on the field during the game? Oh, you must have; you all know Basil and Newton.

The Society seems to be getting nowhere with their plans for the annual trip. Come on fellows, pick a place before someone really tells you where to go. It is our policy to allow other faculties the use of the common room. Certain rules are in effect regarding treatment of the furniture. THESE APPLY TO EVERYONE, NOT ONLY ENGINEERS. We appreciate our common room, do you?

University of Western Ontario also took the measure of the McMaster Rams. This time the lop-sided score was 28-2.



quest for talent, he became sly and cautious. "Ah-ha, I see. Yes-yes. Well — see Mr. Ozone who will assign you a three page feature to be completed in twenty minutes. And, by the way, what is your name? Purely for our files of course."

The stranger smiled. "I say, old man, don't you know? I am P. Juniper McClod, seventh cousin, on the fraternal side of course, to J. Cricket McGosh, and direct descendant of M. Rufus Rayne." At the sound of this revered name, Millwright collapsed weakly upon Ozone, who was attempting to hide himself under an old GAZOOT, screaming, "We

are saved, we are saved. McClod is here!!

And in a rushing tornado, the hallowed name was carried through the halls of the moss-hung Arts Bldg. to be revered in all journalistic circles (Except of course, the King's Phonograph, which, as any fool knows, is published by journalistic squares for circulation on the Quadrangle)

McClod sat down before a typewriter and began to write a weekly column. McClod, in fact, was here.

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