

FEATURES

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where . . .
I lose more damn arrows that way. — CUCND

DATELINE

by Rolf J. Schultz

Economic Waste

All through the ages business has been subject to constant criticism about its willingness to sacrifice everything for the sake of a few material gains.

At present it seems to have hit a new low in the form of advertising, which is the type of promotion it uses to either inveigle, bully or trick the potential customer of its products by making psychological and social pressures so great that, as a result, eight out of every ten hospital inmates are there for mental reasons.

In a society where the buying habits have almost become unconditioned reflexes, with the consumer placed in a position where he can either obey the slick commands from blatant advertisements, or crack up under the strain, something must be done to, at least, check on the most outrageous aspects of the sickening 20th century phenomenon.

Advertising itself is basically a healthy type of persuasion, almost identical with our competitive system of enterprise. But when this same advertising becomes a multi-million dollar industry where thousands of misguided young men equate freedom of speech with freedom of uttering any idiotic line that comes into their heads; when mercenary scientists prostitute their knowledge to capitalize on needs and frustrations they themselves largely operated; when non-sensical two-line jungles are worshipped like passages from the Scriptures; when all creativity is sluiced forcefully into a brackish current of gobbledygook and gibberish; and when half-literate directors are allowed to set the pattern of a putrescent, mass-produced culture; it is then that something has to be done to keep us from slipping head-first into the morass of stagnancy and decadence that is the fate of any civilization overrun by a more vigorous and less artificial one.

The way advertising has been carried on for the past decade has already resulted in a meek and spineless generation which, as yet, has to wake up to the realization that our era is one of crisis, and might well mark the final years of the supremacy of Western civilization.

The ignominious role played by advertising in bringing about this situation can only be properly evaluated by later historians, but meantime its most shameful contribution can be said to lie in the fact that it has deluded and hoodwinked a whole, critically vital generation, by falsely mirroring a gingerbread world where everything is as well-ordered and comfortable as a pleasant country-club.

By making out life to be a continuous free-for-all carnival where no one is allowed to stand still or lag behind for fear of giving opportunity to some independent reflection; by constantly belittling the dignity of any human being's intelligence and by reshaping the resulant uncertainty and confusion to its own ends, it has succeeded in building up a glass world of brittle values and concepts, ready to be shattered by any long-range tremor.

If we fail to come to grips with it, advertising may well prove to be Nero's fiddling at the spiritual burning of our society, with us a part of a civilization and culture, slumbering ourselves peacefully into the backwash of history.

How We Observed Christmas, 1943

In recent years the consumer's Christmas has become closely related to trips to Florida, presents, and visits from Santa Claus appearing on television as early as November 15. But for Dalhousie at the height of the war Christmas had a deeper significance.

For them the true and integral meaning of Christmas had grown consistently stronger, until they derived from it a more enriching satisfaction than we could have ever known in childhood. They realized now more than ever before, just how much the world needs that unfulfilled message of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men!" For it is still a message whose inner warmth, simplicity and strength reaches out to all humanity.

Throughout the utter chaos and bleakness of this sorrowing world, there is still a light left burning, and it is up to all people struggling toward it, to show that they recognize, and place infinite trust in its far-reaching rays.

That is why our fighting men in every part of this war-torn world, whether in a fox-hole, hospital or bright-lighter messhall, will continue to observe, as well as they can, the traditions of the past, and why we at home should join with them in this anniversary of Christ's birth.

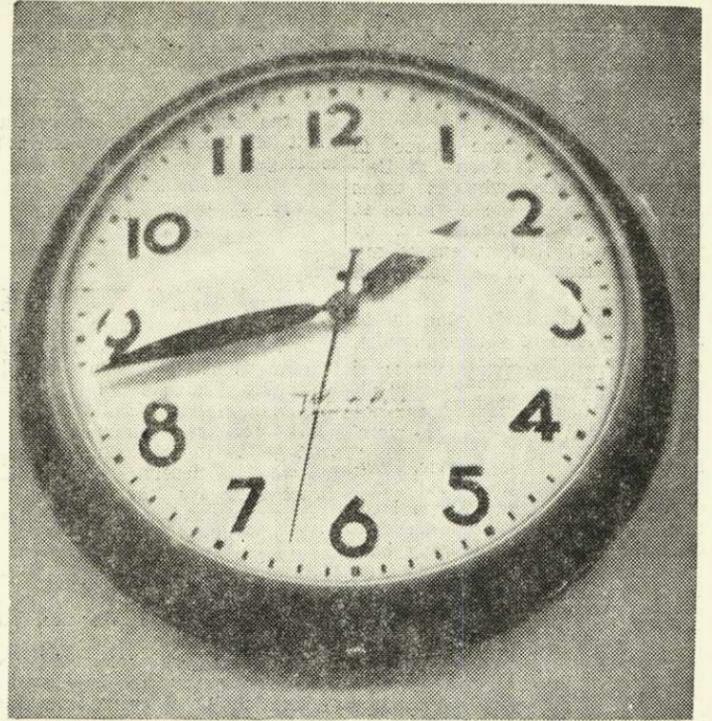
For that light which shines invisible is the flame of our inward spirit, without which there can be only a void of despair

Time

passes . . .

Will

You?



Newfoundland Revisited

The Gazette's overseas circulation has increased by leaps and bounds in recent weeks. In deference to our overseas readers, we have taken this opportunity to print some of our mail from across the waters.

FROM ST. JOHN'S

Sir:

Isn't there enough trouble in the world without people having to go look for more. When you refused to apologize for the statement you made in your newspaper, you said our request for an apology only proved what Mainlanders say about Newfoundland people being a little backward and sensitive to criticism about their homeland. What's the sense of working hard to build a better place for ourselves in which to live, if we're not going to be proud and sensitive to unreasonable criticism such as yours.

Maybe I don't have a university education like yourself, but I'm willing to bet that there's more common sense in my little finger than there is in your whole body; there has to be, because I wouldn't have said such a stupid thing about the Prime Minister and about honest, hard working people. In all my nineteen years, I've heard many Mainlanders criticize Newfoundland, but when young people take up where the older people are beginning to leave off, I think that's going a bit too far.

I'd like you to know that Newfoundlanders are a fine breed of people. As regards to Main-

landers belief about Newfoundlanders being a "little backward", I'm disgusted! You only have to look up your own records and dozens of more like it and note the number of Newfoundlanders who graduate every year. We have a new university ourselves now which is overflowing with students. There are approximately 133,000 children attending school in Newfoundland and I don't think they can get as good an education anywhere as they're getting here. If this is your idea of people being a "little backward", then I'm proud to be a part of it.

I would like to see someone put a stop to this Dark Age

criticism of Newfoundland. It's unjust and senseless. Of course it hurts to always hear Canadians call down our Island! I wonder what would happen if we criticized your hometown in our daily newspaper, or any other town in Canada for that matter. Wouldn't you be sensitive!

As long as you people persist in criticizing us as you do, that's as long as we shall continue calling ourselves NEWFOUNDLANDERS, and at the rate you're going, that's going to be for quite some time.

Sincerely,
BETTY COADY
St. John's Newfoundland

. . . AND GRAND FALLS

Sir:

From my comfortable, furnace heated seven room "igloo" I am writing to protest a recent article in your magazine. Our igloo is on a pleasant residential street in a prosperous, well kept town in Newfoundland. Your narrow little mind may think that Grand Falls is to be found only in New Brunswick.

What a pitiful attempt at satire and what garbage for a university magazine to print. The writer can clearly be pictured by any adult worthy of the name, as a spoiled, brazen little boy craving attention so much that he had to ridicule the Prime Minister, Newfoundland and our Premier in order to get it.

I presume this boy is attending your university for the purpose of being educated. If he is to be the product of university education, then heaven help the world. His egotism is sickening and unless someone cuts him down to size, just imagine being inflicted by his warped humor in the future. Ugh.

There is a lot to be said for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. You see, its greatest blessing is that it separates us in Newfoundland from him. Warn him, will you, that he should be deemed it necessary to visit Newfoundland to enlighten us that there will be a strong temptation to toss him into the Gulf. That is what we COULD do, but not what we WOULD do. In spite of all the ugly lies and sick jokes about us and our way of life, we retain two attributes, among others — courtesy and hospitality. We were civilized long before Confederation and now we wonder if the rest of Canada is. Would it be possible (in simple terms, of course) to explain that fact to him: If he does not comprehend I strongly urge you to stand him in the corner, with suitable headress and give him two books to read — Newfoundland History and Newfoundland Geography. He may absorb a little from each and thus become a better man.

Confederate means union and Confederation means belonging to. I, for one, could never think of myself as Canadian while one person like the writer, who is a Canadian by birth and

who apparently thinks he possesses a master mind, is allowed to make such crude remarks about the Prime Minister, Newfoundland and its Premier. Why choose the opening of our fine new Memorial University as an occasion in which to attack? If he has no respect for the Prime Minister as a man, AND I THINK HE SHOULD, then why not show a little respect for the position he represents? Has this boy not been taught respect for anyone? If this is the trend of "expression" your university condones, then it is one which we certainly would not want our son to attend.

I am not a university graduate, but I am a firm believer in as much education as possible. I received my Grade XI twenty-three years ago and followed that by a Commercial Course. You may think that my lack of any further education makes me just another reader, with right to criticize nothing I read and with which I disagree. But remember, freedom of the press and of speech, as long as one does not abuse that privilege, is for everyone. I don't criticize the article about which I write to you. I treat it with utter con-

tempt. With the world situation being what it is, don't you agree that it would be much better to write something constructive and thus deserve and preserve this freedom which is ours?

If you don't feel as I do about this, we on this island, or outpost as you call it, will surely have to silently add "from satirists" when singing with all our hearts, "God Guard Thee Newfoundland."

Sincerely,
MRS. WILLIAM BARTLE
Grand Falls, Newfoundland

P.S. After finishing this letter and having it ready for the post, I heard an announcement that you have refused to apologize. But you couldn't stop at that, could you? You had to injure us just a little more by adding that it is little wonder that the rest of Canada considers us in Newfoundland just a little backward and oversensitive, or words to that effect. Remember, it takes a real man to admit he has done wrong. But usually Newfoundlanders have learned that where there is injury to show pardon. In your case our pardon is for your lack of knowing better.