

The Continental

The author of this column thinks that it is only fitting to bring the Dalhousie campus news of Acadia. At last we have heard from the Athenaeum, and we want to assure you that the Wolfville Rag is still functioning. So on with the news! Enrolment has increased from 520 in 1952-53 to 572 at this Fall's registration. The Axemen pulverized the rugger squad from St. F.X. to the tune of 5-0, and Cal Annis was crowned "King of the Frosh" at an Open House held on Saturday evening. Their gossip column "Hits and Misses" is still using up about six inches of space, and the Frosh can be heard repeating "I'm green, I'm green, I'm green".

Speaking of green, let's go westward to the University of Saskatchewan and the Sheaf. I only give them space in this issue because of a rather crude remark on their fifth page, beneath a feature article titled "Kinsey Rides Again". To quote: "Dalhousie University, in Halifax, claims the Inter-collegiate corpucule cup for being the bloodiest campus in the Dominion. The Dalhousie Gazette claims that the Eastern university has a record of 55.06% or 58% of students who donated blood depending on how you add up the figures." One might think that they were putting old news in their paper since the blood drive in question was held in February, 1953, nearly ten months ago.

With a love for alliteration McMaster's Silhouette wonders "Will we wallop Western?" and announces that "Sidney Smith Stresses S's in Addresses". They are holding a student opinion poll in conjunction with the NFOUS proposal that its levy should be raised from the current 20c to \$1.00. Incidentally, their registration has, also, taken a leap.

Have you ever heard this one? Compliments for this go to The Spectrum, south of the border in Buffalo. It is titled "Why I Never Joined a Sorority".

1. I wanted to do as I wished and think for myself instead of being led around by a bunch of sorority sisters.
 2. I had never gone into women's clubs and organizations before I came to college and I didn't want to start.
 3. I had never danced with a man in my life and I don't want to.
 4. I didn't like the idea of having to sleep and room with the same girl all semester.
 5. I didn't fill out a sweater like other girls did and I didn't look very attractive in a sleeveless low-cut gown.
 6. I am a male.
- Remember the old man who was giving advice to his nearest and dearest and who told him "You can choke on a joke, son, but don't trip over it."
- "Enough and more than enough" for this week anyway.

Thoughts on a Proposed Shampoo

To wash, or not to wash; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the main to suffer
The slights and hatred of outraged society,
Or to take heart and plunge the head in water,
And with good soaping, scrub it. To wash, to clean;
No more; and by a wash to say we end
The natural greasiness of stringy hairdo
Which is our fate, 'tis a joy unbounded,
Devoutly to be wished. To wash, to clean,
To clean, perchance to friz — ay, there's the rub,
For the hair is scrubbed, the permanent
Rising in kinky, fuzzy little frizzes
Make us to pause. There is the dance
Which we are going to tomorrow night,
And who could bear the sneers of all the rest,
The triumph song, th' sophisticated smirk
Of other girls whose hair is shining bright,
The insolence, the shunning and the spurns
That our cross escort then would make to us
When he himself could just as well have gone
With yonder redhead? Who can these tortures bear
And pale and sweat under a greasy top,
But yet, if it is washed tonight, it will
Be dirty Sunday for the Glee Club tea.
No answer is returned, our mind doth mourn,
And we must make the dread decision,
To which decisions else are small and naught,
Thus hairdo s do make weaklings of us all,
E'en though the native hue of mousy brown
Is slicked over with unnatural blonde,
And enterprises, failures otherwise,
In this regard, our added golden poise
Lends charm to action. A thought comes now!
Oh, fairest scissors! Hair, take your last farewell,
This is the sole solution.

N. W.

Whodunit?

(A murder mystery in three acts, not produced by the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society).

Scene: Brightly lighted living room.

Enter a youth carrying a stock of books and periodicals. He puts them down on the floor and stretches into a chair, turns off all the lights except the chair lamp, picks up a book and opens it.

Youth: Ho hum. (He thumbs through the book looking at the captions underneath the pictures. He puts it down.)

Youth: M-m-m. (In rapid succession he looks at all the books. He grows drowsy. He falls asleep.)
Youth: Z-z-z-z-z-z.

Suddenly the books come to life. One of them advances to two others. "Dickens" — Foo — blow! All this dust! I've never been so dusty before. The youth's father was always very careful of me. But times have changed. "Scott" — Yes, indeed. I quite agree. People don't bother with us anymore — I'm growing quite used to being thrown down in disgust.

"Tennyson" — (adjusting his torn jacket). And think of my plight! I do not get even a chance today, because the young people, thanks to their revered literary critics, are allowed to call me old-fashioned and ponderous. You boys are at least opened and read.

"Scott" (scornfully). Read? Minced and strained, rather, so that nothing is got out of us but the bare story we have to tell! If that were all I am worth, I would dispose of it in a few pages, but, (smoothing his pages conceitedly) I always was rather proud of my descriptions and historical information — (he sees that the others are not listening and humbly joins the group again.)

"Dickens" — AS A MATTER OF FACT (sees that Scott is listening), I have found that myself. All anyone wants nowadays is a story, the more thrilling, the bet-

ter. That is why, I believe, those dreadful magazines that are called "Digests" are so popular. None has time anymore to bother enjoying a writers' style, or his descriptions, or the characters he so carefully creates — none is interested in a novel —

"Tennyson" (irritated) — or poem.

"Dickens" (unperturbed) except to find out what happened, and the quicker the better.

"Scott" — (with dungeon-like gloom). It's quite hopeless, I fear. Our place has been taken by comics and digests and book reviews, and we can do naught but fall into disuse and scorn. (He paces the floor, and accidentally stumbles over the foot of the youth) who is still sleeping. His face lights up.)

"Scott", (excitedly). Boys, I have an idea. Have you ever heard that one must treat fire with fire? (The others nod assent.) He continues: Now is our opportunity — (his voice sinks to a skeletal hoarse whisper. The audience can make out only a few phrases, such as "perfect crime," and evil chuckles.)

(The three gather at the opposite end of the room and go into a huddle. At a pre-arranged signal they rush towards the youth, the dust flying from their covers making a perfect smoke screen. Before the dust has settled Inspector Bonfire enters the room. He examines the evidence. There is no evidence. No footprints. No fingerprints. No lipsticked cigarettes. Death accidental. He barks an order. The corpse is wheeled out. Bonfire follows. The door closes with a click. The room is silent. There is a faint demonic rustle from three open books.)

CURTAIN

N. W.

The Tub-Thumper

by JOHN McCURDY

Going to the game? A familiar question, is it not? If one was to take a census last Saturday they would have found that this question was probably asked about three thousand times. Too bad that the game was so uneven, but it was wonderful to see such a turnout. Who says that the spirit of Dalhousie is in its ebb? Take the turnout for Sodales debate about initiation. Although the majority were upper classmen, and the issue primarily concerned the freshmen class; (whether there would be another initiation on the campus), it was a good showing.

Speaking of spirit, you may have noticed that the English II class room was a bit more bizarre than usual. An Indian sale! What an idea! The W.U.S. should be given a medal for distinctive service in "battle", and also for their brain waves. If you had your radio tuned in you would have heard it. If you happened to be walking around the campus with your two eyes open you might have run into a poster or two. If you happened to be downtown on Saturday afternoon or at the game, you might have seen the Treasure Van tooting around. At the sale they had everything from 10 cents to a twenty-five hundred jade box. The only thing that was lacking was the snake charmer and rope climber.

Seriously though, it was a tremendous success and we should all give a hand to those who helped to make it so. An extra hand should go out to Mrs. Mulbany, the human dynamo behind it all. It was too bad that more students were not given the privilege to meet her (and work for her). I'm sure that the ones who did were quite impressed by her powers.

Just a reminder before I close for this week — were any of you in the canteen after the football game? Once again may I make a plea to the Council for better facilities and more food — on Saturdays!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's your name? Not your surname, but the first name. Is it John, Eleanor, Richard? We are accustomed to call everyone by his first name without thinking or perhaps caring what terrible things we might rally be saying. Let's read further.

The first name was, until about the sixteenth century, the only name a child had, and his parents chose it carefully, as it was to be an identifying tag. The Norsemen were particularly inventive, and we have records of unfortunate Vikings with names such as Ragnar Lodbrog, (shaggy breeches), and Sprakaleg, (creaky legs). Even the famous "Canute" is really a nickname which many students will find familiar — "knobby".

Not blessed with this inventiveness, many Englishmen have made up for it in number. This is probably the reason for Anna Bertha Cecelia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysis Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeno Pepper, an authentic person born in Liverpool in 1800 — (she probably died the first time someone patted her on the head and playfully asked, "And what is your name, little girl? But this is not recorded.)

Our modern christened names are survivals and corruptions of what were once adjectives describing the character of hoped-for future of their owners. Below is a list of names and the meanings they once had. Judge yourselves accordingly!

- Albert — illustrious and noble
- Alexander — a defender of men
- Alfred — good counsellor
- Andrew — manly
- Arnold — strong as an eagle
- Bernard — bold as a bear
- Cecil — dim-sighted
- Charles — strong
- David — beloved
- Donald — world ruler
- Edward — protector of property
- George — a husbandman
- Gerald — spear-wielder
- Harold — army leader
- Hector — holding fast
- Henry — ruler of private property
- Hugh — mind
- James — a supplanter
- John — God is gracious
- Lewis — famous warrior
- Martin — warlike
- Michael — Who is like God?
- Neil — courageous
- Paul — little
- Peter — a rock
- Philip — a lover of horses
- Richard — powerful
- Robert — bright in fame
- Roger — famous with the spear
- Roy — a king
- Theodore — gift of God
- Thomas — a twin
- Vincent — a conqueror
- Walter — ruling the host
- Willfred — desire for peace
- William — helmet of resolution

- Alice — truth
- Ann — grace
- Barbara — strange
- Bertha — bright
- Carolyn — strong
- Catherine — pure
- Deborah — a bee
- Diana — a goddess
- Dorothy — gift of God
- Elizabeth — consecrated to God
- Estelle — star
- Ethel — noble
- Evelyn — youth
- Florence — bloom
- Hilda — battle maid
- Irene — peace
- Jane, Joan — fem. of John
- Joyce — jocose
- Judy — praised
- Laura — laurel
- Lillian — lily
- Louise — fem. of Lewis
- Lucy — born at dawn
- Margaret — a pearl
- Martha — a lady
- Nancy — Ann
- Nell, Elaine, Helen — pity
- Phyllis — a green bough
- Ruth — friend
- Sarah — a princess
- Susan — a lily

Our ancestors liked noble, warlike names for their sons and pretty ones for their daughters. If you find that your name is disagreeable, then rejoice that at least it is not Japhnaphpaaneah Abetedom Nicodemus Charles Francis Edward, who was a son of Harry and Sarah Clark, and this is true, cross my heart!

IMAGINE THAT!

In the long ago, court astrologers who had charge of choosing juries used to select one for every sign of the Zodiac. In this way every type of mind and character would supposedly be represented and the verdict would be most fair. This is why we have twelve men on a jury today.

In the coffee-houses of England in the eighteenth century there was always a box labelled "To Insure Promptness." If a gentleman wanted prompt service he found it helpful to drop a coin into the box in sight of the waiter. From the first three letters of the label we get our modern word "tip".

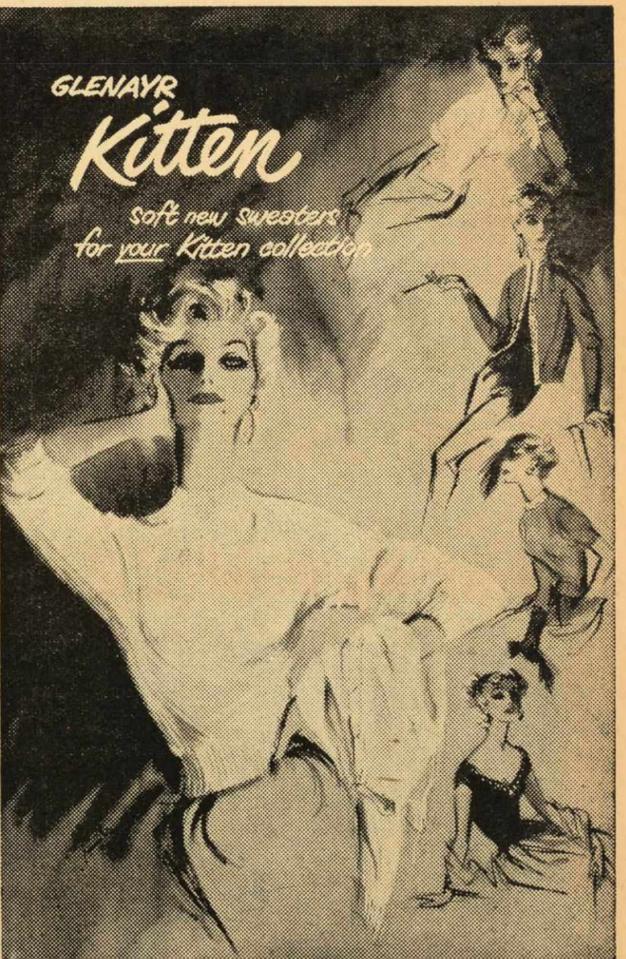
German householders in mediaeval times were nearly always bothered with pests like rats and squirrels who nested in their houses and irritated the family with the sound of their gnawing. The Germans called them "naggen" from the Scandinavian word "to gnaw". Eventually they applied "naggen" to any disturbing or irritating nuisance. Since the chief nuisance men endured was their scolding wives, these offenders were said to nag!

Advice to a Young Boy on Entering College

The time has come, oh little one
To think of other things,
Of girls and dates and panty raids
Of marriages and rings.

Remember what I told you lad,
About the facts of life,
Make sure you don't do naughty things
And bring home to me a wife!

John McCurdy



Soft cashmere-treated Lambswool...
full-fashioned... hand-finished... shrink-proof
... moth-proof. \$6.95, \$7.95, \$8.95. Jewelled
and others higher. At good shops everywhere.

HELP !!

Features
Writers
Wanted!

Why Don't They—

Spend more time on geography in the high schools, since an adequate knowledge of the countries and cities of the world is so necessary if one is to appreciate history, literature, current news. Too many students enter college and find themselves lost in classes on political science or ancient history.

Maps are fascinating in their own right, and their study can be pure pleasure. Perhaps these inadequately prepared students could treat themselves to a side-course in geography given by themselves at their own leisure. They would find that there is no firmer base on which to establish a real understanding of current affairs, and the studies of religion, art, and mankind.

DON'T FORGET THE
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