

Continental

I wonder how many of us on Studley Campus have had the opportunity of reading the first issue of Volume two, of the Dalhousie Medical Journal, written and published by the Med students on the Forrest Campus? Personally, I don't think the Editors of page one of the Gazette were aware of its existence. Edited by Henry Presutti, and managed by Jack Fairweather, it contains for example an article called "Helium Therapy in Pulmonary Conditions with Special Respect to Asthma" by Mike DeLory, H. B. Sabean, Peter Gordon, Ord Elliott, and Charlie Brennan commented on medical care of the eskimo, anticoagulants, natural childbirth, and the peptic ulcer, with Tom Edgett having a few words to say about Phi Rho. All in all the undergraduate medical students have a good deal to be proud of, and as one member of our immediate household commented—"by gum that's some Journal. Look what Medicine can do."

Out to the University of British Columbia and the Ubysey, where this writer saw a startling headline: "Kinsey Called Defence Threat Sending Mom to Pub for Sex." The team defending Kinsey's work on sexual behavior of humans lost to the negative side, but both sides had some interesting comments. For example Ken Perry asserted that "mothers are the foundation of the home and with Kinsey's statement that women at the age of 35 are in their prime, it will mean that they will be flaunting their hips in every pub and tavern while father sits disconsolate at home." Father according to Kinsey is worn out after his 20's.

And while father is sitting home by the fireside, the Editors of the Ubysey, are boiling over the ability of the three delegates from the French language papers to pass the motion at the C.U.P. Conference that the judge for the Editorial contest be bi-lingual, which means that invariably the judge must come from either Ontario or Quebec. They seem to think that the chances for a University from Western Canada winning the Bracken Trophy are pretty slim.

The silhouette, aside from a rather breathtaking picture of a strong and handsome basketball player, devotes most of its front page to Max Ferguson, better known as "Rawhide." "Rawhide," who is well known by some of the older students at Dal because he was featured at the Black and Gold Review in 1951, will be the big attraction at the Mac Formal. Along with this the Silhouette says there are only 82 days before examinations, and that the Sheaf deprived them of the Bureau Trophy. In the opinion of this person, the Sheaf is to the Silhouette what Sally Rand is to Margot Fonteyn—both good in their fields—but what a difference in the fields!

The University of Toronto's Varsity livened up its front page by featuring a picture of Miss Mary Lynn Manrow, and changing its title to Farsity. In its lovelorn column the motto gals is "men on the floor for fifty-four" and its crime column says "Pogo to Go." Aside from this there was nothing of interest to Dalhousie students.

Are You Interested In A Study of Jesus?

Several articles in recent issues of the Gazette indicate that there is widespread interest in Jesus, in Christianity and in the whole area of religious thought. These articles in general have raised questions without providing methods for finding the answers, and on the whole have revealed a hazy rather than precise knowledge of the person and significance of Jesus.

Because the issues raised present perplexing and searching questions to the thoughtful student, we feel that the student body as a whole should be informed about some study groups, which have been enthusiastically endorsed by many of Dalhousie's best students for many years.

The four gospels—about 130 pages in ordinary book print—contain almost all we know about Jesus. The material to be mastered is therefore not so extensive as to prevent a student from becoming reasonably competent in it, provided he is willing to spend an amount of time comparable to that required to master a university course. Unless one spends such an amount of time and effort, he is unlikely to be in a position to be taken seriously when giving opinions

about the central character involved.

A method of study that has proved most fruitful in acquiring a satisfying understanding of Jesus, has been carried on by small groups of students and staff at Dalhousie for many years. Each person in the group makes an individual and independent study of the original records of Jesus, and meets with the others once a week to compare and discuss findings. The study is begun without any initial theory as to the nature or source of the records and without any assumption about the person of Jesus.

It is of utmost importance that the study be made with intellectual and moral integrity.

Dr. H. L. Bronson, former Head of the Dept. of Physics, has been leading such study groups for over 30 years. In addition, several other staff members who have been in the groups, are leading or are willing to lead other groups of students. Anyone seriously interested in a study of Jesus on such a basis as is outlined above is invited to meet on Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 2 p.m. in the West Common Room of the Men's Residence.

—B.L.R.

King's Column—

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chairman any information about events in their particular society which might be of interest. The chairman would in turn submit this to the proper publications.

A public relations committee fund would be set up from the proceeds of articles; all societies would have access to the fund for advertising purposes, depending on the ratification of the student body.

A promising bridge tournament was nipped in the bud last week. North Pole Bay, which is the bridge capital of King's, had challenged Alexandra Hall to a match. Unfortunately this was forbidden by higher authorities to be played in the Alexandra Hall common room, resulting in indefinite postponement of the tournament.

Sunday night was the occasion for two events of special interest to King's students. Sunday last was named by the Church of England in Canada, Theological Education Sunday, devoted in Halifax to exposition of the work of King's College and its Divinity School. The evening service at the cathedral was given over to this purpose, and four King's College Divinity Students performed special duties. Roy Farnham and Tom Crowther read the Epistle and Gospel, and Bob Davis sang the responses and collects. The sermon was preached by the Senior Student, John Farmer, who carried the work and message of the late President of King's College, Canon Walker; that in these difficult and dangerous days there must be devoted Christians to show the way through self-criticism and self-discipline, to defeat the threat which overhangs the civilized world.

Sunday there was the debate at nine o'clock between Radical Bay and Chapel Bay, and another between North Pole Bay and Alexandra Hall. The first debated "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished" was won single-handedly by Bob Davis (affirmative) over Dave Rendell and Doug Morrison. Jim Fogo, president of the Dalhousie Law Society, gave a very constructive criticism of the debate. Mrs. Parke-Taylor, Dean of women, and Mr. Charles Stringer, assistant Dean of men, also kindly acted as judges. The argument was based mainly on the idea that capital punishment is not a deterrent, as proven by statistics, nor is it justified ethically. The argument that terms of life imprisonment increased the burden on the State was rebutted on the grounds that the State sought justice, not economy, in such matters.

Gail MacDonald and Ann Crookes took the affirmative, and Roy Wollaston and Dave Hart, the negative, of the resolution that a homely, efficient wife is preferable to a lazy, attractive one. Wollaston argued that pretty girls usually had rich husbands and led the life of Riley with maids, servants and gadgets; that a man would rather spend his life with an attractive woman than one who looked like the back of a bus. Ann Crookes quoted Plato to prove that beauty is of the soul; she also quoted Marilyn Monroe, "an attractive person is a natural person". (Marlon-Brando—"Never underestimate the aroma of a sweaty T-shirt")

Dave Hart reasoned that a man soon realizes that a homely, efficient wife is a drudge; he is henpecked and nagged. The armies are full of refugees from such homes. Compared with the alternatives of divorce, murder and suicide, the army is the best

Requirem

ACT I — SCENE I
(a boy and a man)

Why—he asked—why does the sinking sun glide
Into the sea,
Only to rise again on the other side?
Why does it leave its colours
To drown,
To rise again in the streets of a town?
To shine again on the side of a hill—
To shine but never to sleep
Or spill
A single drop.

(They stand in a cottage doorway,
With their eyes fixed in a single ray
Toward the lighthouse)
Later he said—on a starry night
I looked beyond the eagle's flight,
And heard the cry of a forgotten land
Behind the sky,
Of a land behind the pearl grey moon.

(They turn their backs,
The boy follows the man
Who follows the sun)

SCENE II

(a man, a city, two voices converse on a two lane bridge)

Voice I I regret, oh so deeply
I regret that I feel
My nakedness even when I sleep.

Man I can feel my shadow;
With my eye
I see it leap across the sky
And crash below in the stream.

City Deep in damp deserted lanes,
I hear no high pitched song of fame,
Only the steady, one-fingered rain.

Voice II (reading from a magazine)
If there is a nail in a board
Grasp it with a hammer
And pull it out. If you see
A large gaping hole (undoubtedly you will) fill it with
putty,
Then turn your eyes away.

Voice I Where am I? Where do I begin?
Where do I end?
I blow raw in a naked sphere!

(all across the bridge except Voice I)

Voice I (reflecting)
I was the song of the valley in summer.
I, the dark rivers and silent streams,
Listened as the twilight tip-toed
Barefooted down a winding road.
In Autumn I was a lullabye;
Dark green and rose red,
I heard the wail of winter winds
Hustling the south bound overhead.
I was winter —
Ah! If I were a spring,
If I were the whispering wind,
If I were a wave, a star,
A storm —
What deceits would lay 'neath
My silent surface!
I am not one, not three or five,
But all.
If I were to sleep one tired thought —
Unity cannot be fought.

(Exit)

way out. Therefore efficient,
homely women are a contributing
cause to war.

Gail MacDonald stated that an
attractive lazy woman in Halifax,
refusing to go down-town for
food, had given her husband
poached egg on fruit cake.

In his rebuttal Wollaston
stated that he asked the afore-
said, and had several times dined
in the same back in England.
Miss MacDonald challenged this
statement and called on the
chairman for a vote of all those
in the audience who liked poached
egg on fruit cake. The result,
(due to the fact that the males
from North Bay heavily out-
numbered the females) was
heavily in favor of poached egg
on fruit cake.

Whereby Jim Fogo declared,
although Alexandra Hall won on
a split decision, that it was the
duty of the cooks on the staff
to feed aforesaid to Messrs. Hart
and Wollaston.

Book Review

COMING DOWN THE SEINE,
Robert Bibbings—(217 pages)—
\$4.50. Dutton.

Another account of the author's
leisurely trip down the river
Seine by various types of boats
from rowboats to small transport.

Mr. Gibbings is not a stranger
to this theme, having written
several other books in the river
series. In this type of story, the
author shows you not only the
river and adjacent countryside
but the people and interesting
sidelights on history as well.

He writes easily and know-
ingly of France and her people, for
he spent a good deal of his life
studying art in Paris. It is this
artistic ability which brings out
the full flavour of his work. He
not only gives substance to his
story with his vivid word-pic-
tures, but also delights the reader
with excellent wood-engrav-
ings of the scenes which unfolded

before his eyes.
It is an excellent account in a
leisurely rippling style sugges-
tive of the river itself. Certainly
worth-while reading as an im-
aginative but nonetheless infor-
mative narrative of a great
European river and to the coun-
try through which it flows.

—G. B. Hallett

Engineers

Engineers are big and strong,
Engineers are never wrong,
They're the men who build
the nation,
And they help to stop inflation
Buying all the beer in sight
For a Big Reunion Night.
They can conquer fire or flood
But pass out when they donate
blood!

—Ariel

ENGAGEMENT — Cut Off

I flipped from the Saddle. Five hours of riding had
made my legs feel as though a barrel had been stuck between
them and my legs tied under it.

One hard push on the saloon door and our eyes met. She
had that look as if she wanted only me. The look of her red
lips cleared my dusty eyes, not too dusty to see the three
thugs she was playing cards with.

I wanted to be alone with her, to kiss that face I had
kissed so often. The time was ripe. The barrel of my 6-gun
threw the scare of hell into her card friends. They knew she
was mine. I signalled her to a sideroom where I knew we
could talk. She hesitated. I hated her for this. She knew
me in this mood and knew a refusal would mean a bruised
lip.

The room was warm.
I slammed the window. At last
we were alone.

Suddenly—our lips met. There
was a scream. It was me. She
still had her cigarettes in her
mouth. I squeezed her till she
cried some. A door clicked be-
hind me. This was my first slip-
up. My back was to the door. I
heard a click of a gun. I swung
around using my Shiela as a
shield. My 6-gun was by this
time firmly in my big ugly hand,
the barrel against Shiela's stom-
ach. He said he wanted her.

One threat from him did it.
There was one shot and then
another. One shot blew a gap-
ing hole in Shiela's stomach, the
second passed out her back and
killed him. I felt no pain. I

lived, they died. That was the
chance they took. My cigar burn-
ed quietly between my teeth. I
threw the two bodies on the bed,
shoved my gun in her hand. She
could pay no more penalty. She
died as she lived—real cool. I
looked for an ash tray. There
were none handy. With one
twist I ground out my cigar in
her ear. I took what money they
had, glanced out in the hall, not
a sound. I forgot one thing—the
engagement ring. I dashed back.
The ring was tight. It cost plenty
of dough. I whipped out my
knife, put the blade near the base
of the finger. . . . One stroke did
it . . . The ring was mine. EN-
GAGEMENT . . . CUT OFF.

—Garry K. Braund

MED CORNER

This past week the Dalhousie
Medical Journal, a tri-yearly
publication, was made available
to all students and graduates of
the Medical School in the Mari-
times. The people responsible
for the high calibre of this edi-
tion are the editors, Hank Pre-
sutti and Jack Fairweather.

Monday night our hockey team
swamped an improved Dent team
9-0. Williston with two goals
and two assists led the Med
attack. Other scorers were Di-
mock with two, Vincent, Morris,
Miller, Bob Murphy and Hans
Epstein. Bob Murphy and Phil

Murphy each picked up two
assists.

On the basketball front thus
far this term our two teams have
won only one game in three
tries. The A team downed Phar-
macy 62-25 with Wickwire pick-
ing up 28 points. In their other
game the A team was upset by
Commerce 40-39. Brown with 17
points and Mallard with 7 led
the attack. The B team lost both
games, 44-15 to Arts and Science
and 22-21 to Engineers. The
game with Engineers is being
protested due to the uneligibility
of an Engineers' player.

Imagine That!

The expression "mind your P's
and Q's" has its origin in the
alehouses of Merrie England. It
meant "mind your pints and
quarts" as was an injunction to
the one who let his bill run too
high.

A "mantlepiece" was originally
the shelf or rack above the fire-
place where one could dry one's
wet "mantle" after a good rain-
storm. Guess we could use a few
more in Halifax.

"Etiquette," that bane and
worry of young social climbers, is
a word which comes from the
French "Ticket." This is not odd
when it is known that formerly,
when guests arrived at an im-
portant social function, they were
handed cards or tickets on enter-
ing—on which were printed last-
minute instructions as to proper
behaviour for the occasion!

Queen Elizabeth I was the first
English monarch to use a fork,
an eleven as late as the time of
George I few inns provided them!

The world's
finest tobaccos



make

PHILIP
MORRIS



the most pleasing
cigarette
you can smoke!

THE Best
Neilson's
JERSEY
MILK
CHOCOLATE
MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

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