



on second thought

—Peter Outhit

THE YOUTH OF TODAY

In the dog-eat-dog conflict of modern politics in Canada, both sides, holding aloft the torch of freedom, leap to their country's assistance with platforms fearlessly and unequivocally upholding Motherhood, Our Glorious Heritage, the Future (which lies ahead), and the Preservation of the Human Race.

The ideal politician—by today's standards—is one who can "reach the masses" while "sitting in the seat of greatness". He always seems to turn up at Dalhousie, anyway.

I had planned to interview Mr. I.P. today, but he was unfortunately called away—and is unable to be present. As he has thoughtfully forwarded his text, I shall, without further ado, read:

"Gentlemen, and University students, oh, and, of course, ladies (heh heh), I come before you not as a politician, not as a bureaucrat, not as one whose course of life must run its—stream—in ivory towers, but as your fellow student.

"I do not seek to overwhelm you with evangelical fervor as would others, nor with the outstretched hand of falsity, nor yet with the meaningless slogans and high-sounding phrases of the demagogue. For I am but a simple student, as are all of you, and I come that we might together direct and shape our paths onto the true path of our nation's destiny.

"These are indeed trying times, but not without hope. Indeed, even as the clarion calls to arms spur us on to shape the future of our country, we see around us the wonders that modern life has produced in its abundance, and we are neither dismayed nor—dismayed nor—gentlemen, the student is the backbone of America, and its stomach as well. For where may be better digested the food for thought prepared by my party's platform? No, a thousand times no, we would cry out against the usurpers!

"The university is the birthplace of our future political leaders, not the home, nor even the hospital, as some of us might think (heh heh). These hands I see before me will hold in their—palms—the helm of the ship of state, in the future which lies ahead.

"To each and every one of you, I say our platform is worthy of your utmost consideration. It speaks for itself, and, as I said a moment ago, I commend it to your perusal. But I realize that your time is valuable, and as I see some you looking at your watches I shall shorten my speech and let us all get some lunch (heh heh).

"Firstly, it would be a waste of time to attack my opponent's platform, for he has not got one (heh

heh). One cannot attack what does not exist, and, as I said, we have nothing to fear but fear itself, and—secondly, my opponent is a mere exponent of the status quo. More than that, I say his party's platform is still tied to the doctrines of laissez-faire, the apron-strings of anarchy, as they say, and a throw-back to the old-fashioned and obsolete days which no long exist.

"Thirdly and finally, we—I should say, us—no, we—students have a responsibility, a tradition of responsibility, to maintain in public life. "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder" . . . and I pledge myself and my party to stop at nothing, if we are to achieve that end.

"Furthermore, only if the country is united, but at the same time encourages those individual rights and privileges of its voters of which we are all aware, can we march forward into the sunrise of a common destiny, a destiny to which all the world looks with breathless expectation and to which—oh, yes—and so it is not without a sense of gratitude that I must "hand the torch" as it were, to youth. "Waste not, want not."

"In conclusion, these are dark days, but not without salvation. The light of freedom burns for all to see, our government is a beacon to oppressed nations, our law a model to downtrodden people everywhere. We must never become complacent, for where is Rome today? If America before the revolution had lain in the lap of luxury, where would it be today?

"And so, in closing, I would just again urge each and everyone of you to exercise your sacred prerogative. Your forefathers died that you might live today, and the wilderness out of which they carved this great country of ours cries out against usurpers of freedom. Duty calls and we must obey, and I strongly urge you to get out and vote, and, when you do, vote for ME."

NOTICE

TARTAN TWIRL
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10
Gym — 9:00 p.m.

Ray Vaughan and his Orchestra
\$1.25 75 cents

SOUL OF KIPLING HOVERS OVER CAMPUS

by BARRY MILLS

At the northwest corner of the Macdonald Memorial Library, remote from the main library entrance, a small portico projects over a simple mahogany door. To this writer, what lay beyond the threshold remained a mystery, until one day I stepped over into a new and little known world of fiction, history, poetry, and reminiscences; the world of Rudyard Kipling.

The Kipling Room, located on the lower floor of the recently built O. E. Smith wing of the University Library, contains one of the largest collections of Kiplingiana in the world and about 90 percent of the known bibliography of the famous Victorian author is also to be found here. This great collection was acquired, organized, and donated to Dalhousie by the late James McGregor Stewart, C.B.E., Q.C., a graduate of the Dalhousie Law School, and later a Director of the Royal Bank of Canada. For Dr. Stewart an interest in Kipling became first a hobby and then a passion.

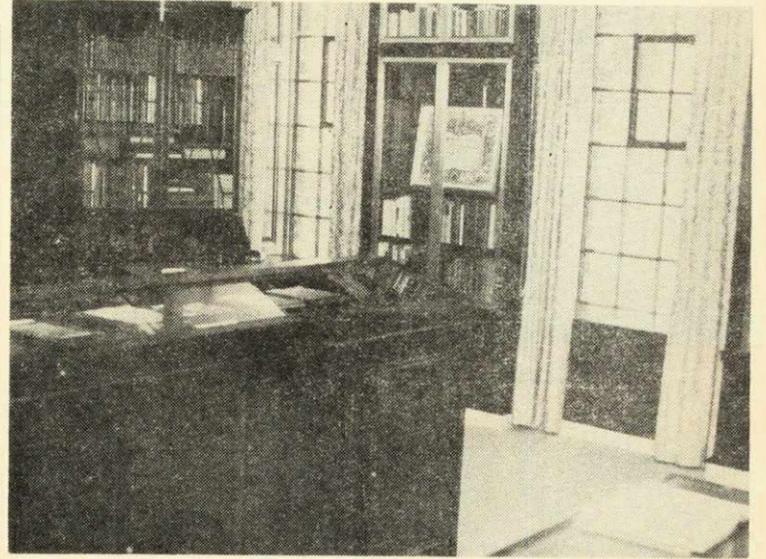
COLLECTION GIGANTIC

The collection of books, articles, records and manuscripts includes over 1,000 first editions, almost 1,100 periodicals, and about 200 translations, as well as many unpublished manuscripts and pirated editions. Of particular interest to students of modern history are the copies of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Allahabad Pioneer*, papers for which Kipling wrote and which are included in the collection.

The Kipling Room is somewhat reminiscent of an English gentleman's study; with its small-paned windows, window seats, luxurious carpet, and specially woven drapes, lending a gracious atmosphere which is emphasized by the beautiful mahogany panelling. Certainly one feels that in stepping through the door into the Kipling Room one has entered into a world of the past. It is interesting to note that funds for furnishing this historic room were provided through the efforts of the late James Muir, a member of Board of Governors of Dalhousie and a personal friend of James McGregor Stewart.

VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME

The Kipling Room is open from 2 p.m. to 4:30 p.m., Monday through Friday, but Mrs. Jean Carter, Humanities Librarian, and her assistant, Miss Coles, assured me that any scholar, student, or even casual visitor would be shown the Room at any time, provided an appointment were made. Indeed, the Library staff is constantly seeking, at every opportunity, to publicize the collection and to add to its many treasures. "Although we answer requests from all over the world in connection with our Kipling Collec-



An English Gentleman's Study: "Blessed be the English and all their ways and works. . . ." (Photo by Bissett)

tion," Mrs. Carter told me, "it is still true that we are relatively unknown on our own campus and in our own country." To help Dalhousie students to learn of the value of this great collection in their midst, the

University Libraries are planning a series of special evenings with talks, records, and informal discussions. Perhaps no more fitting testament to the Kipling Room can be found than one written by Kipling himself.

If I had given you delight
By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in that night
Which shall be yours anon;

And for the little, little span
The dead are borne in mind,
Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.

BOOK REVIEW:

THE SOCIOLOGY OF THE CANADIAN FEMALE

by Prof. Hansjoachim von Stueckelberger, Ph.D., C.L.O.D.,
New York: Pit & Dungeon, 1961; 157 pages plus diagrams.

This latest classic from the pen of the celebrated psychoanalyst and sexologist Dr. Stueckelberger will not grace the shelves of our newstands for long. Written for and dedicated to censors, college students, and juvenile delinquents; it is likely to sell more quickly than the *Kinsey Reports*, and to be banned more promptly than *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

The style of this book is as urgent as its message "that Sadie Hawkins Day represents nothing less than the poisoned arrow in the Achilles heel of western society."

"Men are no longer men", asserts Dr. Stueckelberger calmly. "Their role, once consisting of wearing the pants, bringing home the bacon, scaring the heavens with foul language, and reducing economic and social stagnation by means of consumption of bottles filled with spirits; has now been taken over in its entirety by women."

"Not content with knocking about on the sportsfield, drinking their escorts under the table, leading independent and less than virtuous lives; modern Canadian females now have the historically unprecedented gall to crown their own campus kings."

Where is the sane world of our youth? Where men had good times and women washed dishes, cooked, and did the laundry?" asks the professor sadly, pathetically, and rhetorically.

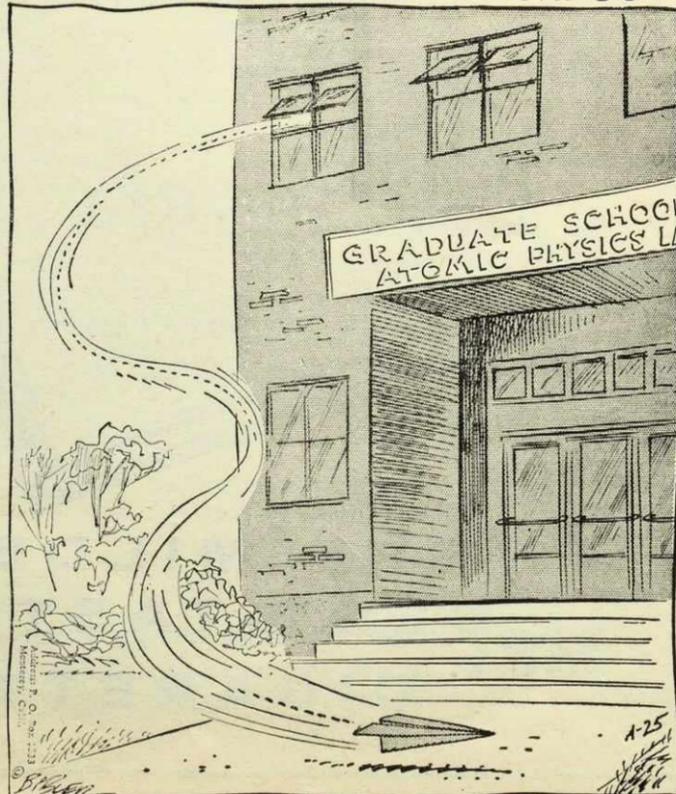
"The reversal of masculine and female roles in our society", he continues in his chapter on mother

complexes, "is having a jolting effect upon the subconscious strata of personalities of a certain constitution. Indeed, the consequences of this sociological phenomenon must be viewed with the gravest concern. According to recent and, needless to say, reliable statistical investigations most Canadians suffer from unresolved oedipal conflicts and tenacious mother fixations."

"Neither Russian science, nor pious sermons will be the downfall of our civilizations. Underlying the decline of the West is the fact that every day, nay, every hour and every minute, damage reparable only by psychoanalysts is being done to thousands of young men through the insidious passive-aggressiveness of the modern Canadian female."

It seems safe to predict that this book (\$4.00, \$4.75 in Canada) will someday be regarded as the swansong of a proud and 3000-year-old paternalism, and as the first sociological analysis to point squarely to momism, instead of Communism, as the greatest threat to western society.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



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