

Thoughts About Rambling Through Life...

... A Christian's Reply to The Agnostic

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

—WORDSWORTH

Those who sing "keep your eye on the doughnut" may not agree with Wordsworth. If when they sing this they mean that they believe the only existence to be here and now they are truly unfortunate people. They are the type who say, "If we have souls, why can't doctors find them when they operate?" There are many things doctors can do—they can't dissect a person's courage or honesty—they can't hold up certain organs and say "these are the organs of imagination," or of "ambition." Yet certain people exhibit these powers as characteristically as they are left or right-handed, or have, perhaps, six toes. He who holds himself to be extremely corruptible body must certainly find life gloomy—or at least meaningless. For what is the use of being alive at all if not to help elevate the lives and thoughts of others? Otherwise we are animals, living for today alone, and may as well cultivate the grossest and crudest forms of enjoyment, irregardless of the amount of sorrow we bring to others, after all, why be decent to others whose feelings cannot effect us? And when we have tasted all of life's pleasures we can blow holes through our brains—confident that nothing save painless oblivion awaits us.

I would suggest that the reason there is so much injustice in our world today is because so few people really do believe in a future judgment. If Pastor Malan believed he would be judged for the way in which he treats the Negroes, if he believed that Negroes have souls and that God cares for them, would he dare to treat them as he does? He does it despite, not because he is a minister, and supposedly a Christian. But he is in a large company—many a cut-throat capitalist who condemns workers to privation, police and legal officials who persecute the weak and friendless, many a pompous man without charity in his heart goes to Church every Sunday—but never believes that he will be judged and he judges and condemns others.

The great religious alone say that all men have souls—and that they are equal in the sight of God. On what other basis can you argue for equality among men? And religion gives men consciences, without which they would certainly act even worse than they do.

The person who believes in an after-life cannot fear death—only those who see only the darkness of the grave fear it—they fear that they will stay dead—they are so busily watching the doughnut that they do not see that the hole is still there when the doughnut is all eaten up—and so is the soul when the body is perished—set free from earthly bounds to be born into a higher better life—can you prove me wrong?

Of course we mustn't let death bother us—it is as natural as be-

ing born—and we all must come to it—but how can that effect the real us? Can you put your finger on any part of your body and say "without this, I wouldn't be me?" But when life ceases, you do cease to exist in that body, and only the essence, the real you, lives on. The body wasn't you, and it is not you, now, when you are living.

Christians are not sad people, doing good things because the fear they will be harshly judged. Rather, they are joyful extroverts who know that the happier they make others, the happier they also will be, in life and in the after life—for they trust God sufficiently to believe that when they try to act in His image, or His image as our imperfect senses can perceive it, he will not squash them into nothingness.

Christians selfish and unfriendly? Christians afraid to die? Somebody just hasn't met any Christians.

Notices

The Dal Tech Newsman club will hold a Communion Breakfast this coming Sunday, Oct. 25. At St. Mary's University on Robie Street at 9:30 a.m. After mass a substantial breakfast will be served in the college cafeteria. All Catholic students attending Dalhousie are invited to attend.

Dalhousie Chapter of Interservice Christian Fellowship will hold a Bible Study in the Arts and Administration Building in room 202 from 12.00-1.00 p.m. on Saturday, October 24. All are welcome.

PORTRAIT OF THE HOME GROWN RED

(COMMUNISTI CANADIENSUS)

He is probably a little fish in a big pond who has been caught on a beautiful lure on the end of a good Party line.

He is ridden with ambition, lust for glory and power. When the Resolution or the war comes he hopes to be made a local boss. He is out after his own ends and nobody else.

He suffers hallucinations of martyrdom for the cause. He enjoys delusions of being the saviour of mankind. The good Canadian Communist is just an immature animal who knows just enough to assume he knows the answers to everything.

You cannot understand the Communist because he cannot understand himself, and does not know himself.

He denies God but replaces God with money.

He abandons religion and replaces it with the Communist cult.

He tells and believes lies because he wishes it were the truth.

He claims the world is corrupt because he himself is corrupt in his soul.

He can betray his native land because he can betray his own kind. He cannot be understood

because he cannot understand himself.

The active Communist in order to achieve his own ends knows no bounds.

He will betray his society and his nation if it will assist Russia to dominate; he will lie to his fellow workers to enhance his own lot. He will destroy, disrupt and disorganize because he cannot thrive in Law and Order. His modus operandi is among the confused, ignorant, avaricious, greedy, foolish and stupid; it must be so because under examination, logic, integrity and wisdom his ideals crumble like castles in the sand.

To gain his own glory he will embrace slavery, ignorance, tyranny, the concentration camp and the secret police.

To gain his own power he will deny the rights of man, he blinds himself to the freedom and happiness.

The home grown Communist is like a small moth in the night. For the sake of glory he will fly into the flame because, pleasure of burning brightly for an instant himself is sufficient recompense for the pain of being burned to death by that flame.

"How's That Again Mac"

In a recent issue of *MacLeans* magazine it came to light that some young men of the ministry, engaged in work with the working class, found to their surprise that they did not even speak the same language as the labouring men.

With that in mind and to illustrate the differences in language used by various classes we are including below some statements by various classes after they had read in the paper that some other class of people had done something completely for their own good and welfare.

The titled aristocrat said: "Damned annoying, these chaps."

The college student said: "The source of difficulty for this particular ethnological group lies in their lack of understanding comprehension of the overall circumstances of the situation with respect to the theoretical basis of the problem."

The white collar worker said: "The trouble with these fellows is that they're getting too much money for not enough work."

The labourer said: "What them guys needs is a good kick in the —"

The unemployed or perennial loafer said: "Ah — them." So there it is. They have all expressed the same idea. What you have to say about something depends largely on who you are, not how much you know about it.

The Annual Gazette Dance

The Gazette, with the able assistance of the Rink Rats is holding a dance on the 20th of November.

This dance is in the Dal gymnasium and is to be as informal as possible.

The organization of the annual Gazette dance is in the hands of the Rink Rats because they are one of the Campus' best recreation organizers. In addition to that Rink Rats have accepted the responsibility of paying off a student debt of more than \$7,000 on the Dal Rink.

This will be one of the big events of the year. There have been made no specific out lines at this early date. However, big things are planned and we know it will be the best dance of the year.

Remember the date—
NOVEMBER 20th IN
THE DAL GYM.

DE NIHILO NIHIL

I was standing on the corner of Jarvis and Queen in front of one of those little Rib Joints. A fleecy bum rolled up.

"Shay Bud, you gotta match?" "Yeh," I said, "My face . . ." but I knew it wouldn't work out right so I gave him a match and moved on.

I stepped into a drug store and stood looking at the magazine covers. After twenty minutes the manager headed for me so I grabbed the nearest magazine and ran. The Chain on the magazine slowed me down. It was the telephone book.

Outside in the dark I leaned against an old building. A Cop shouted across the street "Hey Mac, get moving, whaddya think you're doing, holding up that building?"

I stepped around the corner. The building rumbled down onto the street.

I strolled along Queen street until I came to a street revival meeting; as I passed I knelt to tie my shoelace. The preacher rushed over, put his hand on my shoulder and shouted, "Halleluja, here is a sinner who wishes to repent."

After two choruses of "There is Power in the Blood," I slipped him a half dollar, mumbled, "bis dat qui cito dat," and moved on.

At the next corner a cop was holding a man by the arm waiting for a patrol wagon.

"What's he charged with, officer?" I asked.

"Battery," he said.

"Put him in a dry cell, Yak, yak," I said.

I never felt the billy. When I woke up they were gone. I staggered to a nearby diner and ordered a coffee.

"Coffee hot?" I asked cheerily. "It oughta be," said another customer sourly, spitting a mouthful on the floor, "it's been boiling all day."

The chef cleaned the joint out. Outside on the street a drunk lay across the sidewalk clutching the curb with his finger tips. "Help, help, I'm falling," he shouted.

I stepped into the gutter, kicked his fingers and let him fall. By this time it was getting late so I headed for home, grateful for another quiet evening in Toronto.

It's Enough To Drive You Mad

It's enough to drive you mad. By which I mean idiot professors and illiterate undergrads.

The approach of winter, all rain and cold, not even snow probably.

Classes every day and exams getting near. Never enough time to do all the things you really want. All that creative spirit bottled up and dying.

Not that it's much use being creative these days. Fat chance of anything surviving. Not with wars and police actions and aggressions and counter-aggressions and armistices and peace conferences and police actions.

Not with everybody fighting everybody else, the rich fighting the poor, the poor fighting the rich, the East fighting the West, the West fighting itself.

What I mean is: it's practically unbearable. The planning of this, the organization of that, the distribution of that and the allocation of this. Passports, visas, permits, un,em, ins, cards, membership cards, fellowship cards, union cards, ration cards. The plotting and praying and paying—and the prices.

What I'm driving at is that it is enough to drive you drearly, dimly, dumbly—if dignifiedly—mad. Mad as a hatter, but not as jolly.

So why can't we go delightfully, dramatically mad? I mean, why can't we laugh more, dance more, sing more, play more, relax more? Drown our sorrows at the Nelson and that sort of thing.

I'm trying to say we should let up a little. Forget the terrible responsibilities of being the "Leaders of Tomorrow." After all we can't even spell. I mean most of us can't.

So we are mad? Or going mad. O.K. Let's enjoy it. Let's have some more fun, let's have more laughs. Throw of the shackles, slacken the belt, inflate the old chest, expand the old stomach, and really let it go. Forget the old dignity and that sort of thing.

Which reminds me: what I really, honestly, truly means to say is—let's have initiation back, please. Pretty please!

—S.S.

The Corner Post

By The Editor

This week we're printing a few letters which have come to us from various parts contesting the validity of some of the material we're printing. As usual it points to the fact that there are a lot of very fine writers around the campus who can't seem to be able to write a thing unless you attack their pet topics or favorite beliefs.

There's been a lot of talk about personal dignity ever since the hazing ban but a lot of it seemed to be rather unwarranted in view of what some of the students wear to classes or wear on their arm to dances and such things. Obviously, too, personal dignity doesn't seem to bother a lot of the boys who get loaded every Saturday night and roll around town telling everyone they're Dal students.

The Gazette receives in the office every week a great number of Communist Literature which is mailed to us, as it is to most Canadian Universities, by the ardent souls behind the Iron Curtain. Since we have not seen fit to publish any of it, it might be of interest to people who would like to see what real Russian propaganda looks like. So if you want to look any of it over come quickly because we throw it in the waste basket very quickly.

"This is Humour??"

The following is a reprint of the *World Student News*, published behind the Iron Curtain for the enlightenment of those of us who have never tasted the joys of enslavement.

On the last page of the last issues of the *World Student News* to arrive at the Gazette office were these attempts at humour. If you can find humour in them let us know. We would be interested to know what makes the Communists tick.

Daggers made of artificial ice, which after use dehydrate immediately, cats with poisoned claws murdered people found in rooms locked from inside, alibis and false traces—all that is part of a repertoire of a study circle about "American and British Crime Literature," which is led by Dr. Woelcken at Munich University. Students who are interested in murder and killing need no longer study law or history. (Deutsche Studentenzeitung, West Germany.)

Psychotechnical tests at Colegate University have shown that candidates are able to solve their mathematical problems better

when their legs are placed a few centimetres higher than their head. This enables blood to circulate through the brain freely without hindrance and the most complicated problems can be solved much better in the horizontal rather than in the sitting position. Psychologists of John Hopkins University state that hard manual work can be done better at a temperature of 15.5 degrees Centigrade. Mental work on the other hand, requires higher temperatures. The most favourable conditions for intellectual work can be found at 27 degrees centigrade. (Student Mirror.)

Something New on Dal Stage

"As You Like It" Feature Pres.

On November 13th and 14th Dalhousie will experience something new — the delightful comedy by Shakespeare, "AS YOU LIKE IT" set on an Elizabethan stage.

Elizabethan audiences had such vivid imaginations that elaborate stage settings were not necessary for them. They could imagine the stage to be a battle ground just as easily as they could imagine it to be a moonlit garden without the aid of detailed back props and the like. An Elizabethan stage, therefore, consists of a large, clear space bounded along the sides and back by simple drapes. There are no curtains drawn between scenes and acts. The plots of most plays of that period are such that nothing remains on the stage at the end of any particular

scene or act. For instance, in the last scene of HAMLET, the dead prince is borne in state by four of his soldiers and carried off stage, for there is no such thing as drawing the curtains to have the actors remove themselves of their own accord. In addition, most of the desired effect is produced by an elaborate system of lighting consisting of floods, side, top, and back lights, so that sinister shadows can be cast on the stage when villains appear, or white moon light can bathe the romantic scenes.

You may find it interesting to notice these details when you see the play next month, for you will be able to grasp its atmosphere and enjoy the production all the more.



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