# The Muse

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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# Student Finances Disclosed

## MEDAL HONOR SERVICE

Memorial University figured prominently in recent Coronation news, when four of the Queen's Medals, awarded to Newfoundlanders, went to members of its administrative staff. The chosen quartet were: Miss M. Mansfield, Registrar; Dr. A. C. Hunter, M.A., Dr. d'Universite, Officer d'Academie, Dean of Faculty of Arts and Science; Prof. G. A. Hickman, M.A., Dean of the Faculty of Education, and Dr. A. G. Hatcher, M.A., LL.D., President Emeritus, all of whom received recognition for their devoted time and service of long standing for the cause of education in Newfoundland.

At the Coronation of English monarchs, special medals are awarded to subjects, throughout the realm, who are deserving of special recognition for outstanding service in various fields of endeavour. The crowning of our present sovereign, Elizabeth II, was occasion for issuing a new edition of these trophies.

The awards were made through Secretary of State for Canada, Hon. J. W. Pickersgill. The choices were made in Newfoundland, and forwarded to the Federal Government, who, in turn, submitted the nominations to London.

The medal is of silver, the obverse side bearing a replica of Her Majesty's countenance, and the reverse her coat of arms and data of coronation. The accompanying document bears the following statement:

"By command of Her Majesty, the Queen, the accompanying Medal is forwarded to

to be worn in commemoration of Her Majesty's Coronation, the 2nd of June, 1953."

Congratulations are in order for the decorated ones on their achievements and subsequent honor.

## GLEE CLUB TO GIVE CONCERT

On Tuesday night when approaching the college we find the campus filled with cars. Inside there are an unusual number of people who do not have the familiar faces of the night-school students. From the Assembly Hall weird sounds begin to issue, which finally blend and blend well into songs, anthems and practically anything which an a capella choir attempts. Actually it is no mystery nor are we being invaded but are witnessing the weekly practice of the St. John's Glee Club.

The Glee Club was formed two years ago by Mrs. E. Jerrett, at the request of some members of the former Memorial Glee Club. October saw close to a hundred people, few of whom had any formal training, at practice. Obviously wonders were worked by the able director and the hard-working members themselves for the first concert given in December was a great success, well spoken of by both the passively interested and the critics.

To date there have been four concerts, each one an improvement over the last. The next concert will be given for two nights following, starting on the eighth of December. Perhaps music to many of us just means the latest record by Como. However a pleasant evening could be spent in the annex when the baton lifts to begin the Christmas concert of the St. John's Glee Club.

## AMATEUR SHOW STARTS TWIRP WEEK

Twirp Week got off with a bang on Monday night with an Amateur Show featuring female talent exclusively. Clasics, hits, and torch songs—there was a sampling of all, and it was discovered that there are quite a few talented young ladies here at Memorial.

Unknown to the performers, the Grand Llama of the Mu Gamma had arranged for prizes for the best performances, and sitting well to the front were the Judges—Art Sullivan, Vera Bourne, Dallas Courage and Burnell Tucker. They awarded the prizes to Ruby Jones as pianist and Barbara Ann Armstrong as soloist.

Hilarious dancing followed and continued until about 11.30. We heard there were quite a few Paul Joneses; what's the matter, girls, why not use your week's privilege to choose?

## CHIVALRY AT COLLEGES

Chivalry, alas, seems to be dying out in this modern world and this is a great pity since chivalry, as everybody will agree, is a good and a memorable thing. To find the origin of chivalry we must go back to the Middle Ages when the knights went dashing off in their cast iron armour to find great adventure and to rescue lost maidens. These knights were chivalrous because

1. *They rode horses.*

2. *They lopped the heads off the poor peasants.* This was considered to be a good thing because it gave the poor peasants a boost to the glories of the next world. Then it was a mark of great esteem and a lad who had been singled out by a knight and decapitated was held in great awe and reverence by all and sundry ever afterwards.

3. *They were polite to women.* This meant that they did not lop their heads off (except if they happened to be poor peasants) and they found maidens whenever they were lost. (It has been long debated if this was a good or a bad thing).

And now returning to our theme, how can this be applied to life at college. We must obviously model our behaviour on the knights of old but here some problems arise.

It is not very easy to come by a suit of cast iron armour these days and besides the wearing of said armour would doubtless be held in little regard by the college authorities hence a tie was not included in the "ensemble." So it seems that the wearing of armour must be dispensed with. The riding of horses through the corridor is also frowned upon by the powers that be unless the horse happens to be majoring in the classics in which case it is considered by all and sundry to be a good thing.

Lopping the heads off poor peasants is also considered to be a mark of ill-breeding now and a further obstacle to this is that college students are the poor peasants. This too will have to go.

However we can certainly be polite to the ladies around the hallowed halls by observing the mere amenities of social behaviour such as allowing them to take the front seats in class and not walking on them if they happen to faint in the corridors (anyway it is almost as easy to step gracefully over them). Also we must do our best to find them when they are lost. This can best be done by keeping a close watch on the "Lost and Found" columns of the newspapers.

If these few hints are observed I have no doubt that very shortly the very unchivalrous behaviour that may be observed now will be superseded by a new age of chivalry in the College.

Traffic cop: (bawling out to woman driver): Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand.

She: I ought to—I've been a school-teacher for 25 years.—The Ontarion.

## *LETTER FROM COUNCIL PRES. REVEALS BUDGET*

This is the SRC Budget which has been approved for the coming year. It is not a very hopeful one. Last year the Council applied to the University authorities to have the Union fund raised from $6 per student to $10 in order that provision be made for the travelling expenses of teams and other university representatives engaging in mainland competition or conferences. It was also hoped that a substantial increase be made to the MUSE and the faculty societies.

This request was not granted, the objection being that a ten-dollar fee for each student was too high—this in spite of the fact that over 80% of the students had voted for the increase. The fee was raised, however, to $8.00.

Here is the present situation: The enrollment this year is slightly lower than in 1952-53; consequently, even with the two-dollar increase, we have the same sad state of affairs as last year: barely enough money to cover the necessities. It was found possible to increase the grant to the MUSE from $200 to $400, but this was the only increase that could be made. Further increases necessary would be: Cap and Gown—$200—this would make it possible for the book to be bound in a hard cover instead of the present paper one; the Athletic Union is in desperate need of extra funds if its athletic teams are to participate in competition on the mainland and even in other Newfoundland towns; the same applies to the Debating Society and the SRC itself; the first for sending teams to take part in inter-collegiate competition, and the second for participation in mainland conferences. (The trip made by the SRC members to a conference in Halifax last year cost over $230.) For these reasons, the matter of a further increase in the union fee will be brought up again this year. We will need your support if we are to achieve this worthy end. May we count on it?

**REVENUE**

| | |
|---|---|
| Student Fees | $3,000.00 |
| Est. Profit from Xmas Cards | 100.00 |
| Balance 1952-53 | 50.00 |
| | $3,150.00 |

**EXPENDITURE**

| | |
|---|---|
| Loan Guarantee | 300.00 |
| Athletic Union | 500.00 |
| Muse | 400.00 |
| Cap and Gown | 400.00 |
| Societies (Arts, Educ., Eng., Pre-med., $100 ea.; Mu Gamma $50) | 450.00 |
| Socials | 600.00 |
| Students Handbook (Revised) | 150.00 |
| *Office Expenses (Telephone, etc.) | 200.00 |
| Merit Crests | 100.00 |
| Gifts | 50.00 |
| | $3,150.00 |

(* Negotiations being made to have these paid by the University).

## MUSE SETS PRECEDENT

The *Muse* Smoker last Tuesday night, set a precedent in M.U.N. smokers. It instituted the smoker-dance. Three nights later the Arts and Science Society followed up the lead, and the result was two of the most successful parties in several years.

The *Muse* smoker featured Mr. Pat Pickett, star reporter for the Evening Telegram, as special speaker for the evening. Mr. Pickett gave a most interesting and informative address on the aims and methods of Journalism, drawing examples from university and commercial newspapers. He held up several examples as well worth following.

A constructive criticism of the *Muse* was tendered during the course of the talk, the speaker dwelling at some length on such things as makeup, composition, and the mudpuppy. At the conclusion of the talk the meeting was thrown open to question, and the answers solved many a problem for the budding young journalists present.

At the conclusion of the literary side of the smoker, a delicious lunch was served by the members of the *Muse* staff—a lunch so abundant that even the engineers at ten-thirty could not completely demolish the remains.

## THE MUSE

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# Summer Employment

The last issue of the MUSE contained an article describing the summer employment found by the students of this University. This article seemed to be humorous at first, but, on glancing through it a second time, it seemed rather odd, to say the least.

During the scholastic year, students study courses pertaining to their chosen fields. But when the exams are finished, the students go job-hunting and take any job they can find, thinking themselves lucky. Consequently, there is usually quite a mix-up, as was seen by the article "While the Sun Shone." Engineers taking office jobs, Artsmen going on surveys, and a Pre-Med going as deck-hand on a cargo vessel.

It is during the summer holidays that students should get practical experience, if at all possible, in their chosen fields. In many cases, such jobs are available. It is just a matter of the right student getting the right job. Therefore, in our opinion, a summer employment agency should be set up, by some responsible body of this University.

Such an agency would not be too difficult to set up. Most firms and Governmental departments employ a larger staff during the summer than they do during the rest of the year. So it is just a matter of some person or persons finding out from these firms and departments the jobs they will be offering that are most suitable to University students. Then the agency would notify the students where they would be able to get jobs, relative to the courses they are taking.

This Summer Employment Agency could be an integral part of the University.

Why not set up one?

# Carpet In Library

Here we are, back on the subject of keeping the library quiet. A few weeks ago, the Muse spoke about the noise that students made by walking in and out of the library. Since then, a carpet has been placed around the library. This carpet is very effective in deadening this noise, and it is also quite attractive and brightens up the library. The MUSE joins with the students who frequent the library in thanking Miss Organ for putting in the carpet.

Now we wish to point out another noise maker. This time,, instead of the Librarian stopping the noise, it is up to us students. The noise to which we refer is that which is made by the little gates by the Prefects' desk when they are allowed to swing shut unchecked. There are little rubber door stops to stop the gates, but the springs on the gates are quite strong. So, if we are to have a quiet library where we can study, just close those gates quietly. It doesn't take long.

# Blood

Last year on the gory battle-fields and on the shell-torn slopes of the Korean countryside a soldier lay—dying. Several miles away in a hospital tent, a doctor and his staff had just received word that there was no more blood. Despondently they took out their instruments and settled down to work on the shrapnel case that just came in. A few minutes later they settled back with a sigh. Another soldier gone. If only we had had that blood.

The scene changes. We are now in a large metropolitan hospital. White-groomed nurses glide silently round polished corridors. Except for the soft rustle of starched skirt there is no sound. Suddenly the silence is broken by the shrill scream of sirens. Two ambulance-men hurriedly shuffle in bearing a sheeted form which is writhing in agony on his stretcher. He has been kicked by a horse. He needs blood. But there is no blood. It has been sent out to a cottage hospital, the entire stock.

Swiftly, a decision is reached, an interne is called, and informed of the fact. He immediately consents. He will furnish a transfusion. Hours later, after a tedious operation, our accident victim has survived. Mr. Interne is the hero of the day.

But he is an Unsung hero.

He might have been you or I. For every day our blood is saving countless numbers of lives. It could save more! What about that soldier who died? Did he **give** his life for his country, or was it lost needlessly, because someone didn't give a pint of blood?

That soldier's life was lost needlessly. It might have been saved, if he had been given Blood. But there was no blood. Somebody hadn't given a pint of that precious fluid of life.

Are you guilty?

OR WERE YOU THE INTERNE? THE UNSUNG HERO?

# MUSE-INGS

*Talk of a new Alumni Association* heard for the past year spurred us last week to interview Mr. Lloyd Soper, well-known city lawyer now connected with the Attorney General's Department, who has been most active in attempts to revive the long-dormant Old Memorials' Association. We arrived at the right time. Fading interest on the part of many who had been meeting for discussions of the new body was just on the point of making him quit the idea, Mr. Soper said; he was ready to leave the initiative to someone else. Be that as it may, our young heart spurned such pessimism: "Why not call a meeting of all interested?" said we. "Out of the mouths of babes . . ."—It did the trick. We may now announce to all ex-Memorials that, following President Gushue's return from the mainland in a few weeks time, he will be asked to call such a meeting, with a view to creating a brand-new Association for all alumni and alumnae of Memorial.

* * *

*What is interesting to students here and now* is that the Alumni Association if and when formed, and if it adopts the aims and policies already worked out by Mr. Soper's committee, will be not merely a club dedicated to badminton and bridge, but one taking a positive and practical role in the life of the Univesity. These aims include:

1. *Building a students' residence with funds raised by a public campaign conducted by the Association.*
2. *Setting up a health service for students, maintained by doctors and nurses who are members of the Association, at reduced fees.*
3. *A somewhat similar service to be provided by lawyers.*
4. *A committee of professional men to act as advisers to students in regard to careers.*
5. *Arranging an employment service for part-time and summer jobs for students.*

There is, of course, nothing final about these aims. No commitments have been made for putting them into effect, and the Association, once formed, may reject them. But quoting them now does give an idea of what it can achieve, and of how significant its formation should be to present-day students.

* * *

*Few students know that the Baby Sitting Agency* initiated by the S.R.C. a few weeks ago was an idea originated by the Alumni committee, and passed on to the Council by Dr. Gushue. Indeed the idea was put forward as early as two years ago but was voted down on the grounds that any part-time work would interfere with a student's academic work. That, in the words of a fellow journalist, "is something up with which (we) will not put." Of course, it would be ideal if we did not have to work, but perspicacity reveals that few of us have no need of extra income. We say, the more part-time work students can get, within reasonable limits, the better. And in this case the argument does not enter, as baby-sitters can do more study when "working" than at any other time.

*The Students' residence envisioned* by the Alumni group would be able to accommodate 750 students. Present plans for the new university buildings include four buildings—Arts, Science, library and Gymnasium. In the long-term plans there is provision for a residence, but, being long-term, it would hadly be started before the 1960's. Should an active—and successful—campaign be conducted by the Alumni within the next few years, there is every reason to believe that if enough funds are collected to start with, the building of the residence would be commenced much earlier. In any event, it would be very fitting for ex-students to contribute in this way to the benefit of their successors. We give a hearty shout of praise for the committee for coming up with the idea, and hope that the Association follows it through.

* * *

*A students' Union Building* is apparently a must on other Canadian campuses. Indeed, we received a circular some time ago inquiring whether Memorial had one, and our modest reply was met with, to say the least, surprise. Now, there is little likelihood that a separate building for student organizations and activities would be considered even in the long term building plan. We would suggest, however, that a section of either the residence or the Arts Building be set aside for that pupose. As things stand, all we can boast of in that line are the Ivory Tower and the underground headquarters of Memorial's leading newspaper.

# READ THE TRUTH ABOUT MEN

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes they are made of the same material; the only difference is that some men are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into two classes—husbands and bachelors. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one if the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented thing like a woman, would enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubbly-chined, tobacco and bay rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death, and if you don't flatter him it bores him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the

(Continued on page 6)


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# PROF PARADE

This week we interviewed Miss E. King, the new member of the Education Department, and Dr. S. D. Breckon, the new head of the Physics Department.

Miss King, though born in Vancouver, obtained her early education and university training in the province of Alberta, obtaining her B.Ed. degree at the University of Alberta where she specialized in methods of teaching in the elementary grades.

She proceeded next to the State University of Iowa, where she obtained her M.A. degree specializing in primary and elementary methods. Whilst working towards her Master's degree, Miss King was awarded a teaching assistantship in the Experimental School at the University of Iowa.

Upon completion of her course, she returned to Edmonton to do demonstration teaching for the teachers-in-training at the University of Alberta. From there she came to Memorial and Newfoundland.

Miss King, whose home is in Calgary, gives quite a vivid description of the famous Calgary Stampede, and says "There's nothing like it!" (What about the way some people stampede out of class at the sound of the bell?)

Unlike several others interviewed, Miss King did not hear any fantastic stories about Newfoundland, and so came prepared for much the same type of life as she knew on the Mainland. She feels she has not had time enough to get stirred to really form any impressions of Newfoundland, but neither did she have any complaints to list about her life here so far, even if the pace has been rather hectic so far.

On Friday night, when Memorial's Senior Basketball team met the Guards and won by such a narrow margin, it was discovered that Miss King is quite a basketball enthusiast—if her rapt attention to the game is any indication of her feelings, we can feel sure she considers Memorial her "home team" now.

Dr. Breckon, a native of Georgetown, Ontario, is no stranger to Newfoundland, having spent two years in St. John's during the last war, and both he and Mrs. Breckon, who is a former student of Memorial College, regard St. John's as home.

Dr. Breckon received his early education in a number of Public and High Schools in Ontario as his father was a High School Principal. In 1937, he entered the Faculty of Applied Science at Queen's University, where he later received his degree of B.Sc. with Honours in Physics.

He then entered the Royal Canadian Navy as a Special Branch Officer, receiving further training at the University of Toronto and H. M. Signal School, Portsmouth, England.

He served at sea as a radar officer (H.M.S. Dorsetshire) on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic, as radar staff officer to Captain "D" Newfoundland, and also on the radar staff at Naval Service Headquarters, Ottawa, doing staff work, training, liaison, maintenance, and ship-fitting.

In 1946, Dr. Breckon left the Naval Service, and was next employed at the Chalk River Laboratories, of the N.R.C., where he was in charge of the operation of the experimental pile, in co-operation with D. A...E. Kempton.

He then entered the Faculty of Graduate Studies at McGill University, where he had quite a busy schedule for the next five years, dividing his time amongst courses, thesis work, demonstrating in physics, and assisting in the design and construction of the McGill 100 MeV cyclotron. He was helped during this period of training by two N. R.C. Studentships.

He succeeded, too, in obtaining a Ph.D. degree in the field of experimental nuclear physics, and was Research Assistant and later Research Associate at the Radiation Laboratory. He resigned his position at McGill to come to Memorial.

Apart from being a member of such societies as the American Physical Society, the Canadian Association of Physicists, the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario, and the Society of the Sigma Xi's, Dr. Breckon has quite a few hobbies, among which are fishing, gardening, and woodcraft, to all if which he has been able to devote very little time in the past few years — as is easily seen when looking back over the many things which he has accomplished in that time.


On The *Blackboard*

By CHAULK

How time flies! Before you have time to say "Howdy Doody" it'll be Christmas (and exams). They're getting pretty close now you know! Nearly as close as the senior basketball game on Friday, Nov. 13. By the way, saw the new member of the Education Faculty there on Friday night. Hope you enjoyed it, Miss King!

The road-race is over. Congratulations to the first placer, Ray Penny (Engineer by the way) and congrats and a hearty thank you to the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth placers, all members of the Education Society. To mention a few of these there were Matt Pike, Pat Gushue, Roy Abbott and Lee . . . Knew we'd get the points this year!

Haven't heard anything definite re the one act play to be done by our society. Hope a good one is chosen, Gladys, in command, is hard at work on it anyway.

These last few days of lectures, labs and endless study leave me no time for newspapers, magazines, or radio. A torrent of learning submerges me from the every-day open-air. Such things, it is said, mute he; one must acquaint himself with the living ideas of long ago in order to live well. Since I am young and can base my judgment on no previous experience in living, I accept what is said. Pogo is the only connection with current affairs.

Casting thought backwards, over reams of literature prescribed by professors—some of it amusing and some valuable and some worthless and a burden to me—I can think of one man only who could equal Walt Kelly's ability to reflect humanity in animal protagonists. This man is La Fontaine.

Interesting comparisons and contracts arise as I consider them both. La Fontaine and Kelly. Both speak through animal tongues the language of eternally puzzling humanity. Both smile with animal smiles at the odd notions of men, and both enjoy a wide circle of readers of every age, who learn from their reading their own lessons.

Contrasting, Kelly is more lighthearted than the Frenchmen. Pogo speaks the delightful language of the furry "honnete homme," while LaFontaine's Frog, Crow, and Stork speak the classic French of their time, a language longer to endure because standardized, yet colder and more remote because of it. La-

Meds. Don't let them direct you like that!

Saw a mighty crowd in the Assembly Hall one day last week. On inquiring I discovered that Mr. Strong was in process of giving a talk on Mental Health. Films were featured also, I understand. A Debating Society, within the Education Society, has been formed. Its present members are Lew Parsons, Celine Power and D. House. One last word from the grapevine: I gather that George Lee Korsborn has switched to Education.


## ON POGO

Pogo, Walt Kelly and I are on the best of terms. Those happy days of lectures, labs and endless study leave me no time for newspapers, magazines, or radio. A torrent of learning submerges me from the every-day open-air. Such things, it is said, must be; one must acquaint himself with the living ideas of long ago in order to live well. Since I am young and can base my judgment on no previous experience in living, I accept what is said. Pogo is the only connection with current affairs.

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# Blood Donor Week

All across Canada, around this week, Blood Donor Week is being observed. The response to it is most heartening, especially in the Universities. Canadian students are answering the call for blood in manly fashion. At McGill alone, 1648 pints were donated by as many students. This magnificent donation by McGill students is an unofficial Dominion record.

The Blood Bank needs your blood to make plasma. This plasma is used in very large quantities for the treatment of patients in hospitals in accident cases, and for emergency purposes in connection with Civil Defence.

The nurses will be present at Memorial on the morning of December 5th to receive your blood donation. All students are urged to co-operate and give their donation of the life preserving fluid.

Remember, this year don't sweat blood over the exams, donate it to the Blood Bank.

Fontaine's characters are human beings portrayed as if in Animal bodies; but Pogo and Albert and L'il Grundoon are animals with human hearts and minds.

Enough of literature. Pogo, I shall read you when Dante and Virgil have bored me stupid with their Underworlds, their Spirits and their wrathful gods. When the mind balks at spherical trig, or complex numbers, I shall look to you for cheer. What can more easily lift up the heart than the sound of the ring-leader of a lynching party, ol' Wilecat, on hearing of the acquital of a completely innocent Albert (Who's been accused of the pre-concealed murder of L'il pup-dog) angrily hollering "Is I heerd right? Isn't nobody guilty of nothin'?" Or of Owl, the candidate for public office, when asked by Pogo "What's you for?" as he answers, "I is for ME mostly, but also for Wimmin and Chillun suffrage."

Twenty-six million people read Pogo. If you don't, it's because you haven't attempted. I'm sure. It doesn't matter whether you know that Pogo is a square-shooting, fair-dealing opossum from Okefenokee in the Southern States, or not. He'll be a hero to you after the first page.

Those who deny freedom for others, deserve it not for themselves. —Lincoln.

Humility leads to strength and not to weakness. It is the highest form of self-respect to admit mistakes and to make amends for them.

A poet's work is but the reflection of his mind, says the poet. This no doubt accounts for blank verse.—The Xaverian.


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# The MUD PUPPY

Rejoice my fellow students. Once again the Mudpuppy lives to wreak untold havoc in the social life of all. Methinks we have ample material forsooth, since the Bachelor's Club died a natural death. It would take the whole paper to list the odd combinations at the Education Social, so I shall limit myself to certain choice pairs—but Beware—thy time shall come!

Ah, Mr. Sullivan, what have we here? Dallas, no less; It seems this was one date affair . . . better luck next time Art. . . . Gerry P. and Bill Campbell make a very nice twosome. Bill's theme song is "I Only Have Eyes For You." . . . Geoff appeared with Joan—who gets my vote as Memorial's best-dressed girl. . . . Judy H. on the manly arm of Geoff Steele. . . . and Dev roopin and roarin with Ann. . . . while Bill Squires whirled Jill around the floor. What happened to Ethel, Mr. Squires? . . . Engineer Goosney broke down and asked Pat. . . . Ruby escorted by that Crosbie character. . . . Who is the gorgeous guy squiring Syl around lately? Are there any more like him around? Janet also brought a furriner—her steady I hear. . . . Cutest couple were Jan and her steady — Grant. . . . Throughout the evening, the inimitable "Mr. Doolittle" remained true to his Northern Bay belle and played bridge. You is a good boy, Pat. . . . About eleven o'clock that devoted couple—Bowring and Green appeared on the scene after which nothing much more could happen so the dance "folded" at twelve. . . .

The Goosney-Crowell romance continued at the Paramount, where were also seen Noreen and John L. How long has this been going on?

I'd love to know the score on Marie and Mr. Warren . . . is this one-sided or not Phil? . . . there are also other women on the campus (they shall remain anonymous) who are keeping a weather eye open for D. J. . . . what is the fascination you have for women, Don? Confidentially, that's why he only takes a girl out once. . . . On the second date they propose . . . so he says . . . this boy is going to be in trouble Twirp Week.

The biggest social event of the year was held Saturday, Nov. 7 . . . an ordinary common or garden—party. . . . I actually counted five couples on the floor at one time. . . . Pat escorted the Northern Bay girl-friend—bridge has lost its charms. . . . The first year girls are getting around. . . . Ruby pulled a switch and turned up with sax-man McLeod. . . . Ann was another who complained things by arriving with Tony. . . . Household Science and Engineering got together—but not in the form of a spelling bee . . . this time it was Spike and Judy . . . on a double with Barbara and *her* Engineer. . . . Fitz deserted Dave and showed up solo . . . this pair are kaput . . . it wouldn't be because Maureen's interests lie elsewhere would it . . . or would it? . . . Enough of the lowly freshman . . . *Eleanor still going steady* . . . the happy pair graced the floor for a few dances . . . Aiden seems to be first in Betty Hatfield's affections . . . Our ex-editor was out in full force with Bonnie . . . in fact I don't think they missed a dance. Can this be Love? . . . Bowring-Green and entourage showed at eleven (why always eleven!) with the fabulous Gordon Easton in tow. It seems Buchans was too dull for the unbearded one. . . . Mr. Easton, B.A., former vice-principal, is now employed as a pin boy!!! . . . I have come to the conclusion that the graduated of dear old Memorial are unqualified Bohemians . . . nuff sed. . . .

John Cahill will go down in history for beating Mr. Eaton at Badminton . . . John, where's your diplomacy? . . .

I must say our cheerleaders are something to be proud of . . . and the boys don't hide their appreciation.

Wonder when Smoky is going to Scotland to take charge of the Irish-Scotch Rebellion—against the English of course . . . Sullivan and Devereaux plan to accompany him.

## S.R.C. Student Assembly

Ping Pong tables? initiation? bowling alleys? compulsory gym? SRC finances? What's the score? Why did . . .? Why didn't . . .? Yes, a college boy or gal is curious. He wants to know the why and the how of everything concerning him. And what outlet has he? What source of information? How can he do anything about what he doesnt like? There, in a miniature questionnaire, is our argument for regular student forms, or assemblies, or whatever you choose to call them.

"Ou sont les neiges d'antan?" the poet says. We say "who read our editorials? What was done about the things we beefed about?" I may be wrong but we are fast suffering the pangs of frustration familiar to every editor, but we think the symptoms go deeper than that. Here at Memorial student government is not too bad; neither is it too good. When its good, we're happy and mute—that's as it should be; but when it isn't, we want to have something done about it. We want to tell others what we think is wrong, and see if they agree. If the complaint is widespread, something should be done. The Council should keep students informed on their activities, hear all complaints, and make any explanations the students think necessary. The adoption of a policy of holding regular assemblies for these purposes seems to us highly beneficial to all concerned. Not only would they be sounding boards for grievances, but they would provide students with the opportunity to practice public speaking, an activity which has been shamefully neglected.

Of course the first objection to this proposal will be that "you wont get anyone to attend assemblies." Undoubtedly, to get the majority of students to attend, the SRC would have to stage a give-away program, but a considerable number could be relied on to take advantage of the opportunity. Since there would be no constitutional composition to these assemblies, no quorum would be required; whatever the number attending, the Council would at least be able to say that everybody had the **opportunity** to go. And let nobody stop us short with the argument that we already have the opportunity to have such assemblies called. Sure, we can have a petition signed by 112 ½ students, but what earth-shaking gripe could one have to drive him to that weary process? No, regular assemblies—preferably monthly—are necessary. What say, Mr. Sullivan?


## *Joining the University Canadian Officer's Training Corps ?*

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7. Call at the COTC Office. The office will be open Monday to Thursday afternoons.
8. If unable to call on these afternoons, please speak to 2/Lt. L. Ashley, R. Nfld. Regt.


## *Behind The* T *—Square*

by ART GUM

Not much doing this week, so I'll be brief. Studies seem to be the order of the day for all and sundry. At least, as far as the Engineers are concerned. The drafting room seems to be the second home of quite a lot of people. Seems that I see March, Powell and Co. there every time I go there, but that's just the way engineering goes, it all helps for the future.

* * * * * * *

### Radio Program Given by Engineers

On last Thursday the engineers aired their views on the various aspects of our illustrious profession. Speakers for the evening were Aidan Ryan, Bert Short, Rex Parsons and Bill Tucker in that order. The boys covered every part of the engineering field from ancient times to the Flash Gordon era of the future. The program was very well carried out, with Cec Rorbothan handling the duties of M.C., although Aidan had a lot of trouble with visualization.

* * * * * * *

### Engineers Star on Varsity Basketball Team

The varsity teams in both the intermediate and senior leagues are really flying this year and right in there are to be found several stalwart engineers, viz., Don MacNeil, Bruce Pardy, Cec Power, Spike Spurrell and Bill Edgecombe. Congratulations boys, and also to rest of the teams and the best for the season. Special congrats to Don for his outstanding playing, forty points in one night—Whew!

* * * * * * *

### The Drifting Draftsman

The latest from Scotch—"Flippers, the paws that refreshes." Can anyone tell Ray Caule the "Truth about Ruth," the poor boy is beating his brains and everyone else is trying to figure it out. If there are any engineers who will have about fours hoops a week off after Xmas please see Bert Short, he is trying to round up a stage crew for this year's play.

---

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you love to be treated yourself. —Lord Chesterfield.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—J. Paterson Webster.


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# SPORTS

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# EDUCATION TEAM WINS ROAD RACE

There is jubilation in the Education Camp: at last Educatiin can shout "Victory." The walls of Memorial had been waiting for twenty-eight years to echo forth the praises of a winning Education team. Their vigil was finally ended on Saturday, November 7, when a fast team representing the Education society raced to victory, beating its nearest rival and last year's champs. Engineers, by fifty-five points. Truly a "Red-Letter" date for Education.

The Memorial Athletic Union annually promotes a three-mile road race. Competition is among the four faculties, and winners are judged by a point system.

It was calm, clear, and cold as nineteen entrants toed the mark on Merrymeeting Road near the University. Dr. Gushue blew the starting whistle. Bob Andrews clicked the stop-watch and the race was on.

Theres' a whirr of legs as many inexperienced feet are pounding the pavement which obliterates the already pounding of excited and tired hearts because some are running too speedily in the beginning. They are dropping back. They are still clustered together as they turn into Bonaventure Avenue. First place is changing very rapidly. Watch that little fellow on the outside. That's Penney. He's the favourite. He was a five-mile winner at St. Bon's a few years back. He's moving up. Now he takes the lead. That's Fred Bradbrook trailing him. He's the army's champ. I wonder who'll win.

Many gaps appear between the contestants. Some have dropped back. No practice, without a doubt. Yes! we've been waiting for this to happen. It has! Matt Pike from Lance au Loup in Labrador, has taken the lead as we near Elizabeth Avenue. Penny and Bradbrook are close behind. Gushue is bringing up fourth spot. Still two miles to go: two long miles. The breeze is refreshing, but it tightens the muscles and retards the runners. Pike has increased his lead. Gushue makes his bid. Past Bradbrook, passed Penney, and catch Pike. Now he's overtaken by Penney, now Penney is running third.

We're nearing Anderson Avenue. Pike is still leading, apparently not tiring. Penney speeds by to take second place, Gushue is third, Roy Abbott has moved up to fourth.

Merrymeeting Road. Pike is still leading. The pace quickens. He's still ahead. Can he hold it? The welcoming walls of Memorial is in view. Three hundred yards to go, two hundred. See that boy run! Ah! I figured it. There goes Penney. They're running neck-and-neck, step for step. Who is it? It's Penney first, Pike a second behind. A good race, Matt. Maybe you'll win next year.
Gushue is third, seven seconds too late. Abbott, Cross, Steele, Norman, all Education. They are happy to have finished their first race.

There's the usual clapping, cheering, shouting, cameras click, teammates congratulate each other. The crowd disperses. All is quiet.

But wait! The race is not finished! It's late, we know, but look at this race. Who are they Too far away to see yet. But they're really "picking them up and laying them down". They near the finish line—they cross it. Who won? Neither, a tie—for last place. The runners? John Marche, John Kean.

## *Flyers Win Double Header*

If any of our few and far between supporters had been advised to give up all excitement due to a heart condition, Nov. 7th's double header was no place for them to be. Never before have we witnessed such exciting games, especially in the case of the Senior game.

The Intermediate Men's were rather slow in getting organized in the first of the game and consequently at the end of the first quarter were trailing the St. Pat's boys 15-13. After a good pep talk, however, the boys seemed to be all go and outclassed the hard fighting Irish to a score of 32-24 in the second quarter.

Things began to look very bad for the Irish after half time when their three top scorers were ousted from the game with five fouls each. In spite of this St. Pat's soon demonstrated to the Flyers that they weren't beaten yet and scored basket for basket to match the red and whites fast working defence.

From here on the Memorial boys had it all the way, led by MacNeil and tall, lanky Edgecombe to end the game to a score of 61-49. Top scorers were MacNeil and Boyles with 21 and 16 points respectively and Wilson for St. Pat's with 15.

If the Intermediates game was exciting the Senior game was beyond description. The Senior Memorials were certainly outclassed by the tall Guards in the first quarter to a score of 17-13. Memorials were charged with foul after foul until they finally settled down and out-scored the fast and tricky Guards to a 18-10 score in the second quarter. In the second half both teams matched basket for basket until 40 seconds before the end of the game with the score tied at 53-53 Fred Bradbrook was fouled by Ralph Moore and scored a free throw to win the game for Memorial.

Top scorers for the Flyers were playing coach Eaton with 13 points and Gushue with 12. For the Guards Moore was the big gun with a season's record of 26 points.

OUR BUSINESS IS ***All Sport***
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## DOCS BEAT TEACHERS

This week has been a disastrous one for the Education Faculty Football Squad. Instead of winding up as contenders for the title as many had expetced them, Pre-Meds swamped them 4-0, on Wednesday while on Saturday they were eliminated from the running by Engineers who emerged victorious in the 2-1 contest.

Education played both games without its centre-half (and might we add its better half) Dave Andrews who was called home because of the sudden passing of his father. We extend to Dave and his family our sincerest sympathy. A disorganized team represented Education on Wednesday, Nov. 11, against Pre-Meds. Every member played at a different post while Fred Ollerhead came out of retirement to fill in on defense.

The lack of scoring-punch on the Education forward line caused its downfall. Pre-Meds needed a score to remain in the running. Every man therefore played upfield as there was no danger that Education would break away.

The Pre-Med attack was subdued during the first half. The Education defence fell apart as eight Docs-to-be pounded in on the Education goalie. Bud Peckam scored two, versatile John King scored on a penalty kick, the other from six or seven boots. The Pre-Meds had their revenge and also a shot for the title to be played next Saturday.

## CHALLENGERS LOSE

The challenge match of the football league went off as scheduled on the 14th. Saturday, when the Pre-Meds took the field against Arts and Science. This game was an aftermath of a 5-0 victory by the Pre-Meds in league play, and, though playing without the stout-hearted services of full back John King, they managed to scrape a 2-1 win over a fighting Arts team.

Bill Rompkey, outside right for the A. & S., drew first blood just before half-time with a rebound of his own shot. Center Ted Goodrich was given the assist. The Arts men held a pronounced edge during this half, pressing hard from the start, and missed fire on several close-in plays.

A resolute assault by the sawbones featured the second half. Slipshod marking by the lawmen's half line cost them dear: Bob Ploughman nabbed a loose ball close in, and slammed home the tying goal. Three minutes before the final whistle, Ploughman—who had been shifted to outside right from his original fullback position, made a lovely end run, escaped his frantic pursuers, and cornered high a clear angle shot from close in. It was a hard blow to the Arts team, and especially to goalie Pike, who was badly handicapped by the twilight. Game score: Pre-Meds 2, Arts 1. Fred Bradbrook was referee.

DRINK
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG.
TRAVEL REFRESHED



## THE SPORTS DESK

Well, bowling finally started last week and we seem to have quite a few enthusiasts. The first strike of the new season was rolled by John March while Jackie Martin recorded the first graveyard, and Jim Piercy was the first to break the 200 circle. The first girl to reach that mark was Joan Meade who rolled 237, Wednesday night. Nice going.

Basketball is really wonderful so far. Memorial has played two games in each section and has won them. Last week's games were really thrilling, especially the senior one, which was a hard, close contest and was won by a margin of one point. With about one minute to go, Fred Bradbrook broke the tie to give M.U.N. the game.

Congratulations to playing-coach Eaton and all the boys.

Don McNeill played his usual excellent game, though closely guarded by the opposing team. Guess they didn't want another 40 night for him.

John King who played both intermediate and senior last night was good as was old reliable Bruce Pardy. Jim Gushue scored some beauties with that one hand shot of his.

In the Intermediate game, Willie Boyles was always there when needed and was good under the basket as well as jumping for rebounds, something the taller boys could do also.

The fans seem to have decreased in number, so let's all come and see more of the games, to cheer M.U.N. on to victory. We missed President Gushue, who is out of town, but 'twas good to see Mr. Morgan, Mr. Goodridge, Miss King and Miss Williams there.

The road race went off last week and was won by Engineer Ray Penney, but the Education boys got the team trophy. Congratulations. What happened to the Arts and Pre-Meds?

Football is well underway now: the last place Arts team has been dropped: too bad boys. Seems as if the Arts think they can beat the Pre-Meds though, and have challenged them to another game.

The girls trying out for the basketball team are getting vigorous workouts in the gym. They'll probably develop into Amazons but it may be worth it if they can bring glory to M.U.N.

The volley ball notices are on the notice board but are not getting much response. Come on, boys, show your strength. Even the girls are having a series this year. Enough said. See you next time.

## EDUCATION ELIMINATED

The Education football team now hold the same position as the Brooklyn Dodgers held last fall. They'll have to wait till next year. That's the sad story which we have to relate in this issue.

Saturday's game between Engineers and Education was probably the best of the season as the score would indicate. Education was determined from the opening whistle to remain contenlers. Vive versa for the Engineers. Without the educated hoots of Dave Andrews on the team, the other Education players had a difficult task to beat the swifty Roy Caule, all-star Jim Young, Don "Mr. Basketball" McNiell, Fred "Hero" Bradbrook, Pardy, Campbell and the others. Graham Snow, who since has informed us that he has "retired", played standout ball as did Cornick, Lake, Cross and Paddock.

Education went ahead in the first half on a beautiful passing play from Snow to Lake to Jasper Lake who beat "shut-out" John Marche.

In a do-or-die attempt Engineers used power plays, long-passes, and that great winning spirit of their faculty they beat the Education goalie twice.

But Education still wanted to win. During the last ten minutes of the contest, they kept the Engineers on defence and missed some excellent chances to score. But they didn't so they'll have to wait till next year.

A sudden-death game will be played on Saturday next, between Pre-Meds and Engineers to decide the right to wear M.U.N.'s Football Crown. May the better team win.

*"Daddy just phoned he's bringing guests home for dinner. You've got your homework to do. We'll both need extra energy—let's have some Ice Cream. That's one sure way to get the pep we want!"*

Brookfield ICE CREAM
Eat More Ice Cream

# Flicker Fancies

George Pal, a producer who has of late been devoting most of his time to science-fiction movies, such as "Destruction Moon" and "When Worlds Collide," now brings to the screen another thriller from the worlds beyond. This time it's "The War of the Worlds" (Paramount) based on H. G. Wells' 1898 scientific romance and starring Gene Barry and Ann Robinson. The film sticks pretty close to Wells' original plot of an invasion of earth by men from Mars equipped with death rays, but the scene has been changed from England to California. In Technicolor, it shows all the latest developments in electronics, military weapons, and the unlimited release of atomic power.

The film is done quite well, especially the scenes of the destroyed world, but in this reviewer's opinion, is disappointing in that it fails to let the audience get a good look at the invaders. Still, it makes a good assault on the nerves and might easily scare some of you. I suggest the girls take a man along, and be on the safe side!

"The Stars and Stripes Forever" (20th Century Fox) gives Clifton Webb a crack at a new kind of role. It takes him away from his usual comedy types and decks him out with beard and spectacles to play the dignified John Philip Sousa. The film based on "Marching Along", the autobiography of the March King, is a sketchy Technicolor musical-drama depicting Sousa as conductor of the U.S. Marine Corps Band, and at the same time a frustrated song-writer. He becomes famous in 1892, when he forms his own band and tours the world. The picture has a few amusing moments, but the dialogue is generally a little on the corny side. Without Sousa's stirring marches, it would probably die a quick death.

For romance, it has a fictional-and-dry sub-plot about a young marine (Bob Wagner) and a cute little girl from burlesque (Debra Paget). Question: Why is "El Capitaine" given a big build-up when said march isn't even played in the picture?

With old New Orleans and the Mississippi as backgrounds, "The Mississippi Gambler" (Universal International) cruises along on a gambling river-boat as a dashing but honest adventurer who has all kinds of exciting experiences. Tyrone Power is the gentleman gambler, and Piper Laurie and Julia Adams are the girls in his life, or the girls that get in his life. At first, Miss Laurie refuses to have anything to do with him because her wedding ring got lost an old family heirloom to him in a game of chance. The brother, meanwhile, is hopelessly in love with Miss Adams who is hopelessly in love with Mr. Power who is hopelessly lost. Interesting situation, eh?

Done up in Technicolor, "The Mississippi Gambler" is a lavish and mildly entertaining production with all kinds of feudin' and fightin' with swords, pistols and fists.

The writer of this column invites readers to submit to the *Muse* for publication any written criticisms they might like to make on the above review.

CURRENT EVENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| House of Wax (3D Color) | Good |
| It Came From Outer Space (3D) | Very Good |
| Mogambo (Color) | Very Good |
| The Caddy | Good |

# WORK-PLAY?

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is the cautioning word given by friends to the guy who keeps his hand "to the wheel" with no time out for play, but he just smiles and continues on his accustomed way. His friends shake their heads in wonder—how can he stand working all the time? Every night they go dancing or to the movies, and every day there's a round of golf—what kind of person is he anyway, not to want to play?

Ah! wait a minute! Just what is work? And where do we draw the line between work and play? Will it be the same for everyone—is work work regardless of the person doing it; are there certain things to be classed as work and others classed as play?

Isn't this really the answer? If you enjoy doing a thing, it ceases to be work—it's play for *you*, let others call it what they will. And on the other hand, if you don't enjoy golf, or other activities commonly referred to as play, you cease to regard them as play, and they become work, a "task", from which you shy away.

If you think of play as something which gives pleasure, you will find that much of the "work" you do every day is really play; for doesn't work involve achievement, and isn't achievement—success in doing something which challenges your ability—the greatest pleasure-giver of all? Think it over—perhaps that awful amount of "work" you have to do won't seem as great after a while, and you will be able, with our friend at the beginning of this article, to smile serenely when friends try to sway you to their ideas of play.

# CUP CAKES

Universities everywhere have a certain amount of tradition. Some have more than others, but whether great or small, tradition is a very useful factor in the guidance of University development. We, as students, should all remember that we are making the history of tomorrow for our own particular University, and that we ourselves will be assimilated into its tradition.

Many universities all across Canada, during the past few weeks, have been bringing back their past, their traditions, with Founder's Day celebrations, centenaries and Alumni week-ends. These events have highlighted the social activities.

*Mount Allison University* celebrated Founder's Day on Oct. 30 and many of its former students whose names have now become famous spoke at the assemblies held.

The *Athenian* reports that *Acadia* will be honouring Founder's Day on Nov. 14 with a special service in the morning and a banquet in the evening with entertainment supplied by the male quartet. There will be a dance after the banquet.

From the *Varsity* we learn that *University College, of Toronto's University*, attained its centenary during the last week in October. Two of the highlights of the celebrations were: a huge float parade and the installation of Dr. Samuel Beatty as chancellor of the University.

Last, but not least, the *University of Western Ontario* and the *University of Saskatchewan* recently held alumni week-ends. At both Universities celebrations consisted of dances, parades, games and banquets.

READ THE TRUTH About Men
(Continued from page 2)

end ,if you don't he gets tired if you in the beginning.

If you agree with him in everything you soon cease to interest him, if you argue with him you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic. If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown beret and a tailored suit he takes you out and spends the evening staring at the women in gay colors, rouge and startling hats.

If you join him in the gaieties of life and approve of his smoking and drinking he swears you are driving him to the devil, and if you don't he vows you are too snobbish and nice.

A man is just a worm. He comes along, wiggling about for a while —and finally some chicken gets him.—*The Western Gazette.*

I told him he mustn't see me any more.
What did he do?
Turned out the lights.
—The Ontarion.

It is better to trust your fellowmen and be occasionally deceived, than to be distrustful and live alone.—William Jennings Byron.

'And he pins his budget-bugs down, too — *by steady saving* at "MY BANK" A FRIEND TO SAVE WITH 8 of 11

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