

certainly provided ample scope for discussion and left us with much food for thought on the role of the university in National Development.

As we boarded our plane again at the week's end, lecturers, professors, and students alike were unanimous in their thanks to the Canada Council for sponsoring such a successful program of study, and in their praise of the National Federation of Canadian University Students for the organization of such a profitable week—the first of what is hoped will be an annual event in the future.

—BOB DOYLE '59

SENSIBLE MR. X

Do you know Sensible Mr. X?
You don't? Then listen,
I'll tell you about him.
Fascinating? You'll find him so.
I guarantee.

Now about Sensible Mr. X:
He's the firmest believer, that you have
Ever met, in the adage:
Fear is the beginning of wisdom.
On it, he bases his philosophy of life.
Some examples.

The stag line, he believes, is much safer
Than a date.
Why?
In the stag line, you just gape and stare,
And stare and gape.
And maybe dance with the best specimen.
About dating; well, it's a problem.
If you take the same girl out twice,
Bang!
My friend, you're involved.
And never, never, never . . .
Must this happen.
Why?
It's not sensible!
Don't you agree? Yes.
It's much wiser to gape and stare,
And stare and gape.

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DOYLE '59

Study?

What an obnoxious idea!

Why it's injurious to the brain, the nerves,

And, in fact, the whole constitution.

Besides it isn't sensible.

You might possess a little knowledge

Before the cram for exams begins.

Much better to cram and jam all into

The brain the night before.

That way, all knowledge is on the surface,

Ready to overflow onto the exam paper.

Once there in ink, it is gone forever

From the brain.

It never bothers you again.

At the end of college the "tabula raza"

Is still a "tabula raza".

Mass in the morning?

Wonderful for some.

But I need my sleep.

Oh, I admit only eight hours are necessary.

But aren't ten or twelve much better?

Co-education?

What a racket. Co-eds all over the campus;

With their knee socks and yackety-yak

And expecting doors opened just for them.

Won't someone, please, abolish them?

This is just a brief introduction to Sensible Mr. X.

Fascinating! Don't you agree?

—TRACY '59

SNOW

Across the field a gentle blanket lay,

And still, silently, ceaselessly,

It falls, feathery flakes, crystallized

Gems of rainbow hue, dazzling one's eyes

With a splendour undefined.

Numberless crystals lay in the mass,

Each one different from the last.

If God's own creatures could foresee,

Oh gentle snow, with stainless soul,

Souls would be as white as thee.

—VERNON MYERS '62