

ENGINEERS OFFER REWARD

A reward of 5,000 microfarads will be paid for the capture of Hopalong Capacity who escaped from his cell last night armed with a carbon electrode. He is charged under Faraday's Law with the mutual inductance of a young coil named Milli-Henry, who was found stripped of her double-cotton covering, suffering from circulating current and corona discharge from her salient poles. He is also wanted for shunting an A.C. motor in a one way circuit and causing an impedance at the Wheatstone Bridge while in charge of a kilocycle.

If cornered, he will offer negative resistance and go into violent oscillation; this may be neutralized by tying his terminals together with stout copper wire. The potential difference between him and other current coiminals is that he invariably returns to a steady

current state unless sustained in oscillation by regular injections of positive feedback. He is an accomplished exponent of logarithmic decrement, and this leads to a frequency of dance-halls and bus-bars.

Electro-motive forces have been making an unparalleled search of all surrounding magnetic fields for several ampere hours, but so far have been unable to make contact due to lack of a positive lead on which to work. A switch has now been ordered and the gap is closing rapidly.

When last seen he was wearing a mica wrap with transmitter to match, giving him a very narrow band width and distorting his characteristic curves appreciably.

Charges will also be preferred in accordance with Couloma's Law.

Bob Gondek

Fame And Fortune In Japan

(By PAUL KING)

(for Canadian University Press)

(A 1959 graduate of the Ryerson Institute of Technology, Toronto, Paul King went to Japan last year to see for himself the Land of the Rising Sun. Although not a student in Japan, he has been in some contact with students).

Japan is a complex country, still torn between traditional attitudes and beliefs and the post-war western influences. There is much poverty and wealth. There is much beauty and ugliness: Mount Fuji, a dirty cone of black lava ash in which you sink to your ankles in dry weather and to your knees in mud when it's raining is an inspiring sight from a distance.

From what I have seen of student life in Japan, it's active to say the least. Although not having been in personal contact with the body of it, I have been exposed to some interesting facets of its actions. The newspapers frequent play up the student riots and pickets lines. One recent event involved a 60-student picket line posted by the university to keep out four teachers branded as pro-communist. The teachers were later discharged.

A fellow office-worker and I sat down one day and tried to determine the major difference between students here and back in North America. We noted the complete lack of social activities in Japanese schools as one of the difference. Fraternities, dances and other social activities are almost non-existent, although English speaking

students do have sports clubs.

Baseball is another of the strange items here in Japan. Every school has a baseball team and the annual match between Waseda and Keio Universities is the equivalent of the Army-Navy football game in the U. S.

Academically, the Japanese universities teach 20 to 30 subjects simultaneously. Each one is continued throughout the four years, and one lecture per week per subject is the norm.

My Texan friend also noted that most universities are private. The seven national colleges are highly esteemed and have space for eight to ten per cent of the applicants each year. Tuition in private schools costs from \$100 to \$800 a year, high for Japan.

Individualism, which is condoned on most North American campuses, is very much frowned upon here. I recently attended a party wearing a bright red vest and shocked everyone. Everyone here wears the same black uniform, and on graduating, buys the same suits, ties, overcoats, shoes and shirts. Same style, same color for all.

Fortune for a foreigner is far more accessible than fame. Japan is a veritable land of opportunity for the English speaking journalist.

After a few weeks famine came the feast. I started writing a weekly entertainment column for the 5,000,000-circulation Mainichi Daily News; became technical advisor on English-language programs for a TV network; began teaching English at three large Japanese companies; and became English copywriter for the largest Japanese advertising agency.

Any student with a yen for travelling (pun intended) can succeed in business without really trying.

I abhor, or pity, the travelers who fly to Japan, spend three days in the padded chairs in the potted lobby of the Imperial Hotel, gazing with unabashed admiration and curiosity at fellow tourists, and return home with glowing, ecstatic accounts of Japan. I have talked with one or two of these starry-eyed wonders and their statements invariably start with: "The Japanese are all so . . ."

No one who has not spent at least a night in a Zen Buddhist temple, slept on the floor of a Japanese inn, enjoyed a Japanese bath, taken a Tokyo taxi ride, eaten Sushi (raw fish) with a village farm family, taken a train from Nara to Kobe, attended a festival in Kyoto, visited the Shrine at Miyajima to pay homage to the gods, worked in a Japanese firm, visited the bomb sites in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, gone to a Geisha party, or climbed Mount Fuji, can possibly start to claim a knowledge of Japan.

Eng. Class of '62



ELECTIONS

Election time is here again and the Engineering Society is continuing the trend of Spring elections. Although not as notable as the elections to be held on June 18 they are not second to none. The election date has been set for April 27 and the new executive will be installed on that day. (Ha!)

RINGS

This year the 3rd year graduating class will have apt mementos of their happy days at S.D.U. During the second term plans were laid for a class ring. An appropriate design was approved by a Society meeting and the class is now waiting anxiously for the finished product.

Where Does NFCUS Fit In?

In the course of this year NFCUS has been attacked from all quarters. Our very existence on the SDU campus was seriously questioned. It is my hope that this situation no longer exists, yet it would be overoptimism to believe that all the students are ardent upholders of the NFCUS cause. The NFCUS cause you say? This NFCUS cause forms the very backbone of the organization.

On this score NFCUS can provide a more than adequate defence for its existence, should such a defence be required. Yet its cause goes much deeper, far higher than this.

Les Thomes, NFCUS Regional President, outlined far better than I am able the cause or aims of this national student organization:

"NFCUS is the students who attend the member universities. All of the work that the Federation undertakes must be in the best interests of students and insofar as NFCUS purports to represent students, as many students as possible should be involved in the program. By the very nature of the activity, only a relatively small number of students on any one campus can be involved in the organization of NFCUS on that campus. Therefore, along with organizing the local activity, that group must accept the responsibility of informing students of NFCUS and all its activities and of gaining student opinion and support where it is beneficial to a better union of students."

"Far too often NFCUS has been regarded as a separate entity apart from the Students' Council. This is not so for NFCUS IS THE Students' Council. It is the national organization of thirty-eight Students' Councils across Canada."

For this reason it is the responsibility of every Students' Council to have a look at the NFCUS Committee on the campus-NFCUS then, should be one of the first organizations on campus to be discussed by the Council."

An examination of the basic structure and aims of NFCUS verifies Mr. Thomes' remarks. Where does NFCUS stand in the plan of the Students' Council? NFCUS is the Students' Council, expanded to the national level.

M. Lane

SPORTS

This year the Engineers captured the inter-class basketball championship as they did last season. Great credit is due to Roger Labonte, captain, for his drive and determination in bringing home the bacon.

Engineers competed in inter-class hockey and also fielded a buzzer team. Although not too successful hockeywise the boys gave all they had.

Engineers also recruited a football team in the fall but the league folded and the boys didn't get a chance to show their stuff.

Behind Closed Doors

The University faculty has come to the rescue of the Public Speaking Class. To capture the drama of the eventful meeting which rectified the situation, we take you now to a portion of that meeting of meetings:

Prof. Rock: May I read to you the resolutions adopted by my office as concerns the Public Speaking Program? Thank you.

Prof. Dino: (low) I don't like the looks of this.

Prof. Rock: The decree, or rather the resolution, states that the four-year Speaking Program shall be made compulsory for all students. When I say compulsory, I mean that students shall be free to attend classes or not attend. Basically, the course in Junior and Senior Years shall consist of orations styled after those of Cicero, Homer and the boys. Do you have any comments?

Prof. Telly: Well, eh, it sounds marvelous but it seems to me that such discourses styled after Cicero and company will be of immense value in getting my Latin scholars to memorize Cataline.

Mr. Seno: It's all right with me as long as the course is offered to Freshmen during the first period in the morning.

Prof. McDonnell: From a sociological point of view, ah, this will afford ample opportunity for one to be criticized by his peers. Public speaking is a prime factor of Sociality.

Prof. Lelland: This program will be excellent to develop self-expression especially for those who recite the Rosary in the evening. I can make more noise than the whole student body.

Prof. Ward: Don't go too far with this. They may learn how to talk their way out from paying their bills!

Prof. Pass: Chaps, my old debating teams may be surprised yet.

Prof. B. Seno: (laughing) Oh, oh, that means I can still ask them to read "The Jabberwock"!"

Prof. Tyre: Hope I won't lose my job with the Alumni with all these good speakers around.

Prof. Rock: Thank you very much for your opinions. Now we shall close the meeting with a prayer to St. Jude.

The Listener.

EARTH SCIENCES AT UBC

The University of British Columbia has established an Institute of Earth Sciences for work in the fields of geomagnetism, nuclear geology, seismology and glaciology. Director of the Institute is Dr. John A. Jacobs, professor of geophysics.



Heh! Heh! What's all this jazz, grins Colin MacMillan, vice-president of the Students' Union, as he congratulates president Harry Callaghan (left), and George Chaisson (right), after the three had received their Debating "D's".

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SAND

There has been more to life at St. Dunstan's than the knowledge we have gained from books. They are smaller, more trivial things, yet they are the things which we may remember best and which have made campus life worth living.

As we leave our home of the past four years, let's look back at the sometimes zany sometimes grim, always engrossing everyday life at St. Dunstan's.

Friends: the surprise you received when you found both of you felt or thought the same way; the verbal battles that wage for hours which broaden your outlook; the understanding look from someone you didn't expect would care as you suffered a disappointment; the smile when you finished a long conversation with someone you thought was uncommunicative.

Faculty: the professors as they tried to rouse you from your morning daze; the discovery your professor has a sense of humor as exemplified in an embarrassing situation; the interest the faculty takes in every one as they inquire into your future plans.

Sports: the rowdy football rallies in which the effigies were burned; the spirit displayed by the fans when a game was won; the never-to-be-forgotten sports trips from which everyone returned home hoarse from cheering and singing; the pride with which you observe the sportsmanship of your team; the evening skates in which you revived your exercise and made new friends.

Residence life: the growing accustomed to the bells until eventually you never hear them; the card games morning, noon and night; the Friday night "bull sessions" in which nothing was accomplished but ideas were shared and fun was had; the serious chat with the prefect

from which you returned with a guilty conscience.

Discipline: the notice from the Registrar concerning class absences; the 7:20 a.m. checking in; the daily reminder of the privilege of attending daily Mass; the squeaky doors as you try to steal quietly in from a midnight show.

Social life: the gatherings in the Spain; the Wednesday night dances; the Rollaway and Clover Club; the class parties; the walks to the Kirkwood; the hurried kiss outside the girls' residence.

Exams: the quarterly cramming for exams; the satisfaction or discouragement when you received the results.

Friends, faculty, sports, residence life, discipline, and social life, all combined to give a bittersweet effect. All these bits and pieces made up the warp and woof of the sometimes patchy St. Dunstan's cloth.

As we leave St. Dunstan's with unimpressive past but with hopeful future we want to say "thank you" to our parents, the faculty, and our fellow students, all of whom have contributed to our development here.

To our parents, we say "thank you" for the many sacrifices for us which have made possible our stay at St. Dunstan's and for the endless encouragement you gave us during our stay here. To the faculty we say "thank you" for the guidance, the knowledge and even the discipline you gave us. To our fellow students, thanks for the understanding, the cheerful outlook, and the "chin-up" spirit that meant so much.

These are the things we will take with us when we leave. These are the things that can never be forgotten when we hear the words "St. Dunstan's."

We'll miss it.

A Tearful Senior

THE STAFF OF "RED AND WHITE"

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