

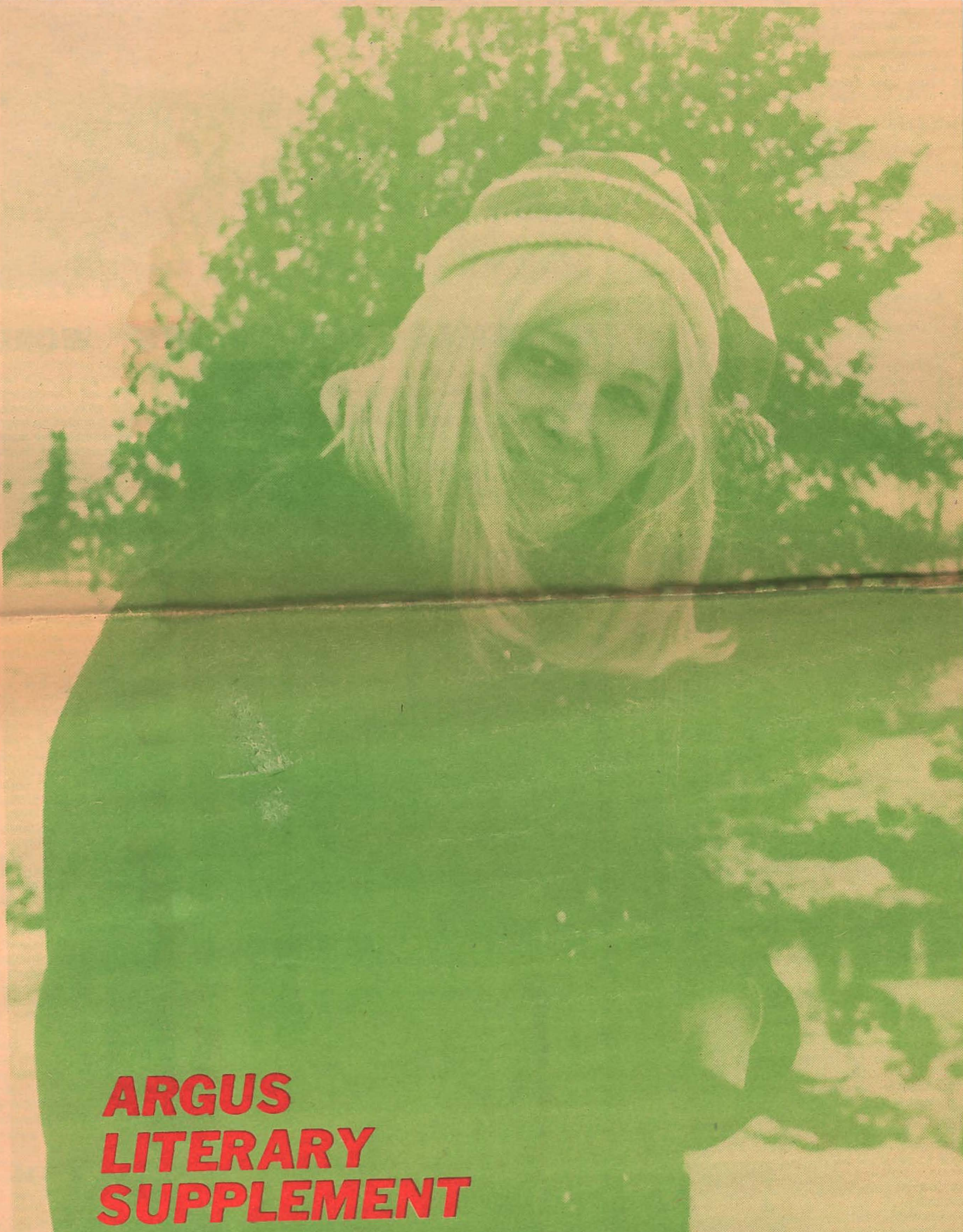
Joy
to
the world...

The ARGUS

U.S.A.

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**ARGUS
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT**

THE ARGUS



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Letter to the Editor

Each older generation is always positive that the younger is "going to the dogs". There are, of course, always exceptions. I believe that the present "college age" generation is the reverse. They have run away from the dogs, far away!

As a part-time student taking day courses this year, I have been a keen observer of Lakehead University mores. Such studious, sober, serious creatures, the males especially, always with their noses stuck in books! What is more, these young men are so unaware or at least undisturbed by the pulchritude around them. While I, who am at least as old as Methuselah, am more than a little titillated by such things as mini-skirts!

There is, of course, a logical explanation for this withdrawal by the males. The present generation of college students are of the immediate post-war baby boom. Their mothers, having lived through the war years, have developed a tremendous revulsion to all forms of aggressiveness, violence, etc., with the result that they have influenced their sons to develop reverse characteristics. The fathers, many returned veterans, are too weary and subdued to influence their sons towards traditional male virility.

The present tremendous upsurge in the use of cosmetics by males is also proof of the above. These nauseating, odiferous concoctions are designed to mask the manly emanations which arouse female responsiveness. These withdrawn young males of course eagerly adopt anything to counteract female aggressiveness.

They sure have gone away out, away out, away out!

W. Harlitz

Editor's note

The above letter has precipitated a minor controversy in the ARGUS office, with the three main points mentioned being tossed about in heated debate for many days. Several attempts at a formal rebuttal were made, but it was felt that there could be no definite argument either for or against such a subject as the supposed tendency towards increasing femininity in males today. It is quite possibly true that University males are "studious, serious, and have their noses stuck in books"... but the real reason for this lies not in an emaciated virility but in that there is more emphasis than ever before on higher education as the key to a better job and a better life. (How soon this reason, though true, has already become a worn cliché!)

But short excursions to the crowded Games Room on a busy afternoon or to any of the University dances and private parties on weekends will also reveal an immense lust for life that our "keen observer" has obviously missed. His judgment is premature, for the best is yet to come... the annual Winter Carnival in which Beauty and Virility and Drunken Mirth all get a chance to express themselves quite wholeheartedly.

As for the excessive motherly influence suggestion, the analysis of this "masculinity problem" illustrates the use of paperback psychology so stylish at the moment.

We know of no male students wearing any sort of cosmetics these days. Colognes, deodorants, after-shave lotions... yes; but then, toiletries for mankind have existed since the beginning of civilization. Their appeal is a matter of personal enjoyment and often necessary in everyday good manners if we would avoid "being offensive". A body steeped in several months of manly emanations would hardly excite any female. I wonder if you brush your teeth, or do you believe a "natural mouth" also arouse female responsiveness?

Let us close with a few scenes from history... such as those virile Spartans waging war in their Greek mini-skirts, or dashing Thomas Jefferson declaring independence in powdered wig and hose.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS FROM THE ARGUS



CHRISTMAS AROUND THE WORLD

As we near our Season of Greetings and Festivities, the wind bites deeper, the city avenues take on coloured lights and lamp-post tinsel, post offices overflow with cardboard wishes, dear Santa manages to visit several department stores simultaneously, and snowy front yards sprout everything from children's grotesque snowmen to plywood reindeer and well-meaning Nativities (bigger than life size!) while our expensive but lovely Bethlehem Star on the roof is bigger than the one next door. Yes, those icy streets and demolished fenders afford many occasions to hail "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen!" to skidding fellow-motorists. All these signs of a typically Canadian Christmas illustrate the typically Canadian characteristic of cutting through to the core of any issue and thereby celebrating the Yuletide in the original spirit of the great pagan early winter Feast (before it was conveniently assimilated by Christianity).

But as we boil in our own Christmas stew, we must certainly wonder how other lands and other people celebrate the Noel. The ARGUS asked several students of other countries to describe their festivities there. Rod Stephens (Trinidad): Christmas is a holiday of gay abandon for us; everyone enjoys Christmas, of course, but it really belongs to the children. The day's activities are known as a parang, during which people visit each other, play the guitar and the cuatro, and sing the much-loved carols. The warmth and brilliance of the Caribbean sun matches the spontaneity and friendliness of the island folk.

Sabah Hanna Shaik (Iraq): The accustomed feast-dish is Kousi -- barbecued sheep stuffed with yellow rice and walnuts smothered in curry sauce, along with Shish-ka-bob, kastma, shawarma, kibea, and dozens of other varieties of Iraqi delights.

Rod Phillips (New Zealand): You won't believe it, but New Zealand is so far ahead of Canada, we're already celebrating Christmas '69! Anyway, after a roast chicken dinner, we take off

to the beach. The 70 degree plus temperature contrasts with the artificial snow on the Christmas trees and the beaming face of jolly old Santa on the snowy-scened Christmas cards.

Jorma Halonen (Finland): Christmas Eve includes the traditional sauna followed by a visit by Joulupukki, the Finnish Santa Claus who distributes gifts to the children later in the evening when everyone exchanges presents. Then comes the early morning Lutheran Mass on Christmas day; many folk in the open country still carry on the tradition of going to church by horse and sleigh, and then racing home through the snow in a Dr. Zhivago landscape. The Finnish main dishes for Christmas are smoked pork and smoked ham, with several ethnic dishes such as Lipea-kalaa, a specially prepared codfish.

Liaguiat H. Agha (Pakistan): The Moslem majority of Pakistan never forgets to share the festivities of the Christian Brethren who enjoy special leave during Christmas. Exchange of gifts, visits and entertainment add to the warmth and friendliness, and reflects the Pakistani hospitality.

Lileith Beharry (Guyana): Just as in the Caribbean, we have been greatly influenced by Britain, since we were one of her South American colonies for so many years (formerly known as British Ghiana). We also have Santa Claus, turkey, and presents, but our Christmas trees are artificial. On any outing on Christmas day, the weather is quite lovely but you must be careful to watch for snakes, for the forest is still very wild. I don't know too much about the actual native Indians; they live deeper inland and aren't Christian, of course, so I suppose they have something entirely different.

Sze-Chung Yuan (Hong Kong): Much of the Chinese population has been affected by the British occupation of over a century, so that it is almost natural that they have adopted the pleasant holiday of Christmas, even though it has little religious meaning. Schools get out around

the 15th of December, and for the next few weeks the younger population segment, and especially the students, hold parties and dances to celebrate the Yule in a great way. Even the shops along the crowded streets have pine trees and Christmas decorations in colourful displays. Yes, there's even a Chinese version of Santa Claus called Hsing Tan Lao jen. The people cultivate little potted pine trees in their gardens and bring them into their homes at Christmas to provide the traditional atmosphere for the exchange of gifts.

However, if it's a real Chinese festival you're after, that would be the Chinese New Year -- the biggest and most exciting of the annual celebrations. Shops close, factories shut down, and everyone goes home for several days to visit old friends and relatives. The New Year's Eve dinner is spectacular and these days is much varied, as the great inflow of refugees to Hong Kong has brought many different types of language, customs, and cuisine to this city, depending on what part of the China mainland the refugees are originally from. Most prevalent cuisines are the Cantonese and Shanghai, with some from Northern China. The New Year will be near the first of February in 1967 (based on the Lunar Calendar) and at that time we will say farewell to the Year of the Horse (1966) and welcome in the Year of the Goat -- 1967!

HELP!

The ARGUS staff has run into a serious problem. Some of our members have all the symptoms of the disorder known as "December graduation". As a result, there will probably be several staff positions available in the new term. Those willing to commit themselves to the addicting atmosphere of Christmas trees, love affairs, and various forms of intrigue receive the satisfaction of contributing to our publication. Everyone is a potential journalist. So join the ARGUS... it's free.

THE LOG OF YULE

It's a legend old that tells of the Log of Yule
As 'twas dragged from the forest, in days of old,
Wayfarers bowed; in reverence, hats were tipped.
Here was a log in whose flames old wrongs
Were consumed, forgiven, yea forgotten.
Old hopes were fulfilled, new friendships begotten
As man in humble endeavour sought to better
Relations with his fellow-humans so imperfect.

Ah, lights aglitter in gay decor
Once more the fruits of happiness we savour;
But man, the paradox of creation, gives
Joy and disillusionment, happiness and disappointment,
Attempts to whisper love, but howls hatred,
Advocates in his relationships a harmony sacred,
Strives to maintain a friendship
And in the struggle his intention fouls.

It was a person wise and experienced who counselled
"No human is worth it to upset you. Never give one the triumph!"

The counsel's truth is almost inconceivable,
Disgust and rashness is almost feasible,
As deceptions and indiscretions abound
Joys and spirits are almost aground,
But hark, I hear the sled on fresh snow....
'Tis the Log of Yule -- I raise my hat and bow.
--Fred Kelly

BROWNE OFF

by John Brown

Lakehead University students regard this column with interest or disinterest, depending upon whether their personal beefs are voiced or not. They have come to accept the Browne Off column as a forum for my own personal peeves. I assure them that this is true and I also assure them that little is holy, including them.

The clamour generated by loud and happy mobs in the cafeteria is enough to gladden the hearts of our overly protective parents. Now, the parents say junior is associating with all these intelligent people in University. Now junior is learning how to get along with the better rungs of society; he is getting an education by talking to all these people from different lands and cultures; he is broadening his sphere so that he can be one of the leaders of the community, and he is probably discussing new and challenging theories to combat the problems of the world.

Hal

On close examination of the situation I find that the parents have unknowingly overestimated the poignancy of junior's conversation. A recent poll showed that out of 5 tables (all male) in the cafeteria, the subject of such excited exclamation was not intellectual or scientific, but rather 70% were discussing the rate of rise of a short skirt seated at a distant table, 28% were recounting every moment of the euphoria achieved at the Crest last night, and 2% were staring into space and probably contemplating suicide because they were not interested in either. Just by watching the sixth table, I was able to predict the discourse. It probably went something like this: "..... six spades.....doubled.....redoubled.....tripled.....retripled.....quartered.....etc."

Anyone who does try to stimulate any conversation on above this mundane level is branded as a nut. In an attempt with one group to promote the old habit of actually saying something when the mouth is opened, we covered a full spectrum of topics from religion to water pollution in 5 minutes and 3 hours uninformedly discussing sex and its perversions. Interesting as it was, I could not help but feel that sex had become an act necessary only for

future expositions to be related to others, not the dilemma or farce it was supposed to be. One chap told the group that he was a virgin, and everyone slowly ostracized him to one end of the table. He had broken a major unwritten law, in that even if one has never had sex, one is never expected to admit it, and must fake it. Honesty isn't always the best policy at all times in the cafeteria.

The average student doesn't mix with any rungs of the social ladder except his own. Students from the Lakehead sit with all the kids they knew in PACI or Selkirk, and few mix. Students from "out of town" mix with other from "out of town". One friend from Toronto was very happy at the end of October, and I asked him why. He said the reason for the state of well-being is that he met another student who actually lived in the Lakehead. There is little mixing with those students from Hong Kong or Trinidad, and even so it is usually in some official capacity and not one of cultural exchange.

If junior expects to be one of the leaders of the community, he had better apply at another institution. It is virtually impossible to get much organized because of the apathy of our esteemed student body. Check the figures on the A.M.S. council voting. There are about ten people here who try to organize meetings, groups, or

clubs to further interest in areas that are supposed to be the domain of the undergraduates of universities. The programs, more times than not, are flops, and the organizers are passed off as pushy types. The ten are usually involved in everything in the whole place anyway. Check most of the clubs on campus and you'll find a duplicity of membership.

Little or no theory comes from the lecture rooms into the cafeteria. Post-lecture analysis includes a description of Dr. X, (fat and fifty), or Dr. Y, (smokes and shouts a lot), as well as any current off-cour remarks made be either. When questioned on the actual subject itself, an ambiguous mumbling (.... some Greek wrote this play about some guy in love with his mother...or was it his father?) meanders down a list of names and dates. Any relation of theory presented in the lecture rooms and the daily routine of our average student is purely accidental and, upon correction, is readily mended.

I don't see much change of this pattern in the future. It was the same last year. Maybe it is an indication of a new rebellion against the old concepts. The adult society expects a lot from us, especially those of us in university. Open your mouth and spill out.....GARBAGE. Go into society and do your job.....GARBAGE.

CHRISTMAS STORY

Reprinted from THE MUSE, Memorial University, St. John's, Newfoundland.

He stood, absurd in his nakedness,
Among the gaunt trees
And touched the breast of his daughter.
She bowed her silent, lovely head
And when darkness came it was over.
Words of light shafted through the blackness
And her exaltation was complete.
They walked to her bed in the cold night. --
He walked back to the dark wood
And in the black night he built a great fire
And burned himself in it.
From the valley around they came
And stared at the bright flame
Wondering, afraid.
In the cold, cold first month of winter
She bore him a son.

-- Blanche Hodder

WINTER CARNIVAL

DON'T FORGET TO PICK UP CAR DRAW TICKETS FOR SALE OVER HOLIDAYS.

Beemis Squash-



... AND FILL MY MOCASSIN WITH WINE AND
RELIEF... MORE USED CLOTHES ... A NEW
GOVERNMENT... AND TAKE BACK THE PALEFACE.
- KELLY

THE FOLKLORE AND RECORD CENTRE, S. ALGOMA STREET, PORT ARTHUR, HAS INFORMED US THAT A 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL MATERIAL WILL BE GIVEN TO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

xmas

lapinette

SANTA IS COMING

lapinette demonstrates her garnished funds which she has just garnered gratefully.

2ND TERM LOAN JAZZ

tuning in, loanwise.

lapinette mails early, but forgets easily.

MERRY XMAS!

MY BANK
TO OVER 3,000,000 XMAS FOLLOWERS!

BoFm

bank of montreal

campus bank

put a penny a day in your PCA; have \$3.65 by next xmas!!!!

lapinette awoke with a start. "by jingles" she said ringingly, "it is december already, which means xmas, which means gifts, which means **money**," thus demonstrating the value of her seminar in logic.

which means a hop over to the campus bank. otherwise this ad would be paid for by a company that sells logic instead of greenbacks.

now lapinette's supermanager was only too hoppy to help. they garnered some funds from her personal chequing account: enough to send a chocolate carrot to all her pals.

the manager then reminded lappy about her second-term loan forms.

she promised to mail hers in.

won't the manager be pleased to receive a tasty chocolate carrot?

won't one of her boyfriends be surprised to receive a loan form.

university centre building branch:
open tuesdays and fridays 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.
l.m. moore, manager



by Dennis Smyk



by Dennis Smyk



by Dennis Smyk



by Dennis Smyk