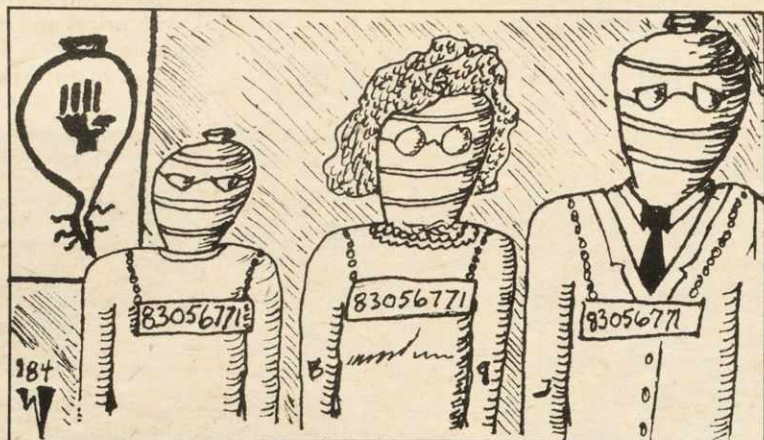


Rusty and Dave



Dear Rusty and Dave:

I am a first year student here at Dalhousie and am having problems adjusting to university life. Back home in high school my parents would check my report cards and see my teachers and this would force me to keep good marks. Being away from home is different situation altogether. This independence has led to a life of fun and frolic rather than work and study. I am on a sinking ship and don't know what to do. Can you guys save me from drowning?

**Deep in despair,
Donna**

Dear Despair,

This appears to be an incredible situation. How could you let yourself slip? Do you have no personal integrity? Is personal pride not an issue with you? Donna, Donna, Donna ...

We feel strongly that your dilemma should be solved. From the mail we receive it has become obvious that the problem is a widespread one. Because of this we are working towards instituting parent/professor nights at Dalhousie. It would be a simple procedure. Students and parents would line up together with corresponding student numbers strapped around their necks. The student's number would match the parent's number so there would be no confusion. The parents would then get a first hand look at what their offspring is doing at university. The lineups would indeed be long for some but it would be worth it. The parents could check achievement sheets, attendance records, and class participation bonus gold stars. They could also compare and contrast to see how many papers their child really wrote. At the same time they could witness how many of the papers that the professors actually read. Finally if the child was taking Special Education with Professor Sodhi they could see that university is a wonderful institution in that students are able to not go to any classes or write any papers and still receive outstanding marks. Ah, university life!

Dear Rusty and Dave:

I have a problem. My girlfriend doesn't even notice me anymore. We've been going out since high school but as soon as we started university this year she started saying that I wasn't respectful of her rights as a woman and as a fellow human being. Gee, guys, I'm not even sure of my own rights! Anyway, I

see that we are slipping. What we had was too beautiful to just let slip into the spittoon. What can I do?

Harried Harry

Dear Harried,

Rutabagas. Yes, throughout the centuries lovers from all ages have been inexorably drawn together under the aegis of the rutabaga.

Ah, the rutabaga. The passion vegetable. The garden lecher. The tumble turnip. Call it what you may, but its amorous powers have made more than a few parents nervous.

The word "rutabaga" (it is about time we cleared this up) is derived from the words "rutaire" and "baegis". According to the 4th century philosophers Rusticus and Davionus the word "rutasire" means "to be routine" or "in a rut." "Baegis" means "beau" or "boyfriend". Thus rutabaga has become synonymous for "to routinely have a boyfriend."

Cleopatra used to wear several rutabagas on a gold chain around her neck. Napoleon would often eat dozens of rutabagas as an aphrodisiac. Henry Hicks and his wife sleep on a mattress filled with rutabagas.

In Italy, high school proms are decorated with hollowed out rutabagas filled with pasta. In Czechoslovakia in February it is not uncommon to hear, "Voodska endeil mein tooskeibeigan? or "Would you be my rutabaga?" In the tiny African country of Dahomey the natives practice a variation of Sadie Hawkins' Day races whereby the young ladies hurl rutabagas at the young males and marry whoever they inflict a concussion upon.

Shakespeare was so overcome with emotion after having shared boiled rutabaga with his wife Anne Hathaway that he wrote a little known sonnet which included the lines, "And we are lifted; carried aloft when thy lips touch mine And they part again, only to partake of boiled rutabaga."

Descartes wrote what can only be translated loosely into, "Broccoli is very good. Asparagus is fine. But I'll take girls and rutabagas any friggin' time."

So, Harry, we are not alone in our extollment of the rutabaga. Throughout history this starchy, protein-filled little orb has conquered kingdoms, toppled mountains, and filled many bellies. If you want to win back the affections of your love just follow the words of F.T.D. Florists: "Say it with a rutabaga today."

THE HEAD OF ITS CLASS.

