

GAZETTE . . .

This Year Bigger Than Ever

. . . FEATURES

DAL DAZE . . .

U. N. O. Chooses Dullhousie As Permanent Headquarters; Delegates Jam Kem Teater

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

WHEN REGISTRAR Chully Beanut trudged over to his Anguish II lecture last week he was somewhat perturbed to find the Kem Teater packed to the gunwales with a bickering, squabbling mass of humanity. For the befuddled Beanut didn't know that the entire U.N.O. organization had invaded Dullhousie during the wee hours of dawn, acquired the Seance building as its permanent headquarters and the Kem Teater as its assembly hall.

Beanut, Casket Maltreated

"Have you gentlemen seen Miss Schmidt about registration forms?" ventured the Anguish chieftain who is a Victory Gardener and hails from New Zealand. His query was answered by a troop of international police who forcibly ejected him from the building, scattering his themes to the four winds of Buttonmeadow campus. Henceforward, they said, he would have to acquire a vacant garage for his Anguish II harangues.

Earlier in the day Kem Boss Cull Casket had been chained to a Bunsen burner for protesting against the invasion of his premises. His costly Kem apparatus had been swept away to make room for atom smashers, and, to add insult to injury, five of his favorite research students had been hurled from a top-story window for refusing to exchange scientific information with the Big Three.

As McGosh followed proceedings through a crack in the door—Secretaries Ernie Beefin and Jamie Scalds and Commissar Splashy Muddlehoff were debating whether to use red or blue ink in the official minutes of the conference. They might well have come to blows but for the merciful intervention of Mediator W. Fibbin MacFrenzy Monarch who urged the Big Three: "to subordinate personal differences to the interest of world salvation." Beefin, Scalds, and Muddlehoff agreed to postpone their struggle until the afternoon session.

Wasoon is Pessimistic

"You are wasting your time, gentlemen. Why don't you clear out? You might as well be reading a Snortin Gourmand criticism as trying to preserve world peace," spake dean Jojo Wasoon of Arts and Seance in a welcoming address to the delegates. "However I might recommend G. Lowes Dickinson, Chapters 10-14," he added. "You might also write me an essay on The Storming Of The Bastille and hand it in by March 1st, as I want to start my walking tour of The

Dominion before the Spring thaw sets in."

So black and gloomy was Dean Wasoon's address that delegates would gladly have ditched the whole business but for the restraining influence of U. S. President Hairy Honestbroke who happened to be in Halifax organizing a Fact-Finding Board.

Soon tempers were near the boiling point again. It was difficult to decide between Canada's Listless Parson and Belgium's Marlin Spike as coach-general of the U.N.O. ping-pong team. Dispositions were momentarily cooled, however, by a spectacular Acquacade staged on the melting ice of Buttonmeadow by resourceful Hairy Zipper of the Glum Club. Mr. Zipper's gala production was financed by an \$800,000 grant from the Steward Council—constituting an annual surplus from gate receipts.

Later in the day, an angry Ernie Beefin was about to apply a headlock and half-nelson to his stubborn opponent Muddlehoff—when Residence Dean Stagdollard, sobbing pitifully, staggered to the rostrum to announce that an atomic bomb dropped on Stalag II, had completely vaporized the building and destroyed his own research notes on "Macedonian Dietary Habits"—result of 33 years of concentrated effort.

Atom Bomb Misplaced

"Don't bother us with your petty problems, my boy," grumbled Muddlehoff as he doodled a hammer and sickle design on a periodic table. "It was all a mistake. The bomb was supposed to land on the library. And now run along and let us shape the destiny of all peace-loving peoples."

But it took Pasha Atwood to break up the conference. Next day, the entire U.N.O. trooped over to his establishment for a special banquet of bologna and pilot-biscuits. Next day, all but the Big Three were in hospital—invalided for life. Only Beefin, Scalds and Muddlehoff remained. But what could they do? They had already bickered and squabbled over everything bickerable and squabbleable. They were tired of being altruistic, cooperative and self-sacrificing. They would take a short rest. Yes, the old globe would darn well have to get along without them for awhile.

And, besides, it wouldn't be difficult to find a fourth for bridge.

Of all the sad surprises, There's nothing to compare With a treading in the darkness On a step that wasn't there.

CAPITOL

Please don't tell anyone what Mildred Pierce did—but see for yourself.

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"Knowsey" . . .

HOWDY FOLKS! this week Knowsey is really tired out—after yelling at Hockey game (the few times possible) and devoting a bit more energy to the more successful basketball games—nice work.

Knowsey paid a little visit to the secluded abode of Leverman and Cruikshank not long ago and glancing thru the window (unintentional!) found out that they really take advantage of that seclusion . . .

Some Short Ones:

1. Charlie Smith left an important document in Amherst last weekend—not on the techniques of Engineering we hear!
2. Hal Pearson and Mildred Greenblatt—Mummm.
3. It has been suggested that the thirteen Phi Rho traitors might start a club called "the Stinkers Society"—
4. Congratulations Don Warner and boys, even Knowsey thinks you're wonderful.
5. The biggest elbow question around Dal is "Who is president of the Huba Huba Club?"
6. The Beaver Club is becoming much more prominent than the Horizontal—why not have a competition, boys?

LAW

SPRING MUST be on its way! The usually reticent Larry MacLeod has surprised frequenters of the Law Library with his sudden preference for Fran Clancy's table—or is it those eyes, Larry?

Congratulations to Clint Havey and Alan Blakeney who have been elected at the Law Meeting to represent their class as candidates for the Student Council's president and vice president respectively. Stu' Drury and Mark Yeoman will compete for the job of Law representatives in the Council. It took us only an hour to vote for these candidates and we are indeed

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MED

How shall we begin? First of all, there is an engagement to be announced. The selected ones are Barbara Scieniwicz and Phi Chi's own Cyril Kincaide. Fountains of happiness be their lot.

Perhaps the most significant topic for report, and certainly the most exemplary achievement is the news of the Grievance and Suggestion Committee, which was formulated last year, and this year bears fruit. The idea was to form a committee of representatives of the four years of medicine whose purpose would be to meet with and expose, in petition form all the grievances and suggestions for academic changes that the student body feels. The first meeting has come and gone and an enthusiastic faculty has encouraged the frank and earnest discussion. What changes the conference will bring no one knows. But it is certain that this realization has everything to be gained.

grateful for the efficiency and smoothness of these well-run meetings.

"Dal a Rather Backward Institution", Says Liver; "Courses Impractical"

by BILL KELLY

"I have always considered Dalhousie a rather backward institution", said Dr. Liver, brilliant president of Topia U. "It has always seemed to be an exceedingly impractical college; Arts students study Math, Science students study History and Foreign Languages, Dentistry students study Anatomy; why, Gad sir! you have more books in your library than students to read them!

Now some other colleges around this continent are more practical; they give degrees in Secretarial Science Home Economics, Interior Decorating, and other useful courses, but here at Topia U. we have the acme of college practicality. Our courses are all useful. As you know, Topia was founded as a barber's college; we still point to our school of tonsoriality with pride. As an example of our advances in the field of education our school of pharmacy includes a very up to date department of soda-jerkers; any doctor will tell you of the results of the remarkable sundaes we have originated in our research laboratories."

Topia Not Radical

"However, sir", Dr. Liver continued, "I don't want you to think that Topia is a radical institution. It is quite ordinary—more efficient of course, but we are planning for the same sort of world you read about every day in newspapers and magazines. For example, our Science Faculty. The elementary work is all in post-war advancement." "Do you know", he said beaming, "that we buy an average of one hundred and thirty-two push buttons, per student, per month? All our advance students are manufacturing atomic bombs of course." "Of course", we replied admiringly. "We also have a course in elementary madness for our more brilliant scientists which proves quite valuable," added the brilliant doctor.

Arts Students Not Emaciated

"Our Arts students are not the emaciated weaklings you find at Dalhousie. We produce men who are fairly reeking with culture. Our English courses, for instance, are composed entirely of reviews of all the best known authors with suitable remarks, searching, snide, or cynical as individual fancy chooses. Our French classes study every phase of menu deciphering, with additional instruction on the commanding look to make the bloody foreigner speak English. Perhaps, sir, you would care to look in on some of our advanced work in Arts? It is all done in Dismissals of course." "Of course" we agreed, as we followed the brilliant president into a small room where an advanced student, an obviously cultured young girl, smoking a king-sized cigarette, in a king-sized holder, was taking an oral exam in Dismissal.

"I can't get enthused over Melville", she was saying. "He could never get down to earth." "And Milton?" she queried, lifting an eyebrow, shaking an ash of the cigarette and blowing smoke through her nose. "I always thought him a bit of a bore." "Gad sir," said the brilliant Dr. Liver, "did you notice the inflection of the voice, the wave of her hand? Perfection, sir, perfection!"

Engineers Normal

"We have been having some trouble with our Engineers though; they refuse to act sub-normal. We are bickering for the services of your McGosh to give them some instruction on splitting infinitives. But say" he exploded, "you haven't met our good old coach, Mr. Onions. Under our good old coach athletics at Topia U have become very—" "Gad sir", we exploded right back at him, "this can't go on! Calculus calls! we must turn to Dalhousie and work!"

And so we take our leave of Topia U., with its bright new institutions, its brilliant president, and its good old coach. But as we go we cannot help but feel a lump in our throats that has not disappeared since we sampled a sundae at the Pharmacy department. So we take our leave of the place like a bat out of hydrogen-sulphide-choking.

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