

# gillingwater

# A DAY IN THE DEATH

It's happened. I, like thousands before me thought it could never happen. I keep asking myself why - I was stupid, I let little things upset me. Student Council, our responsible spokesmen, had taken forty speakers to decide upon the Jekyls and the Hydes as the band for Fall Festival. I was obviously losing my grip. This was a major policy decision (second only to the implementation of the Dalhousie pep band); it had taken three hours of intense discussion and excited debate to reach this conclusion - and I didn't even care if we had the Jekyls and the Hydes.

My classes seemed irrelevant. I couldn't get excited about the 16th century rhyme controversy any more.

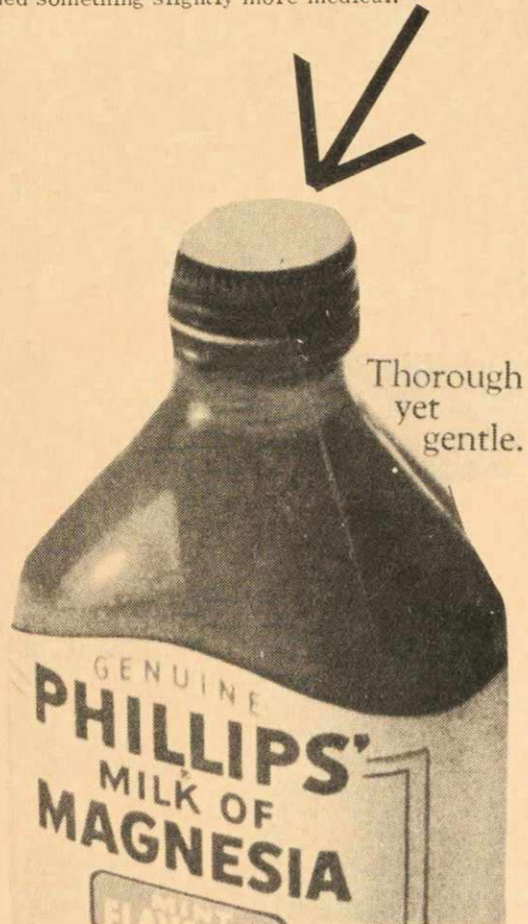
My behavior patterns began to disintegrate. On three different occasions I risked the ravages of trench mouth and ate in the Crapeteria.

My leisure hours held no meaning. No longer did I enjoy Time's trite tidbits. Unlike thousands of southerners I wasn't left wondering how she (Peggy Rusk) could have done it to her father.

Even the prospect of a new outfit did little to relieve the nausea of that article.

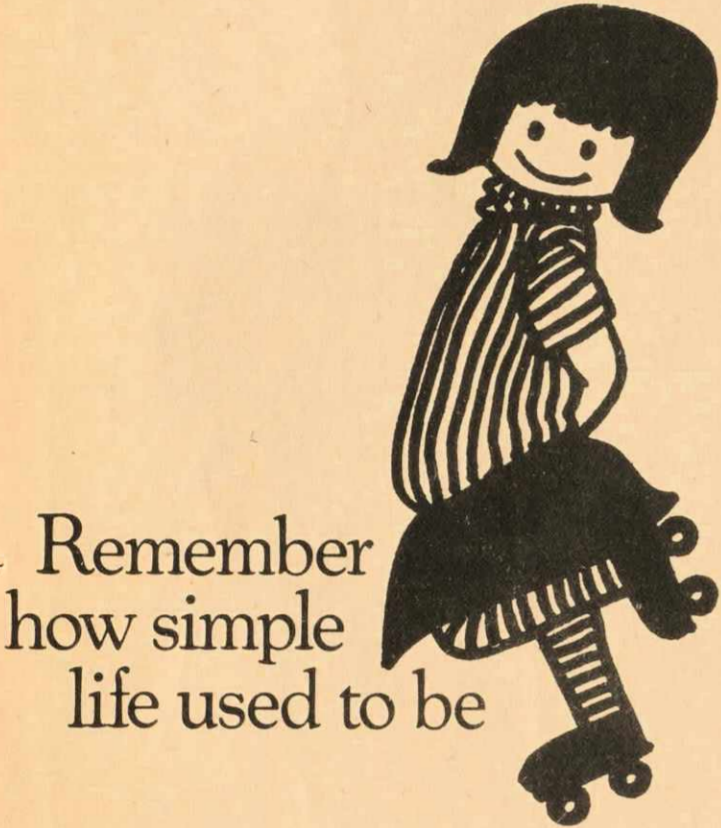
You see angel I couldn't "Think Mink" as Eaton's bade me to do; nor could I join the action set in "cutaway capers". I cracked up, I started to

but I needed something slightly more medical.



Thorough yet gentle.

How thorough it was I was about to find out. Peristaltic waves swept through my intestines - time for a Sancho Panzo "major".



Remember how simple life used to be

I knew the tube was gone but I didn't give a damn about the little placement wand. I knew it was supposed to make me feel like running and skipping and jumping. I barfed. I needed help. I decided to see a doctor. I asked a friend if I should. She said:



The credibility gap wasn't as large as I had expected. Just as they had said there was nothing timid about these bouncy prints on the toilet paper. Indeed I WAS adding to my excitement with Bluebell blue, Antique Gold, Camellia Pink and Fern Green.

Not quite up to playing the latest action-packed game of the lively young ones though:

Take me for example. I'm a "gal of action. My swirly rollneck jacquard takes off with a yoked swing skirt. Fashion but not fool-hardy. Linda, this is the knit that is ready for everything that you get into." About the only thing I was going to get into at that point was the Atlantic Ocean via the Angus L. Macdonald bridge. Time for my last meal. Only could find hamburger and chicken in the fridge. What now?

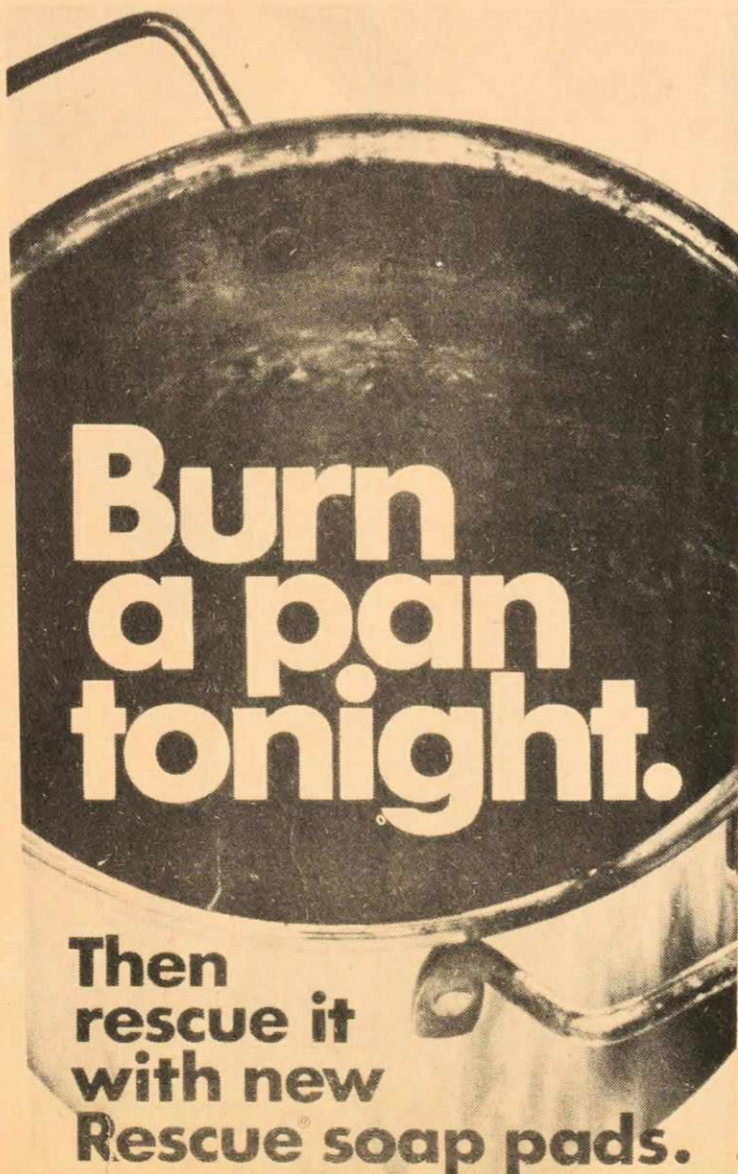
## when a burger needs a buddy

## when chicken needs a chum

Try Betty Crocker Scalloped Potatoes

O Christ, the world is being taken over by galloping alliteration. No potatoes. I had to calm down so I "could go gently into that good night". I knew that

## PET MILK IS IN



Wanted some toast and tea but I was feeling so bloody inadequate because our family doesn't have

Ten o'clock. Two hours to kill. Whipped over to McQuin's drugs before it closed and bought you some Brut.

## The "His and Hers" toaster.

We never had one that

## Makes light and dark at the same time.

Settled for some cookies:

You have to be a kid at heart to make Sunshine cookies.



Whether you create your own recipe, or choose to make Sunshine cookies, you'll find them as easy to make as they are delicious. And you'll love the happy Sunshine taste.

Knew you don't have any doubts about yourself so felt confident about buying it. Besides they say, in small type, that it's good after anything. Maybe you'll meet a new girl; it might be good after "that". I am getting tired of that old cliché of grabbing a cigarette afterwards. Did I ever tell you I thought the post smoking caper was a bore; "Winter Kept us Warm" killed the idea for me. 11:00 p.m. Better clean up. Used Colgate toothpaste since

## There's more taste excitement than ever

Very big deal as Holden and I say. Into the tub -

## Dial turns you on!

Tough Dial. I'm turning on and dropping out. Smoothed on



Stupid idea. I don't even like candy creme. As far as I was concerned they could screw their creamy consistency. Carnation milk was right:

## Everything you need to go on...in a glass!

But it wasn't their barfy breakfast - I tossed off six glasses of rye. Checked my

"THOUGHTFUL" CLOCKS BY GENERAL ELECTRIC

## Brut for men...

If he has any doubts about himself, give him something else.



a sheath of silky fragrance, applied some make-up keeping in mind that

## Eyemakeup shouldn't shout.

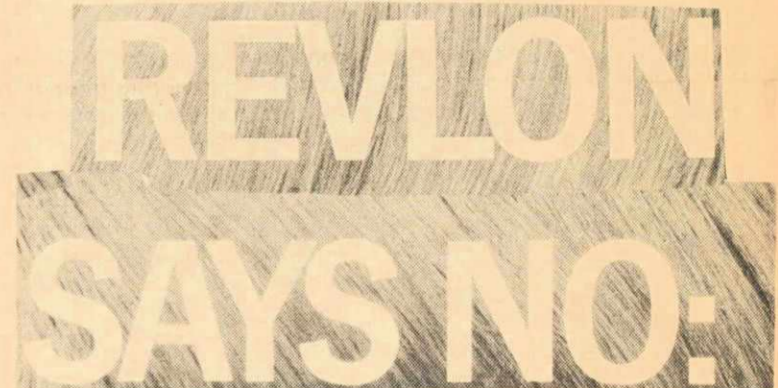
I had

## The crash of a lash

and

## The hush of a blush

Time to leave I guess:



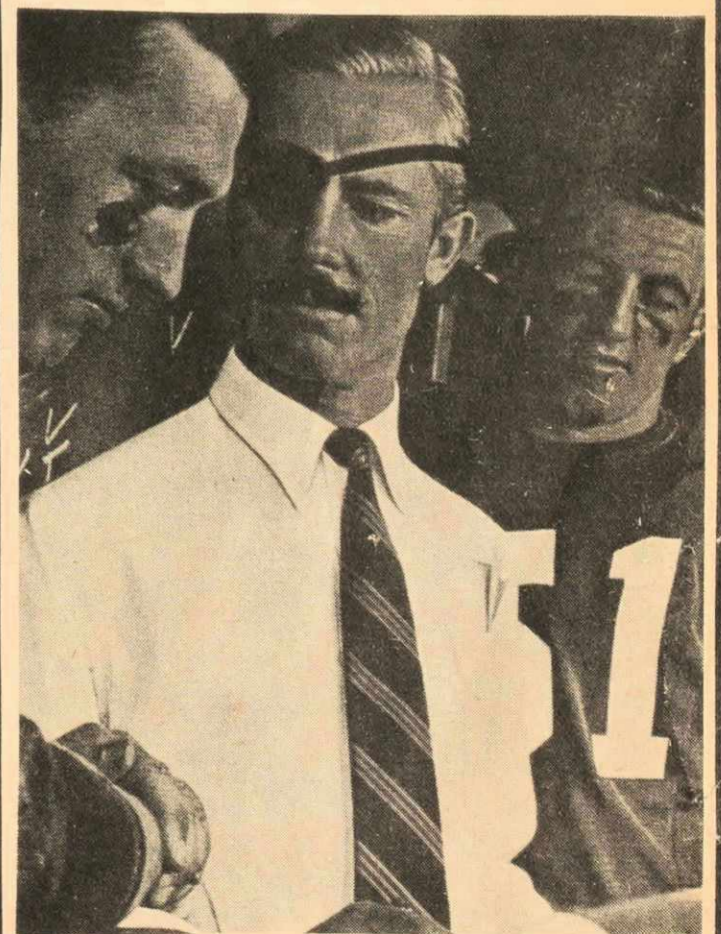
Of course I'm only teasing silly. I'm just kidding. I'd never join the quite-deads.

It was just that you destroyed me when you told me that I looked hard and flashy, not lush and lassy. I couldn't help that sticky-wicket lash.

But I will improve, honest I will. I'm going out right now to get some scanty panties so I'll look pert and perkie in my baby blue bitsy briefs.

Warner's wowdie undies have given my life new meaning.

### The House of Rodney



## Hathaway Shirts

Good old Oxford Cloth

Soft cotton but uncommonly long wearing by Hathaway from House of Rodney