

Miss Betty McClean, Rink-Rat Society's Candidate

Dal to Receive Grant of Books

With the completion of the book exhibition now touring Canadian universities under auspices of the British Council, Dalhousie along with the other universities who have displayed them will receive as a gift many of these valuable Just looking for someone to snare. books. The exhibtion of over five hundred books is divided into two parts; the first from March 13-18 covering the humanities, the second from March 20-25 the field of pure and applied science.

The British Council is a little publicized but highly valuable organization originated for the purpose of making British efforts in the fields of drama, films, music, But his name I dare not tell and books better known among the countries of the world, particularly those of the Commonwealth. Operating under a grant from the British government it has done a great deal of work in this direction during the past years. It has also sent large general exhibtions of His light o' love she carried him home over 2000 books to various other countries including France, Greece, Iraq, Persia, Brazil, and Mexico.

The Lady That's Known as Flu

A bunch of us boys were whooping it up At a hockey game one night, A college lad, despite a cold, Was yelling with all his might.

When out of the night which was plenty cold And into the din and the glare, Came sterpto-coccus, the dirty rat,

And there was "our boy" with his old crew cut And not a thing on his feet, And also there was his light o' love Sitting with him on the cold damp seat.

There's felas that somehow just don't catch cold And are able to go through hell, But that's not the case with one I know

His eyes were tired and he seemed in a daze He had worked very hard at his school, But who would say as he watched the play "I'm being a ----- damn fool".

And whispered her thanks in the porch, As he bade her farewell, and bid her goodnight His throat seemed to burn like a torch.

My God, he thought, as he climbed into bed And tossed with a raging fever, What a night that was, and what an expense I wish to ----- I could leave her.

So she came to see him the very next day As he lay in the hospital bed, And asking him how he felt he said "I wish to God I were dead."

'They're filling me up with sulfa drug And I feel so gosh-darned weak, That I feel as though my throat were gone Never again to speak."

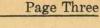
"It's lonely here and I'm all alone And I miss my mother's sigh, She asked me if I felt all right When last we said good-bye." These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess you ought to know They say that he was crazed with a girl, and I'm not denying it's so I'm not so wise as some of you guys, but strictly between us two The gal that kissed him, and put him in bed-was the lady that's known as Flu.

J.L.B.

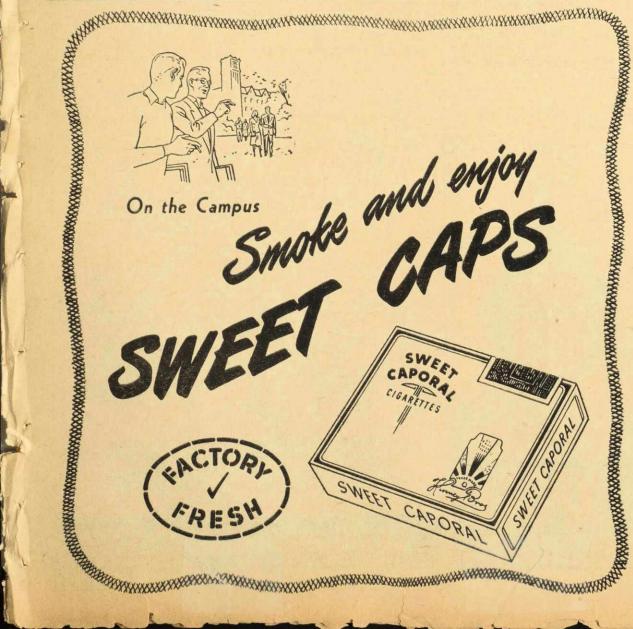
Wot's The Use

We like to watch professors, When they're talking to a class, As we just sit and wonder at Our chances for a pass.

The sun streams in the window We try in vain to keep, Our weary minds from wandering And lapsing inte sleep







He's talking now a Talleyrand Of Milton and his prose, How he can thus expect so much From us-God only knows.

We're slowly tired of Hannibal His trips across the Alps, We couldn't pass psychology To save our blinking scalps.

And mathematics is a class We'll seldom ever use, For who can see the wisdom in The darn hypotenuse.

Philosophy stands by itself And merits our esteem, So when we go to bed we all Have nightmares in our dream.

Zoology is but a chore Labs bore us all tottears, And take up all our afternoons With frogs' legs and de Beer.

And then examinations come To add to our abuse, We're just a poorly treated lot So wot the hell's the use?