

OUR SUNDAY AT HOME

GREAT ROWLING REVOLT COVERED AS VETERAN STAGE STAR OF GLUM CLUB INSISTS ON A MINIMUM OF "DAMNS" ARRIVE AT COMPROMISE AS UNICORN INVESTIGATES LOWER GYM OPERETTA

"But it's only a small 'damn'."
 "Sorry; it's vulgar. Cut it out."
 Pause.
 "Cut out that part about sex, too."
 "But there's no sense in the thing without it."
 "Vulgar. Cut it out."
 Pause.
 "Do all these cuts have to be made."
 "They're all vulgar."
 "I don't think so. I resign."

And so he resigned, Gunther Rowling, hero of a hundred first nights, past president of the Dalhousie Glum and Dramatic Society, and at present playing the Hanging Judge in the Glum Clubs latest flop. Standing on artistic integrity and several planks on the stage, he let it be known that he would refuse to continue unless the slaughtered bits of the play were restored. Great confusion followed.

Glum Club prexie., one Hank Spittin, remonstrated with the striker, who, he felt, was probably aroused by the vague mouthings of agitators from the Gazette, who were notorious for their opposition to anything and everything. He urged him to consider his debt of duty to the Glum Club; he spoke to him of the glowing tributes that his censored script would produce. Lastly, when all arguments proved useless, he spoke with sorrow of the ruin of the Club, of the fiendish glee with which the Gazette would hail the collapse of the play. Rowling was, however, like C. H. Smith, adamant. He refused to step down. Either the cuts were restored, or the play went on without him. In desperation Hank called on the administration, in the shape of Moe Footen, who finally argued Rowling round by restoring seven "damns" and six "Hells", and to make him feel good, and demonstrate generally the benevolence of the Glum Club, added a "bloody" and the interesting passage on chicken-farming in the Soviet. Rowling was content.

"Now, in my day," said the Unicorn, who had stood by in a dark corner while this went on, "we hadn't this sort of trouble. I remember well the night that I tried to back out of going on as one of the Three Kings in the Xmas Nativity Show because a reference to swaddling clothes was cut. I was thrown out bodily."

"Nowadays," said the Editor. "The Glum Club operates by different methods. For instance, let us go below, where they are rehearsing for the famous operetta of Silvert and Gullible, "Seven Faculty Adviser," or "The Lass Who Last her Last."

And so they went below where, in the Lower Gym, many people were contorting their bodies with great gusto under the direction of a tall, lean, machiavellian director, with a pronounced leer in the direction of the pianist. It occurred to the Unicorn that they were being taught to dance. He watched with gathering interest as they weaved here, and then there, and even cheered when an incipient ballerina or more than average plumpness lurched a little too far to one side and came down with a large bump on the unsympathetic floor.

Finally this came to an end. The tall, lean, etc., director informed them that they had enough dancing for one day. The Unicorn afterwards confided to the Editor that he agreed with this, if one could judge by results. In fact, he concurred heartily. The tall, lean, etc., continued; they would now, he informed them at great length, do a little

singing. The Unicorn settled back expectantly, and he noticed the Editor fidget uncomfortably.

"I think," said the Editor slowly, "that we would be infinitely better off in our own office."

"But," replied the Unicorn, "they are about to sing. It can't be worse than dancing. Let's hear them, then."

The Editor conceded the first point with grace, but demurred to the second. In his opinion, while he would not want to seem biased, there were times when the soundproof walls of the Gazette seemed very attractive. But the Unicorn insisted, and they stayed, for a minute.

Seconds later they retreated up the stairs in haste, pursued by sounds as of the damned burning. Such was their haste that they didn't even notice the Big Sign which hangs by the Glum Club.

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 and there.

Pausing at the door leading on to the deserted Campus, they were struck in the back by a renewed burst of energy from the lower regions, as the violins raised their sound in tortured protest and the chorus strove frantically to outdo them. They hurried on, while the sounds grew dim in the background, and the infernal cacophony from the Lower Gym died away behind them. Reaching the peace and quiet of the Gazette-- noted for its perpetual calm-- they sank to the floor, and appointed three candidates from the school for the deaf to review the production when it would emerge in February, on the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth.

EDITOR'S MAILBOX (Continued from page 2)

Dear Sir:

Three cheers for your article on page eight of last week's GAZETTE re "Initiation Overdone." Many of us freshmen and Freshettes, as well as the general Halifax public, think very much as you do, that initiation is very much overdone.

Last Fall I overheard one lady say, during "Hazing Week"; "It is funny for the first two or three days, but after that it becomes ridiculous."

I think, and I am sure that I have a few supporters both among the freshman class and the public of Halifax, that initiation should last for no longer than three days.

Yours very truly,
 Eugene V. Wilson

Co-Ed News And Views

That gleam in the gal's eyes lately isn't for nothing. They're gonna git the upper hand for once 'cause Co-Ed Week is coming up. Co-Ed Week -- the boys' three days of heaven, (or heck). Delta Gamma has already started making plans, so... be prepared. Anything might happen.

We heard that the Junior Co-Eds didn't sell awfully many tickets to the Junior Prom! What happened to the famous 6.726 ratio? Maybe (but we doubt it) it's the girls' fault.

ANNOUNCEMENT:- Shirreff Hall announces with pride the arrival of an exclusive new inmate. She's a small honey-coloured cocker spaniel called, officially, Wendy Joan of Shirreff. Wendy is unique, for she has not one, but fifty godmothers, all quite doting.

In addition to Wendy, the Hall nearly housed another animal-- a hen, which Beryl won at that famed Gazette Gambol. Fortunately for the Hall, the bird

disappeared sometime during the evening.

Even though it's not with much opposition, maybe the "New Look" isn't so bad after all! At any rate, our Dal maestro, Don Warner, likes it 'cause he dedicated a song to all the girls with same at the Gazette Gambol on Friday night.

Next Saturday the Co-Ed first and second basketball teams will play at Edgehill. Remember the last time we played the girls of the red and white? It was ground hockey, and we won. Let's do it again-- we'll be cheering for you.

M. L. G.

Dents

Another week has passed and soon comes the finale for the fourth year graduating class. They had their pictures taken and you should see the "colgate" smiles on most of them, including McNee and the "major". One would almost think they were advertising full upper and lower plates.

We wonder if it is ethical to send a corsage C.O.D. to a girl

in Shirreff Hall. I am not mentioning any names, but remember "Hardy" there are even limits to leap year. (Here is where I make two enemies).

The presence of a few Dents at the Gazette Gambol added more odour to the dance. Taylor, Peters, and Hardy rented their women to the stag dents for twenty-five cents a whirl.

Eric Whyte seemed quite lonely this week. Cheer up Eric, there are more "bricks" left in Halifax.

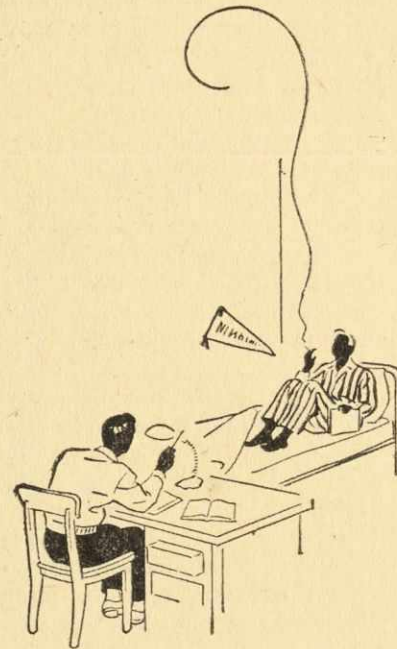
We hear that Dougle MacAulay was forced to make a hasty evacuation at a party. Was her father very angry Dougle?

This verse is dedicated to my roommate. It is called "Ode to the Gaum":

There was a Sally quite shy,
 Who said to a student named Cy,
 "If you kiss me, of course,
 You' have to use force,

But thank heaven you're stronger
 than I."

P.S. He was my roommate last week, I hope



"Who said: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'?"

"Me - after you used up my second pack of Sweet Caps!"

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