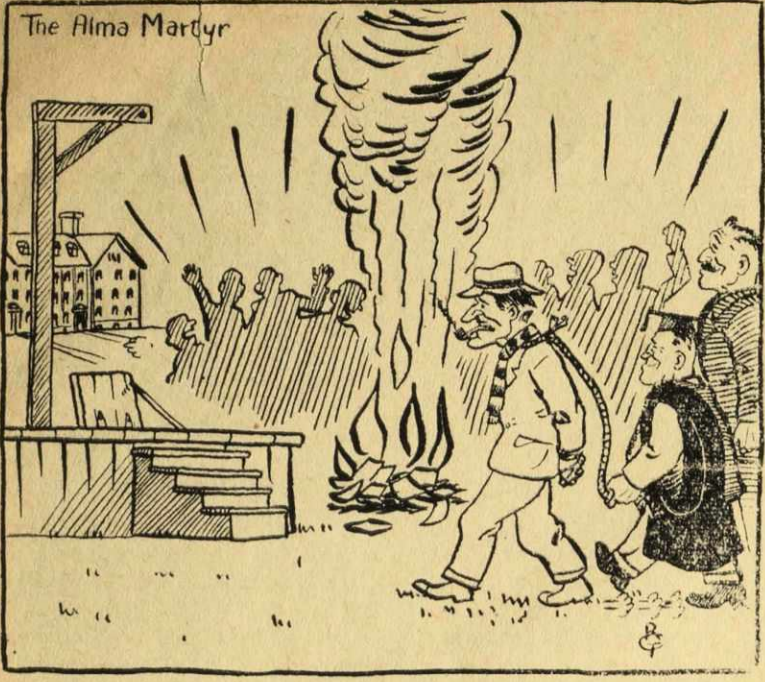


McGOSH LYNCHED!

"Knowsey" ...



Col. Dime daughter Saves McGosh From Gallows; Escapes To The Punjab

By J. CRICKET MCGOSH
(by Cable from The Punjab)

● 'Twas a JOLLY Spring day as Col. Jake Dime daughter of the 8th Punjab Hussars brought his safari to a halt on the familiar sward of Buttonmeadow. He'd at last come to rest at the old Alma Momma bearing sundry spoils from his campaigns in the Punjab, including a pair of arm-length mauve gloves—a gift to Hovelite Boobie Whittle from the Maharani of Limpopo. But, jove, something was amiss! Looked like a lynching party gathered up yonder. Horns were blowing, banners flying and a festive spirit was in the air.

"Why the celebration?" quoth the Colonel.

McGosh's Death Knell

"'Tis the death knell of J. Cricket McGosh . . . we're going to hang the blighter," said Anguish Mogul Chully Beanut as he supervised the seating arrangement about a black-and-gold draped scaffold. "Oh, Miss Schmidt, did you post the 'half-holiday' notices?"

Yes, 'twas a colorful spectacle as crowds cheered, Winner's Collegians tooted joyfully, and the Hovel girls squatted about the gallows knitting furiously like the Parisian hags who haunted the guillotine in days of yore.

At 4.23 p.m., the doomed chronicler, shaven, bent and broken, was led ceremoniously to the scaffold by Pres. Auto and Bored Chairman Lorry, both clad in academic dress.

"I've got some good noose for you, McGosh," quoth Auto. ". . . Try it on for size."

"But I don't wanna die, Prexie," spake McGosh. "I didn't mean nuttin I said in me column. I'm a D-A-L man. I aint got nuttin against Zipper, Hinterland, Itchybald and the rest. Why, I think they're simply graaaaaaaand."

Stripped of Insignia

"To complete your humiliation, my boy," quoth Auto, "I shall strip your academic insignia. Gimme your sheep-skin and Stewdents Directory and we'll burn 'em in the bon-fire along with your soccer boots and sundry theses for Pedagogue G. Laffyville . . . Gee, this is more fun than a picnic!"

"Before zis fellow gets it in zee neck I vant him to know zat zee 'Dream of Love' was a sing of beauty and zat I resent zee remarks he made in zee Gazoot," screamed Glum Club immortal Hairy Zipper as he distributed Gold D's to his underlings.

"Yeah . . . me too," quoth Bleary Hinterland, "cause our fellers done a wunnerful job on the Council and McGosh aint bin fair to them . . ."

"Et ego vult dicere Jacobum have requested that toast or something be substituted for eggs in the future in Mitchell's diet.

Cricketum McGoshum moronum et imbecillum esse," spake Classics oldster Major Loggin, long-time martyr of McGosh diatribes. "Necessesse est illi solid Jackson boogie woogie jivere."

"Just as well you're dying before the next war, McGosh," sobbed Din Walsoon of Arts and Seance. "Life's not worth living and there's no hope for the world."

"Maybe you'd like to take my place, sah," suggested McGosh.

"Oh, no! Can't miss tomorrow's meeting of the Library Committee. Gotta order a dozen more biographies of 'Robert Baldwin.' An amazing book . . ."

"Please, Prexie Auto," wailed McGosh, "I don't wanna die. I'm a D-A-L man . . . honest injun."

"Pity, pity" . . . retorted Auto, "but we've all gotta go sometime. It's getting late and I've a meeting with faithful Miss Henny. Shall I remember you to her?"

Alma Martyr Saved

As the noose tightened about the hapless neck of McGosh and Kem Boss Cull Casket prepared to spring the trap-door, Col. Jake Dime daughter mustered his safari and galloped towards the scaffold on his fine Punjab charger.

"Jove, this isn't British, you know!" he shouted. "In the Punjab we'd have spared the life of this hapless wretch . . . and it's not cricket to make an alma martyr of a Britisher in the colonies. Unhand him, you cads!"

So saying, Dime daughter grabbed the limp body of McGosh and rode away towards the Punjab chanting an Indjun folk-song.

And so the life of this stalwart chronicler has been saved for posterity. Safe from the persecutions of his alma momma, J. Cricket McGosh lives today in a modest grass hut in the Punjab. Espoused to a Zambesi native, and pater of numerous little McGoshes, he operates a cocanut plantation and is an honored and respected member of the community.

In his spare time he translates his Gazoot chronicles into colloquial Punjab for edification of the "lesser breeds without the law."

● AS KNOWSEY promised, this week he gets down on his hands and knees and admits who he is. By this time almost everyone has guessed at least one of us, as even Knowsey finds it difficult to remain anonymous.

This year Knowsey was three girls—not because the female race is more inquisitive and prying—O no! not that! — but because the females are gradually taking over the world in general (sounds good anyway).

Anyway, we sincerely apologize

to all people who feel that we have slandered their lily-white pureness in our column (and believe me, there are some!)

I think we all agree that without a scandal column, a college paper would be pretty dry.

We take this opportunity of wishing you all good luck in your exams.

The Knowsey Ones:

WIN SHEPPARD
ELSIE COLEMAN
MARGOT ROSS

Lou Smith . . . The Chap Who Makes The Gazette a Reality

● TO DALHOUSIANS who don't know him, Lou Smith deserves an introduction and a fan-fare. Genial boss-man of McCurdy's composing room, Lou is, and always has been, the main reason why The Gazette has managed to survive its trials and tribulations, to roll off the presses each week of the college year in a reasonable way, shape and form.

To us on The Gazette staff, he is a sort of miracle-man with supernatural powers of toleration and self-control. Despite the stress and strain involved in his association with our journal, Lou Smith cheerfully resigns himself to the inevitable and takes the perplexing ways and means of the Gazette clan in his stride. For he's been nursing and coddling our publication since Heck was a Pup and Mingo was in swaddling clothes (and that's longer ago than Haveyites would have you believe).

Lou knows the ins and outs of the Dal scene to the extent that he can decipher the dirty, torn and shoddy remnants of Gazette copy, be it a missile from "Knowsey" or an item on the S.C.M. In fact, when Gazetteers run out of copy paper (Shredded Wheat cards and "Pharos" blotters), and send in a half-completed scrawl of illegible hieroglyphics, Lou simply adds a word here and there, pencils in a few flourishes, and saves the day.

Only recently, McCurdy's was turned inside out and upside down in a frantic effort to locate missing Sports copy. Linotype machines stopped clicking and presses stop-

ped rolling as Lou led the McCurdy staff and a corps of anxious Gazetteers on a systematic search of the premises. It looked like a game of "button, button, who's got the button?" with young, old and indifferent groping about hither and yon in despair. At an appropriate moment, a cry of "Eureka!" shot forth as the editor discovered he'd had the copy in his pants pocket all the time.

Yes, normal men would long since have been gracing a cell in an institution. But not Lou Smith. He appreciates and tolerates the short-comings of campus journalism and has a genuine, long-standing interest in The Gazette and the university it represents.

Inasmuch as changing our paper's name-plate to "The Lou Smith Gazette" would be an unconstitutional move, we decided to show our appreciation by awarding him an Honorary Gold 'D' on Munro Day. We're sincerely grateful for all he has done in the past and trust The Gazette may have the benefit of his experience and counsel for many years to come.

For people like Lou Smith are few and far between.

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Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"WOMEN in the WINDOW"
Joan Bennett and
Edward G. Robinson
"HIT THE HAY"
Judy Canova

ORPHEUS

Mon., Tues., Wed., March 25-27
"SONG OF OLD WYOMING"
and
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Thurs., Fri., Sat., March 28-30
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Med Notes

● SPRING must be really here when columns such as these are faced with such a dearth of material. For with spring comes the approach of exams, and with the threat of the latter only the brave venture forth to the few functions left to attend.

However, to the recent basketball tournaments at Dal, representatives from the composite elements of Medicine did journey Gym-ward to see their former alma maters contest in the meet. It was a last fling at living, and a feeble one at that. But to all good things an end must come.

Our good friend Herb MacWilliams was seen recently holding in his arms (while dancing!) a dark and beguiling Wren. Now we all know what spring does to a young man's fancy.

"Margot! Margot!" they cried in the beauty contest preliminaries on Munro Day. Now we don't want to jump at conclusions, but it is that Phi Rho's proxy, Mr. X, echoes the cry quite heartily. Margot likes parties there anyway.

Yes, spring must be here when the Med Column has to compete with the March of Grime. Our apologies, Knowsey, but there was no other way.



● READERS of columns around and about this page have no doubt found many tearful and fearless farewells scattered throughout its makeup in this, the last issue of the Gazette. Since the term is still far from finished, nothing of the sort will be dispensed in this column. Instead, a few words of congratulation to Bryce, whose pre-season training showed up well in the boxing meet at U.N.B.

A new twelve-second man has been discovered among the ranks of the Shack stalwarts in the person of Mike, who spent the week-end testing the tortional strength of his jaw-bone. However, Mike claims the honour of being the only man to send an opponent to the hospital, doing so neatly by breaking his fist.

Pond has developed a new policy of asking a girl where she lives before making any attempt to date her up. It seems that the last young lady he went out with was a very expensive proposition, the unfortunate Pond being forced to shell out two bucks per date for taxi fare.

The Reverend has taken up swimming early this year. He reports having found a private pool in which he practices diving, especially in the business of watch salvage.

Oakley wishes it to be known that any statements to the effect that he was offered membership in the Horizontal Club is merely a malicious rumour. "I'm a strong vertical," says Oak, "Ask practically anybody."

The quality of Fiske's breakfasts has been questioned by sundry of the more delicate shacksters, who

have requested that toast or something be substituted for eggs in the future in Mitchell's diet.



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