

Dear Rusty and Dave

Dear Rusty and Dave:

I am a first year student and to tell you the truth I am quite nervous about being at Dal. The number of students is intimidating not to mention what effect the professors have. I find that it is very difficult to cope. To add to this first year "intimidation" there is the Killam Library. I was never strong as a child but then again I was never really weak so you would think I could get in the main doors of the library. I have made three attempts so far and no luck. Those big things just will not open. Today I even tried sneaking in while some big guy went in but I ran into the glass. At this point, Rusty and Dave, I am at the outer limit of my desperation, so I turn to you and ask for help.

Down in the dumps about the doors, Derrick

get through those doors. And Derrick, do not think of those doors as just a way into the library, think of them as doors of life. Derrick, when you think of the future we want you to think of it in relation to the doors. Obstacles will arise but they are there to overcome. As with those doors you can see the other side but it is not until you remove the obstacles that you really experience what the other side means. Direction is what you need, Derrick, and we hope that we have succeeded in doing this to some degree. Good luck with all of the doors you may pass through and we wish you many successful years at Dalhousie.

Dear Rusty and Dave:

Where were you? I told you that if you didn't come over right away my rutabagas would all die, and you still didn't come! It was a matter of life and death, and you failed me. By the time you print this letter, I will have died from an overdose of rutabagas. Goodbye, cruel world.

I.M. Dead

Dear I.M.:

Now the readers know of our dilemma. It is too late for I.M., who committed rutabagacide, but there is still time to terminate this perfidy before **you** also fall victim to having us unable to visit you personally. (We are considered the V.O.N. of writers.) Thus we are urging all readers to write to the **Gazette** and demand that we, Rusty and Dave, be given a **company car**. We are not requesting anything fancy. Just a Honda or something. Then, one day, everybody can benefit from our free service, regardless of how isolated they are. **Rusty and Dave for Shut-Ins** can be a reality with your help. Just address your letters to:

Get Rusty and Dave a Company Car! c/o Dal Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

Quote of the Week: If it was always what it seemed, then it never would be.

Rusticus & Davious
321 B.C.

Dear Dumps:

Your despair illuminates throughout your lines. We have received similar letters many times before, the first year student suddenly finds him or herself being just another fish in the ocean. September is the month when leaves begin to turn and the air becomes crisp. Summer comes to an end and those inevitable bleak days of winter become evident. This, combined with the fact that many students are away from the nest for the first time, provides an apparently unsatisfactory setting. In the harsh, cruel drudgery of Dal there is no hibernating back to Sydney, Saint John, Port Hardy, or wherever you may come from. It is a time to bear down and look at life and school from an optimistic perspective. If you think there are a lot of students at Dal, try spending an afternoon at U.C.L.A. Do not let the professors intimidate you either, take them out and buy them a beer.

As far as the doors go, Derrick, they will be the ultimate test for you. Do not think of them as huge, awkward, heavy, unnatural, hideous, barge-type doors, but rather as light aluminum structures. Tell yourself to really show courage, and, gosh darn it,



Next Week: Hitler Still Popular With Elderly Women

YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF THIS AD.



When you're talking big, brawny, full-bodied, robust, great tasting ale, you're talking Old Scotia.