

THE UNBENDING OF ROBBIE McLEAK, ETC, ETC.

"There is a certain group on this campus", said the backward-bowed McLeak, sitting disconsolately in the morbid atmosphere of the Gazoot office, "that by bumping its collective stern on a typewriter, has managed to libel me".

"Never mind your own poisonous troubles", chirruped J. Cricket McGosh. "There is so much more of the worth while to write about in your column this week. For example, there is the elections, the fracas within and without the Glee Club, and the debating triumph". He puffed reflectively for a while.

In fact, continued Cricket, "I see no reason why you should bother with this group at all".

But McLeak only shuddered, and tried to straighten out his back into a curved shape, from the awkward position it had been in from the ham-handling of the group. "It is unparalleled viciousness for this ignoramantic group to blast one who has touched on their weakness with the tender skill of a grown-up who knows the mistakes of youth are not inherent in the man that is to come.

"I am referring of course, to the apparent ability of even a member of that group to grow up mentally. Their crude remarks about my keeping them in the public eye as black sheep is unwarranted, too. My personal opinion of them is of a gang of gay, light-headed, and sincere youngsters who because of a certain lack of wordliness—are forced to invent blatant sins as drinking, gaming, and the pursuit of women.

"The last woman I saw an engineer with was an outcast—"

"I'm telling you, McLeak, that your mind is too hep on this problem to do a good job on Rufus Rayne this week. I think it would be better if you dictated a few choice words about the various activities of the week, and allow me to write the column", said McGosh, interrupting.

"No, never mind, Cricket. I promise to be fair. But perhaps you had better stick around while I buzz off the copy".

The story rapidly commences here, and if anyone has been reading beforehand, they are only wasting their time.

The Glum Club was in a pant. Not only had the girls of Marmalade Wigwam refused to act in the Glum-written show, "Infantile Is The Air I Breathe", but Romeo Culthuring had given an ultimatum to the rest of the students, that he would either have his way, or else trod a solitary track, to quote the words of a modern song.

Meanwhile, a specially prepared script on the inability of modern woman to face the world without hairpins or males—a purely intellectual effort of McLeak—was being harpooned into oblivion.

"I don't blame them," hollared McLeak. "All I can think about are these darn engineers. Imagine them backward-bowing me. They could remove my brains and I'd still be able to carry one a conversation with them. I can't see why they didn't expose them on the river banks to crocodiles when they were little . . ."

"Enough of that, McLeak", said the gruff voice of Cricket over McLeak's shoulder. "You're supposed to be writing an objective column. How about writing about the debate?"

A gush of liquid oratory flowed from the pharynx of J. Cricket McGosh, as he and Peter-Out O'Hen clashed verbal swords with the Mount Allison debatable team. "I think", said the immortal Cricket, "that the cause of humanity could be best served by having less doctors to go around, and more Lydia Pinkham pills". And he warbled forth into the popular song dealing with Miss Pinkham, and the wonderful effect of said pills, on the human race.

O'Hen was trying to hatch a dif-

Features Editor Finds Election, Debate, Glum Club Fracas ONLY Material For Column This Week

ferent scheme. Accentuating the positive, after McGosh had more or less cleared the field (and the room) of excess doctors, he stated "throughout my life, I have often found more wrong with me than the ordinary doctor could fathom. For example, there was the time when as a youth—for I was young once—I contracted tonsils, which doctors said was both unusual but financially beneficial. I lost both my tonsils and my shirt over that one.

"Are we to categorize the ills of society in a filing case, as my worthy opponents would do, or are we to have our ills to ourself. Personally, I would not like future generations to know that I had precocious—"

Chairman of the meeting was the backward-bowed McLeak, who listened politely to what was said. He mused on the days when he attended Anguish Twain in the same Chemistry Theatre he was at present stationed in, and then his eyes met the back row, "There sat some good scholars, a pair of engineering students named Waffles and Waddle. "Speaking of engineering students reminds me of the fact that there is a certain group on this campus, which by blinding itself to the realities of life, has libelled both a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian-me".

The firm voice of McGosh interjected itself into the writing of the chronicler of Rufus Rayne. "Okay, kid, enough of that. Let's see you write strictly about Rufus Rayne. Cut out these poisonous references. Perhaps you'd better do the elections".

A last minute appeal was being made the electorate by Frazzle-Dazzle Martini. "Vote for me, and abolish the O. T. C.; cast your ballot, and get free meals at Marmalade Wigwam. Exercise your democratic privileges and remove the ruthless frankenstein of medical domination of the campus.

"With all due deference to my worthy opponents, let me site the case of Tweedle vs Worthypants, 6 Exchequer Division, in which Lord High Chancellor Lord Plumduf said, 'Nuts to a society which has not the gumption to vote the way it wants to vote'".

A voter dashed into the telephone booth where Martini was making his final fling at the electorate. "Sorry, Frazzle-dazzle, but the elections are all over. Hinterland and his rambling mate have won—hands down".

It was the queerest election around Dalhousie in years, thought many. Some asked after the election, "Why should we in Artz and Seance vote for a law candidate instead of making a saw-bone vote. That's the \$64 question". The answer was obvious.

Slyporcker beaten, Distanttram edged, Zum-zee-dum in as Glum Club president, Mongo in, Frayed-Top wins smashing victory. All these were the thoughts of the campus.

That is, all except McLeak. He was mourning the fact that his votes had gone astray, none except one had come home to roost.

"My capacity to vote is terrible", he quoth. "An astute political observer of the scene for years, I could not elect even the assistant to janitorship. And I know what was wrong.

"That engineering attack is unsettling. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't be normal. There is a certain group on this campus, which by drivelling away at the noblest work of God, an honest man, which is me, has done irreparable harm.

"My personal opinion of engineers is that they are misguided—though

enthusiastic people. I have carried the torch for them for years; last year I wrote an article in which I gave them 10 ready rules to culture and being lady's men (and you know what they are now); two years ago, I tactfully pointed out when I was editor of the Gazoot, that they could very well be glossed over when searching in the college for intel-

"Enough of that," screamed Gazoot pencil-pusher Cricket McGosh. "I told you to be impersonal and objective, and you have done nothing but write your own personal grudges in the paper. You're through; you're out; you're no good; you'r a bum; you're ruining the Gazoot; you're not worth the printer's ink behind your ears".

"Don't say any hard words to me, Cricket, or I'll take my typewriter ribbon off that machine, and then there'll be no Gazoot at all", said the chastened McLeak. "You can finish the column".

After McLeak left, McGosh decided there was nothing to be done at a late date, and let the copy go. The scene now changes to McCurdy's as McLeak dashes in with some copy.

"There is a certain group on the campus", he began, "which by exerting foul means, has libelled me by ruining . . ."

CENSORED

(I am sorry folks, that these events must occur. It is another incident in the Canadian scene which is rapidly going to pieces these days. I will do my best to control any future outbursts by McLeak. Sincerely, Gazoot Editor, J. Cricket McGosh).

Sign in a Grocery Store

The world is coming to an end. Please pay your bills now so we won't have to hunt all over Hell for you.—Ubysser.

Professor: "I won't start this lecture until this room settles down." Voice from Class: "Better go home and sleep it off." —The Brunswickian.

Ode to an Oyster

Happy is the oyster!
He stays in bed for good
And if he ever comes out
He generally gets stewed.

Ubysser. wouldn't be wise to get Prof. Mercer



Well, it has been two weeks since I have been at the old typewriter and during this time I have been replaced by such notables as T-Square (who's he?) and Catty (right up my alley).

Well, I guess old Knowsey had better start with broken romances. Now let me see, oh yes, about Art and Patsy, whatever did happen there? Neither of them seem to be loosing any time over it but they sure were a cute couple. The Sadie Hawkins dance certainly was a surprise to Knowsey. We didn't hear Art L. calling for Jessie once. Could that be because Norma gave him such a swell time? Zen certainly gets around, first Kay, than Shaky, and now Peggy. What a horrible life!

Now maybe a look at the new romances cropping up might ease the tension. Who was that wide-shouldered caballero that Liz escorted to the dance? It was good to see Kelly back in action again after the basketball games last Saturday night. Roger Kel.

It seems that a few of the romances are still going strong as Kay and Doug and "Julian" and Margot. It was good to see the Meds up here on Saturday night; it wasn't so good when they started to take all the women away from the local boys. . .

The Meds are at last hitting this column, what with Monk and Nancy, Gordon Algee and Fay McLellan, Key and Norma and Don Vatour and Marg, it looks like we have the real thing.

Knowsey has been asked to make the following announcement: Any girls who have any free nights please send in a schedule to Knowsey of the Gazette office as we are trying to get wee Burnie Creighton a girl and he wants to try them all.

Knowsey wonders if love has at last lodged itself in Jackie Sidel of "Cod's Own Country." He was heard murmuring "Hefto" all through History Class Monday. Surely he wasn't talking like that about Prof. Wilson.

Knowsey got to thinking (yeah I can think) and he wonders if it



One of MacKeen's little charges knocked timidly at the Gazoot Office and, growing shy at the sight of a mattress-covered table, beckoned to His Lordship. Whispers followed: " . . . Charman Cousins . . . engineer . . . Sadie Hawkins . . . please, Mister, don't print it!" She wasn't alone in her thoughts, however, for Cous is still mumbling, "Blasted telephone dates; when will I learn to say 'no'?"

Art will have to watch his step from now on, Jessie having served notice that she is available. Last Wednesday she broke the ice by taking Bryce; anyone else interested?

Most interested listener to the special lecture on the new Dartmouth ferry docks was Looie who, when it comes to ferries, knows all the angles (and corners). He hopes that the shock absorbers to be installed will have sufficient spring to bounce him back across the harbour,

to work out some simple date system for boys and girls. It would be interesting as well as instructive, and the two could probably get through a quick French I course on the date.

Knowsey wonders if maybe the girls at the hall aren't a bit jealous because they weren't asked to take a leading part in the Munro Day Show. It is too bad that a little co-operation can't be had in this college. I for one didn't know that the Hall girls were so fastidious, and, looking over my column for the last few issues I don't think that they have a "H—" of a lot to talk about.

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It is clear that Morgan has yet to learn that nothing must stand in the way of, a fellow engineer's well-being. There is a possibility that in refusing to let a couple of the boys join him in the Capitol queue Saturday night, he was less fearful of the doorman than of the secrets of his past they might reveal to his escort.

This is an explanation for Gif's shivers and pants every few minutes. He really cannot be blamed, for Gif, unaccustomed to female habits, was embarrassed when Patsy shivered out of her pants (basketball of course).

Reactions to last week's Bulletin: Blower, My old man found ten misspelt words . . . Proc, Gosh, was I relieved! my mother just laughed . . . Fifteen others, It was lousy. What happened to the piece I wrote?

ORPHEUS
MON.-TUES.-WED.
"MEET MISS BOBBY SOCK"
"CYCLONE ROGERS"
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
"BLUE BEARD"
"NEVADA"

GARRICK
SAT.-MON.-TUES.
"BLOOD FEVER"
WED.-THURS.-FRI.
"LADY HAMILTON"
and
"DRUMS"

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ANNE MILLER

CAPITOL
MON.-TUES.-WED.
"None But The
Lonely Heart"
Cary Grant
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
"Casanova Brown"
with
Gary Cooper

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