

Dime-daughter Goes Exploring; Gals Of Stilta Gamma Prepare To Get Men; Miss Goose-Quill Is Pretty

Rangoon's native hen-shaped son beamed happily as he trudged along to merge his diabolical cleverness with that of the Tower of Babble group. "Tonight," he quoth, "I shall question my equal—I shall swap adverbs and split infinitives with the one and only Stewpot We will gambol mentally along over the paths the Greeks trod, and shall converse with the philosophers of old on matters too deep for ordinary mortals."

Rufus Rayne thought all this and much more, too, as he picked his way along the Senescent walk to the Arts building, stopping now and then to pick up stray bits of corn (some of it from this article) along the way. At length, fat and rosy, he entered the Arts building, just behind the object of his thinking, Professor Stewpot.

Dr. Blurbie was having a hard time of it. Not only was his scheduled group conspicuous by its absence, but Dime-daughter, the dauntless explorer, had approached him, and, after a few minutes' palaxer, stated: "Dr. Stewpot speaks here tonight."

"Oh, this is where I speak," said Stewpot. "Dr. Stewpot, I presume," said the unquenchable Dime-daughter, who carried his manners like an elephant his memory.

Don Harrimus detached himself from a limpet who was attending the lectures to be given that night, and came forward to repair the damage. But nothing remained of Stewpot. Unwept, unhonored, and badly treated, he had dug himself a hole in his goloshes, and had slunk away. After him came the faint words, "I will not address a class so small." Whereupon the campus wit, mistaking Blurbie's meaning of "small", said, "No lectures in Stuffedosophy? That explains it."

Stilta Gamma, the girls' gassiet, was holding one of its regular meetings, and after making Rufus Rayne an honorary member, because of his shape, and renaming him "Rufa" to keep sobriety, propriety and piety, went heck out for husbands.

"We will hold open shack at Marmalade Hovel," said one. "The goons will flock to it like geese after feed. We should be able to snare dozens of them that way."

A chorus of yells went up, and Miss MacSharp, the jovial python guarding the gates of the sacred

hutch, dashed out to turn Frank Sinatra off the air. None noticed her.

"But what about me," said Flirta VanGusket, perennial threat to the old bachelors around the campus. "What am I to do for a man?" The rest looked at her sympathetically, wondering if there would be any left over after they had taken their pick.

"You can have the pellmell boys from Pine Mountain," they finally decided. And so, deciding that half a man was better than none at all (a little better, anyway) fair Flirta prepared to snaffle the unsuspecting.

The Shriek.
But what of the shriek that was heard last week? Gentle reader, I bet you thought we didn't give a damn about your curiosity. Well, we do. The other day we walked up to Stodgy Campus, and descended into the Gym store where fair Miss Goose-Quill held out before a group of admiring engineers. Her beauty had smitten so many low, that we got a shine to our shoes walking over those prostrate, before realizing what was down. (Speaking of Engineers always makes me want to explain carefully just what I do mean.)

We stood there speaking to Miss Goose-Quill when another shriek was heard, like the first one. It curdled that 4-F fluid we call our blood except in the presence of Northacre.

Is it King Karl or Blurbie, whose subscription to the Munchester Watchdog is up? Or is it C. Cricket McGosh and Bob Mc-Leak preparing a brief show-down for Munro Dizzle?

Important Arts and Science Meeting

There is to be a meeting of all the members of the Arts & Science Society on Tuesday, Feb. 13th, in Room 3 of the Arts Bldg. at 12 o'clock noon. The agenda: Election of next year's officers; Nomination of candidates for next year's Students' Council; Reports: Finance; blood donor committee.

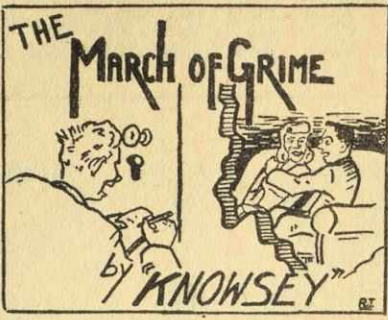
GIGGLE! GIGGLE!

To wed or not to wed,
That is the question
Whether 'tis better to remain single
And disappoint a lot of women
For a time,
Or to marry
And disappoint one woman
For life.

"I just left a deposit on a new spring hat," said Mama Sparrow to Papa Sparrow.

"I wish I were a river so I could follow my course and still lie in bed."—Queen's Journal.

Judge: "And you shot your husband with a bow and arrow?"
Woman: "Yes, I didn't want to wake the children."



My heavens, what is happening between Connie and Fred Martin. First she escorts him to the Open House at Shirreff Hall and then it seems that he is returning the compliment by taking her to the Blood Donor Dance. Knowsey wonders if any plans have been made for the Sadie Hawkins dance yet; that remains to be seen. Hard Rock Harrigan must be quite the man, when there is only one girl taking law and you can capture her heart; you're doing all right. At least these two have been seen walking to the Hall together almost every night. We could be wrong, but what about the Law Common Room? Of course one doesn't need to speak of the "flaming" romance between Graham Batt and Joan Vaughan; well at least we are happy to see that Graham can pick them so well.

Speaking of the hockey team we wonder why the boys are calling Art Lightfoot, "Jessie." It could not be the Jessie of English II, could it, Art? Who is it that the younger brother was seen with at the Boilermakers' Ball? It must pay to have a light foot. One of the star basketball players was in a great hurry to leave after the game last Tuesday night. Who lives close to the Stad. gym? It surely could not be that Amy inhabits that region. Gif. sure "tore" up there fast.

Lomas just can't seem to make up his mind. We wonder if it is still Nancy, or has Liz made another conquest. Comments after the Shirreff Hall Open House:

Al Myrden: "A hell of a party, no necking."

Bill Kelly: "No comment."

Alec Farquhar: "Mmmm."

Pete Flynn: "Have a chocolate."

Nancy Cal: "Take two, they're small."

The Night Before Munro Day
'Twas the night before Munro Day
In Roy's cafe,
And the wolves were prowling
In their own little way.

The joint was quite crowded
And smoke filled the air,
In hopes that Seagram's
V. O. would be there.

Down the chimney came Boudreau,
Gave a fine little bow,
Yelling, "Daughter, dear daughter,
Come home to me now."

Which Is Apropos Of Little Except Idle Moments

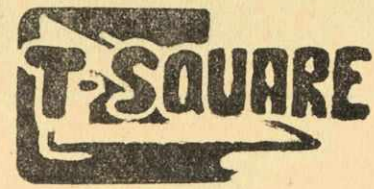
The New Yorker, sophisticated magazine for the intellectual upper-crust, has devoted its recent "Profiles", write-up to news commentator Gabriel Heatter, lover of dogs and himself as a participant in discussions about international affairs. In fact, Heatter is regarded as one of those with a possessive attitude towards global goings-on, and at the time of the fall of France spent the first minute of his broadcast bitterly weeping over the treachery of those who stabbed this Ally in the back.

Being apropos of very little, we hasten to dash along to the main theme of this article, namely, "Where would Heatter fit in Russia?" Where, as a matter of fact, would much of the flotsam and jetsam of our unordered day (North American continent department) fit in Russia's order, in a regime where a governmental tape measures the ability of its citizens?

In the first place, it would take a humourist on the bureau of culture and news commentators to give Heatter even the lowest rating by which he could spout his stuff over the air. If the official were someone zealously devoted to governmental regulations (euphemistically labelled red-tape) he might dismiss Heatter at once because of the latter's inability to say three or four sentences without bringing in a Power's model to shrill about hair-do.

As for Frank Sinatra, who stands at the head of a children's crusade of bobby-sockers, he might rate a chance. We can almost imagine Frankie bearing his larynx (or pharynx) deep down on the "Volga Boat Song," interspersing his vocantics with asides like "This song does things to me," and "Heaven has helped the poor working man." I guess Frank would pass.

Some of the other artists might stand a poor chance. Ted Lewis, who has earned all sorts of money by standing in front of a microphone and waving a baton at a band while yelling (not singing) the words; Betty Grable, who has stood on a shapely pair of legs; some of the minor order of the Republican party (artistic GOPportunists), etc., would certainly be relegated to the ranks of bee keepers (if they didn't hurt the bugs) in Russia's orders. Not to mention Hamilton Fish, who would be sent to Siberia. Come to think of it, Boss Hague of Jersey City, the top-flight gangsters, and in Canada, Mayor Houde and some others we do not care to mention at present would be shot, or be exposed to crocodiles.



The rivalry between Proc and Mike for Louise's favor continues with unabated ferocity. The latest round was Mike's, (with last week's Open House) but with Proc holding a date for the Prom three weeks in advance the count is even, 2-2. Final figures will not be obtainable until we know the results of the most decisive battle, the Sadie Hawkins Dance.

Glancing around: At last Errol has found a release for his pent-up artistic talents; he is currently turning out replacements for the pin-ups which pass in the night. We wonder if he is drawing from memory or, like the rest of us, just dreaming... The way Steve has been snapping and growling this week has set the boys thinking he might be in the doghouse. Gosh, it isn't safe now even to spit on his plates... Freshmen take note—practise your lettering diligently and some day a kind M. D. may let you, like our genial Harry, do up a dozen medical charts in your spare time.

Our friend Sawyer searches for trouble in a big way, and there is no surer way to find it than by tooting a bugle during C.O.T.C. parades. If he persists, we suggest he take on an apprentice so that there will be someone to blow "The Last Post" over his dead body.

It is a pity that Clark doesn't take time out before games to inform his opponents (especially body-checker de luxe Morgan) that despite their many accomplishments, Newfoundlanders cannot fly. Of course, the reason Morgan has stood up before all comers so well is that he himself was continually being stood up before the Boilermakers' Ball.

The mid-afternoon Gym Store habit has claimed another victim. Result: Dick has ousted Mike from the position of Roslyn's Favorite Sweater Buttoner.

It is clear that Kelly is not acquainted with life in various Nova Scotian towns; else he would not have let his lady friend from Joggins rope him into a game of good old Mississippi Bridge. We feel rather bitter toward her for licking an engineer at his own game, but we also feel that if her novel interpretation of "Open House" becomes current, there will be one hundred per cent representation of engineers in the future.

Beauty Queen... No. 3

"DOT" OF SHIRREFF HALL

Pictured above is "Dot," freschette lovely of Shirreff Hall, chosen by her fellow Delta Gammmites to represent the Hall in the Gazette's current beauty contest. Most frequently dated Shirreff Haller on the campus today, "Dot" has been voted the girl "most likely to get married" among the ranks of her gay and amorous fellow co-eds.

ORPHEUS

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

"SECRET MISSION"
"The VIGILANTES of DODGE"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

"ADVENTURES OF KITTY O'DAY"
and "SONG OF THE RANGE"

GARRICK

Saturday, Monday, Tuesday

"STRANGE AFFAIRS"
Allyn Joslyn and Evelyn Keyes

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

"The COWBOY and the LADY"
and "RESURRECTION"

CAPITOL

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Our Hearts Were Young And Gay

GAIL RUSSELL
and DIANNE LYNN

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

Mrs. Parkington

GREER GARSON

CASINO

Starting Saturday, Feb. 10

"BOWERY TO BROADWAY"

starring

MARIA MONTEZ
SUSANNE FOSTER
JACK OAKIE
TURHAN BEY

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... or allies enjoy a friendly pause

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