

Howe Hall Column

by Mark Thomas
Dave D. Chadee

In reply to the letter of 6th February which appeared in the Dal Gazette and was written by John Watson and Herman Mertle. First of all we congregate every weekend to discern what we are going to put out for the Dal Gazette; if for one reason you feel women are not in our thoughts you are mistaken for we were allotted to write weekly articles for the Dal Gazette and not for Playboy or in your case - Playgirl.

You two were very explicit enough to say, "is not that we care about what happens in Howe Hall." My friend, we care, and if you do not care well then, why did you write the letter to the Gazette? Letters of criticism should be constructive and helpful to the

persons who write articles so that they may change their style or method of presentation. If constructive criticism is the intent then we welcome it for it will help our column to "grow". If your intent is just slander as is the case here, it serves no purpose unless you take it and shove it in whichever end most of the bull comes from.

You implied that the column is a waste of time. Well if we did not write it we would not have received your letter. If we did not see your letter, we would not have know that our home perpetrates "stale smell of beer and pot". The next time you write a letter don't write it in a place that will influence your view of Howe Hall.

As an old man said, "you cannot teach old dogs new

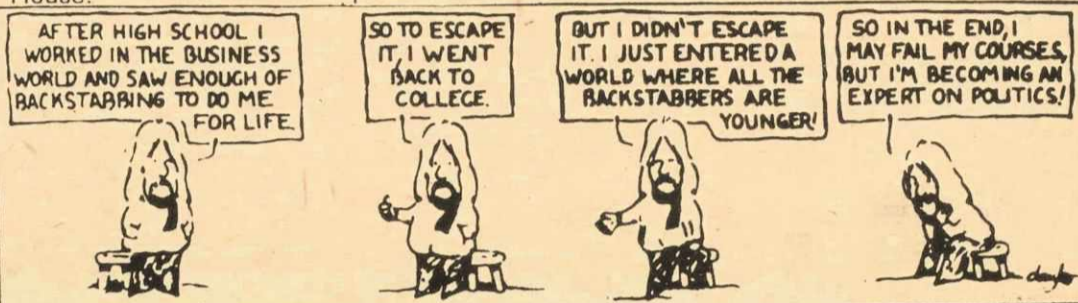
tricks" and in your case your minds are already made up and I am not about to change it for it's not worth the ink or the space in the Gazette. To both John Watson and Herman Mertle a famous philosopher said "close your mouth and the people around you shall think you are intelligent rather than open it and make it known, you are a fool".

To the sweet thing that lives in Sheriff Hall, I am sorry the "gentleman" of Howe Hall did not fulfill your sexual desires but I can guarantee that the people occupying these rooms shall - Rm. 426 Bronson House, also Rm. 253, Rm. 552 Cameron House, Rm. 462 Henderson House and Rm. 584 Smith House.

(cont'd from pge. 10) of the alternatives, and you may have to do this without that "flash of light". To do so is less difficult if you recognize that you have always readjust. If you start out majoring in a subject and decide it's really not for you, you can change. It's certainly not desirable to lose a year or more of time and money, but if you take into consideration the many years you'll be working, this "lost" time is relatively small in comparison. Likewise, if you start to work in a particular occupation that doesn't give you enough of what you want, you can alter your course. Many people change their occupations, but this kind of complete switch is not the only way of adjusting

your plans. Most occupations encompass a wide range of activities and settings. It is possible, for instance, for an engineer to get into a position working very closely with people, while a social worker might concentrate on research or administrative duties. In practically any occupation rapid changes are taking place, consequently, a flexible outlook toward the future is probably the most adaptable.

Those of you who have been unable to make headway with your educational - career decisions, can make use of the Counselling Centre Services on the 4th floor of the S.U.B. Classes in career planning are offered, as well as individual counselling.



(cont'd from pge. T-6)

Right...of course, With The One You Love"). The material, taken as a whole, is perhaps not as strong as that on the last few albums, but everything hits a decent median mark and there's no filler. They call it spreading out.

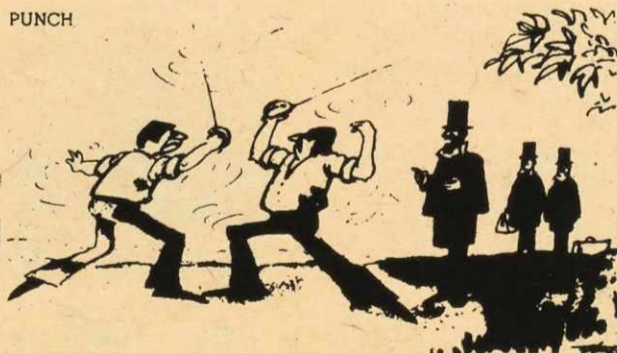
The relentless riffs, broken breaks, and frenzied pace of the title track mark as vintage Purple; right away the band sounds a bit more together than on "Burn". The last half of Side 2 climaxes nicely. "High Ball Shooter" is more adreno rush with a twitchy feel, and

almost out of nowhere Jón Lord (previously in the background) erupts with a golden organ solo that really takes off. On the plodding "Gypsy," Ritchie Blackmore spearheads the mellow break with some mournful licks that are amazing for the control he exhibits (can that dude ever communicate). Alas, the best is saved for last - "Soldier of Fortune" is one of those quieter beauties that grips you from the beginning, its reflective melody enhanced by the subdued arrangements; Coverdale turns in a devastating vocal performance. Rock on.

Attention: Candidates & Voters

General Forum

PUNCH



"All right now, gentlemen. One more minute of warm-up..."

McInnes Rm.

Tues. Feb. 18 , 12:30 p.m.