

## HERE 'N THERE IN 105

There hasn't been much doing in 105 lately. The chemistry exam may have had something to do with it, but the grim financial position was no doubt the main reason. By the looks of things we aren't going to get a raise either. Those Members of Parliament (who raise their own pay whenever they feel like it) just don't care about us heroes.

The boys aren't to be outdone, though. Dr. Tigges' back was turned the other day in the lab and a few dark-coloured coins were seen to drop into a mixture of various acids. Instead of turning into shiny dimes the coins melted. Further research is now in progress, however, and the results are eagerly awaited. It is even hoped that after a few more lessons from Mr. Videto genuine (?) paper money will make its appearance.

One night a couple of guys journeyed forth to the "Mud Flats" of Minto on one of those mechanized bicycles. The next week-end only one fellow went. It seems as though you can't even trust your own friends. The pretty blonde fell for the wrong guy!

What a week-end coming up — the Aula dance and the Vets' Smoker (we hope). What a hangover! Here's hoping that a carload of "stuff" (stuff, that is) arrives from Montreal.

.....Two Diamonds.....

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## SNOOP

Headlining the news this week is the information (slightly stale) that another Indian has bitten the dust. Last week Al Fulcher notified his withdrawal from all stag lines in announcing his engagement to Miss Margaret Prince. Nice going, Al.

To swing from the sublime to the ridiculous, we'd like to pass along one of the best fish stories to come out of the 24th of May holiday. It seems that Ev. Doak, in the course of a day's fishing, was ferrying his wife across a stream in the vicinity of Boietown when the little woman decided she preferred to swim. Doakie, calling into play all his skill in landing the big ones, eventually rescued her — so he says — but what the lady said we don't know. Better try Walter Raleigh's technique next time, Ev.

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On our way to the Aula Saturday night, we noticed a badly bruised telegraph pole by the roadside which appeared in imminent danger of collapse. Wonder if there's any truth in the rumour that Keith Leighton and Howie Irving have been observed haunting the used car dealers lately?

Who's the character who brings a glass of water to chemistry lectures so he can soak his false teeth while he sleeps? Inch?

Rumour has it that Anoy Fleming was hunting high and low for raw beefsteak last Sunday. Wonder why he didn't get one from the Alexander cookhouse? The answer will be sent free to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope and three used butter-coupons to the caterer.

Persistent rumours of another smoker are floating around. We understand the local Bastille is already accepting reservations, so you'd better get yours in early, fellows. Accommodation is limited.

Overheard at the Aula — Jerry May, inquiring of anyone who'd listen "Where's my wife?" Counting your chickens, Jerry?

Overheard in chem. lecture — "Z-z-z-z-z."

Overheard in the draughting lab — "I o o"  
& o o ! ! this blasted pen!"

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