

A Special Report

I DATED DALHOUSIE

Girls and women of Dalhousie, whether you be Alpha Gams, Delta Gams, Omega Gams, or no Gams at all, I hope you did your part. This was your big chance to haul in one of the campus dolls. Look at all the current romances that got their start during Sadie Hawkins Week and it's leap year, making the odds even better (and no doubt the oddballs even more numerous.

Everywhere I went these deafening cries reached my pointed ears, and finally I began to think: "Perhaps there's something to all this jazz. "And after looking at my examination results and realizing that my place is obviously in the home (what home, I'm not sure) I decided that this was my year and my week to hook a man.

But what to use for bait? I picked up our famed *Gazette* and found that no bait was necessary. Automatically classed as a "campus lovely" I just had to be a little more forward than usual and I would have all the wolves at the door, or since I live at the Hall, at my window.

Since I had all the qualifications necessary, I now had to plan my campaign. I thought I'd try for the Daisy Mae Flagon given annually to the girl who entertains in any conceivable manner the most "gay young Bachelors." I thought the best idea was to visit all the campus hangouts and try to find my "type." They say in all the magazines that one's mate must be "intellectually compatible." I now had five days to find someone to complement (or compliment) my meagre resources in the upper story.

Of course the most obvious place for a meeting of the moids is in the Arts Building. I marched right over and stood in the upstairs hall smack in the middle of the Dalhousie crest to watch for someone who looked as if he'd be crazy enough to fall for me. Having decided to dispense with the usual lumberjack tradition for this week I inconspicuously stuck out my right pointed toe pump and lo and behold there was my first victim. Then to my utter horror I realized that although he is in one of my classes he is the professor, and not one of the students. The whole trouble with this campus is that there are far too many bachelor professors and not enough bachelor students. In one swift kick I had probably lost 30 points on my final exam.

On to that unchanging edifice with its unchanging coffee, affectionately known as Daddy Atwood's Canteen. Surely, here among the canteen cats, beats, intellectuals and lawyers there would be someone who would like to go roller skating at the Olympic Gardens. Through the smoke and without my spectacles, I groped my way to the back and my ideal man. There he was, beard and all. After all the

regular advances which are a woman's secret, I persuaded him to come along. Running around in my head was the marvelous idea that skating is a wonderful way to break the ice. When this is accomplished and he falls in, then I could put out the rest of line and catch him for good. Well, never mind what happened at the Olympic Gardens. Suffice to say, the ice there is wood and doesn't break.

But I wasn't through with the canteen yet! Making my way around the campus, looking for another kill, the first thing that hit me was a huge sign saying "Blood donors are life savers too." Well, I didn't know about saving any lives, but perhaps I could kill a few birds with a pint of blood. A good faint should bring the males running. All went as planned until the faint. Falling through the blackness I saw several men rushing to my aid but a pretty little nurse (probably from the VG!!) came along and with one flick of her eyelash pushed away those handsome hunks that had cost me all the blood I can't spare.

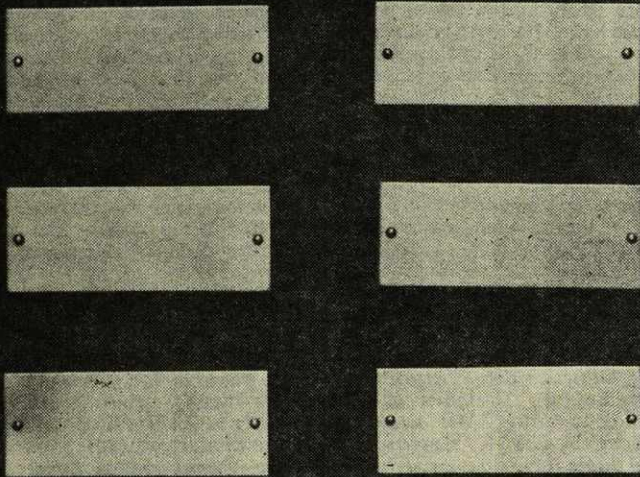
Bloodless and disillusioned I set out for the melting spot of the campus—the library. Here the possibilities seemed unlimited. The reading room was filled with studious couples who I didn't have the heart to break up, so I entered the stacks, commonly known as Frosty Hollow. I discovered that high up

on the sixth floor there is a lover's leap if things get too desperate, and from the looks of the vacant desks a number have already taken advantage of this exit. Still, persevering, I managed to find, way down in a corner of the basement, literally cained in, a young philosopher who said he would be glad to accompany me to the "Man in the White Suit," probably thinking that he was doing mankind a favor by escorting me to Dartmouth. For some strange reason my manical laughter during the movie seemed to discourage him and I haven't seen him since.

Friday morning I awoke with the awful feeling in the pit of my stomach that despite all my good intentions and my tactful approaches, I was a social failure—an out-cast—and that I might as well give up and channel my interests in another direction. Like maybe older men are my type. Very worried, I decided to go to the gym, for my daily exercise. There I was startled by a sign which said:

"Brian O'Butsie is Dalhousie Give pennies for Brian At least you'll be tryin'."

Tryin' for what, who, or why I didn't know, but if I could take Dalhousie to the dance I was sure that I would be doing something novel. And that's the story of how I took Brian O'Butsie, my man, Dalhousie himself, to the Sadie Hawkins Dance.



... AND THEN THERE WAS TIGGER

By JIM HURLEY

With current demands for more life, ingenuity, originality and interest in campus activities, the famous (or infamous) Apathy Award is again due to be put on the block as the last incentive to obtain a saviour who will pull campus life out of the doldrums.

What is the Apathy Award? To many upperclassmen, its history is still a vivid memory, but to our bouncing Freshmen Class, it is just an intriguing myth. To those who have forgotten or who are ignorant, we must protest: this award really does exist.

The first thing that we must make clear is that the award is given to the student (or syndicate of students) who does the most to combat or eliminate apathy on our campus; it is not an award for the greatest exponent of apathy.

The deep nefarious history of this award is recorded in the annals of Dalhousie. Last year, our tiger-mascot, Tigger, was tignapped, appropriately enough, by the now-famous Tigernappers. The Tigernappers held Tigger for a tiger's ransom: 1,643 pennies, which were collected in a Salvation Army pot outside the canteen door. With the ransom, the Tigernappers purchased the Apathy Award which was awarded to them (under their alias) on Munro Day. Unfortunately, Tigger's untimely demise prevented him from being able to witness the event.

However, all students can take part in the awarding of this trophy. If any student feels that somebody on the campus is worthy of merit with regard to the abolition of apathy, he should give his nomination to the Editor of the *Gazette*. The Editor-in-Chief, the Associate Editor, and the News Editor form the selection committee. There is one stipulation with regard to eligibility: the student (or students) nominated must not have been acting in an official capacity when performing his meritorious deed.

All students should note though, that this is a competitive award, and it cannot be given by acclamation. This is a Tigernapper whim we have to abide by, so don't forget to send in nominations.

KIBITZER—

(Continued from Page 2)

audience with Khrushchev than it is to do same with a Dal Prof in the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Then, apparently if you do manage to come into the charmed presence, the Prof, wordless, prefers only your paper, lightly gone over with a scant few checks of eyes, and the cipher which indicates which hinterland between 100 and infinity you occupy. Sloth? * * *

Another reader has the unmitigated temerity to ask me where one can find and gaze upon the President of the University.

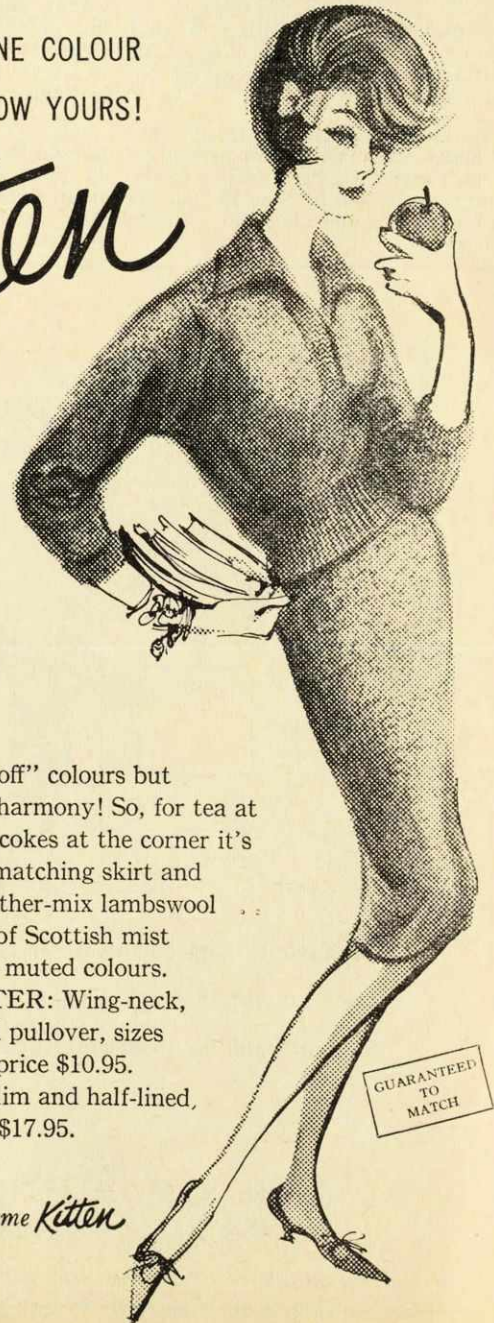
Why any idiot knows that Dr... uh... Dr... uh, can be seen just any day at the... hmmm... So there. * * *

A note informs me that "(I) should blast the Pep-Cats and that 'Showboater' who leads them."

My informant seems to be slightly more than somewhat piqued at what he terms "the abortive attempt of the Pep-Cats to steal the thunder of those heroic worthies who recovered the tiger."

THE PERFECT ONE COLOUR LOOK IS NOW YOURS!

Kitten solves the match problem!



No "just-off" colours but guaranteed colour harmony! So, for tea at the Dean's or cokes at the corner it's the new Kitten matching skirt and sweater in heather-mix lambswool soft as a handful of Scottish mist... in subtly muted colours.

THE SWEATER: Wing-neck, bracelet-sleeved pullover, sizes 34 to 40, price \$10.95.

THE SKIRT: slim and half-lined, sizes 8 to 20, price \$17.95.

GUARANTEED TO MATCH

Look for the name *Kitten*