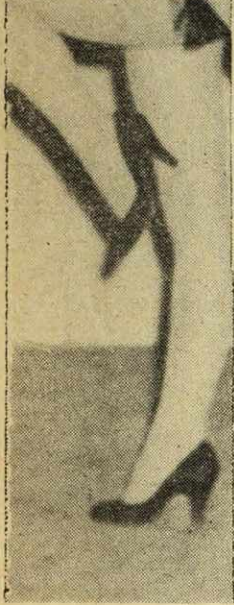


Dans La Bibliotheque

I'm sitting in the library
Trying hard to study;
Ignoring all the noises
And my feet all wet and muddy.



Brrrrrr!
Cold in here, isn't it?
Excuse me — just going to
shut the (unghh!) window
(unghh!) here (squeek!)
(unghh!) (clank) Ahhh!

I'm reading jolly textbooks
Trying not to doze;
I wish that girl across the aisle
Would blow her bloody nose.

Ahchoo!
Excuse me —
Heh, heh (sniff!) I must
be getting a cold (sniff!)
too. (sniff!) Could I
borrow a (sniff!) Kleenex
please? (honk!) Ahh!

I'm concentrating mightily
Devouring every word;
No mundane sound will reach me
Except that of a bird.
Bird?

Hey! —
There's a bird up there in
the window, on the ledge!
I wonder why it's chirping
so loudly and fluttering
around . . . hey, there's two
birds there . . . Oh!

I'm sitting in the library
Ignoring all the birds;
Ignoring coughs and sneezes

And people blowing noses
And people borrowing my eraser
And people whispering
And people coming in and going out
And (shut up, birds!)
And people opening and shutting windows
And . . . and . . .

I'm sitting in the library
Winking at a buddy;
I've packed my books; I'm leaving —
I'm going home to study!

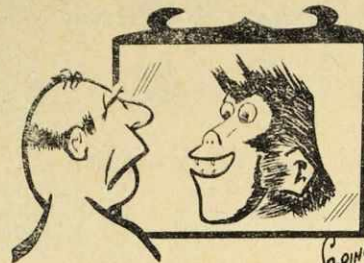
—The Sheaf.

Composed by "Sagittarius"

Let's rise and give a cheer!
Freddy, Freddy Cronkite,
Dean of our College dear!
Freddy, Freddy Cronkite,
Final Chorus:
He's tops as Dean we all declare!
But he is still none the worse for wear,
He is older, and bigger, and lost his hair,
Of the rest of the story you are well aware,
Chorus:
To make our College the country's best!
As Dean of Law at the U. of S.
That he serve his country and come out West,
From Saskatchewan came a sincere request
Chorus:
In the Palsgraf case, and in others as well,
His opinion was sought by Cardozo, they tell,
And there he did so exceedingly well,
He went to Harvard to study a spell,
Dean of our College dear!
Freddy, Freddy Cronkite,
A man who knows no peer,
Freddy, Freddy Cronkite,
Chorus:
Admitted to the Bar when he was only three,
For he was a infant prodigy —
Soon to attend that university,
Born on a mountain top near Dalhousie.

THE BALLAD OF FREDDY CRONKITE

LET'S FACE IT



by Zorchie

If the Agros think they are going to get any other organization
to challenge their inane campus king proclamation us thinks they are
wrong. Few groups have the impudence and pre-puberty brashness
of the plainsmen plowmen. As for the Agro band, the destitute
man's answer to the intensely vigorous nine, us thinks it should be
clamped into the wing of an R.O.P. wild goose embarking on a tour
of the northwest passage.

Let's face it — most of the labs at
the U. of S. are strictly a farce in
which you prove a theory you know
you'll prove because you learned it
in lecture, or you find an organ on
a specimen you know will be
there because you saw it in the
diagram in the text, then cook your
work to prove you've got proof.
Why can't students take some-
body's word for these things and
spend the lab time in lectures
learning something? Perhaps a
six month varsity year could be
made possible this way.

Let's face it — us is gonna
use this spot on the amateur
hour to bring you a few imita-
tions.

The Toronto Daily Star—Hatch
Slayers Flip to See Who Kills
Women—Loser Sings I Don't Want
Her You Can Half Her.

Real Magazine — In Saskatoon
after dark you don't walk down
the streets alone. There are gen-
erally other people walking the
streets too. Sir, the man's maga-
zine says, "On Saskatoon's West
side you don't go out without a
policeman by your side. Not that



bleachers, but now the ump wants
to stop the game on account of
fog!" Is he crazy or is this a fix?"
For Butch this was the end of a
brilliant career.

Saturday Evening Post — Com-
munists cut out Ivor Ivorovitch's
tongue, but he wouldn't talk.

American Magazine—In friend-
ly, freedom loving America, beer
belongs and therefore this issue
will contain nothing but beer ads.

Read'r's Digest — When Ed
Schautz started at the U. of S. he
had nothing but \$3,000, a new
Packard and his personality. But
now, only eight years later,
through hard dedicated work and
faith in his purpose Ed has gradu-
ated with a B.A.

Coyote Creek Crier—Congrats to
Ed Schmauz for a swell clean-up
job on main street by Schnod-
brickers store. Main street is now
back to its usual neatness. Nice
work, Ed. Seems two cars colli-
ded there about two weeks ago,
although we never really did find
out who was in it. They were
from out of town, our foreign cor-
respondent from Crocus Plains re-
ported. It may be that Ed
Schnotzinger's cow was also in-
volved in the accident as she was
tethered in that vicinity.



it's such a tough town, there's just
that many cops."

The Sheaf—Since news is scarce
this week, this issue contains 15
phony news stories. The banner
head and all the photographs are
also fixed, making this one of the
most interesting issues of the pub-
lication. Lack of sports news has
been overcome by filling pages
six and seven with "Lobbin' Along
with Robin."

Out of Doors—In this edition,
seven recognized authorities, each
from a different region of the
campus will tell where you may
find the best trapping.

National Police Gazette — Don't
be misled. Here are the startling
and astonishing facts. Louis Riel,
leader of the Saskatchewan rebel-
lion, is still alive.

Photography Annual — On our
models you won't find what you
are likely to find in any other
publication.



Movieland—After 16 unsuccess-
ful marriages, Jill wants to choose
carefully before she offers her
heart again. Jill is such a sensible
girl we are sure she will find
happiness by the time of her 21st
betrothal.

MacLean's—How to pass exams
you deserve to flunk—by Robert
Thomas Allan.

Cavalier—The bull Zebu lowered
his head and charged but I said,
"I'm not playing that," and walked
out.

Time—Homely, balding, abrupt,
enthusiastic E. (for Edward) D.
(for Donald) J. (for John) (Butch)
Ringhead threw himself on his
stool in the corner of the ring at
snokey, screaming, bawling,
packed (30,000 capacity) St.
Michael's Arena and moaned, "I'm
hitting him where he ain't, coach,
and I'm sliding into the bases
beautiful, my runnings terrific."
I caught one way back in the

—The Sheaf

Negative Acceleration

Problem No. 7A—to wit.
If a ball is dropped into a six-
foot pit,
Falling until the bottom is hit.
What is the negative
acceleration?

Paper ready, books and slide,
Pen in hand with ink at the side,
Brain meshing and focusing
cross-eyed.
What is the negative
acceleration?

If the ball drops at the speed of
"g"

It lands on the bottom (the pit
not the sea),
Leaving a single unanswered
plea.

What is the negative
acceleration?

A sheaf of paper is covered with
strokes,
The pencil is blunt, the slide rule
smokes,

At last the cudgelling an answer
invokes
What negative acceleration?

—The Sheaf

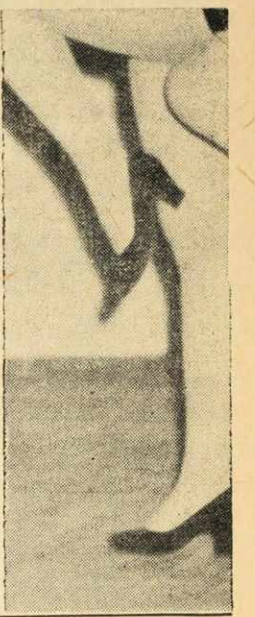
Sam's Philosophy Column

well joe every year they say
the freshmen are the worst
but this year it is really true
i was sitting in the buttery
trying to relearn my bidding
when this frosh female drags up
and says what are you doing

i i enunciated am making contract
well she said youd never guess it
but then you arent a frosh are you
you know i think this is so exciting
its all so different you know
we never made contracts in high school
we just played old maids and hearts

whyd you say three spades
youve only got four of them
listen i said this sort of thing
is far above freshman minds
if you pass all your exams
then you shall be initiated
into these mysteries
but for now go peddle your shoe polish

as the old saying goes
its easy for a cow to forget
what it was like to be a calf



Golden Deeds

THAT DIDN'T GET DONE

(THE HOLE IN THE DIKE)

One day a little Dutch boy named
Hammecher Schlamacher was walk-
ing home near the town of Zwei-
brooken-vor-der Poot when he hap-
pened to see a little hole in the
dike.

"Py Chimmminy!" ejaculated
Hammecher to himself. "De dike
iss mit being a small hole!"

The lad looked around for help,
but it was Friday evening and
everybody able to walk was at the
supermarket.

As yet, the leak in the dike was
a mere trickle, but Hammecher
knew that by the time he got to
the supermarket and back it would
be too late.

Suddenly it occurred to him that
he could stand there all night with
his finger in the hole. If he want-
ed a cold finger, that is.

On thinking it over, Hammecher
decided not to do it.

(ADELAIDE HUMPER)

For this story of a quick-think-
ing girl we must go to the village
of Poodley - in - the - Bog, England
The girl was named Adelaide Hum-
per. Adelaide was only fifteen, in-
cluding tax. Adelaide was walking
home along the railroad tracks,
keeping her eyes peeled for stray
lumps of coal, for — and this is
an extra tear-jerker the manage-
ment throws in free — Adelaide
was very poor.

Suddenly Adelaide saw some-
thing that made her drop the three
pieces of coal she had already
found; the bridge across the gorge
was out! The train was due in a
few minutes and would be wrecked
unless Adelaide could think of
something.

Her petticoat!
Quickly the resourceful girl re-
moved her petticoat, ran back
along the tracks and when the train
came Adelaide waved her petticoat.
When the engineer saw it he nod-
ded pleasantly, pulled the throttle
open a little wider and roared past.
Because, unfortunately, Adelaide's
petticoat was green.

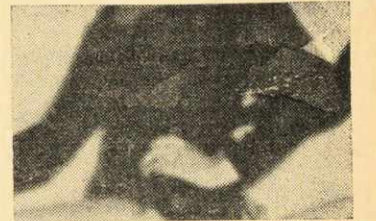
(FRIEDA STRUDEL)

In 1322 the barons of Hochburg
urged King Zwieback XVIII to re-
move the oppressive tax from
Wiener schnitzel. This the king

did, putting the tax on liverwurst
instead. Far from pacified, the
barons decided to assassinate him.
Little did the king suspect that
even his most trusted lackey, Pflaz,
was helping the traitors to remove
all the bolts and bars from the
doors.

However, the plot had been over-
heard by Frieda Strudel, a lowly
knockwurst girl.

As hoarse cries were heard from
without, Frieda ran to secure the
door — but the heavy bar was
gone! However, in a flash an idea
occurred to the loyal girl: she could
trust her arm through the staples



to gain her sovereign a few moments
safety.

She realized, of course, that she
could get a broken arm that way.
And as soon as she realized it she
decided not to do it.

"What am I?" she asked herself.
"Nuts?"

DEFINITIONS

Engineer—Man who does for one
dollar what any man could do
for two.

Engine—it quits pulling when it
stops knocking.

Horsepower—Power which has
put the horse out of business.

Girl—One who used to want an
all day sucker and now wants
one for the evening.

Love—A game where two can
play and both can win.

Love Triangle—Usually a wreck-
tangle.

Men—Some dislike women with-
out any reason—others like them
that way.

Modern Youth—A new genera-
tion.

NOTICE

In case it hasn't nudged your
noggin yet, this is a Dal Gazette
post - exam, morale boosting,
comic edition. To the best of
our knowledge, there is not a
single original item in this issue;
and we hope you get as many
laughs out of it as we did while
throwing it together.

The word amorous originated
from the root amore which was
derived from the phrase "That's
Amore".

—The Silhouette.

University

by ONE DIMWIT

Some come here to gather fame,
Others come to catch a dame;
And there are those who go to
college,

Simply to increase their knowledge.
There are those, it's plain to see,
Who only come for their degree;
But I am not one of these sheep,
I came here to get some sleep.

—Manitoban

SAYS SAMMIE

Ungah! Ungah! Ungah!
Means that I love you;
If you will be my darling,
I will Ungah! Ungah you!
from Tales of the Far North
by Downey

How To Enjoy Yourself

The prevailing idea of most
people is; "How can I enjoy
myself? What is the surest
path to success and happi-
ness?"

In January Reader's Digest
famed author A. J. Cronin
shows that character cannot
be built nor anything of real
value accomplished without
self-discipline; and shows how
to find true success and happi-
ness in learning to do without.
Get your January Reader's
Digest today: 33 articles of
lasting interest condensed to
save your time.

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