

COUNCIL MEETS IN CAMERA

McCLOD WITNESSES PORKINGTON FRENZY

By P. Juniper McClod

Across the storm swept moors of Stogey crept a dozen masked figures. The rain rained, the wind wound, cloaked in darkness (and their clothes, of course) the dozen approached the imposing stone pile called simply, Arts Bldg. A door creaked, and like shadows the mysterious dozen slipped inside. The wind howled around the corners, and inside, by the dim glow of a solitary candle the group removed their darkness, and seated themselves. One stood up — was it? Could it be? It was. Rose Porkington, erstwhile Prexie of the Stoogents Consul, and the eerie eleven gathered with him? Members of that body! Gathered tonight in camera, to plan POLICY.

In low tones, their voices muted, the dozen talked — SUD-DENLY — the door burst open, and with a loud popping of flash guns, appeared the GAZOOT's able squad of photographers.

"GET OUT", screamed Porkington.

"But this is an in camera session," quoth Grainy Drunkenman, leader of the trio, "and we are here to represent our cause. This is a democracy, etc."

Wherupon, Representative Bernel Bucksaw rose and removed this obviously subversive element. Peace reigned once again.

But not for long. A tremendous babble outside, once again the door burst open, and headed by the Dalhousie Copper Band, in marched DAAC Prexie Typhoon O'Neil, flanked by a troop of armed managers (each with four arms picked up after the last Dal-Navy game). Climbing upon Porkington's Shoulders, with spotlights playing round his leonine head, O'Neil demanded \$14,000.00 to send a boxing team to Byrn Mawr, a hockey team to Miami, and a chess team to Ecum Secum.

Diminutive Frosh Rep. Bernstein Crate rose manfully to the defence. His diminutive chest swelled, he flexed his muscles, spat to regain his courage, and demanded in a loud voice, "Why?" Then, awed by his own daring, collapsed.

Encouraged by Crate's example, the Consul with one accord glared at O'Neil, who became so uncomfortable, that he suddenly remembered he had to unite his English and Canadian football teams into a Mexican Water Polo

Team, and hurriedly left, muttering in his red snurt, "Dem guys jest don't reuse cat our badminton boids is goin to be pigeons dis year instid of merely sparrows, and will derefore cost 2 3/4 times 'as much'" Having cleared the room of O'Neil, managers, musicians, arms, petitions, footballs, etc., the Consul resumed its in camera session.

Porkington, who had been returned by O'Neil, stood up, he opened his mouth to speak. There was heard the sound of a flute playing "Glory, Glory for Dalhousie", and out of the darkness at the back of the room marched Glum Clubber Guff Pheasant,

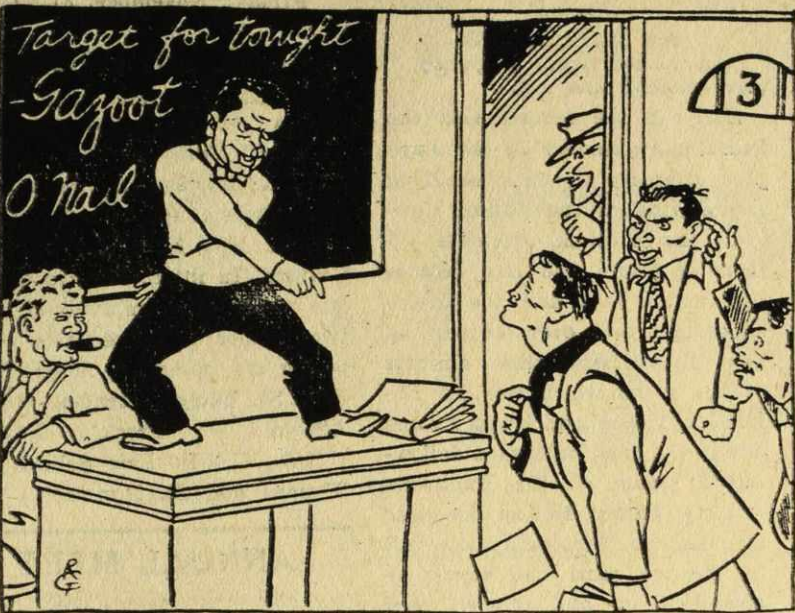
forgotten by the Copper Band in their hurry. Feeling the need to speak (an ever-present characteristic) Pheasant invited the entire Consul to the next performance of his Male Soprano Choir rendering and rending the Operetta "H.M.C.S. Apron", with a special invitation to Wee Bernstein Crates family due to a recent ruling about minors in the gym.

(N.B. — Pheasant was ejected by Miss Worma Lionheart, one time ladies Mountain — style Wrassling Champ of Cape Breton)

The only further interruption of the evening came just two minutes later, when a bevy of Marmalade Hovelites, headed by Xmas Trade, hove in through a window, each noisily asserting that she was the owner of the beautiful legs portrayed on the third page of last week's GAZOOT.

At this point, Prexie Porkington, followed by his loyal comrades, threw himself out the window, dashing his feet against the hard grass three feet below.

P. Juniper McClod strode silently from the back of the room and into the GAZOOT office where he wrote this.



MED NOTES

Now that all the security barriers have been lifted, we meds can at last speak freely of the most important event of this college term. Namely the arrival at Phi Chi of that famous pathologist, A. R. Judkins of Dominion. The welcoming committee at the station was headed by vice-president Vibero (wearing his best gumshoes) since President MacOuthouse was too busy selling his autographs to the first year men. As the train drew near, the group sniffed the air and pronounced it to be from Montreal but this proved to be a reasonable error since the train carried Yerry Doo-vis and Joe Whitewood, fresh from the Newfoundland fishing fleet.

Finally, the great man stepped off the train, flanked by 'Trigger'

Travis (late C. S. U. gorilla) and one "El Torro," a Dominion racketeer. This bodyguard was made necessary because of recent attempts on Dr. Judkin's life by western thugs. Ed. Bergen and Charles Van Carthy.

The procession proceeded to Phi Chi frat house, where Jerk Gooden had thoughtfully covered the floor with pictures of Chuck Wong and Jim Fizzle.

Following the Cape Breton custom the banquet consisted of oatmeal and shaving lotion. Guest speaker was Horace Yidson, who spoke on "Interesting experiences as an Intern." Following which the great man hurried away to inspect a valuable piece of property, which he had recently obtained, leaving behind him happy faces and numerous autographed copies of the "Steelworker" and Miner."

Next week: The reorganization of the Mud Society.

TROIS PISTOLES

(Continued from Page 6)

Nobody understands. I repeat. Then they say, "Do you mean Scotch tape?" I do not go shopping again for a long time.

We have classes every morning. For an hour we study grammar. Then French and English meet to sing together, such songs as "Mandalay" and "Loch Lomond," "Plaisir D'Amour" and "A la Claire Fontaine."

We return to our classrooms for phonetics or French-Canadian literature, or sometimes we make an "excursion" to the saw mill or the "pharmacie," the "Boulangerie," or, best of all, the Pepsi-Cola plant.

In the afternoon there are chorus practice and ping-pong, bike hikes, and oil painting. There are tennis courts where the students and the "gens du village" play together. Best of all is the swimming. Down at the "greve" the water of the Saint Laurent is cold, but the beach is sunny, and the whole village is there. Twice a week we go by car or bicycle to the little "Riviere Trois Pistoles," where the water is warm, and the current and waterfalls make swimming an adventure.

At night there are conversion groups and films, square-dancing and hay rides. Once a week we have a bridge party, where the French Students speak English, and the English speak French. That is very sad for me. Once I find myself playing a four club bid on a beautiful four spade hand, and I do not know how it has happened.

Because there are French students as well as English, we speak sometimes English, sometimes French. Some of us speak sometimes both. This is known as the "troisieme language" and I am very good at it. In our house we have a system. We speak English at dinner, French at supper. If anyone is at breakfast, he speaks Pig Latin. We pay a fine for our mistakes, and are "toujours sans argent."

From time to time, we take trips. We go down the beautiful Saguenay River, and we visit Isle aux Basques. We go to Rimouski to sing on the radio, and afterwards we see a French show and do not feel "completement clueless."

At the end of the course, we have exams and we study very hard, for we have amused ourselves so well that we are sure we have learned nothing. But we pass. Then we are sad, because it is time to say goodbye, to the Cafe Royal where we danced, and the Regal where we bought our creme glacee, to the "patates frites" wagon and the "Salle de Recreation," the nuns and the shopkeepers, and the "employe du chemin de fer" — to all the people of the village. Even if we forget almost all we have learned, we will remember these people, who are so friendly and gay and industrious, and who have done so much to make us love French Canada.

But I do not think anyone will forget much of this summer, and we will say to everyone, "If you can, go to Trois Pistoles."

CO-ED NEWS AND VIEWS

We 'uns have braved for the last time the biting winds that sweep up through the stands, now that Dal has carried off the Provincial Intermediate Rugby title, and has — oh so grievously — dropped out of the football picture for this year.

It was fun while it lasted, and next term brings up basketball and hockey, which also require a great deal of cheering on our part. And when we mention these sports, we don't mean just the D. A. A. C. side of it. D. G. A. C. will be in there with two — perhaps three — basketball teams, and believe it or not, an ice hockey team, formed for the purpose of whalloping the boy's team at the end of the season. And if any of you are interested in swimming, keep an eye on the D. G. A. C. board in the Gym. We may get a chance for a plunge or two before Xmas.

The same old question is arising, and that is — why, with probably even more than 6.726 males per female, aren't more of the latter dated by more of the former? This little problem arose in a western college, and was promptly taken care of with the formation of a date bureau. Here's your chace, gals! And advertising space is yours for the asking.

By the way, how are the fag fiends? We read that U of T co-eds favor corncobs this fall. It's a thought, gals. And speaking of thoughts we leave you with this one — "A girl who speaks volumes often ends up on the shelf." Oh, oh, I can take a hint!

F. W. D.