

# MARRIAGE RATE AT HALL RISES ALARMINGLY

by APPASSIONATA VON CLIMAX

A charming evening wedding was solemnized last week as part of the activities of an amorphous female organization seldom acknowledged by its formal appellation of the Society of Seekers of Security in a Century of Constant Confusion. Membership embraces a wide diversity of interests, yet it is bound together by a singular unity of purpose.

The event was the climax of weeks, rather months (even years) of strenuous activity in which all the members had eagerly participated, operating from their headquarters on the corner of South and Oxford Streets. A large gathering was present, consisting of the trophy winners and other interested persons eager to share in the good fortune of their fellows.

An aura of general enthusiasm pervaded the room which was largely decorated with various ritualistic relics, including photographs, dance programs, fraternity pins and other jewellery of lesser connotation. The focal point of the arrangement was a sensuously-shaped milk bottle from which droopingly emerged a bouquet of shocking-pink and mauve artificial roses (courtesy of DGDS), most striking in their pristine elegance.

The bride entered on the arm of her father to the tune of Mendelssohn's recessional mistakenly hummed by the soloist, notorious for her rendition of "Blue Suede Shoes." She looked radiant in a clean white sheet (Thursday being laundry day), becomingly draped from one shoulder where it was strategically fastened by a beautiful gilt brooch, a gift from the groom, suitably inscribed "Souvenir of Montreal." Father wore a grey shirt and blue sweater.

The many bridesmaids wore a variety of creations so delectable as to be indescribable. The mother of the bride wore blue baby-dolls, the mother of the groom pink ones. The rather mature-looking flower-girl, clad entirely in black, remained composed throughout the ordeal to the constant amazement of all the guests.

There was some delay in the proceedings, when the groom could not be located and the bride collapsed to the floor in a fit of hysterics. Quick action on the part of the best man saved her from hitting the radiator. The delinquent groom, however, was found washing his hair and was hurriedly led back, after which the ceremony continued without further interruption. At times one could almost hear what was being said over the babble of excited female voices.

After the completion of the rites, a sumptuous wedding feast took place, during which an abundance of Pepsi-Cola was served as well

as a few peanut-butter cookies filched from supper. Toasts were drunk to the memory of Sadie Hawkins and other notables whose efforts had made all this possible. There were a number of speeches congratulating all the members on their fine work and outstanding achievement, attested to by four engagement rings and five fraternity pins. Others were exhorted to work tirelessly in the remaining three months of the term. The festivities ended slightly before one, and all agreed that it had been a highly enjoyable occasion. Tentative plans were made to have a similar wedding next week.

# Hemingway Revisited

Five toreadors strode by in scarlet  
He smiled, and flicked a fleck from  
His impeccable shirt cuffs.  
Her dusky shoulders glowed like golden apricots.  
The bar was dim; streets so hot  
The dry mud cracked like alligator hide.  
"But I never play games unless I hold all the cards,"  
She said.  
"I never play for keeps."  
He lounged back in the chair like a leopard  
Prowling at night.  
The afternoon grew hotter; men in huge hats  
Lolled in arid shade.  
Agreement was reached—cataclysmic calm  
Veneered over tension.  
She picked up her handbag and they went out.  
Together.  
He smiled again. "Haven't had a good game  
Of bridge in years."

# Home-Grown Sounds For Dancing Dalhousians

by GREGOR MURRAY

Last March, when the idea of a dance band made up of Dalhousie students was first presented to Council, there was a good deal of scepticism. Today this has been replaced with a good deal of enthusiasm, for at this writing eleven enthusiastic musicians have formed the nucleus of a group that, within a few weeks, should be providing home-grown sounds for dancing Dalhousians.

### Aspirants Needed

As mentioned above, the orchestra presently boasts 11 members, three of these being graduate students, and the rest undergraduate. However, there is room for several more yet, saxophone, trombone, and bass players still being in short supply. (Aspirants are invited to Saturday afternoon practices in the Gymnasium music room.)

Musical results, so far, have been good. Don Warner, long a staunch Dalhousian and leader of a Dal dance band some years ago, has been giving yeoman assistance to his potential competitors, and has even brought along members of his own orchestra to give advice to differ-

ent sections of the band. If a little of their talent rubs off, we should have a swinging group.

A dance band made up of Dalhousie students has been a need here for a long time. Let's hope they make it.

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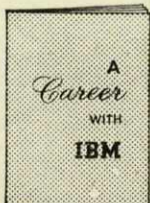
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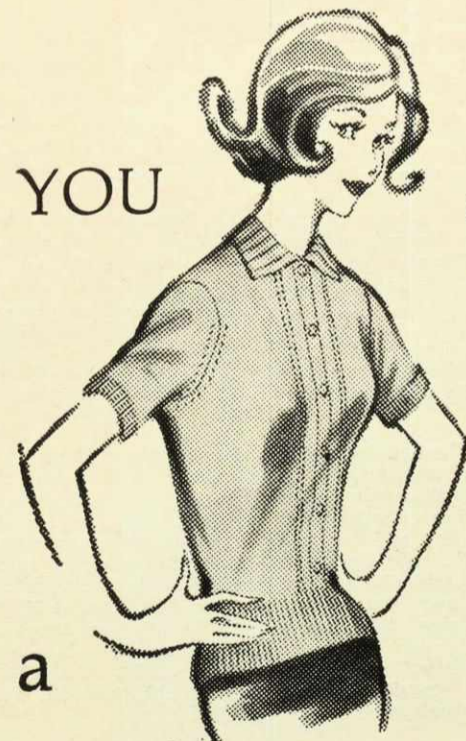


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