

# DE LOUSY GAZOO

Canada's newest college scandal sheet. Member (at large) of Canadian University Gossip Club. Opinions expressed editorially are the official opinions of our Council of Profound Philosophers. Official scrap paper of inmates of Dalhousie Intellectual Asylum, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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Gossipers—Anonymous

Masters at Keys—Anonymous

Photographic Artist—Anonymous

## FOOD AND DIVORCE

Recently, after battling for some two hours with massive blobs of hard beef that had been prepared for combat by personnel of a very local canteen, two Eavesdroppers staggered into the GAZOO office with growling stomachs and collapsed in heaps of abdominal misery on the floor. Shocked by their condition, we, the editors of the GAZOO, debated upon the situation at length, and have finally come up with what we think is a penetrating and far-reaching idea for the administration. We feel that, in the Faculty of Arts and Science, there should be a Department of Cookery (or, if the administration should feel that this title lacks sophistication, Un Département de la Cuisine.)

The Twentieth Century has been called many things, but there are two very prominent characteristics of our modern era: (1) that it is the age of divorce, and (2) that it is the age of the TV dinner. The divorce rate in this country and in the United States and Britain has been appalling in recent years. Why? There is but one answer. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and that way has been blocked by the decline of the gentle art of cooking. We live on peanut butter sandwiches and the minute meal. We thrive on scrambled eggs. We much assembly-line concoctions while watching television advertisers sound the death knell of taste-buds already crippled with lack of use. We wash down greasy hot dogs soaked in vile "prepared" mustard with "soft" drinks that are otherwise used to clean the rust from automobile chrome. And psychologists wonder why men beat their wives, scream at their secretaries, and suffer the pangs of ulcerous innards!

The value of our Department of Cookery, then, becomes immediately apparent. Such training would cut the divorce rate by half. Free enterprise would be enhanced; the corner grocer would become popular once more, and the chain-store supermarkets with their mass-produced abominations would collapse in bankruptcy. Wives would once again take a live interest in the home. Foreigners would flock to the country in droves to learn the new art, with the result that international differences would disappear. Peace and co-operation in the home would lead to peace and co-operation among nations. Graduates, imbued with the importance of their mission, would hasten to teach in the public schools, so that our youth would be trained from an early age to cultivate an interest in their diets. The restaurant industry would expand by leaps and bounds, virtually eliminating unemployment.

The details of the curriculum could be easily worked out. Cookery 1, for example, might deal with food appreciation, Cookery 2, with Breakfasts, Cookery 3, with lunches, Cookery 4, with Dinners, Cookery 5, with bedtime snacks (with special instruction on how to avoid nightmares), Cookery 6, with beverages, etc. More advanced courses would deal with the economic and social aspects of the subject, while doctorate theses would cover specialized areas of the work. The Five Methods of Cooking Ham, or Alloys Most Suited to the Frying Pan Industry, might be sample titles. We urge the administration, strongly, then, to adopt our proposal. Let us fight for our intestines.

## LONG LIVE APATHY!

This is the Twentieth Century, the age of atoms, the era of ulcers, the season of rush, the period of space exploration, the epoch of the quick death and the fast buck. Therefore, let us arise, and go now, and be apathetic.

## The Empty CUP

hic!

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### The King's English

Ma'am,

I just bethunk meself too dropp a litle liin too al youse guyes an' dollz on the staff of **De Lousy Gazoo** and maybe tel yew som thots i hav ben thinkin? Yew no, ma'am, **De Lousy Gazoo** iss wunnerful and i wish i had gotten a jawb whith it att the beginnin of the yer, but bein an Arts stoddent, and bein interested in makin' mye number of words att mye disposal biggerer, i new i woodn't hav know time for itt and mye english professor told mee that he thot i wood be prettily bisy whith hym and i thot it was nise of hym to saye soo and paye soo much atension too mee but then hee nos howe to tech ower language verry wel and i suppose that is wi.

But wat i am righting fore iss too tel every body that i think that the amt. of ower language that the engineers lern in callege iss not bigg enuff and i think pepel who git a degre lik a batchiler of engineering shood bee abel too expres themsels inn the king's english in righting and inn speche. Therfor i sez engineers shood bee teched mor arts subjects soo that they ar not lik a bunch of stoopid bumms wen they tawlk and right in this gret republik of owers coled canader and thus mak dalhousee and canader no good.

soo thank yew verry much fore the spase ye hav gived mee inn yor papaer and i am yors verry truely and all so yor most humbel and obeadient sirvant,

Oglethorpe Flauntleroy,  
Arts 4.

# ISPY

Two of the most important personages to visit Dalhousie in many a year will appear on the campus next week when Eisenhower and MacMillan come to spend a few days. Bill MacMillan and Jerry Eisenhower, two ex-engineers from U.N.B., were recently run out of Fredericton on rail by the town's Junior Chamber of Commerce. Reason for the Chamber's action, as cited in the Daily Gleaner, was that many of the Jaycees had had their incomes greatly reduced by the highly competitive still which our visitors operated in the basement of the U.N.B. men's residence. Bill and Jerry are hoping to be admitted to Dal's engineering faculty, and inhabitants of our residence are wishing them the best of luck. After all, there's a lot of waste space in that cellar.

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I would like to recommend a couple of recent movies to all Dalhousians who wish to raise themselves from the depths of intellectual degeneration. These two, "I was A Campus Werewolf" and "The Thing From The Zoo 2 Lab", are film-land masterpieces that should provide real inspiration for Dalhousie students in both their social and academic endeavours. The first, which should keep you swallowing your popcorn whole throughout the performance, is a real knuckle-crackler whose delightfully imaginative ideas should do much to give added zest to the midnight farewells at the Hall. "The Thing from the Zoo 2 Lab" is a suspense thriller that is sure to send fingernail-chewers home with indigestion, and its inspirations may be even more constructively applied than those of its partner on the double-bill. Here is a chance for any zoology major with an obnoxious lab partner to make a real contribution to his university. By just sitting through the movie four times he should gain enough material to produce something that could prove invaluable on the football team next season. Yessir, we'd really "Eat 'em raw". For a well-rounded education I urge you to see them both.

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The Canteen Cat has been given a Bath!! At long last two enterprising third year science students have done the job and done it right. Feeling that the cleansing administered by the P.C.'s at Model Parliament time was lacking in permanency, these two men with a future combined research with sanitation in their washing techniques. A little concentrated snitching from the Chemistry Department produced two gallons of 12F H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> (sulphuric acid to the unenlightened). In this kitty was immersed to the tip of her lily white tail, and the cover held on tight. (This last was to prevent her yowls of sheer joy from attracting the attention of any passing members of the S.P.C.A. After two hours of thrashing about, it was felt that our beloved pussy had probably come clean, and the cover was removed. Alas, such unfortunate things as miscalculations can happen in any experiment, and this time the cat was the unknown factor. Her swimming ability had been misjudged, and she had gone down for the third time before anybody could reach her. Testing of the remains showed that kitty was quite soluble, their volume not exceeding that of one-half of a coffee cup, and our young experimenters felt that their endeavours could not be written of as a total loss. Theology students and S.C.M.'ers will be relieved to know that what was left of kitty was given a decent burial, suitably encased in a doughnut wrapper, in the front yard of Shirreff Hall.

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Hope may still be held by those who feel that a canteen without a cat is no canteen at all. Reports from cohorts on Seymour Street have it that the Phi Delt kitten is now a cat whose immoral activities have reached hitherto unprecedented heights in their flagrancy, and prospects are good that the result of all this will be underfoot in the canteen next fall. Rumour also has it that noted campus literary stylist Notso Goddy will be biographing the notorious feline in the near future. Tile of the work is expected to be **Without Benefit of Shades**.

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Dalhousie spirit is not yet dead!! A first year Commerce student, on two-week suspension for dropping overshoes down the stairwell of the A. & A. building onto the head of his favourite professor, was nevertheless moved to expend a great portion of his worldly wealth in recovering the racoon coat of Fleevious Smurp, first janitor of the gymnasium and one of Dalhousie's great benefactors this world famous col-

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