

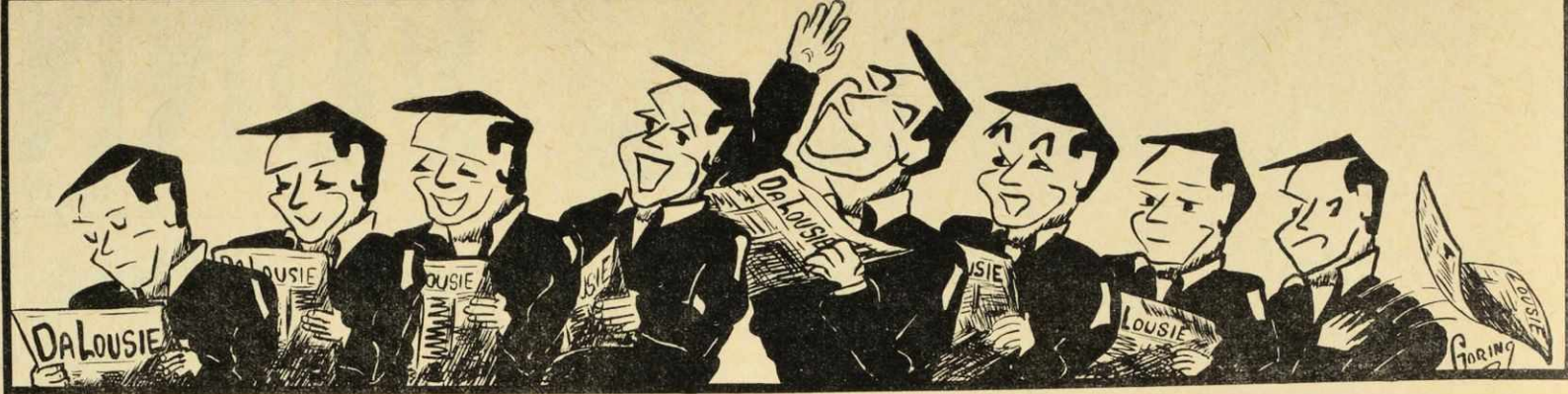
DAL. GAZETTE

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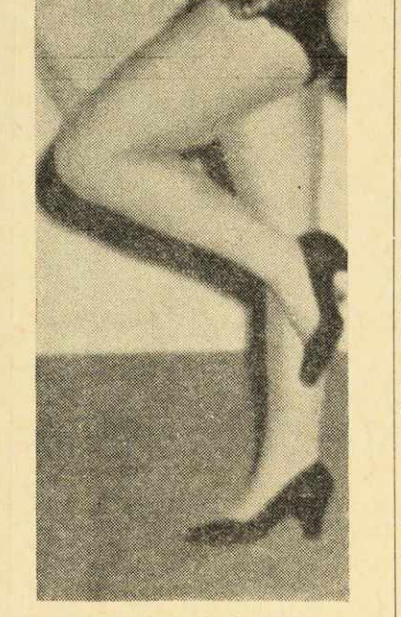
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Ode to my E-in-C OR He Cut Me to the Quick!
Sir:
You are a Boor and a Slob!
I didn't ask for this job;
I hate writing humor,
I'm getting a tumor
'Cause I want to write like a snob.



I'd much rather slosh up some slander
Than to your funny-bone pander;
I'm a natural born hagger,
The next Westbrook Pegler,
Thats me, full of candor and dander.
I want to write smears on the Theologs,
And throw rocks and stones at the Geologs;
I hate Bennett Cerf
And I'm plumb out of nerf (?)
Humor's for the birds and the Beeologs!

HOW TO BE PROFESSOR

Unsatisfied with your present job? Tired of cleaning out the rat cages in that old lab? You can change all that NOW because Haggie Institute offers you the opportunity of becoming a professor in the privacy of your own home.
Here are some excerpts from the Haggie Institute illustrated course which can be yours for the amazingly low price of \$4.38.
THE START
Obtain a degree. This may be had by sending an additional \$1.00 to the Haggie Institute for a first rate forgery of any degree from any school on the continent. (Framed \$1.25.)
If you're a plugger, a degree may be obtained through regular academic channels; at best a risky, costly business, so why waste time?
STEP TWO
Get on the staff of a medical school. There are several ways of doing this but buying one's way is always sure-fire. More subtle but less certain methods forwarded under separate cover at your request.
PREPARING THE COURSE
Collect all textbooks printed in connection with your course. Select those which are the most expensive, the least informative, and most poorly printed. A single text encompassing these points is ideal. This text you recommend to the students. For your own use, choose a simple, easily read text of not more than 100 pages. Too much detail will merely confuse you.

FOOTWORK
Adopt a distinct mannerism, such as wearing a shoulder holster. This will hold the students' interest and will also be extremely practical in case they get wise to you.
Enter the lecture room briskly with several papers in the hand. (Paper may be obtained from any trash pile and used over and over). Fuss with things on the podium and simultaneously announce the scope of the lecture in a low tone while the students shuffle about to get seated. Once silence has fallen—you may have to resort to the shoulder holster to obtain it—an extemporaneous harangue on any vaguely related trivia delivered at a breakneck



pace will serve to fill in the rest of the hour. Should the students show any tendency to doze, an announcement that the substance of the lecture will constitute 40 marks on the final examination generally suffices to electrify the most torpid. If any students appear eager to succeed by employing such obvious devices as taking down your words, forbid them to do so, saying that more will be learned by listening. This should disarm all but a few di-hardards.

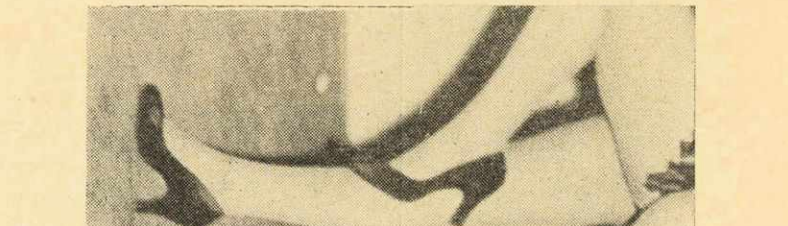
LECTURE
Questions from the floor are always dangerous. Under no circumstances should a positive statement be made and NEVER stoop to saying "I don't know."
The best way to illustrate the
(Continued on Page 4)

DOWN, VIA, APPIA
Progress stumbles on
Through time and space
The human horde strains
Towards a goal unseen
Ever mired in their stride
By senseless obstacles
The campus roads are muddy
Damn.
—Bergie.
—The Sheaf.

Masquerade
There was a young lady from
Australia
Who went to a masquerade as a
dahlia,
But the petals revealed
What they should have concealed,
And the dance, as a dance, was a
failure.
—The Sheaf

Two Platitudes

A Novelette of French and English Canada
A sleek Lincoln bearing Ontario licence plates sped through the quiet Quebec countryside. Inside, a party of middle-aged Hamilton tourists gawked through the windows.
"Isn't it SO quaint?"
"Isn't, yes!"
"I just love it, don't you?"
"My, yes!"
"Look at that lovely, peaceful farming country", said one as she gazed in awe at a quarter-acre patch of Laurentian rock.
The driver broke the spell. "Where the hell are we?"
"Why, dear, didn't the sign say to turn left at the Pont Bridge?"
"If you'll look closely, my dear, you'll see that every damn bridge in this province is a Pont Bridge. For all I know we're at Hull city limits."
"Let's ask someone."
"Anyone here speak the language?"
"I do. I learned a little in school."
"O.K. Let's try this guy."
"Ah — Mounseer? Je veux aller au a place called Lac Sorette — pouvez-vous me showez le way?"
"Ach donnerwetter! Was ist das Eine Kleine Nachtmusik hier?"
"I think he said to turn left at the next junction."
"O.K."
Some hours later, as the sleek Lincoln bumped along a rutted, Austin-size country lane and eventually came to a total halt in front of a parked cow, the driver again spoke:
"Suggestions, anyone?"
"Ask the cow."
"Shut up or we'll never get to Lac Sorette tonight."
"it happens to be tomorrow and Halifax is around the next bend."
"This is no time to be funny. Hey! here comes a rube."
Let's ask him."
"Shhh dear! They're farmers. They don't like to be called rubes."
"Er — savez — connaissez-vous Lac Sorette, mon bon — ahh — "
"Sure thing Miss — just let me kick this cow out of the way and you'll find it half a mile ahead, on your right."
"Aren't these Frenchmen nice?"
"Yes, dear — and you spoke to him very fluently."
"Oh look! Isn't that quaint?"
—McGill Daily



THEY LIVE LONGER, TOO!
The horse and the mule live thirty years,
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die,
And never taste of Scotch and Rye.
The cows drink water by the ton,
And at eighteen are mostly done.
The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in twelve short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and sinless die.
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three-score years and ten!
—The Sheaf.

1956 ENGINEERING AND CHEMISTRY GRADUATES
A representative of B. F. Goodrich Canada Limited will be on the campus January 9, 10 and 11th to interview 1956 Engineering Graduates in Chemical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, and Chemistry, to fill new positions created by plant expansion and the building of a new Chemical Plant.
Please see your campus Employment Office for details of interview times
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EDITORIAL

You honestly didn't think I'd write an editorial over the Christmas holidays — did ya!

M. E.

LET'S KEEP IT CLEAN

Ever since the beginning of time, man has formed the disgusting habit of wanting to keep clean. Let us trace the origin of this most interesting and controversial subject.
First let us go back to the Romans. History books tell us that the Romans enjoyed bathing in luxurious bath houses, but with members of their own sex, and at different times. However, this was all changed when Caesar introduced the new idea of daylight saving time, which completely confused the Romans and resulted in the origin of mixed bathing.
Mediaeval baths with mixed bathing produced a reaction and the church fathers generally agreed that mixed bathing should not be introduced into church services. Bath architecture in mediaeval times, however, took great strides in countries under Mohammedan rule. This civilization brought about such great baths as the tepidarium, caldarium, laconium, frigidarium, and the fraternity house.
In Russia there was a multitude of bath houses and everybody was encouraged to attend. Those who did not bathe were denounced as dirty capitalists and sent to Siberia.
Now let us give you our personal ideas on mixed bathing. Ladies and gentlemen, you may be overlooking one of the greatest assets mankind ever had the opportunity to possess. In a few words I can explain this new found idea which would be a boon to civilization.
Commercialized mixed bathing.
Naturally, the first thing that comes to one's mind is television. The remarkable thing about televising mixed bathing is that it introduces audience participation. The sponsor's paradise is finally answered. The actual samples of Vel, Lux or whatever is used can be seen in use by the audience. Moreover, bathing exercises can be introduced and thus bring about audience participation. The National Health Board, I'm sure, would endorse any such action, big business would prosper, disease would practically be eliminated and population increases would be counteracted by drowning. The whole world would live in happiness.
Another aspect to consider in the introduction of mixed bathing to the university curriculum. The three-year diploma course would be an intensive study of various insecticides, cleansing agents, etc., with a special emphasis on the work of a masseur. The four-year course is a more thorough study ending in a B.B. degree (Bachelor of Bath) and further research results in the Ph.B.
The ideal of a mixed bathing bureau supplying necessary partners would be new source of revenue. Popular games could be invented, adding new life to an already popular pastime. This sudden interest in mixed bathing might possibly bring about a King and Queen of mixed bathing. This contest could be a nation-wide one, thus bringing about another source of revenue.
Mixed bathing theatres may be slow to come about with the introduction of a number of top-notch actors and with a well-known drama written around the scenario of a bath-tub there is no foretelling the popularity of such a scheme.
You can no doubt realize the unending possibilities of such an idea and I am sure you will share my enthusiasm in advocating commercialized mixed bathing — the only answer to mankind's complete success.
—Manitoban.

As viewed by a disciple of the School of Ezekial—Joppa or— IT'S A DANGEROUS THING.

The Modern Trend— Western Education

It snowed last night . . . cold this morning . . . the alarm rings . . . we set it 20 minutes fast, so as to scare us into thinking it later than we think . . . that was five months ago . . . we don't scare so easily now . . . the bed's warm . . . we're lazy . . . willing flesh? . . . sleeping spirit at 7 ayem . . . cut ourselves while shaving . . . the coffee was too hot . . . gasped on that early cig . . . hope that car'll wait . . . it did . . . it's cold this morning . . . college clock's slow . . . should've known . . . didn't have to rush after all . . . some are still asleep . . . 15 minutes after bell still stragglers come . . . prof. gets tired repeating himself . . . so do we . . . no notebooks needed this period . . . might have missed period . . . doesn't count on exams . . . mishigishican . . . coffee or library? . . . java of course . . . hiss, pfutt, hiss . . . the radiator's alive, at least . . . math resounds through the corridors . . . the transcendental immanence of the omnipotent . . . impious heretics, not to believe that! What's syncretism . . . mustn't ask . . . people'd think us stupid . . . rush the table . . . talk of autopsies and existentialism . . . sleep for 25 minutes . . . bell rings . . . sleeping for 50 minutes . . . who's got a cig? . . . no better for your asking, thank you . . . reserve shelf books must be good books . . . gotta get laundry out of hock . . . Pembina for curling . . . test tomorrow . . . don't know nuthin' . . . does it count on final? . . . what's Pogo got to say today? . . . supper's better . . . home . . . radio . . . rest . . . study . . . relaxation . . . oh well, another day . . . set alarm 20 minutes fast . . .
a. n. mous
—The Manitoban

Limerick Contest

The following are the winning limericks submitted to the Red and White Revue contest. The prizes for first and second place are in the Revue office.
1st Place
There once lived a God on Olympus,
Who handled a number of 'nymphus'.
With the Gods in the sky,
His repete was quite high;
But on earth he was labelled a 'pimpus'



2nd Place
There once lived a God on Olympus,
Who raised quite a furor on campus.
When to save McGill's prudence
And to help its poor students
He settled the issue on NFCUS!
Norman May
and Henry Steinberg
—McGill Daily