

... FEATURES

LAW BLOOD, Sweat LOOK, NO HANDS ... And LATIN !!

The sturdy stalwarts of the Law School football team again proved their prowess last week by defeating the Frosh team 9-0. This impressive victory boosts the total up to three. So be careful Engineers, the Lawyers are out for blood—Engineers blood.

We're all proud of the Herculean efforts of Don MacNeil for his exploits on behalf of Law football squad. In his first game Don made a terrific broken-field run of some 55 yards or so to score one of the tries in last weeks game. This historic feat will, I am sure, be engraved forever in the annals of Dalhousie. For further particulars of this outstanding run, consult Don.

There is an expectant tension in the air as some characters can be seen frantically scribbling incoherent figured on a piece of paper in between spasmodic glimpses at "Halsbury's Laws of England". Their purpose — to figure out how save enough of George's last cheque to shell out for the Law Ball.

Nov. 15th will be one of the great dates of the year... the date of the Law Ball. No doubt it will be a different character from previous years... but still good.

Advice to that Kilroy guy: He'd better be careful around the Law School or some of the Crime experts of first year will have him up on a charge of vagrancy.

MEDICINE

After due contemplation, we find that we have little to say. Although Med students do labor mightily, day and night, at note-taking, stretcher-bearing, blood-counting, etc., they find anything in the nature of quill-driving alien to their natural habitude. However, we will inform you that Robie Street, the site of two furious parties on Saturday night, is almost back to normal.

AT A GLANCE: First year had their baptism of fire when they wrote their general anatomy exam on Saturday. Fourth year is just recuperating from their hectic visit to the sanatorium in Kentville. First year medicine leads the way in regard to purchasing of Medical Society Membership cards. Meds' "Steamroller" football team did not get into action in the inter-fac league this year. However, they are issuing an open challenge.

THEY SAY: That night calls at the Grace Maternity don't cramp Stevie's style. That Lorne Burdett and Doc Morton were forced to use imports for the Hallowe'en festivities. That Lorne Burdett exhibited a typical form of the Burdett-Allen Syndrome on last Friday night. That Scar-Face Cox is going to lay charges against the Public Health Department.

IN PARTING: Everyone is requested to come early and avoid the rush at the Med Fall Dance. Remember to have your tickets beforehand as they are not on sale at the door.

The blue civilian jeep snicked off a phone pole, ricocheted along three cars, ran into three pedestrians and skidded to a halt. A glamorous thing in bobby socks stepped daintily out of the wreckage. "Boy," she sighed, "That's what I call a kiss!"

Fate has indeed been kind to me. Nature has given me a conquering spirit, and mother has given me the name "Alexander." "Alexander the Conqueror" I mused. Father gave me a kick. "Go conquer your Latin," he said. "Go to Hell" I answered, but I took his advice, his Parker 51, and reclined my 6' 3" frame in his Petty chair. (So called because of its curves.)

"Give me Latin or give me Death" I said sarcastically, as my text book fell open at the chapter which describes Hannibal's trip across the Alps. I smiled, thinking of the time I had tried to cross the Alps, and how that experience had touched my hair with grey.

I remember that I had started out by following my guide, but when she was replaced by a man I decided to follow my map. Two days of nothing but goats and hill-tops indicated that a more careful scrutiny of the map might be in order. Imagine my surprise when I realized that it was a plan of Brightwood Golf Course. Defeated I sat down to plot my course. A beautiful woman approached. My course was plotted. As I rose from the rock on which I had been plotting she said, "Alexander the Handsome," I presume? As we shook hands I replied, "Just call me Handsome, now that we've met." She looked at me in a Lauren Bacall manner, for which I reprimanded her, only to have her reply that she meant well. She did well, I reflected as she embraced me in a gesture of Alpine friendship, and I forgot my mission to Switzerland. My thoughts turned to food and shelter, but my hands turned to the fair one who was beseeching me to come home with her for a year or two.

I considered my true love, Amber Gris, who at this time of evening would be seated on the divan at home, strumming her Iambic Pentameter, and dreaming of me. I knew her vengeance would be swift if I betrayed her trust in me. But then I considered the miles between us, and with a reckless gesture I followed my hostess into her cave.

A Dim View

It is with great gusto that we broach the subject of "dim views" this week. We have been silent on a certain subject for three weeks, hoping that good breeding would assert itself in the end. We were wrong and so, in print, we herewith take a "dim view" and advocate a "firm stand" in the matter of those "clouds" who do required reading and write themes while seated on the all-too-few seats in the Gym store. "They also starve who only stand and wait."

It has been our practice of late, in view of threats and violence, to say nice things about the football team. I think everyone on the campus will agree that a further three cheers are in order for that inspired group of players who, wearing the yellow and black, defeated Wanderers by a score of 11 to a doubtful 5 on last Saturday (gawd, it was cold) afternoon. Huzzah, boys, huzzah!

C. C. U. F. MEETING

Thursday, Nov. 14, 12 noon in Arts Bldg.

Speaker: A Liberal Party Spokesman. Further Details will be posted.

Inside I politely ignored the bleached bones which were strewn about the came, for were we not in love? We were not, I decided as I was clubbed from behind and found myself falling down into a lower chamber. Here I noted all manner and from of instruments of torture and in order to appear nonchalant I enquired as to their price and durability. At about this time I was again struck from behind, and when I recovered consciousness I found the Alpine lass weeping bitterly at my side. She was condemning herself for her carelessness in not warning me of her senile grandfather who hated young men. I feigned contempt until she gave me all her jewels and personal possessions, including her grandfather. Practical consideration made me see the folly of holding out any longer, so I forgave her.

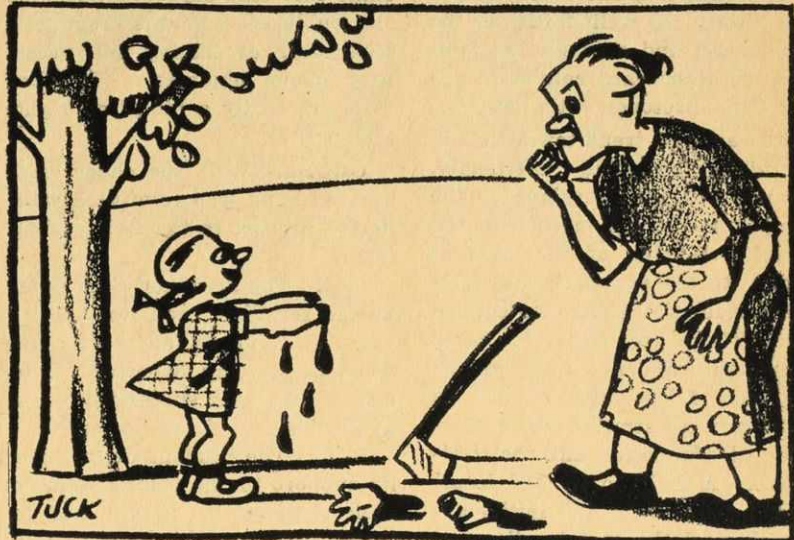
When I inquired as to her ancestry she intimated that she was a direct descendant of that Hannibal who had crossed the Alps any years before. As she talked, I turned on a tap marked "Scotch", let it run cold, and quaffed a big quaff. I was sorry to drink and run but I realized that home is where the hat is and my hat is in the Forrest building. "Alexander the Handsome" I mused, with a facetious grin in my face.

"Go to bed" said father, for it was now midnight.

"Go to Hell" I replied, for I had Latin to do.

HANDSOME.

Patsy Godfrey was driving along a country road the other day when she noticed two men climbing a pole a short distance ahead. She turned to Pam and said: "Those fools! They probably think that I've never driven a car before."



Diary Of Samuel Peeps

Blessed be God, at the end of the last edition I was in very good health, without any sense of the old pain, but upon taking cold I took residence in Dalhousie where I now dwell.

Nov 6—This morning, (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with the great skirts, and proceeded to the Gym Inn. Here, over my morning bottle of sack I did hear most grievous rumors concerning three young ladies of my acquaintance. It being reported to me in all good faith by several of my friends that these three, "Marg", "Noelle", and "Mary Lou" by name, had been seen by various and sundry persons (of character and proper breeding) disporting themselves on the football field with three young men at a most indiscreet time of the night. In all truth, it is said that they were learning the season's "fastest plays" from these three blades, residents of Acadia and Pine Hill. Much disturbed by this, I went to the office where I did spend some wearisome hours. Then home and to bed, where my wife had a very bad time of it through wind and cold.

Nov. 7—Having been exceedingly disturbed in the night with the barking of a dog of one of our neighbours that I could not sleep for an hour or two, I slept late, and then in the morning took physic, and so staid within all day. At noon my brother John came to me, and I corrected as well as I could his Greek speech to say at the debate. During our discourse he did inform me of further foul behaviour on the part of Milord Ralph Mahony, the anti-social pole-climber, who is said to have been seen climbing the second pole from the end on Oxford Street in order to gain a view into the rooms in Shirreff Hall. This day I began to put buckles on my shoes.

Nov. 8—This morning, before I was up, I fell a-singing of my song, "Great, Good and Just", and put myself thereby in mind that this was a fine day, it being the day in which the weekly, the Gazette was distributed. Proceeded in fine fettle to the Gym Inn where I had a pot of ale with my Lord Foster. Here, I did overhear a conversation between Mister Peter Gordon and Mister Bernie Creighton concerning the merits of Eastern and Western girls. It was said by Mr. Gordon, a man of some experience in the matter that Western girls were much more to be desired in that they had their own carriages (by Cadillac) and were provided with private incomes by their doting parents. Hard day in the office, thence home where I dined with my wife on pease porridge and nothing else, and so to bed.

—SAM PEEPS.

Winning pause

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