

SNORTIN' GOURMAND CRITICIZES MUNRO DAY SHOW

Finds Too Much Waltz, Not Enough Schmaltz, In Razzle Dazzle of Barnsmell

"The Munro Day show reminded me of a belch trimmed with garlic," said the immortal critic, Snortin' Gourmand, in his review for the Gazoot. "At times the players wandered around the stage, and at other times they acted perfectly natural in front of the bar. My personal opinion was that while there was plenty of music, and some cruder forms of comedy, the script might just as well have never been written, for all the good it did."

"In fact," continued the mortal Gourmand, "the script was a combination of a few minor love affairs and the hoarse call of a barker at a side-show extolling each number as it appeareth. The result, to my mind, left much to be desired, as indeed does every conflict between neo-classicism and the backyard strutting of a second-rate rooster."

"Come, come, Gourmand," said a hundred or so stewed-ents, who witnessed the show, or at least were in

the Gymnasium at the time, "it was much better than that. For example, Theresa Fuzzy-Pharnyx was the best thing in the show. And Tax Betterlee and his trumpet were low and sweetdown. And the shooting of Barnsmell was popular."

"Yes, I agree with you, those three items were the best in the show," answered Gourmand. "You couldn't find much better than the dearth of Barnsmell at the foul hands of Corringporker. His fall was so accomplished, so natural, the sign of a perfect actor—in fact, where did he get all that liquor in him?"

It was late that night. A pale moon turned its head away from Stodgy, now in a bacchanalia of revelry. Drinking a benevolent brew of coca and cola, were Engineers, beating time to the exuberant chants of the Law students who were peesied up, especially the inimitable

Gregoire Magnus-Stomachus Finished, who sometimes ghosts for the professor when the latter is in the room, which is confusing.

But the night was filled with wailing and the gnashing of teeth, as onto the scene strode that fearsome foursome known as the Committee on Discipline. Immediately the debris was cleaned up, at once the stewed rushed to their homes, and the early morning sun saw Fufus Rayne, blowing blood vessels, and spurning invectives, while he cleaned up the broken soft drink battles.

Dalhousie became a place of study. The Gazoot printed a short editorial, "Ten Easy Ways to Get to the Library, and How to Recognize the Librarian". It is no place for us.

THE END.

(The author of this column is pleased to announce that he has written the last Rufus Rayne in the present series, and perhaps the last he will ever write. When we were editor of the Gazoot two years ago, the feature, which had been carried on some time previously was killed. Later it was revived. The reason for killing, we thought Red Payne—the hero—was getting too much publicity; the reason for reviving, apparently nobody knew who Rufus was.

(We hope that none has been offended by our sallies, that many have gained some consolation for reading them, and perhaps even some wit therefrom.

(Next week, the author will write a summary and critical survey of Dalhousie during the year, with a variety of pictures of campus celebrities. Thank you.

BOB McCLEAVE)

Happenings at Med—

(Continued from page 1)

serenity of the party. Of course, there was the matter of some lamp shades and towel racks, and a statue or two, but who can keep track of things like that while at a dance? Nevertheless, we'd like to know who was the first year student who, in his enthusiasm bit the side out of his Bromo-Seltzer glass the next morning . . . MacLeod-Balcom won't tell.

It is hoped that all the second year students have returned from the mid-term holidays in Florida and Honolulu and so forth and are now hard at work. It has seemed remarkably quiet without you; welcome back!

A note of interest to Med students of Pine Hill. The other day, Lindo was asking about the meaning of the cigarette seen burning late at night in the woodbox by the main entrance . . . will someone not explain to him, once and for all, the facts of life?



Well, another Munro Day has past under the bridge of time. A few other notables were under the bridge too, but I'm not so sure that they were under the bridge of time. People got a little mixed up during the square sets but by the time the play was over most couples were happily reunited again.

Continuing our announcement from last week Knowsey would just like to mention that wee Burnie Creighton has not yet found a girl. Surely some of you must feel pity for the tiny tot who was all by himself on Munro Day. Remember girls, half a man is better than none at all.

Fraser is a good Scotch name, Zeld, but do you like it better than MacLeod? People sure surprise me. As for you, Nancy W., I can't keep up with you at all. My gosh, where do you meet them all?

Knowsey feels happy about seeing Al and his girl friend Nancy at the dance on Tuesday night. We haven't seen Nancy over here for quite a while Al, bring her over more often. Biggest question of the time:—Are Shorty and Vern ever going to break up or are they going steady forever?

From a very reliable source I am forced to make the following statement. Kay MacLean wishes it to be known that she is not married yet and is as free as the birds in the trees.

I wish the students at this college would co-operate a little and help me write this column. Why doesn't somebody elope with anybody? If you get any good dirt send it into the Gazette care of Al Lomas as I hear that he is Knowsey.

Jackie Sidel has at last come under the influence of true romance. Don't get "Hefto" mad at you Jack, she can kill a moose with one punch. The Munro Day play was very instructive to say the least. With a beginning and ending such as it had, Knowsey feels that Art knows how to write a play and take the most advantageous parts in it as well.

Mr. "Stinky" Morrison has asked that Knowsey also try to find a girl for Wah Lee Mongo as he is tired



Seen Munro Day: Power and Balcom with females of the opposite sex; MacLeod without one . . . Mrs. Creighton (Big Dunlop) wondering what happened to the bar.

Word has come down from The Chief that henceforth the Drafting Room will be locked at 6.45 from Monday to Friday, 1.10 on Saturday, all day Sunday; on other days it is to be open all day for a couple of hours. This will be especially disconcerting to the evening milk bottle class, and the senior who spends Sunday nights on the softwood table.

The sincerity of Burgess the Elder is not to be doubted. He entertains her till 2.30 a.m., does her Physics problems with one free hand, and even punches "Edna" on punch boards, which is as good a punching ground as any.

Having undergone the ordeal of baptism in the drafting room sink, "Smiley" Bailey, ("can't do errors, can't mark your work, just to make

of having the young lad take his girl friend from him.

Al Myrden is back with Fay again. Heavens that girl gets around more than any girl at Dal. Bryce Burgess isn't wasting any time with Jessie. Fred Martin, our presidential candidate, seems to enjoy Ruth's company.

Well, Munro Day is over for another year; time now to think of books and studies and passing of exams so that you can all be back next year to read the insults packed upon your unsuspecting head by the know-it-all Knowsey.

sure ask one of the other instructors") is now an unofficial honorary engineer. Reasons:

1. It was a good excuse to duck him.
2. He has a beautiful plaid shirt.
3. Exams are coming.

Recent honored guests included ex-boilermakers Hank Johnson, Willie Harvey, and Gallie Wilson, bringing tidings from the Air Force, Navy, and McGill, respectively. Come this summer and we'll find out about the Army for ourselves.

It seems that, in search for something of the Lunenburg standard, Jayjay Kinley has met success at a certain Dartmouth institution. He and the lads that were there to report his presence, may now be known as the Woodside Ramblers. Interesting place, Woodside.

JOKES, INC.

Soph: "You're not living at the same boarding house any more, are you?"

Frosh: "No, I stayed five weeks and then found out they had no bathtub."

—Queens.

Female Passenger: "I want to see the captain of this ship."

Sailor: "He's forward".

Female Passenger: "I'm not afraid—I'm used to men."

—The Sheaf.

"Aha, so the General is sick. What's wrong with the old boy?"

"Oh, things in general."

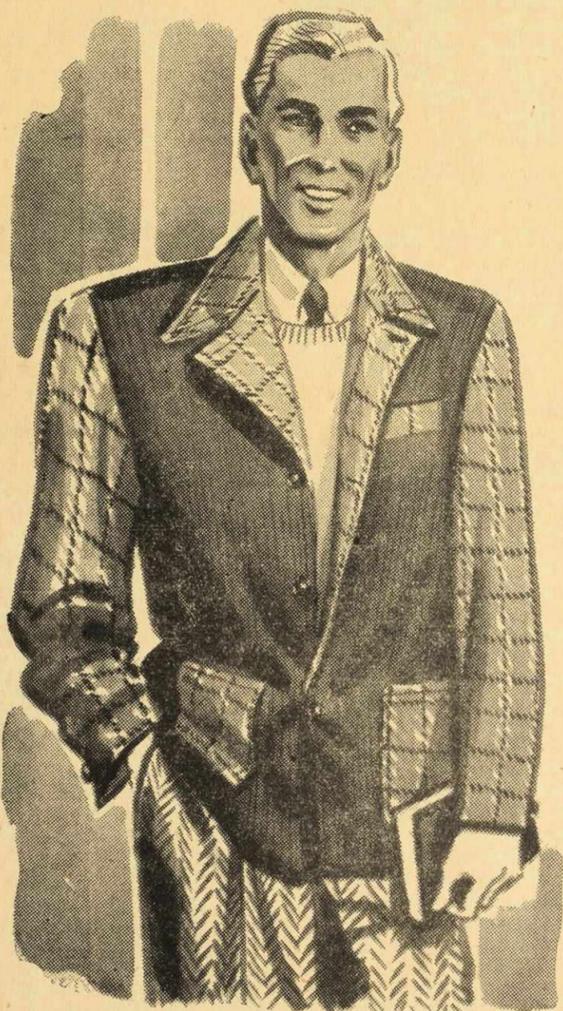
—The Sheaf.

"Do you sew your husband's socks?"

"Now, he's not worth a darn."

—The Sheaf.

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