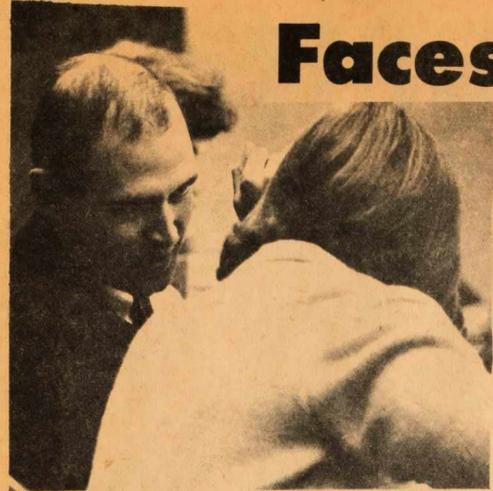


Faces of campus life at Dal..



Peter Herrndorf, President of the Dal Student Council languors in last few days of megalomaniacy, before turning into a pumpkin.

By ZACH JACOBSON
What happens at Dal? Well, the observer gets several more or less disembodied impressions.

The denuded cranium of the Council President glistens in the half light as he flirts with his lovely secretary, while ignoring the machinations of superior intellects during a council meeting discussing the fine legal points of a new constitution. Will they require all organizations to petition that learned body if they desire to use the name of Dalhousie in their own names? If so, will they allow the Board of Governors to call themselves by that name? And the Senate? And President Hicks? For the exciting ans-



Dalhousie student admires scenic Bedford Basin on a brisk Halifax Spring morning.



Dal students prepare decorations for Board of Governors meeting.

wer, tune in again next week, same time, same channel for another engrossing episode of "Herrndorf's Hatchet"... the programme that dares to ask the question "Can a brilliant law student find true happiness as a big wheel at a Maritime University?"

A permanent case of laryngitis is acquired in pursuit of a lost cause. A brave coed urges her team on to greater and greater glory as they attack the studious behemoths that play basketball for other colleges. Why is it that these brainy athletes never seem attracted to this fair campus? Could it be that they are offered something more than an unvarnished education at the other places they attend? Well now, those are fighting words in the ears of rival coaches. Recruits? That's something the Army and Navy do isn't it?

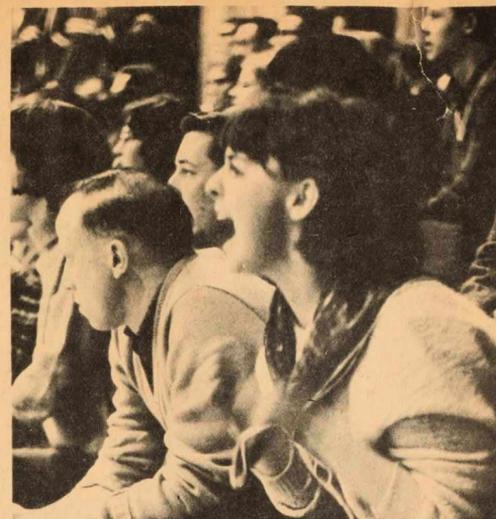
The biology labs acquaint all and sundry with the odor of formalin and the mysteries of life. It is there that students fight nausea to dissect frogs, cats, and other species in order to become the physicians of tomorrow. Great for Medicine, but tough on frogs and cats.

A fine bright Saturday afternoon during the fall, the captain of the football team and the head coach each rest on one knee as they watch another close one go the wrong way. Neither of them feels very happy about the game, but a parkful of likewise dejected fans will stand to applaud the team off of the field this afternoon. What do you have to do to win? Oh well, maybe next year...

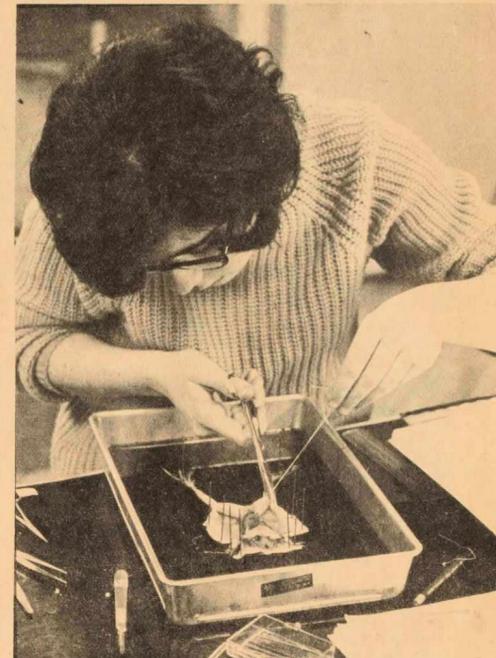
It's a long train ride home for the weekend, and Playboy only holds a limited interest if you happen to be a girl. Still, there are probably other students on the train, and soon there ought to be a sing-song, or a bridge game, or a bull session. If they are boys, they will clean up some jokes a bit to tell you, and you will clean up a couple to tell them.

The seat of political power is at Shirreff Hall, and the intercom switchboard is the nerve centre. There are female students wired up to that board. Some have nice personalities, some do not; some have stunning figures, some do not; some have pretty faces, some do not. But they all have ridiculous curfews. Some years this unfortunate situation is partially alleviated by a thing called the Honour System (The Dean of Women has the honour, the students have the system), but great courage is required.

There is still time for civic service. Once a year some of the cities underprivileged children (Halifax has far too many), are given a party by the students involved in fraternities and social organizations. Lungs are strained blowing up balloons, tempers are strained, and so are stammas, but it is fun.



Dalhousie Medical students watching the recent blood-donor clinic.



Dal Canteen chef prepares light lunch for hurrying Dal students.

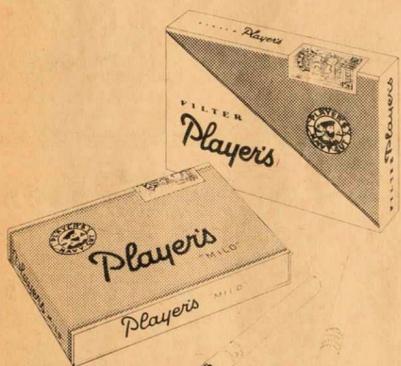


Dal co-ed does penance as sentinel, guarding vestal doorway of secret bunny club.



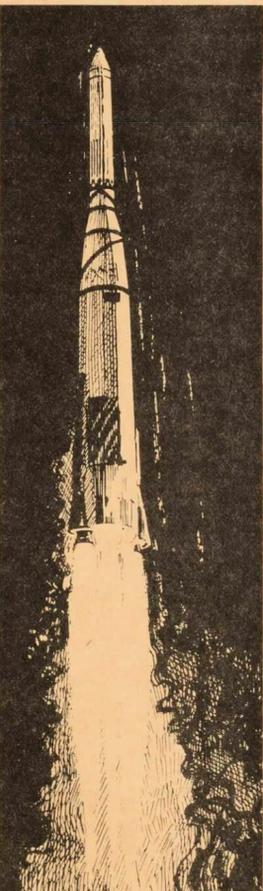
Wally Clements, and coach Joe Rutigliano wait expectantly as Dal hovers between resounding victories, or devastating loss.

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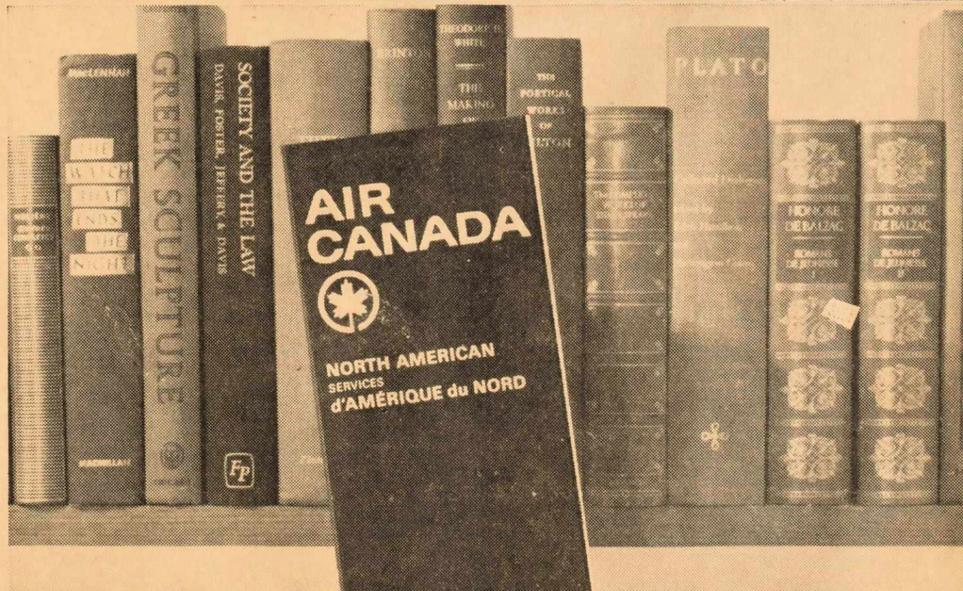
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