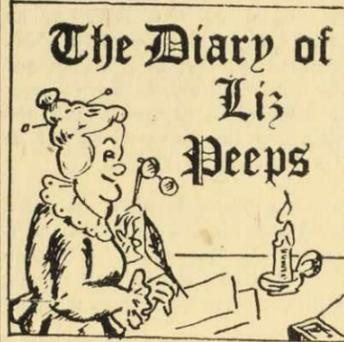
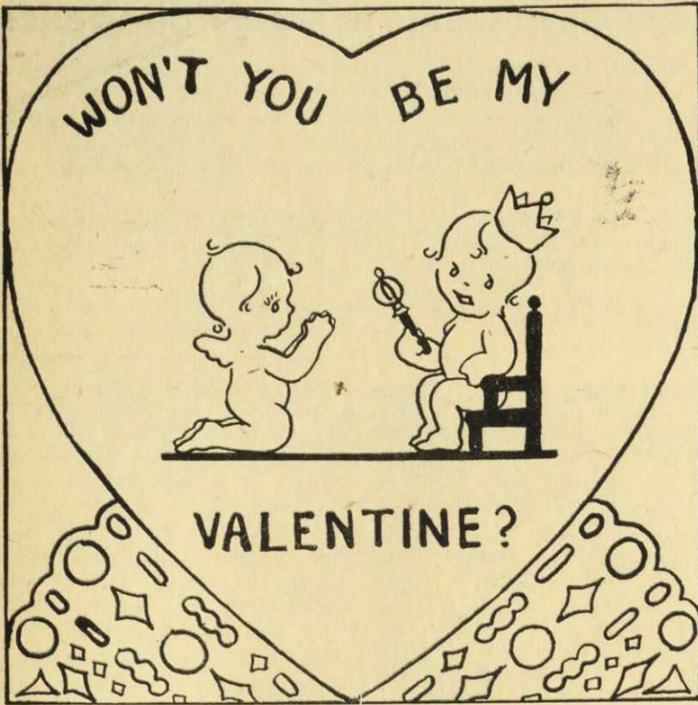


GALS, DON'T FORGET THE SERENADE THURSDAY

THE DALHOUSIE GALSETTE

America's Oldest College Paper

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT



A Sad Case of Misogomy

I saw her walking down the street A graceful, vacillating treat A princess from a fairy book...

Well, naturally I speeded up To drown myself in beauties cup But as I quickly drew abeam...

Alas! What did I see? What horrid thing? Twas not a pin or diamond ring! But lipstick, rouge, mascara, cream...

Tummy tucked beneath a girdle Still resembling back of turtle (A common shape I will admit In fact the shape we've given it)...

I speeded up and right on by As though I'd heard a witches cry And so once more my search began...

—From the Toronto Varsity.

P.S. TO VARSITY VIEWPOINT

Now the week is here at last, When all the boys are hinding fast, Afraid methinks that such a dame, Will make them play the Hawkins' game...

But men of Dal remember this— That poet describes a Toronto Miss, Accept our challenge, lay down your arms, You'll soon succumb to Co-ed charms...

THE DALHOUSIE GALSETTE

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At Practice for "The Pirates"

with apologies to Gilbert & Sullivan

When Professor Hamer blows upon his whistle, And the ladies through the lower gym, advance, For miles around the students know that this'll Be a practice for the "Pirates of Penzance."

When there's work upon "The Pirates" to be done, to be done A Glee Club practice is uproarious fun.

The professor acts the opera out before us; The pirates and police come marchin in; As loud and louder rings each mounting chorus, We almost lift the roof right off the gym.

When there's work upon "The Pirates" to be done, to be done A Glee Club practice is uproarious fun.

Some Incidental Intelligence

We felt that a Co-Ed paper would not be complete without sophisticated wit; we have been feeling quite funny lately but not particularly sophisticated, and anyway, who could duplicate The New Yorker? :

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

(The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Longmont (Colo.) Times-Call).

Billings, Mont.—(AP)—A customer came into a store here, pointed at a window full of rabbits and said "I want to buy them. All of them."

Clerks dutifully crated the 15 bunnies along with a package of feed but curiosity prevailed and they asked the man what he wanted with so many bunnies.

DAIRY WORLD BUSY SEEKING KEY TO SEX

Leader Reports Success Prospect As Very Doubtful Headlines in the Toledo Blade. On the other hand, you rarely find a pessimistic bull.

... not just a timid dab behind the ear ... but a drop beneath your chin, a drop on each wrist, behind each lobe, and a drop at

the bottom of your plunging neckline. — Perfume adv. in The New Yorker.

And the rest of the bottle in his drink? \* \* \*

IN A NUTSHELL

A teacher at the Julia Richman High School (four thousand girls) has confessed to us that she peeked at the open biology notebook of one of her freshman students the other day and glimpsed a page headed "REPRODUCTION," with three or four heavy underlines: "Reproduction" had been the subject of a painstaking lecture earlier in the week. Beneath the heading, on an otherwise blank page, was the brief, to-the-point entry:

- The Sexes— 1. Male 2. Female

The Rockefeller Jones Fund of \$10,000 was bequeathed the University by legacy of Elizabeth B. Jones in memory of her husband, Thomas Rockefeller Jones, A.M., LL.B., of the Class of 1862, with directions "that the annual income arising therefrom shall be divided into two scholarships, which shall be awarded annually to two young men of good moral character."

The scholarships were not awarded for the year 1947-48.—Bucknell University Bulletin.

Feb. 6—Up betimes and to oversee the girl in setting straight my husband's study which he did leave in mighty disorder. Did find in his desk a book writ in a strange secret writing which I could make nothing of, but did think it to be a diary. Did see £5000 writ plain which I did take to be my husband's fortune. Shall assuredly order the yellow brocade petticoat I did admire. And I shall write a diary too, only taking pains to keep it safe hid.

Feb. 7 — Mr. Woodman to dine and he much puzzled over two earrings he did find in his carriage, they being not mates but quite different. My husband mightily amused and did suggest that Mr. Woodman offer them to Mistress She's Coy and Mistree Beetree, whom he did escort to a Ball in company with Lord Wells. Do think the new style earrings most unsafe and am resolved always to wear the old which remain in place whatever I may do.

Feb. 9 — This morning did call upon Wedge Lookshe the celebrated actress who is resting after her fine performance in Mr. Shakespeare's play, Othello. Had hoped to meet Sir Arthur Hairline also, but he was confined to his home with another attack of the gout, which has plagued him of late.

This evening to watch the practice of the troupe who are preparing an opera. They are fine singers but methought they must have been carousing too much of late for many sang flat and did not know their right hand from their left which caused much merriment, albeit Maestro Strawyer did tear his hair and blow much upon a little whistle.

Feb. 10—My new petticoat sent home today and my husband much put out. He says it does not become me, but I do think it looks very well and in truth it is the cost he does not like. It is dear but not so much as his red velvet coat with the gold buttons and I shall keep it.

Feb. 13 — Have heard that the female scholars are tired of sitting at home alone while the men do carouse in the taverns and have resolved that this week they will compel any man they choose to accompany them to the entertainments. This is a fine idea and I shall invite my dancing master to the ball which is held in honor of the founder, the Sallie Haw Haw Ball. My husband will be from on my lord's business, which is convenient as he is an indifferent dancer. Have resolved to attend the Whist Party in Marmalade Hovel, since I hear there is to be a prize. I will take with me Mr. Duck Bills who does play at Whist all day long in the Assembly Rooms and will assuredly win the prize, for I have played several times myself.

Sam Peeps . . .

to me from the locked strong-box in the corner and recognized the voice of my old friend. At this the damsels all did rush after me and I fled. In the words of the immortal Less Ozone "O terpora, O mores".