

Rusty & Dave



Crazy Over Midterms

On midterms and...

Dear Rusty and Dave,

I am a Dalhousie Engineer, who needs help. The problem, you see, is I'm lonely. My girlfriend has gone away to London, Ontario. I love her very much and don't want to cheat on her and won't. What should I do gentlemen? I know you guys can help me.

Lonely Lover Engineer

Dear Lonely Lover,

Let us dust off another tome of *Rusticus and Davious: Fables to Live By*. Ah...here we are...this fable appears to be particularly suited to your problem. Let us relate this fable, and mayhap it will shed some light on your predicament.

Once there were two gourds. These gourds were very happy gourds. One gourd was named Gord, while the other gourd was Evelyn. Gord was a local squash champion while Evelyn worked at an old gourd's home. One day Evelyn decided to move to London, Ontario, while Gord decided to enter engineering at Dal. Well, the news of Evelyn leaving floored Gord. As you can well imagine he quickly became bored. The first thing he did was hit the singles gourd bars. Gord found several turnips that were friendly, but he just could not get Evelyn off his mind. Oh gourd, he thought, what shall I do.

Just when Gord was at an all-time low he wandered into a local bar called the Split-Gourd. Lo and behold there was a bumper crop of young mates his age. Gord found himself a parsnip in the corner of the bar, talked to her and proceeded to get stewed. Nevertheless, the two went on to grow a very successful relationship. The parsnip's mother was not happy about her daughter seeing a gourd but everything worked out

in the end. Everyone lived happily ever after except for Nick the Nectarine and Pete the Beet who hooked up with a couple of bad onions and brought tears to their mother's eyes.

Think of this as food for thought, Lonely Lover. Sometimes we feel that in this huge hodgepodge we call life it is best we do not dictate any one answer. It is up to you, Lonely Lover, to take this clay and mold a future for yourself.

Dear Rusty & Dave,

It is mid-term time again and I'll be the first to admit that I'm nervous. The pressure is on and I think I feel an ulcer coming on. I can't sleep, and I don't have time to eat. I look like a rake and am grumpy as hell. In a last ditch effort to save myself I turn to you, Rusty & Dave. Can you guys suggest anything?

Sinking slowly
Blair Ross

Dear Blair,

To you and all mid-term sufferers we offer the fool-proof Rusty and Dave method to getting through your mid-terms. Our plan has yet to fail and we have saved many a fledgling student from the grasps of failure. The answer is simple: Do not write the mid-terms. Do not write one thing while the mid-terms are on and in a week or so whenever they come back expect to get yours when the professor hands them out. When you do not get it go into a rage and threaten to sue. In the end, if you are persistent, you will receive a solid B or B+. So, Stewart, we can only give this advice to you; sit back and relax.

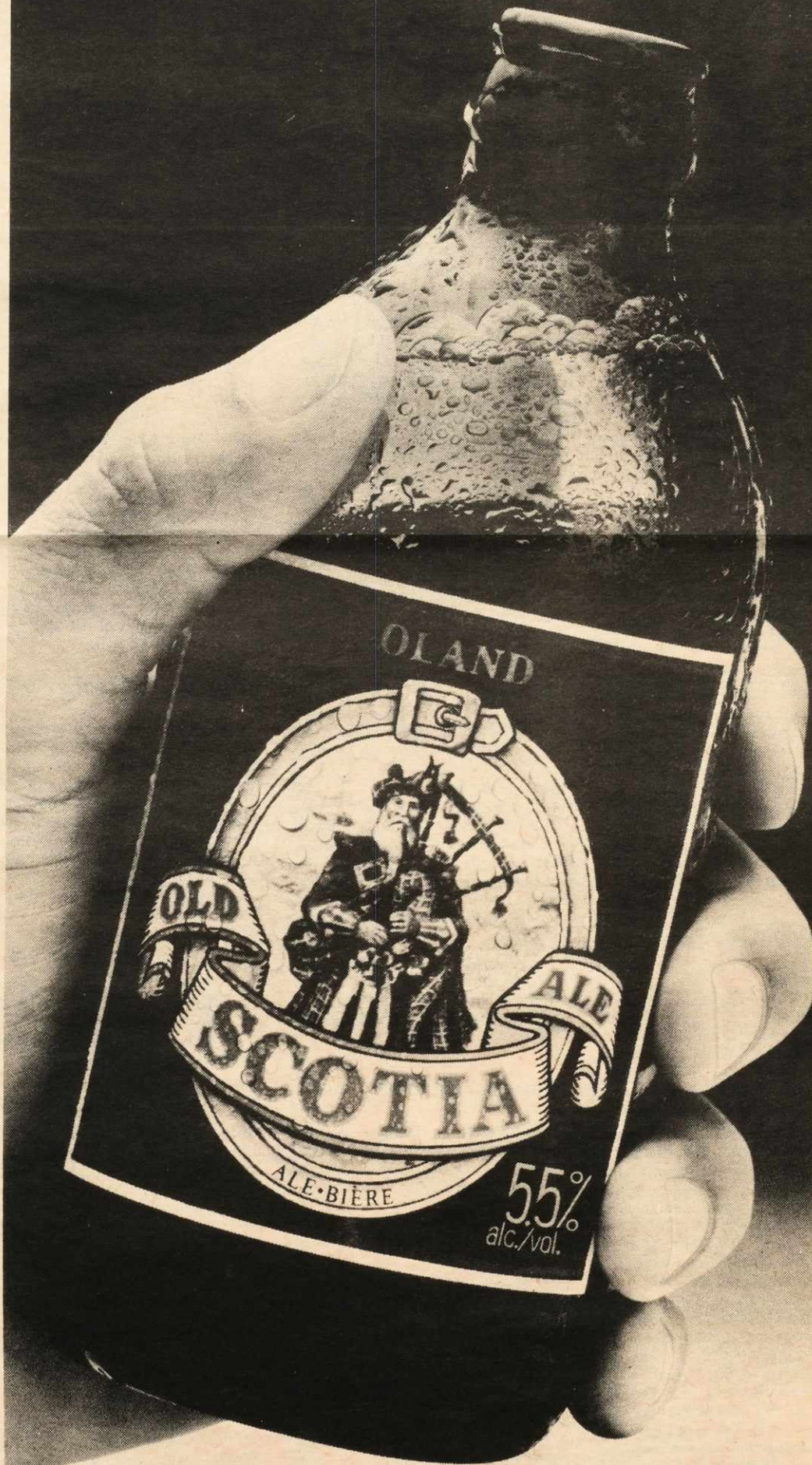
The winners of the Rusty and Dave be a Rusty & Dave writer has been picked, and will be announced next week as he/she joins us in writing the column.

Quote of the week:

Life is like an onion; you keep on peeling away until all you are left with is tears.

Rusticus & Davious
399 B.C.

NEVER FAILS.



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