

# Rusty and Dave



Gourd Family Photo

**Dear Rusty and Dave**

I am in Grade XXII at St. Francis school in Halifax. Most of my friends are planning to take Commerce at Saint Mary's as the recruiter was over handing out Dr. Seuss Saint Mary's calendars and lollipops just the other day. I don't know what they signed but they maintain that it would not be used against them in the future. I would have signed as well but I can't write yet. This career pressure has me in a dilemma. My sister told me to write Rusty and Dave.

Here is the problem; I think I want to go to Saint Mary's with the rest of my friends. The other night, though, I was awakened from my slumber by an angel. At first the angel did not say anything but I noticed he was wearing a King's College sweatshirt. He handed me a King's recruitment kit/handbook, calendar, and complimentary tickets to the next King's house party and mumbled God-free, God-free... Just before departing the angel told me not to be a lost sheep but to join the flock at King's.

I turn to you Rusty and Dave. What should I do?

Danny

**Dear Danny,**

That is not a decision we can make for you son. We can offer you information on King's College and let you make your decision.

King's is a self-righteous little college nestled in the heart of south-end Halifax. At first glance you may think that King's students are unusually tall for their height. If you look closely they are all walking two inches off the ground/ or at least that is one of the requirements before you graduate). At times the entire college is said to float on clouds.

Of course Danny, King's College is not hard to find. Wherever you are in Halifax look at the sky and follow the eclaircie bathing King's in an aureole of radiance. If this does not work follow your ears to the sounds of a choir of angels hovering over the entire campus.

The mumbling you heard was not God-free but rather Godfrey. Heaven forbid that God would be free (check the calendar!).

God is not free but it certainly is Godfrey who you will have to deal with.

Probably the highlight of your King's program is your practical experience (not to mention the fact that professors wear capes and you dress like clones for Thursday night dinner). You see, Danny, two mouths of the last year of your program are spent in heaven. You get the necessary practical experience you need and then come back down to earth for the real world after King's College.

The facts are now in front of you Danny, so it is up to you to make up your mind. Remember that it's never too early.

**Dear Rusty and Dave,**

I am in a tough situation. I need a place to stay. I remember how you guys helped the rhinoceros last year, so to keep things simple, can you find me a place?

Desperate Danny  
(not the one in Grade 2)

**Dear Danny,**

We have got the answer for you. The next party at the President's House you sneak in and pose as a lamp. This is important, so make sure you are a good lamp. Once you are in, you are laughing. Choose one of the several hundred empty rooms and make yourself at home. If you come and go at the right hours nobody will ever know you live there. What you have is luxury arrangements, good food (clean up your crumbs) and solitude at no cost. We will not print this letter so the big guy won't find out. Good luck Danny.

**Quote of the week:**

Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infinity of others, or with our own formerly.

Thomas Hobbes  
(Human Nature)

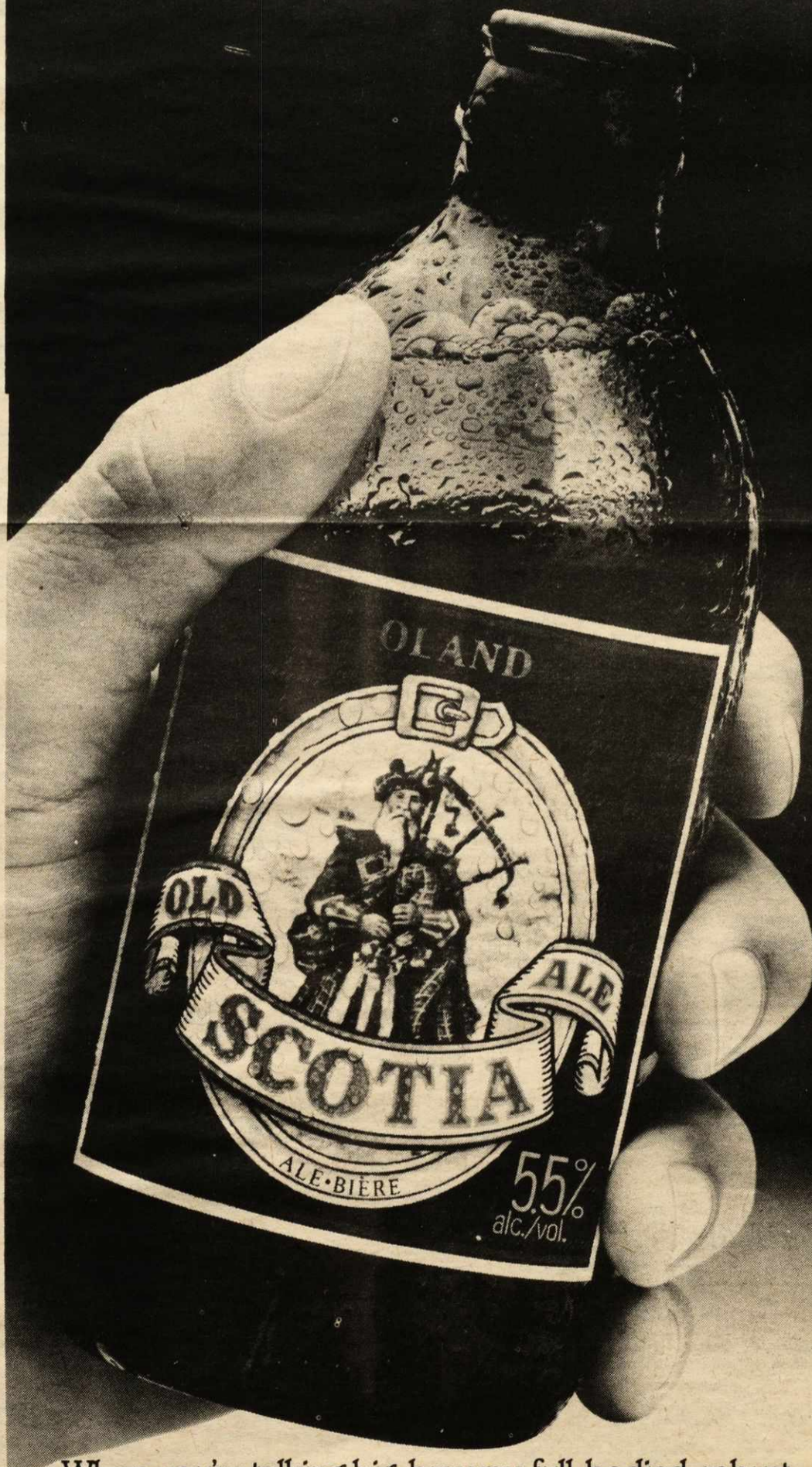
**UNDER PARTY!**

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