

The Gazette needs sports writers.

- Women and men.



We need people to cover Dal's sports action, and that means anybody, no matter your biological makeup. You don't need experience, just an urge to get the story behind the box scores. Get real famous. Outstanding!

Be a Newsmaker - Join the Gazette.

Dalorama

ETXONI UQELANMUTUAVHE
 NRIBONUCLEICACIDEISI
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 LESHOPUMPKINMACKAYEN
 OULPRUDEERAEPSEKAHSU
 PLABYRINTHNSISENEGGOO
 AGGNAGMYGELG NUJEHTPM

by Jeff Bonang and
 Luke Napier

Hallowe'en (13)
 Creed (6)

Star-gazing 101 (9)
 Have you played today? (5)
 September 21st (15)
 Exchange of nuclei
 Out of control

B
 Court star (9)
 Steeple (7)
 Richard Pryor overdone (5)

C
 I.D., playing, baseball (4)
 Crustacean constellation (10)
 Calculator (9)
 & The Gang (4)

D
 Fruit fly (10)
 Amount (4)
 Not a buck (3)
 Dal. Assoc. of Bio. Students (4)
 Dal. Assoc. of Punk Students (5)
 Dunce (4)

E
 Snuff (7)

F
 O'fish (6)
 Pertinent (8)

H
 Present (4)

I
 Allusion (8)

J
 Jimbo (12)

K
 Joker (5)
 Shangri'la

L
 Invented by Napier (9)
 LSC (9)

M
 Thomas (8)
 Cdn. conquest (10)
 Pres. (6)

O
 Egg development (9)

P
 Arizona (7)
 The Great (7)
 Teflon (22)
 Part of Shadow (8)
 Turtled Cruise Ship (8)
 Granny (A.L.S.) (5)

R
 Implication (12)
 RNA (15)
 Speckled cow (4)

S
 Rocky Mtn. Monster (9)
 Bill (11)
 Canal (4)
 Opposite/hypotenuse (4)
 Crackle and pop (4)

T
 Falafel chef (12)
 Playground pirates (16)
 Boob tube (10)
 Boxer (13)

U
 Take over (5)
 S. Grant (8)
 Salt Lake State (4)

V
 Howard Cossell (7)
 Cycle race track (9)
 Fashionable (5)
 Carrier (6)
 I of Santa's 7 (5)

W
 Howler (8)
 Breakfast of Champions (8)
 Fish trap (4)
 The Wiz (11)

X
 Elementary (5)

Z
 Greek god (4)

Quizword Clue:
 Named for 6th P.M.

Rusty and Dave

Rusty and Dave help out SMU student

Dear Rusty and Dave:

Yes, many SMU students do read Rusty and Dave. I must say, though, I can never remember reading a letter from one of "us".

I have a problem, Rusty and Dave. I feel like I have no identity. This is my third year at SMU and my life is becoming cloudier every day. I can't remember where I live, my parent's names, or when I should wear socks. At nights I find myself wandering aimlessly around Huskie Stadium attempting to avoid tripping over my lower lip. Among my interests are eating clam shells, pointing at other people's noses, chewing grass (boy is it hard to digest astroturf) and I express a keen interest in insteps. I'm no longer the person I used to be. I feel a part of me has picked up and moved away.

Noticing that I was not the only student at SMU with this mysterious problem, I decided to turn to friends, relatives, laymen, clergy, psychologists, paratroopers, grasshoppers, Melba Moore, melba toast and the pigeons at Killam Library. Nobody could seem to help me. After finding no satisfaction with the pigeons, I thought, "Geez, Rusty and Dave can help me; they help everyone...". How about it, guys, what's my problem?

A typical SMU student
 Kathleen

Dear Kathleen:

For this problem, Kathleen, consultation with our oft-used Rusty and Dave computer was not even required. Your dilemma is a common one at Saint Mary's. Hang on to your Huskie's, gang, 'cause we're not dealing with baby clams here.

A scandal of this magnitude could blow the top off of Huskie Stadium!

You are right, Kathleen, you are but a shadow of your old self. Do you recall the end of your high school days, when you graduated with an 80 average but didn't know where you were going to go? Therein lies the very seed of your problem.

The story begins with the fact that Saint Mary's University has controlling interest in Clearasil Corporation. They produce the acne medication with certain toxins that subconsciously compel high school students to flock like sheep to enter Commerce at SMU (that's why most SMU students have skin problems).

Once the multitude of students arrive at SMU, they are immediately plunged into the living hell

known as Orientation Week. First year students are given all the beer they can drink. Once they are sufficiently inebriated, the horror begins. All drunken, first year, acned SMU students (of which there are many) receive involuntary frontal lobotomies. The effectiveness of each individual lobotomy is assessed later on in Orientation week. The criterion is whether or not they successfully perform such inane stunts as selling toilet paper, kneeling and singing to upper year students, successfully spray painting 'Dal Sucks' on Dalhousie buildings, or shaving their heads. (In fact, some upper year students have continued this trend.)

If any of these stunts are enacted, then the institution known as Saint Mary's is assured that the lobotomies were a success. So, Kathleen,

you have become like others ahead of you, another cog in the vast Saint Mary's machine. Your future is set! In one year's time you will receive your mass produced, secular, mundane piece of paper, commonly called the "Commerce Degree". With that, and your ugly maroon jacket, you will be set for life.

However, Kathleen, there is still hope. The mere fact that you thought to write was an indication that there is still some spark of independent thought deep within the recesses of your subconscious. Keep writing, and keep up the SMU spirit.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "The man who has no inner life is the slave of his surroundings."
 - Henri Frederic Amiel