

# THIS IS FUNNY, EH?

Vol. LXXXVIII

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No. 10

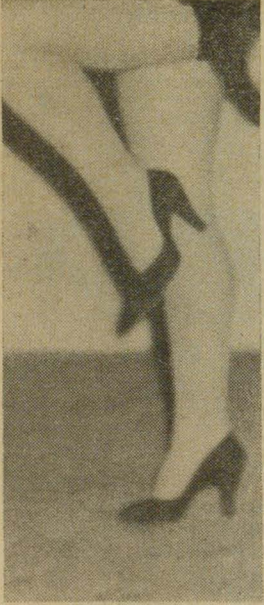
## Love Habits On Campus

Four Clear Stages Presented In Report

Doctor H. Q. Quinsey of the Hamilton, Stoney Creek and Dundas Medical Research Foundation has made McMaster the basis of a social survey on the Sex Habits of university couples. He has after a six month's recuperation period come up with the following report. He has restricted his comment to the female of the species, presuming that one can conclude from the illustrations that the male follows right along.

**FRESHETTE:** She blushes at naughty jokes and thinks a college education is a definite social asset: and cultural and intellectual things could surely proceed from said education. She reads, "What every young girl should know," and she tells her mother everything. She likes holding hands in the buttery: and her motto is: *Mother Knows Best.*

**SOPHETTE:** Dr. Quinsey noted some progression in the habits of the sophette. She smiles at smutty jokes and of course thinks that a college education has definite social and cultural advantages. She reads a harder book, "How to win friends and influence people." She has cut her mother off, but tells just everything to her room mate. She likes to hug and usually gets hugged back. Motto: *Death before dishonour.*



**JUNIOR:** The junior is a more adept social member: she laughs at dirty jokes: and thinks that college education leads to things social. She writes everything in her diary: she has a single room and she doesn't trust her mother. She's given up hugging for kissing. The world-weary junior is less of an idealist: she lives by the maxim "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

**SENIOR:** At this point, Dr. Quinsey blushed a little, and said he didn't think he ought to be because his little girl had really progressed. She tells dirty jokes. She thinks that a college education leads to things. Of course she likes to kiss, but she really likes best to neck and neck... And her motto? Dr. Quinsey whispered this with a weak kneed smile: *BOYS WILL BE BOYS!*

Dr. Quinsey took many admirable photographs during the survey. He has released these to Kulture and they appear on page four. The year numbers on the packets will undoubtedly aid in identifying friends.

Unfortunately the post-grad picture was vetoed by the Board of Publications Moral Committee.

—The Silhouette

She said to me:  
"I hear it's true  
That the men from Mac  
Are very few  
Who do not spend  
The whole day long  
Indulging in Wine,  
Women, and Song!"  
I assured her that  
The case is not such:  
"You won't find us  
Singing much!"

—The Silhouette

## Exhibits Shorts Seagram's Culture

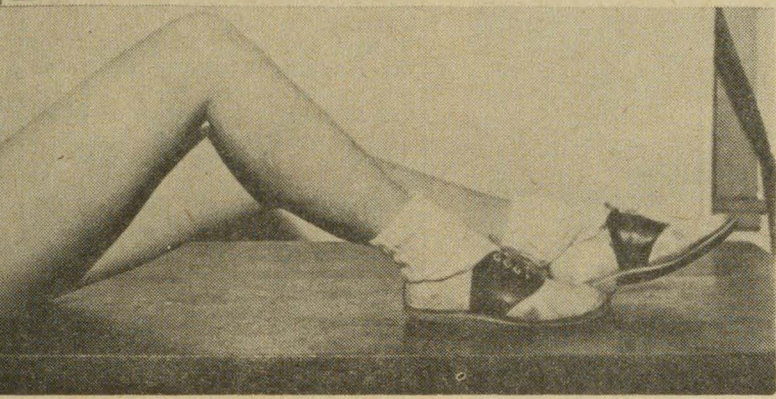


The Building and Grounds Committee, in the process of excavating for the 100 yd. Cinder track South of the Library, has unearthed a major archeological discovery in the form of the pair of chocolate brown corduroy shorts and white shoes which are modelled above and which have been acclaimed throughout the Anthropological world as an important link between the first period of Campus Society, (Circa 200 BC) and the second period of the Paleozoic Age, (Circa 201BC) and will be given a position of honor in museums throughout the world and Canada,

including the Mills Memorial Library showcases where the exhibit will be sponsored by the House of Seagram in line with that firm's policy of spreading culture more particularly Canadian Culture, and more particularly still, Seagram's V.O. which, however, seems to spread quite well by itself.

The find is subject to confirmation by the Professor of Old Testament History. The janitor making the discovery has received a citation. His assistant has also received a citation. The model has received many phone calls.

—The Silhouette.



## To Hell With ENGINEERS AND MUSIC You Too

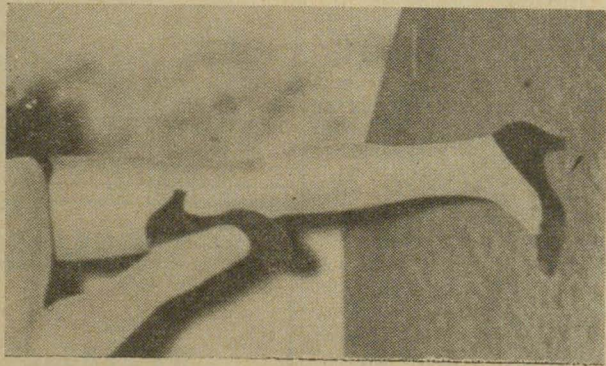
This marks the beginning of a campaign. A movement is now afoot to do away with nice, kind, friendly people. These are actually three different groups but they can be lumped together. They have one thing in common: they are all too damn agreeable. They are colorless and dull.

We can make a perfectly outlandish remark. The nice person might recognize it as such but he doesn't have the gumption to disagree. He is far too polite to contradict. And so he nods his head and smiles his vague smile.

We can be particularly nasty to a friendly person. He suffers in silence. He will continue to be friendly. He may even go so far as to slap us on the back by way of greeting. We loathe people who slap us on the back for any reason. If this sympathetic soul should find the spirit to work up a pale sort of dislike, he would never express it outright. He might be rebuffed, you see. No worse fate can befall the friendly clan.

A kindly type would, of course, offer us the shirt of his back. We don't want his shirt. It probably would not fit anyway. If he must give us something, why not money? Or a Cadillac? Oh no! Tradition calls for the shirt off his back. That is easily explained. People who have something better to donate never do. We hate these people. We want to exterminate them. We want to replace them with contradictory, miserable, mean old slobbs like us. And we're certainly in the majority.

—The Sheaf.



## HAVE YOU TRIED?

Take your choice — gams, torso, or come-hither.. We spread it around; you put the pieces back together again. Cut out the chunks of these deluxe co-eds currently attending Dal, and see whether you can mend them correctly.

Drop your correct answers into the Gazette office whenever you feel like it? Who knows, if there is a prize, you might win it?

P.S.—The pieces are in this special edition.

It is a well-known fact that whenever men of great learning, intelligence and outstanding ability gather, there is also a much smaller group of pseudo-intellectuals that delights in berating and insulting these esteemed individuals. The inane, picayune, supercilious statements are seldom refuted, not because of their invalidity, but the refusal to lower oneself to the level of the "minutiae bagatelle."

So it is at a University. Engineers will gather for training, profound discussion, and eventual graduation. The ever present twaddle will reveal their hebetude and gross ignorance by the repetition of a series of doltish, anile, blatant phrases—the most common being "Youse Engineers ain't got no culture nohow."

It is not the purpose of these few words to attempt to analyse the reasons for this Boeotian statement, jealousy will make itself manifest in many forms: rather the purpose is to indicate how utterly nonsensical and irrational it is to infer that En-

## Women . . .

TO DISCUSS MEN

That "The Canadian College Male is inadequate" will be the topic for discussion by debaters in the Women's Oratory Contest which will be held today between 3 and 5 p.m. in the Women's Union Lounge of R.V.C.

All women are eligible to compete in this the last individual debating contest of the year. Judges will be Miss Sally Snell, Asst. Warden of R.V.C., Professor Crick of the Political Science Dept. and Len Cohen, President of the Debating Society.

—McGill Daily.

gineers even tend to approach the state of "lack of culture."

A refutation of the dictionary definition would only result in a problem in semantics, which would be beyond the mental capabilities of the purveyors of the galimatias. Instead, the approach will be to accept the layman's definition "knowledge of the arts" and show that engineers are not only proficient in these phrases, but are actually the ne plus ultra, or summum genus.

Let us consider—music.

The casual observer, perusing the university calendar and noting no formal music courses on the Engineering curriculum, is led to believe the Engineer has no knowledge of this "form of culture." Nothing could be further from the truth. Music forms an inherent part of the Engineer's training and professional career. What Engineer can forget the thrill of the clear pitch and tone created by a transmission line, hanging as a catenary, (cosh function), when the wind gently caresses the line into sympathetic vibrations? Who can turn away from the almost bell like, reassuring, pleasantly resonant note of the 60 cycle hum of a transformer station, three phase deltastar connected? Every student in the Mech E. 84 laboratory must recall with pleasure the subtle purr of the diesel engine operating at full throttle and the odd rhythm and syncopation caused by the historical steam engine, wheezing and whoozing in its vain attempt to compete with the more modern, more efficient form of power—the internal combustion engine. Engineers will never cease to be ecstatic about the sound of a train whistle — especially when the locomotive passes and the classic demonstration of the doppler effect is achieved. The followers of traditional symphony will never hear a more excitable, sensuous, passionate roll on the kettle drums, than the Engineer hears when a charge of dynamite is fired.

—The Sheaf.

SAD!

Down the street the funeral goes;  
The wails and cries diminish.  
He died from drinking shellac, they say.  
But he had a lovely finish!

—The Sheaf

## CAN YOU LAFF AT THIS ONE!

### It Couldn't Happen Here

At last the results you have been waiting for. The sensational results of the scientific survey recently carried out on the Mixmaster campus, entitled, "The Ideal Man" or "It Doesn't Happen Here." What does he wear? What does he look like? Who is he? Where can we find him? How old? How tall? We have the answers.

To begin with the ideal man is a man. This may seem elementary but is very important as far as being ideal goes. The ideal man is also interested in girls, females, women, dames, babes, skirts, flappers, ladies, and critturs of the opposite sex. And with any luck at all, they are interested in him. But this is away from the subject.

The ideal man looks more or less like a man, you know, heads, arms, legs, eyes, mouths, etc. How tall is he. The ideal man may be any thing from 3'9" to 9'3" tall. He should have some height somewhere in between these two extremes. The Ideal Man also has lots and lots of muscles, but usually reserves them for special occasions.

The ideal man is usually somewhere between 15 and 65 years of age. These are the limits, and the really perfect ideal type is about twenty-five. But since this only happens once in a man's life you can't be too choosy. The ideal man has also several important social attributes: and social attributes are important. For instance: he knows how to bite his fingernails without looking nervous. That is the most important social attribute because you never know when an ideal man is going to have to bite his fingernails.

The ideal man. What a fabulous character. He is every woman's desire, every man's rival. He lets his hair grow just long enough to have cute little curls and of course he looks cute from the moment he gets up in the morning (of course he wears striped pyjamas) until he kissed you sweetly goodnight . . . on the end of the nose if you're a junior. He of course, has other social talents, like knowing enough not to wear hobnailed shoes to teas, and not drinking more than one case of beer in a night. And best of all, more girls agree on this point than any other, the Ideal man gets married, to a girl, preferably, and that's better than anything else!

—The Silhouette

## XMAS EXAM RESULTS!

★  
POSTED AT 9:00 a.m.  
TODAY IN MAIN  
ARTS BUILDING  
BASEMENT FLOOR

★  
Watch for our breakdown in next week's rag. It ought to knock you for a loop if today's first shocker doesn't.

## Muffler Is Bi-Sexual Garment

by LEN DAVIS

The elongated muffler, traditional garb of British school-boys, has made its appearance on campus, and seems to be here to stay.

Students no longer have to throw tomatoes at public meetings to proclaim that they have a college education, a light muffler is better identification.

The history of mufflers is of course very well known; introduced by Julius Caesar into an-



cient Gaul, they were passed on to the British after the French saw the joke. The British never saw the joke and they were adopted as a national institution. Medieval knights had them flying from their lances, and beneath the armorial bearings of the great British families will be found the "scarf rampant" bearing the family motto.

(Continued on Page 4)

## OF VICE AND YEN

This is a very serious article. Proof of its timeliness are the scurrilous attacks that have time and again been launched against the "Campus Cow"—a venerable feature of Canada's leading AND foremost student newspaper. This hoary institution has been branded as low-minded, vicious and corrupt. In short, the elite find it vulgar.

Just what is vulgarity? And why is it frowned upon today, when great men in the tradition of Chaucer, Rabelais, Lawrence Sterne and even the redoubtable Shakespeare have not considered themselves above it? Why is it that a book such as the blatantly stupid Kinsey Report (and stupidity is the epitome of immorality) is received with loud rejoicing by the same genteel class that would frown upon anyone using the same book as the subject for a rowdy joke?

Four-letter words and good strong Anglo-Saxon are out of fashion, it seems. Polite society insists upon insipid foreign words to describe quite normal bodily functions. This is not because we live in morally scrupulous age; we even pride ourselves on having outgrown Victorianism. It's simply that our intelligentsia is too damn subtle and sophisticated—as the contemporary wave of anti-intellectualism will test-

ify. We still have puritans among us who equate dirt with earth and dirtiness with earthiness. There are still too many little minds denying man's dual nature of body and spirit. And so the university of the belly-laugh is attributed to the coarseness of the common herd.

The poetry of William Blake, his unique mysticism and highly original philosophy, his creative work in the arts of painting and engraving, have all won him his place in the rarefied heights of genius. And yet this genius was man enough to be inspired by a ribald sense of humor. There is as a debunking verse of his which, as we remember it, runs quite shockingly like this:

Quoth the learned Dr. Johnson  
To Scipio Africanus—  
Lift up your Roman petticoat  
And I'll kick your Roman anus!  
Ah, the University . . .

—Leonard LeGault,  
The Sheaf.

# DA LOUSIE GLAZETTE





# DAL. GAZETTE

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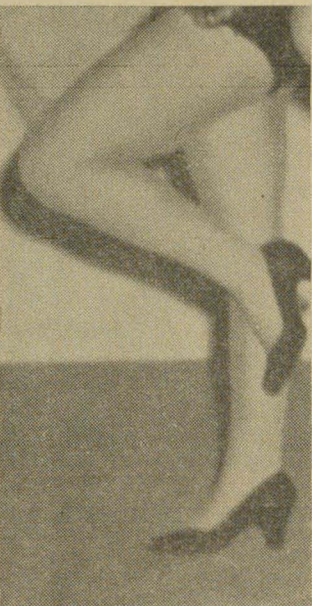
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Ode to my E-in-C  
OR  
He Cut Me to the Quick!

Sir:  
You are a Boor and a Slob!  
I didn't ask for this job;  
I hate writing humor,  
I'm getting a tumor  
'Cause I want to write like a snob.



I'd much rather slosh up some  
slander  
Than to your funny-bone pander;  
I'm a natural born hagger,  
The next Westbrook Pegler,  
Thats me, full of candor and  
dander.

I want to write smears on the  
Theologs,  
And throw rocks and stones at the  
Geologs;  
I hate Bennett Cerf  
And I'm plumb out of nerf (?)  
Humor's for the birds and the  
Beeologs!

I'd scandalize Sally and Alice;  
Be carping and cruel and callous  
Shock them all pink  
And raise a big stink  
With myriads of mewling and  
malice.

If you'd give me a chance that was  
fair,  
I'd be better than Gordon Sinclair  
At crying and griping,  
(I'll fix up my typing)  
And creaming at what isn't fair!

I could build circulation with blue  
jokes,  
(Besides, I can't find any new  
jokes)  
And write smutty notes  
'Cause I HATE ANECDOTES!  
Then we'll be read by less few  
folks.

So Sir, I could call you more names,  
But I won't, now I've outlined my  
aims;  
I HATE THIS HERE PAPER,  
AND HATE THIS HERE CAPER,  
But above all, HATE MAKING NO  
CLAIMS!

So good-bye to you Sir, sincerely,  
You know that I love you, quite  
dearly;  
So stow the blue pencil,  
And . . . PUT DOWN THAT  
STENCIL!  
I assure I'm kidding you, merely.  
—Silhouette.

### Limerick Contest

The following are the winning  
limericks submitted to the Red and  
White Revue contest. The prizes  
for first and second place are in  
the Revue office.

1st Place  
There once lived a God on Olympus,  
Who handled a number of 'nympus'.  
With the Gods in the sky,  
His repete was quite high;  
But on earth he was labelled a  
'pimpus'

Ron Sutherland



2nd Place  
There once lived a God on Olympus,  
Who raised quite a furor on cam-  
pus.  
When to save McGill's prudence  
And to help its poor students  
He settled the issue on NFCUS!  
Norman May  
and Henry Steinberg  
—McGill Daily

## HOW TO BE PROFESSOR

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job? Tired of cleaning out the rat  
cages in that old lab? You can  
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fessor in the privacy of your own  
home.

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the Haggle Institute illustrated  
course which can be yours for  
the amazingly low price of \$4.38.

THE START  
Obtain a degree. This may be  
had by sending an additional  
\$1.00 to the Haggle Institute for  
a first rate forgery of any degree  
from any school on the continent.  
(Framed \$1.25.)

If you're a plugger, a degree  
may be obtained through regular  
academic channels; at best a  
risky, costly business, so why  
waste time?

STEP TWO  
Get on the staff of a medical  
school. There are several ways  
of doing this but buying one's  
way is always sure-fire. More  
subtle but less certain methods  
forwarded under separate cover  
at your request.

PREPARING THE COURSE  
Collect all textbooks printed in  
connection with your course.  
Select those which are the most  
expensive, the least informative,  
and most poorly printed. A single  
text encompassing these points  
is ideal. This text you recommend  
to the students. For your own  
use, choose a simple, easily read  
text of not more than 100 pages.  
Too much detail will merely con-  
fuse you.

FOOTWORK  
Adopt a distinct mannerism,  
such as wearing a shoulder hol-  
ster. This will hold the students'  
interest and will also be extreme-  
ly practical in case they get wise  
to you.  
Enter the lecture room briskly  
with several papers in the hand.  
(Paper may be obtained from any  
trash pile and used over and  
over). Fuss with things on the  
podium and simultaneously an-  
nounce the scope of the lecture  
in a low tone while the students  
shuffle about to get seated. Once  
silence has fallen—you may have  
to resort to the shoulder holster  
to obtain it—an extemporaneous  
harangue on any vaguely related  
trivia delivered at a breakneck



pace will serve to fill in the rest  
of the hour. Should the students  
show any tendency to doze, an  
announcement that the substance  
of the lecture will constitute 40  
marks on the final examination  
generally suffices to electrify  
the most torpid. If any students  
appear eager to succeed by em-  
ploying such obvious devices as  
taking down your words, forbid  
them to do so, saying that more  
will be learned by listening. This  
should disarm all but a few die-  
hards.

LECTURE  
Questions from the floor are  
always dangerous. Under no cir-  
cumstances should a positive  
statement be made and NEVER  
stoop to saying "I don't know."  
The best way to illustrate the  
(Continued on Page 4)

### DOWN, VIA, APPIA

Progress stumbles on  
Through time and space  
The human horde strains  
Towards a goal unseen  
Ever mired in their stride  
By senseless obstacles  
The campus roads are muddy  
Damn.

—Bergie.  
—The Sheaf.

### Masquerade

There was a young lady from  
Australia  
Who went to a masquerade as a  
dahlia,  
But the petals revealed  
What they should have concealed,  
And the dance, as a dance, was a  
failure.

—The Sheaf

## Two Platitudes

A Novelette of French and English Canada

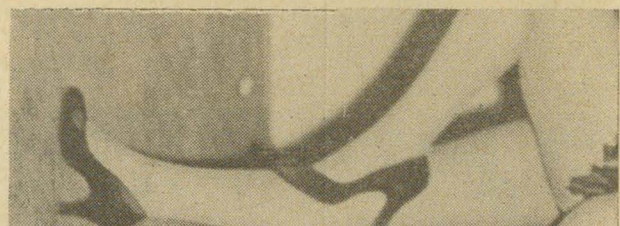
A sleek Lincoln bearing Ontario licence plates sped through the  
quaint Quebec countryside. Inside, a party of middle-aged Hamilton  
tourists gawked through the windows.

"Isn't it SO quaint?"  
"My, yes!"  
"I just love it, don't you?"  
"My, yes!"  
"Look at that lovely, peaceful farming country", said one as she  
gazed in awe at a quarter-acre patch of Laurentian rock.  
The driver broke the spell. "Where the hell are we?"  
"Why, dear, didn't the sign say to turn left at the Pont Bridge?"  
"If you'll look closely, my dear, you'll see that every damn bridge  
in this province is a Pont Bridge. For all I know we're at Hull city  
limits."  
"Let's ask someone."  
"Anyone here speak the language?"  
"I do. I learned a little in school."  
"O.K. Let's try this guy."  
"Ah — Mounseer? Je veux aller au a place called Lac Sorette —  
pouvez-vous me showez le way?"  
"Ach donnerwetter! Was ist das Eine Kleine Nachtmusik hier?"  
"I think he said to turn left at the next junction."  
"O.K."

Some hours later, as the sleek Lincoln bumped along a rutted,  
Austin-size country lane and eventually came to a total halt in front  
of a parked cow, the driver again spoke:

"Suggestions, anyone?"  
"Ask the cow."  
"Shut up or we'll never get to Lac Sorette tonight."  
"It happens to be tomorrow and Halifax is around the next bend."  
"This is no time to be funny. Hey look — here comes a rube.  
Let's ask him."  
"Shhh dear! They're farmers. They don't like to be called rubes."  
"Er — savez — connaissez-vous Lac Sorette, mon bon — ahh —  
"Sure thing Miss — just let me kick this cow out of the way and  
you'll find it half a mile ahead, on your right."  
"Aren't these Frenchmen nice?"  
"Yes, dear — and you spoke to him very fluently."  
"Oh look! Isn't that quaint?"

—McGill Daily



### THEY LIVE LONGER, TOO!

The horse and the mule live thirty years,  
And nothing know of wines and beers.  
The goat and sheep at twenty die,  
And never taste of Scotch and Rye.  
The cows drink water by the ton,  
And at eighteen are mostly done.  
The cat in milk and water soaks,  
And then in twelve short years it croaks.  
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen,  
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.  
All animals are strictly dry,  
They sinless live and sinless die.  
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men  
Survive for three-score years and ten!

—The Sheaf.

## 1956 ENGINEERING AND CHEMISTRY GRADUATES

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IT'S A DANGEROUS THING.

### The Modern Trend— Western Education

It snowed last night . . . cold this morning . . . the alarm rings  
. . . we set it 20 minutes fast, so as to scare us into thinking it later  
than we think . . . that was five months ago . . . we don't scare so  
easily now . . . the bed's warm . . . we're lazy . . . willing flesh?  
. . . sleeping spirit at 7 ayem . . . cut ourselves while shaving . . .  
the coffee was too hot . . . gasped on that early cig . . . hope that  
car'll wait . . . it did . . . it's cold this morning . . . college clock's  
slow . . . should've known . . . didn't have to rush after all . . . some  
are still asleep . . . 15 minutes after bell still stragglers come . . .  
prof. gets tired repeating himself . . . so do we . . . no notebooks  
needed this period . . . might have missed period . . . doesn't count  
on exams . . . mishigishican . . . coffee or library? . . . java of  
course . . . hiss, pfutt, hiss . . . the radiator's alive, at least . . .  
math resounds through the corridors . . . the transcendental imman-  
ence of the omnipotent . . . impious heretics, not to believe that!  
What's syncretism . . . mustn't ask . . . people'd think us stupid . . .  
rush the table . . . talk of autopsies and existentialism . . . sleep for  
25 minutes . . . bell rings . . . sleep for 50 minutes . . . who's got  
a cig? . . . no better for your asking, thank you . . . reserve shelf  
books must be good books . . . gotta get laundry out of hock . . .  
Pembina for curling . . . test tomorrow . . . don't know nuthin' . . .  
does it count on final? . . . what's Pogo got to say today? . . . sup-  
per's better . . . home . . . radio . . . rest . . . study . . . relaxation  
. . . oh well, another day . . . set alarm 20 minutes fast . . .

a. n. mous  
—The Manitoban



Dans La Bibliotheque

I'm sitting in the library
Trying hard to study;
Ignoring all the noises
And my feet all wet and muddy.

Brrrrrr!
Cold in here, isn't it?
Excuse me — just going to
shut the (unghh!) window
(unghh!) here (squeek!)
(unghh!) (clank!) Ahhh!

I'm reading jolly textbooks
Trying not to doze;
I wish that girl across the aisle
Would blow her bloody nose.

Ahchoo!
Excuse me —
Heh, heh (sniff!) I must
be getting a cold (sniff!)
too. (sniff!) Could I
borrow a (sniff!) Kleenex
please? (honk!) Ahh!

I'm concentrating mightily
Devouring every word;
No mundane sound will reach me
Except that of a bird.
Bird?

Hey! —
There's a bird up there in
the window, on the ledge!
I wonder why it's chirping
so loudly and fluttering
around . . . hey, there's two
birds there . . . Oh!

I'm sitting in the library
Ignoring all the birds;
Ignoring coughs and sneezes

And people blowing noses
And people borrowing my eraser
And people whispering
And people coming in and going out
And (shut up, birds!)
And people opening and shutting windows
And . . . and . . .

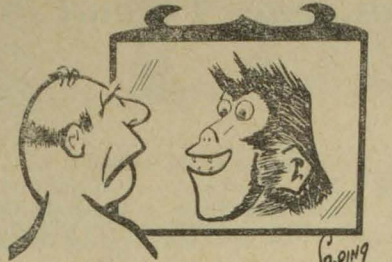
I'm sitting in the library
Winking at a buddy;
I've packed my books; I'm leaving —
I'm going home to study!

—The Sheaf.

Composed by "Sagittarius"
Let's rise and give a cheer!
Fredy, Fredy Cronkite,
Dean of our College dear!
Fredy, Fredy Cronkite,
Final Chorus:
He's tops as Dean we all declare!
But he is still none the worse for wear.
His older, and bigger, and lost his hair,
Of the rest of the story you are well aware,
Chorus:
To make our College the country's best!
As Dean of Law at the U. of S.
That he serve his country and come out West.
From Saskatchewan came a sincere request
Chorus:
In the Palsgraf case, and in others as well,
His opinion was sought by Cardozo, they tell,
And there he did so exceedingly well,
He went to Harvard to study a spell,
Dean of our College dear!
Fredy, Fredy Cronkite,
A man who knows no peer,
Fredy, Fredy Cronkite,
Chorus:
Admitted to the Bar when he was only three.
For he was a infant prodigy —
Soon to attend that university,
Born on a mountain top near Dalhousie.

THE BALLAD OF FREDY CRONKITE

LET'S FACE IT



by Zorchie

If the Agros think they are going to get any other organization
to challenge their inane campus king proclamation us thinks they are
wrong. Few groups have the impudence and pre-puberty brashness
of the plainsmen plowmen. As for the Agro band, the destitute
man's answer to the intensely vigorous nine, us thinks it should be
clamped into the wing of an R.O.P. wild goose embarking on a tour
of the northwest passage.

Let's face it — most of the labs at
the U. of S. are strictly a farce in
which you prove a theory you know
you'll prove because you learned it
in lecture, or you find an organ on
a specimen you know will be
there because you saw it in the
diagram in the text, then cook your
work to prove you've got proof.
Why can't students take some-
body's word for these things and
spend the lab time in lectures
learning something? Perhaps a
six month varsity year could be
made possible this way.

Let's face it — us is gonna
use this spot on the amateur
hour to bring you a few imita-
tions.

The Toronto Daily Star—Hat-
chet Slayers Flip to See Who Kills
Women—Loser Sings I Don't Want
Her You Can Half Her.

Real Magazine — In Saskatoon
after dark you don't walk down
the streets alone. There are gen-
erally other people walking the
streets too. Sir, the man's maga-
zine says, "On Saskatoon's West
side you don't go out without a
policeman by your side. Not that



bleachers, but now the ump wants
to stop the game on account of
fog!" Is he crazy or is this a fix?"
For Butch this was the end of a
brilliant career.

Saturday Evening Post — Com-
munists cut out Ivor Ivorovitch's
tongue, but he wouldn't talk.

American Magazine—In friend-
ly, freedom loving America, beer
belongs and therefore this issue
will contain nothing but beer ads.

Read'r's Digest — When Ed
Schautz started at the U. of S. he
had nothing but \$3,000, a new
Packard and his personality. But
now, only eight years later,
through hard dedicated work and
faith in his purpose Ed has gradu-
ated with a B.A.



Coyote Creek Crier—Congrats to
Ed Schmauz for a swell clean-up
job on main street by Schnod-
brickers store. Main street is now
back to its usual neatness. Nice
work, Ed. Seems two cars col-
lided there about two weeks ago,
although we never really did find
out who was in it. They were
from out of town, our foreign cor-
respondent from Crocus Plains re-
ported. It may be that Ed
Schnotzinger's cow was also in-
volved in the accident as she was
tethered in that vicinity.

All in all, it was quite a mess,
but Ed got it all hauled away.
Way to go, Ed. Three or four
people were killed in the accident
which is too bad. Drivers are
going just too darn fast we always
have said in our editorials. It's
no wonder, really, they were killed.
Just ask Ed, those cars were really
a mess. But Ed got it all cleared
away. Congrats again, Ed.

Let's face it — the SIC's action
in passing a motion to keep vug-
garity out of the Sheaf was a fine
move. Us is sure the SRC is such
a pure and innocent body it would
be a shame for a body such as the
Sheaf which is supposed to be con-
trolled by the SRC to cast the im-
pression the student council is
anything but a pure and innocent
body.

Let's face it — the famous law
bowlers look a lot better with the
wheels turning above them than
within them. The wheels turn a lot
faster and smoother that way.

Let's face it — there was once
five little pigs that went pubbing.
They all had a couple of beers
except one who ordered ten.
"Wha's the deal?" said one. "Do
you think this is a party?" "Nah,"
says the little pig, "I'm the little
pig that goes "wee wee" all the
way home."

—The Sheaf

Negative
Acceleration

Problem No. 7A—to wit.
If a ball is dropped into a six-
foot pit,
Falling until the bottom is hit.
What is the negative
acceleration?

Paper ready, books and slide,
Pen in hand with ink at the side,
Brain meshing and focusing
cross-eyed.
What is the negative
acceleration?

If the ball drops at the speed of
"g"
It lands on the bottom (the pit
not the sea),
Leaving a single unanswered
plea.
What is the negative
acceleration?

A sheaf of paper is covered with
strokes,
The pencil is blunt, the slide rule
smokes,
At last the cudgelling an answer
invokes
What negative acceleration?

—The Sheaf.

Sam's Philosophy Column

well joe every year they say
the freshmen are the worst
but this year it is really true
i was sitting in the buttery
trying to relearn my bidding
when this frosh female drags up
and says what are you doing

i i enunciated am making contract
well she said youd never guess it
but then you arent a frosh are you
you know i think this is so exciting
its all so different you know
we never made contracts in high school
we just played old maids and hearts

whyd you say three spades
youve only got four of them
listen i said this sort of thing
is far above freshman minds
if you pass all your exams
then you shall be initiated
into these mysteries
but for now go peddle your shoe polish

as the old saying goes
its easy for a cow to forget
what it was like to be a calf



Golden Deeds
THAT DIDN'T GET DONE

(THE HOLE IN THE DIKE)

One day a little Dutch boy named
Hammecher Schlamacher was walk-
ing home near the town of Zwei-
brooken-vor-der Poot when he hap-
pened to see a little hole in the
dike.

"Py Chimmminy!" ejaculated
Hammecher to himself. "De dike
iss mit being a small hole!"

The lad looked around for help,
but it was Friday evening and
everybody able to walk was at the
supermarket.

As yet, the leak in the dike was
a mere trickle, but Hammecher
knew that by the time he got to
the supermarket and back it would
be too late.

Suddenly it occurred to him that
he could stand there all night with
his finger in the hole. If he want-
ed a cold finger, that is.

On thinking it over, Hammecher
decided not to do it.

(ADELAIDE HUMPER)

For this story of a quick-think-
ing girl we must go to the village
of Poodley - in - the - Bog, England.
The girl was named Adelaide Hum-
per. Adelaide was only fifteen, in-
cluding tax. Adelaide was walking
home along the railroad tracks,
keeping her eyes peeled for stray
lumps of coal, for — and this is
an extra tear-jerker the manage-
ment throws in free — Adelaide
was very poor.

Suddenly Adelaide saw some-
thing that made her drop the three
pieces of coal she had already
found; the bridge across the gorge
was out! The train was due in a
few minutes and would be wrecked
unless Adelaide could think of
something.

Her petticoat!
Quickly the resourceful girl re-
moved her petticoat, ran back
along the tracks and when the train
came Adelaide waved her petticoat.
When the engineer saw it he nod-
ded pleasantly, pulled the throttle
open a little wider and roared past.
Because, unfortunately, Adelaide's
petticoat was green.

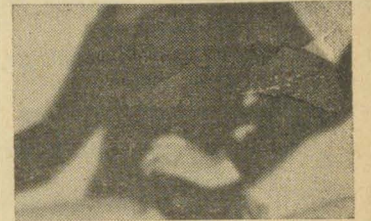
(FRIEDA STRUDEL)

In 1322 the barons of Hochburg
urged King Zwieback XVIII to re-
move the oppressive tax from
Wiener schnitzel. This the king

did, putting the tax on liverwurst
instead. Far from pacified, the
barons decided to assassinate him.
Little did the king suspect that
even his most trusted lackey, Pfiaz,
was helping the traitors to remove
all the bolts and bars from the
doors.

However, the plot had been over-
heard by Frieda Strudel, a lowly
knockwurst girl.

As hoarse cries were heard from
without, Frieda ran to secure the
door — but the heavy bar was
gone! However, in a flash an idea
occurred to the loyal girl; she could
thrust her arm through the staples



to gain her sovereign a few mo-
ments safety.

She realized, of course, that she
could get a broken arm that way.
And as soon as she realized it she
decided not to do it.

"What am I?" she asked herself.
"Nuts?"

DEFINITIONS

Engineer—Man who does for one
dollar what any man could do
for two.

Engine—it quits pulling when it
stops knocking.

Horsepower—Power which has
put the horse out of business.

Girl—One who used to want an
all day sucker and now wants
one for the evening.

Love—A game where two can
play and both can win.

Love Triangle—Usually a wreck-
tangle.

Men—Some dislike women with-
out any reason—others like them
that way.

Modern Youth—A new genera-
tion.

NOTICE

In case it hasn't nudged your
noggin yet, this is a Dal Gazette
post - exam, morale boosting,
comic edition. To the best of
our knowledge, there is not a
single original item in this issue;
and we hope you get as many
laughs out of it as we did while
throwing it together.

The word amorous originated
from the root amore which was de-
rived from the phrase "That's
Amore".

—The Silhouette.

University

by ONE DIMWIT

Some come here to gather fame,
Others come to catch a dame;
And there are those who go to
college,

Simply to increase their knowledge.
There are those, it's plain to see,
Who only come for their degree;
But I am not one of these sheep,
I came here to get some sleep.

—Manitoban

SAYS SAMMIE

Ungah! Ungah! Ungah!
Pen in hand I love you;
If you will be my darling,
I will Ungah! Ungah you!

from Tales of the Far North
by Downey

How To Enjoy Yourself

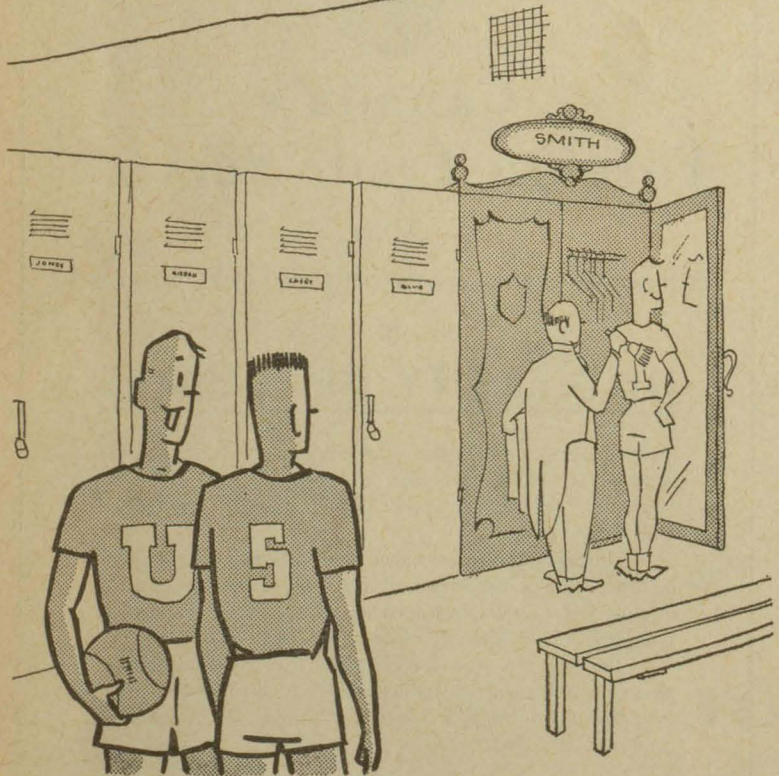
The prevailing idea of most
people is; "How can I enjoy
myself? What is the surest
path to success and happi-
ness?"

In January Reader's Digest
famed author A. J. Cronin
shows that character cannot
be built nor anything of real
value accomplished without
self-discipline; and shows how
to find true success and happi-
ness in learning to do without.
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# RESIDENCE RUMBLINGS

by CARL SCHENK

We dedicate a poem to the incident of the week. We now call the hero of our little rhyme "Diapers."

Now gather round and I'll tell thee a tale  
Of two gay young lads and their quest for ale;  
Of the nocturnal stroll to a famous pub,  
By wee Alec and Davie who got quite a snub.

They seated themselves and demanded a draught.  
The white-coated waiter looked at them and he laughed;  
"This place," says he, "is only for men;  
Mature a few years, then come back again."



But Alec, determined, was not to be crossed;  
A cellulose card to the waiter he tossed.  
"Here's proof of my age, now give me a drink,"  
And Davey in turn he started to think.

He fumbled and searched but no proof could he find;  
Twenty-three years and such treatment unkind.  
But just one last try ere he made for the door,  
He pointed with hope to the Mac "54."

The resolute bar-hand just shook his huge head,  
"It's easy to interchange jackets," he said.  
And Davey, at last, he knew he was done;  
The two sad young men back to Mac had to come.

And Davey he ranted, and raved, then he swore,  
That never again would he cross Paddy's door.  
Since nineteen years old a staunch patron was he,  
Now to be scorned at a ripe twenty-three.

So all men of Edward's who aspire to go down,  
To quaff a few beers in your ancient saloon;  
Some proof you're a man take along I entreat,  
Or the sad fate of Davey and Alec you'll meet.

—The Silhouette.

## MUFFLER—

(Continued from Page 1)

Mufflers were introduced into Canada by desperate cartoonists looking for material. Their popularity is due to their tremendous adaptability and unique situation as "bi-sexual" garments.

A survey of the campus showed mufflers being used for an amazing variety of purposes. A young man was seen entering the Brock with his textbooks wrapped in one end of his scarf, while the other end dangled over his white bucks and swayed in the wind to keep them permanently clean.

On cold days groups of three to four people can be seen outside the library sharing the same scarf, as was pointed out by an enthusiastic salesman at the College Shop, commenting on the huge increase in sales expected after the Xmas exams "A strong muffler is quicker than gas poisoning, and neater."

The scarf is widely accepted as a suitable substitute for the old school tie. Some interesting conversations about school colors are on record.



## GRIM SCENE

A grim scene was witnessed outside one of the Historic UBC fraternity houses the other night. Two brothers had been standing talking together for some hours on the doorstep of the historic old building, pouring over the fine traditions of the institution which they represented and planning to smuggle a bottle into the Homecoming dance.

As they approached midnight they shook hands warmly and parted. But they had forgotten the scarf which was wrapped about their necks to keep out the bitter cold.

As they struggled to free themselves they were asphyxiated. They died as they lived . . . Brothers.

—Ubysses

# CAMPUS COW

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate of the races. The gatekeeper demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called: "A dollar for the car."  
The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said, "Sold."

Freshette (on the dance floor): Do you know, there's something that bothers me. I can't adjust my curriculum.

He (blushingly giving her the once over): Er-a you can't notice it from here.

Down by the Old Mill  
He tried to kiss her,  
But she said  
She wouldn't kiss him by a dam site.

Once upon a time there was a maharajah who spent all his time partying and paid no attention to his duties. He neglected animals which roamed over the kingdom, destroying the peasants' homes. At last the peasants revolted and had the maharajah removed from his throne. This is the first time in history that the reign has been called on account of the game.

Did you hear about the freshman who was asked to a wet party the other night and took an umbrella?  
—The Sheaf.

Two men were standing watching a steamshovel.  
"If it wasn't for that scoop, five hundred of us might be working with shovels."  
"If it wasn't for our shovels, five hundred of us might be working with spoons."

A romantic young engineer was found guilty of violating the no spooning in the park rule. In his defence he stated that he was merely trying to make the waist places glad.

## RESEARCH

Bessie was asked to turn in one hundred words on Moths and go to the library for her facts. When they sought her in the library, she was deep in an article on Expectant Mothers.



A brave young man (he, too, was an engineer), jumped into the rapid current and rescued Mary from a watery grave. A sentimental old lady told the rescuer she thought it would be romantic if he would marry the girl.

"I dunno 'bout that," he said. "I think I've done enough for Mary."

Problem: Give in detail the process for making mercuric bichloride.

Student's answer: God made all things, even mercuric bichloride. The last word (the professor's, incidentally): God gets the credit. You don't.

"Do you know Jones, the poet?"  
"Very well."  
"What do you consider his best production?"  
"His daughter, Lizzie."

Now is the time when we can still joke about exams:  
Problem: What is the difference between electricity and lightning?

Student's answer: You don't have to pay for lightning.

"I've brought you a Red Cross nurse."  
"Take her back and bring me a blonde and cheerful one."

Condensation from the \$4.00 book:

## "A Night To Remember"

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## Co-ED APPLICATION

For Residence Formal Date

Name ..... Nickname .....  
Home Address .....  
School Address .....  
Are you presently living at home or at school? .....  
Height (without heels) ..... (with) ..... Weight ..... Bust .....  
Waist ..... Hips ..... Date of Birth ..... Hair Colour .....  
Colour of eyes ..... (R) ..... (L) ..... Complexion .....  
Favourite flower .....

FIGURE (check yours)  
Ma Cherie ..... Sweater Girl ..... Fair .....  
Sensational ..... Good ..... Frail .....  
Serene ..... Athletic ..... Flat .....

TYPE (check yours. If more than one applies, check both)  
Gold Digger ..... Wall Flower ..... Passionate .....  
Heartbreaker ..... Sophisticated ..... Jealous .....  
Home Type ..... Snob ..... Talkative .....  
Sincere ..... Tease ..... Night Club Friend .....  
Fickle ..... Affected .....

HAVE YOU— DO YOU EVER—  
Personality? ..... Slap your date? .....  
Know-How? ..... Act surprised when you're not? .....  
All around ability? ..... Hope your date takes the initiative? .....  
Savoir faire? ..... Take the initiative yourself? .....

Will you try anything once? ..... Twice? .....  
What sports do you like best? .....  
Are you intellectual? ..... If so, need it be all the time? .....  
Do you anger easily? ..... Forget quickly? .....  
Do you have long fingernails? ..... If so, are you dangerous? .....  
Do you use lip-stay? ..... If not, do you carry kleenex? .....  
Do you have access to an automobile? .....  
Do you object to trolly and bus rides? .....  
Are you easily persuaded? .....  
How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy? .....

GIVE CAPACITY OF FOLLOWING: (in quarts)  
Scotch ..... Anti-freeze ..... Coke .....  
Rum ..... Vodka ..... Water .....  
Southern Comfort ..... Beer ..... Water with ice .....  
Do you eat a lot? ..... With a date, more than a lot? .....  
Do you go to bed early? ..... So you can rise early? .....  
Do you know any college songs sung at football games? .....  
If so, give titles .....  
Do you know any college songs commonly sung on Saturday nights? .....

If so, give titles .....  
Do you know any Friday night college songs? .....  
If so, titles are unnecessary .....  
Do you usually express appreciation to your date? .....  
If so, in what manner? .....

DO YOU LIKE—  
Flattery ..... Television ..... Walks .....  
Compliments ..... Men ..... Long walks .....  
Sarcasm ..... College men ..... Parlour games .....

## GENERAL QUESTIONS—(All to be answered)

Do you believe in sex? ..... Can you be educated? .....  
Are you easily excited? ..... Does your father own a shotgun? .....  
Are your parents broadminded? ..... If necessary can they be more broadminded? ..... Do you dance? ..... How close? .....  
Is music required? ..... What type of music do you prefer? .....  
Who is your favorite vocalist? .....  
What is your favourite song? .....  
Do you smoke? ..... Drink? ..... Swear? .....  
Have you many platonic relationships? ..... Do you neck? .....  
French kiss? ..... Pet? ..... List what you do do .....  
Do your parents object to your eating college men? .....  
Do you have a sister? ..... If so, how old? ..... Do you have a brother? ..... If younger, must he be paid off? .....  
How late can you stay out? ..... How late after that? .....  
If not at college, do you live with your parents? ..... Do you live alone? ..... All alone? ..... Is your home a house? .....  
apartment? ..... Hotel? .....

If living at home indicate exact location of the following:  
Parents bedroom .....  
Your bedroom .....  
Porch swing .....  
Light switch .....  
Refrigerator .....  
Nearest exit .....  
To obtain a date, when during the week must one call you? .....  
When, later than that? .....  
Are you in good health? .....  
Have you ever been vaccinated? ..... If so, for what? .....  
Have you had any diseases? ..... Have you recovered? .....  
If not, are they contagious? ..... If so, would you mind if your date caught them? .....  
Place lip imprint here  
Normal ..... Slightly passionate ..... When! .....

Perfume the paper with the type you plan to use.  
Would you like to come up and see my etchings? .....  
Do you prefer any other type of invitations? .....

I swear that I have never been affiliated with the L.P.P. or associated in any way with any organization advocating the overthrow of the government of Canada. I swear that all the above information is correct to the best of my knowledge.

Signature .....  
—Brunswickan

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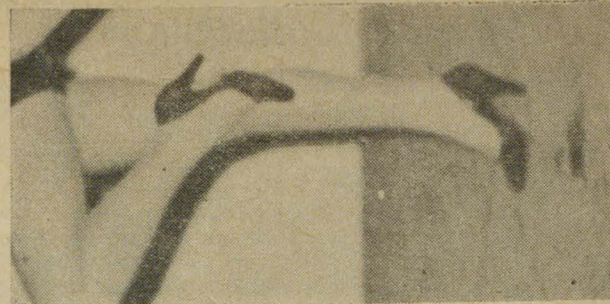
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## PROFESSOR—

Continued from Page 2)

art of parrying the question is to quote an excerpt from a classical bit of verbal dodging delivered by a former Haggie Institute pupil who is now the head of a well-known pathology department, viz: "Well, in view of several heretofore unmentioned factors, one cannot be certain that other quite probable possibilities may not play some integral role in determining essential differences in basic points of view which of course include many indefinable variables that can never be isolated in cases which may include criteria such as in this instance." Any student still interested after a barrage such as this is too smart for his own good and should be earmarked for flunking at the earliest possible date.

HOW TO HANDLE CLINICS  
Don't come.

THE LABORATORY  
Have all measuring sticks graduated in nails, hands, ells, cloth yards, etc. Weights must all be stamped in Troy weights. Flasks, graduated tubes, and other similar containers are of course calibrated for the apothecaries' system. Insist that all results be tabulated in metric units.

MICROSCOPIC WORK  
Have the students buy manuals describing slides stained with haematoxylin and eosin. Provide slides stained with malachite green, by Cajal's method, etc.

LABORATORY REPORTS  
Insist that they be done in ink, neatly and on vellum. Note—change the lab course slightly each year to curb the despicable habit of copying last year's labs.

MARKING REPORTS  
Select several random reports and mark these with 5's and 6's. Give all others 9's and 10's. This will serve to sow dissension and hatred among the students and pit them one against the other.

If possible observe the students at work. Give the highest mark to the student who cribs his results. He has after all shown the real sort of initiative that succeeds in later life. Flunk the conscientious one—he'll catch on and be the better man for it.

RE: EXPERIMENTAL ANIMALS  
The occasional rabid animal cleverly mixed in with the healthy ones will provide valuable training for the students in cauterizing wounds.

—Queen's Medical Journal

## WHAT IS A BOY?

Between the senility of second childhood and the light-hearted lechery of the teen we find a loathsome creature called the college boy. College boys come in assorted sizes, weights and states of sobriety, but all college boys have the same creed: To do nothing every second of every minute of every day, and to protest with whining noises (their great weapon) when their last minute of inertia is finished and the adult male takes them off to the Employment Office or the Draft Board.

College boys are found everywhere . . . breaking train windows, tearing down goal posts, inciting riots, or jumping ball. Mothers love them, middle-size girls love them, and Satan protects them. A college boy is Laziness with peach-fuzz on its face, Idiocy and Lanolin in its hair, and the Hope of the Future with an over-drawn bank-book in its pocket.

A college boy is composite . . . he has the energy of Rip Van Winkle, the shyness of a Mr. Micawber, the practicality of a Don Quixote, the kindness of a Marquis de sade, the imagination of a Bill Sykes, the appetite of a Gargantua, the aspirations of a Casanova, and when he wants something it's usually money.

He likes good liquor, bad liquor, cancelled classes, double features, Playtex ads, girls on Football weekends. He is not much for hopeful mothers, irate fathers, sharp-eyed ushers, AMS constables, alarm clocks, or letters from the Dean.

A college boy is a magical creature . . . you can lock him out of your heart, but you can't lock him



out of your liquor cabinet. You can get him off your mind, but you can't get him off your expense account. Might as well give up; he is your jailer, your boss, and your albatross . . . a bleary-eyed, no-account, girl chasing bundle of worry. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of hopes and dreams, he can make them mightily insignificant with four magic words: "I flunked out, Dad!"

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