

MARCH FOOL
There's Nothing
Here.

DE LOUSY GAZOO

CANADA'S NEWEST SCANDAL SHEET

To the Canteen Cat
Whose Paws
Seasoned Our Soup,
This Box is
Respectfully dedicated

DAL TO HAVE FINAL EXAMS

STUDENT FORUM SHAMBLES

Only 1623 out of Dalhousie 1624 registered students attended last week's student forum. This represents a sharp drop in attendance over the last five forums, but, said the Council President "I guess it had to come."

Subjects to be debated at the meeting were: Should women on the campus be abolished, or is it just Delta Gamma at fault? (2) Should we buy leather jackets and black drape pants for the championship swimming team, or will switch blades be enough? (3) Study is a waste of time and student night life should be devoted to more practical training.

From the opening bell debate raged back and forth, although at times it was difficult to hear the speakers. The meeting was held in the West Common Room. Suggested functions of Delta Gamma were that they hold girlie (continued in the back room)

Rink Wrecks Rank Records

The rink management is at last doing away with all those wonderful old favorites played at skating sessions. Some 150 warped cracked records are slated for the scrap heap, among them "Cruising Down The River," the Skater's Waltz, and the latest rock & roll efforts.

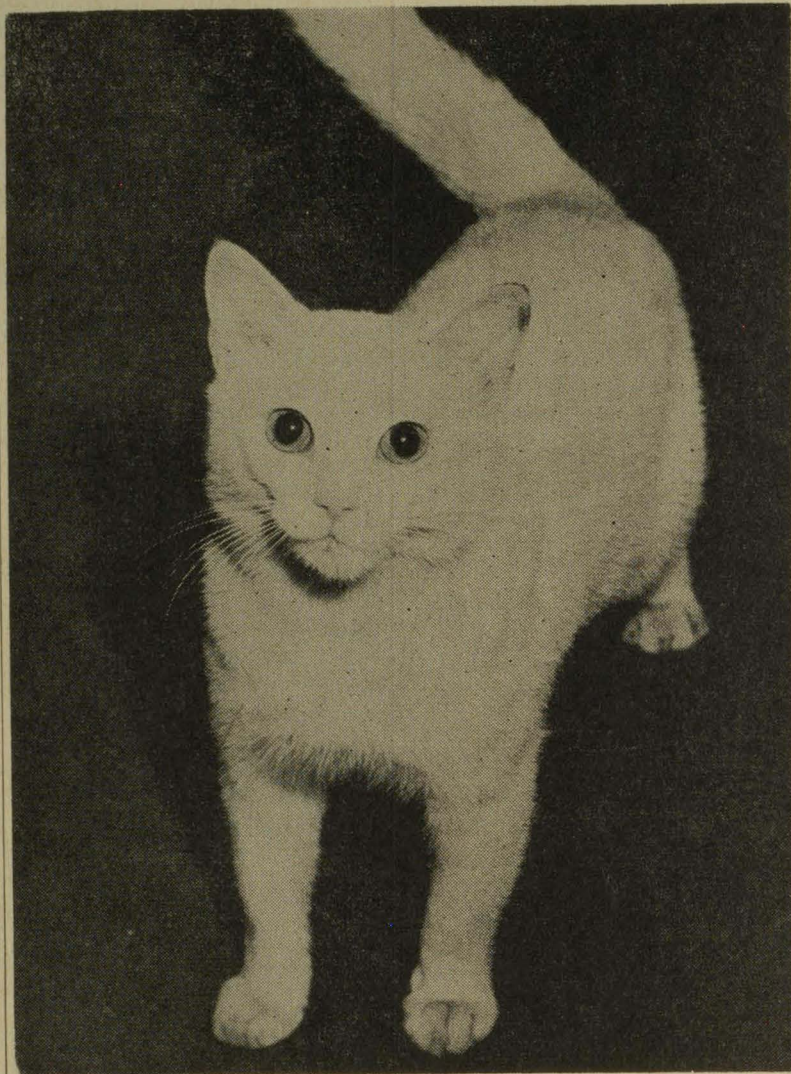
To gain "suitable" replacements, the following are to be used to set up a new library: The third act of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*; Tex Ritter's *Split Lip Songs & Back Room Ballads*; and such great albums as:

- (1) Songs for JUVENILE DELINQUENTS
- (2) Music for testing FALSE TEETH
- (3) Songs for SATELLITE LAUNCHINGS
- (4) Background music for DIVORCE COURTS
- (5) Ballads for PRISON BREAKS

Announcement of the decision brought forth plenty jeers and discord, but you could see it was only the troublemakers in the crowd.

To Get War Surplus Tigger

Dal engineers have announced the buying of a new Tiger, who they claim, will be able to defend herself better than ever. The flying Tiger, a gleaming 50-foot twin-engine job, carries six 30 mm calibre machine guns, one 90 mm cannon (continued last week)



WHAT, ME WORRY?

FLASH!

The Canteen Cat has had four bouncing baby boys. Still quite puffed from his exertions, he was interviewed at press time and expressed some understandable pride in his feat. He also told reporters that he was worried about the financial implications. "I'm afraid," he said, "that the Students' Council won't be able to afford enough soap to keep us all clean." There are rumours, however, that student fees will be raised to cover Dal's new liabilities. The proud parent was not able to identify the mother.

ATOMIC BLAST IN PHYSICS LAB?

Reports from the Department of Physics indicate that Dalhousie's excursions into the field of nuclear physics are at last bearing fruit. Professor A. Dimwhim this week in a synopated press release exclusive stated: "We have at last finished work on our cyclotron.

We have a fairly large supply of atoms on hand and atom-smashing will begin before long. Anyone interested is welcome to drop over and have a small smash."

Professor Dimwhim is a graduate of Dalhousie in the class of 1871. He studied physiquies and specialized in archery. The professor began his work on Atomic fissure shortly after the Boer War, and many years of experimentation have at last achieved apparent success.

Questioned as to the possibility of serious atomic blasts caused by the complicated workings of his machine, the Professor replied: "Absolutely no danger. There have been atoms around here for several years—and none of them have exploded."

Announcement Relieves Worried Students

After several months of "intense investigation," the University announced last night that it planned to go through with final exams. Although most professors agreed that student night life would suffer, their hands were tied they said. Many had planned to take Florida vacations during late April but the student clamour for exams, said the President, was overwhelming.

He did recommend as compensation, however, such starting forms of entertainments as (continued on page 11 under "Flights This Week").

QUEEN AND POPE TO VISIT DAL

Statements made to close associates this week indicate that George C. Queen, Dalhousie Engineer, and William Pope, Graduating in Arts this year, will take keen delight in visiting Dalhousie after graduation.

Sophomore Attendance Increases

"Dalhousie students are not apathetic" was the unanimous resolution passed by last week's Soporomore Class meeting. All six attending said they felt that apathy was unknown at Dal. Unfortunately their resolution goes by the boards since there was not a quorum present.

Alcove Collapses, Four Injured

Shirreff Hall's historic Alcove three caved out last night, in a spectacular ten-second collapse that sent couples scurrying from-er, we mean to-cover. Four unidentified persons were trapped by the deluge, as they apparently did not notice the crumbling brickwork until too late. A young girl involved, afterwards stated "Well, the drain pipe always creaks when you lean against it, so I didn't think . . ."

A crowbar was found among the wreckage this morning.

Copy will be in
LATER — Much Later!

Pets To Get Sets

Recent rumours stating that portable television sets are to be installed in every room at Shirreff Hall have been confirmed by the Administration. "We are indeed happy to provide such an educational service to our girls," said a spokesman. "We expect they will learn much." Halifax TV suppliers, for their part, were overjoyed at receiving the heaviest order on record, although they laughingly stated that they had to check the order twice to make sure "no prank was being played."

"Have Gun, Will Travel" a modern allegory, has been set as next week's English Two theme.

Charge Council With Corruption

By some "oversight," Dalhousie's outgoing Student Council has incurred a \$249,000 debt, the somewhat alarmed Incoming Council reported yesterday. In going over the books, a "routine" procedure, it was discovered that the debt had been incurred under the "miscellaneous" section of the Sodales budget.

Byron Reid, President of the new Council, was understandably outraged at the flagrant spending of the "irresponsible" former council. He heaped abuse upon it, and only was stopped from taking action when reminded that he had served as Med representative upon it.

Ex-President Matheson laughed at the whole issue as "ridiculous." Said Matheson, "I am out of office now. What happens about this wholly unfounded charge is no concern of mine." He then stepped into a brand new 1959 Jaguar waiting outside the Men's residence, and departed for the airport.

DE LOUSY GAZOO

Canada's newest college scandal sheet. Member (at large) of Canadian University Gossip Club. Opinions expressed editorially are the official opinions of our Council of Profound Philosophers. Official scrap paper of inmates of Dalhousie Intellectual Asylum, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Rambler-in-Chief — Judith Bell

Associating Rambler — Alan Fleming

Kibitzers — Alex Farrell, Denis Stairs

Scandal Editor—Peter Outhit; Asst. George Martell

Blackmail Write-ups—

Janet Sinclair; Assts.: Judith Jackson, Elliot Sutherland

Sporting Men and Women—Bill Rankin, Grace Hogg; Asst. Pam Dewis

STAFF THIS WEEK

Eavesdroppers—Anonymous

Gossipers—Anonymous

Masters at Keys—Anonymous

Photographic Artist—Anonymous

FOOD AND DIVORCE

Recently, after battling for some two hours with massive blobs of hard beef that had been prepared for combat by personnel of a very local canteen, two Eavesdroppers staggered into the GAZOO office with growling stomachs and collapsed in heaps of abdominal misery on the floor. Shocked by their condition, we, the editors of the GAZOO, debated upon the situation at length, and have finally come up with what we think is a penetrating and far-reaching idea for the administration. We feel that, in the Faculty of Arts and Science, there should be a Department of Cookery (or, if the administration should feel that this title lacks sophistication, Un Département de la Cuisine.)

The Twentieth Century has been called many things, but there are two very prominent characteristics of our modern era: (1) that it is the age of divorce, and (2) that it is the age of the TV dinner. The divorce rate in this country and in the United States and Britain has been appalling in recent years. Why? There is but one answer. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and that way has been blocked by the decline of the gentle art of cooking. We live on peanut butter sandwiches and the minute meal. We thrive on scrambled eggs. We much assembly-line concoctions while watching television advertisers sound the death knell of taste-buds already crippled with lack of use. We wash down greasy hot dogs soaked in vile "prepared" mustard with "soft" drinks that are otherwise used to clean the rust from automobile chrome. And psychologists wonder why men beat their wives, scream at their secretaries, and suffer the pangs of ulcerous innards!

The value of our Department of Cookery, then, becomes immediately apparent. Such training would cut the divorce rate by half. Free enterprise would be enhanced; the corner grocer would become popular once more, and the chain-store supermarkets with their mass-produced abominations would collapse in bankruptcy. Wives would once again take a live interest in the home. Foreigners would flock to the country in droves to learn the new art, with the result that international differences would disappear. Peace and co-operation in the home would lead to peace and co-operation among nations. Graduates, imbued with the importance of their mission, would hasten to teach in the public schools, so that our youth would be trained from an early age to cultivate an interest in their diets. The restaurant industry would expand by leaps and bounds, virtually eliminating unemployment.

The details of the curriculum could be easily worked out. Cookery 1, for example, might deal with food appreciation, Cookery 2, with Breakfasts, Cookery 3, with lunches, Cookery 4, with Dinners, Cookery 5, with bedtime snacks (with special instruction on how to avoid nightmares), Cookery 6, with beverages, etc. More advanced courses would deal with the economic and social aspects of the subject, while doctorate theses would cover specialized areas of the work. The Five Methods of Cooking Ham, or Alloys Most Suited to the Frying Pan Industry, might be sample titles. We urge the administration, strongly, then, to adopt our proposal. Let us fight for our intestines.

LONG LIVE APATHY!

This is the Twentieth Century, the age of atoms, the era of ulcers, the season of rush, the period of space exploration, the epoch of the quick death and the fast buck. Therefore, let us arise, and go now, and be apathetic.

The Empty CUP

hic!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The King's English

Ma'am,

I just bethunk meself too dropp a litle liin too al youse guyes an' dollz on the staff of *De Lousy Gazoo* and maybe tel yew som thots i hav ben thinkin? Yew no, ma'am, *De Lousy Gazoo* iss wunnerful and i wish i had gotten a jawb whith it att the beginnin of the yer, but bein an Arts stoodent, and bein interestred in makin' mye number of words att mye disposal biggerer, i new i woodn't hav know time for itt and mye english professor told mee that he thot i wood be prettily bisy whith hym and i thot it was nise of hym to saye soo and paye soo much atension too mee but then hee nos howe to tech ower language verry wel and i suppose that is wi.

But wat i am righting fore iss too tel every body that i think that the amt. of ower language that the enginears lern in callege iss not bigg enuff and i think pepel who git a degre lik a batchiler of engineering shood bee abel too expres themselfs inn the king's english in righting and inn speche. Therfor i sez enginears shood bee teched mor arts subjects soo that they ar not lik a bunch of stoopid bumms wen they tawlk and right in this gret republik of owers coled canader and thuss mak dalhousie and canader no good.

soo thank yew verry much fore the spase ye hav gived mee inn yor papaer and i am yors verry truely and all so yor most humbel and obeadient sirvant,

Oglethorpe Flauntleroy,
Arts 4.

ISPY

Two of the most important personages to visit Dalhousie in many a year will appear on the campus next week when Eisenhower and MacMillan come to spend a few days. Bill MacMillan and Jerry Eisenhower, two ex-engineers from U.N.B., were recently run out of Fredericton on rail by the town's Junior Chamber of Commerce. Reason for the Chamber's action, as cited in the Daily Gleaner, was that many of the Jaycees had had their incomes greatly reduced by the highly competitive still which our visitors operated in the basement of the U.N.B. men's residence. Bill and Jerry are hoping to be admitted to Dal's engineering faculty, and inhabitants of our residence are wishing them the best of luck. After all, there's a lot of waste space in that cellar.

* * *

I would like to recommend a couple of recent movies to all Dalhousians who wish to raise themselves from the depths of intellectual degeneration. These two, "I was A Campus Werewolf" and "The Thing From The Zoo 2 Lab", are film-land masterpieces that should provide real inspiration for Dalhousie students in both their social and academic endeavours. The first, which should keep you swallowing your popcorn whole throughout the performance, is a real knuckle-crackler whose delightfully imaginative ideas should do much to give added zest to the midnight farewells at the Hall. "The Thing from the Zoo 2 Lab" is a suspense thriller that is sure to send fingernail-chewers home with indigestion, and its inspirations may be even more constructively applied than those of its partner on the double-bill. Here is a chance for any zoology major with an obnoxious lab partner to make a real contribution to his university. By just sitting through the movie four times he should gain enough material to produce something that could prove invaluable on the football team next season. Yessir, we'd really "Eat 'em raw". For a well-rounded education I urge you to see them both.

* * *

The Canteen Cat has been given a Bath!! At long last two enterprising third year science students have done the job and done it right. Feeling that the cleansing administered by the P.C.'s at Model Parliament time was lacking in permanency, these two men with a future combined research with sanitation in their washing techniques. A little concentrated snitching from the Chemistry Department produced two gallons of 12F H₂SO₄ (sulphuric acid to the unenlightened). In this kitty was immersed to the tip of her lily white tail, and the cover held on tight. (This last was to prevent her yowls of sheer joy from attracting the attention of any passing members of the S.P.C.A. After two hours of thrashing about, it was felt that our beloved pussy had probably come clean, and the cover was removed. Alas, such unfortunate things as miscalculations can happen in any experiment, and this time the cat was the unknown factor. Her swimming ability had been misjudged, and she had gone down for the third time before anybody could reach her. Testing of the remains showed that kitty was quite soluble, their volume not exceeding that of one-half of a coffee cup, and our young experimenters felt that their endeavours could not be written of as a total loss. Theology students and S.C.M.'ers will be relieved to know that what was left of kitty was given a decent burial, suitably encased in a doughnut wrapper, in the front yard of Shirreff Hall.

* * *

Hope may still be held by those who feel that a canteen without a cat is no canteen at all. Reports from cohorts on Seymour Street have it that the Phi Delt kitten is now a cat whose immoral activities have reached hitherto unprecedented heights in their flagrancy, and prospects are good that the result of all this will be underfoot in the canteen next fall. Rumour also has it that noted campus literary stylist Notso Goddy will be biographing the notorious feline in the near future. Tile of the work is expected to be **Without Benefit of Shades.**

* * *

Dalhousie spirit is not yet dead!! A first year Commerce student, on two-week suspension for dropping overshoes down the stairwell of the A. & A. building onto the head of his favourite professor, was nevertheless moved to expend a great portion of his worldly wealth in recovering the racoon coat of Fleevius Smurp, first janitor of the gymnasium and one of Dalhousie's great benefactors this world famous col-

(continued on page 3)

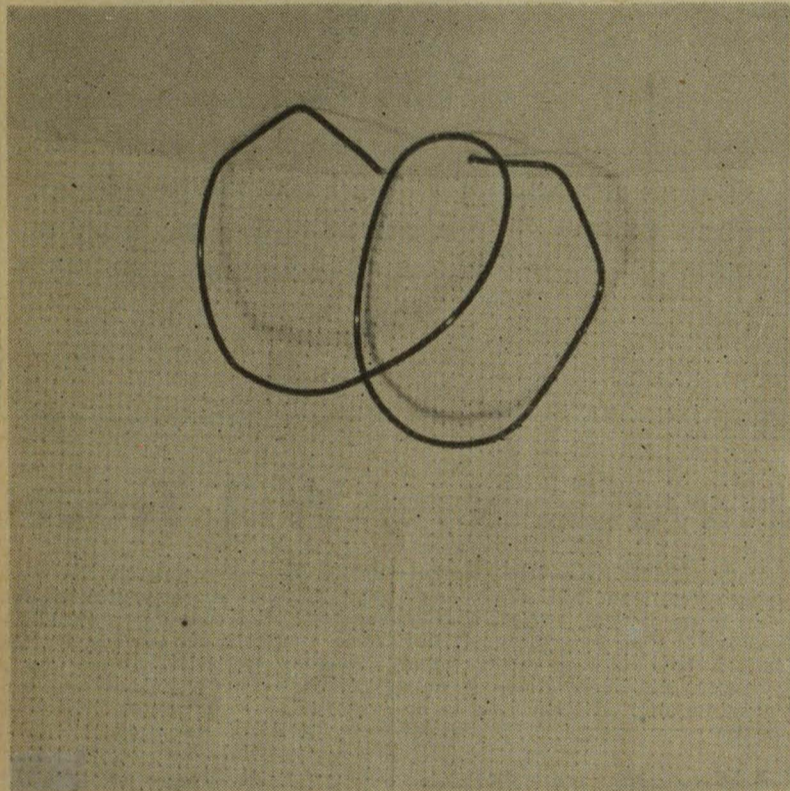
BIG NEW CONTEST

I Spy continued—

lection of old sneaker laces is kept sacred and secure in that mysterious safe in the men's locker room), from the city dump. The expense was incurred when an Africville inhabitant saw it first, and our fellow, whose presence on the dump has not been explained to anyone, himself included, was forced to bribe his competitor out of it. Eight ounces did the trick, but the sacrifice was unquestionably great.

Well, that's all for now kiddies, so cherrio and good luck with the sups.

Wire Photo



THINK

(translated: KMIHT)

I hate study. This may come as quite a shock to many, but the truth will out, it seems. During the long, largely wasted periods when I barricade myself in a back room with hitherto untouched textbooks, I dwell considerably upon the merits of study. This is quite easy.

Sutdy has no merits.

Study has no merits.

But, by the same rule, it is fascinating. Tiny habits develop in the studier, in the still, small hours of the night, quite unconsciously, and grow into a mechanical system that is enjoyed and anticipated. I shall explain. Perhaps the greatest boon of the studier is his watch. Time means everything, and a favorite game of mine is to guess how much time is passing, knowing that while I contemplate, it IS passing. Sometimes I hide my clock, but this works only for a small time, for I soon discover I am staring unseeing at the page and trying, straining to hear the tick . . . tick . . . tick of the oncoming exams.

Studiers (I use the term advisedly) both male and female, will work from almost any position. Feet on the radiator, feet on the desk, lying on the stomach, lying on the back, sitting bolt upright, buried in the book or hanging out the window—it doesn't matter. Any new shift in position brings a sense of satisfaction and well-being somewhat akin to the adict in his junk.

And so I leave you to the mossy banks with but a word of advice: Do not think about a girl or boy friend when studying. Avoid windows; shut your eyes when one passes. Stuff cotton in your ears unless you are expecting telephone calls. Or better still, read a good book.

Thousands of prizes!. Easy! Win a brand new model "T" Ford or a safety pin. Here's how:

1. Obtain a copy of the January 14 issue of De Lousy Gazoo.
2. Observe the front page, moving eyes to top far left column.
3. Examine closely the portrait of the man of distinction.
4. Observe the growth on his chin.
5. Estimate the number of hairs that enter into the composition of that growth.
6. Send your estimate with a self-addressed stamped envelope to De Lousy Gazoo.

If your estimate is, or is closest to, the real figure, then you will receive a brand new Model "T" Ford. The first thousand contestants will likewise receive fitting rewards. In case of duplication, the earliest postmark will be the deciding factor. All estimates become the property of De Lousy Gazoo and cannot be returned.

I FOLLOWED SAM PEEPS

It was summer and it was hot. The sun beat down mercifully on the city, so that black, shining bubbles formed on the street paving. I was sitting at the desk in my east side office. The desk was empty. I had nothing to do. I dragged on my cigarette and studied the words on the glazed window of the office door. "Johnny Proud, Private Investigator," they said. I shrugged woefully, stubbed my cigarette in an already overflowing ash tray, and reached for the bottle in my desk.

Then it happened. It was only a faint knock, but urgent. I paused, said "come in." She did. She was blond, slim and walked with the grace of a cat. But she was nervous. I told her to sit down, and thought how I would like to have changed places with the chair. I waited.

"I want you to follow my husband," she said, bluntly.

This was an old one, and I knew all the answers, but she expected me to be surprised. I raised my eyebrows, and asked, "Why?"

"Because he . . . he . . ."

"Yeah, I know," I interrupted. "Let's have the details."

Her name was Gloria, Gloria Peeps, and she figured her husband, Sam, was chasing around. She wanted him followed. If no results, then that was all to the good, but if I found something, then she wanted the goods.

"OK," I said. "A hundred a day and a retainer of half a grand." She reached for her purse.

I picked him up in the afternoon. He was in a Fleet Street bar, nearly soused, but still in motion. I dished out a fiver to the bartender for which I was told that he came in regularly, had three double ryes, and left. He must have just had his third. He left.

I followed. He navigated, sideways, down Fleet Street for six blocks, turned into an alley, and, after furtively casing the joint, strolled into a dive. I followed. It was smoky. There was a girlie in the corner; she was yowling something about love. I wondered how she knew about that.

Sam knew the place. He had a couple at the bar and moved across the room, gingerly circling the

tables. He pushed open a door and disappeared. I followed, bent down to the key hole. There was nothing on the other side but an empty room and another door I tried the knob. It was locked, so I used my pass key. Thirty seconds. I'm getting old.

Once inside I could hear voices through the other door.

"This week's mess ready, Fat Stuff?"

"Don't call me that. Yeah. All here. Had it a bit tough, though. They got suspicious of Dumpty over at the British Museum and fired him, and we had to bribe the new guard. We . . . convinced him in the end."

"I'll bet."

"Yeah. A little cigarette burn here, a brass knuckle there. He was easy. Just like a baby." The voice was cold, evil. But it didn't bother me. I was tough.

But I didn't wait. I had all I needed. I'd read about the thefts of old English literature in the papers. It was all pretty clear. He was a psycho, only instead of Napoleon, it was Sam Peeps. He was even stealing the old boy's diary.

I headed for the Department of Births and Deaths. It was all there Jack Coldwell had had his name changed legally to Samuel Peeps on May 8, 1954.

I called up the doll. She took the story like a brick. There was a pause. "Johnny," she murmured, "I've got to see you."

"Yeah," I said, "I know. When is it going to be?"

"Soon, Johnny, soon," she pleaded. "Only, what about Sam?"

I felt the comforting bulge of my Police Special under my arm. "I'll take care of him," I said. "Real soon."

BARGAIN LEASE

A three-storey structure is now being erected on Studley Campus at Dalhousie University. To be available in September, 1960, the building is ideally suited for offices and laboratories.

Excellent Terms

Interested firms please apply to

Dalhousie Real Estate Company, Limited

Arts and Administration Building,
Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S.

"We aim to please"

SUBMARINE RACES SMASH HIT

Like all good sports promoters, the South Side Submarine Society (S.S.S.S.) held a Ladies' Night last week as part of their annual Munro Day show. There were ten races, all of which were well attended, and many Haligonians took advantage of the "Ladies Admitted Free" policy to spend an enjoyable evening with their friends.

The new raceway, located just east of Point Pleasant Park, has recently been renovated, and an improved parking lot is expected to draw better crowds than ever before. No longer do the spectators have a long walk to the stands, and for those who come by trolley, there is a bus service to the gate.

The opening race was a one mile spurt with periscopes up, and saw a very close match. The four lap contest was in doubt until Seaweed Sam came off the last bend to nip the Halifax entry, Dingle, by inches.

In the fifth race, Smoothie, the American entry, employing a typically American style of racing, started very quickly and was the first to hit the bend. The duel was only over buoys, and Smoothie ran into trouble in the back of the middle circuit. Then, Shifty, who had been moving at the head of the pack, hit a cross-current, tired, and finally dropped out. The eventual winner was Silky, who, after a slow start, came on with a rush to cape the Necker Trophy and the \$10,000 first place money.

The feature race of the day was a 1½ mile event between the Nautilus and an anonymous Russian entry. After six very close capers around the circuit, the race ended in a dead heat and was declared no contest. It will be re-run next Saturday night, weather permitting.

It is hoped that more people will patronize the track and lend their support to the new and very worthwhile organization.

Dal Tiddlers Trounce

The biggest feature of the sporting year took place at the Dal gym last weekend, as the M.I.A.A. held their annual Tiddlython. The round robin tournament featured squads of tiddlers from all maritime universities, with the championships ending up at Dalhousie.

Most of the scheduled matches went according to form until Mount A upset the favoured St. Bernard squad in the girls semi-final. Although down 14-13 in the 15 point match, two brilliant shots by "IBM" Richards made good, and the Mounties had won 15-14. The girls continued their unbeaten streak when they walloped "X" 15-0 in the final. No "X" shot ever hit the rim.

The men's single 8 and doubles went without, any surprises although Dal came very close in both events before finally winning 15-13, and 15-14, in the singles and doubles respectively.

The feature match of the whole tournament came when Dal took on U.N.B. in the mixed doubled final. The match was a close one with both squads playing a tight defensive game. As the evening wore on all players seemed to tire, and blisters became noticeable on the tiddley-fingers of the tiddlers. Finally Dal came through as they hit for four unanswered points to wrap up the game and the team championship.

A large crowd was in attendance for this final game and far more interest was shown than was previously expected. It is hoped that more people will try out next year for the Dal squad so that we can win back our title.

FOR SALE

One two-storey hovel. Ground floor replated with 2 out-houses, stables, waiting rooms, porches and spittoons. Over 30 cells on second floor. Built in ventilation. Guaranteed to withstand gales up to 20 miles per hour.



APPLY

Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S.
Dalhousie Men's Residence,

THIS SPACE FOR SALE

their program. If Hall sportswomen will enlarge hoped that the association of Shir-have been suggested, and it is including table-tennis and squash, held more often. Many other sports, was that such contests should be objection voiced by a lot of people the next morning. The only other merely suspended and continued tion. As it was, these contests were gress at that time to go to comple-lifted to allow all matches in prom- midnight curfew should have been came from those who felt that the warmer climate. Another complaint especially those who are used to a the playing of some of the stars, was too cold, and greatly hindered that the atmosphere at the hall Many complaints were received

GARBAGE PROBLEM?

Have you any old garbage, sewage, out of date magazines or newspapers, tin cans, or pieces of string that you do not want? Then here is your answer:

Dalhousie University Cordially Invites

The residents of Halifax and Dartmouth to utilize the east front of Studley Campus as a garbage dump. Any article weighing more than 200 tons will be accepted. Firms interested in permanent contracts may apply to the Public Relations Department of Dalhousie University.

Have Sphere, Will Travel

Dal's Mediocre Girls' Basketball Team got off to a roaring start in the F section of the Halifax Ladies (?) Ping Pong League. They packed their kid bags and travelled all over the floor, stopping only when the air raid siren blew to in-

dicade foul play was on the way. The victims of the ruthless den mothers were soundly trounced 12-11 in 3 outer space periods. By the way they were the Static Cones' Wrenches. The Wrenches took advantage of first minute jitterbuggers to sweep to a decisive 2-0 lead. Meanwhile back in the Feline camp the Dal Girls accepted all forward passes. At this point Coach Fricasse saw fit to administer severe tranquilizers and immediately Dal got a basket. Tension Mounted. The score was deadlocked 2-2. Superior Strategy was called upon. She came. The Wrenches threatened a pipe-play and connected to spurt through for an additional mark-it. Thus. In the second quarter The Wrenches widened their diameter to 5-2 on 2 rooster shots awarded when Dal tried to stop the spurt. For third quarter information re-read the first quarter description. Thus. In the fourth quarter Tension, having mounted, tired and rode off. Da-homely girls slipped through an unanswered floor to pull the teeth from the Wrenches lead. The Wrenches with their dentures removed were unable to bite the scoring column. Thus. An outer space period. 24 fouls feathered the excitement in the first 3 minutes. Neither team put the chicken in the basket and so without any further sauce the score remained 8-8. In the second period the teams dribbled up and down the floor and wet the twines for 3 points a piece. In the third and final verse Dal laid a good ball and in the dead seconds forced the Static Cones to chicken out. Miss the Rim stepped to the turkey line and dropped the winning won. Now Frenzy appeared! Congratulations to the Sensational Dalhousie Spheresters. Next game will feature the I.W.A. (International Womenworkers Associations) against Dal Tigresses. Added attraction will be Joey Tinysticks as floorwalker.

Wrestlers Play

The annual Sheriff Hall wrestling tourney drew a large crowd of Dal men eager to show their skill at this fast growing sport. The preliminary matches were played on Friday night with the finals being run off the following evening.

The early matches were fairly long as the athletes were slow to get warmed up to their task. As the first matches finished, Speedy Gonzales shaped up as the man to watch. His expert manoeuvres and accurate offense was a sight to behold as he easily swept through to three straight victories. The other leading contender did not emerge until late Friday night as Rory the Rocket came from behind to win a decisive victory.

Early Saturday morning they were at it again with the semi-finals scheduled to start at 2:00 p.m. In one match, Speedy held Frankie with a bear-hug, while the other saw the Rocket play a controlled offense for half the game, then pick up speed to conquer Samson.

The final featured two contrasting styles of play. Speedy played a cool, calm defensive game and just waited for the breaks. On the other hand, the Rocket was constantly pressing, and never once did his offense let up. In the end, the forward policy of Rory paid off as he copped a squeaker to win the Cassanova Trophy.

Our heartiest congratulations to the new winner of the wrestling tourney.