

HERE 'N THERE IN 105

Morale in 105 has gone up 100% lately. The reports from the lab on the monetary angle are encouraging and the gratuity cheques have helped things out quite a lot.

The Vet's brawl was quite a "do". Somehow all of the die-hards managed to be there. Some came by bus and some walked to the cabin where the "stuff" was being sold. A few of the elite even came by taxi. The manager of the baseball team, the shortstop, and the official score-keeper (so far he hasn't had much to do for our side) were driven by a chauffeur. The manager made his formal entrance minus top hat, gloves and cane but smoking a huge cigar.

One fellow (from up Bathurst way) really enjoyed himself. He found the liquid very refreshing (?). Mosquitoes were seen to land on a cleared space where his hat should go, immediately take off and go into a crazy dive. Could a person be that saturated? Better ask Dr. Toole, I guess. That fellow used to fly too.

Later on, back in the hut, he was expounding his philosophy of life, between hiccups, that is! He even attempted to prove that a pan of water will freeze over a fire. D-rite burned hands and singed eyebrows he still believes in his theory.

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A few of the boys really exercised their vocal chords out there. All the old favourites were sung — you know the ones with the different versions. Some of them would even have made the doormat of an officers mess blush with shame.

Eventually the liquid was all gone. Fortunately the hills sloped the right way and everyone managed to make the railway tracks again. A few fellows rolled, some staggered, some tripped (tripped and fell, that is!). A couple of guys (both from Montreal) ran all the way home trying to catch the bus that they had just missed.

The college dances have been pretty quiet with not even time out for a little unarmed combat. One fellow is pretty particular about his dancing partners — President's wives, no less. Maybe he aspires to be President himself some day — President of Dow's brewery, I mean.

One fellow (he blows a horn too) has been down to the fair quite a lot. It seems that a hula-dancer is the main attraction. Talk about Mr. Videtto's French curves. She's certainly a tonic for old men. Maybe this fellow admires her hair. Oh yeah! "The peasant" is no longer the subject of conversation in 105.

One fellow from Woodstock, who used to live in 105, recently purchased a new Ford. New to him, at least. At the last dance, he and his belle femme arrived early and left early. Could it be that she didn't trust the new car or was there another reason?

We have men of many talents in 105. The door-attendants at the last dance doubled as soda-jerks and really did a good job too. Maybe they received their training in officers' messes overseas.

One of "The Katsenjammer Kids" (the boys now call him "Hunk") simply loves drawing. When he draws in a wrong circle he takes a walk — right to the "Power House". He says that anyone who draughts well would also—

Well, here's to the long week-end.
.....TWO DIAMONDS.....

"I'm a pauper."
"Congratulations! Boy or girl?"

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GAY WHIRL

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Jimmy Foster and his band furnished the music again and acquitted themselves very well. Refreshments were free but owing to present day shortages had to be collected from various sources. Mr. Ryan kindly donated the sandwiches while Mr. Horncastle furnished the orangeade from canteen stocks.

It was a good dance and it is a pity that more of the students did not avail themselves of the opportunity of the pleasures on an uncrowded floor.

We hope that there will be a better attendance at the next dance which we are planning for the first week-end after the Summer School opens, to welcome the one hundred and fifty odd people expected to attend it.

She— "It was very sweet of you to give me this dance."
Keith— "Not at all — this is a Charity ball."

"What's your idea of heaven?"
"Methuselah's age and Solomon's wives."

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