

The Successful Art Of Writing College Examinations

Colonel Jinx' Cigar Revealed As Perpetrator Of Campus Outrages

The fearsome object halted. But no smoke cleared away from it. It was smoke. "It's Colonel Jinx' cigar," shouted one. "It's the bilge from Ottawa," said another rabid, 4-F conscriptionist. "No, it's the cigar," said an O.T.C'er who had just emerged from a lecture on gas by the same cigar.

"Cut that man down," said the cigar, pointing to the hapless Scoffman. "How little do you utter fools—form ranks, by the way—know that greater brains than that have written Knowsey. Stand at attention. Major Falcon, stand those men and women at ease. Now, will all the persons who have written Knowsey step forward. Thank you. I am very much impressed by your performance. But pay more attention to your scholastics and less to the slander going on around this campus."

The ranks of Dullhousians stood grimly before the cigar. Suddenly it gave a shriek, and moved off in a bilge. "Say, you can't write examinations. You haven't complied with National Selective Service regulations—you're not even a Zombie."

Before these words the startled Rayne fell back, choking with mortification and cigar smoke. "But sir, I'm even more physically decrepit than these college students. I'm essential. If it wasn't for me the collich would fall apart."

"It's no use," thundered the cigar. "Either you come to O.T.C. parades or get into the Army. In either case I will learn you. Learn-ah, there is a wonderful word, so full of pungency and grace." Dissolving in meditation, the cigar drifted off like the Cheshire cat.

Simian Solicitudes

Meditations of a Monk and a Monkey, or Solicitude for a Simian, written by Dr. Blurbie Stewpot, has received general accord in the Canadian press, and will shortly be released for college stewdents, the industrious Miss Henny typed away in an announcement for the bull-well-whyaddmore boards. She glanced happily at a book, with a frontispiece of a college professor and philosophist teaching a group of happy orange-ourangatangs the simple principles of metaphysics.

"Every stewardent should read this," she wrote.

Dr. Stunnley, the big boss, appeared. "You can add at the bottom a footnote. A translation in Greek will shortly be ready for mildewed stewardents." But his mind was soon

taken up with more weighty affairs. The Stewardents Council, meeting in regular conclave on Sunday, besought its mighty heads to have the Bund room in the basement of the Glumnasium sot aside for the stewardents. "I must see more of these women around Dullhousie," said one mighty solong, proposing the notion. "Are there any women around Dullhousie?" asked an Engineer.

"Food at Shirreff Hall is good. Food at Shirreff Hall is terrible. The stewardents are 63 46-100% Progressive-Conservative, the stewardents are 76% Liberal. Heck, I'm not even consistent," said Lizzie the Lope, asking herself the latest questions for DIPER (Dullhousie Institute of Perpetual Erratic Reports). Tucked away in the phone booth in the Gazoot office, or the Gacoot office in the phone booth, she was not seen by Cultuur Romeling, prexie of the Glum Club, who entered with his hat pulled down to meet his Robert sox.

"Things aren't as they used to be around Dullhousie," said he casually, draping his muffler over one eye to give him that unwanted effect. "When I was first here, about 20 years ago, this was a gentlemen's collich. People dressed neat, but now (laborious business of hauling his hair out of his eyes) they aren't like that at all. They look like fugitives from a rag-bag gag."

And yuk-yuking to himself, he sat down to write a letter to the editor, entitled, "Sartorializing With a Scarecrow." His meditations were rudely interrupted.

Yowls from all over the city suddenly dented the Dullhousie ears. "Creeps, it's a McLeak and his gabbers in action at last, but have they come in time." And sure enough, from the Arts building could be heard the panting and gnawing of feminine lips while a roar went up about Fanning Americanism or something, while over the air McLeak and Brakeable were giving people the ether with syllogisms on "What to do until the doctor comes, or shall we cut Germany peace-meal."

The scene quietened. The cigar left the campus; Rayne was drafted to fulfill an important vacancy at Ottawa; parades stopped; Stewpot stopped; stop. Examinations filled the air. Stewardents were seen studious, professors were breathing heavily over papers, the Gazoot ceased publication—for just a time, though. Knowsey hauled in his nose, stuck out his Knows. Snow began to fall.

VOX DISCIPULI

A Frank, Unbiased Survey of Campus Opinion.

Question: "What do you think of the work the GAZETTE has done this term?"

Answers:

STUDENTS

Steve Bloomer (Science & Eng. '45)—On the whole the GAZETTE is not what it should or could be, nor does it seem to have done any useful service this year. The urgency for Blood Donors, the most important student activity on the campus this term, was merely mentioned instead of being "played up." It was given more than a whole column on the front page AFTER the clinic was held. Since the Gazette is essentially a student publication, it should contain articles of interest to the student body. This year for the first time, Dalhousie sent two Med. students to Ontario to attend the meeting of C.A.M.S.I. A report on this conference was handed in to the Gazette office THREE WEEKS ago! Where is it? ? And with all due respects to the editor of Literary, could not a report of this nature replace the column occasionally? The Gazette's aim should be to entertain the MAJORITY of students! What I say is the opinion of the whole campus.

Jack Boudreau (Pre-Med. '45)—The Gazette this term has been an immense improvement over that of previous years. The main sources of improvement have been the efforts of certain people on the Gazette to print those things that appeal to the majority of the students, such as campus gossip and personal notes on popular people at college. The Nov. 3rd issue of the Gazette was the best issue of the paper that has ever been printed, I think. With all due respect to finer literature, I say give us more familiar, informal articles. They are a source of escape from the burdens and worries of getting a university education in wartime.

Ken Fraser (Pre-Med. '46) — I think the Gazette has done excellent work so far this term, although some columns, such as Dipo and Vox Discipuli could be omitted certain weeks to make room for different features, for instance another gossip column . . .

Sollie David (Pre-Dent. '45) — I think the Gazette this year is a great improvement over last year. The sport page is written quite well, and the March of Grime telling of the behavior of certain "outstanding" students is an excellent addition. On the whole the Gazette seems more friendly than last year.

Mary Robertson (Science '48)—I think the Gazette has done excellent work this term. However, I think there should be more photographs in it, and in my opinion the Literary section "stinks," and should be replaced by another gossip column.

Mike Waterfield (Engineering '45) —I think the entire second page should be cut out, and be replaced by more dirt. T-square should never be cut out and the editor should be an engineer!

FACULTY

Major J. W. Logan (Dept. of Classics)—It has been a great source of delight to me this present term, as one who was Editor-in-chief of the Gazette 54 years ago, to mark what I think is some improvement, in the past few years. The chief credit of the Gazette has always been that it is the voice of the students and an unhampered expression of the student opinion.

Prof. C. L. Bennet (Dept. of English)—I think the Gazette is well up to average. If I have a complaint it is against polls, questionnaires and interviews, especially this one. Like most people interviewed by the Gazette, I have neither the thoughts nor the knowledge to do justice to the question presented to me, and my attempts to draw a conclusion

DAL DAZE

There are several methods for writing examinations, including the brilliant student's, loiterer's, gambler's, or scribbled shirt sleeve, and the ordinary student's approach.

We came upon Rabid Foldwell in his garret last night, and decided that here would be someone with the inside story on this red-hot or brilliant student's approach. "Foldwell, how does one write a successful examination?"

Pass With Class

"You've got to get hep to your rep. If you're a long hair with plenty of jive between the ears, and lots of acreage of intellect, the one thing to do to cut a successful rug is to pass the night tuning in on the red-hot stuff of Gibbons, Voltaire, or whatever mug is on the jug."

Is that all there is to it? Not by a long shot, though we had rather hoped. "Don't mope, dope, if the jig is up with the applectart. Start scratching from the kernels of truth up, and go college with knowledge. The true university is a scramble of ale labels".

I suppose so. Anyway, we've taken that down faithfully and went into greener pastures, encountering a frosh who couldn't be filled with this bosh in such short time. We asked him the usual questions.

Bosh With A Frosh

"I suppose I should consider the matter with due care and consideration, paying attention to what might be, and yet which turns out after more than superficial inquiry to what isn't. That is the problem. To know and what not to know, which is, in the end, a defeat of the basic meaning of a university education, for a person should strive for education, and not the mere knowing of a few facts for examination purposes. Pragmatically or basically philosophic, logically or superficially—how shall one tackle the problem?"

Luck Without Pluck

From the sounds of it all, I should say knowledge had him firmly by the throat. Our third inquiry, in the would be misleading. The only other complaint is the inclusion of too many personal items which must be well known to the small proportion of Gazette readers who have any interest in them.

group between brilliancy and ordinary student, was a bedraggled looking series of scrawls, which turned out to be a bum student dressed in the latest zoot-suit, with exam cribs attached.

It turned out his laundry bill was the least troublesome problem on his mind. "What, oh what, am I going to do if I am asked to write on the basic contribution of Saucer to English literature? All the information, including an Olde Englishe alphabet, is way up around my shoulders."

We told him not to worry, that he could pretend to scratch himself. We left him writing the 2x2 table on his shoe laces.



Anticipating a boycott by the Hall, those resourceful Boilermakers have taken the cue from the girls and are casting glances towards the Wrens. "Red" describes one in the Warrant Officers' mess as "all right, don't you kid yourself"; this from one who has seen women come and go for over a hundred years. True, they have no gold braid, but who wants to be seen in public anyway?

The Millionaires' Ball produced a good crop of Sweater Girls, but are we right in saying Margot remains the one and only Bloomer Girl?

The Gym Store Commuters' Club will shortly bring before the Board of Governors the drafting room's urgent need of—no, not a bar,—just an automatic jerker. The problem is one of cutting down 10-minute siestas to half an hour; we propose that as the mid-afternoon exodus begins the commuters be attached to a ball and chain. With the usual nod from Prof. Copp, the jerker would start reeling them in.

Who said the room is full of jerks now?

Last week marked the organization of the 1944 edition of the Zero Club, membership restricted to those juniors with an average of nothing

or under. As sure evidence of effects of the Montreal invasion, Ghetler was unanimously elected President. Someone accused him of being a perfect dope, but we protest—after all, no one is perfect.

In answer to many requests, we can now reveal the identity of the gentleman who appears regularly in indelible chalk on wet blackboards. You recall Waldo of the S.C.M. sign in the Arts Building?—the strange man is a vision of Waldo after a meal at Shirreff Hall.

ORPHEUS

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"END OF THE ROAD"
and "FORTY THIEVES"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"DARK MOUNTAIN" and
"STAGE COACH MONTREY"

GARRICK

Saturday to Friday
THE SIGN OF THE
CROSS
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
FREDERIC MARCH

CASINO

SAT., DEC. 2
FOR ONE WEEK

GYPSY WILDCAT

— in —
TECHNICOLOR

OXFORD

Today and Saturday
"ONCE UPON A TIME" and
"A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE"
Mon. — Tues. — Wed.
"HOME IN INDIANA"
Thurs. — Fri. — Sat.
MICKEY ROONEY
— in —
ANDY HARDY'S BLOND
TROUBLE

CAPITOL

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"Greenwich
Village"
(in Technicolor)

Carmen Don
MIRANDA ● AMECHE

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Alan Larane
MARSHALL ● DAY

— in —
"Bride By Mistake"



Quality and style to suit the high requirements of the students of Dalhousie will be found at the largest Furriers in the East.

MARITIME FURRIERS LIMITED

52 SACKVILLE STREET, HALIFAX
Next Door to Garrick Theatre



YOU HAVE A DATE WITH

Happiness

Life offers you many opportunities . . . you may wish to establish a home, or devote yourself to a business career . . . in any case you want contentment and happiness.

Present happiness is incomplete unless you can also look forward to a happy and secure future for yourself and your loved ones.

Life insurance guarantees future security . . . it can assure income when earning power ceases (your own or your husband's).

IF YOU HAVE DEPENDENTS—If you have someone dependent on you, you can get a Mutual Life of Canada policy to provide for your dependent's security, as well as for your retirement years. A Mutual Life representative will be glad to discuss an insurance program to fit your individual needs. Call or write your nearest Mutual Life of Canada office today.

Make this Your Company by Becoming a Policyholder

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Established 1869
Head Office—Waterloo, Ont.
PROTECTING OVER 180,000 CANADIAN FAMILIES
1869 • 75th YEAR • 1944