

the Dalhousie Gazette

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The Dalhousie Gazette is Canada's oldest college newspaper. Published weekly through the Dalhousie Student Union, which also comprises its membership, the Gazette has a circulation of 10,000.

As a founding member of Canadian University Press, the Gazette adheres to the CUP Statement of Principles and reserves the right to refuse any material submitted of a libelous, sexist or racist nature. Deadline for commentary, letters to the editor and announcements is noon on Monday. Submissions may be left at the SUB Enquiry Desk c/o Dal Gazette.

Commentary should not exceed 700 words, letters should not exceed 300 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but anonymity may be granted on request.

Advertising deadline is noon Friday before publication. The Gazette offices are located on the 3rd Floor SUB. Come up and have a coffee and tell us what's going on.

The views expressed in the Gazette are not necessarily those of the Student Union, the editor or the collective staff.

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Some employment opportunity

"Well, we really liked your resume," said one of the executioners three. You know him—the one with just a touch of grey, just like Maurice the Rocket only with a body that couldn't last a heavy parcheezi game. The naughyde wails as he leans forward to expose his teeth for me.

THANKYOUVERYMUCHI'VEALWAYSBEENINTERESTEDIN MARKETINGANDRESEARCHESPECIALLYINWHATYOUR FIRM'SBEENDOINGI'VEALWAYSBEENIMPRESSED BY—

"To get to the point. . .," his superior cut in, preventing my nervousness from haemorrhaging all over the carpet, "we've got exactly one hundred-thirty-four other student applicants for this position. We'd like to know what makes you think you're . . . significant in this sphere of analysis."

She paused, then slid the words, "thirty seconds," out the side of her mouth while turning to admire her view of the people working next door.

WELLUHBASICALLYI'MAREALSELF-STARTERANDTHE FIELDYOURCOMPANYSPECIALIZESIN(i'vedonequiteabitof researchonthisyouknowreally)HASBEENWELLIGUESSYESI CANSAYITSOMETHINGOFANOBSSESSIONOFMINEYOU KNOWIFEELTHEMARKETFORLOBSTER-SHAPEDFOUNTAIN PENS HAS NEVER BEEN ADEQUATELY TAPPED AND EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A COMMERCE STUDENT I DON'T THINK THAT COULD BE HELD AGAINST—

"My, how time flies," she curtly told the ceiling, cutting the legs out from under my 19th plea for summer job clemency. "Could you be so kind as to send the next young lady in when you reach the lobby?"

"Sure," I wheeze, half-dulled by another defeat, half-anticipating talking like a real person and wearing real person clothes again. And then those two exams next week. . . Make that three-quarters dulled.

"One thing, though," I ask as my Easter clothes and me are almost out the door. "What was he supposed to do?"

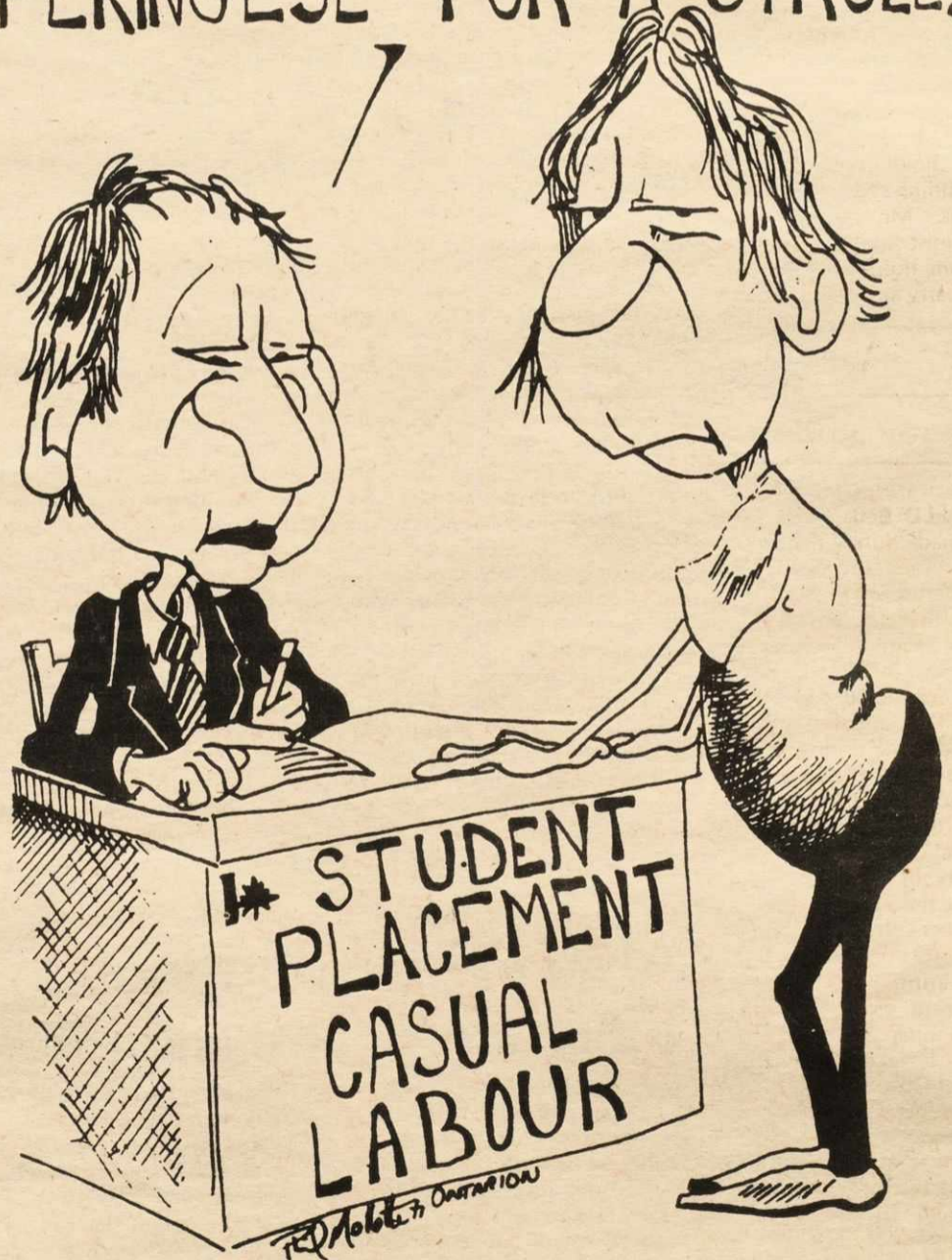
"Who, him?" they chorus, following my finger to the robotic-looking youth in the corner with buttoned mouth, Mulroney button and intent ears.

"He's part of a new provincial government program . . . we haven't quite figured out what he's here for yet," she mused, running one of her fountain pen's claws down the side of her nose. "We thought maybe if we all sat in on these interviews together we might remember why we hired him."

"Now his resume . . . was really nice," said Maurice as I shrank away from the cubicle and clicked the door quietly shut. I thought I saw a tear in his eye.

K.B.

"AND ON TUESDAYS
YOU TAKE MRS JONES'
PEKINGESE FOR A STROLL."



Clarification

The staff of the Dalhousie Gazette wish to clarify the context in which the editorial cartoon in the March 8 issue was presented. In no way was this cartoon meant as an attack on the Minister of Education, Terry Donahoe. It was, in fact, an editorial comment on the campaign of candidates in the Dalhousie Student Union elections.