

# Thinking or Scribblin?

This week one of our professors remarked that note-taking amounts to a disease at North American university lectures.

Another, in conversation, said that the sort of frantic note-scribbling he sees going on in front of him is, he feels, defeating the purposes of his lectures.

A lecture is designed to convey information to the student in a more personal way than could be accomplished by a printed, or even mimeographed page.

Of course the student will want to take some notes; but they should not be the sort of literal transcription of the lectures so often found.

The student should in fact approach his classes with a different idea. He should, first, be prepared by having read something about the subject, which he would be prepared to discuss intelligently.

Second, he should then listen critically to the lecture. This professor observed that he could get away with any sort of statement in his class and never be challenged. The student should be prepared to challenge, instead of passively accepting the lecture as a sort of oracle whose occult sentiments should be preserved verbatim.

In this way the lecture becomes a form of group thinking as well as a means of conveying information not in the text.

This system is not often found in arts courses, though in form of the "case method" it is practised in law. One reason is the size of the classes — this professor has one class of 180 students.

But there are smaller classes where this method is possible. We feel that it would make lecture periods far more profitable.

One of these days we're going to get ahead of our reading, and in our lecture make an effort to stop writing as a substitute for thinking. The result should be good.

(reprint from "Gateway")

# SAM'S Philosophy Column

the queerest thing happened yesterday

Joe was sitting up in the great hall listening to Glenn Miller put rhythm into the little brown jug

when these three chicks walk in and start talking about some revolution

the time has come one of them said we must arise and revolt

this state of affairs cannot be tolerated any longer things have come to a pointed head

the crisis has arrived we must take decisive action tomorrow said the other

we will put up the posters and hang out the banners we shall take over the p a system in the buttry

and the bulletin boards we shall distribute our pamphlets and form our picket lines

our union shall make us strong what shall we take as our motto said the third one

for a while they chewed their pencils and tore their hair then at last one of them

i think it was the blonde one screeched ive got it to each her own

well put that on the posters and well hand out motto buttons well string it across the front of edwards hall

this ratio is unfair to mac girls said the first there is too much danger

in picking the wrong one from the three boys you have a choice of

yes said the second and furthermore all the boys want to go

to the wonderland ball and that is obviously impossible you cant take three

you ask one and youve

# Report From Dame Peeps

Thursday, Feb. 17—Didst escape from the coal cellar wheren my most nearness spouse and aforetimes imprison me. Inreupon did wend my way to that refuge for

homeless maidens, marmalade Hovel. Dame Cutit's damsels hearing of my plight, did receive me with joyous welcome. The hallowed halls of Marmalade Hovel did resound with cries of grief,

misery and indecision. Upon inquiring as to purpose of said waiting, did discover forsooth, a vast number of revels to be held tomorrow even; Lady Gouva's ban, pleasant liars never, her majesty's ban, and the Alchemist's rouse.

many damsels did experience grievous rain spens when a cater was announced. Some noped for a peculiar swain, and some in nopes for most any swain at all.

Others did fear some deadly scolar that had been pursuing them. I did fear several fair makes would render themselves bairneaded, they did so tear at their locks.

Upon inquiry, I did learn that they had the good fortune (?) to have been offered escort to more than one of the several revels. They were somewhat envied by tearful maids,

but me thought the former to be in a more pitiful state.

Friday, Feb. 18—Did arise after an excellent slumber in Cutit's Castle. Methinks they have placed the dungeon in the turrets however, for my skyward cell did admit the cold draughts somewhat

above my liking. My dancing master, being a most patient man did send his calling card twelve times to the Hovel. Having used all his shillings thus he was unable to escort me to any of said celebrations.—thus "desk duty"—

a most entertaining pastime. Did greet a 11 young knights and announced their arrival to the waiting (though not always ready) damsels. Did discover, however, much to dismay, that all sojourns must needs be recorded in a great ledger, all entrees to be of an extreme exactness.

One fair damsel, Dame LeBlack, keeps close vigil over said manuscript. To bed betimes, but rudely awakened at a most ungodly hour. Methinks, heard tripping footsteps and male guffaws beneath the shutters.

Saturday, Feb. 19—Arose refreshed, but at breakfast did behold a deserted banquet hall until a moment before the closing of the doors, when did struggle in many bedraggled maidens. At 1.30 a great gong being sounded many inmates gathered in the outer court. Cop Green presided over Cutit's Court and did levy sentences to wailing wenches.

Sunday, Feb. 20—Awoke betimes with splitting pate after early morning revels among Cellar-Dwellers who didst consume great quantities of ceremonial sweets in honour of Milady Rensie Aven's twenty-first year. Didst behold one Jillie Guyhere in much pain with a turned tarsus. She had lately returned from a fierce combat with the maidens of the Dogtown School.

Being a day of rest and quiet didst retire to my cell to pursue the muses. The Dull maidens, being of lusty voice, filled the halls with their quaint madrigals, which much facilitated my studies.

Methinks the Hovel maids must needs have great stamina, for they have tea at 5.00 and then, alas, they do fast till morning.

No further word from my dancing master. Resolved to quit this Bedlam and return to my good spouse.

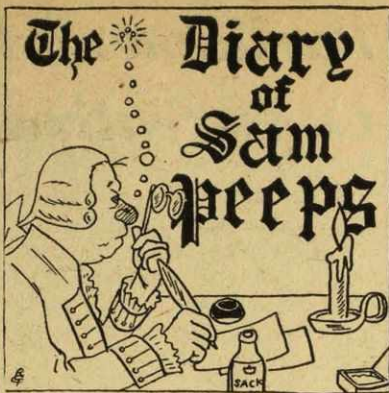
got two with hurt feelings yes said the third one we must put forth all efforts to see that two thirds of the males are removed from the mac campus

so that each will have only one and since there is no choice youll never start thinking that maybe you picked out the wrong one

well then said the first remember tomorrow sisters to each her own

and just one to each

(reprint from Silhouette)



Wed.—Abed all day in preparation for the revels of the evening, my wife having not returned, didst spend the day peaceful sipping my hops from the bedside. In the early evening to the Lady Hamilton where didst espy members of the Dalhousie choristers lubricating their voices in preparation for their performance of the evening.

To the playhouse (named after our dear sovereign) a most notable structure far surpassing that of the Dullhousie equivalent. Didst thrust my way past much of the yelling mob, and gained a seat in the pit, not without considerable damage to my powdered periwig and plum velvet suit.

Looking around in vain for the orange girls of "whist" selling their wares to the scoundrels about me, didst see only one, and that behind a door marked "tickets" looking much agitated, for her nearest comforter didst show surpassing youth.

This youth did defeat one Prickmountain at the game of "Knives and Smiles" in the list the following week thus gaining much in experience but not in years. To my dismay my Lord the Chief Editor of the Spectator was not in attendance. Me thought he surely would take advantage of this free evening and escort a damsel, but forsooth he remains steadfast and will have none of them.

Much amused before the players began by watching one musician, Mr. Shout, keeping time to his nervous agitations by the munching and crunching of jaws. Didst regard that he had lost his periwig in previous revels, seeing forsooth how much he required one did recommend its purchase without delay. These London days being passing cold for little boys.

Meanwhile, the players had come on stage led in comic fashion by the Dullhousie pranksters, Goliath Rind and Blackpork Night, Liars. The latter didst sport two comely legs, forsooth, the envy no doubt of all Cutit's Crows. For myself I will inquire of him his stocking maker so as to make a present of them to my wife, for after an evening with the dancing master. Methinks she would welcome a drowning in my vats. Didst feel the musicians in the pit and the

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Saturday—A quiet day, swapping backstairs tales with my brother. Many of his deeds didst quite shock us, particular concerning an orange girl of the playhouse, but becoming mellowed on hops he didst forswear his chase to remain artful to his good wife. Didst think for a moment this smacked of worthy thought, but remembering my own wife do wonder at his decision. To bed, at a late hour, the canders, having gutted.

### NOTICE

There will be only one more issue of The Dalhousie Gazette

choristers on the stage were striving to outdo each other in noise, but forsooth not in tone. These seeming spiteful rivalries should stop for the sake of Goliath Tan, the new leader of the players. Others about me in the pit seemed not to mind the din at all, for they didst pay attention to the doings of others about them, so neglecting the players. Home in high dudgeon having missed the orange girls.

Thursday—Of this day to my diviner, a star-gazer of note, to hear my destiny for the days following. Do suspect him of belonging to that evil-sect the Puritans for he saw the end of my visits to the Lady Hamilton. Having given him 10 pound notes, I paid a visit to that Lady, wherein I spent the remainder of the day. Wending my way homeward didst remember the plight of Mr. Shout and plucked a periwig from a passing form. Alas, the periwig resisted me and on closer inspection didst discover an orange girl! Her screams attracted the attention of a constable, and I didst spend the evening in a cell, without the aid of a Liar.

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# So Long, It's Been Good To Know You

Remember the song, "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You". It really has, my dear, honourable Lady Features Editor, informed me that I no longer need to subject you to these horrible, corny lines; however, it has been fun and it seems a bit sad to think of the year coming to an end.

Today is Munro Day — a day when all good things come to an abrupt climax (except studying, of course). Charlie isn't sad though because he has gone off on a trip to Florida (lucky boy) and Hawaii. The last time I saw him was at the airport where he was cheerfully checking his lawnmower. Seems someone told him the girls down there wore grass skirts. You see, as soon as the extra-curricular activities are over, Charlie's interest in a university dips drastically low; in fact, so low, it almost drops out of existence. So, good luck, Charlie my boy, have fun.

You know, I hope nothing has happened to Pierre as of late. I haven't seen him for ages — last time I saw him was wondering around in a stupor mumbling something about Montreal night-clubs, etc. And if you remember, Pierre didn't know anything about big city life.

I'll bet he got himself into a few gambling games and that is one thing that he can do. Back in his home town that's all they ever did. So he is probably still in the city, gambling all day and then having a whale of a time at night. Probably in a couple of weeks the papers will be screaming blue murder concerning a certain character who has been accumulating tremendous amounts of wealth and not leaving any for anyone else. And then before the people realize it, Pierre will be heading back to

the woods chuckling to himself something about how dumb can city people be.

So with Charlie and Pierre out of the way, things will probably be very quiet around here for the next few months. We will be able to live in peace and then perhaps get some studying done also. Someone mentioned the other day about studying and the comment was made, "What's that?" It's not really that bad but almost could be.

Before proceeding too far, I might mention that in a previous column I stated that apathy regarding student elections seemed quite prevalent on this campus. It seems that this time my predictions were a little out of focus. The turnout at the ballot boxes was really good — much better than was expected. That is what we like to see. It is when the students take an interest in the affairs of their government and when the Council knows that the interest of every student is with them, that they can do a much better and more efficient job. So I say, it's hat's off to the student body, who showed they are behind their student council all the way.

To close this column for this year, I would like to thank you for taking the time to read these bits of nonsense (if you have read them) and to say how much I have enjoyed working with the Features Editor and the rest of the staff this past year. The kids worked on the Gazette have really put their heart and soul into it and I think they have done a tremendous job. We don't realize just how much work it takes to put out a paper of this kind. So to all of you, good luck on the exams, and God bless you.

—Woody Woodpecker

# Thoughts

I.  
I went into the dark and could not see,  
I came into the light and saw again,  
And yet, how often in this life of ours  
We see in darkness and in light see not at all?

II.  
I met a man last night, while walking through the rain,  
He stopped and said, "Is not this night much like our life,  
Wherein we know not where we go nor what we do?"  
To which I mase reply, "This night, which now takes on a dismal form,  
Will lead into a morrow clear and fresh."

R. A.

# EXACTLY 48 DAYS

## Before Final

# EXAMINATIONS



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by GLENAYR

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### FEARLESS FOSDICK

by AL CAPP

BEFORE I CHUCKLE BACK UP—WHAT'S YOUR LAST REQUEST, FOSDICK?

TRY NOT TO WRINKLE MY NEW SUIT!!

WELL, JUST IN CASE, I DO—HERE'S 43 CENTS FOR TH' DAMAGE!!

### 43 CENTS!!

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WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

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