

# How NOT To Pass Exams

By JOAN HENNESSEY

Did you ever wonder why so many people don't get through college? Did you ever think that it might not be the fault of the professors? Let's face the facts—we're not as smart as we think we are. Though we may laugh at professors and ridicule them, though we love them and hate them, every year at exam time they really have the laugh on us.

After plowing through reams and reams of papers and straining their eyes trying to make out our horrible writing (yes, it is bad), some of our professors could probably write a book on examination boners. Some of these boners are unconscious, others are pure stupidity, but all are funny. Let's sit back and laugh at ourselves for a change.

A student's interests may come shining through on an exam. I wonder if the student who wrote that "Kodak is the Bible of Mohammedanism" is a camera bug? And surely no one but a football fan could write that "the clown in "As You Like It" is named Touchdown." The party type thinks a Socialist is someone who goes to parties all the time. At the same time he probably thinks that Marx is something you get on an exam. Do you want to anger the Scots? Tell them that a Gael is a storm at sea that occurred in Shakespeare's "Tempest."

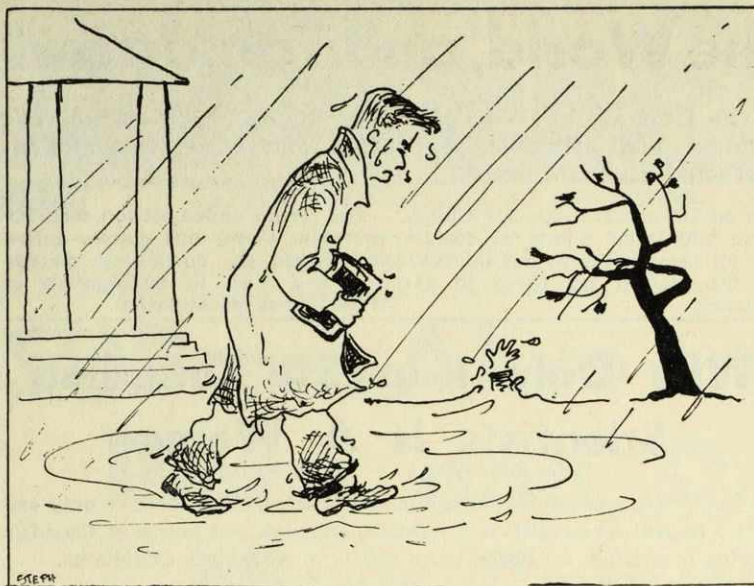
Some people, probably the male population, have terribly twisted ideas about marriage. According to one person, Robert L. Stevenson got married, went on his honeymoon, came home and wrote "Travels with a Donkey." Jacques Cartier got married and was unable to undertake any voyages for 20 years. And then there was the poor misguided soul who wrote "In Chris-

tianity, man can have only one wife. This is called monotony."

Paris in the spring must be a wonderful place. According to some students, even the sidewalk cafes are in bloom, and it is possible to see flocks of fishermen along the Seine. And for the benefit of any smokers going to France, Gaulois Bleu is the name of a kind of cigarette, not blue-eyed inhabitants of Brittany. And don't be too surprised if all the houses in France are not made of Plaster of Paris.

England comes in for its share of slander too. Some students seem to think that the court leads a very dull life while others will tell you that King Alfred conquered the Dames, that Henry the Eighth by his own efforts increased the population of England by 40,000, and that Queen Victoria was the only queen who sat on a throne for sixty-three years. Sounds pretty lively to me. Speaking of England, tourists who

"and we're proud of being the college by the sea"?



## Professors After Hours

Students at Dalhousie often wonder just what a professor does with his time after lectures have been concluded. What sort of men are professors? Do they possess anything in common. What do they do in their spare time? With these questions in mind, the GAZETTE recently conducted a survey among certain members of the staff at Dalhousie.

Naturally, a survey of this kind could not come forward with concrete statements on the pattern of life followed by all professors. However, we did arrive at some general facts which would appear to be common to the majority of professors at Dalhousie.

For instance, we asked the professors what university they would like to attend during Sabbatical leave. London, Oxford, the Sorbonne and Harvard were among the few that were mentioned, although the professors added that the type of work they were doing prior to Sabbatical leave would affect their choice. A good library was considered a primary essential of a good university.

visit there may see Gray's effigy in a country churchyard.

History is always a great source of puzzlement to many students. Alexander the Great entered Troy disguised as a wooden horse. The Crusaders were a movement to drive the turkey out of Europe, and the cause of the great Schism was the Pope had his head in Rome, and his seat in Avignon.

Text books are invaluable. One student said "before the Industrial Revolution they had to do everything by hand, but great progress was made and by the end of the book they were doing quite a lot of things without hands." Richelieu was a high feller in the Catholic Church in France. He came to America with Columbus and helped to found Quebec. He was important in stamping out Protestantism among the Indians.

Professors often discover such informative tidbits as "modern painting ought to be brought up to date" and "although he was a thief he was honest and frank." St. Malo is well known to Canadians because he was a Saint. Latin may be a dead language but it served a useful purpose for the students who wrote that "Habeas Corpus" was a phrase used during the great plague in London and meant "bring out your dead."

This was found on an English theme — "Donne believed in free love but he had only himself to blame for his misconceptions." And it seems that the moral of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is to obey the fish and game laws. Shelley's most famous poem was "Ade-noids" and Homer wrote "The Od-dity." A morality play is a play in which the characters are ghosts, goblins, virgins, and other supernatural creatures.

Although the professors did not all state a preference for the same university (though Oxford was a frequent choice), a certain element in their choices was common to all. They all stated a preference for an established university. Thus, they were in concord with this generalization: that old universities, as their facilities and libraries grew, attracted men of scholarship, and that these men in turn attracted sincere students in various fields, forming the nucleus of an intellectual institution that can supply scholars with the environment that they seek. Most professors expressed interest in going to such an institution so that they might be able to discuss their own field of study with the giants of those fields. One philosophy professor expressed the situation quite well when he said that it would be difficult to gain much from one year's study at a college where the facilities and organization are not well established, and where recognition had not arrived.

We asked the opinion of the professors on the following statement: "Do you feel that travel is essential to education?" All of the professors agreed that travel certainly broadens one's education, but they differed in their estimation of just how important or essential it is. Although some professors felt that travel is vital to education several felt that the importance of travel is greatly exaggerated. One professor said that more education could be gained by staying home, studying for long hours on one's "cold, stony bottom" than travelling about the world. It would appear that the professors regard travel as an aid to education, but not as an essential.

Finally, we asked the professors how they spent their spare time. There was a surprising lack of leisurely hobbies among the professors. For the most part, their spare time is spent in reading to gain more knowledge or in writing to spread that knowledge to others. Their summers, also, were spent in this fashion. Those in the fields of deeper thought ruled out the possibility of instructing summer schools; their time must be spent in research in their field rather than in teaching the basic principles of their field at a summer school.

It was the general consensus of opinion that a professor cannot leave his profession during vacation time, else he would show by his lecture the following autumn that he had become "rusty". The life of a professor, then, is one of

# In The Land of Jean Baptiste

When the Lee's (the South Carolina Lee's, that is) car pulled into the Canadian Customs at Phillipsburg, you couldn't have told it from a snowmobile without a program. It was equipped with skis, toboggan, warm woollies for the Mrs. and kiddies, and a trunk full of trinkets to give to the hostile Indians. On the dash was a French-English dictionary. Mr. Lee was going to deal with "them Frenchmen" in their own lingo.

Having cleared the Canadian customs, the Lees embarked on their journey in the Province of Quebec. It was not long before M. Dyplessis' roads or better still, the holes in them, wrought considerable damage to the car. Removing the dictionary from the dash, Mr. Lee proceeded to the next garage.

Stopping the car and getting out (with dictionary in hand), he summoned the attendant.

"Gascon, gascon"

The attendant came out of the garage, cast a glance at the licence plate, and smilingly replied:

"Qui, Monsieur."

"Gascon, le . . . axel . . . il est . . . coupe . . ." said Mr. Lee pointing to the offending point. The attendant looked blank for several moments, then smiled and retorted:

"Ah, oui, Monsieur."

Before Mr. Lee could protest, he was made the proud possessor of seven and three tenths gallons of gas, which, incidentally, was all the attendant could force into the tank.

"No, no, not gas. The . . . Le . . . axel . . . il est coupe, broken, busted . . . kaput," he said making a motion to indicate breaking with his hands, and then pointing under the car.

A look of enlightenment spread over the attendant's face, and over Mr. Lee's too when he saw the former crawl under the car. A few minutes later the attendant reappeared again, threw a "une momente, Monsieur," at Mr. Lee, and vanished into the station. Mr. Lee's peace of mind was short lived, however, for the attendant strolled out of the garage carrying four quarts of oil.

Mr. Lee exploded in righteous wrath.

"Look, you stupid . . . I don't want gas or oil; the spark plugs are O.K.; I'm not on the market for any accessories. I merely have a broken axle which I want you to fix, and further more . . ."

"Then why the heck didn't you say so in the first place! Come back in two hours and I'll see if the welder can fix the axle—and that's \$8.76 you owe me for gas and oil."

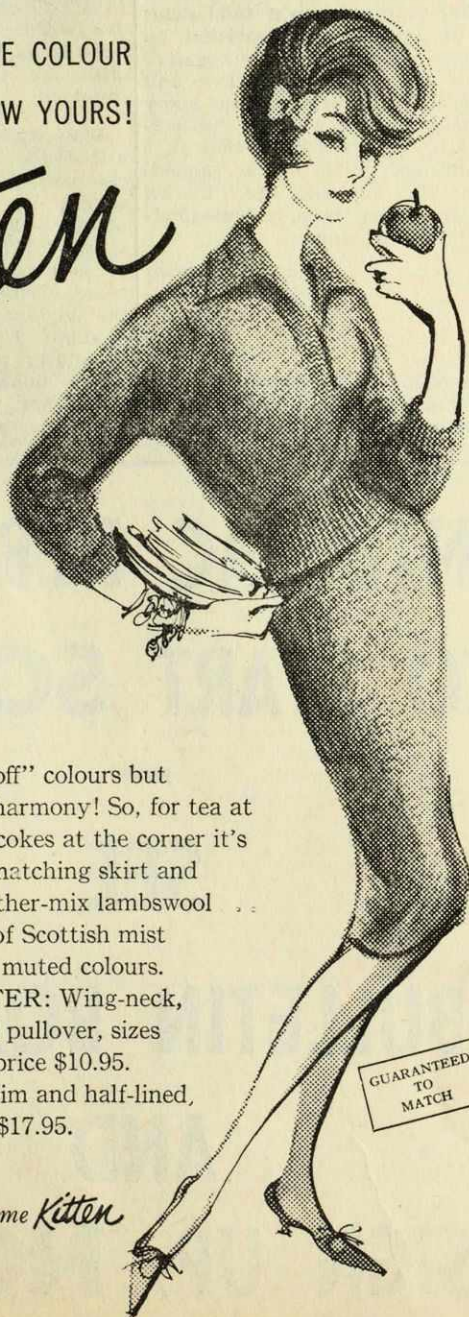
Mr. Lee replaced the dictionary in the dash, wishing that he had remembered \$8.76 worth of the French that he had learned way back in P.S. 24.

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