

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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MID-YEAR EXAMINATIONS

Within recent weeks, both Acadia and the University of New Brunswick have announced the abolition of mid-term examinations. In a statement issued with their announcement respecting the new policy, the faculty of Acadia pointed out that the new system would certainly have its defects, but that it was felt to be a definite improvement over the old.

Polls taken at both universities have indicated that the move was not popular with the students. In a survey conducted by *The Brunswickan* it was revealed that 79% of the student body disapproved of the abolition of the mid-term papers. An unofficial poll on the Acadia campus displays a similar reaction among students there.

But student reactions in such cases do not necessarily show wherein lies the greatest good. The average student is likely to take the stand that mid-year examinations make a course easier, or at least, easier to study for at the last minute, and will not consider the ultimate good brought about by more methodical methods. In all too many cases, a Bachelor's degree is obtained by students whose only recommendation is their ability to learn so much in so little time to so little lasting advantage.

Undoubtedly, mid-term papers do have their good points. They give the student an opportunity to see his relative position before it is too late for any remedy, if one is necessary. They afford an opportunity to judge a professor's preferences . . . since professors are not mathematical calculators and do have individual preferences with respect to types of material or styles required. And they allow a student . . . particularly a new student . . . to get the "feel" of writing what may be an entirely new type of examination.

But the new systems supply partial substitutes for these points, in that regular tests . . . tests not counting in final examination marks . . . are given. These tests can provide a great deal of information about relative positions, professors' preferences, and type of examination.

The college student must learn that the burden of study lies on him—his professor should not be required to apply force. Similarly, he should realize that examinations should not supply the only impetus for concentrated and consistent study, rather the impetus should be supplied by a desire to obtain the most from a given course.

For too long a time, the average college student has been, and has allowed himself to be, spoon-fed. He enters the world of business with the idea that he knows a very great deal, and soon finds all the knowledge in the world will not help him unless he learns—and learns fast—that there nobody will drive him. For the business world helps only those who help themselves, and an appalling majority of students are only too willing to forget it.

THEY MAY WELL BE PROUD

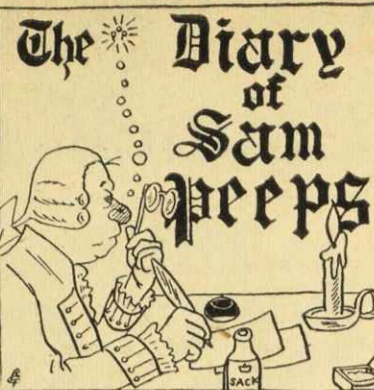
Admirers of Jefferson Military College are offering financial aid to the proud but poor little prep school which turned down a \$50,000,000 endowment because the gift was conditioned upon the acceptance of a charter change providing that the school should be primarily for white Christians.

This refusal of a financially weak college, situated in an area of the United States where the feeling of 'white supremacy' is dominant, is a tribute to the integrity and character of the university and its board of trustees. It also makes us wonder about the recent persecutions of Communists in America, accused of subversive activities which would undermine the democratic structure of the United States. Yet a multimillionaire can with impunity advocate the supremacy of the 'white Christian' without any reprisal whatsoever.

We live during a period of Red scare and atom fright. Yet no acknowledgment is made of the Nazi Counterpart, the man who preaches White Superiority. Because he is American he is right. Can we fully condemn certain political elements for calling ours a decadent democracy and attempting to corrupt us to their interpretation of the best way of life for humanity?

The question of slavery was not settled by Lincoln, nor did the recent downfall of Germany put an end to the problem of religious persecution. Not as long as men such as George Armstrong Sr., Texas, and Mississippi oilman-capitalist can openly attempt to buy with dollars and cents the right to enslave the minority groups through prohibition of education or supremacy preaching.

We take off our hats to this tiny university which has acted so nobly in the refusal to act the Judas for "thirty pieces of silver".



Wednesday, Nov. 2.—Up betimes in great expectation of a fine day, only I am most sorry I have started poorly. For I did catch my toe in the turned up hem of my nightgown and tripping did fetch my upper lip a great blow on the edge of a fine iron bucket beside my bed.

Clutching up the bottom of the damned nightgown in my hands I to the house of office, glaring at my wife on the way for she did dare to laugh at me as I passed. While sitting there, meditating, did discover that by putting some of the paper there around my fine ivory comb and humming at it I could make a sound most like to that of musique. And I am resolved I shall compose a small solo for the comb and call it a "Brown Study" in memory of the occasion.

This day did meet Mis Majestie's Admiral "Salvo" Grunt, of which I am not too pleased but I could not avoid him, nor his civilian friend who has never been in the navy of the king except while crossing the mouth of the Thames on a royal barge—and him they call "Foo" Grunt. Which resolves me that these new expressions they call "nicknames" will not last. For "Foolish" is much more expressive than the foreshortening "foo", I do think.

After tedious conversation with the Grunts, I off to the wailing wall, where, wailing I did find the sober-sided T. Ignorance Moreso, who spoke in melancholy tones, as of a lover, of his great falling down in the matter of Spearpoint Quickly, who methinks had little choice, and has done well for this man Moreso will come to nought.

This night is to a great "All Fool's Day" dancing party at the meeting place of the society of knaves headed by Sir Lancelot Shoutwell, called in strange manner the Dry Felts. This name is unseemly for none are dry among their number. And there as guest was the great head of the Pigma Sties, Gael Moreso, in company with Wasabelle Freezer.

Sadly, I did leave and make my way home, tripping and cursing as I went. And in my chamber I did move the iron bucket to the other side of the bed so that I would have no difficulty on the morrow as I had this day. And so to bed.

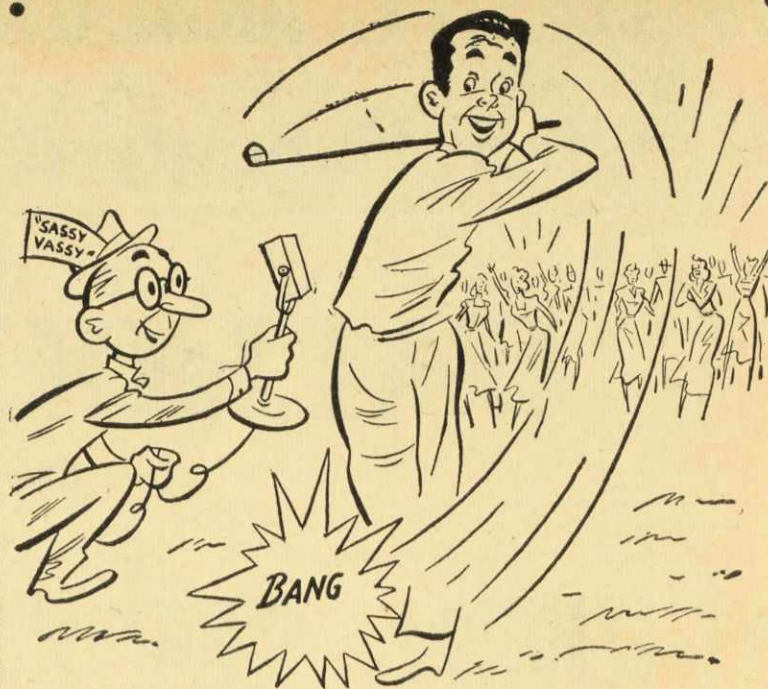
Thursday, Nov. 3.—Out of the wrong side of the bed this day, and so a sore foot, banged upon the iron bucket which I am resolved to keep under the bed from now on.

Outside in haste and shifting the sunlight dial one small turn for today the town do move onto Standard Time.

Across the road did spy a great fool riding upon a mechanical contrivance like unto a horse with two wheels, and I am resolved to make shift to speak not to the man for he is surely mad with this put-put-put in the morning. And his family is well-descended I am told, his father being of the house of Morgan, although he do look not too long descended.

And all the afternoon I did play on my swinette and think on the old days. Where are they all, those great good friends and boon companions—Malcolm Rooster-Gale the sire of old Hantsport; and Margerine Boil who is a great relic of the old system which is not much changed; and where is Rocket Sheet of the triangle, and Knave Flusher and "FatBack Hate-it"?

In a melancholy mind I to bed, with no kindness to my wife.



"Congratulations, Mr. Clout N. Putt! Your admirers wonder if you were always confident of winning?"

"Absolutely! Dry Scalp simply never had a chance once I started grooming my hair with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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Around the Campus
with Egbert . . .



Egbert says

"I wonder if they need a good basso"

Egbert's basso may not be mucho profundo, but his knowledge of financial matters goes deep. During his four years at college, Egbert has been practising money management at "MY BANK".

Like thousands of students from coast to coast, he's been salting away the stuff that glitters in a savings account at the B of M. Now he's got a reserve fund to draw on when that heavy date comes up and, what's more, by handling his own financial affairs, he's getting rich—in financial know-how.

Why don't you get hep to this angle, and join in the chorus of money-in-the-bank hallelujahs.



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