

Job S. Hunter plays chess with Mr. IBM

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by Scoop Harrish

Job hunter: God. They're ten minutes over their time. What are they discussing?—where they'll put his desk? Come on, come on...

DOOR OPENS, RELAXED WOMAN LEAVES, CLOSES DOOR

Job Hunter: God. Not already. OK. OK. Let's see, is my tie straight? Should I knock or go in? Should... Interviewer: Enter.

Job hunter: Good afternoon... I mean morning. He's a bear... a bloody grizzly bear they've trained to sit behind a desk.

Interview: Take a seat.

Job hunter: Where should I take it? Heh heh Good broke the ice. Shake hands. Be firm... shit! sweaty palms.

Interviewer: Cigarette? Hmm, must have forked out a bundle to rent that suit for the day. Must be hungry for a job.

Job hunter: Thanks. He's wearing jeans, the man is wearing jeans. Looks like we'll be discussing land rovers and wood stoves.

Interviewer: So you want a job as a computer programmer, what languages do you know?

Job hunter: English and a bit of french. I've got to start relating to this granola head.

Interviewer: I wouldn't be so quick with the first one. No, I mean computer languages.

Job hunter: Oh yeah, well, all of them, in fact... do you like granola? Was that too obvious?

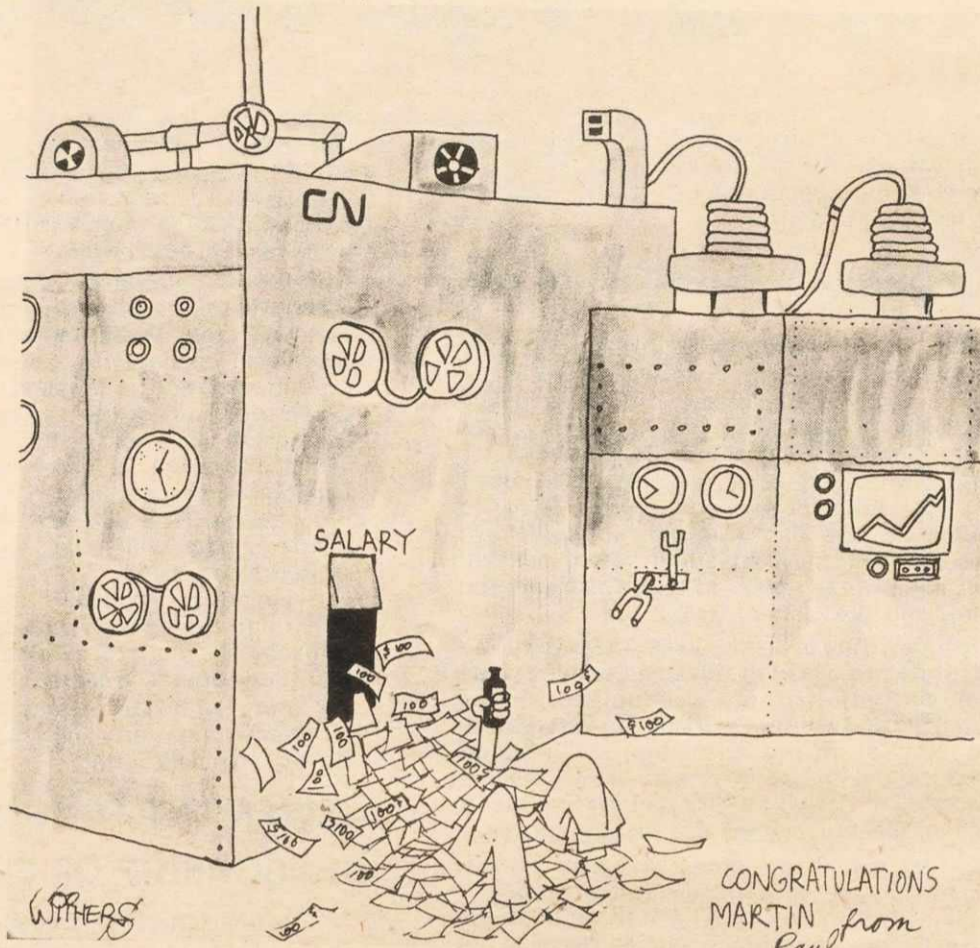
Interviewer: Pardon??

Job hunter: Split logs not atoms eh?? Heh heh I'm making an idiot of myself.

Interviewer: So, why do you want to work for IBM? Now there's a hypothetical situation.

Job hunter: I've grown up with IBM. It's in my blood like baseball and Mom's apple pie. I can't believe I'm saying this crap.

Interviewer: I can't believe he's saying this crap. Well, do you believe in what we do at IBM?



Job hunter: Oh yes, defense has to be a high priority in North America. Where's the ashtray?

Interviewer: What are you talking about? Uh huh.

Job hunter: And missiles are the key. No ashtray! Help!

Interviewer: He can't be talking about ICBMs, can he?

Job hunter: And I think Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles are the key... are you OK sir?

Interviewer: uh, just something in my eye. Just five more minutes.

Job hunter: Five more minutes.

Interviewer: What do you feel your greatest weaknesses are? Try to keep

it within an hour.

Job hunter: I have an insatiable urge to work, that drives fellow employees to drink and suicide. I also have a pocketful of hot ashes.

Interviewer: Insatiable, are you? Not bad, four syllables.

Job hunter: I'm still looking for a woman to prove I'm not, heh heh. I hope he doesn't think I'm a sexist bastard.

Interviewer: Sexist bastard.

Job hunter: As for my strengths, I'm a man of strong convictions, liberally speaking...

Interviewer: Liberally?

Job hunter: Liberally, oops.

Conservatively speaking...

Interviewer: Conservatively?

Job hunter: Conservatively?... NDPLY?... help!

Interviewer: Well, where do you think you'll be in five years? If he says sitting in my chair, I'll shove my pen down his throat.

Job hunter: Sitting in your chair interviewing you, heh heh. Not bad. Not bad.

Interviewer: Heh heh. Where's my pen?

Have you got any questions?

Job hunter: Yes, if I don't take a vacation this year, can I save it up for twice as long next year?

Interviewer: Don't laugh, don't laugh.

We'll see. Tell me, what do you do in your spare time? Watch the laundry spin? Count sidewalk cracks?

Job hunter: Got to get back to the environment. I rally against nukes.

Interviewer: I can't hear anymore. Uh huh.

Job hunter: Yes, split logs before atoms. God, I already said that.

Interviewer: Wonder what's for supper. Uh huh.

Job hunter: And as for the whales...

Interviewer: ZZZZ... Whalers?? Are you a Whaler fan?

Job hunter: Uh... sure. What?

Interviewer: Not many Hartford fans up here.

Job hunter: No, not many of us. Football? Soccer? Ping pong? Help!

Interviewer: I'm a relation of Rick Kehoe you know. Never noticed how intelligent this lad looks.

Job hunter: Finest player on the team.

Interviewer: You think so eh? Heh heh. I can find a spot for a bright light like this. Well listen son, there's no use going on.

Job hunter: No?

Interviewer: I should be calling you in a couple of days, with a contract.

Job hunter: I should have known... mafia.

Interviewer: I'll keep in touch. Dresses well.

Job hunter: Thanks very much.

Nova Scotia poets 'kidnapped' in contest

by Brenda Nichols

At the Arts Center Saturday, February 14, the Nova Scotia Poetry Society is planning to "persuade, recruit or kidnap poets who wish to read or recite their poems."

The Poetry Society is holding a poetry contest for those budding poets of a competitive nature. The deadline for the contest has been extended to April 30 due to numerous inquiries for information and rules. The president of the society said they have had a "wonderful response and have received a lot of very talented material." The theme of the contest is "celebrating interest in the history and beauty of Nova Scotia", and it is open to everyone who wishes to compose a poem on this topic. There are two special categories, open only to residents of Nova Scotia, which are the sonnet and humorous verse.

The prizes have not been decided upon yet, but the president said "they hope to attract the Ministry of Nova

Scotia to contribute an award because they are helping to promote tourism in Nova Scotia."

The presentation on February 14 starts at 2:30, admission is free, and there is no obligation to join the poetry society as a permanent member. Carol Peryl Bailey, who is a graduate pianist in Dartmouth, will be playing background music to create a renaissance atmosphere to add to the flavor of the poetry. The society will be mainly concerned with the content and form in writing poetry, but will welcome the novice as well as the master poet.

For those of you who are more interested in art than poetry, on Saturday, February 21 the poetry society is sponsoring a lecture given by Alex Colville on the circumstances of paintings. The lecture begins at 1:30 and goes to 5:30 at Mount St. Vincent. Everyone is welcome.

A guest of the society will be speaking to its members at

a dinner held at the Dalhousie Faculty Club on March 10. On March 14, the President of the poetry society, Helen Hudson-Allen, will be holding a workshop in her home at 1749 Oxford Street. Any inspiring poets are welcome.

The president of the society is a former writer for the Dalhousie Gazette back in the 1920's, and she says that the Gazette is "a wonderful paper". Helen Hudson-Allen has been the president of the poetry society since autumn. She was also president of the society during the Centennial year, when the Dominion Poetry Contest was held which had over 2,000 entries, some from distinguished poets. The president personally welcomes potential poets to all the society's upcoming events, and she encourages people to come out and practice public speaking, which she feels is "missing in ordinary schools of today."

CLASSIFIED

COLD and LONELY, that's what I've been since Thursday, February 5, 1981 when, during my 3:30 class at the LSC, my brown, down-filled ski VEST disappeared. If you have come across my feathered friend and would like to warm the cockles of my heart, please call 424-2507. I'll pay money for this!

LOOKING FOR A JOB WITH RESPONSIBILITY?

College Pro, the largest painting organization in Canada, is hiring foremen and painters for our operation in Halifax-Dartmouth this summer. First consideration to applications received by February 25—why not pick one up from the placement office?

FOR SALE: Chrysler Outboard Motor, 35 hp. Used only 10 times. \$1600.00. Phone: 455-6951.

Be My Valentine

I love you Broncho Billy, you're my kind of cowboy. xox B.G.

To the sexy guy who was on the cover of the B.S. News... I love your legs! Lost and hungry at the Dalplex.

PERSONNEL please be my valentine, I love you. ggp

Bo — sorry for any shit caused... Greg.

G.P. You can be my Dalorama anytime. C.H.