

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

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WHO RULES THE ROOST - 2

Last week an article from the Toronto Varsity, discussing systems of student discipline at Canadian Universities, was printed in these columns. It contained a paragraph which was stated to be the Dalhousie answer to a survey by the Toronto committee of the N.F.C.U.S.

This paragraph said, in essence, that the Dalhousie Council of Students handled matters of student discipline, and could recommend exact punishments to the university authorities.

And constitutionally — according to that constitution granted to the Council of the Students by the Board of Governors—that is correct.

But the paragraph was misleading. It only carried the written formula, and ignored altogether some of the weird interpretations which have been made. The paragraph reads well, but is not as good as it seems.

In the first place, the system works both ways. The university authorities have recommended punishments to the Council, they have punished students without consulting the Council, they have held investigations of students activities and conduct without even consulting the student in question, let alone the Council of Students.

Of course, on the other hand, the university authorities have been fair in handling many other cases, and on most occasions do accept the recommendations of the Council. But not always—and there's the rub.

Students at Dalhousie do not maintain their own discipline. The University authorities maintain the discipline—the Council is an instrument for discipline only, and not the actual disciplining body.

Chiefly because it reserves the right to withdraw the constitution of the council of students, the Board of Governors maintains absolute power—that's who "rules the roost"!

WILL THEY LEAVE IT ALONE?

When the Awards Committee finally present their revised system to the meeting of the full Council of Students, sometime in the very near future, they will have completed a long and arduous task, and excusing the pun, a rewarding one.

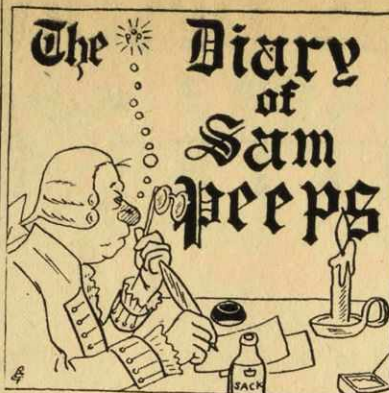
They have done something which other committees were unable to do—they have formed the skeleton of a live, active recognition plan—something which Dalhousie has lacked for some time.

Of course there have been the usual protests since the proposal was printed, in unrevised form, in the Gazette.

Not too many persons were satisfied with the arrangement this year, whereby only graduating students received their "D's". Others have claimed that "so and so gets more points than he should", while "this job doesn't have enough points awarded to it." But heads of societies have had ample time and opportunity to register their complaints and suggestions with the committee, and a great many changes have been made in the past two weeks.

If the point system is not equitable, then the slighted society has only its president to blame. He agreed that the system was good, and was satisfied with his group's allotment.

But now that we have a system, it is to be hoped that it is not meddled with for a while. In the past three years there have been three new awards systems. There is no need for a change now that this new plan is completed. It is workable, and realistic, and generous. And it is extremely unlikely that any subsequent awards committee can improve on it. It should be the permanent Dalhousie awards system from here on. Of course from time to time there will have to be minor changes, but in the overall scheme of things, this plan is adequate.



Wednesday, March 16 — Still a great to-do today about the book at Marmalade Hovel, which is called "Passion on the Doorstep", or "Love on the Threshold" or something. All the talk in the coffee houses is that the book has been secreted away by Miss Plowit because of the great amount of embarrassment it caused to the genteel ladies of the college on the hill.

This night to Noman's Land where I did spy Roast Porkington, Rush Rankinney and Altoon High-mass, all a-pondering of a serious problem which has recently arisen at a hall where international contests are the great feature. They were there investigating earlier in the evening, and in fact, had one of the denizens of the place with them, perhaps for closer inspection of their problem.

Did meet in Noman's land several people who called Ice Yokels—they all having great muscular legs and fine dyed wigs.

Fell to talking with Pools McArt who told me of three students from Picthree who decided they would turn to the land for a livelihood. Their first action was to purchase a cow which they named Julie and began to milk. After two days of this treatment, the cow broke loose and leaped in front of a carriage on the high road. It is the first instance of a dumb animal committing suicide of which I have heard. This McArt doth talk foolish, methinks.

Thursday, March 17 — Up late with a mighty fierce headache from last night's celebrations with the St. Margery's athletes, at which I made a great fool of myself, in expectation of no more roistering until the tests of knowledge at the college on the hill are completed.

First did meet Arthur, "Sir Laurence" Hairline, who did berate me soundly for not returning my costume from the Morrow Day play, at which I replied that I was most desirous of keeping it. He did laugh to scorn me, and said, "Return it or else . . ." I shall return it.

Weeda Makickun to see me at my office this day, telling me of her difficulty in catching on in society, at which I stated "There is no great hurry my child—you will be old like myself, soon enough."

Am told by sundry scoundrels that the one who doth curse the basketball players so loudly at all the games, and claim that they are inept, is a most jealous almost-scholar from the college on the hill, who is called Oddfellow MacDonald, and was expelled from the team of players for his own ineptness, they say. It is most strange.

In dire straights these days having foolishly vowed and wagered that St. Margery's would defeat Sidknee in the ice hockey competitions. I do see that these islanders are a mighty rough race.

Friday, March 18—Another Spectator (early edition) due on the street today, and I am waiting anxiously to see what it contains. Do hear of a literary contest which should have many fine articles, especially one by "Joe Doaks".



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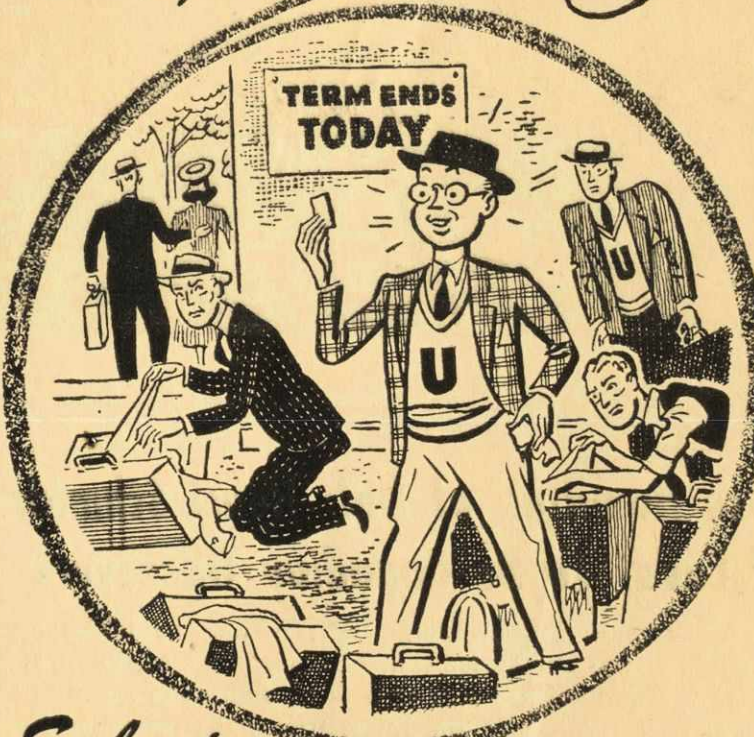
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... "Guess I must have had it all the time"

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