

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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THE UNINTERESTED 800

Some 900 Dalhousie students went to the polls Tuesday to vote for their representatives—the people who will manage affairs at Dalhousie for the next year. We now know the result of the voting, and we have learned the names of the new members of the Council of Students. But we will never know who the uninterested 800 students were who didn't bother to vote.

These days, what with the great Red shadow and all, democracy and the secret ballot are privileges enjoyed by some people and ardently desired by others. Then, of course, there are some people who have no choice in the matter and apparently happy that way. Whoever these people are and wherever they may be, at least we can understand them.

But who can understand the action of a person who pays money into an organization, has the chance to select the people who will spend this money, and doesn't make a choice?

Apparently at Dalhousie there are some 800 students who are beyond understanding—some 800 students who paid money into the council coffers and did not bother to vote for those candidates they thought best suited to the job of handling that money.

One thing we can understand about them, however, is that they are the same type of people who don't bother to vote for their chosen candidates out in the cold, cruel world to which we are supposedly going to be exposed.

They are the type of people who, in Halifax say, don't bother to voice opinions about what they think is a wrong—as in the Business Tax business recently—until it is too late. And then they don't bother to right the wrong, they go somewhere else, or look for a better place, or just accept the wrong.

A lot of people in Europe and Asia and practically everywhere in the world have been trying "go somewhere else" when faced with the scourge of Communism—they haven't all gone too far. Their search for a better place has been a futile one in most cases.

But a great many of them have realized too late that they had a chance and missed it, that opportunity was there but apathy barred the door. So they have accepted the wrong, believing it wasn't too bad, and found it to be worse than their wildest imaginings.

All this of course, seems to have little to do with anything as trivial as a student election at a little university. But actually it is pertinent, for people who avoid the little issues don't usually become strong in action about big issues.

They become fence jumpers—leaping from one side of the fence to the other. And apparently it is a pretty good method of avoiding trouble, and bother, and worry.

But what do they do when they find the same thing on both sides of the fence, and don't like it? They do nothing because it is too late—and you can't stand on the fence for very long.

Some 800 Dalhousie students didn't bother to vote. And it is reasonable to assume that a majority of that number will not bother to vote when they graduate. In other words, they will be poor citizens. They are already poor Dalhousians.

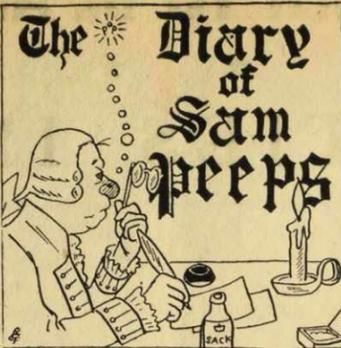
THE JUNIOR PROM DEFICIT

For many years at Dalhousie, it has been a custom—almost a rite—for the Junior Class to stage the big dance of the college year, the Junior Prom.

In line with habit of the past, this year's junior class operated the Junior Prom. They went "into the red". Several bills are outstanding — and in the minds of the people to whom the money is owed, Dalhousie is the debtor, not the Junior Class of Dalhousie.

The Council of Students have been trying, unsuccessfully, to find a way out of this dilemma. Constitutionally, they cannot advance money to the Junior Class because it is not a student society under their jurisdiction. And the Junior Class can't raise any money.

Meanwhile the bills are still owed. Dalhousie's name is still connected with unpaid debts. Might it not be a solution for the Council to pay the bills, and then argue out how the Junior Class are going to pay the Council? At least our credit would be reinstated.



Tuesday, March 1—Up early today and to the polls wherein I did cast my ballot in the democratic fashion—which same is very encouraging, methinks.

Did go down along the line and sneaked into the poll whereat the Pharmacy scholars were assigned to make their vote, and did most secretly drop in a ballot in favor of my great and good companion Gym Hairless. I am resolved I will vote only for him, he being such a fine fellow and much to my liking, as he knows nothing about the college on the hill, and thus will be able to misconstrue and dissemble all the better.

Have this day laid in a mighty fine supply of snuff in anticipation of Sunday and the Lords' Day Malignance. I am almost dead from sneezing, having had to use pepper in my nostrils all through last Sunday. It is not a good substitute for real snuff.

Have resolved, too, that I will set my already popular little tune "Oh! Honey Have a Snuff on Me.", to the music of my viol, and play it at the next Festival.

This night early I did make my way to home where I did sleep for a full hour before setting out on the night's debauch—which will be a wondrous thing.

With Less Ozone to the office of the Spectator (early edition) where in we did wait anxiously for reports from Charles Bigapple, who was participating in the counting of the ballots to see who will win the elections. Great pleasure at final result for a time, with many fine people gaining office.

Even Less Ozone who was running for some minor office was able to get in somehow. However, I did receive news which has for once and for all cured me of any desire for the new democratic elections. My great and boon candidate, Hairless—received only one vote. And as I voted for him, I must have been alone in seeing his finer qualities. It is too bad for him that people are not as intelligent as myself for I think him to be a rare good man. Still, people are calling him "No-Friends" Hairless already.

Wednesday, Mar. 2.—Celebration still on, and I becoming greatly angered at this bufoon Less Ozone who is pleased withal that he is to hold some no account under-secretaryship. Highly amused when the door did open and in came Carmen McSpike with a great red rose clenched between his plates. He did inform me that he was greatly twisted, having played some fool sport last evening, one the wrong side, or something. In any case, his team mates did play well and smote the enemy and a great celebration was held.

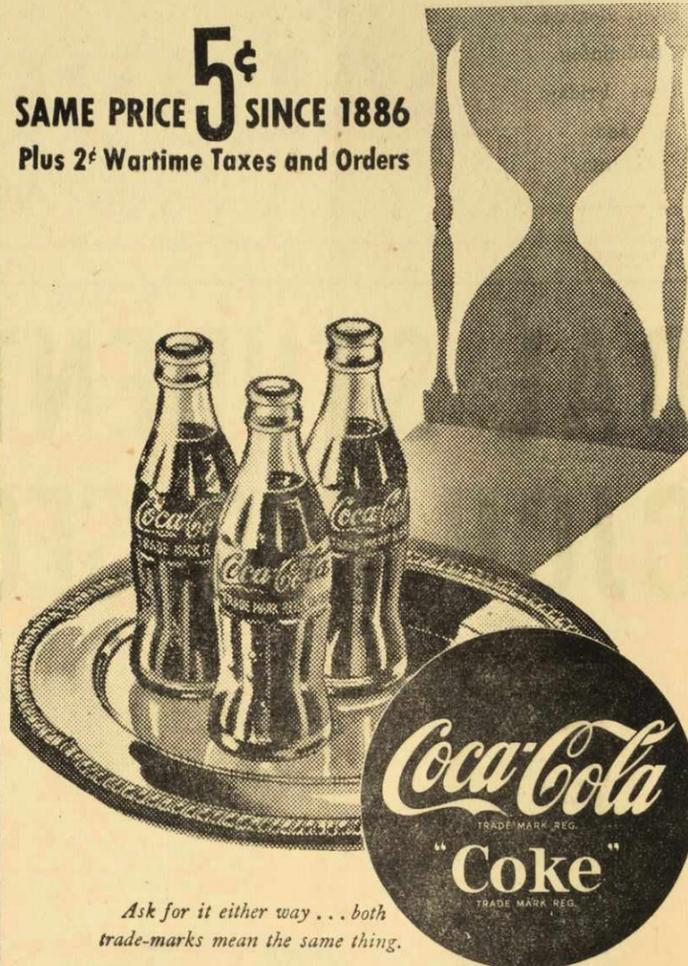
This fiesta whereat there were many people with roses, and mostly Irish, was held in the Lemonmens' Hall where I did sing mightily and pleased all there with my rendition of Dullhousie Nightmare, a fine new song, accompanied on the piano by Ilack Perception of the Wail.

Thursday, Mar. 3—Still up, and mighty tired—and disgusted too, everytime I hear that Hairless got only One vote. Everywhere today there is a hustle and a bustle and a preparation for the great holiday which is called Morrow Day in memory of James Morrow who broke his arm on the play fields of Eton.

It seems that this is a day when all and sundry have a good time, which same is a fine idea. I am resolved that I shall pay no attention to the rules of society but shall be my old self on this day. I do fervently wish, however, that I not meet that great sot, Roast Porkington, who is a schemer of sorts, I think.

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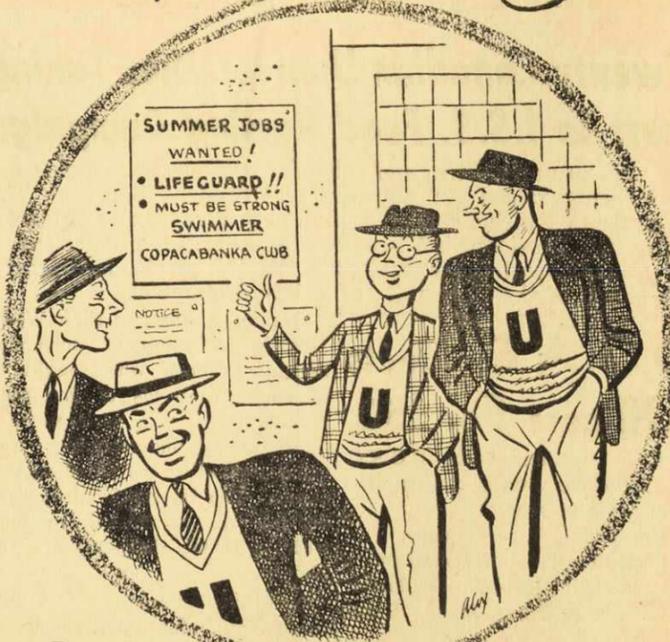
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