

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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THE WITCH HUNT

The lessons of the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War have apparently not been learned.

Over the length and breadth of America a radical or a radical idea is sharply dismissed as "Communist". That is all there is to it. Further assessment of the individual or the idea is thought unnecessary. It is new, it must be "Communist."

The only idea entertained in the hard heads of those whose ancestors burned witches in New England is that here is a new damnation to apply to anything of which they do not approve, a new crusade to which they should attach themselves.

Who bothers to look beneath the epithet itself for the objection which it represents? And who, doing so, will not often find a hate or a prejudice which has nothing to do with either Socialism or Russia? Or are we beginning to ape the Russians themselves?—he who is not with me, the fascist pig, is against me.

Russia has an idea to which it seeks to compel adherence, but what is our idea if not liberty of thought and expression? Or are we expected to conform to the personal tenets of Mr. J. Parnell Thomas?

When a prominent—a most prominent man in Canadian politics refers to another political party as harbingers of Communism, what exactly does he mean? Does he mean that they are Russian agents? Or does he mean—as Marx would have meant—that the party was composed of the leaders and organizers of the bloody revolution? Or if these seem unlikely, does he mean nothing at all? Is he merely taking advantage of a public confusion and a public fear for political ends?

An intelligent U.S. student told a Canadian last summer at the I.S.S. European seminar that he was afraid that his countrymen were beginning an absolute witch hunt, inspired by a fear all the more fearful because they could not explain it. With their outlook narrowing to the things they were familiar with and could trust, they became suspicious and repressive of anything which seemed new or unorthodox.

A number of societies of the loyal and patriotic variety were indignant at the thought of Dean Hewlett Johnston speaking at the University of Toronto.

"Why," they said, "the man is a Communist."

They all forget, apparently, that a higher sanction than any they can command says that the Dean or anybody else shall think and act as they please, within the law, and that University of Toronto students are quite entitled to hear him speak. Communist or Conservative, our tenets afford the same freedom to all ideas and all individuals.

It is not in the fat, easy years that democracy must prove itself, but in the lean years that are ahead, when the challenge of a new, Godless philosophy rises up against it.

Let it not be said of our generation, when we pass on into History, that mob panic drove us to forsake the very ideals we pretended to protect.

He who is not with freedom is against freedom.

Letters To The Editor

The Editors,
Dalhousie Gazette,
Dear Sir,

I wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Levine for his most informative letter. I, like all Dal students, am now satisfied that the funds appropriated for the noble game of "general" have been budgeted with caution. I was unaware that Webster listed the expenditure of the Student Council until Mr. Levine drew it to my attention.

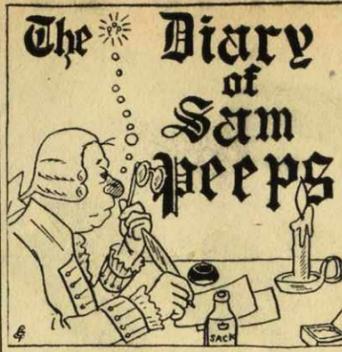
I would like to suggest that the Gazette carry a detailed account of the proceedings at the Forum for the benefit of those who may find it impossible to attend on the 24th. A statement in black and white is much more impressive

than a jumble of figures tossed from a platform. It must be remembered that it is the students' money that is being spent by the executive; the students have the right to know how and why such expenditures have been made.

In closing, I would like to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the attention you have given my letters. My humble gratitude is also extended once more to Mr. Levine.

Yours respectfully,
James A. Proudfoot

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Gazette has recorded student forums for over eighty years. It is, like paying your bills, a well established custom.



Wednesday, Nov. 24—Good God, what a row there is this morning about candidates for the seat of President in the Council of Students at the college on the hill. Soon, the scholars are to write examinations, yet they talk mightily about presidents.

As I can see, and as I did foretell to my wife, there are not many willing to be connected with the difficult task, which is worth only one award in the shape of a letter.

Some do mention vice-president Hen, but he is of the Tories and his appearance with General Pull-ed is against him. And he leaves the college this year, too.

Others do mention a mighty young fellow named MacEyewash which some think to be too pure for the job of premier.

Gusty McSpike did loudly assert that he would not take the job, until someone remarked drunkenly that no one would ask him.

Much disturbed that I was not a unanimous choice, or a choice at all, I left, sneering.

Did think, though, that it was time to look for a new president, for the elections, in the new manner where there are votes, and sometimes two elections, will be held in the Spring.

On the street, did learn that the Spectator (early edition) would not appear for some weeks after next Tuesday as there is to be a long trip for the editors, blessed be God.

Thursday, Nov. 25 — Laughed much this morning at hearing that my wife wished to take another bath this year, she already having had one in warm water as is the new fashion. As for myself, I have not yet perceived a louse in my wig, and think I shall not have another bath till I do.

Had a call from a student of the school of engineering and mathematics, who tells me that my old friend of the teaching staff there did jokingly tell the scholars not to worry as he always said what would be on the exams when he gave his final lesson.

Some do think it a trap, as he has said nothing yet, and as no scholars go to his tutoring classes.

Things are bad in the college on the hill, especially where the new sciences of cutting up animals are taught. Great quantities of killed cats are kept in a bin, each with a student's name on.

One McPill, an athlete, told me in confidence at the Gym Inn yesterday that he has been cutting up the same cat for three years. When I did remark that he had been cutting up too much, he replied he did take the course for three years only, which is strange, as I must needs take each course in one year, or so the instructors do inform me.

There was held in the great gymnasium hall today a meeting of all the scholars, but I did not go, as it was of no importance.

Visiting Sour's Inn, whereat I have once more established credit, did hear that Breton Less-Daughter had changed his name to Gus Molson, it having a better sound, especially when heard by instructors and his parents, who do not let him play too much at games.

Friday, Nov. 26 — This morning to the Dental school to have some exploration of my mouth made by the scholars there, which is free, and almost as good as the real thing.

Do now have a set of teeth shaped like those that are found in the mouth of the horse, but find that I can chew well although I perceive there will be some difficulty in learning to talk again.

Am resolved, on our next meeting, to bite the man who did this
(Continued on page 3)

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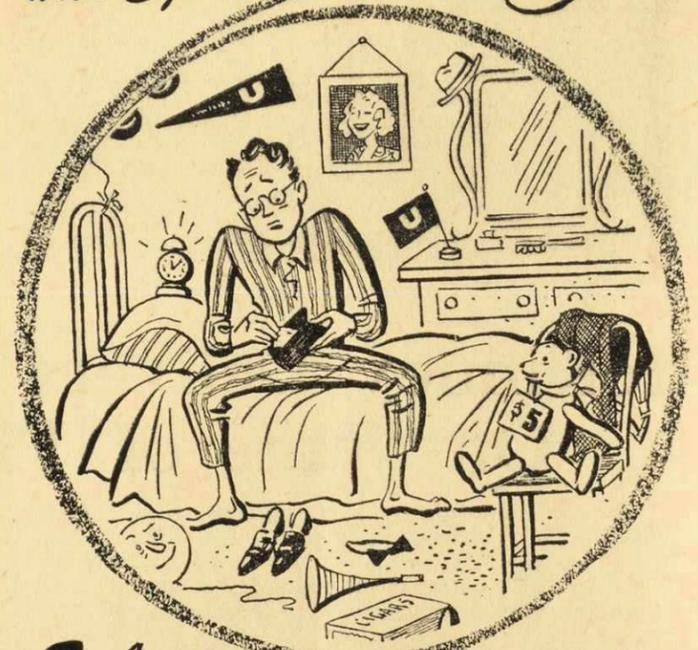
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Around the Campus with Egbert



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... "I'd have sworn I had a five spot left."

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