

DALHOUSIE Gazette

CANADA'S OLDEST STUDENT PUBLICATION

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POINTS AND AWARDS

The Students' Council is currently working on a scheme to revise the award system whereby a certain number of students are each year presented with Gold D's as a reward for services rendered in various student activities. It is thought that the Gold D has become too common to hold any great value. This is all too true.

At Dalhousie, the point and award system has finally resulted in a sad case of the cart before the horse, and too many students take part in activities with covetous eyes glued to someone else's Gold D. The inevitable result has been that the D is not an award of honour, but rather an award to indicate that the student has played so many years on senior teams, or written so many words for the GAZETTE, or acted in so many stage productions.

The ambitious scheme to limit student offices, which this year's Council has made constitutional, and the present award system will have trouble in mixing. The award system pushes the point-hungry student to keep as much work to himself as possible, and the new constitution forces him to share his chances for points with all. Clearly, some house-cleaning is necessary—and that is underway. More important, there must be a change in student attitude toward D's.

The D should not be permitted to become merely an acknowledgement of work done—an emblem exchanged for thirty points. It should be regarded as an honour—as a mark of achievement in student affairs. And—it should be an award spontaneously made, rather than the culmination of so many points.

THE CANCER OF BILBO

The following editorial is reprinted from the SILVER AND GOLD, publication of the University of Colorado. There have been vague rumors of racial discrimination within our own immediate vicinity, and it is felt that this reprinted editorial is both timely and pertinent.

Theodore Bilbo, his seat in the Senate blocked, has gone to Poplarville for a cancer operation. It will not do him any good. The cancer he is suffering from is not reached by the surgeon's scalpel, for the festering virus that has attacked his mind is beyond the call of medical science. Bilbo is a sick man, a symbol of a sick society, a prototype of those persons whose bodies are racked by hatred and their minds poisoned with the venom of intolerance.

For every Theodore Bilbo there are thousands of little Bilbos. Each of them has absorbed a portion of the preamble of the Ku Klux Klan, and each of them in his daily life spreads the vicious doctrine of racial superiority, economic discontent, human intolerance. There is no vaccine against this type of thinking; the only inoculation is education. Sometimes not even that "takes."

There are Bilbos among us on the campus. They are the ones who stand behind the Constitution and deny the right of free speech to those with whom they disagree. They are the ones who will applaud Paul Robeson for encore after encore, but who will not desire to sit beside a Negro in a drugstore. They are the ones who fought against Hitler's Nazism, but would join the Christian Veterans of America. They are the ones who attend church every Sunday, but sneer at the Pope. . . .

There is probably a little Bilbo in every one of us. It might show up in a classroom, a bridge game, a fraternity house. It is poisoning us slowly, making us less of a real person, and yet we fail to recognize the symptoms of disease in ourselves. It is something we cannot legislate against, because the inner heart of man is not vulnerable to man-made laws.

God has made the law. "He that sayeth he is in the light and hateth his brother, is in the darkness even until now. . . ."

EDITOR'S MAILBOX

The Editor:

The review of the recent Evi-coms program has disappointed many who were performers or listeners at that enjoyable entertainment. It is a depressing aftermath of an event which, at the time, was widely proclaimed a success. Not discrediting either the critic, whose ability is unquestionable or the truth of his statements, I do doubt whether his efforts will have the desired effect.

Considering that all performers work voluntarily that they rehearse and perform because they enjoy it, hoping that others will too, that most of them are young and easily discouraged, surely encouragement is more beneficial to such a troupe than is candid criticism.

The writer queries why more and better performers do not appear on the Dal stage. Is not the reason obvious?

JOHN F. WORSLEY.

News Of The WEAK

One day I am standing in the Gymnasium store—and it is the day that the Gazoots are coming out. Now everyone is standing around and using these Gazoots for various purposes, such as wrapping fish and making paper dolls—and are making some snide remarks about said journal—when all of a sudden it comes to me that since everyone else on the campus (almost) is writing columns—such as Campus Round-up by Breezy O'Neil, and On the Snidelines by Dee Hairless, etc. etc., that I should be writing a column also. So I wander over to the Gazoot office. Here there is a big sign on the door which says Keep Out—This Means You—so I go in. Here there are many people busy talking, and drinking coffee and thinking up jokes for next week's Gazoot, etc. So I ask the Editor if I can write a column, and he looks at me, and asks me if I can even write. But this sort of thing does not bother me as I know very well that even if I can't write, I can use a typewriter. So I sit down to write my first column. This is it:

News of the Weak

We see where the Physics department is on a new trail for an Atomic Bomb. Experiments are underway to provide a diet of atoms to selected hoboes to produce an Atom Bum.

Word from Sherriff Hall: Certain co-eds are now wearing shoes with built-in holes in the ground so they can go out with short men.

* * * *

OVERHEARD IN THE HEN-HOUSE:

NEWLY HATCHED CHICKEN: Ma, what's this yellow stuff all over me?

MA: That's a yoke son! (ditto)

* * * *

Sport shots of the Weak: The Dalhousie boxing team, defeated for the 87th time has been discovered to be suffering from athletes back.

The botany department has been hard at work planting winter wheat in rock gardens to prepare a supply of biscuit flour for the next crop of June brides.

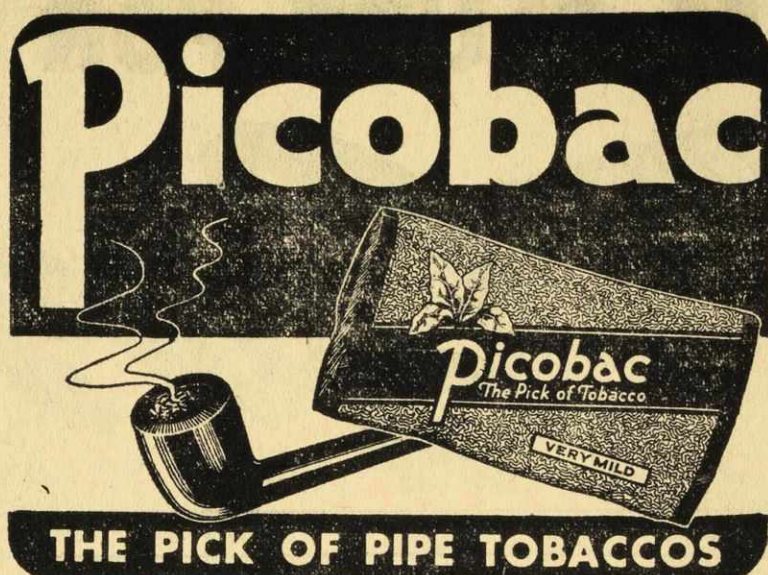
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Latest Report: This week from the INSTITUTE FOR THE SALE OF BEAUTY AIDS TO WOMEN BECAUSE WITHOUT BEAUTY AIDS THEY LOOK BEYOND ALL AID — says that foods play a very important part in beauty. If you eat lots of peaches you look like a peach. If its plums you look like a plum. If they're wrinkled you look like a prune. Some people eat pears. Some even eat watermelons.

FURTHER BEAUTY HINTS: Girls—your figure is very important. If you don't watch your figure, no one else will. Do exercises like knitting, crocheting, cracking your knuckles etc. Proper wearing apparel is important. Why, if you weren't wearing apparel—you'd look silly, wouldn't you? We will continue this aid to co-eds at any time that a petition signed by 250 co-eds is received.

We disagree with the psychology lecturer who stressed, the other day, that no two individuals will react in exactly the same way to a given stimulus. If two persons are placed on a hot stove they will both do the same thing—quick. Get off!

This is being my first column, so it is not so good as all the rest will be. At a later date I will also answer letters from the love-lorn, and give advice on how to catch your man. (Letters from the Love-lorn will be appreciated) Gus.



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