

SOCIETY TODAY

There are two kinds of people at school today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the saint and the sinner, for it's well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
We need only know his state of conscience and health.
Not the happy and the sad, for fast flying years
Brings each one laughter as well as tears.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's great span,
He who puts on airs is not counted a man.
No, the two kinds of people that I do mean
Are the ones who lift and those who lean.
Wherever you go you will find that the masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find also, I ween,
There is just one "lifter" to twenty who lean.

BRUNO AND PARMAN

With the permission of our most esteemed editor, the philosophical Dorothy Dix answer to the Red and White has returned to the press. My dear and extremely intellectual fellow philosopher, Descartes, has left this fair campus for the pursuit of his doctorate in Dixology, a new and interesting branch of Metaphysics which had its birth at SDU somewhere between phil I and phil III. Apparently the unsuccessful attempts of the professor in solving many of the local, but important problems of the coeds convinced. Descartes that he must pursue this line of study and eventually return to the campus where he can initiate a badly needed coed advisory board. I was very fortunate, however, in obtaining the invaluable aid of Parmendides, who having solved all of his problems as problems, during the last set of exams, is now free for another three weeks to devote all his time to you, the students, assuring me that the psychological training acquired in education I will be an incalculable asset for giving students the proper advice on their many and varied enigmas.

Thus it is with much vigor that we two humble philosophers offer to you our underrated and untapped knowledge. We invite you to send us queries and predicaments which you are stumbling upon during your happy stay at this institution. We also promise to toil tirelessly in attempting to solve your problems.

Bruno and Parmen

Dear Bruno and Parmen,

I am a jeweler's watch dog and the other night I experienced a most distressing example of pugnacity. I was just sitting there minding my own business when a bull terrier from the lower neighborhood entered my abode and refused to leave despite my charitable and tactful requests for him to do so. I maintain that I was completely innocent and that the catalyst for the reaction (I mean the fight), came from his odious insults. What do you propose should be done about this injustice to myself?

Hopefully,
E.F. Retlaw

OLD SHOES

The shoes are in the dump,
Discarded shoes, dead shoes.
They have walked a long, long way,
Tired shoes, used shoes.
These shoes have a story to tell,
A beautiful story—places been,
places seen.
These shoes have gained a lot of experience,
But they are old shoes, and who
will listen?

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THIS DYNAMIC AGE OF FLOPS

By BILL PHELAN

Since the twentieth century began, there have been many inventions and many changes in past trade and economic policies. Modernization has indeed been at a rapid pace in this century, but so have divorces, mental collapses, revolutions, unstable governments and labor problems. In fact, in many areas it seems that we are pushing ourselves backwards.

The average Canadian youth eats more than others in countries like China and India. Yet this Canadian youth lacks a balanced and nutritious diet — not because there is a scarcity of good food, but because our young people are weight-watchers and victims of a sweet tooth. The worst part is that good food is wasted, while the hungry youth of countries like China and India cannot afford to buy such food because of economic tariffs, shipping costs and contrary financial policies. Foreigners starve while we waste and we are responsible for not voicing our protests against such actions. We OWE our starving fellows an equal right to live a healthy life.

Lately, revolutions have become a common occurrence. People are witnessing a rapid revolution from democracy and similar types of governments to dictatorial governments. Although Canada has not experienced any such revolutions thus far, don't be surprised if such a similar occurrence happens within the next twenty years if we continue on our present trends. We are truly fortunate at present with our resources, but our government has become frustrated and is constantly plagued with an air of insecurity. Mind you, this could be changed by adhering strictly to firm policies and by practising

what we truly believe. The public today does not expect miracles, but the majority does expect its government to act with undivided authority and sensibility.

Examine the rate of increase in mental breakdowns today and you will learn that the mental institutions are not only over-crowded, but have a waiting list almost as long as the patients confined. Children are becoming frustrated frequently at the early age of twelve when, in fact, they should be care-free and enjoying their youth. University students are future patients in mental wards everywhere. The pace of life and the expectations of everyone in general is heaped on people incapable of fulfilling the high academic standards of the average students. Unlike the British, we do not judge an individual's intelligence in primary schools and determine in these early years of the pupil's life whether he or she will be able to cope with a general course. The resulting future for many pupils in the future who are in the wrong course is a period of frustration and despair. In Ontario high schools, about a fifth of the grade nine students graduate from grade thirteen. About thirty per cent of those enter colleges and pass their freshman year.

What about successful marriages? Divorces are becoming a plague. Many orphanages are being overcrowded as a result. People are no longer stable as they once were. Marriages today must be based only on the emotions, rather than true love? People are not as responsible today as those of the earlier centuries. And yet, most marriages are free from the influences of dominating parents, tradition and class barriers. The average American and Canadian lives far more comfortably than those of earlier years. Thus, the setting should be more suitable for contented homes.

It seems to me that in numerous fields we find that today is an age of flops. People are not content despite the vast progress in modernization. Many are living beyond their means. Politicians react according to the whims of influential people in their party and not according to their personal convictions.

Governments are starting to change their policies as a need for realistic policies becomes the common demand. A lack of universal co-operation is still present despite the pleas of the U. N. and the papacy. It's time we forced reality, admit our mistakes, devote ourselves to correcting present problems whether local national and universal and contribute to what our posterity may call "The Age of Reality."

The Bitch

By R. POPE

It's a long and lonely life for the bitch that wanders around old S.D.U. It's a dog's life, for sure, and the times are sad. It's a time, to remember, and to regret.

And what would the bitch think about? She's no philosopher. In fact, she's just a plain illiterate — can't read nor write. But she's got a soul, and a big soul, and a lonely soul. Pain is her lot. She doesn't ask why, or how. She bears all because nature taught her to bear, created her to suffer, and it is a sacred vocation that she must follow. Thought-wise all things meet in the present and its persistent problems. For on the winds of the present fly pain, and hunger and grief, and little affection, and a constant depression of climate. Why? Because it is.

And what does the bitch remember? What reminiscences soothe or bother her feeble brain? Maybe, she still remembers the warmth of the bitch that mothered her many years ago, and the smiles of the young children that picked her up when she was so tiny, and petted her, and asked a large woman called mommy if they could keep her. Maybe she can still remember the high table with smells like heaven drifting down to tempt her. And certainly she can remember running through the fields when she could run and jumping with wild joy when she could jump, and breathing fast and happy, when breathing was not such a chore.

She remembers her first love, and she smiles.

And what else does she remember? Quarrelling and growing up, and rejection, and loneliness. Surely she still moans that misfortune, and that ecstasy and that pain. Would if she could forget cold winters, and hard feet, and an empty stomach, and death!

But the day is grey, and dull the clouds, with their infinity of power, gaze disinterestedly at the world below, and all the little things. So many little things! The clouds wash out the blood of the fiercest battle. They assure the innocence of a summer day. They strike terror in the hearts of the damned. They proclaim calvary. They whip man like a slave. They watch. And what do they see? It is a large scene, like a last judgement. A city rests uneasily beside a brittle harbor. People run about with anxious glances. Great buildings bow their heads in order to bear the storm that must come. And there is a small figure in the corner — and after thought on the part of the artist. It is the figure of a dog, hastily painted — and capriciously painted, and the dog is squirming, as in pain.

The artist was tired, and so he decided to leave it be, and go home.

Everyone said the buildings were superbly painted, and the people looked so real.

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