

# I SAY: STUDENT COMMENT

"THREE BLIND MICE"

By Gage Gaudet

We are all familiar with the nursery rhyme which tells the sad story of how three blind mice get their tails cut off while chasing after the farmer's wife. On the campus of Saint Dunstan's University we have three such mice who are blindly chasing a farmer's wife and who, as a consequence, are in extreme danger of losing their tails. Knowing mice and women as we do, however, we see that it was the mice's blindness which cost them their tails rather than their chasing the farmer's wife, an activity which might be very healthy and exhilarating for normal mice.

This is important to remember, for the three blind mice at St. Dunstan's are the administration, the faculty, and the students, the farmer's wife is individual and collective excellence, and the blindness is blind-heartedness. For those of us who don't like to admit that all three are blind (in all probability we might grant the inclusion of at least two), some examples are no doubt necessary.

The administration, in the valid pursuit of administrative excellence hurt many human beings through blind heartedness in this year's registration. The faculty members, in the valid pursuit of academic excellence, hurt many human beings through blind heartedness when each shoves onto the student his own individual all-encompassing assignments without regard as to the fact that the other staff members are doing the same thing. Lastly, but certainly not least, the students, in their valid search for personality and a set of values, hurt many human beings when they fail to grant other people, especially staff and administrative members, the same privilege.

Obviously nothing stated here is black or white in the sense of blame, and everything is not included. But it certainly is odd that, as Gibran states, we still pity "the blind-eyed rather than the blind-hearted." We should all then pity ourselves and others at St. Dunstan's; indeed, the whole community. But simple pity is not enough, for as Gibran states elsewhere "pity it but half justice." Let each of the blind mice at SDU try to shed the scales which blind him and see that, although goals are intertwined and irreversibly blinded in the person of the one farmer's wife, that is, the bettering of self and surroundings.

As we have noted, for the mice to chase the farmer's wife is normal and healthy for them, but when accompanied by blindness it becomes disastrous. The three mice at SDU, each chasing excellence while handicapped by blind-heartedness, are in extreme danger. For, excellence, annoyed by the presumption of the blind-hearted to chase her, has, does, and will, turn around to cut at her pursuers with her knife, removing, in this case, their sense of perspective. What can humanity be without a sense of perspective? What can humanity achieve without a sense of perspective? Look at the poor blind mice who have now lost their tails. What is their future?

This is a grim picture of a grim situation, but, before the reader exclaims at yet another example of student "pessimism", please read on the solution is simple yet difficult — the mice must regain their sight by regaining hearts which concern themselves with other people's needs and problems. Thus the solution is of necessity individualists and, again, of necessity, cannot be solved by others but by self. This is where the real pessimists take over. Can we afford to let them?

## COURAGE

By Marg Beamish

And so the courageous co-ed decided to make her move. She called up her friendly men's residence only to have the phone practically ring off the wall before anyone would even contemplate answering it. Eventually some exhausted or perturbed individual would answer. Not only did he not know where this person you were trying to correspond with was, but he had never even heard of him. But someone answering your description of him had very suddenly left for the Far East. Maybe, just maybe, he had heard you were intending to call him. By this time courage was dwindling at an unbelievably rapid rate and you were about ready to give up the ship. And suddenly out of the blue, appeared the individual whom you had been so desperately trying to find. Now the moment of decision. Would Joe Smith accompany Mary Brown to the Co-ed Party? Mary was ready for the put down if it came. The main thing is keep it cool, baby!

If you find you're a reject first time round, get back in there and pop the question to another one.

The word this week is: "Courage, girl courage!"

P.S. Mary is going with Joe! Thank Heaven for non-reject boys!

## SO YOU ARE GOING TO BE A TEACHER?

By Bea Hogan

The title of this article is taken directly from the title of a book which it was my privilege to review orally before an enthusiastic group in Education 100. Although the book deals mainly with the field of teaching, I feel that the ideas the joint authors so well bring out can find application in any field of endeavour. It is for this reason that I want to share its contents with every student on this campus.

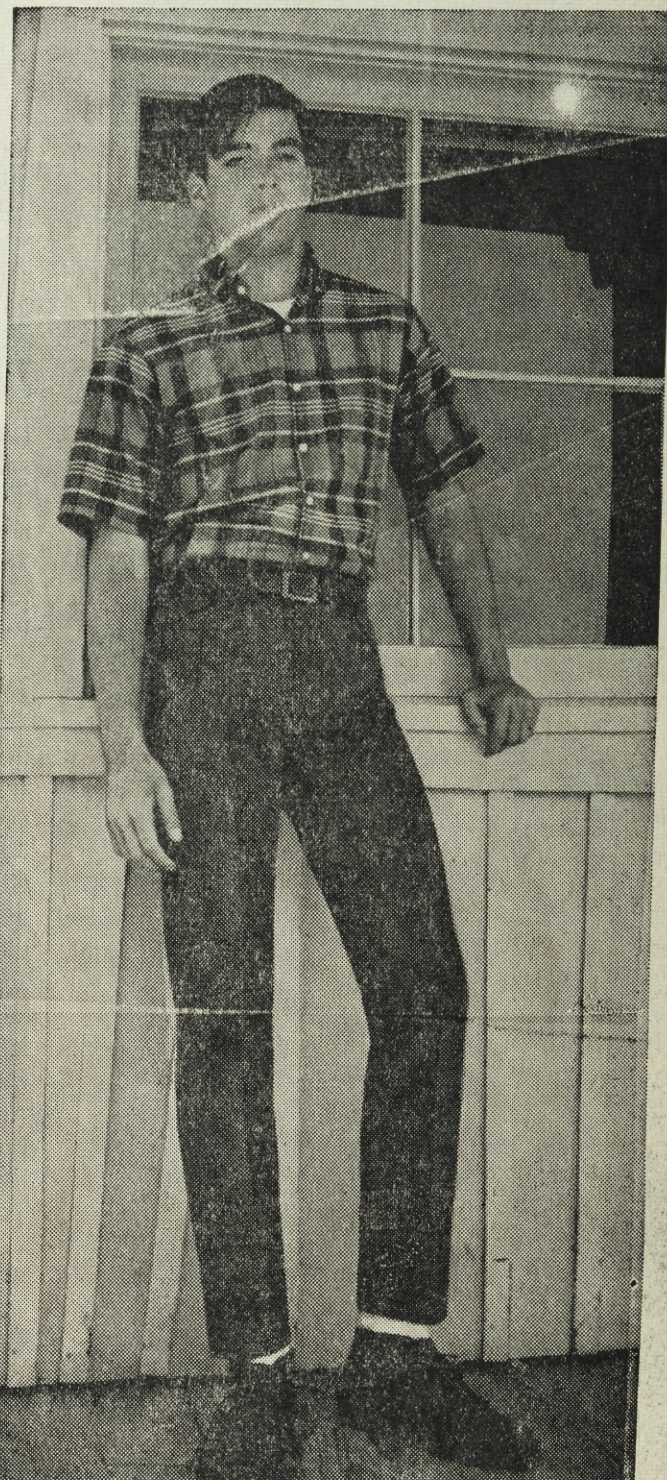
The authors begin by asking the student teacher to pause for a moment and consider the motives he or she had in choosing teaching as a lifetime career. In making the choice, if the student was not prompted by the desire to share knowledge with others, to help them develop their God-given talents, to show them that life is truly worth living well, in a word to help fashion young people so that they would become worthy citizens of earth and future citizens of heaven, then his or her motive are highly questionable and unworthy of a serious-minded student. It is a truism that motives determine our actions. If they are not worthy, then we cannot expect to live a full life for we are always striking out for something which isn't there.

Our student days mark a serious time for all of us — a time when we must look closely at ourselves and at the future. It is not a time to take thoughtless steps, for it is NOW, not tomorrow or the next day, that we must face life head on with eyes wide open. Once we have struggled through agonies of self-evaluation and we finally know what we want to make of ourselves, then let nothing keep us from pushing manfully on towards our goal.

As student teachers we must now decide if we are going to be good teachers, or fair teachers, or excellent teachers. How much of ourselves are we going to put into our teaching? If the old cliché is true that you get out of anything what you put into it, then let us take a firm resolutions that we are going to strive to reach the one hundred per cent mark so as to live a happy and full life. Let us remember too, that success is not necessarily measured by earthly standards. We always have the consolation of knowing that if, as we wend our way through life, we strive through worthy motives to do our best, then, our life will have been a grand success, regardless of accomplishments.

I turn now to address myself to every student on this campus. If you have not already done so, why not start today to consider what **you** plans to be, what **your** motives are, what steps **you** are going to take to make **your** life truly a credit to your parents, to your Alma Mater, and your God. If you cannot make up your mind then I suggest that you read, **SO YOU ARE GOING TO BE A TEACHER**, by Falbin & Hogel, 1962.

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