

"BOMB TOSSER'S"

Last spring there were bombings in Montreal. In late summer a large quantity of dynamite disappeared from a train yard. On the 30th of January a Montreal armory was raided and one hundred and three weapons stolen, including machine guns, field mortars, and rocket launchers. A large number of FLQ members are now behind bars, and a well informed Marxist magazine in Montreal says that in at least one jail, every criminal has become a separatist.

In three years, one quarter of the students and one quarter of the professionals in Quebec have become strong separatists. They are the actual and future elite of Quebec.

The last Congress of NFCUS was also the last of an organization in which young French Canadians saw a picture of the federal government, which, to the French, has always been taking power out of the hands of the provinces. Even though CUS has a bi-cultural make up in its executive, the French Canadians are still troubled in going along with the pan-Canadian organization. The three larger French speaking universities, if they had to make the choice between a Union Generale des Etudiants du Quebec and a Canadian union of students would definitely choose UGEQ.

The organization uniting classical colleges, FAGECCQ, has announced that it will march to Quebec City to show Jean Lesage that FAGECCQ members are all behind his request for more taxation powers. In Quebec, it seems that the three French Universities and unions will also march on parliament.

All this shows a profound dissatisfaction in Quebec toward the Canadian political union. Is Canada worth it? Do we believe in our country? Are we ready to search for a solution to this challenge to our way of life?

CUS, well aware of this challenge, has taken the initiative and asked top French Canadian students and top English-speaking students to meet in Quebec City this August for a week long search for the causes and possible solutions to this unhappy situation. CUS it being very careful to ensure that the views of as many Canadian students as possible are being considered.

The CUS secretariat has already contacted many top political and constitutional experts in order to obtain qualified texts so that every participant in the study at Quebec City will have the best possible documentation on the matter.

By February 28th, John Flanagan, your local CUS chairman will have applications for this important seminar. Check with your CUS chairman as soon as possible about applying for this unique opportunity.

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THE ROOM

by Eileen Grant

There is on this campus a room, known to very few people, which is a haven for all female students who are residents of Marian College. Not all those eligible take advantage of this opportunity but those that do have a certain aim in mind. Their purpose, which corresponds to the aim of the majority of organizations on campus, is to further the intellectual, spiritual, and cultural welfare of the members.

The main function of this room is to provide a kitchenette where Charlottetonians may prepare a hot noon meal. If the reader has ever seen fifteen girls attempting to cook small tins of food varying from chicken noodle soup to fried clams on a two-burner hot plate, he will have a fair idea of the confusion between 12:07 and 12:30. In addition to this the kettle is boiling and approximately three people are fighting over our unique toaster. I say unique because for some reason it makes the best toast when placed on the floor and is manipulated by the user's foot. While pandemonium reigns inside, one inhabitant is usually standing quietly in the door watching the "girls upstairs" go into the diningroom. She is searching for a friendly face who will supplement the room's supply of staples (bread, butter, milk, etc.) Occasionally she also obtains dessert but this is only on rare occasions such as "lemon-pie day".

A stimulus to the intellectual activity of late has been the donation by a charitable benefactor. By means of this wonderful invention we are able to find out what is going on in the outside world. Daily over the local radio station we drink, in such stimulating programs as "What's the Song", contest, "The Tops in Country and Pops" and as a special treat, once a week we tune into the Educational Series on Soil Conservation for ages 9-11. The benefits reaped from these and similar programs plays an unestimable role in the intellectual development of these students.

In addition to the above-mentioned activities, we also sponsor a marathon card game which begins each day at 8:40 and ends at 4:01 p.m. The peak of this activity comes at 12:45 when almost all the inmates (except the very squamish) gather around the table and amid a mixture of butter, spilled soup and tea, bread, and ashes, try their luck at B.S., a profound test of a student's ability

to lie and get away with it. The champion B.S.'er of the day is usually booted out of the room and as a last resort retreats to the library.

An outstanding characteristic of the girls is the absence of class distinction—Freshmen and Seniors are treated as one. Because of the class proximity, we have come to know each other very well—not saying we have any blabbermouths in this room—but you know how fast news can travel. For instance, as a brown-eyed sophomore sits "mooning" in the corner, she watches Smitty drawing straws from her portable pack to decide who will be the lucky one tonight. We notice lately, however, that she seems more interested in basketball than ever before. In another corner, between munches on her celery, a Freshman wonders "if Mike wrote". Lately "Shorty B" has been reviewing her Conversational French as is a Sophomore from Georgetown who is also trying to improve her knowledge of Canada's second language. One never knows when one will have the opportunity to use it.

To promote Spirituality in this room we-er-attended the annual college retreat. During this time we are all packed into this "room" and various pertinent topics are discussed such as "Has anyone got a cigarette?", "Can anyone change a quarter?", "answer the --- phone --- it's probably for one of 'them' anyway, why in the --- don't they answer it?"

We often ask ourselves what we would do without this room. I'll answer it—we would probably waste our time studying and reading and performing other similarly useless occupations. Also (and get this,) we would be depriving ourselves of the invaluable associations with our fellow day students which provides the cultural, intellectual, and spiritual atmosphere so necessary for the college woman.

OLD SPAIN

In a recent interview with Mrs. Bell of Milton's Old Spain, your editor was pleasantly told that the behaviour of the S.D.U. students is exceptionally fine and that the management is happy to serve them in any way possible.

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SENIOR SLABS

By John R. MacDonald



Well, here's the new RED and WHITE. All hands are out to salvage this newspaper from the scrap-pile. With the ascension of Paul D. Foster to the throne the quality of the paper is sure to change.

In fact, Paul D. has already assumed the dictatorial reins. The other day he rushed up to me, shouting that he wanted me to "write something controversial that'll draw a lot of letters to the editor." Somewhat startled, I looked into those Hitlerish eyes and said, "Okay daddy." But finding few hot issues around here, I finally agreed to accept this column.

Before saying more let us extend our hearty congratulations to Jim and Pat Garrity upon the birth of John Fitzgerald—another footballer in the Garrity tradition. We wish you many more. In fact a whole team with a few girls thrown in for cheerleaders wouldn't be too bad a record. **Bonne chance!**

More commendations are in order after the tremendous success of the Winter Carnival. Especially meritorious were the snow sculptures, everyone of which would have stood in last year's winner's circle. And although there was little surprise over the Seniors taking the honors, the underclassmen merited our praise by the worthy competition they offered. The Juniors, who sustained their loss quite painfully, can at least console themselves with the realization that we'll be gone next year. It is hoped that you have by now recovered, beloved Lilliputians, from your anger and dismay.

The Assembly Hall was packed like an ant hill for the grand premiere of the Beatles on Sunday, February 9th. But it seems that the adoring nest of morons, idiots, imbeciles, lunatics, and other assorted species of *Simplus Puellus* stole the show, or at least from this point of view. One biologist in our group was quite impressed with Ringo (the drummer), for as he expressed it, "here right before our noses is the missing link." Personally, I think that we've discovered four missing links, or at best, four slightly musical gorillas. After these comments I feel somewhat apprehensive about my personal welfare in view of the fact that Mike Duffy, their number one crusader, resides in this fair berg. But if he does approach me I will do my best to help this poor child, for I have recently obtained the names of three top psychologists. And it is highly recommended that he bring the great Nancy White along too.

NEWS BRIEFS! ... The class amphibian has found a new lily pad on McGill Avenue. Someone was heard to remark that "soon we will hear the patter of little webb feet." ... Winston Cannon was so unnerved by the recent reports four relating lung cancer with cigarettes that he is now smoking four packs a day. Carry on, Von! ... Bob "The Mover" Weeks has received two marriage proposals in the last three months but remains adamant. Some of us had hopes of travelling to Cape Breton for the festivities at the Easter break ... First floor Memorial is suffering from nurse-mania. At least six of the boys have been counted as frequent visitors at the residence. This is one sickness of which we believe the ladies will offer no cure. Aside from John Dunphy and George Chaisson, who are already ensnared, Bernard Malone has taken the biggest fall ... R. J. Tingley just recently recovered from last year's Cupid-ian heart break, is on the trails again ... By the sound of this garbage I've been reading too much of Ann Landers. Well keep cool and maybe we'll come up with something better next time.

SEA MEMORIES

The sea is very beautiful to see,
And a very relaxing place to be,
The sea-gulls wave their wings to fly,
And laugh at us as we pass by.

The soft spray of surf that touches my face,
The companionship made n'ere to erase,
On these I reflect with a tear in my eye,
And the sea-gulls laugh as we pass by.

The child that once did comb this shore,
For treasurers rich and rare,
Has grown to manhood, a child no more,
Yet with the dunes he lingers there.

What magic spell enhances him?
What keeps him there so long?
Perhaps his childhood has been sung
With the tide in the Ocean Song.

SAFARI

A group of students recently travelled to Halifax to visit the Bedford Institute of Oceanography. The group headed by Rev. Dr. Cheverie attended the Institute in conjunction with the "open house" day February 15. Also included in this trip was a guided tour of part of the Dalhousie campus. One of the most exciting features here was the viewing of and the lecture on the electron-microscope. Approximately fifteen students took part in this safari.

SUMMER JACKETS

Pat Carey of the Freshman class is presently making inquiries into the feasibility of bringing summer "S.D.U." jackets to the bookstore for those wishing to have a jacket suitable for the summer, bearing the markings of the college. The jackets in question will sell for under \$10.00 and will most likely be made of a nylon material.