

COEDUCATION AT S. D. U.

Much has been, is being, and will continue to be said about coeducation in our modern educational setups. Indeed, so important a question is it considered to be that Pope Pius XI in his famous Encyclical, *Divini Illius Magistri*, (Dec. 31, 1919), devotes a considerable section to it. He denounces coeducation as false and harmful to Christian education and goes on to give his reasons for such a stand. Because the two sexes are by their very nature so different and precisely because of these differences, they are destined by the Creator to compliment each other in the family and in society. Therefore, it is necessary that these differences be retained, trained, and developed during the formative years and it is not then intended that the two sexes receive the same type of education.

It cannot be denied, however, that in certain cases coeducation cannot be avoided and in such instances can be considered a lesser evil. Because this topic comes up for discussion so often on our campus, I would like to point out a few reasons why coeducation at S. D. U. is a necessity.

The big problem, naturally, is that of finances. How many girls would not prefer to go to a women's college such as Mount St. Bernard or Mount St. Vincent? Rates there are high and it can safely be said that very few of the present number of girls now receiving a university education at St. Dunstan's would be able to take advantage of the opportunities offered—simply because of a lack of funds.

To listen to some of what is being said on our campus one receives the impression that higher education, at least on Prince Edward Island, is a strictly male prerogative and that a college education for Island girls is ridiculous. They would selfishly deny the young women of our fair province the opportunity to develop their talents and innate abilities. In so doing, they would prevent these same young women from making their contribution to society (which is the duty and right of every individual) and thus from achieving fulfillment as a Christian woman.

Numerous books, magazine articles and other publications have been written and many addresses given regarding the status of the modern woman and of what the industrialization and mechanization of the twentieth century has done to her. There is, of course, much truth in it all. But that should not blind us to the fact that there are still many truly Christian women in the world. There are still many good Catholic homes in which God-fearing mothers and fathers are striving to achieve the Christian ideal in family life. Only by education can women come to understand her true nature and what is involved in fulfilling her role as a Christian woman.

The girls who are now attending St. Dunstan's realize that they have been granted no small privilege in being allowed to obtain a college education. They are fully aware, too, of what must have been entailed in the breaking-down of the barriers to an all-male institution. The numbers of Catholic Colleges for women are increasing and it is hoped that we have the foundations of a Catholic College for women here on our own campus. Till the day arrives when it will have become a reality, we, the Coeds of S.D.U., wish to remind the male students that since we have been granted a privilege, we intend to

take full advantage of it. We are full-fledged students, we are **not** trying to take over the College or to run the Students' Union.

Since we have come to St. Dunstan's, we have assumed that we may enjoy most of the opportunities made available to the students here. We have accepted our share of the various duties that fall to students in campus activities and we do not feel that we are overstepping the bounds of modesty when we say that we believe we have made some worthwhile contributions to our College. In fact we sincerely feel that any observant individual will agree with us.

But, regardless of the wild rumours that have been running rampant of late, there are absolutely no grounds for any such belief that the girls are aspiring to the total management of student affairs. Far from it. They are humbly grateful for such a wonderful chance to receive a higher education and are anxious to take part in student activities simply in order that they may make their contribution to College life. A little over-enthusiasm surely is excusable.

It is quite natural for them to assume that since they are considered capable of fulfilling various lesser but more tedious offices that they also have the right to run for more exalted positions. It appears, however, that such is not the case. Evidently some students at St. Dunstan's are not so much interested in quality in their official positions as they profess to be.

In conclusion, I would ask the male students on this campus to keep these thoughts in mind and to please remember that the girls are here at S.D.U. as full-fledged students. They realize that they are attending what was once an all-male institution and that because of this, difficulties are bound to arise from time to time. They are looking forward to the day when, perhaps, P.E.I. will have a Catholic College for women. But until that time, we ask you to bear with us and to remember that education is a right of all men **and** women, even on Prince Edward Island.

—MARGARET HAGEN, '59

KELLY'S SIN

The smoke lay in lazy strings around the low hills of the bay. The sun hung placidly in the sky, hidden by the haze of the long August day. The purple waters tugged at the long expanses of blazing sands which were the beach. Waves of heat rose from them and wavered along the shore. Where the sand and water met, a thin line of foam had formed which moved irregularly with the movements of the water. The south-west breeze was soft and warm. It rippled the waters against the shore and caused an occasional mouth of white to open on the expanse of briny ocean.

From afar one could see a speck on the beach, shrouded in the mistiness of the afternoon; it didn't move; it could have been a log or a rock, but it was a man.

He sat there in a four legged chair, held together by strips of canvas, a chair with a back of leather, worn by the sea, and salt, and age, much like the man who sat in it. His two feet were in the sands, buried under it. His pants were faded and bleached with the wind and the rays of the fiery orb of summer. A shirt, white and open, hung loosely on him, showing the red of a sunburned chest.