

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.

A black pipe lay in the sand beside him, stained with age and use. His hard, chapped hands rested on the wooden arms of the chair, his nails were smooth and evenly cut, white near the skin. Hairy arms protruded from the rolls of white chemise.

His throat was stiff, lined near the jaw, a strong, hard, stony jaw, cleanly shaven. Thick ears stuck to his head as if by force, his lips were pale and cracked, thin but not cruel. Worried years were dug into his brow and snow driven hair pushed out from under a once blue sea-cap. His eyes were stark blue and kind, yet not gentle. Huge protrusions of matted eyebrows sunk them deeply into his skull. They gazed ahead, towards the lost line of land, sky and foam, lost in the smudge along the horizon.

He was remembering, regretting, rallying forces deep inside him for the last struggle, the last toil. To think that he had to die here and not at home. His mother, his life-images, lost and once forgotten came before him.

None of them brought a trace of emotion to his face. Suddenly, his mouth pried itself open, his tongue unglued itself from the base of his mouth and he sighed. His eyes closed and he saw it, his disgrace as a man.

The barque "Dun Laoighere" lay restlessly in the wind and rain of Queenstown harbour, on that miserable day in late October of 1931. The "struggle" had been over almost ten years now and the scars were healing in the slow Irish fashion. A boat put out from shore, a lone figure stood, clearly defined, in its stern. The boat rose on the small waves and plunged into the squalls of pelting rain. Straining, the helmsman rowed feverishly and finally hauled-to alongside the barque.

The man so soberly dressed was Matt Kelly, a rough Conemara man, who had, in running the British blockade, brought guns and ammunition to the soldiers of the T. R. A. He had stayed on land after the war, but the inexorable hand of the sea had pulled him back to the only life he knew or cared for. This was his new command, a good ship and sturdy, plying between Cork, Boston and New York.

He smacked his hand against the rail of the vessel and grinned.

"A good ship."

"Araah, indeed, nothing but the best for you," the owner laughed. "Take care of her, Matt." They shook hands and the man descended to the boat. He waved as the small craft pulled in towards the shore line, and Matt waved back.

The ship blew a long, shrill tone then forged slowly forward through fog, rain, and blackness, into the night and the sea.

His memory dims, shadows of the lengthening day prelude the coming of evening, of the salty night. He stirs in the seat and settles back; he feels the freshness of the wind against his cheeks.

It was a cold wind, blowing down from the icy jaws of the Greenland flows. It stung the sides of his mouth as he stood on the bridge, and it impressed even more upon him the dullness of the day. It was cold yet it had that quality of fire, that same bite which makes heat and cold akin to one another. He could feel the ride of the ship, and knew it was good, the steady up and down, never a sudden lurch.

He went into his cabin, took off his clothes and sat in his chair. He wrote something in the log and got up to look at the barometer. It was low. As he walked back, his face passed a mirror, he stopped and looked. He rubbed his hand along the scar on the left of his chin, a savage hatred filled his eyes as his mind recalled the night the British captured him, the night he got the scar. A knock came to his door.

"Come in."

"Sir, Murphy has a fever".

"Ach, put him t'bed and put Galvin on in his place."

"Aye, sir. Bitch of a day."

"Tis, tis, some snow I guess, glass is down."

A silence interrupted

"How long have you been on this one, O'Brien?"

"Two years, sir."

"Fine ship."

"Aye, sir. Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, Ach, y'd better see to the holds, Mate. Ye never know how the wind comes."

The wind freshened and the ship responded, she rose higher on her haunches and smashed with more vigour into the troughs of the waves. The seas swept over her bow and washed down her fore-castle, spilling back into the wicked open mouth of the waves. She strained against the onslaught of wind and the fury of the storming waves. It began to snow and soon the ship was shrouded in the eerie whiteness of the wind driven flakes.

The captain looked out and, seeing the snow, felt a sort of joy that he was in and not out. He stretched, took off his clothes, crossed himself and fell into his bunk. He slept restlessly, rolling and twisting in his bed. He was awake when he heard a nervous knock at the cabin door. He got up, put on his pants while shouting:

"Hold on now. I'm coming."

When he opened the door, the fury of the gale rushed in past Schultz, the German radio operator, filling the interior of the room.

"Come in, Schultz, before both of us freeze."

Schultz stepped inside, his eyes were agitated and his hands moved nervously.

"Captain, I haff just got the signal from a ship. She is sinking, twenty miles to the North-east. Twenty-six men. English steamer, sir."

Kelly's eyes narrowed, his face grew hard. He opened his mouth, stuck his tongue into the side of his teeth. An English steamer

"Schultz. . . , ye never heard that message."

"Vat? But I just did, sir."

"I'm telling ye that ye didn't. We're maintaining course."

"My God, sir, twenty-six men. You going to leave them to drown?"

"They're limies, Schultz. Why should we concern ourselves with them? We're their natural foes. Do ye think they'd come fer us?"

"It's not whether or not they'd come for us. We must go after them, sir. It's almost murder not to."

"They'd know about murder, those bastards would, all about it. No. Schultz, we're not going. That's all."

Schultz shuffled to the door, cowed like a whipped dog, he put his hand on the handle, looked back at the captain standing savagely silent, then he stepped out into the roaring wind.

Kelly stood there feeling proud of what he had done feeling he had struck a beautiful blow at England. He lay down on the bed and dozed with the heaving of the ship. A noise of someone pounding on the outside roused him, he stared sleepily ahead.

"Who is it?"

"O'Brien."

He got up and opened the door. O'Brien gave him a sullen look as he entered.

"There's a ship sinking, sir, Twenty-six men. Why aren't we going?"

"Who told you that?"

"Never ye mind. Why aren't we going?"

"British. English. Man, are ye foolish? Do ye think I'm mad?"

"Maybe."

"What, hey?"

"They're men, sir, probably an Englishman drowns just like an Irishman."

"Maybe so. What's it to me?"

"What's it to you? If ye were sinking ye'd want them to come."

"Bah. I'd rather drown."

"Then ye're mad", he pounded on the desk, "absolutely mad."

"O'Brien, see this?" he pointed to the scar on his chin. "Do ye know who gave it to me? Arrah, they did", he said, shaking his head.

"Is that all that's botherin' ye?"

"Is that all he says. What else do ye want?"

O'Brien took off his coat, loosed his belt, hauled up his shirt. There the most ghastly scars had disfigured his back. Kelly's face was filled with horror.

"Who? When?"

The English, black and tars twenty. My brother died.

Kelly was shocked, "Ye want to save them? After what they did?"

"Who is they, captain? A few English tars, trying to make a living. Drowning men for god's sake, man, use your head."

Kelly sat down, his head muddled, his firmness gone. He rubbed his hand through his hair.

"I suppose you're saying I'm not much of it? Not much of a Catholic eh? O'Brien?"

"A good enough Catholic, sir, but not much of a Christian; that's what some would say. It depends on what ye do. Why don't ye try doing both?"

He got up and walked out.

The door opened after him . . .

"Change course, O'Brien. We're going after them."

Kelly's face showed no emotion, his hair waved in the wind and a sigh of relief escaped his lips.

The old sea maiden groaned and creaked as she turned head on into the jaws of the storm. An hour had passed since the message. A long, short precious hour. Speed was not the ship's best and most admirable quality. She did manage to batter out seven or eight knots, but the waves clutched at her, the wind made her falter and ice weighed her down.

It was breaking dawn when they arrived. It was getting calm, the storm was passing. A heavy swell pushed at her as she wallowed in the arctic winds. No sign of life, no sign of any boat, just a limitless expanse of water. The Dun Laoighere pushed around in the area for over two hours. A speck was suddenly seen far off on the crest of a wave. Someone shouted and the ship lunged after it like a cat after a mouse.

Two men lay in the bottom of the small dory, as it drifted aimlessly on the ocean swell. They pulled them in.

"Dead less than half an hour", an old sailor said.

Kelly heard him, and went to his cabin and cried. That hour could have saved them, and one looked hardly more than a boy.

He was reading the Boston paper, the account was there, how they had picked up the two dead ones from the life-boat. He read the last line. He didn't believe it. He read it again, his jaw dropped and he sobbed, huge, unmanly tears.

The last line read . . . "The crew were natives of Galway and Connemara. The captain was from Wexford and the vessel was of English registry."

The remembrance of it produced tears which moistened the deep wells of his eyes. His punishment had been life-long. The sorrow of it had filled his days . . . he had killed his own kin. The lids of his eyes closed like the shades of day bring on the night. The wind freshened, waves pounded on the shore and the sun was a pale yellow resting on the western hills. There was a faint tint of rose in the evening sky. A voice called from the bank above, "Matt . . . Matt . . . Where are you, Matt?"

There was no answer. There was no sound, only the beatings of the waves and the gratings of the beach.

—CYRIL BYRNE '60

T'IS OFTEN HEARD AT S.D.U.

No more will I smoke the filthy weed,
I'll save my coins for things I need,
An end to that tell tale yellow stain,
Relief from the cough that causes pain.
Please turn me down if I try to borrow
But I'll take one now—I'll start tomorrow.