

## THE DOLE BOAT

By Basil Haire

Life for a welfare officer on the south coast of Newfoundland has its many trying times and the people very often take advantage of any man who is inclined to be a little soft in his job. Such a man was Walter Pardy. He had the wool pulled over his eyes by many people and the only result he got from his years of hard work in the field was an extended stay in the sanatorium.

Dole is the word used by the people to express the assistance given by the welfare officer and the dole boat refers to the boat he travelled in to get to the various secluded spots.

Down in Harbour Brenton  
Down in Fortune Bay  
There's a man who's made of money

So all the people say.  
His name is Walter Pardy  
Or so I am told,  
See, the dole boat's coming  
And we're going to get our dole.

His job it has its hardship  
Its trouble and its pain  
To sit and listen quietly  
While always they complain  
But if he does refuse them  
He's treated mean and cold.  
See, the dole boat's coming  
And we're going to get our dole.

They complain about their houses  
They complain about their health  
They complain about their poverty  
But never about their wealth,  
For they know they'll live off government

A life on which they're sold,  
See, the dole boat's coming  
And we're going to get our dole.

Now here's to Joey Smallwood  
Our leader and the best  
And here's to Walter Pardy  
May the Good Lord grant him rest  
For without those two great people

We'd all starve you know,  
See, the dole boat's coming  
And we're going to get our dole.

## Matter of Judgement

By Don Callaghan

We are now blessed with an honour society, a Dean's list or whatever one may wish to call it. In my opinion, the formation and existence of such a body is long passed due and its formation should be an asset to the entire student body, to the members of the honour society, and to the university as a university. I am opposed to one of the suggested privileges that membership in the honour society will confer. It is the 4th, as listed in the release from the Dean's office. Here it is stated that other special privileges may be granted upon application to the Dean of Men or the Dean of Women. Does this imply that the members of the honour society may have a greater degree of or even complete freedom in the matter of discipline?

When I was first introduced to the rules at St. Dunstan's, I was lead to believe that they were as such to develop the characters of the students. This belief was further developed this term when a prefect stated that even after his ordination he was subjected to such rules as we have and that these rules are essential for the formation of one's character. He elaborated, saying that we, by virtue of our receiving a university education, would be expected to be prepared to assume a greater degree of responsibility in our communities in later life. He concluded saying that this added responsibility would require a greater degree of self-discipline on our parts.

If this is to be accepted as the reason for the Faculty imposing the rules on us, and one prefect maintains that it is, then it follows that this faculty must believe that the maturity and strength of character of the student varies directly with his marks. If this were not so, then the dispensation from these character-building rules would not be granted on the basis of marks. If some other criteria is to be used by the Dean of Men or Women, they why does it apply only

to honor students, if the character is to be the essential determinant?

I strongly suspect that these rules are based on the old adage "early to bed and early to rise makes you healthy, wealthy and wise", with an emphasis placed on the latter.

If this is so, then it is all part of our spoon feeding and is anything but desirable for our country's future leaders. You cannot cuddle a person today and expect him to lead tomorrow. But this is not the point, it is: "should marks be the criteria upon which matters of discipline are based?" The answer is "no"!

## CFCUS Seminars

The President of Saint Dunstan's brand of CFCUS, Noreen Cameron, has informed "Red and White" that a series of talks on "timely topics" are presently in session. These lectures are being given during the evenings in one of the library rooms. (For definite times and places, please check the bulletin boards.) Several speakers have consented to give addresses and we join her in urging you, the student body, to attend these talks in order to obtain the Catholic attitude towards a number of matters being discussed.

## Open House April 19th

Rev. Charles Cheveire, Ph.D. (C. U. A.) has announced that an "Open House" will be held at St. Dunstan's, Sunday, April 19th. Invitations have been sent out to the principals of the Island High Schools and displays and demonstrations will be put on by the various departments of the university. All those interested in helping Fr. Cheveire with this "Open House" are asked to contact him immediately.

## GARDEN PARTY

It's nearly time once again for the annual flower show and garden party—the really big event for the hothouse set. Personally, I can hardly wait. Last year I was a mere spectator; this year I'm going to be one of the exhibits. And even though I've been groomed for the show for four years, I'm nervous as any flower having his first debut. That's why I keep going over and over the flower show I saw last year, just so I won't do anything right and make myself conspicuous.

As I remember, it was one of those windy afternoons. The type that can be disastrous to any flower show, and this was no exception. Shortly after three the anticipated procession started—first the lowly flowers in a bunch, then the gardeners, then the owner of the hothouse. Befitting their humble position, the flowers stayed on the ground while the gardeners and owner ascended the trellis. Of course, we all realized that without the gardeners and owners there would be no flowers cultivated. But really, it was supposed to be a flower show. Not that the gardeners liked being on the trellis, they didn't, because they soon got very bored and took off their hats, and squirmed and in some cases nearly lost their grips and fell off.

At any rate, after everyone was comfortably settled, quietly dozing or reading the latest issue of Mad magazine, the flower show began.

Someone got up and gave a farewell speech for the flowers, something about, "... a rose, is a rose, ..." Then the head gardener gave his report on all the gardening news of the past year, seeded heavily with homey anecdotes.

The big moment finally came—when all the flowers got their individual prizes. It was such a

long event that the exact sequence and details of what happened escapes me. Luckily the flowers had little to do but watch the confusion of the gardeners and of each other. It seems taht when each of the flowers went forward to receive his prize, he didn't know wether to pay his respects to the owner or just to give his thanks for being cultivated. So each one more or less took his choice. But, by the end of the event, most of the flowers had received the word that a 'thank you' would be sufficient.

Even this confusion was a welcome change from the endless array of gardening speeches that preceded it, and followed it. They clapped and clapped until they were exhausted. They clapped for their own exhibits, and for all the other flowers. But it seemed that they clapped the hardest for those flowers who had the foresight and good sense to skip the show altogether.

When the flower show was finally over, the poor wilted flowers, gardeners, and spectators made a frantic lunge for the doors, in their enthusiasm to 'congratulate' (as it was written on the back of the trellis in foot high letters) the flowers. Once outside, everyone conglomerated in clusters, and attempted to hide their boredom and hunger by exchanging pleasantries on how delighted they were with this whole business of gardening.

This ordeal over with, everyone dragged their tired aching smiles to a fine banquet of thinly disguised leftover plant food, and more pleasantries.

It certainly was fun. There were only two little improvements I thought might be added this year — dignity and solemnity.

But, then it is debatable if such insignificant and frivolous flowers could incorporate such seeming non-essentials into their show.

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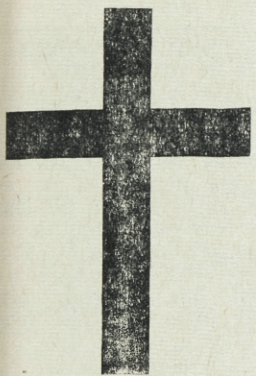
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