

COMMENTS FROM AN EX-EDITOR

The reaction to my resignation as editor of Red and White has been (in my opinion) very slight. That is probably the way it should be, since this is also the reaction towards the student paper as such. If Red and White were to terminate tomorrow, how many of you would really care?

I have done a certain amount of thinking in regard to this problem and have some conclusions which may or may not be accurate. There is always the possibility they (the conclusions) are simply prejudiced and not worth your considered attention. I used to believe that the solution to Red and White was to bring it out every two weeks, desirably every week. I have since changed my mind and feel that the problem is more basic than that.

There is on this campus a great lack of what I call sophistication. I mean this word in the good sense of it, and not simply a superficiality or dillitantism. Students here simply do not become involved; there are really no causes on this campus and mediocrity is sought at all costs. Some call this apathy, others say the students are simply indifferent. Don't, however, get the impression that this is confined only to St. Dunstan's. A brief, but intensive look at other campi will soon reveal that the situation is quite common. Many reasons have been given for this state of affairs, you probably have your own.

A characteristic of the wise man is an accurate appraisal of reality. To me the outstanding reality is that the students of this campus will never produce a paper worthy of a university until their isolationism has been done away with. At this moment the students cannot have the paper they want for the simple reason that they will not produce it. There are three ways to react to this fact: retreat realizing that it will take years and the pressure of eternal circumstances to bring about the desired change; surrender with the conviction that one

might as well join what one cannot defeat (in this case apathy, and so on); the last is attack with the intention to hammer down the walls of indifference. This latter method has been tried at this university for some years and has proved unsuccessful. Attempting to imitate the wise man, and having acquired a certain indifference to honours, titles, and so on (which I like to call virtue because it pleases me) I have adopted the first method—to me it seems the best choice. I could hardly have brought out more issues of Red and White, and I could have listened to the criticisms of unlightened students (a minority, I might add). The question to ask here is this: Is it worth it? A student paper is a value (provided it is a student paper and not an historical review) but to what extent should one give his time and attention to this value and its promulgation? One must maintain here a sense of values, proportion. At another campus the editor and staff are supposed to feel proud that they have brought out an edition better than the last one; at SDU an editor is asked to feel proud of the fact that he has been able to bring out an edition. To me there is evidence here of a great distortion of values and a positive caricature of the image of what an editor is supposed to be. This is an intolerable situation and one that this particular student will no longer accept.

The students of this campus get the edition they deserve. The best editor in this country if given the conditions under which this paper is produced would not last two weeks; he would, I think, accept the inevitable and look for greener pastures. Defeatism? Wisdom? I have my own views, and since I am regarded by some as a "self opinated bastard" you may feel perfectly free to reject any of these views as the aberrations of a disillusioned mind.

At this point I wish the editor of this paper the best of luck and hope that he will succeed in his unenviable task.

SOPHOMORES

With Fearless Freddy Ripley the Firefighter

Jim Griffith, Sophomore president, should by all rights, be given a vote of thanks, not only by his classmates, but by the whole student body for the tremendous job he did in organizing the Winter Carnival.

Dave Morton, who was recently appointed chief of the Campus Police, has done a commendable job in keeping his troopers in line. Dave holds the motto that his C. P.'s always get their girl. We are inclined to agree, for Dave spends his better hours at the nurses residence.

Ernie Macauley, manager of the hockey team, was recently held responsible for thirty-six stolen pucks and ten stolen sticks. He has yet to find a lawyer willing to defend him. Ernie maintains his innocence, but Coach Kane and some unnamed players caught him in action; Ernie feels he is being convicted on circumstantial evidence.

Dave "Midnight" O'Brien has been seen at numerous social activities in his new black pants from the Social Welfare Office; the word is that they were hand knitted.

Word from Marian College is that B. J. Callaghan has been having nightmares about the party after the Christy Minstrels. She wasn't there but Mr. Chairman was.

"Farmer" Dave McDonald has issued the statement that if Joe Murphy continues his rough play in the "buzzer" games he will have to clean him. "Heads up Joe".

Gerald Smith has stated that the defense has been on its toes lately and he wishes to thank them for the protection.

Uncle Bruce Garrity is now in his glory. It seems that his

brother Jim became a papa recently. Bruce was asked if he would be giving his nickles to his new nephew, but Bruce replied that visa versa would be more appropriate since his funds are devoted to a little girl from town.

Art "Rock" Noonan has recently captured the writ twisting championship of S.D.U. Not bad for a guy who weighs 90 pounds soaking wet.

Dick Flynn was reported to have been quite dismayed when he read the paper recently and found that three of his goals were given to Bob Gallant. Dick says he will pay a visit to the Guardian's sport's office.

Rita McCormack, an integral part of "Tree's" eternal triangle, has reportedly handed in her resignation as the competition for first position has become too strong. She says that she is a victim of circumstances.

"Punchy" Jack and "Battling" Bob have been working out in the gym. Both are preparing for a title fight at the end of this month. Sonny "Posty" Liston has offered to take on the winner. The fight is being promoted by Lawrence F., who states that the bout will be fought under Canadian rules. No punching below the shoulders.

Carma McQuaid was asked if she would start a lonely hearts club on campus, but she declined due to the fact that she has problems of her own. It seems Father Kelly's Latin is giving her a lot of trouble.

Dan Eaton and Gordon Marny are offering a bid to the faculty in hope of securing a contract for serving Mass during Lent. Both boys have been practising hard. Word is that they haven't got a chance.

The Sophomores as a whole have been pulling together fairly well

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, The Faculty's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feeling So Sad Or Art Bows To Politics

It has been said that, "Man is always ready to die for an idea provided that idea is not quite clear to him." May I add my neck to the chopping block in the name of a good (if not great) play, in the interest of "anything" modern occurring on P. E. I., and in protest of that age old scourge to all art—politics.

Expediency alone accounts for the word "faculty" in the title. (it being bad taste artistically to have a title longer than the actual work) since the decision to "hang Dad... neither had to be, nor was it unanimous. Unofficial statistics have the unofficial count at 4 to 1, for you who are statistically minded. Barring those who disqualify the play on moral grounds, (fighting Puritanism makes city hall look like a lark) the reasons why not "here and now" are concrete and sensible, if at the same time Arch-Conservative and political. The point is, whatever the official decision, it should not be relegated to that all to prevalent grammar school conception of faculty as a non-descript "they" whose main joy in life is making "us" miserable—is it not.

Anyone who is aware of past dramatics at S. D. U. (where dramatics, it seems is everyone's business) knows that one does not cut out such realities as "slut" and "virgin" from an innocent musical one year and go completely avant-garde the next. Oh Dad is essentially a farce, (also a tragedy and a terse commentary on life). But it would take little imagination to picture the farce within a farce that could result when S. D. U. alumni gymnasium, set with staunch supporters of the university since the class of 1895 filling the first rows, the nuns, enthusiastic for any endeavor at entertainment filling the next 20, gives forth its presentation of Rosalie, equipped with sensuous voice and slip seducing the inarticulate Johnathan in his mother's bedroom. One could perhaps read the list of casualties in an obscure corner of the Guardian under the heading "S.D.U. departs from tradition". The play has something to say, and a right to say it; but even a strong supporter has trouble in explaining what it has to say to an audience that can make the Student Prince a raving sellout for three nights.

Regardless of its merits or lack of them, the play stands with those who support it or falls with

those who oppose it on one question, "What are we?" Those opposed feel we are a university steeped in tradition, with an image to uphold, a responsibility to those who have contributed to our support, a duty to protect people, "and additional excellent reasons for not doing anything that might be questioned at this time, presuming we ever did". Reasons all above reproach—theoretically.

Those in favor of the play ask the same question, and get the same answers. It is all a question of interpretation. For instance take the question of responsibility—are we leaders, opening up new fields, unafraid to discuss and to give place to what frankly exists whether or not we garee with its light to; or are we afraid we might get soiled ourselves while attempting to deal a death blow to narrow-minded bigotry. Can we close our minds to the defeats and misery of two world wars and say that despair does not exist for us, therefore it does not exist? Or does it seem that we as a university are not so much concerned with turning out mature students as secure students, entrenched in the same narrow concepts of reality that their grandfathers had; armed with a faith which, never having been questioned, is in danger of falling to the first "reasoned" atheism it meets? Do we want to prepare the Island for culture it cannot much longer hope to lag 100 years behind, or are we too busy building a fence to ward off the world? In short, do we as a university "make" the environment or does it "make" us?

The play is not the thing. There are much worse ones and much better ones. Certainly there are much more suitable ones. But if we aspire to make the world a better place in which to live it would be wise to take a cold hard look at what it is. And such a view does not come about by allowing a place only for the suitable. Man has both a right and a duty to acquaint himself with the world in which e lives. If it is not suitable or him to do this when he is surrounded with the answers, then when will it be, when he is immersed in the problems? Beofre we dismiss this play as an issue with a Much Ado about Nothing, it might be well for us to take a closer look at "Nothing", the world outside of P. E. I. is full of it.

A CRITICAL COMMENTARY

by Tom McMillan

In the past few years, Charlottetown has been blessed with the appearances of many established singing groups rom both Canada and the United States. These have included such well-knowns as The Journeymen, The Townsmen, The Travellers, The Halifax Three, and The New Christy Minstrels. For the most part, they have been well attended and well received.

I personally don't think this applies to the recent engagement by Ian and Sylvia at the Prince of Wales Winter Carnival. No one, short of the insane, would deny their talents as singing artists; but as entertainers they just don't have it. They gave the impression of tired artists in a hurry to get over their last rehearsal before a big show. Lacking the polish of most professional singing groups, they seemed not to enjoy singing for an audience.

Most of their conversation was limited to Ian, the male member of the duo, and included some interesting and often humorous histories of their various numbers. Unfortunately, most of this humor was discolored, and for the most part, unappreciated.

Usually folk singers, such as Ian and Sylvia, make their audience sing-a-longs an integral part of the program, but this groups efforts in that direction were poor. In short, their appearance did not meet expectations.

The New Christy Minstrels recent engagement at the St. Dunstan's Winter Carnival was hailed as an unqualified success by most who attended the concert. Perhaps the best entertainers of their kind to appear in Charlottetown in recent years, they combined personality, humour, and talent to give the audience exactly what they wanted. Each of the nine members in the group gave the impression that they enjoyed entertaining; and entertain they did. From the time they went on stage, till they finished their performance with a standing ovation from the audience, they belted out group songs and individual solos with the agility of true professionals. Their own improvisation of "When the Saints Go Marching In" with an SDU flavor brought down the house. By making their hit tunes a climax to the show, they received the maximum response from the audience.

CRAVING

It's late at night in one of the men's dorms on the S. D. U. campus. A student in one of the rooms reaches for his pack of smokes and discovers it is empty. He asks his roommate for a weed and is met with a sarcastic smile and a negative nod of the head. He wanders into the hall looking for the one thing that will satisfy his craving. He tries several rooms but is met with a blank stare or an apologetic smile in each one of them. He staggers out through a raging blizzard over to the canteen, with forty cents jingling in his pockets, hoping to find it open. He crawls down over the stairs and across the cold cement floor. He hoists himself up to the window with the forty cents clenched tightly in his fist and reads unbelievably the sign taped to the window: "Closed For Inventory". His spirit is gone; he has no use for living any longer; as he collapses on the floor, a shattered hulk of his former self, he raises a nicotine stained hand in the air and mutters incoherently: "What this school needs is a cigarette machine."

Students, this is a warning of what may come in the future unless something is done about this deplorable situation. Start a drive for a cigarette machine on campus — Now!

—Anonymous

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