

- EDITORIAL -

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

It is again that ridiculous time of year when we catch ourselves saying "Merry Christmas!" instead of "how the H--- are you?" for a few weeks at least. Once more hast rolled around the equinox (or what ever it is that rolls around) to that when again the white snow falls and the empty wallet aches louder than ever. Yes, fellow vale-of-teardropers, it is again, as the French they say it, the Season of Feasts.

It is also what divides the men from the boys, the girls from the women, the strong from the weak. Nothing shows up a man so much as the way in which he enjoys himself. When serious matters are at hand, we are all pretty well the same. We wrinkle our brows, and dry our palms, and make weighty, perceptive statements. We are all brothers in adversity. But, O Lordy! how we differ when it comes to that old inescapable right -- the pursuit of happiness.

And the time of temptation is at hand. That glorious, longlonglong week-and-a-half when the booze will be a little freer and the spare time greater, and the atmosphere, giddly light. Not Simon Stylites on his column or Paul in his desert nor the great Antony himself met with greater temptation than we will in the weeks to come. And that is the most fearsome thing about feasts. They have another side. And that other side is YOU. If you wish to know yourself, watch yourself well during the holidays. Consider that fool and learn something that not all the books in our library can teach you.

Now, why do I talk like this?

Aha, exclaims Wise-Guy number

one from out the left corner, Father Kelly has finally gotten to him. He is lost, lost to all hope of redemption. He will never be able to lead a normal life.

Ah, but this is not so. Hang the sermons in the church if you really must, but please do not do away with yourself. Keep always in mind that old saying of the Delphic Oracle "Know Thyself" and you will never fail. You cannot. For a man who knows himself to fail is as selfcontradictory as a circle that is a square or an up that is a down. It cannot be. If college fails in teaching this lesson, than it has failed totally. The Diploma it hands out to you is completely useless.

And, to get back to Christmas, isn't this what it is all about. Did not Christ come down on earth to teach us, to show us for all time to come just what we were? Isn't Christmas the feast of discovery? The Shepherds' discovery. The journey of discovery undertaken by the Magi. The wondrous self-discovery of Scrooge in Dickens' great classic "A Christmas Carol".

Can we add our own self-awareness to this impressive list? Well, the time is here again when we must try harder. The Feasts are upon us. We step out boldly to greet them. Boldly I say, in the hope that some of us do indeed realize what a traumatic experience Christmas can prove to be.

In the hope that for some of us at least it will prove a more than rewarding experience.

After all this I should wish a Merry Christmas maybe?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor, Red and White,

Perhaps it is just another example of the general apathy on campus; perhaps it is simple teleration, or perhaps it just stems from indolence, but, after ten weeks of eating in the new cafeteria, there have as yet been no published comments on the quality of the food.

New, if we should, for the necessity of having a term, call this substance "food", we must instantly comprehend that the word is here used in an extremely loose manner, something askin to calling cow dung fertilizer.

Taking the meals in their chronological order, we first treat the common breakfast. Actually, this meal should be dismissed to the area of lowest insignificance where the students obviously consider it belongs, gaging this by their attendance at it. The menu for this edifying repast generally includes hard, dry toast; flat, skunky juice; tepid porridge, or perhaps the battered corpse of an egg. There is a remarkable similarity between the rancid, putrid, suffocating coffee served there, and the concentrated hydrochloric acid used in the chem lab. On Sundays, we are graced with a serving of an emetic material which the menu writer has the arrogant audacity to call bacon.

Next we arrive at the sumptuous main meal or dinner. Naturally we expect to find potatoes in some ignominiously prepared form: boiled, baked, fried, cremated, raw, mashed, smashed, junked, or in some other corroded state. Accompanying these delectable spuds are: a drooling portion of insipid vegetable, a chunk of indescribably hideous animal (maybe) flesh or bone, and a splash of musilaginous concoction of flatulent slime. This cauldron puke is thrown on a plate by a bevy of charming, intelligent waitresses and then placed within reach of the horrified student, who, mesmerized by this suave operation, probably takes the serving.

The third and final meal of the day is entirely disconnected from the realm of the describable. It is here that the situation is most crucial since the students are to be approximately fourteen hours without food following the meal, and yet it is the most abominable of all.

Generally, a cafeteria offers the diner a choice of food. Oh yes, we have a choice all right: take it or leave it. That is why they have the blackboard up there, with the menu on it. If you don't like the offering for the particular meal, you simply step out of line and leave. That fooled us for a while, not now everyone knows that any sim-

ilarity between the written and actual menu is purely coincidental. The mouth-watering description on the board could not possibly fit the food served. Since the students have paid for a meal, they are entitled to one. It is only common sense that in a group of threehundred and forty people they are bound to be some that do not like the menu offered, yet they either eat it or go hungry. Give them a choice in the main course, as other cafeterias do.

Also, the food is glacial. Either the equipment is defective, or the brilliant personnel are not operating it properly. The odd, infrequent meal fit for human consumption that we do get is usually so frigid as not to render it totally unpalatable anyway.

It is the general consensus among the veteran students here that the food this year is even more despicable than in the past few years, though any further decline in quality was thought impossible.

Agreed, it is difficult to prepare food delectably on such a scale as this, but institutional food can be improved over this crap. We do not think we wish too much if we ask for a choice of wholesome, substantial, and hot meals, that are at least edible.

L. O. S.

Dear Editor,

It is with deep regret that I read the letter, printed in the last edition of the RED AND WHITE, concerning one of our prefects in Dalton Hall.

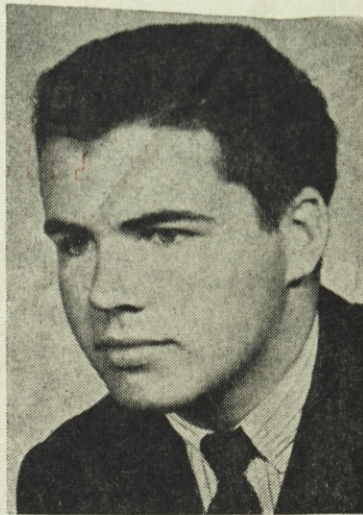
Why you chose to print this absurdity, I don't know. Anyone with a sound head on his shoulders would have perceived that this letter, if published in the RED AND WHITE, would insult and ridicule one of the most capable and dignified students attending this University.

Our prefects have a job filled with responsibilities. Many of us Daltonians are perfectly satisfied with the means employed by our prefects to keep peace and quite. Those who are displeased with these can simply blame themselves. If they were more intellectually mature and agreed to co-operate with our prefects the seemingly "tyrannic" means (of keeping peace and quiet) employed by them would not be needed.

I think that Disatisfied Daltonians should consider the following statement,—can you imagine what the situation would be in Dalton Hall if we didn't have prefects who are always alert and even severe at times. I know what the situation would be CHAOS. And which one of you wants chaos? I know I don't.

A Satisfied Daltonian

FROM THE STUDENTS' UNION



by TOM McMILLAN WINTER CARNIVAL COMMITTEE MEETS

The 1966 Winter Carnival machine is set to go. The Carnival Committee met for the first time Nov. 25, and Winter Carnival Chairman Charley McMillan says things look "bright." Scheduled for Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of the last week of January, the brains behind this years production will include resident-students, co-eds, day-students, and nurses.

Last year's Winter Carnival was a veritable failure -- socially and financially. However, the two previous Winter Carnivals, spearheaded by John Dunphy in '63 and Jim Griffith in '64 were tremendously successful.

Charley's right-hand man will be Sophomore Bob Hickey, serving in the capacity of Vice-Chairman, and Brian Dornan, as business-manager. But no aspect of campus life has been excluded to insure the best Winter Carnival ever. The Central Committee will consist of Campus Police, headed by Police Chief Ax MacAulay; Social Committee, headed by Mike O'Brian; Sales, headed by John Driscoll; and the Canteen, headed by Bob Britton. Carol Anne Power is in charge of Public Relations, and John Rogers is looking after Special Events.

Since the success or failure of past Winter Carnivals has depended upon the feature entertainment, great emphasis is being placed on importing a big name group. For this reason, \$2700 is being invested in bringing the Clancy Bros. to the campus. Mt. Allison University Winter Carnival sponsored the well known folk singing group from New York last year; and they were so popular the audience demanded a forty-five minute encore performance. The Carnival Committee has scheduled the Clancy Bros. for Friday, Jan. 28.

CARNIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

The climax of the four day event will no doubt be the crowning of the 1966 Winter Carnival Queen at the Carnival Ball, Saturday night. The Variety Show will be held Sunday, along with the student-faculty basketball game, as part of the St. Dunstan's Day festivities.

Other activities tentatively scheduled will include the Acadia-S.D.U. hockey game, S.F.U.-S.D.U. basketball game, co-ed-nurses' hockey game, and several new events yet to be announced.

DEFICIT FINANCING MAY BE NECESSARY

The 1965-66 Students' organization budgets have been passed and current estimates point to record high spending from the Students' Union coffers.

Though the Students' Union fee has been increased from \$25.00 to \$30.00, and though student enrolment is up 8% over last year, Treasurer Gene MacLughlin is predicting deficit financing for the Council Executive. Outstanding bills left over from last year -- particularly the Winter Carnival and the Red and White -- will account for almost \$1500 of the \$12,000 budget; nevertheless, the necessity of purchasing several hundred dollars worth of business equipment will make it necessary to either cut down the organization budgets already passed, or burden next year's executive with this year's financial problems.

Deficit financing for a students' Union is bad business. Thus, student organization may experience a minor austerity program before long. In any case, there is just not enough money to go around. Those organizations who have been in a habit of spending money like it is going out of style may just find out that it has!

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