

MAC'S RUMBLINGS AND GRUMBLINGS

There is a situation developing on campus that could get to be rotten unless something is done about it. The situation we will find ourselves in soon is that the newly formed SDU Security Police will have developed a traditional authority in three or four years that will be accepted by all of the community. Once that happens the fuzz will keep chipping away at individual freedom around here, until you have to ask their permission to go to the can. In the past few weeks we have seen at least three instances where the cops have shoved their noses in unwanted: there was a room search, a bald-faced lie, and a rude and a senseless command, all of which were uncalled for.

However, the situation goes deeper than that in that the SP's are actually the indirect cause of many transgressions of rules. In the past if a student wanted to act up, he had the floor-monitor-priest and the student-prefect to watch out for. Now their authority is nil or negligible, and the only law to be taken into account is the solitary SP on patrol. It seems to be almost a challenge to get him mad. This is the way the rebel's mind works, and as long as there is that badge of authority strutting around, there will always be the challenge.

The point of this whole discourse is that it is necessary to call the experiment in having security police around a failure, and either find a new system, or go back to the old one where common sense rather than intimidation was the rule.

Incidentally, it should be added in all fairness that the SP's are mostly a decent lot, but they just don't belong here. Their very presence is the important factor...

The Prof of the week award is this time combined with the Nervous Nellie and the Buttinsky award; and it goes to Dean Silverman of PWC for stepping in and calling off the Marathon Dance last week. It should be noted that this action was taken after consultation with the PWC students involved, but not with the SDU reps, who seemed to be well on the road to taking all the honors. It is also to be noted that this action was forced just before a hoard of SDU students would have arrived from the Moncton hockey game. The whole thing stinks, and the SDU dancers would like to prove it by having a rematch in our gym with a guaran-

tee of non-interference. Incidentally, the PWC dancers got what they wanted, as they had asked for a declared tie seven hours earlier... Someone mentioned the fact that there was a faculty tennis match scheduled for that afternoon. We don't know how true that is. However if it is, it reminds us of the SDU faculty member who chucked some hockey playing students off the rink so that his kids could have a skate... That one is kind of hard to swallow, but we have it on the best of authority that it actually happened...

Rumblings and Grumblings apologizes to the student dumped on in the last issue. However, it might be cogent to add that one of the other students involved (sorry to be so vague) has lost one of the harmless prerequisites attached to his position... In the same vein we would like to make two other clarifications. The first is that the Hitler referred to in the last issue is not the Director of Student Affairs. The second is that the residents do not mind all of the day students who visit the residences, just the ones who barf in the showers and urinals.

Great snowball fight in front of Memorial last Monday night. Too bad about the windows that were broken all along the fronts of Dalton and Memorial... Who, or what will be the entertainment during carnival? It is to be hoped that we won't get another rehash of previous carnivals. Rumor, and it is only rumor, suggests that this might happen... Gruff and imperious commands from the staff of the cafeteria are beginning to irk many students. Incompetence gets on their nerves too. Would you believe that they didn't have any ketchup the other night?... Even after it was requested... Residents might be interested to know that they are paying about .75c a meal, whether they eat it or not. There are many who skip meals, or who can't eat what is being served at a particular time, but it costs them seventy-five cents anyway. The number checker has a list with everyone's number on it. A student should be entitled to a monthly rebate for every meal he skips, or passes up for gastronomic reasons. This system would combine the best aspects of eating on, and eating off campus. It might also improve the quality of the food... Et le mot pour cette semaine, c'est, Danse, tabernacle, Danse...

RALPH'S MEN'S WEAR LTD.

160A KENT ST.

PHONE 894-8444

MICHAEL BROS.

240 DORCHESTER ST.

CHARLOTTETOWN

CARVELL BROS.

25 QUEEN ST.

CHARLOTTETOWN

KODAKS — FILMS — PROCESSING

REDDIN'S PHARMACY

DIAL 4-4515 — 4-4386

132 RICHMOND ST.

R. M. SMALLMAN

SODA FOUNTAIN — LIGHT LUNCHES
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

PERFECTION ICE CREAM

IS BEING SERVED IN THE COFFEE SHOP

THE FASHION SHOPPE

Ladies Ready to Wear

STUDENT DISCOUNTS

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

141 GREAT GEORGE STREET
TELEPHONE 894-3355

Compliments of

GIFTARAMA

119 GRAFTON STREET

CHARLOTTETOWN

THE CARD SHOP

STUDY OUTLINE AIDS, STATIONERY

BOOKS & MAGAZINES

SLIDE RULES, ART SUPPLIES

THE CARD SHOP

138 GREAT GEORGE STREET

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Sapinette © KERR

this may not look like an adventuresome sport, but may we assure you that she is a dauntless dragracer.

HOW TO SUPERCHARGE YOUR HONDA FOR EGO GRATIFICATION

Lapinette has decided that if sportsmanship has its limitations, then one is well advised to use the sneaky tools of our technology.

Lappy tries on the helmet and ponders the problem of such headgear for the rabbitic sport.

if you can't lick 'em — play canasta with them.

bank of montreal
CAMPUSBANK

ah! the trials and tribulations of sport! every morning our fluffy friend would meet up with a chap on the same model of Honda as hers, and they would stage an impromptu drag to campus. she could always recognize him by his flashy blue helmet with the big M on the front.

one day she hopped into the Campusbank to talk over a supercharger loan to (heh heh) fake out her adversary once and for always.

we must admit that she was surprised to find that famous blue helmet perched jauntily on the top antler of the manager's coat tree!

"I want a loan to buy a supercharger to fake you out..." she mumbled. the manager laughed politely. "I have been considering the same thing" he admitted sheepishly.

well — our bank doesn't always lend money. for instance, we know two people who've sublimated their competitive ids to twice-weekly canasta bouts.

105-107 Grafton Street branch
f.g. lambert, manager
open 10-3 monday to thursday, 10-8 friday