

# The thinking man

By L. DON ELYSYN

It might prove interesting and useful to consider at this stage our reasons for being in college. Nowadays, we are caught up in social pressures that demand a higher education. But are we no more than the effect of a cause more powerful than the tides? Are we as devoid of will and thought in this matter as are the chunks of driftwood on the beach? Indeed, though we may have freely come here, how much more correct is it to say that we were sent—sent by parents, by guardians, or by society!

Nevertheless, here we are. And now that we are here, we must ask ourselves some serious questions. "What am I?" is a good starter. It leads not so much to profound answers, but to other profound questions, such as: "What am I doing here?", "What can I—must I—do here?", and (glancing back in remorse) "What have I done so far?" What do we see when we look back? The many nights wasted and the many days devoid of fruitful thought? What do we see when we gaze in the mirror of time? A confused soul wandering without ballast or rudder amongst perilous rocks, half-unseen? And what do we see when we look with cautious eyes into the future—the dread but ever-hopeful future? A being whose every step fails him and whose every word betrays his greatest defect—that he was not a man of thought.

For though we may be here so that in a short while we can properly assume the task of drawing lines, or that of browbeating children, or removing tonsils, or even distributing the sacraments, we can never call ourselves accomplished human beings—no matter how well we draw the lines, beat the children, remove the tonsils, or distribute the sacraments—unless we all become "thinkers." And, what is a "thinker"? He is simply an intelligent being who makes the most of his most priceless gift—his immortal soul. Now, you probably wonder what the immortal soul has to do with lines, children, tonsils, or even sacraments (though that is doubtful). Actually, I answer, since we are intelligent beings, everything we do bears a relationship to our immortal soul. It is a simple fact to state, but, when one has fully realized it, it leads to the heights of greatness, and of the greatness of heaven itself. The man who is aware of the dynamic immortality within him, and the infinitely greater dynamic immortality without; who finds himself ever moving and ever questioning his every move towards the Absolute,

Welcome to our new modern store.

Come in and browse around. We have a complete line of dress shoes and Campus casuals, For Fall and Winter Wear.

**AGNEW SURPASS,**

Queen Street, Charlottetown.

# The Invisible Men

Although it is possible that men in the 'outside world' are bores, the men of this campus have always been astonishingly courteous. Four years here have convinced me that, for most women, a co-educational university is preferable because we have a chance to observe -- I did not say understand -- the way a man's mind operates and to work with men complementing -- this does not refer to flattery but it helps also -- their efforts to improve university life. Lately, however, I have been concerned, not about women's role in a co-educational university, but about the men's.

What has happened to our energetic, independent men? As the women steadily increase their participation in student organizations, the men are just as steadily backing down from their responsibilities. (Almost every organization but the men's choir has its numerical

representation of co-eds, now approximately one quarter of the student body. Some, such as Glee Club and Red and White, have from one third to one half its active members consisting of women.

Last year a great hue and cry was raised over the possibility of a woman being elected to the office of president of the Students' Union since a co-ed had already been elected class president. Few co-eds favoured the actual election of a woman to the highest executive position on campus but most wanted to have the right. This year I was shocked, during one of the presidential crises, to hear two upperclassmen ask, 'Can co-eds run for president? There is no one over here who can run it properly. Maybe a girl could do it better.' While this sudden confidence in the senior co-eds is gratifying, I was dismayed to see such an attitude of helplessness upon the

part of the men. This is but one example, the Students' Union is not the only organization in which feminine ascendancy is evident. The situation in the past, when the men of the University had all the power, was not good but the present tendency is still more alarming. Are we becoming a women's university?

In conclusion, it is encouraging to note that there are still a few outstanding masculine leaders here; the freshmen class seems especially alert. Furthermore, all three presidents have been men of talent and initiative; they deserve our gratitude. I certainly do not urge co-eds to get out of campus politics -- far from it. They could do more for St. Dunstan's. I bring the charge of indifference and backwardness to St. Dunstan's men only because I believe strongly that they are capable and that there are jobs only they can do.

## OH? YES: IT'S LUCK!

A modern wise man was once asked if he believed in luck. Here is his answer:

"Do I believe in luck? I should say so! It's a wonderful force! I have watched the successful careers of too many lucky men to doubt its existence and its efficacy. You see some fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs onto it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation and has the ambition to desire them and the courage to tackle them. He intensifies his strong points bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to cooperate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine of good; gives freely of what he has—both spiritual and

physical things. He thinks a little straighter; works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerves and his enthusiasm; gives such services as his best efforts permit. He keeps his head cool—his feet warm—his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles. He plans his work ahead, then sticks to it—rain or shine. He talks and acts it. And then... luck does all the rest."

R.L.

## Felictions

Nuptial bells rang out at Christmas for Barry Van de Moere ('65) and Mary Ellen Goodwin, also a Sophomore: Red and White extends congratulations and good wishes to the Van de Moeres.

For all Furniture Needs — See  
**FIRESTONE HOME and AUTO LTD.**  
Gt. George St.

## CAPITAL THEATRE

MOVIES FOR THE MONTH  
JANUARY AND FEBRUARY

Thursday, January 24th

Shows at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00

ELVIS PRESLEY

"Kid Galahad"

Friday and Saturday, January 25 and 26th

Shows at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00

GLEN FORD and LESLIE CARON

"Guns of Darkness"

Monday to Thursday, January 28 to 31st

Shows at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00

ROBERT PRESTON and SHIRLEY JONES

"The Music Man"

Friday and Saturday, February 1 and 2nd

Shows at 3:00, 7:00 and 9:00

"Snow White & The Three Stooges"

Monday and Tuesday, February 4 and 5th

Shows at 3:00, 7:00 and 9:00

OLIVIA De HAVILAND and GEORGE HAMILTON

"Light In The Piazza"

Wednesday and Thursday, February 6 and 7th

Shows at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00

GLENN FORD and LEE REMICK

"Experiment in Terror"

Friday and Saturday, February 8 and 9th

Shows at 3:30, 7:00 and 9:00

JEFF CHANDLER and TY HARDIN

"Merril's Marauders"

## RUBOR ET CANDOR

During the time of the Roman Empire, there was, on an island, a university to which many people came from distant lands. This university had its newspaper publication, Rubor et Candor, at the head of which was a dictator. (I believe our month of May was called after him) Some who worked under him left their positions, and others were forced to resign. To protect the name of the university there was a one man censor board appointed. (I think Bulgerius Exiguus was the man appointed.) Sometimes they turned down articles individually; other times they conspired together. Once, when the editor for personal reasons did not want a letter published, he retreated to the censor's office to get him to do his dirty work. But all this happened over 2000 years ago. It would not happen now.

This university was also quite sports-minded. In nearly all sports, there were cheering sections shouting, Pugnate! Pugnate! Pugnate! Though there was co-education in this institution, and the girls were active in everything else, they were not permitted to form a cheerleading section. Since that time, however, the world (and girls) have developed rapidly with the result being that girls can now take an active part in cheerleading sections.

After the game, everyone enjoyed a Pepsus from the beverage machine—the only one on the island which had to be reinforced with steel. There was also another beverage machine there, but the barbarians ripped it from the wall on three occasions. This type of thing is unheard of now.

Yes, these people thought themselves to be civilized, but at every opportunity they slit each others' throat. They moved away from Tyranny and became free to express themselves, but when they tried they were halted by an editor and a one man censor board. We must remember, however, that this was centuries ago. These things are unheard of now.

The preceding is entirely fictitious and any similarity between incidents or persons living or dead is coincidental.

JOHN B. MacDONALD

## LE COIN FRANCAIS

Au Carnaval De Quebec  
Avec Roger McIntyre

Sacre Bleu! Nous sommes deja vendredi soir, 10.30 heures plus precisement, mon article n'est toujours pas ecrit et c'est demain "parbleu" qu'il me faut le soumettre a l'equipe du "Rouge et Blanc".

Ma premiere pensee fut de ne pas presenter d'article dans ce numero mais reflection faite je me suis dis: Francais soyons forts; Abandonnons tout s'il le faut mais n'abandonnons pas notre coin!!

Qui, c'est bien beau avoir du zele, mais il faut tout de meme un point de depart: en autres mots il me faut un sujet. De quoi vais-je bavarder cette fois-ci?? Mais attends donc un peu... mais oui... mais pourquoi pas... mais c'est ca, je l'ai: Le carnaval de Quebec.

Comme nous avons un carnaval qui s'annonce ici sur notre "campus" pour la fin de ce mois, plusieurs seraient peut-etre interessees de savoir choses et autres au sujet du plus grand carnaval d'hiver sur le continent de l'amerique du Nord, le carnaval d'hiver de Quebec.

L'ouverture officielle se faisant en fevrier, le carnaval durera deux mois complets. Il y a naturellement et d'abord le choix de jolies candidates aspirantes au titre de "Reine du Carnaval" qui se fait au debut de decembre. La reine, puisque l'on s'est mis a parler de reines, sera choisie non pas devant des juges et selon sa beaute (car elles sont ordinairement toutes belles) au encore selon ses divers talents, mais elle sera elue d'apres le plus grand nombre de pettis "bonhommes" au chandeliers (cela varie) qu'elle aura vendu.

Le theme du carnaval est caracterise par un jovial et gros bonhomme qu'on appelle le "bonhomme Carnaval." Il est habille tout enblans avec un large ceinturon rouge autour de la

taille et muni d'une enorme tete. Sur son visage est peint un large sourire de sorte que lorsqu'on l'aperçoit l'on ne peut s'empêcher d'être joyeux et de crier avec le bonhomme! "Vive la vieille capitale! Vive le Carnaval!" Pendant toutes les activites, le bonhomme se promene dans la foule, parmi les gens et seme la joie et la gaiete dans tous les coeurs.

On oubleira sans aucun doute bien des choses au sujet du carnaval, mais ce qu'on ne peut oublier c'est la beaute et la splendeur des gigantesques monuments de glace. Il faut les voir pour les apprecier a leur juste valeur car vous en donner une description ne serait qu'une faible idee de ce qu'ils sont en realite.

Les activites qui ont lieu pendant le carnaval sont tres nombreuses et je ne voudrais tenter de toutes les enumerer. Parmi les plus populaires il y a la course en canots sur le fleuve, course en raquettes, en plus de nombreuses courses de ski et de patin. Le plus beau spectacle du soir est probablement la descente des skieurs munis de flambeaux. Il y a de plus les dancés en plein air qui ne manquent pas d'entrain et de gaiete chez nos bons canadiens francais. Il ne faudrait pas oublier les escapades en traineau au clair de lune avec "Framboise", qui se devoient toujours tres amusantes pour ne pas dire Romantiques.

Non mes amis je ne saurais vous mentir: au pays du Quebec il fait bon vivre! Pour ceux de vous qui n'y ont pas goute encore je vous souhaite d'y passer une petite vacance prochainement. D'ici la unissons nous tous ensembles, peres comme etudiants et faisons de notre premier carnaval a St. Dunstan's un vrai succes. En terminant, n'oubliez jamais que peu importe ou vous soyez, "il fait toujours bon se la couler douce".