

SOCIAL

Things seem to have slowed down in the social scene these days. It must be the lull before the storm. Murmurs are heard now and then of great events to come. May we so be blessed!

Rumour had it that the gym was not going to be used for dances and such this year but that is not to be. However, any class presidents or group leaders wishing to use the facilities of the gym are requested to submit the date and time they require the building to the Campus Social Committee. This list will be passed on to Mr. Ed Hilton who has the final say in delegating the gym to interested parties. Co-operation is necessary to ensure a year free from mix-ups and misunderstandings.

Sigma Delta Sorority had their first meeting of the year on September 27 and the event most in question was the annual Co-ed party. This gala affair will take place on October 18, it is hoped. It is not possible to say where or what band for sure but there will be plenty of signs soon proclaiming such facts. Cathy Gallant, head of the Sorority Social Committee, is in charge of the dance and under her capable leadership it should be an astounding success.

Is there someone asking—“What is the Co-ed Party?” Well, to quote our illustrious Sorority president, “it is the girl's night to howl”. You bet! In plain English, it means you lucky, lucky Co-eds get to ask those privileged males of S.D.U. out for a night. Dresswise — get out your best bib and tucker old girl, and don your dancing shoes. All right now, all you females from Frosh to Senior put on your track shoes and get moving. There is no time to waste! The one you plan to ask may be snatched up by someone else — trust no one. And do not be scared. Only the dearest of the deadhead males would dare refuse an

invite. Among the males it is a point of honour as to who is invited and who is not. Don't let them down!

Flash! Flash! Flash

The Ugly Duckling of Toronto will be appearing at the Alumni Gym on Wednesday, October 11 from 9 to 12 p.m. Come on out and hear this groovy group.

CARNIVAL PLANNING HAS BEGUN

From all parts of the globe are gathered individuals of all sizes, shapes, and cultural backgrounds. They have come together on St. Dunstan's campus to guide, learn, or do both. Sharing common goals, ambitions, and frustrations, they hope to see the end of the academic year a success and regard it as having been an enjoyable experience. To help make the road an enjoyable one and as a mild-semester break, their predecessors have established an annual Winter Carnival.

The Carnival has traditionally been a second semester holiday of sports activity on the intramural and intercollegiate levels, out-of-doors and in-door activities, and all-in-all, a period of merriment highlighted by an opening parade, a Carnival Ball, and an evening of excellent entertainment.

This year's carnival committee shall endeavour to make the 1968 Carnival your Carnival, and in this respect calls on you to submit any desires you have for feature entertainment and activities. You are entreated to make any ideas or comments you may have with regards to the 1968 carnival known to Philip MacDougall, Student Union president, or Jimmie Dorsey, Junior Arts student.

Super Sensible Beefs

On the afternoon of September 24th a small informal meeting was held in Father Kelly's office in Main Building. This meeting was organized by SDU's leading radical theologian and anti-Vaticanist, Ted DeCoste, and was attended by several of the prominent Christian atheists on campus.

The purpose of this gathering was to examine some of the questions uppermost in the minds of SDU students today, questions like: What is the Mystical Body? What is the value of Confession? Is the Eucharist purely psychological? What is the role of the Church today? What is the nature of Grace? If God is dead, is He in Heaven? What makes Father Tammy tick? A number of these questions were discussed last Sunday, others will be taken up at future meetings.

This manner of approaching theological problems is designed to give students an opportunity to discuss frank-

ly and intelligently what they consider man's relationship to God ought to be. All the answers will not be discovered at these meetings but it is hoped they will serve to supplement the Theology course some students are presently taking.

The future of this type of discussion has not been decided upon. To date there are no restrictions whatsoever as to who may attend these meetings. You need only have a sincere desire to search for Truth and a sufficient control of your temper so as not to frustrate this aim. When the details concerning the the next meeting have been finalized, the information will be posted on the bulletin boards.

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“BODY OF CHRIST!” “AMEN”. — Monsignor George MacDonald, president of St. Dunstan's, chief celebrant at the Michaelmas Day Mass, gives communion to senior girls in the picture above. Assisting Father George in the concelebration were Father Thomas MacLellan and Father Frank Ledwell.

Michaelmas Day, September 30, 1967, opened the religious and academic year at St. Dunstan's. Though classes had been in full swing for two weeks, the year had not yet begun, especially for the Seniors. With our academic procession led by Mr. Fred Driscoll, the year started with a difference.

The feast of the Holy Spirit is usually the day chosen for the full academic mass, but this year, for various reasons, Michaelmas Day was chosen instead. The choice was very apt, if not only for its historical significance — historically when society was centered about the church, Michaelmas began everything; academic, financial, and religious—then

for its easy application to modern university life.

Ecumenism was very big in the opening mass. Canon Ferguson, our Anglican chaplain and spiritual director, read the gospel of the mass, a move heartily applauded by everyone present. Ecumenism did not stop there, for seated on the green felt chair of a bishop sat the Most Rev. W. W. Davis, Anglican Bishop of Halifax. Dressed in the brilliant red and black of his office and singing the hymns of the mass the bishop was representative of a great step toward mutual understanding.

Another change (thank God the weather held) was

the celebration of Mass in the open air. If the church its many facets — Roman Catholic, Protestant, our separated brethren; and those faithful to an unknown God; as Father Kelly said in his homily — is to be a real force on campus it must get out and into campus life. What better way than holding the mass outside, on the steps of Main building, along the busiest sidewalk, could religious confrontation be stated.

We would like to congratulate the staff for their far-sightedness here at the beginning of another year. We only hope the real significance isn't lost to those new to St. Dunstan's.

Confessions of a Frosh

Dear Mom & Dad,

Well, here I am settled at University. It's really a blast! The first week was the most! And, the Doctor said I should be off my crutches in no time. You know, Mom, smoking isn't half as bad as it used to be. Dad, “you old son-of-a-gun”, you said my nose would grow if I got drunk or took out strange girls.

I can't get over how friendly everyone is here. You know, the fellows practically begged me to play cards with them one night. Wasn't that nice of them? They were almost crying when I lost all my book money. (Ha! Ha!) I told them to cheer up; after all, it's not that bad...is it?

By the way, Mother, mini skirts are going over big on campus. All this talk about the new morality really makes sense. Those short dresses don't really disturb me at all; in fact, I seem to have already developed a keener apprecia-

tion for girls. I've just joined a club advocating “free-love”; it's really groovy!

The big talk among the upper classmen is that God is dead. I guess it won't be too long now, Dad, before this going to Church will be out of style. Won't it be great?

I didn't get an S.D.U. jacket yet but I bought a new pipe; it only cost me \$1.50, plus tax. Another thing around here is that nobody shaves anymore; it has something to do with finding one's personality... whatever that is? I haven't shaved in the last three days myself. You should see me, Mom, you wouldn't recognize me. (Well, maybe in a few more weeks).

Well, Mum and Dad, it's about time I went over to dinner. What are meals like here? Well, they're They're, yes they sure are.

Your loving son

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