

SOCIAL

A GRIMM FAIRY TALE

"Much to do.."

University means studying but you have to have your fun too—to relieve your jangled (?) nerves. Being human, and college students too, it is fully realized that the social scene will be an important feature in your life. Complaints are often heard about their being nothing to do but, actually, if you seek, you will find.

Social and entertainment wise, the activities will be centered in S.D.U. campus for the first week or two. Once the excitement has died down and things take on their normal perspective you will be seeking your distractions, not only on campus, but in the City of Charlottetown as well.

College activities, for the most part, will take the form of dances and class parties. The dances are usually held every Saturday night in the gym with a local band in attendance. Class parties take place off-campus and are held according to the wishes and budgets of the different classes.

In Charlottetown, the Confederation Centre is THE place to be seen and to see. The theatre itself is a beautiful artistic monument to Confederation.

Blow-Up with Vanessa Redgrave is the last movie for this month. On Tuesday, September 26, live entertainment with the HANK SNOW-WILF CARTER SPECTACULAR will take place with two performances at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.

And what is to come next month — The Best of Barker-Karpis - Vaudeville, Holiday Theatre for Children, New Brunswick Youth Orchestra, I.O.D.E. Red Glove Revue, Monique Leyrac, Doctor Zhigago.

The Art Gallery of the Confederation Centre is open from Tuesday to Friday from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., on Thursday evening from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. and on Sunday afternoon from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. At the present time the Directors' Choice Exhibition is on display. Next month there will be paintings by Doug Haines of the Calgary and also on display will be miniatures of the Fathers of Confederation.

The Capitol Theatre in Charlottetown is presenting a fine array of films for your entertainment in the next couple of weeks.

Sept. 20-23 Spinout (Elvis Presley).

Sept. 25-27 Kaleidoscope (Warren Beatty).

Sept. 28-30 Fistful of Dollars (Clint Eastwood).

Oct. 2-4 Doctor You've Got to be Kidding (Sandra Dee).

Oct. 5-7 War Wagon, John Wayne, Kirk Douglas).

The Basilica Recreation Centre on Richmond Street offers bowling and dancing facilities, as does the Rollaway Club on Grafton Street. You are probably already acquainted with these places and if not, you most certainly will be before the year comes to a close.

For the "oldsters" and those on "liquid diets" the Granada, Main Place, The Charlottetown Hotel, the Field and Stream, the Legion and the B.I.S. will provide you with your needed entertainment and relaxation. S.D.U. students find these places satisfactory and you will always find one or two Saints around the place.

Well, it is hoped that these few words will enlighten you as to what there is to do and where to go while you make your home with us for the next eight months. The Red and White will do its best during the year to keep you informed on what is coming up so you will not miss anything. Hope we will be seeing you somewhere, anyway.

Not too long ago, there existed on a tiny, but beautiful isle, two tiny, but not so beautiful kingdoms. One of the kingdoms was ruled by a Prince, the other was ruled by a Saint, but he was never there so his little kingdom was ruled by a Board of Regents.

The Prince was very authoritarian and would have nothing to do with the Saints' kingdom. He had a very nice kingdom but he also had delusions as to its importance. One day a group of subjects from both kingdoms got together and talked about their problems.

They decided that there weren't enough taxes to support two separate kingdoms so they wrote a book in which they suggested that the two tiny unimportant kingdoms join to make a big impressive one.

The Saint thought that this was all right as long as he could

still have his own little garden in the corner of the kingdom. The Prince thought the idea was alright too as long as he could move up from prince of his tiny kingdom to be king of the big one.

Then the Prince heard about the Saints' little garden and decided to see what it was all about. One look was all he needed to decide his kingdom and his subjects would have nothing to do with the Saints as long as the Saint and his Board of Regents insisted on that little garden. He didn't like what was growing there and feared that the dreadful fruit might be forced upon his subjects.

The Saint said that the only people who wanted the fruit were his own subjects, but he was wrong. Nobody cared whether the garden was there or not, except the Prince, the Saint, and the Board of Regents.

On the Island there was another secret power that nobody knew much about, mainly because they never did anything. The head of this third power was a liberal sort of a chap. He and his gang of 30 men sat in a room and talked about nothing in particular. However, they were worried about the two tiny kingdoms. The head of the 30 thought that the two kingdoms should join, but he couldn't do anything about it, even though he had the power.

He knew he could talk the Saint and the Prince into federating, if only it weren't for that darned garden. He does nothing. The Saint goes on gardening and his subjects keep throwing the garden's products under the table because the Saint doesn't know how to serve them. The Prince just keeps going on about his business, but in the back of his mind that garden keeps cropping up.

"LOVE" — A SUMMER SOUND

By LIB SPRY

Canadian University Press

Love was the word this summer, love and flower power.

Hippysm, which until this spring was a small cult confined to the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco and the Greenwich Village area of New York, has spread with astonishing rapidity across The States and Canada.

The long-haired, rather dirty, banded and beaded, psychedelic hippy preaching the philosophy of love, peace and joy, has become one of the major news stories of the year, with every reputable magazine, and quite a few un reputable ones, giving this new breed extensive coverage. Toronto's establishment Globe and Mail have covered every love-in, paint-in, demonstration and protest held by the Yorkville hippies over the summer. Both Ottawa papers covered the hippy versus The Mail merchants fights in great detail. Maclean's supported the use of hippies in the Company of Young Canadians in Victoria and elsewhere. And most ridiculous of all, a Look reporter was interviewed by a confession magazine while he was researching a story living in Haight-Ashbury.

But hippies are more than good summer copy. They are an important manifestation of the growing dislike and distrust of today's society by the young, the so-called "majority generation."

The desire to "tune in and drop out" and get away from the pressures of school, home and materialism is understandable when one considers that a nice home, two cars, three televisions and a college education are what are considered success in this life.

And the hip philosophy is one which appeals to the young, first because basically it caters to the self, and secondly because in its purest form it can appeal to the ideals of the young in a way the big-business syndrome never can.

Hippies believe in loving — oneself, one's neighbour, the fuzz, the mayor who is trying to get rid of one, anyone and everyone. They do not want to own the world, they want to be allowed to live the way they want. They hold a belief which is a mixture of Christianity at its most primitive, Buddhism, and Communism. The Diggers, an organization run by active hippies, provides food, clothing and money for their less resourceful bretheren. Many of these work part time, often with the post office so they can survive and so they can buy the drugs which are a necessary part of the whole hippy set-up. But work is not the be all and end all of their existence.

To quote a San Francisco cab

driver "The hippies are more honest with themselves than anyone else is. Most people spend all their time working and then enjoy life only as a side-line. With the hippies, life comes first, and work is the sideline."

But to parents, municipal and government authorities, and the "straight" people the whole business seems ridiculous, a waste of time and a nuisance. They feel the flower people are irresponsible, dirty and dangerous. They threaten all the things held most dear by the elders and "betters", and they use drugs. And drugs have always been taboo.

Arguments that pot is at least no more dangerous than those two pillars of "straight" society—tobacco and alcohol—are disregarded. And the reports of the effect of stronger drugs like LSD on the mind and on the body adds to the distrust.

In Canada, a country not renowned for its radicalism, colonies of hippies have become municipal headaches in Ottawa, Montreal, Vancouver, Victoria and Toronto. Even in staid Saskatoon, the teenybopper, a junior, mixed-up variety of the

And they are reacting.

The climax of a summer of skirmishes between the hippies and "straight" authorities which have occurred across Canada came in the middle of August when the Toronto group, strengthened with contingents from Mntreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Buffalo and Detroit, tried to get a street in the centre of their area, Yorkville Avenue, closed to traffic, cutting off fumes, hippie-gawpers and imminent death.

But it is unlikely hippysm will die out. The philosophy, the reaction against materialistic world, the offer of mental freedom through drugs, psychedelic music and the like, and above all the emphasis on love, all appear to a generation which has grown tired of their parents' rat race.

And the hippies offer them an escape.

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