

THE RED & WHITE

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EDITORIAL

"THAT THEY ARE MATURE ENOUGH"

Every edition of the Red and White this year has dealt with, in some size, shape or form, the question of apathy, academic freedom and student awareness. In the past, we have taken the unequivocal stand that there has been a definite need for improvement. We feel however, that that stand must be qualified.

The question by its very nature is tinged with emotionalism. Involvement, whether social, political, or academic, is not, and will not be, the road followed by the majority, whether we are speaking of students or members of the broader social community. We are too often aware of what is wrong or imperfect around us. We consider it a moot point that SDU is characterized by sophomore prattlers of sheer nonsense. Unquestionably, we have our fair share of academic mediocrities who lower standards and dampen natural enthusiasm.

Beneath the surface, however, there is a hard core of activists who provide the impetus for many difficult and yet highly successful events. Let's stop and reflect a moment of these achievers who fulfill a responsibility to themselves and our wider university community. Here is evidenced the "self-control, self-discipline, honesty, courage, perseverance, and just plain hard work" pointed up by Dr. Schillich.

Our varsity squads deserve a good deal of commendation and credit for their hearty efforts that seem in the long run unappreciated. These fellows slave many long hours to make their stab at effacing themselves and the university.

The Red and White has a staff of over fifty go-getting reporters, photo, typists and editors, who manage to publish a paper every two weeks.

The students collectively own and manage an \$80,000.00 Coffee Shoppe, and run a student store. Cynics may sneer 'ya and what a mess!', but the fact remains we have come this far and can go a lot further.

Take a look around and see the clubs that are working and running solely on student initiative. The Liberals, the NDP's, and the Progressive Conservatives, the Photo Club, the Glee Club, the Band, the Yearbook, and countless others are crying for the student's attention. Every year we have an annual Winter Carnival; every year Treasure Van comes and a student is sent on an international seminar by WUS.

These are but a few examples of what is and has been done. The pity is that too much is done by too few. But, it is done, and credit must be given where credit is due. Our generalizations must be careful ones. Too much care cannot be taken to stress again and again that here at SDU as everywhere else individuals can and do accomplish and deserve mature respect and commendation.

Editor-in-Chief Eric Milne

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOING TO HELL

Dear Editor,

It is my belief that the spirit, activity and enthusiasm of SDU students is a challenge of the right of this university to exist separately and autonomously outside the gates of hell. The privileges has long been a much disputed problem that appears to be resolved. We are becoming truly academic. In fact, it was said in certain becalmed quarters that many student's prefer studying to sounding off their limp vocal cords at the St. Mary's - SDU football game.

The epitomy of my observation can be seen in the high school game here. There, we saw both sides of the field filled to capacity with enthusiastic fans on a rather brisk, chilly day. Yet on the eventful day of the St. Mary's - SDU game, attendance failed to fill even one side; and, it appeared for the most part, that the vocal cords of the fans were on a prolonged period of dormancy.

Moreover, if one ventures to characterize the Freshman this year, we could summarize them as quiet, well-behaved children. Why, even a Varsity game can hardly arouse them from their peaceful, sheltered existence. One might note, therefore, a marked deviation from previous freshman classes whose behaviour earned them the distinction of the liveliest class on campus.

We are indeed destined to a very mundane and definite future. Be it resolved then, that we accept the fact with the sheer indifference with which we shared the Varsity football games and hope that such a future character will give rise to a secular campus wherein we can share the hell of apathy.

A True Academic

MESSY REBELLION

Dear Sir,

I note a comment on the kindergarten (progress?) in your last issue. While I am not exactly an impartial observer, it occurred to me that in some ways the presence of the kindergarten children on campus may well serve as a good example for our older students, and that thus the kindergarten could be regarded as a step in the right direction, progressive or not.

For instance, I have never seen kindergarten children stoned out of their minds, smashing beer bottles, plugging toilets, and in general behaving like moronic louts. I have never seen them trampling grass, breaking branches off trees, defacing automobiles, or writing obscene slogans on their desks. In class, I have never seen a kindergarten child gazing into space, picking his nose or yawning so that tonsils and dental cavities may be examined with ease.

Perhaps I am simply failing to comprehend the visible manifestations of this great rebellion of youth which so many students assure me is occurring. If so, may I ask your readers why rebellion must be so messy?

Yours sincerely,
I. G. MacQuarrie

SPELEN

Dear Sir:

In answer to your question, in the November 7th edition, "What, in your opinion, would be the most important ADDITION to the campus?" may I suggest "A DICTIONARY!"

Stoodent

JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING

An elderly lady had come to town for the first time to spend the summer. As she wished her plans for an enjoyable holiday to be laid out as carefully as possible, she resorted for aid to the Parish Padre who helped her in getting comfortable lodgings.

The landlord showed the lady all over the buildings and grounds, and then left her to enjoy her new home — but unfortunately forgot to leave his telephone number.

The lady soon discovered, however, that she could not find the bathroom or W.C. in any part of the house. She therefore wrote a letter to her friend, the Padre, asking him if he knew where she could locate the W.C. The Padre therefore thought she was asking for a Wayside Chapel, little dreaming that the lady was asking about a water closet. He therefore wrote:

Dear Miss Spriggs,

I am very delighted to inform you that the W.C. is situated in

a nice little grove of trees about ten miles from the house where you now live. It is not as beautiful as you might wish, with all the modern conveniences, but the parishioners all love it and visit it as often as possible. It is there that I was christened, and it was there I met my first wife. My eldest daughter was also christened there and the first seat by the door bears her name.

On the day of my daughter's marriage the place was overcrowded and parishioners had to wait their turns to enter.

The latest addition (a gift of my son-in-law) is the beautiful bell which rings anytime one enters and takes his seat.

Many people enjoy visiting there a little oftener than others and usually spend several hours and have their lunch there.

There is often a scent there and it often lingers after a service. One cannot really detect what special scent it is owing to the several flowers which grow around the place, the scent of the wood, and sometimes the burning of incense. When you go there you will find that we have no musical accompaniment, as no W.C.'s in this part have any.

Our water stoops are on the left-hand side of the door and please do not forget the use of the water. Many parishioners forget, which I think is a great pity, for the water is meant to cleanse after one has visited the W.C.

When the place is crowded you might have to remain in a kneeling position throughout, if you find the vacant seats not so comfortable. Among the parishioners there is unanimous agreement that everyone feels much more comfortable, relaxed, and in every way at ease after visiting the W.C. For each one is usually able to dispense with a great source of worry, and all tension disappears, leaving one thoroughly refreshed after visiting the W.C. Both the body and the soul becomes lighter for they have cast away their burdens.

I think I have told you all, and I look forward to seeing you at the W.C. at your earliest convenience.

Please come soon for a W.C. is a necessity; I might add an indispensable one.

Yours faithfully,
A. B. Val D'...