

RED & WHITE

Published bi-monthly during the University year by the students of St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, and for the payment of postage in cash.

Member of Canadian University Press.

The opinions expressed in this publication are the views of the writers, not necessarily the views of the students, the Students' Council, or of the University.

EDITORIAL

dropping out

(Reprinted from the Varsity)

Darcy Martin dropped out of university the last day of last term and today lies somewhere in Mexico. Except for a brief visit to the cold city, he expects to stay in Mexico for a while.

Tough to think about, isn't it? Especially since you know you'll have to confront your own conscience during reading week and your capabilities the last weeks of April. If you're a normal student, you probably think about dropping out yourself occasionally. But you never do it and don't really know why.

Darcy had the guts to do what we all think about. You might say he took the easy way out and that quitting is no answer. He should at least have finished the year he started and then — if still necessary — taken a year off. His mother might have commented that he is wasting a year he desperately needs for his future.

Nonsense. There's always time to stop and look around a little and ask yourself why you're here. That's dangerous thinking, mind you, because most of you won't find a good answer. So, it's better you don't think about that.

Get back to Darcy who may have been afraid of failing his year and rather than face failure or the work to avoid it pulled out. That may be the case and you only have to look at the amount of school work he did last term and the amount of time he spent on his duties as SA'Cs Cultural Affairs Commissioner to find evidence to say that. And to reassure yourself you can dismiss him as a lazy-young man.

But he was in third-year Modern History and no one seriously believes he will fail that course (or any other post first-year course). An unbelievably small amount of work strategically chosen will take anyone through and someone may even think him an intellectual.

Fears of academic failure may play a part but the person who waits until his third-year of university isn't a likely candidate for such failure. He may only have come to realize that university really isn't where it's at, at all — a truly shattering revelation.

It's especially shattering if the ideal of the scholar community has been idealized as much as it has in our society. It is very likely that today's dropout is more sensitive to real education than the person who stays in, gets A's, and goes on to graduate school and becomes a classified scholar. The problem with today's scholars is that they are career men; they don't question any more. They talk to each other only and even then don't bother to listen.

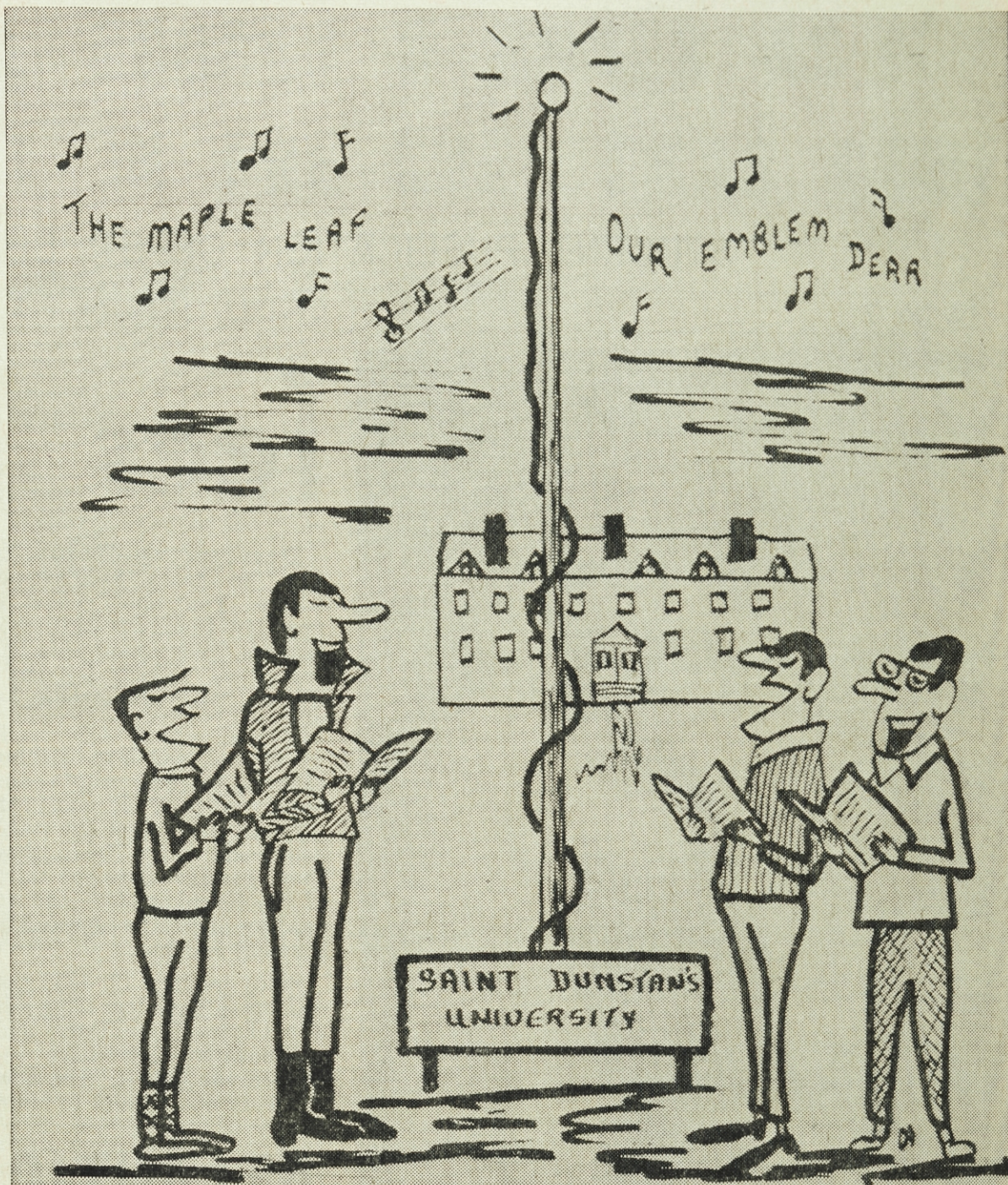
There's a sterile world in academia these days but society doesn't offer an exciting alternative. The Technocratic and bureaucratic society builds its imagination into IBM machines.

That's the society we're all being sucked into while we play this funny game of answering questions for marks. Not much effort is needed and maybe, just maybe, Darcy Martin realized that merely passing courses isn't enough, when the standards are so low.

It's a necessary stage for him to pull out and take his experience first hand and at his leisure — not at the rate set by some curriculum committee.

The tragedy is that Darcy will be back. Not because university will have changed or that his mind will have changed about the relevancy of university, but because society requires him to bear a degree. When he's back the second time, dropping out will not longer be an alternative and the system will smack its lips with the deed accomplished.

In a free society you're free to drop out any time—and you probably should while you're still young—but don't ever imagine you'll get away with it. You might never contribute anything important to society, but society has to tame you so you can continue growing old.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Phantom Foot-nibbler Loose In Yale Library

NEW HAVEN, CONN. (CUP-CPS) — A phantom foot-nibbler is at large in the stacks of the library at Yale University. He has attacked at least four women — three graduate students and one professor's wife — during the last four weeks.

According to descriptions given by one of the nibbled girls and the campus police, the assailant crawls up on all fours and attempts to kiss or bit the feet of girls studying in the stacks. In at least one incident, a girl's shoe fell off, and the attacker began biting at her toes.

The attacks have taken place during the afternoon and evening in the second, fifth, sixth and seventh floor stacks of the library.

One graduate student who was attacked over two weeks ago said that she heard the footsteps but ignored them, and then was aware of a person standing above her for a long time.

"All of a sudden I felt somebody kissing my feet," she said. "Here was this guy on his hands and knees kissing me. I screamed but everybody ignored me." The attacker, who had apparently crawled into her study booth from the side, fled when she began screaming.

Dear Mr. Milne:

I appreciate receiving copies of the Red and White, and would like to congratulate you in a special way for your article on page 3 of the December edition, volume 9, No. 6.

I am delighted to learn that some St. Dunstan's students will be going to Latin America next summer and I hope that they will find the experience rewarding and I am sure they will make a worthy contribution.

I am enclosing a compilation of addresses delivered at Michigan State University some months ago. You will find a section devoted to Latin America which may be of interest to you or to some of the students who plan to go into the area.

Yours sincerely,
Heath Macquarrie, M.P.

Dear Sir,

I discovered a small piece of paper my roommate had used. I glanced at it, then read it, and finally studied it. What he had written puzzled me, for I knew that I should have understood. It read: "I recall my youth with ease because I am still bound to it. All the fleeting and shallow joy is still mine, the pain is but a morn-

ing recollection of last night's dream. I smile about my playthings — the puzzle's; the toy barn with its sheep, cows, and yellow straw; my little stuffed camel.

But even more, I recall my sports toys. Soft and lumpy, a skate-laced football; my sawed-off hockey stick; a ripped basketball; and a broken bat and tattered ball. These I kept in a special toybox. It was my reliquary, holding my pride and happiness.

That first puff from a yet unfinished cigar is another fond reminiscence, as is the garbled and incoherent passages in my newspaper collection book. Somehow they, too, managed to be cached with my sticks and bats and balls. Battered and brown, that old wooden chest was everything — all life could offer me and all I could offer life. So it was once upon a time.

Later I learned that it was only a minute part of the great whole; my mother and foster-father guided me towards this understanding. From them and through them, I embraced love and faith, duty and values, penance and hope.

I shall remember that toybox, but I will never forget the rest." He signed it J.C.

Yours truly,
A Student

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