

## THE CANADIAN DILEMMA

By REG PENDERGAST

Canada is faced with a great political dilemma which may, or may not, be resolved on April 8. It is hardly probable that the parties could be trusted to form a strong coalition in the event that no party gets an overall majority. They are all so high principled that they would never allow themselves to be accused of making a game out of politics. They need not have such recriminations. As long as we have a parliamentary system based on the British system then politics will have the attributes of a game. When the other parties decided to give the Diefenbaker Government the heave-ho, the logical and desirable course of action would have been to let Mr. Pearson form a government with the support of the parties which helped him defeat Diefenbaker so that he would have a chance to make good his claim that he could do a better job of running the country. But it wasn't "cricket" according to the old tradition and the Canadian people had foisted upon them an election for which they were not, are not, nor will be prepared. The people needed a period, after the last election, during which they could make up their minds on a party. The vacillation of our Prime Minister, and all former Prime Ministers, is only a reflection of the vacillation of the Canadian people.

There is good reason for their inability to make up their minds. There do not seem to be any great rational issues on which the people can become of one mind. Even the issue of nuclear arms is blown up out of all proportion to their importance as a contribution to Canadian defence. It is not a political issue nor should it be. The issue which it exposes, American control of the country's economy and politics is fraught with the dangers of passionate anti-Americanism and is not worthy of the Canadian people. Another reason for the impasse is that there is a large segment of the people of Canada who dislike all the parties. The Liberals are

disliked for allowing too much American investment, not encouraging native investment, and for neglecting the extremities of the country. The Conservatives are disliked because every time they have been in office recently there has been economic trouble, and rightly or wrongly, they are blamed. The N.D.P. is feared because it is socialist and we do not seem to be ready for socialism yet. The Social Creditors are feared until they are understood, and who understands them! The outlook is for another minority government after April 8. The last minority government was unable to get the business of parliament done so the prospects for the country are not good.

A solution to the problem must be found, and soon. A de Gaulle type arrangement is hardly possible since Gen. Simmons, on his premature retirement, neglected to say, "When Canada calls me, I will be ready." Impossible situations! What should be done is to replace the present legislative body with representatives of university students from across Canada. They could surely get as much done as the present Parliament. Their experience in Trade and Commerce has been developed by Treasure Van and such things as Winter Carnivals. Then there would be no need for model parliaments because students would "learn by doing," as the progressive educators suggest.

The senate could be filled by the faculties, and everyone knows that they would have much more control over the legislative body than the present senate. The plan should receive widespread support because it would make use of the best brains of the country, it would be representative, and it would do away with the complaints that student organizations aren't doing anything. But best of all, it could serve as a warning to Canadian politicians that the present system is not sacrosanct and if it cannot be made to work, another type will have to be found that will work.

## It's only seven miles to Charlottetown

The weather man was always wrong, but why did he pick the day of the Sophomore trip to be right. Was it the prayers of the other classes for vengeance on the Sophomores for taking the big three Carnival honors? Could it have been caused by the rapid rosary recital at the beginning of the trip? The reason does not matter as God's directions are not to be questioned. Batchilder's directions however, can be: for thanks to them the driver missed the road to the ultra-modern rink where the Pisquiders were busily clearing the ice, only to have the snow drift in again as fast as it was removed.

The game commenced on time in spite of protests from the Easterners. After about five minutes of play the game was called off. Needless to say, the Sophomores won even though they placed our goalie facing the drifting snow. Incidentally, they had no goalie to place in front of the lobster-trap-like contraptions they called nets.

At 8:45 the victorious 2-0 Sophomores climbed upon the IMT for their journey homeward, but were forced to stop due to drifts and stalled cars. Everyone except Batchilder and Berkshire, who had their own problems beside them, faced the waist deep drifts to remove the obstructions by pushing one car into the ditch and the other two into deeper snow. All the work was in vain, however, as the motor died leaving us without heat. Some improvised, but the demand was greater than the supply. While yodelling Clarence went for help, the soiled, swearing, shivering, snow-covered Sophomores recuperated by eating Bakers' left over NFLD. Xmas candy. The next outing to free the three cars behind the bus proved not only useless, but also that the

## THE MYTH

By JOANNE VATALARO

There seems to be a general attitude around St. Dunstan's in particular, and Catholic institutions in general, that by becoming the equal of man, woman has sacrificed her rightful place of superiority, and proceeded to an inferior position. Such topics as the emancipation of women are not considered important enough material to cover in classes, and the general attitude, "you made your bed, now lie in it" prevails. Needless to say, these opinions are expressed by men, whose egos still probably reel under the blows dealt by emancipation. And although it is not "cricket" to hit a man while he is down, it is only fair to warn him that to get up in the same position may be disastrous.

From the beginning of civilization the status of woman has fluctuated from one of abject slavery, to warrior queen, to just another household object. Woman was what one, that is a man, wanted her to be, when he wanted her to be it — after all no one has set any limits. And through the centuries one can hardly say that his initial investment of a rib has not paid tremendous dividends. It would have taken a man with a divine nature to settle the problem, and luckily he came around the year 1 and pointed out that they were as good, noble, dignified, etc. . . as man, after all.

This is when man invented the myth. And it is quite ingenious, considering the time that went into it, and, of course, the source. Clearly, man wasn't going to give up his superiority, so equality was out of the question. But that dangerous glimmer in woman's eye was set against reverting to the old order of things. Then it came — the idea — the man who created it should have gotten the Nobel prize; it kept peace for so long. Why not make woman superior? Of course we all know she isn't but if we can convince her that she is it will solve a lot of

problems. It was the answer for a very long time — probably to the advent of education. But education, knowledge banishes all ignorance, and reveals all myths for what they are.

The idea that woman is superior is secondary only to the myth that by becoming equal she has lowered herself. What she has lowered is the ego of man—he is no longer able to hide behind her ignorance of his nature. Now in order to have her think he is a god, he has to act like one. On the other hand she has stepped down from a world in which she never belonged and from a game she tired of playing. To put woman on a pedestal, to consider her superior is to worship the accident of sex. For no man will admit woman is superior by way of her intellect or will. Being worshipped because one can bear children is like being worshipped because one can build a better mousetrap—some just have what it takes. This is not to belittle woman's greatest and most deeply cherished role, but merely to state it as being little reason to delude her with an attitude of patronizing condescension. No woman wants to be admired because she is a woman, unless she is a creature without intellect. Her mind is her most important possession and this demands and meets the requirements of equality.

It is true that with the coming of equality woman are now able to smoke, drink and tell stories like men, but why shouldn't they? More basically, if men wish to keep their position as leaders, perhaps they should do a little leading. If they want women to be good, they should be better. The problem is not that woman by her equality wants to dominate, but that she brings the best that is in her to the foreground without delusions and moth crystal wrappings—she at least expects it to be equalled in her natural counterpart, man.

Sophomores were not the stupid ones. They contained members of all the other classes and were driven by the three Jims-Levy, McLean, and Peddle. The first had his convertible filled with snow; the second took the wrong road; and the third went into the ditch twice, thanks to the able direction of the skateless referee, Tingley. The kindhearted Sophomores took pity on these people who deserted their cars, and let them and their comrades ride in the bus. The journey to town was slow with the plow clearing and towing, but the spirits (not alcoholic) were kept high by Fr. Cheverie, the banjo and the guitar. Poor Sister, she never thought

she would see the day that her flock would be kicking on the front door at 3:30 in the morning after giving them a 12:00 permission. She was so glad to see them that she welcomed them in with one arm and sent them to bed with the other; and judging from the attendance at class in the morning, it would appear that Fr. Cheverie declared a 'drying' holiday.

Well, friends, you have heard of our Island winter; now you have experienced it. Like it? Perhaps not, but remember, we Islanders are a hard lot. Oh, by the way, when is the next trip?

Not Soph any More  
John B. MacDonald

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