

CO-ED COLUMN

Religion in Education?

The P.W.C. College Times, in a recent article entitled "News from Other Campi", applauded the trend against religion in education as very encouraging. The comment referred to the action of the students of Acadia University against restrictive moves taken by the Baptist convention in the past summer. The convention required that all professors should be Christian and the Board of Governors of Acadia be controlled completely by Baptists.

The fact is while we can agree that the University perhaps should not be controlled by a totally Baptist board, at the same time we feel that Christian Professors are a must for a proper perspective in education.

Now any theory of education is dependent upon the nature of the material we are dealing with in the process. And this material, however selfish it may sound, is we the students who know through reason alone that we are created by God with body and soul, intellect and free-will. Therefore our education or training must be something more than mere training in techniques, it must be a thorough training in the principles underlying the professions. It must be an organization of human values, an imparting of wisdom and discovery of truth. This cannot be directed by a non-Christian

professor who is sure there is no spiritual soul without any evidence. Such a man enters his research with prejudice omitting from the study of things the very being that explains them. The student knows by reason he is a contingent being and the non-Christian professor fails to acknowledge this. A Christian professor is a must for an education, in the true sense of the word.

The trend against religion in education is not encouraging but discouraging. It is flouting the purpose for which a university exists -- the ordering of our knowledge of reality in the pursuit of truth. We approach truth in two ways, by knowing and by believing. We know through evidence which we obtain from experimental sciences and the physical and social order. We believe things on the testimony of others. The more knowledgeable and trustworthy the person, the firmer we believe his testimony. God, the most Knowledgeable and Trustworthy of all, gives us testimony through revelation in the science of Theology. If we are going to encompass a complete view of truth then we have to include the science of Theology on a university curriculum. Then, and only then, can we integrate every sphere of human life. Then all individual things studied fit into the total view. Religion and education are co-partners in producing the finished man of character.

I AM A CAMPUS APATHIST

by
Unconcerned

I was an eager child, so they said, always asking questions - why? How? and For what reason? Even when I went to church I never shut up. I remember when I started to school, the teacher remarked, "That child will be another John A. some day!" Just think of it! - such foresight, such intuition! But the tide began to turn. I'll never forget when I entered high school how they laughed at what most people had called my "vitality". Those were the days when I finally became sophisticated. I soon learned never to get excited over anything. Thenceforth I minded my own business. By the time I graduated from high school, I was a fullfledged apathist.

Life has been relatively easy for me ever since I made the momentous decision to follow the crowd. I read a book in Freshman year which greatly aided that decision. It was called "How to Avoid Enemies and Influence Nobody". Apathy, it advised, is the key to campus life. Now I portray little enthusiasm, accept everything, risk nothing, say less, and in general live a blissfully uncomplicated student life.

Recent developments on campus show how effective I and my fellow apathists have been. My temperamental roommate allowed his temper to control his mental when he was informed he could not obtain the necessary credits to graduate. He talked about a delegation going to see the Dean

of Studies, and how the new rules regarding credits should apply to in-coming freshmen only. Poor fellow, I guess he never read my book, but the attitude of our whole crowd soon trampled that spark of radicalism. Status quo we maintain as our objective for a peaceful campus. Leave things alone; accept them as they are. We'll never get them changed anyway so why try? Such attempts only frustrate the student and disturb the equilibrium. What does it matter if the student has to go to college one more year. Time is infinite and money nearly so when it's coming from the government.

Apathists have directed campus calm in other respects also. Through our newly formed campus police regiment we have succeeded in maintaining alcohol at most student recreational activities. Such a notable achievement towards maintaining the status quo has involved members of our powerful force escorting male students across campus with "the bottle" and keeping quiet (this being one of our chief policies). As a result of our police apathist support we have created no upheavals and continue to remain a happy, boozing, tranquil community.

Ah - tranquility! This is the life. To think I once would never shut up in church and now find it utter quietude to listen to the singing, prayers etc. It's almost a pity I can't sing, but then I wouldn't want to spoil it for Father Kelly. Dear, dear, I am becoming too emotional.

Harken friends and fellow apathists to the story I have to tell you. It's about a poor girl who became distressed and disturbed over student publication and went so far as to tell the editor what she thought of it and how it could be improved. Didn't she realize that C.U.P. releases were taboo? "Oh moron, oh naivety," sighed the editor, "the Red and White is not a NEWSPAPER!" "How stupid of me," she said in humiliation and disgrace, at the same time walking out of the room and deciding tout de suite to join the non-entities. "I'll care not," muttered our frustrated friend. "What's the use in arguing over a few empty columns in a paper? I mean - its not a paper. I mean - oh I don't know what I mean." And so to conclude my story, our friend no longer speaks out, consequently enjoying the passive composure of the status quo.

This tale and the evident contented life we have effected here is why I am a campus apathist. Indeed, it shows why you should be one too. For those above us, while inviting our criticism, make it plain they do not want to hear it, and we below want to avoid enemies and influence nobody.

(continued from page 2)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor,

When will Saint Dunstan's University wake up? This is the question I have been asking myself the past few years as I stood shivering in the stands watching the SDU Varsity Football Team being beaten into the ground time and again by the seemingly giant opponents. I am not trying to belittle the attempts of the players themselves, for any man who plays under the conditions prevailing at Saint Dunstan's deserves extreme congratulations.

There is, at best, a lack of apparent concern on the part of both the administration and the student body as to the insufficient attention given to injuries incurred during a game. To be brief, the facilities surrounding the football team are extremely inadequate. I site an example: On Saturday, Nov. 6, during a game between SDU and the University of New Brunswick, Robert Pelrine suffered an injury and lay helpless in the middle of the field. Out runs the manager, trainer, water-boy, jack of all medical trades, all in the person of one Steven Kirby. Don't get me wrong, Mr. Kirby is to be praised for all the work he has to do. Getting back to the point, a stretcher is needed. Mr. Kirby has to run back to the SDU bench to get the stretcher even though numerous people could have brought it out when they heard his call for it. Then the Head (and only) Coach, along with Mr.

A Brief Explanation of "Stalag D"

The following is a true account of hardships suffered by myself and many others like me while imprisoned at "Stalag D". Located on a small island somewhere in the wind-blown North Atlantic, Stalag D is a detention camp for wayward and criminally inclined young people. Since I am still a prisoner there (or should I say "here") I have no way of knowing whether or not this expose will reach you unaltered. Despite this I shall place it, and my faith in mankind, in the bottle which I now hold in my left hand, cork it tightly and throw it to the mercy of the Atlantic tides, hoping with all my heart that through some miracle it will reach the hands of someone who may profit from my mistakes.

"STALAG D"

They could almost hear the quiet; lying there, breathing heavily after the terrifying run from the edge of the woods to their present hiding place behind the football grandstand. To these three fugitives from justice each breath they took sounded like a scream in the heavy night air. Could they make it back to the cell block unnoticed, or would they, as so many had in previous weeks, fall into the unforgiving hands of the guards. One wonders, upon seeing a scene such as this, what awful circumstance could drive three seemingly intelligent young men to such a low ebb in human existence. Who were these youthful enemies of society? What vile deeds had led to their imprisonment at "Stalag D?"

The first, Henry Byrdd, was the eldest of the group. At twenty-two, Henry was a bit old for a first year man; but then, he hadn't decided to commit the crime until his employer offered to pay half of his fine, which, incidentally,

amounted to over nine hundred dollars per year of imprisonment. Henry had been a foreman for a construction firm for three years; hardly the kind of guy you'd expect to be able to accept any responsibility.

Crouched next to Henry was Basil Blotch, a young man of seventeen summers. Basil had always been somewhat of a problem, since hard work and a good mind had gotten him out of high school at a relatively early age. A sensitive lad, he had been fond of taking long walks late at night until his imprisonment early "that September."

Bringing up the rear in this terrible threesome was one Joe Daily. At nineteen, he could be considered the average inmate. Joe was likable enough, easy going and fond of a good joke. He was paying his fine with money that he had earned himself and, as is easily seen, was an all around bad egg.

"It's that type that we have to keep under control," the warden had said to the guards earlier in the year, when the first prisoners were being led down the garden path. "You can't trust these characters with any small particle of freedom. They're not a bit like we were in the good old days."

Inspired by the warden's stirring words and amazing insight into the criminal mind the guards had done a fine job of containing the inmates. Electric fences had been erected around the grounds, and spotlights had been set up on each building. The doors on the cells slammed shut every night at nine thirty and opened only twice after that, once at ten-thirty and once at eleven-thirty, for ten minute intervals each time, during which the amenities of life were attended to. Another interesting innovation was the stockade in the centre of the quadrangle,

where prisoners were punished for possession of such subversive contraband as candles and flashlights.

Yes the guards had done their job well, a fact proven by the predicament in which we found our three villains. These habitual neer-do-wells had gone into town on an extra special, once in a lifetime, late leave. They were to have signed in with a guard at eleven - thirty but lo and behold, it was twenty to twelve and there they lay, quivering in mortal fear.

"I knew we should have taken a cab," whispered Basil, his voice heavy with fear at the thought of three months in solitary confinement.

"How could we, when they were all out on calls," answered Henry, "We only have fifty cents between us and the other company's charge seventy-five."

"Well, it's now or never," whimpered Joe, summoning up all his courage, which at this point didn't amount to much, "let's make a run for the cell block."

The rest of the story is ancient history. As is always the case in such affairs, justice triumphed over evil and our three Cosa Nostra hopefuls were sentenced to be shot.

EPILOGUE*- As they stood against the wall waiting for the fatal order from the captain of the firing squad, Joe, the spokesman for the group, was asked by the warden if he had any last words.

"I wish we had stayed out 'till one A.M.," yelled Joe in open defiance of the world.

"Son," answered the warden, "Any more talk like that and you'll find yourself in real trouble!"

FIN

L. G. Stockington III

Kirby and another varsity player, in full uniform, run out to administer to the injured player. After a scene which looked like the Three Stooges at their best, Mr. Pelrine was finally brought back to the bench. Then the fun began. The injured player is put down next to the SDU bench and left there alone. How long, maybe one minute, maybe forty seconds but forty seconds or one minute too long.

Where was the doctor? - Nowhere in sight. Finally three spectators including two faculty members came to Mr. Pelrine's assistance. They then carried him to the SDU dressing room.

This was hick-town amateurism at its best. I wonder what any UNB student who saw that thought about Good Old SDU. This cannot continue if

SDU is to continue in the apparant Senior Conference of the Maritimes, or in fact, if SDU is to continue to have a football team at all. Who's fault is this? I'll tell you - Mine - YOURS - and - everybody else's who shrugs such embarrassing scenes off and says, "Oh, well, what do you expect from this place."

Medically yours,

Ben Casey M.D

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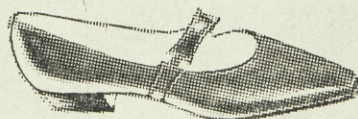
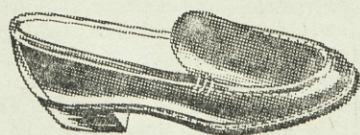
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