

EDITORIAL

I sit here in the Red and White office and stare at an empty typewriter—its nakedness laughs in my face. An editor, it says, is a confident man convinced that ordinary words can reach out and grasp and stir the public mind. He is the spokesman for the common man, the democrat ever watching the scene, the commentator ready with his wit and wisdom, the glamour boy of the press, the guardian of a sacred tradition, the watchdog ever ready to pounce when the gate is opened.

You're wrong, I say. The editor is all these things, but many more. He is a human being with trials and tribulations a mind caught up in a world sometime difficult to understand and love, a searcher after dark truths, a body that seeks its mate.

Have you no eyes man? Can't you see a dark truth cause its own light, a restless body stir a dormant mind, a confident man seek his superior, the commentator his scene, the glamour boy his guardian, the wise man his word, the watchdog his shadow, the philosopher his system.

My final comment on all this follows below.

WE TWO

I think that I shall never see
A campus editor on a spree
But if I do I'll know I'll try
To get from him the reason why.

And if he tells me with a grin
He's fed up to his beardless chin
I'll cheer him up and with a smile
Tell him that it's all worthwhile.

He'll tell me of his woes and fears
Headlines, dates, and overseers,
Of passionate pleadings with his peers
To get up off their derriers.

Students should write and criticize
Take interest, read and summarize
Their feelings on things that agonize,
Then go all out and publicize.

I'll hear him say it (have no fear)
As he orders up another beer.
Why should he do it, what's the gain?
Are students right who skip and pain?

Put down your glass my dearest friend
We'll be together to the end.
I'll tell you when you're up to par,
You tell me when I've gone too far.

RED and WHITE

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Letters to the Editor

Opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily the opinions of the editor and staff. Whether we agree or disagree, they will be published subject to the availability of space. The editor strongly urges all students to make the best use of these columns.

Dear Sir

I would like to give honorable mention to J. B. MacDonald for his fine article in the last edition of Red and White. I would also like to commend him for his clean wholesome, opposition. Only a person with J. B.'s great integrity could bear up under such opposition and conduct himself so admirably.

By the way J. B. you had a mistake in your last article (unwittingly, of course) which I think should be cleaned up. After all you wouldn't want anyone to be held responsible for Berkshire's doings. They weren't Baker's (spelled BARKER) left-over Nfld. Xmas candy," they were BERKSHIRE'S "left-over Nfld Xmas candy." I hate to relate such a sordid detail to you J. B. I hope you don't get too sick upon hearing this horrid news.

Speaking of BERKSHIRE, he asked me to tell you that as far as he is concerned he is the only completely sane man (how dare he to even presume to think that he belongs to that same race as the honorable J. B.) aboard the bus. He claims that it was rather ridiculous to participate in such

foolhardiness as went on that night, since the bus couldn't move without the help of a plow anyway. He also claims to have suffered no ill effects.

If I were you J. B. I would be sick unto death at the very thought of the fact that some of the intelligentia?? of this campus dared to run such unscrupulous men as PARTILESS FITZ and UNMANLY BATCH against so HONORABLE a character as yourself. It was obvious that you were the better man, so I guess the other two must have bought votes to defeat you. You came close anyhow, besides there is always next year.

I would like to thank you for the wonderful way in which you dumped on the Pisquid rink and people. They deserved it when you consider the wonderful hospitality they accorded the Sophomore team.

When Shakespeare's Mark Anthony found the dead Brutus, he said of him, "This was a man". When you leave St. Dunstan's, people will use these same words when referring to you—only they will undoubtedly add to your glory by saying "This was a clown of a man" (excuse the maltreatment Frank Berkshire

P. S. Berkshire says he has no problems, J. B.

To you from us

Who would have known on the day of our birth, we the class of '63 would be graduates of St. Dunstan's. No one but God. To Him we owe life itself. The only way we can repay Him is by knowing, loving, and serving Him as we should each day of our lives; then we can be truly happy.

There are others in cooperation with God to whom we owe a debt. First, there are the teachers both spiritual and academic who guided us in search for truth and knowledge.

Then there are our classmates, fellow-students, and friends who by their friendliness gave added enjoyment to student life.

Last, but not least, our parents and guardians who gave so much and ask so little in return. For a great many of them a college education was impossible, and in order to give one to us they sacrificed a great deal. We may never know just how much. It doesn't seem right to say a mere "thank you," Mom and Dad; although that is all they expect. I think we can show added appreciation by using the education provided by them to be good Christians at all times—as citizens, parents, teachers, employers, and employees in every walk of life.

As grads we are not ending our education, we are just beginning it. There is a saying — we learn something new every day until the day we die. How true this is, for the present is a turn in the road leading from the past to the future.

On behalf of all the graduates I say "thank you" to all who made it possible for us to be the class of 1963.

Pauline MacDonald

A GREAT YEAR OF FIRSTS

Indubitably, '62-'63, has been a fabulous year for the Junior class, who have accomplished not a vast lot, but a bit that we can take into consideration. Like what? Like the way John handled the Winter Carnival. Oh! sure, he has been reminded, and patted on the back, and had his hand shaken time after time. But don't you agree that it's worth mentioning at the close of the year?— we mean his work well done.

And what else? 'Golly-gee-whiz, we just don't know what all else of great significance. But you can be sure that odds and ends turned up.

Oh! Speaking of being shocked out of one's drawers we hear that Whalen is prepared to declare war on anyone in quest of candid photographs. (But for the naturalists, apply by writing to 2-11M. or the Business Manager at 2-13M.) F e a r not! Ronny-Snookums' wouldn't really be so mean.

We've also heard that there is quite a distinctive character about George's room. Some say that it's due to the continual Hum-Drum about the place. Might it not be, though, some noxious effluvia emanating from an unforeseen putrescent matter?

Why, the Juniors are even right up there when it comes to the field of music. Just the other day we heard that Jack Churchill and Joe McIvor are playing second FIDDLE to John Mullen. Mercy! Wonder what that means?

And then there's Bill DiBella, who for some peculiar reason, takes it upon himself to favour some fair maid—just in passing, mind

you, we're told that he hit the Nurses' Residence this year. And Errol Andrews has also been calling, exactly whom we don't know, but his voice, strange as it may seem, sounds much like Winston Cannon's.

There's something about a five-some of Haire, Tingley, Maddock, Whelan and Thorburn being quite the social group, and for further information contact Joanne, Norma and Anne. And something else about Al Copeman being an Army Officer and rooming with a Joe who has an attraction for rabbits. But that part is kind of hazy like Jim Hickey and Jim Campbell returning from the fresh air lackadaisically. How did you find town; or did you find it at all?

We could go into an extended discourse on the secretive nature of Dick Manz. (Jack knows all about it).

This hardly scratches the first layer of what really did happen in relation to our class—the Junior class. Take for example, the talent on journalism—Jack writing articles for the Red and White; nothing special except for a letter to Bruno. By the way, Jack, who are the Colie and his setter friend?

So what else can be said. It has been a great year of 'first' and all that adds to a scrapbook of memories. From an ontological point of view—on second thought, let's not look at it that way. Consider it from the view of college life, or university life if you like, and it was 'the most'. Who can deny it?

The flame of '62-'63' is gradually dimming and will soon flicker and go out, only to remain within our minds. This well is being emptied; drink deeply.

Will the real "Joan B" please stand up

The end of the term is at hand, and with it comes the final publication of Red and White. Realizing the amount of time and energy which has gone into this paper by Mr. Rosemay and his staff, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate them for the fine publications. I have written some contentious articles and letters for this monthly, not only because it was our duty, but also because I believe the more controversy aroused in a paper the more interesting the paper becomes. No one can deny the fact that there were many controversial occurrences at this institution especially last semester. This writing I have done not in view of making bad friends, but only to bring certain things into the open and to tell the OTHER SIDE of the story.

In the process, however, some narrow minded people got the wrong idea. One in particular is she/he who signs her/himself 'Joan B' (re the last edition "The Wreck of the John B"). If the real "Joan B" would please stand up, I am sure we could hold a summit conference, smoke the peace pipe, and kiss and make up. This creates another problem. For if you be male or female, summit conferences never accomplish anything; if you be a female, you are not likely to smoke a pipe; and if you be a male, the last proposal is absolutely out.

So 'Joan' I am sorry you feel the way you do, but until you come up with a solution for a discussion, that is the way it will have to be. But please remember, be it ever so humble, there is nothing like your OWN name, for when you use it, the things you say MIGHT have some meaning.

P. S. Congratulations Garry, and thanks to the students who voted for me in the last election.

John B. MacDonald

Reminiscing

Its rather strange how one can get accustomed to doing something he hates. It must come about in a way similar to that by which one is immunized to a disease by having small portions of the germ, introduced into his system. Being Managing Editor of the Red and White is not really a terrible job; actually it stinks. Notwithstanding this very blunt reality, it does become a task that one can grow to enjoy very much. A person can get a feeling of great accomplishment when at two o'clock in the morning he is able to say "Well, that should hold the thing!

Being Ex-Managing Editor, I wandered into the office tonight (just a force of habit) and found the new layout staff happily (?) working away. The scene was really a bit too calm to be true. I can well imagine that it will become more familiar to me as midnight draws nearer. Then the old expressions that we cannot possibly seem to do without, will begin to show their ugly little heads, and believe me they are ugly.

The strangest feeling that came over me on viewing this peaceful scene was one of total abandonment, a feeling of being completely and utterly left out. Just imagine! After three years of laying out the paper every month it's finally happened; I'm not needed anymore. I've prayed for the quick arrival of the time when this would be the case, and now that time is at hand. Danny Kinch, the new Managing Editor, receives, and deserves all my best wishes for next year. I hope he does not need them; he probably will.

Comment from the new Managing Editor:

Thank you for your "good wishes". Since I have shared some of your experiences in working along with you during the past year I will need them. Good bye, and good luck.

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