

EDITORIALS

THE SCENE

Province House with a swell of people, jamming, pushing to hear our stuffy politicians. The reason - X-Mart was challenging the store closing law.

THE REASON- The citizen at large really uptight because the X-Mart won't come in unless they can stay open every night. The general belief is the more competition the lower the price, and Joe Citizen looks out for himself.

X-Mart finally got its way with the help of the pressure put on our political jackasses by most of the "well informed citizens" of the Island.

And as our fairy story continues we see construction and technical workers of the Island employed "building for the people" and receiving significantly lower wages than the same type of workers imported for the job.

Now ol' Joe was pretty proud of himself, though he knew a hell of a lot about democratic capitalism. But X-Mart was a smart outfit, having its roots in a giant American conglomerate. It didn't take long for our American related company to get its hands on Joe's potato money

and ship it out of the province, using it to fatten up its distinguished corporate coffers. Joe liked imperialism as long as he was on the receiving end. I guess he still thinks he is. Joe loves X-Mart almost more than his sebagos, because he doesn't know he is getting screwed.

What X-Mart is doing is taking the cream of the market without feeding the cow. It puts very little into the Island economy compared to most local merchants, and by their very presence raise the ante for the local merchants, thus in the long run raising market prices. In other words screwing you Mr. Citizen.

X-Mart is here to make maximum profit, they will charge as much for their wares as the market will bear. After all that's what capitalism is all about. I don't suppose most people cared to get bilked at all, but if you deal with local merchants you'll get bilked less than if you deal with X-Mart. Local merchants profits are not pumped off the Island, and in fact, most local merchants support community projects. So if you want to do yourself a favour;

Once upon a time on a fabled Isle called Prince Edward, if one was fortunate enough to have a degree in Arts or Science then one could teach school. At present this is all in doubt, with the advent of new regulations on licensing of teachers which come into effect January 21, 1970. One wonders what one may do with a plain B.A., B.Sc., or Masters degree.

According to the new regulations have a B.A., B.Sc. or Masters degree will not get you a license, you must also have some Education Courses.

I imagine that the Prov. Dept. of Education feels it is necessary to keep those people with degrees out of the schools. The High Schools for example, are over run with teachers who have degrees. Why I bet every High School on the Island has at least one degree teacher.

The new regulations also make one think that Education courses must have radically increased in their quality over the year. The Dept. of Education assumes that a course in Education will make the difference between a qualified teacher and an unqualified one. One can assume the good teachers are moulded, not gifted with any particular personal insights.

I feel that the Dept. is putting too much stress on Methodology and not enough on content. It is very apparent that the teachers in our High Schools are poorly qualified and it is ridiculous that the Dept. come out with regulations like these which make it more difficult for High Schools to hire Qualified academics. Obviously the Dept. has established as a priority the upgrading and training of new teachers. One assumes further that the Dept. is quite satisfied with its present staff, although 15% of all High School teachers were judged to be underqualified under the present criteria. Without deference to those

EDITOR, THE CADRE

Exposure to the financial element involved in registration served as somewhat of a shock to many students. Apparently certain individuals sole concern is in the financial aspect with no consideration of the educational element. It would be unfortunate if the criteria for obtaining an education becomes (or has become!) financial well-being.

If wealth is reflected as the principal necessity for those sincerely seeking a learning experience in a supposedly humane atmosphere, great disillusionment could result for those not occupying the highest economic bracket.

disillusioned.

Here's the scene. Henry Sniffle, UPEI freshman student, arrives on campus. He gets in a line-up. That's okay, he's used to line-ups;

presently engaged in the teaching profession, I would say that the department could afford the luxury of hiring a great number of young degree teachers to inject new blood and ideas into the profession.

It is interesting to note that those who receive a four year B.Ed. are not included in the stipulations of the regulations. However, it would be safe to assume that they have been afforded special status - Certificate 4 perhaps? In other words,

both B.A. and B.Ed. students partake of four year programmes and yet one (B.A.) is subject to the special restrictions and the other is not. Further to this point, the B.A. and the B.Sc. graduate has significantly more academic experience than his counterpart, and academic experience in our opinion is invaluable to anyone hoping to teach in specialized discipline areas.

The consequence for most undergraduates is quite clear, either one is forced into taking an additional year to procure a B.Ed. (which is of dubious value), or one is compelled to take summer courses to upgrade one's qualifications.

The emphasis on methodology is supposedly for the purpose of increasing one's professional competence, but in the least professional competence, but in the least professional of all professions, it may be better to promote a better teaching climate as opposed to the creation of teaching technicians.

The question of what kind of preparation teachers require has been a point of contention in many educational spheres. The priority is, however on kind and quality of education which is developed provincially. The development of special types of teachers may, consequently, not be in the best interests of the type of education which young people are seeking.

after all, he's been to high school. And he's familiar with numbers, assemblies, regimentation, "orderliness". So he doesn't think much about his line-up until he's ready to register and finds out he should have been in another one first.

But he gets through, gets his courses laboriously figured out, and goes to bed that glorious night with timetable in hand and visions of sugarplums and lewd freshettes dancing in his head.

So first or second class in each course finds the prof asking him when he wants to hold the class-

In any case, by the time Sniffle gets the campus layout, professors and timetable figured out, the mere week allowed for changing classes (some of which meet only once the first week anyway) has elapsed.

Sound unreal? It is.

Don't Shop X-Mart

yes folks the hits just keep on a-comin from ye olde WHAT, radio CAD-Re-5½ to be PREcise. Wendyng his way over to the ol watering hole in the base Mem (bitter known as the Stud Union's office for all you chauvinists-we know what they really need don't we guise) was Dinn iss who comes complete with Grade I speller and inane boyish grin. Also available for spot announcing ("that's a spot" is one of his best) was one of our favorite cartoon characters, B.C. Jane and Nadine hit the keys-if not indeed the skids. Garryxx bearily made sense, and Elaine and Charmaine looked helpful, but you must remember our standards are low. The masthead cutline has traditionally been

the most obvious example of this. Shom of all his bureaucratic adomments but still trying to look important was Jim who at midnight turned into Captain somebody or other. Bonnie (who contrary to popular opinion did not tell a falsehood about being over the ocean) did something revelant. Din compented Brian for writing his editorial. Donna flunked letraset but still pastes a mean blank sheet on the wall. Rod concluded that 12 was 5 and committed hari-kari with an ems ruler. Only the IBM 72 kept its composer. For those who want to know why the paper looks better this year, we told our old printers "Irwins we don't like your type." Until next week just remember: the decal you lick may be your own.

the cadre

Member of the Canadian University Press, Founder and charter member of the Cadre Press Syndicate, and mouthpiece for the Bear Party. The opinions expressed in this paper don't count and are the responsibility of the writer.

Chief Heads - Rod and Den

Sheep in Cheap Clothing - Sweet Baby James H.

Girl Guide - Garry M.

STAFF HISTORIAN - B.C.

Paper Hanger - Donna

ABSENT - Jock

Photos - Rod (who also became Red)

Types - Wendy, Nadine, and Andrea

Help and Encouragement - the girls from Bernadine, the Bear Party and the Security Police.