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# Letters to the Editor

## The Mysterious Concept of "Free-Time"

To the surprise of us all, those of us taking the one year "instant teacher" program are still very much alive and kicking. Just think, here it is the beginning of November and we have only 75% of our course work to complete before Christmas!

Nevertheless, what really gets my goat (no farm jokes, please!) is the tendency of our wonderful professorship to assume we don't have enough work to do as it is. Here we are with six courses a term already, and a number of our intrepid faculty members insist on giving us extra work to fill up all the "free-time" we must (supposedly) have far too much of. Now, it seems to me that I had a life outside of school once (in fact, I can almost dredge up memories from my four years at Dalhousie that confirm this theory...), but any recollections of such a thing as a "social life" have all but become extinct due to lack of reinforcement (Who says Educational Psychology doesn't come in handy!?! For example, I haven't stepped inside a club or movie theatre since late August and the mail/Red Cross packages are rapidly piling up since my friends and relatives figure I'm in serious trouble as I haven't written to them in so long!!

Now, far be it from me to say that what we are doing is not of practical value (Yeah, I know what you're thinking, but does the program have to be so intense? I don't remember the words "intense" and "practical" being synonymous (and my trusty "Roget's Thesaurus" confirms this fact). So perhaps it would be possible to ease up a little on the work (!) On the other hand, after this year, anything has to be easier...even teaching!

Tory Thorkelson

## I'm Scared

I do not want to admit to this, but for the first time I'm too scared to walk by myself on or off campus. A five minute walk from UPEI - down the path - and I'm safely home. Hundreds of students travel "the path" and Marysfield to UPEI and home again every day. (This isn't even considering the hundreds of students that walk through out the city to UPEI.) Nothing unusual about this.

I have been travelling to UPEI, via this route, for three years and today I ran home. I had tears in my eyes when I got in my door. No one was chasing me, but I didn't feel safe walking alone. Why did I suddenly feel this terror inside of me? What put it there? Can I ever get rid of it?

Someone said to me that it was normal to feel this. (What the feeling is not summed-up in one word!) Well, I don't like feeling

"normal". I would much rather feel in control of my environment and not having to depend on someone else to walk with me or give me a drive, just because its not safe for a person to be walking alone at night.

We tend to think that on our peaceful, beautiful Island that nothing could harm us. The horror stories that we hear for the larger, highly populated cities about crime, assault (in all its varying degrees) and the like would never touch us personally on PEI. Let's open our eyes and take a good hard look at what is happening. PEI is subject to the same crimes and brutality as is any other large city or rural area. We shouldn't be any less open or educated about this. Probably a bit more so!

All too often we cover-up taboo happenings for the sake of the family and friends of the victim; we wouldn't want to embarrass the family any more than need be. I respect this. But, do we not have an obligation to the rest of society to educate them about such things; things that can happen to you and I.

Assault-brutal assault, is closer to you than you think. Do your part in safe guarding yourself from these sick people. Do not walk home alone, buddy up; take a self-defense course; don't walk as if your scared-keep your head high.

Don't be scared - be in control.  
Anonymous

Dear Editor,

I was very much intrigued by the ostensibly weak-minded (and whining) letter in the November 1 issue of Panther X-Press which condemned the apparent weakmindedness of the CFS.

The letter was signed "A student". The word student is usually reserved for those who are learning something. However, in this case it is obvious that achieving an education amounts to little more than a farce for this person, who has no understanding of the CFS, no understanding of the 80's or 90's, and most likely, no understanding of the 60's either.

I'm sorry, but such a person is not worthy of the title "student".

Sincerely,  
Gaynor Watson  
Student