

# LETTERS LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I recently came across a copy of your white, racist, middle class, petit-bourgeois establishment "newspaper" THE CADRE. I noticed that the official emblem of your Athletics Department teams is nothing less than a Black Panther. Right on man, that really blew my mind and told me man, that you cats at U. P.E.I. can't be all bad even though you are "whitey"!

Then I flashed on a really wild idea. Seeing as how our "Panthers" are fairly well gone to pieces, with brothers Huey Newton dead, Rap Brown in Canada, Bobby Seale in jail and me in Algeria; there is a lot of official Panther equipment just lying around going to waste. I'm sure the cats at U.P.E.I. that really dig your "Panthers" could use some of our groovy gear. I have for example: official "up the Panther" buttons, Panther berets, jackets, sunglasses, flags, beer mugs, pencils and last but not least Panther dynamite, machine guns, bazookas, sawed-off shotguns etc, all those things necessary for really groovy victory parties. If you dig, I could give you this stuff at one half the cost price (plus 7% Algerian sales tax). So, drop me a line. Right on. All power to the Panthers.

Eldridge Cleaver,  
Panther Minister  
of Information  
and Quarter Master  
Stores, 21  
Revolution Row,  
Tangiers, Algeria

November 18, 1971.

Professor Robin Neill,

Dear Robin,

This letter has caused me awkward internal debate. I have learnt recently that the Faculty Association is applying for a 15%+ merit increase, and I am troubled on two counts.

Without wishing to look "holier-than-thou" or indeed "holier than others" I cannot support this application. My difficulty is twofold. It involves, first, my view that a university community is not a set of conflicting interest groups, but rather a congerie devoted to the good of learning, research, and teaching.

Consider the first point.

I do not see myself serving the community best by asking for a salary higher than the one I currently enjoy. The Maritimes is a "depressed" area; in Ch'town many of my fellow citizens and their children go hungry. It seems to me that if my role as a university teacher is to be to a limited extent-meaningful; then my acts must match my professions of faith. Hence I am, very deliberately, writing to President Baker and to the Board of Governors, asking that my own salary be frozen, unless some more modest proposals are forthcoming.

The second way that Faculty Association's proposals embarrass is that they seem to divide the university community into competing factions.

There seem to be a growing tendency for members of the university to be divided up according to rank and function. Once the room now claimed by Faculty association in Main Building - and refurnished, I am told - at university expense - was available to all levels of the university community. I was able to have coffee with other members of the university - the maintenance people, the janitors, the secretaries. Now it is an exclusive club to which these others and students (the most important members of the academic community) are not admitted. I am disturbed moreover, that some of the secretaries and janitors are now in uniforms which segregate them off from the rest of us as different classes of "unspeakable menials". While I do not have the power to stop people being "pinned and wriggling on the wall" I can at least protest the tendency and to be absorbed into it - what seems to me at least - thoughtless man.

The government gives the university only a certain amount of money, because as professors, we have economic and political advantages, we

can quite easily get more of the salary cake than others. By contrast the janitors, the typists, the lower ranks of administration have no bargaining power. Hence, if we succeed in getting a 15% increase we can only do so at the expense of less fortunate members of the university community, and this is a situation that I cannot bring myself to support.

I realize that mine is an extreme and unpopular position, but then I have no wish to be separated or to be made to feel separated from other members of the university community. While I may wish to have my own salary frozen, I do not expect others to take similarly suicidal measures; hence I am writing to other to take similarly suicidal measures; I would consider an increase of 4% reasonable and quite adequate. If such agreement cannot be reached then I feel I must dissociate myself from all salary increase proposals and ask quite finally to have my own salary frozen.

I hope you and your colleagues will pardon the length and other disturbing features of this letter, and I hope that you will treat it with the impartial concern in which it was composed. With best regards,

Yours sincerely,  
Reshard Gool  
Dept. of pol. science

Dear Mr. Editor:

Could I point out that the decision to hold classes on Remembrance Day was not made by the "administration" as you put it. It was a decision of the Senate, on which there are six student members and on which there is an elected faculty majority.

However, as someone who did go to the memorial service, I sympathize with your view that we should pay tribute to all who served through war.

I am asking the chaplains to discuss with the Student Union the possibility of a memorial service on campus next year, so that you and all other students may attend.

Yours sincerely,  
R. J. Baker  
President

THIS EXCERPT FROM HDM'S COLUMN IN THE JOURNAL-PIONEER, HAS BEEN REPRINTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO EITHER MISSED IT IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM OR WHO DO NOT SUBSCRIBE TO THE ISLANDS ONLY HOME OWNED NEWSPAPER..

A UPEI CHRISTMAS...

BY HDM

'Twas the night before Xmas,  
and everything quiet;  
No sit-down, no protest, not  
even a riot;  
The bottles were stacked in  
the cellar with care,  
In hopes that a beer permit  
soon would be there.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
The Mounties were crouched  
under dressers and beds,  
While visions of drug-pushers  
danced in their heads;  
As Jake (he's a hippie) and me  
(I'm a square),  
Had just settled down with  
some picters from "HAIR".  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
When out on the lawn there  
arose such a clatter,  
We sprang from our pads to  
see what was the matter;  
We tore to the window, threw  
open the sash,  
I upset the table, and lost  
all the hash.  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The moon on the crest of a  
new-fallen snow,  
Gave a psychedelic aura to  
objects below;  
When what to our wondering  
eyes did appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and  
eight battered reindeer.  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
With a wee little driver, who  
gave us some pause;  
Till we saw through her rage  
it was old Mrs. Clause;  
All wild-eyed and snorting,  
her coursers they came,  
And she bellowed, and whistled  
and called them by name;  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
"Whoa Dancer! Stop Prancer!  
Watch out for that hole!"  
Then she knocked down a fence  
and a telephone pole;  
"Halt Dasher! Cease Blitzen!  
Get away from that wall!  
I wish I knew how Santa  
handles you all!"  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
And then, in a twinkling, we  
heard on the roof,  
A grunting, a wailing, an  
"ouch", and an "oof!"  
As we drew in our heads, and  
were turning about,  
Down the chimney she came,  
with a shriek and a shout.  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
Her hair was quite tangled,

and matted with soot;  
Her maxi was shredded, she  
limped on one foot;  
And our questioning stares  
brought an answer - not glib,  
"After this night, my lads,  
they can stuff Women's Lib!"  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
Then she took out a hanky,  
and shedding a tear,  
Told me and poor Jake there  
was nothing this tear;  
"I hocked every gift at some  
pawnbrosers' wickets,  
To pay for collisions, and  
ten parking tickets!"  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
She said nothing more, there  
was nothing to say;  
We gave her a reefer, to puff  
on the way;  
Then laying a band-aid along  
side her nose,  
And giving a tug, up the  
chimney she rose;  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
She lurched to her sleigh;  
to her team gave a boot;  
And away they all flew,  
leaving us with no loot;  
But me and Jake heard, e'er  
she crashed out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all -  
what a heck of a night!"