

Letters To The Editor

To the Editor
Sir:

I am writing from the bedside of my daughter Elizabeth, a first-year Arts student at U. P.E.I. who is still lying semi-conscious after being struck by a car in front of the campus a week ago last night.

There are two reasons for my letter: First, on Elizabeth's behalf and my own, I want to thank all of you who have been so kind in sending good wishes, flowers, cards, and offers of help. Particularly, I should like to thank Father Tingley, and others who assisted her at the time of the accident; Mr. Jim Griffith, Director of Student Services; Rev. MacLean, and the residences of Dale Place. To those of you who have visited and found her too ill to respond, and those who would like to visit, thanks - and we hope that within a few days, or perhaps weeks, she will again be able to talk with you, and possibly resume classes.

Meanwhile, my second reason for writing applies not just to those who know Elizabeth and are concerned about her, but all of you on cam-

pus. I would desperately regret having anyone of you undergo the pain, the unhappiness, the loss of academic time, and the possibility of permanent after-effects with which my daughter is now contending. Nor would I want your parents to experience the anguish of waiting and worry that my family and I now feel.

Therefore, in order that some positive good may result from this painful experience, I am asking you, as a student body, not only to exercise more care individually, but to do what you can, in an organized rational way, to co-operate with the administration and civic bodies in bringing about effective traffic safety measures. Both on and near the campus.

I understand that many students cross the road where Elizabeth's accident occurred, and I shall remain disturbed until some definite measures are taken to ensure greater safety for all of you, in that busy traffic area.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret Vincent
(Mrs. G.R. Vincent)

Memorandum

I would be most grateful for anything you could do to encourage safety on the road outside the University. Perhaps particular residence groups might try to encourage the wearing of lighter clothing, etc. We might also encourage people who are walking to K-Mart or Dale Place to walk down to the A. & W. and then cross at the traffic light. It is safer to walk against the oncoming traffic anyway.

As you know, we have had a serious accident and several minor accidents already, and we should do whatever we can to help.

I understand that there is a certain pressure on the local police forces to stop hitch-hiking outside the University because of the serious hazard it is posing. Since there is not public transportation in the area, many of our students are more or less forced to hitch-hike, and provided we can do it safely, we don't want it stopped. Would it be worth considering some kind of hitch-hiking stops on the campus so that we could minimize the number crossing the road?

I would be most grateful for any help or advice you can offer.

R. J. Baker, President

STUDENT AFFAIRS SCREW STUDENTS

To the Editor:

We the residents of Doll House Apartments would like to make known to the general population the way in which we were screwed by Student Services.

This summer a misleading advertisement was circulated to any student wishing to live in off-campus residences, either through choice or necessity. Below is the following misleading advertisement circulated by Student Services.

"Dale Place-

A luxury four storey building a half mile from campus that will provide space for 92 students divided among suites of four persons. Each suite has two bedroom completely furnished with desk bureau, a bed, bulletin board per student and double closet. This is further enhanced by furnished spacious living room and dining room with fully equipped kitchen. Linen and dishes, and drapes are also provided. Laundry facilities are on the ground floor. Corridors are maintained while suites are left to the residents living in them."

It might also be added that none of the Student Services people went through the buildings at any time before we moved in.

Our beefs are as follows:

1. Point of fact, each building has only three stories in any order.
2. Yes, we do have two bedrooms, but one is only big enough to back in and out of. In the small bedroom there is room really for only one bed. Didn't anyone ever tell them that no two objects can occupy the same space at the same time. Even guinea pigs need some room to breathe.
3. One desk, one dresser, one bulletin board per student is, GUINEA SHIT! We were later told that all this was a typing error. How much does the University pay a typist per hour? Up until this point, October 29, 1970, two months hence, Apt 2 has one desk and no dressers for four students. This lack of desks and dressers is sorely felt by the other inmates of the buildings.
4. The fully equipped kitchen consists of dishes that are cheap and have started to crack already. Two small pots with warped covers, one large

pot that everything sticks to, the \$1.49 frying pan is also warped, and the kettle is coming apart.

5. The linen is factory rejects. Sheets practically fall apart in your hands.

6. The laundry facilities are there alright but the dryer only runs for ten minutes and you usually spend up to fifty cents per wash.

On arrival the general decor was dirt. The walls were dirty and needed painting. The carpets were filthy, but the fleas are having a ball. There is no under-lay in the main part of the apartment and callouses formed on the rumps of occupants due to the fact that we had nowhere else to sit but on the floor for three weeks. We also ate off the floor for the same three weeks. THEN two lamps came, a week later end tables came, and then the beautiful luxurious shit-brindle brown couch came. The plywood ends fell off, the springs sagged and the wooden-staples came out. The straw that broke the camels back was the occasional chairs that arrived with no arms, stuffing falling out and again matching the shitbrindle couch. We have no reading lamps in the bedrooms, and nowhere to put our books.

This building is not soundproof, there are loose floor boards, the lights crackle in the breeze the maintenance is terrific, toilets overflow and are fixed a week later and our sinks are plugged.

We might add that one of our luxuries is an indoor swimming pool. After the light rainfall that the farmers of P.E.I. prayed for, the occupants of Apt 2 don their swim suits and diving lungs and wait for the tide to go out.

Our fire proof building might go up in flames any minute now. Drop an ash on the carpet and it melts. We had to get in touch with the fire marshall ourselves to come and inspect the building. He said he would have the University tell the owner of the building, Mr. Preston Watton, to have fire extinguishers installed within the week. That was four weeks ago.

We are also getting sorely pissed off at our dear Doll House Apartments being referred to as; tail or tale place (whichever you prefer), Drug Haven, and the Charlottetown boxing ring.

All this for a mere \$250.00 per month. What more could a guinea pig want?

We realize that Dale Place Apts is an experiment in Co-ed living, and in theory it is a great idea. But due to the carelessness and oversight of the University, the occupants, who have been

referred to as "guinea pigs" by Jim Griffith, find at times that living in Dale Place is a real hassel.

This week our Fickle Finger of Fate goes to the Big Five: Jim Griffith, Margaret Ellison, Mr. Clough, Murray Stevenson and Mr. Watton. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

House Committee,
17 Dale Place

Editor of the Cadre:

The new regulations for teachers' licenses issued by the P.E.I. Education Ministry are the latest evidence that Canadian educationists - especially those that end up or remain behind in the Garden of the Gulf - are derivative thinkers whose inventive powers are limited to reproducing the discarded American fads of a generation ago.

Back in the 1950's the Education Departments of American state governments, monopolized by the graduates of "teachers colleges" and University schools of education then at the height of their power, without exception stipulated that neophyte elementary and secondary school teachers must either be degree holders of these institutions or be taking in-service "professional development" courses in order to qualify for licenses.

One of the undersigned, at the beginning of his career and undecided whether to become a high school or University teacher, applied in 1956 for a high school social studies post in California. Although he had completed three years of graduate study in history and political science and taken ninety semester hours of university courses in these subjects, he was curtly advised by a state education official that he was unqualified because he had taken no "professional courses"! Equally "unqualified" to teach in all American high schools but a few "Jim Crow" institutions in the Deep South were Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Hofstadter, Oscar Handlin, Henry S. Commager, and other noted academic historians of the period. This was some consolation to the writer, who soon after was appointed to his first university instructorship.

There has been galvanic changes in American public education - in our opinion mostly for the better - since 1957, the watershed year of "Sput-

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