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## ROCK

crete is browning now and water drips through the passages the soldiers once called home. The only light penetrating the dank smell is from narrow windows along the landside of the bunker. These bunkers, like most coastal outposts in Newfoundland, have been carved into the side of the sea. Time has taken its toll on both of these manmade creations...

...and time is something that has made the city itself so quaint. I had an opportunity to walk on Water Street, Canada's oldest boulevard. The buildings are each unique in their own colour pattern and most do not rise above three storeys. The core is built on a hill with its passages originally created for pedestrian traffic (no cars). Stairs run down along

the seams of the core with a surprise lurking in every passage. The charm of the street is in its age, its architecture serving/surviving the test of time. But perhaps St. John's most famous avenue is George Street, Newfoundland's entertainment nerve centre. Bars line both sides of the street which is closed in the evening to auto traffic (which is probably a safe thing). A wide variety exists to serve every target market. Big dance clubs neighbour small pubs. The street itself is not very long and runs parallel to the water before its sweeps down into Water Street. No shortage of folks having a good time. And this seems to be the key to the philosophy here, have a good time and anyone who knows a Newfie knows this is true...

...as I pull away from Cape Spear, I sense it could be a long time before I return here. Something about being on the end of a continent has a strange appeal to

me. I wonder if it had the same appeal to the late Beotuks. In one of our countries darker episodes, we managed to wipe out one of the first Native peoples we came across. This tribe used to paint their faces red. When the first white men encountered them they described them as Red Indians. The label has stuck although it only identifies a small amount of tribes. As sad as it is, as long as we use this racist terminology (or the Washington Redskins stay put) the Beotuks will forever remain in our consciousness. And long after I am extinct, I am sure people will continue to come to the end of the continent, to Newfoundland, and to Cape Spear to unlock their own treasure trove of memories. The Rock is sure to provide...

*Jimbeaulieyeah...  
on assignment  
somewhere in  
Newfoundland*

## Guilty Parties:

bruyneel	macleod
walker	coll
haines	chevarie
christie	mcquaid
o'connor	aiken
macdonald	brian
muir	scheib
murphy	aucoin

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