

Letters To The Editor

Various articles in the local press, and a recent contributor to The Cadre, have suggested that U.P.E.I. faculty members are money grubbers, incited by an infamous Faculty Association "completely overcome by materialism and capitalistic desires", led by a topsy-turvy Robin Hood figure, whose philosophy it is to "steal from the poor (and) give to the rich." The rich of course, are none other than the U.P.E.I. teaching staff.

I am very grateful that at last, after some six years of university teaching I have had my eyes opened by people really "in the know". They have shown me what I had not suspected until now, namely, that I am a rich man. I am terribly glad to have been corrected, because for a dozen years or so I have been living a lie. You see, all along I had mistakenly thought that I was poor. In 1960, I had resigned an executive position to resume my studies on a full-time basis, and since I had no mom of dad to fall back on, I had to sell my car, give up my nice apartment, move to a dump with a fellow student, work at all hours of the night, and borrow thousands of dollars to see me through. But there were ample compensations. (The rich are ingenious.) We dined royally on frankfurters and beans and lots of bread. They are filling. I know. (This reminds me of another contributor to The Cadre, who recently in genteel tones criticized the quality of the food in the U.P.E.I. cafeteria. How grateful my friend and I would have been to eat such fare regularly). But to return to the saga of a rich man. My fortunes suddenly changed. While in graduate school, I met an out-and-out gold digger, who decided to marry me strictly for my money. For three years she worked at the fantastic salary nurses generally make, supporting me tight through graduate school, believing shrewdly that after my Ph.D. there would be yachts, servants- the whole bit. But my first teaching job paid 50% less than what I had earned in the business world. Now, for the first time in twelve years, my salary begins to approach what it had been formerly. Of course, I have lost some six- seven years in income, my luxurious diet as a student has impaired my health, I am deeply in debt which will take many years

to repay, and if I should die in the next few years, my wife and daughter would be left only with my U.P.E.I. insurance money and unpaid debts.

If this is the meaning of being rich- and my example is typical rather than unusual- then I shall with the

greatest generosity bestow my entire assets unto all seekers of wealth: my unpaid educational debts; my bank payment coupons for my 1971 car (with 30 months to go); and all the frustrations of wondering whether I can provide an education for

my daughter and a reasonably debt-free old age for myself and my wife.

By the way, I am firmly opposed to an 11% salary increase for the faculty as being too high; but a negotiating figure, whatever it may be, it is not an arrogant demand to pay up, or else. Even a child should know that. Furthermore, I would not go back to the business world for more money- although I had the opportunity- because I love teaching and my students. Finally, I would gladly contribute 10% of my present salary into a fund, to provide for those of my unfortunate rich colleagues, who for no fault of their own, after sacrificing as I did, happen to be unemployed.

If all that I stand for makes me a rich money grubber, then I gladly accept the designation as a badge of honour. However, I do resent being insulted- and have my Association and its president insulted- by people who have not the faintest idea what it means to become a professor. I would sincerely like to meet the writer of the recent letter to the editor of The Cadre - but not just yet. Let him first spend ten years or so maturing, suffering, sacrificing, trying to support a family, and learn how to think before he talks.

Thomas Spira, Ph. D
History Department

Member of the Canadian University Press. Founder and charter member of the Cadre Press Syndicate. The opinions expressed in this paper are those of the authors and are the responsibility of the editorial board. Published by the U.P.E.I.S.U.

Letter to to the editor, in reply to Nausiated.

Dear Nausiated:

In my opinion your letter to the editor, in the Cadre, Jan 15, 1972, was an insipid little piece of letter writing.

First of all your phraseology leaves a lot to be desired; and your lack of proper signature makes me wonder how loudly you would complain if others knew your identity. Are you afraid to be shot down?

As far as calling the cafeteria a "den of iniquity", I suggest that you turn to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, for the definition of iniquity; page 626, bottom right hand corner.

You listed five different foods in particular that upset your digestion. They are; de-hydrated potatoes, canned vegetables, decaying cow, discolored salad, and service station potatoes chips.

I will admit that I too noticed that for part of the first semester, the cafeteria was using potatoes that appeared to be de-hydrated, but I believe the reason for this was due to the inferior quality of "old" potatoes at that time and that "New" ones were not yet available. But all this is in the past and now the potatoes are par with those your mother would serve.

What is the matter with canned vegetables? Nutrition wise they are just as good for you as fresh vegetables, and in many cases it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain fresh vegetables out of season.

As far as the serving of decaying cows goes, maybe that is the type of meat that you are served at home and you do not realize that the meat served in the cafeteria is top grade meat.

I will also agree with you that on a couple of occasions the salad was a bit discoloured. But salad ingredients are very perishable and it is hard to keep them looking fresh. If you have any suggestions as

continued on page 3

Contributing staff for this issue: Eddie Gardner, Ron Kelly, Richard O'Brien, Gerry Gallant, M.J. Vandebroek, Breda Foley, Geoff Crutchfield, Karen Loyd, Barb Graham, Ian King, Anne-Marie Driscoll, Anne-Marie MacDonald, Ann McQuaid David Cairns, Ken Adams, Chris Barnes, Bob Gray, Phil (JC) Marnik, and sweet baby Jane. With much gratitude to Ron Crocker.