



Engineers' Corner

by CHUCK McEWEN

Well, big things have happened since our last meeting. Noteable, or rather infamous since we made all the bulletin boards, have been the involuntary vacations of two of the biggest stars in the buzzer league, namely, our Beloved President Joe and yours faithfully for various misdemeanors.

Our Beloved President Joe received his for displaying some fine fisticuff ability against very stiff opposition (Skinny Maddock). He pummelled Skinny while Skinny was sitting in the stands adjusting his ski-straps. Our beloved President, Joe, hates skiers, all except Father Kelly (the Innsbruck Kid) of course, he's our prefect.

Yours faithfully (that's me), received my two game suspension in that game in which the engineers routed the seniors and Bill D. swallowed his mouthpiece. Everybody was so happy, they thought he was going to choke, but he survived, he ate them. The A.A.A. accused me of being overly addressive (same as aggressive, only you use bad words) to the referee, Urbain G., and of hitting him with my purse. This was a ridiculous charge because Urbain is one of my biggest friends, and besides I don't carry my purse on the ice when I'm playing. Anyway, about my suspension, I didn't like it one bit, and I intend to take my beefs to the highest authority on campus, namely, our Beloved President, Joe, and His Engineering Society.

Father Charlie MacDonald, our faculty advisor, came through with a real gem at the skate the other night. My source of information, "Mouth" Mahoney, reported to me that Father Charlie accosted a would-be blonde (Dorothy M.) and asked her, "How would you like to be in someone's arms?" She (shocked), "What!?" He (slyly), "How would you like to be in someone's arms?" She (hesitantly), "Boy, I mean, Father, I sure wouldn't mind!" Whereupon Father Charlie escorted her to centre ice (where SDU is painted) and instructed her to stand in the centre of the letter U, whereupon he replied (gleefully), "There, you are now in the arms of U" Father Charlie is lots of fun.

Jim M., third year man of exceptional means, (28-43-44) is rounding out his person quite well. I had the harrowing experience of sitting with him in the refectory for lunch the other day. Boy, can he eat (anything). It was rumored that the City of Charlottetown was interested in hiring his disposal services but that the plan fell through. When asked about this, Jim confirmed the rumor and stated that he refused on the basis that you can never tell what some finks (former artsmen) are liable to include in their garbage. He said he would still be interested if it could be handled on a pick-and-choose basis. Anything for a free meal.

On the subject of Girls, Danny G. has been seriously thinking about digging himself up a girlfriend at Marion College. Our Beloved President Joe has kindly offered to obtain a shovel from the nurses at the Charlottetown Hospital and has also offered the full support of the Engineering Society to help in the excavations. What Danny intends to do with her after he finds one, I'll never know. Dick and I had to be content to shake their hands after a night at the Park (an hour and a half singing songs, I nearly cried from the wastefulness of it all) and to kiss each other goodnight in frustration. I hope you're an optimist, Dan.

Dick T. just came in and wants his pen back. This will be the tenth letter he's written to Mt. A. without an answer. On season or not (Hockey Player, you know), he can't seem to understand that he has become a leftover also. Maybe you should give the M one more chance, Dick. Your frustrations may not ease but some of your marks will improve.

Well, dat's it, long liv de Engineers!

An Encouraging Note

The late John F. Kennedy broke political precedence when he took a positive stand on the dangerous civil rights issue. Other presidents had skilfully soft pedaled the question in an attempt to woo the Southern states. After the President's tragic death last November, people began to wonder whether Lyndon Johnson would take such

a firm stand or choose to avoid its mention for politic's sake. The President removed all doubt when he courageously attacked the problem in a Florida campaign speech last week. The text read in part: 'This administration believes the Constitution applies to Americans of every religion, every race and every region. . . . We intend to press forward with legislation, with education, and with action until we have removed the last barrier of intolerance. . . .'

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THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING

"The play is not the thing. There are much worse ones and much better ones. But if we aspire to make the world a better place in which to live it would be wise to take a cold, hard look at what it is."

As you will probably recognize, this is a quotation taken from the last issue of *Red and White*. Must the look we take at the world be so "cold and hard". Things are tough, sure, but haven't they always been. I don't wish to be labeled as an escapist, nor do I view the world through rose-colored glasses and picture life as a bowl full of pitted cherries. However, there is something positive about life and the people who live it. I, for one, do not appreciate sick and sour plays or films which over-emphasize illicit sex and excessive brutality. Let me add that I'm not griping about the subject matter of our plays or films as much as the treatment of it. Subject matter that's unusual and even unpleasant can be handled in good taste.

If a play or film is to be classed as real art, it must appeal to the emotions and to the mind. In the case when all appeal is to one's head, the result is propaganda. On the other hand, when all the appeal is to one's heart, the result is sentimentality. People get tired of degrading, disgusting, and distasteful plays or films being passed off as "art". They don't go to a play or film to see torn clothes, slipped shoulder-straps, and mediocre presentations in which the hero tends to sock him, if he's a man, or seduce her, if she's a woman.

Art is supposed to imitate nature. It does not have to agree with one's own personal views but it should please the audience.

ANONYMOUS

Our Scout Leaders

It is time that a few of our students received some well deserved praise. These students are actively engaged in work with the Boy Scouts of Canada. They spend a great deal of their free time helping the young Scouts of Charlottetown. Dick Trotter, Sophomore—Arts, is the Scoutmaster or the First Charlottetown Basilica Troop. Dick is one of the District Scoutmasters for Charlottetown. John Chinery, Junior—Arts, is the Assistant Scoutmaster. Another Assistant Scoutmaster is Jerry Dunn, Sophomore — Arts. Dave O'Connell, Sophomore—Science, is an Honorary Assistant Scoutmaster and he also serves as Mr. Trotter's strongarm man if the boys get out of hand. Last Saturday the boys took their troop for a hike out to the Crossroads. For a previous expedition, our men spent a weekend with the Scouts at Camp Buchan.

Every Saturday night our Scoutmasters can be seen heading for the Basilica for an evening of noise and nerves with those darlings of Charlottetown. The students are serving a very worthwhile purpose and they, too, are having a ball.

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Grannies always seem to be wishing they were young and free And they don't appreciate their rocking chairs. For the life we lead in college While we're here acquiring knowledge Would be quite enough to make them tear their hair.

Up for morning Mass at seven Then in bed before eleven May not sound too very hectic to your ears, But the things that you must fit In those meagre hours or quit Half your pursuits, nearly drive you into tears.

You don't mind the morning Masses, But you do detest the classes Everyone insists that you must keep awake. And besides, you have to mop. And to tidy up the top Of your desk before your way to class you make.

And as any woman knows Half an hour to think what clothes You should wear is not enough; will never do. For although John likes the green, Your new blue he hasn't seen, And in Math. he's right across the aisle from you.

And as if it weren't enough To have reams of Caesar's stuff To decipher, some professor wants a test. So you tell him what you know Stretched as far as it will go, And you hope your patron saint will do the rest.

In a dull class, you write letters To your elders and your betters And you ask them for a little bit of cash;

Give their consciences a poke (They don't know yet that you smoke) Say you're starving, all they feed you here is hash.

After dinner, singing practice And rehearsal for the actors And the hockey team for you has desperate need.

There's a thing for Red and White That you promised you'd write, And the birds outside your window you must feed.

Fred Lambros

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Your secret love asks for a date And you say, "Call for me at eight", Then remember you have used up your permission. Every nylon has a run, You just heard a funny pun, Pass it on in class, you get the Inquisition.

You've been campused for next week And the outlook's pretty bleak For hitch-hiking, don't you have to get to town. Yesterday you had a fight With your room-mate, and tonight You spilled white shoe polish on your cap and gown.

And you haven't got a dime For a Coke, and any time Sister's sure to hear your noise and come and check. And you must go on a diet And the girls next door aren't quiet And your closet's a complete and utter wreck.

You have a speech in speaking, Your toothbrush glass is leaking, And you don't have time today to tease your hair. You're so tired out that you're thinking That the only answer's drinking And you dropped your only nickel down the stair.

Then your mother's on the phone— Says your baby sister's grown— And she asks, "What's happening at St. Dunstan's, dear?" Then you rack your brains and say "It's dull, day after day, Nothing interesting ever happens here!"

—LYNN MURPHY

A PARADOX

It has always been quite common for retired boxers to build a restaurant business and profit from their "popularity". Oddly enough, there seems to be a progressing reversal in this trend. Today, more and more restaurant owners are downing the mitts.

PRESS CLUB ORGANIZED AND IN OPERATION

A Press Club has been organized on campus under the direction of Registrar Michael Hennessey and in conjunction with the RED and WHITE. The purpose of this organization is to inform all local papers of students' activities and achievements while at St. Dunstan's University. Pictures and information have already been sent out to many students' local papers.

EASTER BUNNIES? CATS THIS YEAR

While many a student returned home for the Easter Holidays, most of the Biology students, engaged in exploring Felix before the holidays, remained during the vacation to continue their investigation of the felines. Needless to say, Fr. Cheverie was quite pleased to see the lab filled during the holidays.

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