

R. POPE PAYS SNEAK VISIT

The past few weeks have been most disturbing, to say the least. One week, we sought the cool water, and the other, the cool waters seek us out. The Pennant race mentally upset all baseball fans, the Pope's visit upset New York, and our victory over Dal upset us. In the midst of all this hullabaloo, the great R. Pope, eminent writer of ghosts, man of the world, and shadow about town paid a sneak, incognito-type visit to his favorite off-the-beaten-path Campus. He was here, it would seem during that week of sun right into the week of sploshes, and observed, of course, all things in minute detail. He was inconspicuously disguised as a seven-foot Cossack who always went around with dark glasses (usually filled). It was not till well after he had returned (at least an hour) that he called me up and let spill the beans.

A beautiful blond walked into my room one day.

"There's a phone call for you from Paris," she said in a low seductive whisper.

"Be specific!" I told her

"Awright," she hissed "From the phonebooth at the corner of the Rue Des Ecoles and the Rue Ste. Genevieve."

"That's better," I told her, as I chewed on the last inch of my Royal Jamaica Churchill.

"I try to do my best," she said. "But I can't get much sleep now that the lights go out at Mid-night." (Reader beware!) I forgave her and ascended to the phone.

"Bonjour," I said.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," I then said.

"Bonjour," he then said.

The conversation kept up this way for quite a long while. It was fascinating. What an experience it is to talk with a cultured man, a man of the world, one skilled in all the arts of conversation.

"Hello," he continued. "Have you hear the latest news?"

He then proceeded to describe the incredible trick he had just played on me.

I fainted. He shouted.

I unfainted.

"But," continueth I, "what

learnest thou in thine visit what interested so, huh?"

"Ah," quoth he, "a great lot of!"

He then proceeded to innumerate some of his observations. They were fascinating. Imagine a man who can come out with such great observations.

"I noticed that when the weather was good, the study conditions were not," he began. "I noticed when the weather was bad, the activity improved, but not by that much. Therefore have I concluded that it is better that have sunshine."

I questioned him on this point.

He replied. "A sunny day is worth a full 100 points (Wechsler — Bellevu and little study is worth only 1. Total points for the day, a good 101. On the other hand, a rainy day is worth 20 and much study is still worth only 10. Total value for day is 30, as you will readily agree, is much below 101, which is most highest."

I agreed fully.

He proceeded to make more observations. "The Fresh ones are a likely looking bunch." The insight of this amazed me. "I found them as good looking a bunch as I had not seen in years."

"Also," he went on. "I note a peculiar phenomenon. There seems to be a particular sickness going around. One night as I was collecting beer bottles by the light from the windows of first floor, Memorial Hall, all went suddenly black—around mid-night. I figured that I fainted straight away, not knowing any other cause to which I could attribute such an unwarranted black-out."

I told him that I too was puzzled by all this.

He finally ended his conversation on a happy note, and I had a date to eat with him at Maxim's on Monday.

I descended to my room.

All was dark. The lights were out.

So, I undressed in the dark and sneaked under the blankets. As I did this, someone whispered seductively in my ear.

"You have cold feet."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE DISCOVERY

As I laboured all alone
Through the tall and secret
grass
Where it was so hard to pass
And as silent as a stone,
Suddenly a drum did sound
And I stopped and looked
around.

And I listened for a noise
But the only sound to hear
Was the pounding of my fear;
And I peered with my eyes,
But the grass was like a wall
And I could not see at all.

Slower then I laboured on
Through my fear and the green
Which was all that could be
seen,
And I came upon a stone
Caught and held within the
grass
Where the light could never
pass.

And I started in the gloom
For the stone a legend bore
And it shook me to the core
For it marked an ancient
tomb,
And I feared that the dead
Might resent my heavy tread.

And the legend in the gloom
Seemed to gather like a tear
And it added to my fear
Like a prophecy of doom;
And I bent to read it when...
Sounded sharp the drum again!

Then the icy hand of fear
Wrapped itself around my heart
And I pushed the grass apart
And I stumbled out of there
Stricken by what I had seen:
On the tomb my name had been.

Anonymous

OLD EDWARD

Old Edward, with the knotty
hand,
And eye set deep in bushy
brow,
Whose ancient saintly voice
employs
The ancient, sainted "thee" and
"thou"

Sits quietly beneath his tree
And off into the woods does
stare,
As if in pious thought
enwrapped:
Oblivious and unaware.

But if within the woods you
hide,
Unseen by Edward's pious
stare,
Your ears may catch a cackle
soft
Upon the chilly autumn air.

And Edward, then, with cau-
tious eye,
Will peer to right and then to
left
And conjure up from pocket
deep
A wicked little bottle bright.

For Edward's hand, though
knotty, it
Can grasp a glass or bottle
neck
As firmly as a younger man's
And just as quickly tilt it back.

And if perchance a comely maid
With comely form should pass
thereby,
Her progress will be closely
marked
And followed by that ancient
eye.

For Edward, with the naughty
hand
Has eyes as keen as any knave,
And still can grace a fluid form
With knowing glance
appreciative.

J.M. Hart

WHERE SMART STYLES ORIGINATE

Come in
and browse around.
We have a
complete line of
dress shoes
and Campus Casuals.
for Fall
and Winter Wear.

AGNEW SURPASS

Queen Street,
Charlottetown

AT THE END OF YOUR LEG

We live in an age of sick feet.
The feet of the 20th century
have been squeezed, pushed
and crammed into aching
masses of destruction. The
worst offenders in this maltreat-
ment of the hapless hooves of
our age are my favourite topic
for thought and reflection, nam-
ely, women.

The women of North Amer-
ica have become slaves to a
group of insane shoe designers.
What am I saying, . . . those
ridiculous contrivances one is

apt to find at the lower end of
a woman's leg aren't shoes, but
torture chambers designed to
do the most damage possible
in the shortest time possible.

Somewhere in a dark attic
is a dirty old ogre, chuckling
in absolute glee as he thinks
of the women of the world tor-
turing themselves in diabolical
invention which he designed
in order to hasten the decline
of the human species; his in-
vention. . . THE SPIKED HEEL.
Being a master of physics as
well as a full time ogre, he
knew full well that no two
things can occupy the same
space at the same time. Still
he has managed to convince the
female of the species that such
is not the case. Why else would
they cram their long-suffering
toes into pointed pumps so
small that they have, by virtue
of their diminutive volume,
completely abolished the old
custom of drinking from a fair
maiden's slipper.

If something isn't done soon
there is a grave possibility that
toes will become extinct. For
the sake of future generations.
. . . feet of the world, UNITE!
P.S. perhaps it would be well
to warn your female readers
that the foot rebellion has al-
ready begun. If they find them-
selves suffering from excessive

soreness of the lower extremi-
ties they can be quite sure that
their feet are in full rebellion
and furthermore if they don't
comply with their feet's de-
mands drastic action will be
taken such as corns and, in ex-
treme cases, bunions.

Hush-Pippily Yours,
Jerome O'Grady.

Thank God For Thanksgiving

There are many people walk-
ing around campus today who,
though they look perfectly hu-
man, really are not. These are
the people who took full ad-
vantage of their thanksgiving
long weekend and had a good
old one — two bash. Regard
them — These are the children
of light. Instead of using the
study (ugh) in, or
merely to rest in an obvious
and adolescent manner, these
Sons-of-Turkey took right off
and had themselves one jolly
good time.

Regard them, o lowly hum-
anity.

They're the ones with the
big smiles etched across their
rosy faces, with the spring in
their step and the warm joy in
their heart.

Who says crime don't
pay?!!—

CAPITOL THEATRE

October 25 - 27

Americanization of Emily

(James Garner)
(Julie Andrews)

October 28 - 30

Monkey's Uncle

(Annette Funicello)
(Tommy Kirk)

October 31st

To Kill A Mockingbird

(Gregory Peck)

November 1 - 3

Yesterday, Today And

(Sophia Loren)

November 4 - 6

Major Dundee

(Charlton Heston)

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For all Furniture needs
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