

## Co-ed Capers

Well, here we are again with our news and views on the contemporary Co-ed situation.

First of all, we are glad to see Lois Hughes back with us again after her stay in the hospital.

The Sorority has had one meeting since the last issue of the **Red and White**. On that occasion Miss Doris Anderson of Prince of Wales gave us a very interesting talk on fashions. Following this, plans were finalized for the co-ed party. The party was held at the Charlottetown Hotel and featured a Hawaiian theme. Music was supplied by the Mariners. Everyone was agreed that the party really went over well, and no one stopped to count the pin pricks received in the making of the leis. Jim Morrison was duly crowned as Hawaiian King (O that crown!) during the course of the evening. Congratulations to Anna and her social committee for the fine way the party was planned and carried out.

WUSC Treasure Van has come and gone and Irene is still with us. Guess she survived by "sitting on the floor in front of Indonesia with her shoes off!". By the way, Miss India, what is that odd looking receptacle on your bookshelf? A vase to hold black orchids?

Next door, Patsy believes in buying toothpaste economically (the tube is so big that Gemma can hardly hop over it.) We're wondering, however, what kind of soap Ernie uses??

From Nov. 19 - 25 Pat Poirier was in Montreal on a World Affairs Conference. Speaking of affairs, how were they in St. Hubert's we wonder?

Fran holds court in 214 every day. She must have delusions of grandeur. Patty just affirms her belief in duplication, and looks forward to that Dal trip that is coming one of these days. Speaking of trips, we hope Gail's excess weight won't sink the boat on her way over to Mount Allison.

Miss McGovern went around with a rather swelled nose some weeks back... Is Cuthie getting violent???

Marcia, how about sending us that picture that you dream on? O for a flash camera to record that little scene, but this will have to do. These times Elaine has tea for two and two for tea, to put things backwards—not in the interests at all, Miss Green.

Stella was a member of the big H club that flourished for awhile. Did (or do) these people really intend to give up the weed? In another context one might say that Gracie had taken it on. O Palm Beach... Speaking of Palms brings us back to the Co-ed Party. We hear that Virginia really went for that old Hawaiian custom... What is this about Pauline having a stiff neck the next day?? Too much stargazing? Marian is gazing around in new specs these days! She "crashed" through the door and broke her other pair.

Did or did not Gemma's little Home Ec gift help her Philosophy mark??... The dayhops think Ellen should be taking Home Economics: it seems she has a remarkable facility for burning hamburgers... Rather they be burnt than rotten like the one Ginny got on the St. FX. trip...

Three of us Senior Co-eds attended Barb Roy's marriage to F/O Art Arsenault a couple of weeks ago. It was really nice, but it must have been a little sad too, because Pat lost her voice while proposing a toast. What next?? Barb had the wedding bells ring, but another member of the Roy family let the telephone (bell) ring that day... Correct Miss Lund??

Pat Murphy could tell you that the strangest things find their way to the bulletin board... (and believe me, strange...)... Ernie may be getting a summons from a pill company one of these days, and that'll be another thing to be posted... "I'm in the jailhouse now"... debtor's prison is more like it.

Up on the third floor they sing that Duff had a little lamb... If she has, it had better not wander into Reene's room if she's connected with Royalty, not just the thing to find in a palace...

### Poetry In Motion

You know, it's a really amazing how certain quotations can be adapted to certain people. On browsing through the poets I really found some gems. Here goes! Figure them out if you can...

With Reference To The Co-ed Party

There was a King elected at the party, and he might have this to say:

"I won a noble fame,  
But with a sudden frown  
The people snatched my crown..."  
(Theodore Tilton).

Good ole Shakespeare coined this next one, and we think it most appropriate for a redhead's choice:

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"A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel..."  
Bishop still has the answer for the situation when two ulcers get together:

"I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good..."

Before Sugar Cane went to work, one gentleman might have sung these words of Walter Savage Landan:

"I know not whether I am proud,  
But this I know, I hate the crowd..."

Michael Jean Sadaine wrote this, but we'd like to say it's from the book of Ruth:

"O Richard, O My King!

The universe forsakes thee."

Words of Anna during the last waltz at the AAA dance are beautifully expressed by Norman McLeod:

"Courage brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night."

"(A. J. will appreciate this if no one else will.)"

Well, I guess this is the end of Co-ed Capers for another issue. A little early we'd like to wish everyone luck in the Christmas exams and Happy Holidays. So, until the next issue, don't keep it under your hat, because I'll find out anyway. To borrow a few words from Omar Kyhayyam, remember this:

"The moving finger writes;  
And having writ, moves on; nor all your piety nor wit.  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a Word of it..."



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### CAPITOL Movies for the Month of December!

December 5th, 6th, 7th —

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday  
CARY GRANT — JAMES MASON

"NORTH BY NORTHWEST"

December 8th, 9th, 10th —  
Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Walt Disney's — "KIDNAPPED"

December 12th, 13th, 14th —

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday  
LANA TURNER — SANDRA DEE

"PORTRAIT IN BLACK"

December 15th, 16th, 17th —

Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
KENNETH MORE — LAUREN BACALL

"FLAME OVER INDIA"

December 19th, 20th — Monday and Tuesday  
HARDY KRUGER — STANLEY BAKER

"CHANCE MEETING"

December 21st, 22nd — Wednesday and Thursday

SIDNEY POITIER

"VIRGIN ISLAND"

## FLASHBACK

"All names, places, and incidents used in this story are wholly fictitious. Any resemblances to any living person, place, or thing is purely coincidental."

When one is over six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds it is a long time from 6:10 to 11:00.

As I lay on my bed, reading the gentle philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, several apparently unrelated facts came to my mind:

(a) Four hours and fifty minutes is too long to go without some kind of refreshment.

(b) It is rather dull here some evenings;

(c) There is an apple orchard about one mile from here;

I casually mentioned these unrelated facts to Levis Corriveau, my roommate, and about 10:30 p.m. we decided to go for a short walk about the campus. Being totally unfamiliar with the grounds, we happened to find ourselves outside a farmhouse, near the apple orchard. We thought that perhaps we could ask the farmer to make a small contribution to the future leaders of our country.

Upon closer view the farm scene looked too domestic to disturb, so we decided to donate some apples to ourselves. As it chanced to be dark and rather damp, we employed our three-cell flashlight so that the pleasant rays it cast could both show us the way and provide warmth as we set to work amidst the torrents of rain.

Now it came to pass that at about 10:50, while we were leisurely gathering the heavenly fruit, a voice spoke in the distance: "Quo vadis?" We then decided upon a plan. Levis hid behind the apple tree holding my kit bag half full of apples. I flashed on the light which I had accidentally shut off and proceeded across the field at a leisurely pace (50 mph), thanking the farmer for the donation. The farmer followed me, vigorously denying any such generosity on his part and assuring me that if he chanced to catch up with me, he would be pleased to demonstrate his point.

After five minutes the farmer decided to return to the orchard. I thought that perhaps he would stumble on my compatriot so I called to the farmer, offering him an apple, emphasizing the fact that I had many more than I could use. The farmer apparently thought he would like one for he came running toward me. I stood my ground patiently, extending the apple toward him. His face looked so eager, and his advance so rapid that I felt it might be better if I withdrew both the offer and myself immediately.

Having perceived that my offer was not made completely in earnest, the farmer ceased to proceed in my direction and slowly retraced his steps, the soft fall breezes wafting his gentle blessings to my delicate ears.

I switched off my flashlight and quietly returned to the orchard. Levis and my kitbag had departed, so I returned to the path which leads back to the University. Along the way I caught up with Levis and aided him with the portage of the bag, it being appreciably full.

At the door to Memorial Hall leading to our room we found the placid figure of the Dean of Men admiring the fall of raindrops. We flattened ourselves against the wall and also silently commented on the downward flow of H<sub>2</sub>O. The Dean was well protected from the elements by the archway surmounting the door and we were well protected by the flow of water dripping from the eaves down the back of our necks.

After an interval of time, equivalent to three bucketfuls of water drop by drop proceeding along a geographical course from headbone to heelbone, the Dean ceased to be a nature lover and returned to his quarters. We hastily mounted the stairs to divide the spoils.

Are apples any good for pneumonia?

As a final note... Has the Rink Manager seen any skunks lately???

F. Corcoran.

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