



Room at the Top

by BILL CONNORS

Fourth floor Dalton, the Noah's Ark of S. D. U., complete with a specimen of HIRUDO MEDICINALIS (the leech), to be found after 7:30 in any room but his own. Leeches suck blood, "Powerful Pierre" sucks up every morsel of food that isn't alive or second-hand.

There is absolutely no difference between Billy MacMillan's embarrassed smile and his sadistic grin. Our "Axeman" looks exactly the same whether taking a ribbing about his bride-to-be or laying an opponent out flat on the ice during a game.

Speaking of injuries, will somebody from Marian please tell us how Pete Chouinard really broke his leg.

We of Dalton think it's time the university expanded its courses. Therefore Professors Frank and Mike will hold classes in Imbibition 1B at the Main Brace every Saturday night from 7:30 to 12 midnight. We pious souls of the fourth floor level feel that since we lost Mike to the third floor at Christmas he has been morally corrupted by the evil influences.

During the Carnival, "Little Bubbles" actually went on a date!

A certain Bostonian of 4th Dalton received a sentimentally inscribed photograph in a perfumed letter from a certain blonde in Ohio, of all places. What's this about a long, hot summer, Danny?

"Sweet Daddy" has opened up his barbershop in room 52. The only unfortunate thing is that one of S. D. U.'s haircuts has, like a Somerset Maugham story, a very short ending.

Three years go "Jonesy" saved up \$150 out of his own money and bought an electric guitar. Wouldn't Father Ledwell love to know what Jonesy said about him after he threatened to bust said guitar over our pint-sized balladeer's head?

Recently many of the birds of 4th Dalton have begun to migrate to the library promptly at 7:30 every morning. What are they really studying?

A Freshman's Unbiased Opinion

by CHARLEY McMILLAN

One of the most popular features in the local afternoon dailies is the Youth Page. In it, there are several columns from the different high schools, a Sound Off corner, an editorial from the Youth Page Editor, a very good article on records, and after a public opinion story by several students from Charlottetown and local districts. The one point that often arises, however, is that never is there any body from St. Dunstan's? Any steady reader readily knows that there is always a good word for ole S. D. U. in the record column when circumstances permit it. Ditto for P.W.C. However, in the editorial, compiled by a witty but often obnoxious scribbler, there continually pops up a note of fidelity to Prince of Wales, whereas there is only a

note in passing on S. D. U. This was very evident on two occasions in particular: The first occurred during the P.W.C.-S.D.U. debate on the Winter Carnival when this Welsh amanuensis admitted her tides of love flowed in the direction of P.W.C., her Alma Mater; and the second affair took place only recently when the New Christy Minstrels and Ian and Sylvia put on shows for the two Winter Carnivals. While almost ignoring the Minstrels, when not reducing them to a bunch of second rate banjo pickers, she chose to magnify Ian and Sylvia second only to the Beetles and Chubby Checker. Surely it is high time that the news regarding the two colleges be put on the proper perspective and this ugly note of prejudice be dropped immediately. Certainly both institutions would prefer this.

THE REIVERS

by KEENAN MARR

The year was 1962, the time was a few weeks before Christmas and as usual there was the customary excitement before going home plus the nervous tension which is always prevalent prior to exams. However this is not my story. As I remember it, there were six fellows from the same town who were trying to get home for the holidays as cheaply as possible.

"I think we ought to check up here," said my roommate. "It shouldn't cost us any more than twenty dollars a head, and it's a damn cite quicker than the bus."

"Good thinking," I agreed, "we'll scout around town this afternoon."

That afternoon found us tramping all over the city from cab stand to cab stand, trying to dicker the various cabbies down to our meager price range. After three hours of this, we at last came upon one "gentleman" who agreed quite willingly, almost too willingly, to take us to our destination for fifteen dollars a head.

"Hey that's great," chorused Joe and I, "we'll meet you behind Main Building on the eighteenth at 6 o'clock, right after supper. Now you're sure this cab is in good shape?" I asked before leaving.

"Definitely boys, she's just out of the garage for her 80,000 mile check up," beamed the owner of the fleet.

Naturally this took some of my enthusiasm away quite rapidly.

"Hey Joe, this cab must be 1901 vintage with all that mileage on it."

"No sweat," said Joe, "he looked like a pretty fair guy, and no one in town can match fifteen dollars a head."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," I replied somewhat hesitantly.

Time passed slowly and the hard cramming for exams erased the taxi problem from our minds. Then, the day before we were scheduled to leave, the phone rang and it was for me.

"Hello, is this the lad who wanted to go to Maine?"

"Rumford, Maine, to be exact," I reminded the voice, "Yes this is he," now I was beginning to worry, "what's up?"

"Well sir, I've been figuring out the gas mileage, and I'm afraid I'm going to have to raise my price up \$5.00 a man."

This was it, all the tension of exams suddenly exploded.

"That's a hell of a way to do business," I retorted. But there was little sense in arguing, for by now his cab was the only way home, if we wanted to make it before the twenty-first so we could get some last minute shopping done.

"O.K., we'll meet you tomorrow same time, same place."

"Right, see you tomorrow, bye." The next evening saw six exhausted Rumfordians piling into

a '57 Plymouth that looked like it had been on the short end of Rommel's North African Campaign.

"You'll have to use the right rear door bys, the other ones jammed shut. Some nout backed into me last Friday."

"Think the rear left fender will stay on?" asked Walt.

"Should," replied the driver, and with that we were homeward bound.

Eight hours later found us 40 miles from the U.S.-Canadian border, after having stopped numerous times for gas, one flat tire, and to stretch our legs. You see, there were four of us in the back seat with three suitcases on our laps. Joe and I were fortunate we had the front seat, he with his suitcase in both our laps, and myself straddling my shortwave set, trying to prevent as many tubes as possible from being crushed. The whole situation was so absurd that we couldn't help laughing.

As I gazed out at the road from my right front seat position I seemed to notice the headlights dimming.

"Hey Roy," I shouted at the driver, "what's the story on the radio, heater, and headlights?"

"I think I'm losing my headlights all right, must be a faulty generator," he replied, and sure enough it was. Three miles later everything let go and we crawled to a stop in the middle of the New Brunswick wilds with the temperature outside a chilling 10 degrees above zero. Upon checking the engine room Roy climbed in handed me a flashlight and ordered: "Keep that light on the white line so's we'll have enough juice to get us to St. Stephen."

So, minus any gloves or mitts I held that frail beam of light on the white line for the next 35 miles. Upon reaching the border I possessed a right hand that could have split a foot-thick pine slab with ease. However, I soon forgot my plight as our "dependable cab" backfired once and became completely immobile.

"O.K. you guys", quipped Walt, "we're going to make history tonight," and so we did by becoming the first people to my knowledge ever to push a cab from one country into another.

After a brief stay of one hour and a half in Calais we had the battery quick-charged and left for the remaining 250 miles to home. Three hours later we literally rolled into Machais, Maine, at 4:30 in the morning, without the help of our engine, of course. Having pushed the cab into the nearest parking lot we set about to explore the town for a warm place to sleep until 7:30 when a garage was supposed to open.

"Only thing we can do now is head for a jail", I suggested.

The others agreed so we headed for any building with bars on the windows. After rousing the local hotel keeper from a sound sleep, trying to get into a church and in general scoping out the whole town, we finally succeeded in finding the jail.

"There aren't any lights on, it

maybe the sheriff's home", said Bob.

"Naw, he's got to be here if he has any prisoners." The rest of us answered.

Well no one answers, so let's head for the boiler room, at least it will be warm down there," said Joe.

We weren't down there long enough to get our blood circulating when a gruff voice with a marked down east accent shouted:

"All right, come on up out of theyuh, and don't let's have no funny business."

Clambering out we were greeted by the sheriff of Machais, who resembled Santa Claus, except that he lacked the flowing white beard. Our portly 300 pound host was definitely not in the spirit of Christmas.

"What in heyll was you boys doin in my cellah? Get on out of heah, ifn I had room in the jail I'd throw you all in for illegal tresspassin."

No amount of persuasion on my part would or could convince him of our plight. So we vacated the premises pronto, throwing back some very uncharitable remarks at our would-be host.

"Let's head for the cab we've only got two more hours, then we'll cut out of this burg," said Bob.

"Right, let's went," agreed the remainder of the group.

We had just entered the main square in town when who should pull up but our friend the sheriff.

"Hop in boys, no sense you freezing out in this heah cold, peahs to me that you could use some hot coffee."

Completely amazed at our stroke of good luck we clambered into his car and were soon telling our rescuer how our trip had gone thus far. He seemed pretty excited and said he could get the editor of the town paper to do a feature article on us. I was willing but was soon outvoted 5 to 1, so we had to forego that chance for fame.

We spent the remaining two hours listening to the sheriff call various points along our route checking for the snow storm we knew would hit us within a matter of hours. After calling several small towns, the sheriff settled back, lit his corn cob pipe, and through the cloud of smoke announced:

"You boys is goin to have tough sleddin from Bangor on down, ifn I was you I'd staht makin traks for home right 'bout now."

We needed little encouraging as twenty minutes later we were on our way. And true to the sheriff's weather forecast, we hit a blinding snowstorm five miles out of Bangor. After a few close calls with tractor trailers, snowplows, and telephone poles we chugged into Rumford, nineteen hours after our well planned trip had begun.

Exhausted to the point of uncontrollable giddiness I staggered into the house, and faced the proverbial question by my parents: "Did you have a good trip?"

"Well," I replied, "let me put it this way."

BUZZER STATISTICS

	GP	W	L	T	Pts.	%
Sophomores (B)	6	4	2	0	8	.667
Freshmen	6	3	2	1	7	.583
Seniors	6	3	2	1	7	.583
Sophomores (A)	6	3	2	1	7	.583
Engineers	5	2	2	1	5	.500
Juniors	5	0	5	0	0	.000

TOP FIVE SCORERS

	G	A	Pts.
Donnelly (Freshmen)	8	8	16
Trembley (Seniors)	5	6	11
Condon (Sophomore B)	7	4	11
Ready (Freshmen)	3	4	7
MacDonald (Sophomore B)	3	4	7

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