

## Co-ed Capers

Another paper, another column, and another set of exams down the drain. Most of us survived the latter fairly well, with just a trace of examites here and there, and everything is now sackcloth and ashes (??) for the season of Lent. Before Lent began, however, a whirl of activities pervaded the campus for a last "blaze of glory" before the curtain closed over dances, etc. The formal, under the capable management of Irene Gaudet and her WUSC Committee came off very well as far as M.C. was concerned, despite the veiled threat expressed in a Letter to the Editor in the last issue of the **Red and White**. Also, congratulations to Eileen Grant on being chosen Queen of the Engineering Society. A salute to the man of the slide rule — they made a terrific choice.

Pat Poirier, regional vice-president of NFCUS, attended the NFCUS Atlantic Regional Conference held at Mount Allison University from February 10-12. Unfortunately, she was not here to get a first glance at the "Watchdog", but she duly inspected it on her return.

\* \* \*

### Things We'd Like To See

Anna "crash" into 314.  
Brophy try for prince consort.  
Dibella being scared by a short man in a black hat.  
Laura and Marcia go in for dentistry.  
Fran write an "Anonymous letter to the Editor".  
Father Pineau throw Ernie out the window.  
Mrs. MacPhee take off her mitts.  
Peggy, miss the "Life of Riley" on T.V.  
Gerry G. get 30 in the Reader's Digest Romantic test.  
Murph go to the Laundromat without dropping something on the street.  
A sign in Dalton, stating that Farrell is now a property owner.  
Patsy take French.  
Fisher go babyitting.  
Anna and Reggie win a skating championship at the Olympics.  
Corcoran's face "Reddin".  
Sutherland and Gaudet stage a wrestling match.  
Ellen Reddin and Patsy Leightizer will debate here at S.D.U. against Acadia University on March 19. They have the negative of the topic: "Resolved that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island should unite to form one province."  
A few guys must have been singing "My Funny Valentine" after the Mardi Gras dance. Valentines are especially effective on lined paper and with suitable verses, aren't they?  
There is a rumor that M.C. will be boycotted for a week unless a Coed Week is staged in the near future. There are no reports from the powers that be with regard to that subject, but it should have been decided (or over) by the time the **Red and White** is in the hands of the students.  
To close off Coed Capers for this issue we'd like to present a list of a few things we'd like to know.  
Why did Keenan shave his moustache?  
When did Gemma cultivate the habit of speaking in a bass voice?  
Who started the humor that the Coeds wrote the Watchdog?  
What happens to girls who smoke in their rooms?  
Did Ray and Frank have indigestion after Valentine's Day?  
Did S. Connolly enjoy his trip to Borden?  
Is Miss Lund in the habit of having "long talks"?  
Are Lana and Keenan "the long and the short" of it?  
Does Frank Garrity like butter?

## Student's Accounts are always welcome at the 'Royal'

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## A Crock of Corn Whiskey

A bluejay burst into angry chattering and Clem Mason swore. What right did that pesky little animal have to interfere in his business? After all, what he was about to do was justice wasn't it? He couldn't allow Henry to get away after what he had tried to do to Sallie Mae. His fingers tightened on the old Sharps and he cursed the bird, the damnable heat, and wished Henry would hurry up. The wind had been blowing sand from the crooked wood road into the thicket and it caught his interest and he stirred it into patterns with his bare foot. He wished the rain would come and relieve this stickiness.

Maybe Sallie Mae had brought what almost happened upon herself. She was getting too old to wander all around the hills wearing those old jeans and that tight shirt. God hadn't really intended for women to wear pants anyway. At least not when they filled them like Sallie Mae did. He tried to spit and couldn't, so he eased back into the shade, chewing a blade of grass and staring down the winding road.

Little puffs of dust were being stirred up by the split hemlock and Clem peered out the bush to see who was coming. He was almost ready to give it up as a bad job anyway and go home where it was at least cool. The figure was coming into view now and he saw the rather clumsy shape of Henry Shaw, shuffling along. He brought up the Sharps and had almost squeezed the trigger when he saw the jug Henry was carrying on his shoulder. If he shot now, the jug would probably fall and break before he got to it, and all the good corn whiskey it was sure to contain would be lost forever. Clem's hands trembled at the thought of what he had almost done. Corn whiskey, good corn whiskey was so hard to get these days.

Shouldering the rifle, he stepped out of the bush. Henry's eyes, which had widened in apprehension at this sudden appearance of Sallie Mae's father, became normal again as he saw that Clem was far more interested in the jug of whiskey than in him. He swung the crock off his shoulder, pulled the cork with his teeth, and took a few swallows. Clem winced as he saw the huge gulps Henry was taking and he felt saddened. Good corn whiskey shouldn't be treated so cruelly.

Henry stuck the cork back in and shouldered the jug. "Now you ain't mad at me, are you Clem? Sallie Mae is pretty well grown up, anyways."

"Where'd you get the jug, Henry?"

"I pinched it out of Carter's store. He owed it to me anyway for letting him fish along our creek."

Clem took out a soiled handkerchief and mopped at his face. "Pretty hot to-day, isn't it Henry? A swallow or two of old corn whiskey would go pretty fair right now."

Henry tightened his hands and allowed that it was pretty hot at that.

"Oh, Henry, Sallie Mae said if I chanced to see you to send you on along to the house. That girl's taken a mighty liking to you."

Henry's eyes brightened and he swung the crock off his shoulder and proffered it to Clem. Clem swished the jug and pulled the cork. Law, but it was almost full. He wiped the neck off with his shirttail and took a deep swallow. Trust Carter to get the best in the country. He took another swallow and wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. Henry reached out for the jug again and Clem pulled it back. "Ain't you going down to see Sallie Mae?"

"I was just going as soon as I get the jug. Maybe Sallie Mae'd like a sip."

"She's too young for that yet, just a waste of good whiskey. Sides, I don't allow any cornpone down at the cabin. Too damn many Revinurs around for that kind of business."

Henry's eyes widened at this untruth but the thought of Sallie Mae intrigued him. He started off toward the cabin leaving the jug in Clem's hands. He didn't even hear the loud report of the Sharps 50, but he felt the rain between his shoulders and he wished he hadn't given the jug to Clem.

Clem took another swallow of the jug, shouldered the rifle and started for the cabin.

"Hi Pa, I heard the rifle. What'd you shoot?"

Clem laid the rifle in the corner and started for the porch. "Just a skunk, Sallie Mae. Now you see about getting supper."

He went out on the porch to the old wicker chair, carefully holding the jug in his big hands. Good corn whiskey was so hard to come by these days.

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## The Third Marian

I punched out my pass at the time clock and waited smilingly as the machine recorded my photograph and thought impulses. I always smiled when I punched out, because it seemed to pacify the metal monster. On the cue of the proctor on duty I saluted the portrait of Rev. Clough, the Supreme Director, and walked out the door of the main guardhouse.

Under escort of the two guards on watch, I marched down to the third Marian College, did a sharp right turn and walked up the steps of the Female Secondary Guardpost. There my pass was carefully examined and the Electronic matron notified Student 56563 of my arrival while I maintained a respectful at-ease position until the matronal guards ushered me to my date. Together we saluted the statue of the Supreme High Directress, Sr. Gaudet, about faced, and walked out into the clear night in unison. Our passes stated that we were free until 9:27, which gave us 33 minutes before we were required to return to our barracks.

It was a glorious night romance, a night such as might have been designed by the civil engineers for joy and exuberancy. Maintaining the regulation 14-inch distance between us, and with our hands (her right hand and my left one) firmly clasped, we proceeded along the right-hand side of the road, talking as we went. "Ernie, how I wish we had been alive in 1961 instead of 1981; things could have been different."

"Hush, Charles, you talk of revolutionary things. You want a change-pray be careful! Remember what happened to those who tried to revise things in 1961 . . . you know whose skeletons are used in Biology labs now."

"I suppose you are right. The Director is not the type to favor radical changes, which reminds me . . . I got a telosignal from the Registrar asking us to drop in and renew our courting permit. While I'm at it I think perhaps I'll see Fr. Scott, the Director of

Discipline to see if we can get an off-campus one hour permit. He used to be a pretty gay blade, I think he'll understand. He always did things a bit late himself."

"Talking about lateness, what time is it, Charles?"

"It's just 9:28. What time does our pass expire?"

"9:27. Oh Charles, we're late. Now we'll have to break-up and get new licenses to court someone else. Remember how that happened to Steve and Anna once — The story is in our English book. What'll we do, Charles? What will we do?"  
—C.K.

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## CAPITOL

Movies for the  
Month of March!

Wednesday, March 16th.

Marlon Brando, Jeanne Woodward.  
"FUGITIVE KIND"

March 17 - 18 — Friday, Saturday —  
Double Bill

"BEYOND THE TIME BARRIER"  
Plus — "THE AMAZING  
TRANSPARENT MAN"

March 20 - 21 - 22, Monday to Wednesday  
Doris Day, Rex Harrison

"MIDNIGHT LACE"

March 23 - 24 - 25, Thursday, Friday  
and Saturday

Walt Disney's "JUNGLE CAT"

March 27 - 28, Monday and Tuesday  
Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood  
"NIGHT FIGHTERS"

March 29 - 30, Wednesday and Thursday  
Harry Belafonte, Robert Ryan

"ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW"