

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

By Remuel Mulliver

All hands on deck! . . . At ease. Yes sir, the Junior Class will be represented through this slanderous column. Yes, I know it is difficult to remain honest and at the same time make derogatory statements concerning those venerable Juniors. But, an effort will nevertheless be made—on the condition that Paul D. be solely responsible for all libel suits. Proceed gentlemen.

Let's recap the important events of the past two months. Most vivid in our memories is that unforgettable night at Strathgartney Park. Did I say unforgettable—well if that sounds incredible, ask Patsy and Jeane, maybe they will agree.

Diminutive A. Gaudet has posted the clippings from his French castle and "Ginny" admits it was one class he shouldn't have cut. All in all, the hot chocolate was good anyway, at least Edie Donovan says it was. At last count, we numbered three dead (A. G. tossed away the corpses) and seven injured. We'll admit our venture was a bit hasty, but no one can complain that we're not original.

On the following evening, we proved once more that quality outdoes quantity. If the shy wing of our noble group would quit playing ostrich, we wouldn't have to demonstrate this again (take note B. D., E. H. and G. A.) Highlighting the event was an unprecedented visit by Allan P. Connally, well known local boy. Another welcomed guest was Gump Hayden, whose tactics both on and off the ice have shocked the A.A.A. and permanently jolted the weaker sex. Under the guise of Moses, Gump addressed the gathering on the benefits of intermittent "cat-naps". The Muddy Creek Moonshiner, escorted closely by M. M., was an outstanding hit. "A", as he is affectionately known by his intimates entertained with the delivery of a portion of his auto-biography, currently being published and entitled "The Cry of War". Several encores were boisterously released. Also present, to the lasting dismay of the "Giggler", was the Tree. Both he and M.St.J. were constantly on the run in the never ending battle to maintain a supply of ice cubes for the head table. Our staunch advocate of bilingualism demonstrated a true attachment to navy life he spent the last hour swooping uncomplimentary remarks in both French and English. It would be unfair not to mention that a visit to St. Vincent Hall on the following day proved obviously beneficial.

There is much to be said in retrospect about our Winter Carnival days, but, being true good sports, we only wish to congratulate the Mighty "crooked" Seniors for their respectable showing. Maybe next year it'll be our turn to provide the judges.

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THE BAT

Letters to Bruno & Parmen

Dear Bruno and Parmen:

I was very perturbed at the attitude of the Senior dogs on campus during our second annual dog show in which we, beyond a doubt, would have won had they not put forth such last minute efforts so successfully. We who are THE class on campus, quite obviously should have won on effort alone. It seems to me very unfair that after all our preparation we should be forced to accept defeat in such canine activities as broomball and Gulliverisms. Apparently, there is a decided lack of knowledge on this campus in regards to our preparation for the dog show.

For example, we figured that the milk drinking contest could easily be won by one of our esteemed kittens, but she became Queen and such activities would not be worthy of royalty. The other kittens also refused on similar grounds. As a result, it was up to the dogs in our fair kennel to hold the fort. Without hesitation and with the assumption that the milk would be in pint bottles, we immediately solicited the aid of one St. Nicholas pedigree whose nocturnal activity during the past years has qualified him for any task involving the consumption of any liquid from pint bottles. Unfortunately, when the contest was staged, the milk was not in pint bottles and the pedigree, not knowing (or rather not remembering) the time of the contest, was still faithfully practising, bracing himself with all the

available confidence which he could muster. Such an example suitably serves to illustrate the type of frustration that we suffered during the show.

Now to my question. Don't you think that St. Dunstan's should have red letterheads on their stationery instead of that St. F. X.-looking blue?

Junior Orifice '65

Dear Orifice:

How dare you insult such noble species as ours by preambing such an inquiring question as you have with garbage spewed by a quite evidently immature attitude with only one thing in mind: a crying towel. Even we dogs know that once you are beaten, you cannot win. We have too many fire hydrants and trees to attend to without bothering with your rubbish.

Dear Bruno and Parmen:

We are rejected lovers who have been denied the company of an ex-queen on a Sunday afternoon. Our problem is quite evident, and if you do not solve the dilemma, we will commit suicide—even.

Hopelessly,

Chuck and Dick '64

Dear Dick and Chuck:

You will find a rope at the end of the corridor on thir floor Memorial. The ex-queen has our sympathy as do you.

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Letters To The Sports Editor

Letters to this column must be signed, although pen names may be used. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the staff.

CUI BONO?

Dear Sir:

I would like to ask a question which I feel means a great deal to the athletic games played on the campus. I refer to the deplorable condition of the clocks and scoreboards in the gymnasium and the rink.

When I came here last year, I was pleased to see that a large clock and scoreboard were erected in the gym. However, towards the end of the year, one side of the scoreboard broke down. As far as I could learn, there was nothing done at the time of the breakdown, nor at any time during the fall before the season started. Then one day I saw some men taking the other half of the scoring device away. What I would like to know, Sir, is why these matters aren't attended to at the proper times? Last week, the Saints played a game that went into overtime, however, the fans were hampered because they couldn't get the score at all times. An announcer just can't replace a clock. As for using a blackboard as a scoreboard, it just doesn't work. Finally, I would like to know what happened to the clock that was supposed to be put up in the rink. It is almost impossible to watch a hockey game without a clock. I find it almost incredible that someone could order a clock with a fifteen minute face. It would be appreciated, Sir, if you could enlighten us on this important matter through your paper. I remain, Sir, etc.,

PRO BONO PUBLICO

Editor's Note:

It was not the "face" that was of the wrong size for the rink clock, but the "works", or actual time piece. When the works arrived about two weeks ago, it was discovered that the clock ran for only fifteen minutes. A new one was ordered and may have arrived by now. Apparently, they are building a clock from parts. This means that a face will be made to fit the works, and then a manual scoreboard will be added. The idea, of course, is to minimize costs. As for not having the basketball scoreboard in working order all season, we agree with the writer.

—ED.

Dear Sir:

S. D. U.—61, Dalhousie—53. Tonight at the gym St. Dunstan's fans were treated to a victory and I would like to congratulate both the players and the coach.

It would seem that the sweet taste of victory should be more common to this team then it has been during the present season. The question I would like to raise is what does the coach actually hope to attain by insulting his players while the game is in process? Tonight I witnessed several such outbursts and the reaction of the crowd certainly wasn't one of approval. Throughout the years I have been present at many inter-collegiate basketball games but I must admit I have never seen a coach humiliate a player on the court as quickly as did Mr. H. tonight.

To my mind such a display by a University Coach leaves a great deal to be desired. This article is not meant to be detrimental to the team, but beneficial. Take a reappraisal of your position, Coach. Remember that individual integrity should always be respected and this includes a basketball player. Think it over, Coach, and you'll vanquish your only fault.

I'm sure I speak for the student body on this point. And we would like to see a reappraisal of the situation. I have great respect for an individual's personal integrity, even a basketball player's.

A CRITIC