

Co-ed Capers

According to the calendar spring is here, but the look of the situation at present it might be not at all surprising if we will have to wear snowshoes to the Graduation Exercises. At any rate, by the time this second last issue of the **Red and White** for '60 - 61 has gone to press the Easter Bunny should have made his rounds, and everyone should be rested for the last mad weeks of the year.

M. C. was in a state of unnatural silence a few weeks ago as we all played the role of retreatants. Monsignor McMahon of Charlottetown preached the retreat and did a great deal toward making it one of the best ever.

Fran MacDougall blew in with the storm on March 20th returning from the P. C. Convention which was held in Ottawa from March 16 - 18. She reported an enjoyable and informative visit, and was relieved that all had gone well with the realm and the King during her absence.

Ellen Reddin and Patsy Leightizer contested the negative of the resolution "that N.S., N.B., and P.E.I. should unite to form one province" against Elizabeth Mitten and Pat Potter of Acadia on March 21. From what was a very close debate Acadia emerged as the winners by a split decision.

The Sorority undertook a religious project during Passion week. Perpetual adoration took place every night of the week from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. Each girl volunteered for two hours adoration, and we feel that it turned out to be a great success. While we're on the subject of Sorority projects, we might mention that the Sigma Delta will probably be sponsoring a dance soon — the coffers are almost empty, and the secretary-treasurer is frantic.

On March 22 the M.C. Home Ec. students acted as hostesses at a banquet which was held for the Home Economics Graduates of Charlottetown. Mother Loyola of Mount St. Mary's was official hostess, and our budding chefs prepared and served the meal.

This might aptly be named the time of the thesis on second floor M.C. MacKenzie King and Hilter battle for supremacy in 210, farther down the hall Anthony Eden and Mohammed make still stronger companions, and Stella keeps out of the way during her roommate's struggle with the Canadian family.

There is a mysterious squeak coming from Irene's room these days. You are able to hear it when Lois and Pat aren't doing a duet on "The Star-Spangled Banner". We hope that "Chester" will soon emerge from her cast — Perhaps the first-aid instructor is hoping the same thing. The Lamb is very "Sassi" these days and needless to say, "Murph" is nasty. Peggy has been visiting the archives frequently — she's dedicated to her history assignment as Camey is "dedicated to the one she loves" . . . We wonder if Anne will send "Mamma's boy" any (more) cakes, even if Gail cares for "Royle" instant pudding. We are also wondering whether Lana is a "natural".

The time has come for your M.C. Mata Hari to mosey off, so, until the next and final issue when I again don my cloak and dagger, beware — for I am everywhere.

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Easter Lily

Slender white and elegant it stands
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Of joy and strength and hope,
Of life reclaimed from darkness,
Of spring, most glorious of the seasons
And symbol also of another spring:
Cast off the cloak of purple and rejoice!
The tomb is Empty, for He has risen!
The debt is paid
And man is freed from sin.
I love thy beauty, O flower,
I smell thy perfume,
Sweet and delicate to my nostrils.
With the days this loveliness shall fade
Til nought remains
Except a withered husk,
Thus earthly glory dies.
But in my soul thy loveliness has planted
An everlasting bloom that cannot fade
Though eons pass.
M. J. M. '61

S. D. U. Enters Drama Festival

The S. D. U. Dramatic Society presented their play, *Richard II*, by Shakespeare, for the P. E. I. Drama Festival at Montague on March 8. The new Montague Regional High School played host to the Festival. S. D. U.'s presentation was the first, and no doubt the longest, of the three entries.

Two hours before curtain time at 8:30 p.m., the cast began to dress and have their make-up applied. On the surface, most of the players seemed calm and rather confident of their parts, but no doubt there were a few cases of pre-stage "jitters." In spite of this, all the players were in good humor sustained by the steadying influence of the play's director, Father Landrigan. He helped with make-up, costumes, staging, and with a few shouts here and a few roars there got things going. It was funny to hear the remarks of the boys as they were being made up. One staunch young herald in white tights complained that the cold cream was so greasy "he slid right out of bed" after it had been applied for the presentation at St. Dunstan's. Another gallant young lad wouldn't have pencil on his eyes because "it makes me cry". With no hitches, the play came off at 8:30 p.m.

All the members of the cast did wonderfully well with their parts. They moved through the numerous scenes with ease and confidence and provided an enjoyable night's entertainment for the capacity audience. At the conclusion of the play, the adjudicator, Mr. David Gardiner, himself a Shakespearean actor of note, congratulated the players on their performances. He was especially delighted with the quality of the speech and with the colourful costumes. Mr. Gardiner felt, however, that *Richard II* was too great an undertaking for the limited time available to the students for producing it, and for the limited budget on which they had to work. All criticism offered by Mr. Gardiner was accepted by the students in the light it which it was given. Although S. D. U. didn't cop any of the top awards, they did receive a special award for the excellence and quality of their speech. This fine trophy may be seen on display in the college library. When Mr. Gardiner had concluded his remarks, the cast and assistants were treated to a very delicious lunch provided by the Students' Council of Montague High. Then Mr. Gardiner mingled with the members of the cast and talked with each one of them personally. Father Landrigan is certainly to be congratulated for a wonderful effort. He was not only the director but also the guiding influence for all those concerned with the play.

At 3:00 a.m. on the morning of March 9, a tired and exhausted group arrived back in Charlottetown. It is hoped that the professors understood some of the absences in class that morning. For all concerned, it was a wonderful experience. Our only hope is that next year we will have as much talent and direction as we have this year so that S. D. U. can regain the trophy won in 1960 for the best play in the Provincial Drama Festival.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
**HUGHES
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Great Expectations

(All the characters in this story have no existence outside the imagination of the Author, and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the Author, and any reference to actual persons is purely coincidental.)

The time was 1:19 p.m. and I was already exactly four minutes late for operations. As I trudged up the several flights of stairs, I could faintly hear the noise as the other doctors assembled in the operating room. Upon entering the brightly lighted operating room, I noticed that as usual Dr. Mickey was prepared and anxiously waiting to begin the hectic operation. Also present in the operating room were Dr. Plat Laundry-gan, consultant surgeon; Dr. Slimmons Rob, Ward chief; and Dr. Pierre, assistant to the senior surgeon.

Dr. Mickey was a short man, had the strong hands of a good surgeon, seldom went without his glasses and had a short haircut with a receding hair line. He was senior surgeon here at Memorial hospital in Sydney. He performed most of the major operations such as Appendectomies, Tonsillectomies, etc. But today, an extremely delicate but dangerous operation was to take place. As I took my place beside Dr. Mickey, instruments in hand, I noticed the deep expression on the masked face of the junior obstetrician Dr. Pant Gratty who stood opposite me. At the head of the operating table stood Dr. John Small, the Anaesthetist, ready for duty.

Chloroform applied, the large white sheet with the square hole was lowered over the patient. A tenseness prevailed as Dr. Mickey leaned over the prostrate form of the small creature. Dr. William Lodan stood near the transfusion mechanism. He was a tall, handsome doctor, with an expression that indicated his sharpness.

The abdominal incision was completed when suddenly Dr. Mickey stopped, reached under the table, pulled out a heavy object, spat on it and began to sharpen his scalpel. This job being completed, the operation was resumed. All gazed in astonishment as Dr. Mickey began to carefully explore the large abdominal cavity. He continued to probe but unfortunately this proved futile. The perspiration was beginning to show on Dr. Mickey's brow as he paused momentarily to ponder the situation. The search continued for several seconds and ceased. As Dr. Forge Gaser began the suturing, Dr. Mickey lowered his mask and walked slowly to a chair muttering in a low voice, "It's too late now."

The other doctors looked at each other as if all were asking the same question. **Expecting?** And the answer came without words. **A failure.**

Throughout the corridors of Memorial hospital could be heard the echoes of Dr. Mickey's famous theme song "Oh yes, I'm the Great Pretender", while chaos prevailed in the operating room.

S. A. M. '63.

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