

... the last word

TO A FORMER CLASSMATE

By the time you receive this note spring will be officially here. There aren't too many signs on our campus but the flowers the drama director planted last fall are hopefully peeking through the slush. Everyone has taken to walking now that the highway is almost bare. It's cheap, pleasant, typically Lenten, and not at all hazardous unless you should happen to "Crash" into Marcia.

If you were in the corridor of Marian, you would see a little gal waving a broken hockey stick and moaning, "Big Brother Frank, I need dough!" They say that if you rub Camay, you get Sudsy... It's rumoured that books at the CFCCS bookstore are reduced to .35 cents for .30 cents, .45 cents for .35 cents, but books on the Index must be purchased from the censor... And from susceptible sources in Dalton and Memorial we hear that Mary D. is wondering about guitar playing et al... Jennie P. has been seen buying a Clan Fraser kilt...

The redhead across the hall slammed the door and said "do your own" when asked for aid in hair setting. A propos of hair — could the faculty psychologist explain why so many girls cut their hair during retreat? Red hair seems a unifying factor in the case of Terry and Mary...

St. F. X. and S. D. U. have always been competitors but an important step towards mutual

understanding was taken when their basketball players visited here. Marianettes are so friendly. We don't believe everything we hear so we don't think Alec has started a 4-H club in the high school — there are other ways of showing devotion. Perhaps he's been invited to join Gene K's "spiritual" society.

Red and green lights have been flickering in eastern Memorial casements lately — the green we might attribute to the Newfs, but the red... perhaps the new secretary should investigate to see if the red, red Robin...

In the bowling world, there seems to be a fifty-fifty chance that the co-eds will actually make the semi-finals for the first time in S. D. U. history.

As we go to press, Elaine Green and Ellen Reddin are about to debate Mount St. Bernard's in Antigonish. March 22 is the date and the topic is "Resolved that we are living in an anti-intellectual society".

Miss Florence Henderson, a Grail worker and a student at St. Francis Xavier, recently spoke to the Marionettes on the Grail movement. Those fortunate enough to visit Grailville were especially interested in her talk.

If we sound a little flighty this issue, we plead spring fever as an excuse and take our leave from the well-known couplet: "Spring is here, the grass is riz, I wonder where the birdies is?"

At The Water's Edge

As golden flashes streak the clouding twilight skies
And beneath the waters darken — mirror sunlight's last faint cries,
As homing gulls paint silhouettes across that dim pink light

He stands — just at the water's edge, gazing past sweet nature's sight.

He stands alone, he gazes long
And yet sees not the sea
Nor the skies nor the gulls
Nor the boats on the swells,
stealing fish from Galilee;

But only a vision of men, then and now,
From Adam to Jacob to me
And beyond to the very last soul who will live,
To the last to be judged at his knee.

His stance is a rock, but his

eyes sear and burn;
Tears flow, but the visions remain

Of the lust and the dirt,
Of the shame and the hurt,
Black Friday, the blood, and the pain.

Each man is a part of the fear in that heart

Throbbing wild with my sins and my lies.

Though the young stars grow bright

Pain's not deadened by night
Nor the gold of the moon on the rise.

He reads souls, you and you,
The faithless, the true.

He knows, but stands staunch to his pledge

And will stretch out his hand to forgive any man

Who'll but kneel — at the water's edge.

M. L. C. '65.

Little Known Societies

If the University Drama Society were not known through its productions then it would not deserve to be known at all, for if a society is suffering from inertia it is valueless. But since the contrary to the former statement is quite evident let us become more familiar with the workings of the Drama Society itself.

The aim of the Society is to foster and promote among the students a greater interest in and more appreciation for the legitimate stage. We venture to say that it has succeeded in the past and shall also succeed in the future. Along with this aim the Society offers the opportunity for those with acting ability to develop, and display their talent.

Theoretically speaking, all University students form part

of the membership of the society, but in practice, it is usually only those who show interest in the society in form or another whether it be behind the scenes or before the public.

Like most campus organizations the Drama Society Executive comprises a president, vice-president, a secretary, treasurer, and a moderator. This year are Gord Harris, Patry Leightizer, Barry Costello and Rev. Adrian Arsenault. He has recently acquired his Masters in Drama from the Catholic University of America. The executive was chosen at an open meeting of the interested students of the society.

The activities of the society are quite extensive. Last year under the direction of Rev. Lawrence Landrigan, Shakespeare's Richard II was staged. This year in conjunction with the Glee Club it staged Roger's Hammerstein's Carousell. For the month of March Federation's Blood Wedding was planned, as well as an Interclass Drama Festival — four one act plays of thirty minute duration, cast, staged, and directed by the students themselves.

The History of the Society is quite unique. St. Dunstan's has always maintained an interest in drama ever since its founding in the mid-nineteenth century. We have no evidence to prove that the drama Society existed formally as such. However in the "old days" as early as 1890 we hear an account of the St. Dunstan's Players performing in Miscouche. As the story goes these Thespians old brought the College Band along on the train. The old college magazine of the 1890s, The Collegium records the band getting off at every stop, playing a few numbers and quickly scrambling back onto the train. In 1911 or 1912 another great production worthy of note was staged, namely that of Cardinal Richelieu. From here we move along twenty-five years to approximately 1937 when on the event of a faculty-student gathering, the students presented parodies of scenes from famous plays. This was the year Father Landrigan played the part of Juliette in the famous balcony scene.

This year the Society hopes to attain the quality of performance as has been done in the past and asks for the cooperation of the students, especially in the Interclass Drama Festival.

About Rights, Rivers, Boredom, Seniors and All That

At the last general meeting of the student body, there was a sinister plot on the part of our Machiavellian Seniors to send student rights down the river. Their distasteful scheming took the repugnant form of attempting to reduce quorum to one quarter. But, alas, the vile "Princes", were ably blocked by several alert champions of liberty. Our debt to these men who dared to incur the ire of the Seniors is not measurable. Why?

We, fortunately, have not had to burden ourselves with the boredom of a single meeting since

those dark hours of intrigue. The reason for this situation is obvious. Not being able to rely upon the student populace for even a mere fifty per cent turnout, why call a meeting? Students can flap their flippers elsewhere without waiting for the grains of wisdom which they so readily flap at general meetings. The "fifty percenters" knew well what they were doing. Liberty! Ah, free us from the scourge of the general meeting! Make it constitutionally possible for us to be relieved of the "sessions of boredom" that are forced upon us

in the name of the students' right. Let a few people, let's call them the Student's Council, run the show.

So there Seniors, you can't ruin our days with boredom. We have made that possible. Doesn't the constitution state that if we forfeit our rights "to boredom" that the poor Students' Council has to run the show? It I may go at a tangent, you can understand now, I suppose, why we don't run for offices.

Liberty, rights, abstract concepts; these are all misunderstood by the Seniors. They think that with a small quorum that students can run their own affairs. How silly! Obviously, you can't get one quarter attendance if you can't get one half. Moreover, the best guarantee of student liberty is one which keeps them free of boredom which has no place in an intellectual center.

Champions of liberty, we thank you. Deliverers from boredom, we honor you. Protectors from the Seniors, we exalt you. NEVER, NEVER AGAIN WILL WE HAVE A GENERAL MEETING. HURRAH, HURRAH!

would meet in six months to make this decision.

You Dont Say

Sunbeams danced across Fifth Avenue as I walked excitedly inside the Waldorf-Astoria. Imagine me, a junior reporter, interviewing the world famous news critic Pill Boilin. It just couldn't be true—but it was. The manager escorted me to a small press room where Mr. Boilin greeted me.

I wanted to procure an accentric so I decided to dwell on offbeat topics, and get away from conformity. (Reporter's note: Mr. Boilin constantly puffed cigarettes nervously, twitched and squirmed in his chair, and continually removed his black horned-rimmed glasses only to return them to their former perch on the edge of his nose).

First I asked who was his favorite comic strip character. Immediately he stated "Lil' Abner," and then launched into a long, descriptive, philosophical speech as to the reason why, answer of which I was unable to comprehend. By the time he had completely exhausted this topic, he had smoked three cigarettes and removed his glasses half-a-dozen times.

When asked if he had any special desire, he laughed boisterously (much to my surprise) and answered that he always wanted to play a guitar at a wiener roast when he had on a pair of Bermuda shorts. In addition to this, he said that he liked to sing "O Danny Boy" because it was the song that he could sing best.

I'm afraid I became a conformist when I asked Mr. Boilin to criticize television, but he saved the day by answering that he liked T.V. commercials, especially Piel's Beer commercials. He then went on to discuss it's good qualities (the

commercial I mean.)

The reason for his great success came with the answer to the question "Do you suffer from insomnia?" "He pondered over the question, fiddling with his match-box, and then answered, 'Yes'." "Yes, I suffer from insomnia because in my job I have such heavy responsibilities that my mind is constantly active, and because of this constant mental strain, I continually wake up and can't get back to sleep. (With such an active mind, no wonder he is a success.)

I ended the interview on a personal note with "What do you think of yourself?" "Well", he said "I see myself as a sceptic, who suffers from bad memory, insomnia, moody spells and bad lungs. In other words, I think I'm a hopeless case, and from the way I'm going I have little hope of living very long. (Reporter's note: You don't say).

CONTRARY VIEWS

(Continued from page 1)
language be commenced at an earlier level. Novelist Hugh McLennan also spoke in the same vein on this subject.

The delegates left with the idea that be-culturalism must be maintained in Canada as a precious heritage.

Difficulties:
According to Dr. McLennan, there was no common spokesman for the universities and that their contribution could have been greater had they taken a more active part.

What about the future of the conference? The various groups of teachers present indicated that they did not favor the continuance of the C. C. E., and even made threats of boycotting future gatherings of this kind, in which laymen and amateurs would subject them, the professionals, to a long, hard criticism.

The best that could be achieved with reference to a decision as to the continuance of the conference was a promise that the appropriate committee

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