

A short, short time ago, a pre-teenage girl named Cinderella lived with her father, step-mother, and two ugly step-sisters in the little village of Forest Hill. Her father had been involved in a scandalous divorce-suit that had rocked the entire village and ended with his gaining custody of Cinderella and marrying a hussy with two ugly daughters by a previous marriage. Because of the large alimony that Cinderella's father was forced to pay her mother, the little family was the poorest in the village. Besides this, the step-mother, despite all the child-psychology books she claimed to have read, tended to favour her own two daughters, Clara and Penelope, over Cinderella. Clara and Penelope raced around in their own customized Jaguars while poor Cindy had to take one of the family Cadillacs.

Like all pre-teenage girls, Clara and Penelope were being groomed by their mother in the common guerilla-maneuvers necessary for the snaring of a startled young male. Here again, there was a little more than some evidence that Cindy was being neglected. Cindy was allowed to use no more than a touch of lipstick in primping while Clara & Penelope spread it on thickly and trotted off to fashionable salons to learn the proper application of gilt mascara and the proper care of their expensive wigs. Cindy wore flat-looking frocks from Dion while Clara and Penelope slunk around in tight-fitting gowns from Balenciaga with heavily padded bosoms. What angered Cindy most of all, however, was the fact that Clara and Penelope could stay out till five a.m. on week-end nights and four a.m. on school nights, while she had to be home by three a.m. any and every night, thus missing all the fun at "La Dolce Vita" after-hours club.

On New Year's Eve, as was usual, Cindy's father and step-mother attended the Debutante's Ball, accompanied by Clara and Penelope, although both girls had already made their social debuts years before. Cindy, also, was a post-deb, but rather than be publicly humiliated by an early departure, in order to be home at her appointed hour, she decided not to go at all. After they had all left for the Ball, Cinderella, sulking in her sauna-bath, suddenly realized that this was her one chance to go to a cocktail party at "La Dolce Vita" Club. "I'll be able to stay out till five without my step-mother ever knowing the difference", she soothed. Getting into a new satin Dior creation, she applied heavy make-up hastily and donned one of her step-sisters' chic wigs. Viewing herself in the full-length mirror, she saw that something was lacking above the waistline and borrowed an unmentionable of her step-mother's well stuffed cotton wads. As the village clock in the tower struck two a.m., Cindy was being whisked off to the cocktail party in a shiny Yellow Cab.

At "La Dolce Vita" Club, pre-teenage patrons were beginning to look bored, until Cindy arrived and made a calculated entrance that drew shouts and whistles from all the assembled males, amid the scowls and sneers of some of the more feline females. Before long, she was doing the Ay-Bo-Le with the handsomest, wealthiest, and most eligible of the pre-teenage bachelors in the land, Winthrop Rockenroller IV.

Sipping a dry martini, she was drawn into a conversation on Freudian complexes with emphasis on the effects of repression on personality. Sipping a daiquiri she was discussing the evolutionary theory of her dearly beloved scientific hero, Charles Darwin, and his official mouthpiece, Thomas Huchster. Sipping a stinger, she was expounding her own theories on the pre-natal life of the forest cassowary of New Guinea as compared to that of the common African ostrich. When that vague air of boredom again began to creep over the young sophisticates, Cindy decided to liven things with an original version of a harem dance called "King Farouk's Despair". Attempting to look as depraved as possible, she began her dance to the accompaniment of Winthrop IV on the tympany. Arching her neck seductively, she whirled slowly across the floor, undulating and gyrating like a playful boar. She rolled her eyes as she went into a bump and grind. Suddenly, the sound of the village clock in the tower ringing five a.m. made her lurch forward, causing her unmentionables to come loose and slip out from her décolletage onto the floor, mercifully leaving behind the cotton wads.

"The clock, I forgot all about the clock", Cindy gasped to herself. Dashing into the check-room, she collected her stole and raced to a waiting cab followed at a distance by Winthrop IV waving aloft the unmentionable in his hand and shouting after her. When she reached home, her step-mother stood over her waiting for an explanation of her absence. She was tearfully relating her story when a knock came on the door and Winthrop IV burst in declaring his love: "Whomever this Maidenform fits to perfection, that voluptuous mammal will I marry". "The impudence", snorted Cindy's stepmother as she snatched away her unmentionable. As soon as the whole story, or the more discreet part of it, had been told, Cindy's step-mother stood behind her, cooing her understanding and forgiveness, and gingerly pushed her into Winthrop's waiting arms.

The very next day, it was announced in all the social-columns of the secondary-school papers that they were going steady. After that, nothing positive about Cinderella and her Winthrop IV could be sorted out from the flood of rumours and heresays of the pre-teenage gossip columnists, so notorious for their competitive backbiting and slander. Suffice it to say that, in order to fulfill the

traditions of the fairy-tale, they presumably eloped on Cindy's thirteenth birthday, and got married and somehow lived happily ever after.

LEONARD ST. JOHN

## SIGMA DELTA SORORITY

The Sigma Delta Sorority is an organization which has as its purpose the unification of co-eds in all activities. It achieves this by means of four committees, the social, the athletic, the cultural and the religious.

It is the duty of the social committee to provide entertainment and to encourage better social relations on campus. One of its projects is the annual co-ed party. This is the time during which all Saints anxiously await to be asked by some charming co-ed to the festivities which are usually held at the Charlottetown Hotel. This is one of the big social events during the college year and is always a big success.

Another committee which is quite active is the athletic committee, which enables all co-eds to participate in such sports as hockey, basketball, baseball, badminton and tennis. It also gives them a chance to outshine their friendly rivals from town, the nurses.

The cultural and religious committees have been established to help the girls develop a well-rounded character and to enable them to be a success in whatever field they follow.

The Sorority should be an organization to which all co-eds are proud to belong, but its success depends not only upon the executive but upon YOU, its members. So come on girls, get with it and make it great.

## RELIGIOUS LIFE ON CAMPUS

The other day I was talking to an Atheist friend of mine and he was certainly starting to make good sense. He said that the Montreal Canadiens were going to win the Stanley Cup this season. However, on other topics, such as religion, we didn't see eye to eye. I explained to him, to the best of my limited ability, my beliefs and especially my thoughts on religious life.

So, what of it? Do we need and have time for an active religious life on campus? The administrative life on a college campus, in addition to our studies and extra-curriculars of our own St. Dunstan's University have answered this question very clearly. They have done so by providing their charges with a beautiful chapel, a dedicated spiritual director and opportunities for daily Mass and Rosary not to mention an annual retreat and many other religious opportunities.

How about our role in this matter of religious life on campus? To me, religion is basically a personal thing between an individual and God. We are all old enough now to make important decisions for ourselves. As university students, we face numerous and complicated problems. If we decide to meet these problems and our futures without God, we are asking for big trouble. On the other hand, if we will give an honest effort, we may take care of the present and at the same time look to the future with confidence.

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## Senior Slops

by CHUCK McEWEN

Hi! Welcome back to your good old Alma Mother. Your dear mother this year will be Christine Keeler. The preceding greeting was brought to you through the courtesy of the following non-profitable organizations: Main Brace, North River Passion Pit, Freidies, and Eaton's Floorwalkers. They look forward to your increased patronage during the coming holiday season.

Guess who's back! It can't be? It is! That albino with the pink eyes, A. Gaudet. A few days late, mind you, but then none of the executive members at the Brace knew exactly when S.D.U. opened, and besides, they hated to see him go, even if it was only part-time. When I questioned "A." about his summer employment, he replied with the following: "I have come back to St. Dunstan's after an enjoyable and profitable summer breeding dogs and selling their children." The above statement is copyrighted and may not be reproduced without the consent of the author. Myself, I always thought dogs breed in springtime, but then, A. G. always had a persuasive quality about him.

Have a few tid-bits from here and there. George A. tripped over Joe M.'s undies and dropped his garbage making a terrible mess all over Earle H.'s desk. Earle thought lunch was being served and hauled out his bottle of ketchup. Before he got started Steve C. came in, stepped on Earle's hand, and lunch was forgotten in the ensuing squabble. Enter Dany K. who pacified every one by telling them stories such as: "Jack was nimble, Jack was quick; but when he jumped over the candlestick, he burned a hole in his pants, etc."

All last year and for a few weeks this term Lenny S. (B.B.O.C.) was crowing about his mastery over petite Judy S., about having her wrapped around his little finger, so he says. Ah! but Robert F. from the gym, informs me otherwise. When her finger snaps Lenny goes limp. Twenty bucks it cost him for her week's spending money, plus half his wardrobe has disappeared and then reappeared draped here, there, and everywhere about Judy's torso. Stand up for your rights Len. Be a St. Dunstan's man, smash her a good one!

Gene K. has an ingrown toenail.

I pity those poor co-eds who reside at Mount St. Mary's. Watching them shuffle back and forth across the campus every day, after completing their two-mile jaunt through the cornfields from their residence, my mind conjures up a picture of them come Spring. Great big hairy, muscular legs just like Bob F.'s

Fr. Kelly has a sailboat. None of the members of the faculty will go sailing with him.

Mary D. sat beside me in Phil. 3 the other day. She took six pages of notes, and I wish she wouldn't wear such short skirts.

Gotta go to town now and see a friend. Hang in there 'till the next edition.

## SEPARATISM GOOD

Some people say that Separatism is bad for Canada, that it is destroying Canadian unity, that nothing but trouble can come of it. I am not of this opinion. Don't get me wrong, I don't want to see Canada divided. On the contrary, I want to see Canada grow and prosper as a nation. I favor the idea of Separatism, and I am pleased with the overall effect of its debate and consequences which are evolving in its wake.

This is the first time Canada has had something to yell about since confederation, and all the yelling is awakening a few people to the problems, which, up to now, have only been seen by those whom they have affected. It is high time that we as a nation take a good look at ourselves, at what makes a nation, and why we are and should remain as such.

Up until now, we have been existing as a geographically united group of individuals, each concerned with our own problems, and not really aware that we are a nation—that we do have a lot in common, that like fingers we are still part of a hand.

Canadians are getting a pretty good look at themselves now, and I don't think they like what they see, and they're afraid to think of what might happen if they don't straighten up and fly right. A dis-united Canada is unthinkable; a

Canada as it exists today is impossible, a new Canada is all that's left. And this is what we will have. Members of parliament are staying awake in the legislature these days, simply because of Separatism, and now we may get a few intelligent suggestions from the floor. This fact itself is a revolution in Canadian government. As I said, Canadians are yelling and this is second only to war for creating a national spirit and identity.

When I hear people refer to Quebec with harsh tones it is not because they dislike the French, but rather that they like Canada, and usually defend an argument by advocating a united Canada. This is what I like to hear; people defending the nation.

## ELECTION SOON

The position of Treasurer of the Students' Union is now vacant. Elections to fill this post will be held sometime next week it was announced recently by Union President, Gerry Fitzgerald. Candidates for the office must be members of the Senior Class.

## TREMENDOUS

The "Pep Rally" held last Friday night before the Saint's-Stadcona football encounter was described as "tremendous!" by Varsity coach, Ed Hilton. A group of Juniors led by Joe Condon are to be congratulated for their efforts in organizing the affair. If this brand of spirit and enthusiasm remains throughout the college year, SDU can not help but benefit.

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