

EAT . . . AND BE MERRY, FOR . . .

In the first edition of RED and WHITE, an article appeared entitled, *Some Hints to Freshmen*. Recall that it concerned a dissertation on a few of the more important rules with regard to our deportment in the dining hall. It has been recently suggested that the "Little White Pamphlet" should have its name changed from *Rules and Directions for University Students* to something more appropriate such as *Sausages, Beans and Your Belly*.

If you hear it once, you will hear it 100 times before you leave, "Our purpose, gentlemen, is to build the whole man." In an attempt to build the whole man, food has been forgotten. So let's take another walk through the Rules and see if we can change its contents to something more appropos.

(Revised Rules.)

1) There are six students at each table and there are three cups. Our purpose here is to develop in the student a sense of drive and competition.

2) Bread is not to be eaten by any student until it has been maulled by waiter, senior at the table, and every student thereon. This will serve two purposes, a feeling of being wanted and softening the bread.

3) Stuff, such as creamed corn, blueberries, and beans do not and will not have spoons in them. Pour it.

These changes, along with the menu will soon form the basis for the new student's constitution. Added to, and backing up the previous rules, will be a section entitled, *What to look for, Students*, in which the following are only a few examples:

1) Students are not allowed more than eight servings of beans per week.

2) Meat shall be no less than 7th grade not more than 4th grade.

3) Stews, casseroles, etc., shall conform to the student's committee of internal affairs in so far as the limit of 57 varieties shall withhold, and sweepings from the floor shall be excluded therefrom.

4) Waiters, in conformity with union regulations, shall confine their movement to two speeds, slow or reverse.

You think that this is impossible? Wait and watch and see. My mother is a vegetarian, my father is a conservative, and I'm just hungry.

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DEAR BRUNO

DEAR BRUNO

Ya know, it's kind of funny being a dog—not funny ha ha but just funny. Like take when for example you'er—well, put it this way, it's kind of funny being a dog. I remember once when I was little—that was back when I was a kid—I used to sometimes think that it's kind of funny being a dog. It's convenient too. I can walk around campus and not even be noticed—dogs seem to fit into the atmosphere around here. Ever see a St. Bernard? That's what you kids look like—dogs. Only way that me and Descartes can tell you're not is because you don't use the hydrants. Once we seen a kid did. Descartes saw the risibility in it and said, "O, what risibility!" How else would I have known?

Funny how I always get off my topic. Only reason that I wanted to talk was to tell you that your letters haven't been coming in. How am I supposed to answer 'em if you don't write 'em! We haven't walked into any corner of the campus yet that we didn't hear somebody griping. Like ya know what we heard two weeks ago? There's a U.N.A. on campus. No body knowed that before me except the news editor and he got it all messed up. That isn't all me and Descartes know about this place. We knowed the girls didn't like bearded boys. We can't say anything cause we got beards all over. I once met a girl dalmatian—looked real cute in her beard. Say, maybe you girls ought to try it! Descartes said that it couldn't hurt nothing.

You see, there's all sorts of things that a body could write to us about—like day students who don't think we eat good. I like the food and I don't think there's a person on campus who won't agree that it's good enough for any dog. Really, I think that was just a dig 'cause the day students feel hurt. Just 'cause they don't belong to many organizations on campus and are never around when it's time to give blood, don't mean we don't like them. But that's off the subject again. All I want to say is don't forget your cards and letters.

Bruno.

SOPHS WIN AGAIN

Once again the Sophomores showed superior class spirit by winning the recent interclass blood donor clinic held in the St. Dunstan's University Alumni Gymnasium. The Sophomores had an 80% turnout this year. Stout blood what? Actually the only Sophomores who didn't donate were those who had malaria or who chickened out.

LOLITA

AN INVITATION TO A BEHEADING

By JOANNE VATALARO

Latest in the undercover, eyebrow-raising, "Have you read?" department-circulating upon these hallowed grounds is a deceptively little white book whose title the cover proclaims quite frankly is LOLITA.

If you happen to be an English Professor looking for motives, a Puritan at heart, a sensualist in search of stimulation, or a student of erotic sex behavior, read no further — the book will serve only to disappoint or frustrate you. On the other hand, if you are b-r-o-a-d minded, without scruples, if you react to the unusual in literature, and regard life with a grain of salt and a gross of understanding, you will find LOLITA a thoroughly unconventional and entertaining experience.

Unlike most controversial novels, one's capacity to enjoy LOLITA is not so much bound up with maturity as it is with attitude. Though reaction to it ranges from those who visualize Humbert as a dirty old man seducing an innocent child, to those who see him as a pathetic wreck, hopelessly in love with a brat who walks all over him. Humbert is neither of these. If you can accept a story which does not moralize, which neither degrades man nor elevates him, but merely presents him as he is, for inspection, then you will find this book a believable reality.

However, if the subject matter of the book makes you ill, the poetry and lyricism of its language may revive you — for it is the outstanding merit of the book. As a writer in a language not native to him, Nabokov brings a freshness and vitality to English which few writers today can rival. He creates a basically repulsive character and makes him acceptable. He creates a basically innocent child and makes her as wise beyond her years as any American child of today. Many cannot tell if this is the story of old Europe debasing young America or vice-versa.

LOLITA is a hilarious book. Yet it is aware of its tragedy. It produces the American scene with astonishing clarity and insight. However, if it is distasteful to you, perhaps the movie which managed to squeeze past the censors will be more appealing. Although of necessity some of the best and funniest scenes had to be omitted, its saving merits include an hilarious bathroom scene, and a riotous interpretation of Clare Quilty by the very talented Peter Sellers.

Still not convinced? You might find INVITATION TO A BEHEADING more enjoyable — by the same author of course!

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Hello there,

This is the *Last Word* in Fish Stories.

Once upon a time there was a small secluded village on a desolate island somewhere on the ocean called Lower Dunstania. The population of the village was predominately male. The great white father, the chief of the village, ruled that the female population must be kept in a small ratio to the number of men which stood at 475. In Lower Dunstania the men ruled and completely dominated the village.

To go back, this village had been composed entirely of men, the sons of the great white fathers. As years went by a condition of scarcity in the female population developed in Upper Dunstania, a large village, separated from Lower Dunstania by the great mountain, Malpequeia, so the great white father imported some women from a faraway land. He placed them in a small camp in Lower Dunstania to keep them isolated and under control. As the population grew, a new isolation camp was built for the women. As is always the case, unrest and dissension developed among the women. Finally a revolution occurred, the result of which was that half the female population left Lower Dunstania, crossed Mapequeia and settled in Upper Dunstania. Now the sole reason for women in Lower Dunstania was to have them get themselves husbands from among the sons of the great white father. This meant that the independent radical women who moved to Upper Dunstania had to develop new techniques for obtaining a husband, for they had to get the men to cross the great mountain Malpequeia in order to come to Upper Dunstania to court them.

So the supreme, the four oldest and wisest (?) of the group set up central headquarters in an old mansion. The remainder of the group spread out radially from central headquarters and took up residence. In Upper Dunstania the women were free to come and go as they wished: Their independence and social freedom gave them a much better chance of getting a husband.

As time went on many jam sessions, sing songs, and get-togethers were held at headquarters under the proper chaperoning of "Peter." In general, life became exciting and interesting for the women in Upper Dunstania for now they could attend all important functions and concerts, parties and dances, instead of being confined to the camp as were the women in Lower Dunstania. In no time at all, the women all got husbands and lived "happily" ever after.

So long 'til next month and remember "Always tell the truth. It will confound and puzzle your adversaries."

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