

The Glee Club made its first debut this year early. The members were few, but the quality was excellent. If this is a taste of things to come, we eagerly look forward to the day when these talented students will present a full concert. At the moment the strains of Au Clair de la Lune and Dear Evlina can be heard ringing across the campus. If you can sing come out and join them. They especially need more male voices.

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Seen around the campus are groups of running, jumping students playing what could be safely called amateur sports. They are disorganized to a certain extent, but so what. The play is fun, the exercise is great, and the spirit is terrific. The only thing we wonder now is: Why does the gym close at 7:30? Is this a conspiracy against disorganized sports?

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We recall with fond memories the Scavenger Hunt which was held as part of Freshmen Week. These youngsters trekked out across the campus and into town looking for anything from the signature of the premier to an egg signed by one of the attendants from the Experimental Farm. It did our hearts good to see their attitude towards the hunt — it was cheerful, open and sportive. We are proud of you Freshmen and Freshettes.

Ken McInnis has been chosen as Winter Carnival Chairman and our support is with him all the way. Gene Kinch will be business manager for the whole affair; he now has the results of last year's carnival safely stored in a strong box in Charlottetown. Arrangements are now being made for the STAR ATTRACTION. Peter, Paul and Mary????

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Have you noticed a sign in town conspicuously displayed on one of our more venerable buildings? I will leave out the name of this august company. The thought always comes to my mind. — saves????

* * *

Something to keep in mind is the "Evening of Dramatic Readings" which will be held on the evening of Dec. 1? This is an attempt at the avant-garde, you know the jazz background, the light in the center of the stage, and all that, man. You beat characters out there on the campus will be given a special invitation.

Have you noticed the trend of the professors away from a specified text book. This is a "back to the original source" movement and is confusing some of the students. Is it a well planned plot to get more students into our beautiful library?

RED and WHITE

Published once a month during the University year by the students of Saint Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

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RED AND WHITE? UGH!

We like to think that our student publication is read. Perhaps this is an unwarranted presumption on our part, but then what are we supposed to think? There have been many students coming forward to ask when this august publication will be reaching the student body. With this issue, that question has been answered. What do you think of this issue? It stinks! Not too bad! Oh well! We are sure that there will be some approval, and even more sure that there will not be. Why don't you let us know? Why don't you tell us what you think? Instead of talking it over at the Brace, why don't you "Sit right down and write yourself a letter?" write it that is to the editor of this publication. We are sure that anything that can be printed will be.

REVIEW IN THE MAKING

In case you didn't know, the Drama Society has included in its budget several hundred dollars which will be used to present a historical, satirical revue at SDU. In case any of you are not too sure just what a revue is, this article is not intended to answer your dilemma. We suggest that you enquire around the campus from those "in the know". A revue, the Red Glove, was presented in Charlottetown a few weeks ago. Did you see it?

All you would-be theatre people are asked to come forward and display your talent. This production will need artists (not abstract) stage hands, lighting men and above all students with ideas. These latter are not more important than the former, but let's face it, THIS IS THE AGE OF THE IDEA MEN.

If any of you thespians feel the urge to merge, contact Father Arsenault who will be glad to set up a committee and get the proverbial ball rolling. Just give him your name, your particular talent, and your ideas.

THE PROVERBIAL BANG

The Student's Union is in full swing for the 63'-64' season and what a season it proposes to be. The year has started off with a proverbial bang in all ways and a new attitude is in the making. The spirit on campus is many paces ahead of that of former years and it is now climbing to the position of cooperation. C.U.S. the Canadian Union of Students, is going to work both as a silent partner and critic of the Student's Union. The Student's Union needs your support and expects it in all its undertakings. Do not ask what the Student's Union can do for you but what you can do for the Student's Union.

Fred Lambro's

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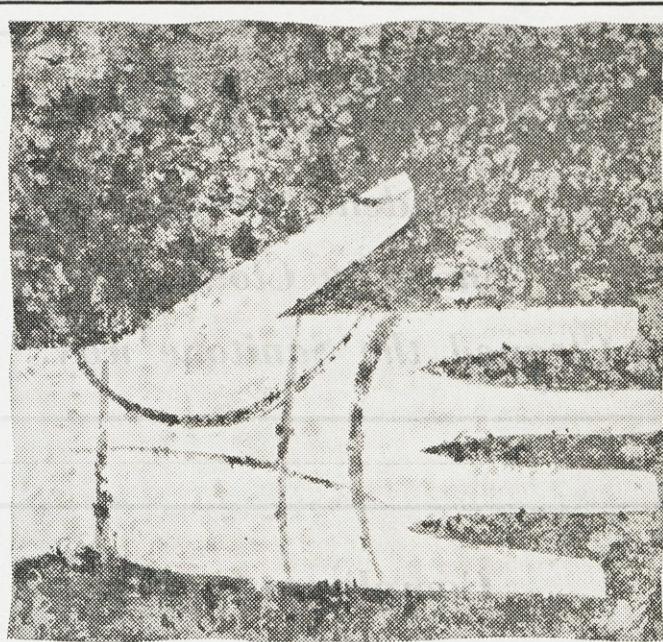
The warm, humid, intolerant day had long drawn away from the night. Clouds loomed up from the horizon and moved across the sky until they were overhead. The shrubbery seemed to straighten and stand tall in anticipation. A stray cat bounded for cover. The rain came down, pounding on the rooftops, swishing among the trees, splashing over the patio, running between the pavements, finding every crevice and crack. It beat on the window panes and the view became a canvas of streaked and blotched colors. Inez turned her gaze inward.

She was reclining in her bathrobe on the big window seat, with the telephone table handy. He would phone at ten o'clock on the dot. He always phoned at ten o'clock on the dot, Saturday mornings. He was prompt like that, right to the second. Inez was ready for him. In two minutes time the phone would ring. She would let it ring four times. Then she would pick it up calmly and demand an explanation from him. She would want to know why he had shouted at her last night. If he had a few drinks too many, that was no excuse. That was no excuse for acting so selfish, so inconsiderate, so childish, so boorish. She repeated these words over several times to be sure she had them in the right order. She would pretend that she was inconsolably angry. "Forgive you? Give me one good reason why I should forgive you," she would say. "Give me one good reason."

As soon as the phone would ring she would pick it up calmly. maybe she wouldn't be so harsh with him. She could pretend that she was a little confused about what happened last night. She could say that she wasn't sure who was to blame; that it may have been as much her fault as his; that she might be willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. She could let him talk her into forgiving him. He would feel so clever making a woman change her mind.

The coo-coo-clock by the window chimed the hour, and a tiny bird sprang dutifully from its portal to chirp one, two three... nine, ten times. Inez waited, nervously, fingering the earrings she had forgotten to remove last night. The silence was accented by the drum of the rain on the window. A minute went by. Then five. It would be any minute now. He was always so prompt. As soon as the phone would ring, she would calmly pick it up and laugh into the receiver. She would make light of what happened last night. She would boost his ego. That's it. She would concentrate on his ego. She would explain that she didn't mean to have that last drink; that it could happen to anyone; that he had a perfect right to get angry last night. She would invite him over for dinner tonight. He'd like that. And she'd cook up some cabbage roll, his favorite. The thought of her phoning him went through her mind, but she suppressed it. "He just forgot to phone, that's all," she whispered to herself. "There now, he probably just forgot."

But now it was ten fifteen. And she had decided that she wouldn't invite him over, after all, and she wouldn't cook up some cabbage roll, after all. What's more, she wasn't so sure she'd care if he never called again. He was spiteful. He couldn't stand to see her having a good time. He wanted to humiliate her before the rest of the office crowd. He couldn't stand to see her having a little fun. Besides, it wasn't she that had had too much to drink, it was he. She was sure it was he, although she couldn't remember. Well, she was through with him. She would have nothing more to do with him. He was to blame and so as far as she was concerned, he was a closed book. She rose, wrapped her bathrobe tightly around her and went out to the kitchen to put some bacon on for breakfast. Then she went into the bathroom and began to run a warm bath. Yes, he was a closed book.



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