

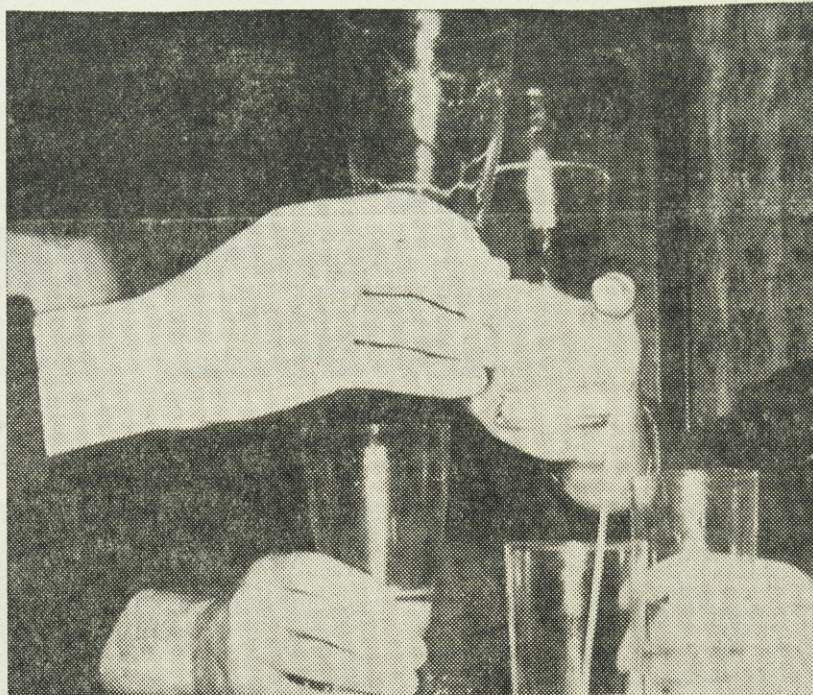
# ISH S'ALL RIGHT

—“Hey man! ‘It’s quarter night at the Legion. Let’s go in for a few beer!’ Twenty minutes and three beers later we were leaving the Legion for the Sportsman’s Club — our athletic buddy wanted a workout.

After 150 push-ups he was so thirsty — and us from watching — that we each had three beers. Then, growing restless, we floated over to the Main Brace.

It’s funny — none of us can sing, but we sure as hell belted out some great songs at that Hootenanny. Another thing — I never smoke. But tonight I was on my second pack. I can’t figure out where I got the great voice and the sudden urge to smoke. My buddy placed another beer in front of me.

Don’t ask me how — but I went to the Main Brace john and the next minute I was sitting in the Field and Stream with my buddies telling me what a great time we had watching the fights at the BIS. Shorty was cheesed off because the waitress



doubted that he was 21. Sure they have to be careful. But it cheeses anyone off when you are of age and they don’t believe you.

Another beer and we were on the way to the Granada. We had to keep dodging the damn parking meter that kept jumping out at us. One especially ignorant meter punched by buddy’s chest shattering the BIS glass in his pocket.

We had a helluva good time at the Grenada—singing into the mike and talking and joking among ourselves — very quietly we thought. But Mr. B. asked us to leave because we were too loud. I’m sure we were talking normally — everybody

else must have been whispering.

The night ended at the Charlottetown Hotel where we each had our first Manhattan. Suddenly our buddy decided to fly off the terrace. We restrained him, telling him it wouldn’t work. Of course he wanted to know why. We told him Eric tried it—now they won’t elect him Pope!

I couldn’t get my head off the pillow this morning. It pains me when my eyes blink (they’re a funny shade of red), my mouth is full of fur, my wallet is empty, and I’m incomprehensibly staring at the iron bars on my windows.

BETTER A DIRTY WORD THAN A DIRTY THOUGHT.  
MAIN BUILDING IS EXPECTING . . . DALTON HALL!

## OFF THE CUFF

I’m sure you were all disappointed that this column was absent from the last edition of the Red & White but the editor (he’s the one with the Curly Kate hair and bandaged hand) saw fit to exclude my words of wisdom from the last paper. Even though there were no letters to the editor about it I know you were all enraged over it.

Since we’re on the subject of his bandaged hand (and I am, I feel obligated to tell you it is not Writer’s Cramp. It is more a physical restatement of the gravitational law.) Of course, I shouldn’t be talking about it since it occasioned a severe traumatic experience for him. You see, he had just returned from a leadership conference and not one of his staff followed him over the balcony.

Traumatic experiences seem to be the fad lately. By the shock on the Seekers’ faces I’ll say they had one the other night when they were told to “Go to hell”. Who is next—the C.P.’s maybe?

Don’t ever accuse the Red & White of sensationalism. Even after our spread on John E. Green, we couldn’t spark enough interest to get a crowd at his lecture last Sunday. We even had a Protestant (alive) to give a talk. Yes, we were searched for bombs, etc. I’m not sure which speaker they were protecting. I hope I’m not being irreverent.

As an act of charity would the resident students please pile their beer bottles (collected no doubt off campus) in one place, to save those poor boys the laborious job of going from room to room? Thank you.

There now, on to the Red & White letter box. Our editor is very incensed over the fact that some people are using it as a garbage receptacle. Are you trying to tell him something?

Here’s a suggestion for the administration. How about either aligning the buildings with the sidewalks or booby-trapping the grass area. You see, I’ve got this thing about trodden areas on the lawn.

Sisters! You are cordially invited to come to the Coffee Shoppe and talk with your fellow students. We both could benefit from discussion. Who’ll be first, the Marthas or the Notre Dames. The challenge is out! No reservations needed.

We’ve finally gotten rid of the high school. Now we’ve got the kindergarten — progress? Of course I’m really glad they’re here. How else can we explain the periodic messes in the Coffee Shoppe.

If you could see how much agony I go through writing this column you’d ask the editor to release me from the chore—possibly reading the results of that agony produces a similar effect. Anyway it would be a lot easier if I got paid by the word. In fact it would be easier if I got paid period. Hint, hint, oh bandaged one.

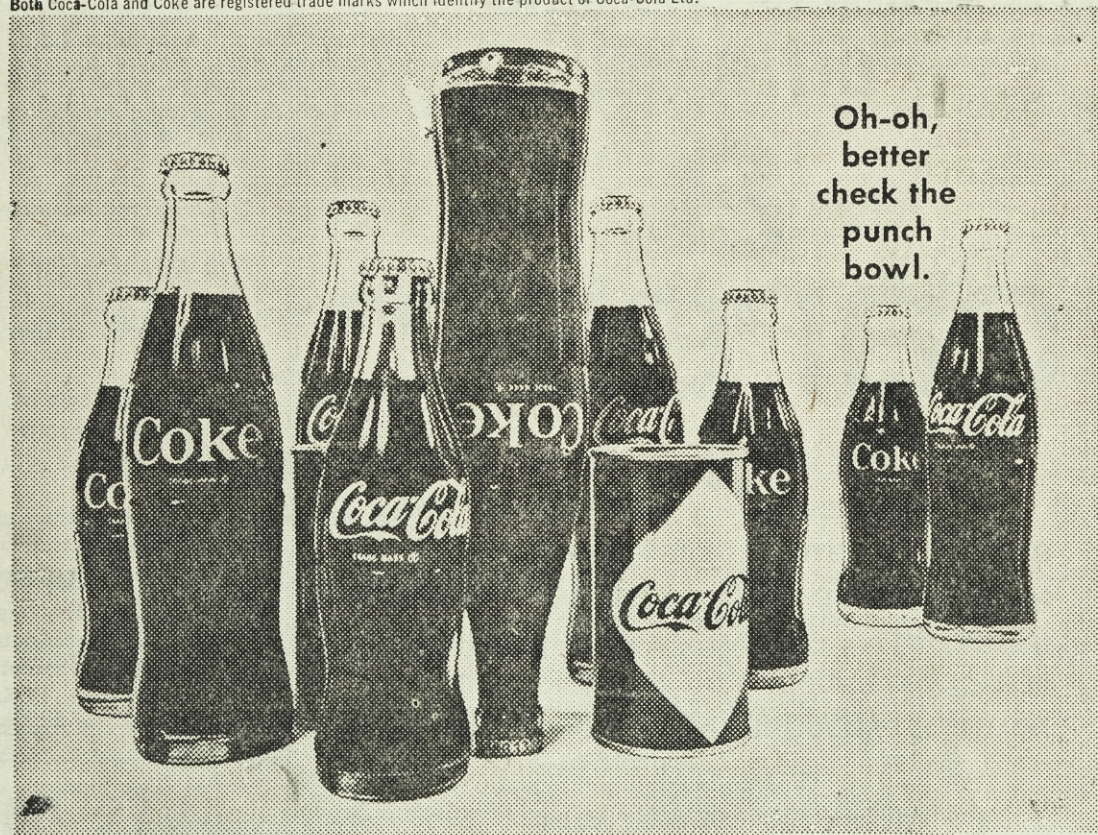
I am sure that in the enlightened atmosphere of this university the only person “in the dark” is the staff photographer so in case you haven’t heard, Paul, there’s a semi-annual Student Union meeting coming up. Check any page for the time.

The Editorial Board is very interested in learning the whereabouts of a Sincere Pumpkin Patch. We thought we really had a sincere one, too, Linus, but one of those pumpkins must have been a real fink. Well, so much for our Centennial Project.

By the way, did you hear the Cheerleaders at the football game here last Saturday? It’s too bad the game was held so far from the University because if we could find a closer spot, more S.D.U. students could attend and add their voices to the few faithfuls that will travel any distance to cheer their team. Anyway garlands to the girls.

Finally I must thank Snoopy for giving up some of his valuable time (fighting the Red Baron) to write the last Off The Cuff.

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— MR. CUE —

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