

## Co-ed Capers

M.C., like the other props on the S.D.U. scene, came to life on January 10. Comments on holiday happenings ranged from "A quiet time" to "had a ball", so we might gather that a good time and/or a good rest was had by all. The results of the exams may have produced a few New Years resolutions, but time will tell whether they will be adhered to.

We were sorry to learn that Anne Hickey and Eleanor Benish would not be with us for the final semester . . . Pat Clason decided to forsake College for the married life. The lucky man was F/O Charlie Butler and the ceremony took place in Charlottetown on December 30th.

After the last issue of Red and White, it was rather apparent that the reaction to Coed Capers is not all that could be desired. Well, gentlemen, I don't know whether much can be done concerning this column short of dropping it altogether. However, in answer to "In The Dark" by E.P.Q., I give you this:

### Into The Twilight

#### The Coeds:

The Coeds are a violent lot, I live in danger of being shot, My writing is with peril fraught, Alas! I can't reveal the plot.

#### The Capers

That they're obscure I, too, regret. To clarity I owe a debt. The story I'd reveal, if let— But I'd not last long here, I'll bet!

#### The answer

The "Capers" must in twilight lie, But clues we give you can tie in—if you can't, ask someone "why". You'll understand it by and by.

Before the Red and White is in the hands of the students, the first MIGDL debate will have taken place. Pat Poirier and Frances MacDougall are scheduled to travel to Kings University on January 26th to uphold the Negative of "Re-

solved that the Communists have lost more than they have gained in the current United Nations General Assembly."

Most of the M.C. girls spent the holidays at home, but some took off for other places. A few spent some time in the U.S.A. By the way, Gracie, we wonder how Christmas in Maine compares with Christmas in Vienna? Not withstanding a few complications at various airports, Anna made it to and from Regina. She was going to send Patty a sympathy card at the time of Wes's accident but never got around to it. We gather that the injured one recovered well enough for the Phi Pho ball a few weeks ago.

Meanwhile back on the Island during vacation, Gemma discovered black diamonds in Morell rear-in the mailbox, of course. Also, Philosopher's day is coming up next month, and we expect she will be making rosettes . . . Stella "entertained" until Christmas Eve, while Marcia viewed the wilds of far western P.E.I. . . . Goody cherishes the doll we gave her for Christmas—a very special kind of doll, of course. By the way, Pat, thanks for the three skunks. Where did you ever get the idea? . . . Fran MacDougall "sailed" with a "cool operator" on New Year's Eve, but came back to us bearing her cross—and a gold one at that! Marilyn came back to us vowing that she'd never fly again. We don't think she has any objection to flight cadets though.

The Coed's basketball team seems to be in evidence and Marcia manages to drag off a few bowlers every Saturday. We still have hopes of a hockey team.

There are two new boarders at M.C. now—Marilyn Sutherland and Anne Michael—They moved up from the "Peabody Casino" as the daystudents' room is now called (Prsnick).

## STORM

The trees, so stark and bare, lift naked arms unto a grim and unrelenting sky that hurls its cold white comfort in bitter gusting force upon a sleeping earth. The cutting winds around the corners shriek, and sound unto the ear like a departing soul that stands upon death's lonely shore. The sun has hid his head, and underfoot the cold white drifts do rise and rise above the grave of gold and laughing summer. But yet, this too shall pass, as time, old man, moves on, and leaves behind a thousand witnesses and the resurrections that are spring.

M.J.M. '61

## The Question Box

Did you see whom you thought you saw, Anna? Does Ceretti enjoy being an "Aunt"?

Who's got the ding dong, who's got Di Bella?

Has Eileen hitchhiked any Mounties lately?

Are our Peggies interested in the squid jiggling grounds? Are Liz and Sheila going Yankee???

Is a "Gail" sweeping through High School?

Did anyone meet Ernie at the Station the day before New Years???

And I last but not least, "as a final note", did the "NASTY NASTY" business manager enjoy his recent psychoanalysis by Dr. P. Murphy????

## A Case For More Recreation?

It is a fact that one attends a university for the primary purpose of receiving an education. The emphasis, we are told, must be placed upon those aspects that lead directly to the development of the intellect. However, if we were to judge by the atmosphere that prevails throughout a few of the residences on this campus, we would be forced to conclude that the idea of the importance of intellectual advancement is anything but an accepted one. What is more, since the majority seem to attach little or no importance to this idea, they apparently take for granted that nobody at all cares about developing his mind by way of serious study.

As a result of the above attitude, witness the behavior that predominates throughout the halls. A good illustration is the "study period" from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. First of all, the telephone rings. An over-anxious student, who has just settled his mind on a serious night's work program, bounds up from his desk, bolts out the door, smashing it behind him and scrambles to grab the receiver—all carried out "reluctantly," of course, because he really wanted to get in a good night's study. We could speculate at length on the reason for the call at this precarious time of the evening but will simply note that it must have no doubt been very urgent.

Out of the "desperate" silence, we hear a roar: "Joe Blo-o-w, te-le-ph-o-o-ne." Joe, after being aroused from his trance, finally makes the phone. We rejoice, with a sigh, that this ordeal has passed and plunge ourselves again into concentration.

...Ten seconds have elapsed ... Suddenly a door opens, followed by a SLAM. Shuffling down the corridor, heels first, then toes (every step registering distinctly) comes what we might term a "restless" student. We ask ourselves, "Now

what prompts this lad to tear himself away from his books at such a time?" He no doubt has an important item to attend to—perhaps he is on his way to remind his friend that since today is Monday, tomorrow is liable to be Tuesday. Anyway, we may rest assured his motives are well-meant. As his gentle footsteps fade into the distance, and the door he has entered emits its final vibration, we settle our minds back to a consideration of the matter at hand.

The bliss that we felt lasts not for long, for solitude gives quickly away to pandemonium . . . A door slams. A lad skirrmishes into a nearby room. Door slams again—Telephone rings—(In mellow tones): "Bill Bump, te-le-ph-o-o-ne."—Bill crambles to the phone—8-second period of quiet . . . Then CRASH, followed by a burst from a room, followed by uncontrolled shouting and laughter. Somebody has become the victim of a slight "Cooling-off" concoction. The parties now take up their positions in the corridor—They engage in a bull-ring session which seems to be jumping from one part of the corridor to the other. Time of skirmish: 4 minutes—Door slams three or four times in rapid succession—They've retreated into a room to continue the battle.

From here on (at intervals of from 10-12 seconds) the following operative acts repeat themselves—Door slams—Phone rings—Roar emitted—Lad sneaks by (on at least two feet)—Door slams—telephone rings—"Knuckle Head, te-le-ph-o-o-ne."—Door slams—

We could continue ad infinitum with a general description of the atmosphere that surrounds the well-meaning student while he tries to concentrate on his studies. But there is one point that arises in connection with uncontrolled discipline during study periods which deserves special consideration. It is this: Does a student who takes up residence at a university and conforms favorably to the rules set down by that university possess the right to an

atmosphere of quiet during study periods? If he possesses this right (and who will dare say he doesn't?) what are the measures that must be taken to ensure the respect of this right?

There is far too much disregard in many instances for this rule of silence during study periods, especially during the evening. Some means must be employed to guarantee the rights of those students who are trying to make proper use of their time. An atmosphere of quiet should prevail in every corridor of every residence during study periods. Then let us have this atmosphere of quiet. Surely such a situation is not impossible.

Where the responsibility lies for maintaining order is debatable. Many will argue that such a problem is entirely one for the students themselves. Maybe this is true. Perhaps some interested students could come up with a few ideas as to the solution of the problem. Such a problem is certainly worthy of some consideration. Then let us get together on this issue, so that we may move a step forward towards the solution of a problem that concerns an important virtue—the virtue of justice.

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