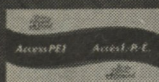


**WHERE YOU SMOKE MATTERS.
FOR THEIR SAKE,
LET'S TAKE IT OUTSIDE.**
Take the Smoke Free Homes pledge.



Visit us at www.smokefreehomes.upei.ca
Or pick up a Smoke Free Homes Pledge kit
at any of these locations:

 **Aliant Telecom Mobility**
Participating Dealers



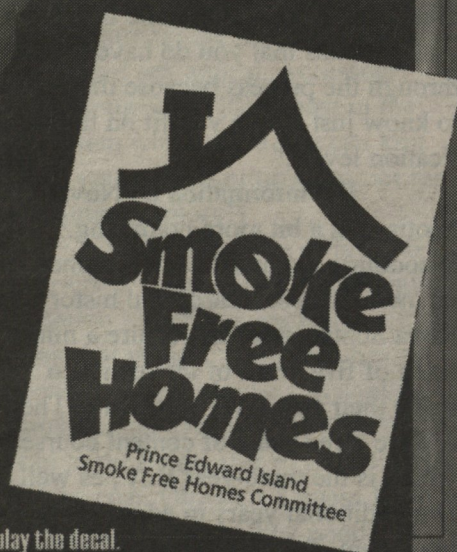
 **Credit Unions of
Prince Edward Island**
Participating Branches

Now here's another reason to
take the Smoke Free Homes Pledge.

**The LET'S
TAKE IT
OUTSIDE
CONTEST**
See Pledge Kit for details.

Let them know you've made your home smoke free. Display the decal.

A message from the Prince Edward Island Smoke Free Homes Committee.



Diaries of a Beer Wench

By **Marieve MacGREGOR**



In case you missed it, Alexander Keith's birthday was celebrated across Canada on October the 5th. Labatt Breweries decided that a fitting way to pay respect to the adored brew-master was to hire girls to dress up in revealing garb and flounce about local pubs as beer wenches. This reporter, ironically, was enlisted as one such beer wench.

Joining me in the unique experience were fellow UPEI students Erin Fagan, and Lisa Carmody, along with head-wench Lindsay Kyte. Kyte works at the Labatt Brewery in Halifax, and was in charge of recruiting locals of today to portray locals of the past.

We met at Lindsay's hotel room at the Rodd Royalty Inn. Erin and I arrived on time – and a half-hour later, a panicked Marieve and Erin greeted Lisa and Lindsay who pulled up nonchalantly with smiles and apologies (and a little Smirnoff). We forgave them immediately.

So, in the hotel room, with the television set to MuchMusic for some reason, we found our costumes, not to be our costumes. They were extras from the costumes sent to the girls in Halifax. Not that a room of drunk party animals would be outraged that we weren't wearing period clothing from the mid 1860's, but they would certainly notice the lack of cleavage. After squeezing ourselves into "not-our-costumes", plastering our faces

with make-up, and attempting to curl our hair, we set out for the Old Dublin Pub and the Wave.

Upon our arrival, we soon realized that we had been completely undertrained, and needed some back-up information on Alexander Keith. We also need to come up with new personas. And that's just what we did – We made up new lives on the spot.

I was Lexi. My spiel went something like this: "My parents came over from Dublin, Ireland on the Alexadria, and I was born on the ship so they names me Alexandria, Lexi for short. I'm the eldest of seven brothers and sisters, and I got this 'ere job as a beer wench to help support the family since father had come down with the clap, but we think it might be just gas. I'm also on the look out for a husband; are you married sir?" This merited uproars of laughter and arms around my waist in drunken hugs.

The job description entitled us to hand out free Keith's merchandise, t-shirts, foam antlers, glowy stickers, and beer tickets – To quote a pledge at 10pm, to spread joy and good cheer, to lead toasts, and to get plastered on Keith's. Seriously. We had enough personal beer tickets to get us to believe we were really beer wenches. Being paid to drink and socialize. Go figure.

We asked people to raise their glasses and say "slon-shava" which is the Gaelic term meaning "sociable."