



Dear Editor:

This letter is in response to David J.M. Vincent's article in the October 6, 1972 edition of Cadre.

It should be clarified that the price charge for beer at the Pig'n' Whistle is not under our control. According to regulation number 65 of the Liquor Control Act, a minimum price of fifty cents (50¢) must be charged for beer.

In discussion of the regulation with an official of the commission, I was informed that the minimum price was established to maintain some degree of standardization in prices, thus allowing the smaller entrepreneur as to compete openly with the larger operators.

As a student, I sympathize with your position and regret that we are unable to accommodate the students with a reduction in the price of beer at the Pig'n'Whistle.

Yours Truly  
Pat Duffy

Dear Doug,

If you read my letter, published in the October 6 edition of the Cadre, you will find that it was addressed to Ron Kelly, the editor, not to you.

The motivation for my letter was definitely provided by your article, but the area of my concern was that Ron Kelly, by choosing to include such foul and disgusting drivel in the Cadre, may have set a precedent whereby any dissatisfied, garbage-mouthed would-be sensationalist could see himself in print.

Since you seem to have a vocabulary limited to that displayed on the wall

FUDGE

Me, being a good-guy cosmic, groovy, right-on, cool dude, have had a bad scene with the S.J.C. I have been accused of the heinous crime of "theft of university property" I had walked into that

brothel of immodesty—Bernardine Hall—to visit my mother. I walked out, not with my mother, but five beds, a dresser, and a toilet (full) (and one girl sitting on the toilet.) Tremendously funny joke at the time, though I must admit the humor of it eludes me now. Actually, it eluded me when the girl flushed the toilet in question. After three minutes of standing outside with the five beds on one arm, and trying to wipe the other stuff off my shoulders, I screamed "FUDGE". Immediately, three young ladies - all claiming to be my mother, accosted me from the building. I screamed "FUDGE" again, and they recoiled in horror. Then they accused me of stealing the five beds, dresser, and toilet (not to mention the girl on the toilet). I protested it

of a seedy public latority, and unfortunately have little hope of improving the quality of your articles, the responsibility of exercising quality control must, in regards to your articles, depend upon the editor.

On the basis of your October 13 articles, I must conclude that through his efforts you have achieved an almost tolerable level of filth.

Congratulations on what must be in your case, regarded as a literary milestone.

Randy Walford

was merely a joke. I was going to steal the girl and return the beds. Steal the beds and return the girl? Paint the dresser? Paint the girl? Wait for my toast to come up? They wouldn't believe any of them. I was confronted by that nice teddy-bear - Dave MacAulay. He wasn't cosmic. Nor was he cool. He charged me. I doged. He charged me again. I doged again. I screamed "FUDGE" and was charged with antagonism of University property.

I appeared before the S.J.C., and was confronted by an unsolid Chairman - Paul MacAdam. He's not nice. And he has a moustache. Although I obviously intended to return the beds, the dresser, the toilet and the girl (well maybe); they refused to believe me. They fined me a buck three-eighty, and forty dollars for using profanity. It seems that I had used the expression "FUDGED UP" several times. I was fined for using common every-day expressions (I even said poop). They have no right to comment on my life style. I am a groovy, far-out,

Dear Editor:

I would like to bring it to Mr. Bruce Ogilvie's attention, that no where in P.E.I. or for that matter, Canada, may any individual take alcoholic beverages from a licensed premises and there is no way that our Pig'n'Whistles can be an exception.

It should be noted as well, that the individual you spoke of in your article received a relatively light fine, in comparison to the courts downtown. Furthermore, Constable MacAuley was only performing his duties as a police Officer and by his actions he is protecting your rights not taking them away. I feel that such action should be commended rather than condemned.

Yours Truly  
Pat Duffy

cosmopolitan groover. And besides that I get high on carnations. Students, you are being snowed. The S.J.C. aren't nice. They don't let us groovers steal and curse. Unfair!

I'm going to open up a sweet shop when I get out of here, and get the fudge out of there.

## the cadre

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