

SOCIAL SOBRIETY

INVOLVEMENT GROUP DEMONSTRATES INEBRIETY SUPERFLUOUS

Involvement '77...9:00 Saturday night...glare of naked light bulbs streams from the open saloon - uh, dining-hall - door. First wine's bubbling in plastic cups, foam's just settling on the first beers...light-hearted conversation begins to rise only to be met by approaching strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers". Shades of Carrie Nation -- can that be mild-mannered, jovial English prof Bob Campbell linking arms with proletarian rabble-rouser A. Gary Webster III at the head of a temperance crusade!?! Unholy alliance, unlikely cause....

Well folks, that was just the beginning. During the afternoon session, discussion groups six and seven, combined under the benign guidance of the aforementioned twosome, had taken up the question of alcohol as a profoundly involving, yet directly anti-involvement phenomenon on the U.P.E.I. campus. Five students, four professors, two residence-hall staff and the R.C. chaplain, members of the group, agreed the degree of commitment evoked by alcohol consumption was both cause for concern.-- as it seemed no function could succeed on campus unless it was 'wet'-- and a perverse illustration of the fact that people could get involved in something, albeit this might mean only drowning their consciousness (and dropping their inhibitions) for a night or a weekend. We agreed to try limiting our own consumption at the evening party as a means of raising the question: can we enjoy ourselves without drinking to excess (without using other stimulants either!)? The theme was: let's be spontaneous, uninhibited, high just by using our imaginations and our will to create fun.

As the spirit of the idea took over (drunk with a newfound cause, some will say) a couple of us decided not to use alcohol at all that night and -- surprise, surprise -- all twelve of the group took up the commitment and observed it throughout five hours of free party. (Nine cases of beer returned to Charlotte-town the next day.) To add to our solidarity and enjoyment, we quickly donned the guise of a censorious anti-liquor lobby --singing the

Battle Hymn of the Republic under the windows, looking over peoples' shoulders as they took that next drink, drafting booze-oriented headings for the songs on the singalong handout (Foam on the Range, My Bottle Lies Over the Ocean and, of course You Are My Moonshine... rendered soulfully by maid Marion Basha from "the other side"). Professor Campbell came up with the rallying point of the night when he started collecting peoples' beer labels, writing their names on the back and tossing them into Comrade Webster's pockets...later we stuffed them into a Ritz cracker box and proclaimed ourselves the Murray River Liquor Lottery (try saying that after a six-pack), ready to hand out prizes to the stellar sorts among the imbibing party-

goers.

A new level of togetherness was reached when all twelve of us absconded for the night to the posh "Log Cabin", among thick trees by the shore of the lake, where we set up Temperance Headquarters and undertook a sleep-in for sobriety. A high point in solidarity was achieved when Brother Bert Tersteeg, who had sought early slumber among the bunks of the "other camp", was roused from these mundane quarters and brought on board at the "Log Cabin".

Sunday afternoon at the plenary session, Jim Griffith gave us time to pass out awards based on the previous night's label poll. Surprise winner was a daring Austrian bandit-populist (headquarters: third floor Main) who,

during a mysterious darkness at the dining hall, had liberated a whole case of brew through the window as the basis for a rival dance party at the women's quarters (this later became the dance floor for everyone) Such heroism in the cause of free spirits could not be overlooked -- but we thought the hero had had enough publicity elsewhere and the first prize was awarded anonymously.

Second prize went to the man who contributed the most labels to our collection - lovable, libatious Leon Loucks, who also managed to negotiate our densely treed pathway to the "Log Cabin" (in quest of a person disappearing through the door-with a nun!) Good scientist Loucks was able to pronounce on the probable blood-alcohol content of all



way whom he hailed as "Sister Murtagh" -- this turned out to be Ralph Hazleton, who appeared very saintly all weekend, but not so much as to be confused and sundry and proved thoroughly jovial and rational in the midst of us "sober-sides."

Third prize went to a home-grown Kings County native who must remain anonymous, but whose last officially-collected label bore the tell-tale figure "15". We could not overlook such a determined quantitative orientation toward our contest, especially as the young man had lost a recently-acquired limp during the process (it came back, along with other ailments, in the morning...)

Honourable mention went to the Reverend A. David Morrison, for his "spirited spirituality" (with a nod to

his achievement in bagging some of Griffith's carefully guarded "Ducks" on Friday night.) Second honourable mention was awarded to Dr. LeBlanc, who nearly nipped Loucks at the wire in the label collection and who somehow had failed to penetrate our dense forest cove for the temperance hideaway. We suspected convivial entymologist LeBlanc of having unleashed a horde of ravenous insects against the offending tree barrier (some of them looked rather gnawed) but this could not be proven.

Did we prove anything? Well, we all had fun, despite a bit of a low for some around 10:30. ("Why did we ever agree to do this?") Certainly we experienced a great deal of togetherness and a remarkable degree of mutually bind-

ing commitment to our idea. The uniqueness of our experiment had considerable appeal for others-- including Cadre - oops, Sun - editor Green, who managed to win admission to our select ranks by swearing off after two beers and chopping what seemed like a cord of firewood for the "Log Cabin"

The "Six Pack of Spritely Seven-Ups" plan to meet again next Monday, on campus, to see where our newfound involvement takes us, the rest of Involvement '77, and, perhaps, U.P.E.I. See you there Mary, Susan, Pat, Margaret, Bob, Peter, Chuck, Susann, Sister Ann, Brother Bert, Father Bren and - oh yes - Editor Larry (with apologies for late copy).

In solidarity (cause you're solid)

Gary Webster.