

From Under the Grandstand (if we had one)

by Bob Gray

The major sporting event of the year has been completed, and we can get down to more serious things. I mean, of course, that the Faculty-Student football game is over, and the Students (so to speak) trounced the learned academicians 13-0.

It was a brusing battle, featuring outstanding line play ("No Hitsies!"), fearless play-calling ("I'm not gonna take the damn thing!") rotating quarterbacks ("Aw gees! Get somebody else!"), and good sportmanship ("The S.O.B. held me ref.!").

The game was a deadly serious affair, as Morrison and Parker suited up with injuries for the Faculty, and inspired them to their excellent performance. Dave Bryand scored both touchdowns for the illustrious Students. The Faculty's offense consisted of Vince Mulligan's

daring play calling ("Run around the end, boys"). Ian MacDonald and Jim Griffith were also outstanding for the Faculty, particularly on defense. A little shaly on offense, though (Griff threw 19 interceptions). "Wait 'til next year!" say the learned losers.

Octoberfest has gotten off to a big start, as we write this on Friday. We'll have to give an award for most acrobatic drunk next week when all the votes are in. Going up (or down) the Barn stairs after one of those afternoon pubs proved difficult for the first few days of the Fest. We hope things improve (perhaps the installation of a Dave Smith Memorial Elevator) by Saturday.

By now, the Acadia game is over, and win or lose, this weekend's SMU game is the Most Important Football Game On The Island. We get a new one of those every week, it seems.

Student Services has put out a new book on disciplinary regulations, in conjunction with the Student Judicial Committee. We hear it's entitled "Quotations from Chairman Jim, Chairman Junior, Chairman Marion, and Chairman Bill. Or "Bill and Marion and Jim and Junior, At Court".

The Name the New Residence contest is still rolling along, as new ones roll in every day. As soon as two of the judges find Cameron who seems to have disappeared in the bowels of the New Residence, we will announce the decision. We're trying to flush him out with ex-lax.

This week's Boo of the Week goes to Mickey Place, for stealing the boo of the week for his Jock Talk column last week.....BOOOOO!

A second Boo goes to Earl MacWilliams, on general principles....BOOOO Big Earl!.

"CATCH 24"

a short story

The sun shone glowingly on the stillness of the lake. Protected by neighbouring evergreens and entertained by the impetuous playful animals on its shore, the small, but dignified, body of water rested content with the joy of life, the tranquility of peace.

"God has surely created no greater beauty than the quiet friendship of a seascape bathed in the sun of a quiet afternoon," I dreamily commented to my companion Doctor Notlad.

"God, my dear fellow, doesn't exist," he shot back. "Of course he does". "Alright then, do you believe in Him?" the good Doctor enquired. "Of course".

"Do you have knowledge of Him?" "Through the Bible," I offered. "But that is impossible for one can't have knowledge and belief of the same thing," my friend argued. "Why?" "Because that about which one knows, one cannot believe; that which is believed cannot be known. That you believe in God means that you must accept Him on faith which means that you are pushing aside all knowledge. You are thus delivering yourself from reality. Therefore God is not real."

"Wait a minute. Do you mean to tell me that if I believe in God then I can't know about Him if I can't

know about him then He, being unknown to me, isn't to be believed in?"

"Right". "But if I don't believe in Him then I can know Him but since I don't believe in Him I can't accept Him".

"Now you're catching on." "I don't quite follow you Doctor there must be some kind of a catch here." I pondered aloud. "Of course there's a catch. Catch-24. The 'if you believe it you won't know it' catch."

Struck with the profound nature of the catch I wondered of its significance while looking back over the beautiful lake now being luminated by the heavenly rays of the setting sun.

"That sure is some catch, that Catch-24," I observed.

"It's the best I've thought up this week," smiled Doctor Notlad.



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