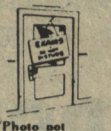


REMEMBER WHEN

By Michael Hennessey



UPEI Registrar

Jim Griffith asked me to write this column this week, and I must say that I have found it rather pleasant wandering down memory lane, re-living some of my more youthful days.

I have reflected, for instance, that I have now spent almost a quarter century around this campus: seven years as a student, since I took three years of high school as well as four years of university, and almost 17 years as an employee. They weren't consecutive years. After I graduated I knocked around here and there for a dozen years or so before returning.

When I think of things like that, I feel almost like an old man; almost, but not quite, since it is my firmly held opinion that, in spite of chronology, in spite of the wrinkles and the balding head, I am still only 25. That, of course, is on my good days...

Anyway.....

I REMEMBER WHEN-

-The dormitory where we lived as high school students was on fourth floor Main in the area now occupied by the SUN and CIMN. Imagine, if you will, about 40 young males rushing through their ablutions at 7 o'clock on cold frosty mornings, then hurrying downstairs for morning Mass to the warmth of the Chapel on first floor, in space now occupied by Student Services. I'm sure many religious vocations were spawned by the need to get out of that cold dorm in the morning as quickly as possible.

Permission to town consisted of every Thursday afternoon and nine nights per year - one a month - until 11:30. Punishment for various offences often involved loss of a town permission; it was surprising how that kind of threat bred conformity.

Almost all students, even those who lived in Charlottetown, stayed on campus. The "day student" was a rare bird, and all of us were a little bit sorry for those few since we felt that they were missing the best part of the whole community living experience.

Fire drill one fall consisted of lowering ourselves down a 3-inch rope from the southern dorm windows to the ground. This was an emergency exit and we had to go through one drill, I guess, just to show that it could be done. The sheer terror of that experience is as fresh in my mind today as the memory of the first time I had to climb a ship's mast at sea and edge out along the truck to retrieve a lost halyard.

Radios were forbidden on campus. Joe Whelan of Boisetown, New Brunswick, kept himself in pocket money by building and selling crystal sets. It was not unusual after lights out in the dorm

to hear the scurrying of feet as sets were brought out of lockers, wires grounded to the heating pipes that ran through the centre of the dorm, and fastened to bed springs to serve as aerials.

In the 1942 Stanley Cup series Toronto Maple Leafs came back from a 3-0 deficit in games to take the next four games from Detroit Red Wings and win the cup. The whole dorm was awake and there were wild cheers well into the night of that final game. Toronto teams were something to cheer about then. Or so it seemed.

Shortly after Stanley Cup time, the annual pre-examination raid took place and all crystal sets were confiscated by the Prefect of Discipline. It was expected that this would happen each spring, and it was accepted that it was really for our own good. On the last day of term the sets were laid out on a table in front of the Prefect's door and each owner picked his up. In this enlightened age, when so much emphasis is put on the freedom of the individual and on human rights, one might wonder at the apparent compliance of the youth of that era. We wondered at it ourselves and often objected strenuously. But having voiced our objections, we submitted, mostly graciously, to authority. The "in loco parentis" principle was firmly in place then and, underneath our sometimes volatile surface, we believed in it too.

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