

VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE ENGINEER'S BI-WEEKLY

January 8, 1982

Another year, and a new year of terror on the university campus. As I look back on the last 165 days that have brought us here, I smirk at the vileness, the vulgarity, the bloody gall of "the engineers - those theiving, lying, scheming, ba...."

Sorry about that, my schizophrania has been acting up again. Anyway, as I was saying, I look back on the past year and smile. It was a good year - I think. No, really, it was. Just look at the things we did. Despite the failure of both the assassinations of Ronald Reagan and Mrs. Ilsa Humpworthy (the cleaning lady of 3rd floor Main), we did manage to get Anwar Sadat. And, surprisingly, one of our biggest successes overseas was an affiliate of the UPEI Engineering Society, commonly known as the Red Brigade.

However, closer to home, after proving our worth in snowsculpturing and welding, we were able to lose the friendship of a few hundred UPEI students. As well, we showed a great proficiency in the use of four letter words (who says we aren't good in English) and we managed to shock and disgust even the parents of some of the more knobby students at UPEI.

It was a good year and there is much more to come (other than our president when he finally gets a date). All I can say from here is watch your step and your girl-friend because I'm out on weekends now. Happy hangovers.

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We the Engineers extend our sincerest appreciation to Paul Robinson and Mike Evans for the many pictures of themselves they supplied for the year book.

1981 Campout

On December 18, the Engineers, in cooperation with the local Alcoholics Unanimous' Planning Committee, sponsored and held their annual celebration of the "Feast of the Hangover". Held again at Riverdale Boy Scout Camp minus the boy scouts, the Engineers gathered for two days to share their inspiration and Christmas spirits.

We began at about 3 p.m. and many new things were brought up: a vote on a new pub committee;

Chris Taweel brought up a new s'i party; and Danny MacDougall brought up much of his supper. Billy Phillips, though, just talked about the first thing that came up.

Despite the mess from both Danny and Billy, we were able to leave the place much the same as it was, minus a few door hinges.

Daytime Drama

The year is 1982 and the P.E.I. government's policy of socialized medicine has been extended to include "Proxy Papas". That is, any married woman not having a child in the first five years of marriage must receive the services of a UPEI Engineer who will attempt to bethe means of her becoming a mother.

The Smiths have no children and the engineer is due. Smith leaves for work. He has a disappointed look as he dutifully pecks his wife at the door.

Smith: "I'm off. The engineer should be here early."

He leaves and wife pretties herself, putting on her most seductive negligee. But instead of the engineer, a door-to-door photographer, specializing in baby pictures, knocks at her door.

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, Good morning."

Man: "You probably don't know me,

but I represent..."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh yes, you needn't explain. My husband said to expect you."

Man: "I make a specialty of babies - especially twins."

Mrs. Smith: "That is what my husband said. Please sit down."

Man: "Then your husband probably told you that..."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh yes, We both agree it is the best thing to do."

Man: "Well, in that case, we might as well get started."

Mrs. Smith (blushing) "Just... just where do we start?"

Man: "Just leave everything to me, Madam. I recommend two in the bathtub, one on the couch, and a couple on the floor."

Mrs. Smith: "Bath-tub - floor - no wonder Harry and I can't..."

Man: "Well, my dear lady, even the best of us can't guarantee a good one every time, but say one out of six is bound to be a honey. I usually have the best luck with the shots in the bathtub."

Mrs. Smith: "Pardon me, but it seems -- a bit informal."

Man: "Yes, indeed, in my line you can't do your best work in a hurry. (He opens his album and shows the baby pictures to her) "Look at this baby. It's a good job, took four hours, but isn't she a beauty?"

Mrs. Smith: "Yes, a lovely child."

Man: "But for a ough assignment, look at this baby. Believe it or not, it was done

one top of a bus at Cavendish beach."

Mrs. Smith: "My God."

Man: "It's not hard when a man knows his job. My work is a pleasure. I spent long years perfecting my technique. Now, take this baby. I did it with one shot in Holman's window."

Mrs. Smith: "I don't believe it."

Man: "And here is a picture of the prettiest twins in town. They turned out exceptionally well when you consider their mother was so- so difficult. But I knocked off the job in Victoria Park on a snowy afternoon. I never worked under such difficult conditions. It took from two in the afternoon until five in the evening and people were crowded around four or five deep to get a look."

Mrs. Smith: "Four or five deep..."

Man: "Yes, and more than three hours. But I had two city cops helping me. I could have done another shot before dark, But by that time the squirrels were nibbling at my equipment and I had to give up. Well, Madam, if you are ready I'll get my tripod set up and get to work."

Mrs. Smith: "Tripod?"

Man: "Yes, I always use a tripod to rest my equipment on. It's much too heavy for me to hold for any lenght of time. Mrs. Smith - Good Lord - Mrs. Smith, have you fainted?"

VIEW FROM THE TOPS'
GEEK of the WEEK
THE UPEI SNOW REMOVAL TEAM

