

VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE ENGINEER'S BI-WEEKLY

Dear Maureen the Hume:
Maureen you ole cheeseburger. You read us like a book. Only a person of your outstanding intellect would realize our plot of the engineers overthrow of Pisquid after Pisquid the world. We in engineering weren't counting on someone of your maturity who had experienced the second World War. Our tactics (Nazi desensitization tactics) are second hand news to you. I hope you haven't learned of our plans to brainwash all left-handed Mormon speakers into triple x rated porno stars. Maureen you win, our outlook on life has changed completely. Just one of your small letters, and years of our scheming and planning - obliterated. Your intelligence cannot go unappreciated, so we, the engineers, in co-operation with the local neo-nazi movement are honoring you with a doctorate of psych-analysis, which may be picked up in the bathroom of second floor main. There will be a roll of them on a dispenser next to the toilet.

Sincerely,
Angus Orford
President of UPEI
Engineers

A new fad has been sweeping the campus capturing laughs from even the solemnest people. Even the most serious and cynical bastards are cracking a smile at this weird and far-out fad. They call it "Bioitis" and it involves some very funny but unpleasant moves. The "Bio" in real life is a low form of life which obtains pleasure by dissecting and eventually eating other forms of life (usually on the same intelligence scale as their own). Another of their greater pleasures are to challenge different people to soccer games on Friday nights.

Anyhow, fad

itself entails dressing up and looking like a biologist (bio). Standard dress are rubber boots, smelly wool socks, baggy overalls or denims, dirty baggy sweater, and a muddy cap. These may, or may not be covered with a long blue labcoat stained with fish or frog guts. Those who want to go all the way and really look like a bio, either cosmetically or medically, "do" their faces up to have a severe case of acne (pizza face).

As far as how long the fad will last I do not know. Its perfectly harmless but our problem is the bio's themselves. We can only hope that they'll either do themselves in under their own small scalpels during a shortage of pig fetus specimens or just die of starvation during that same shortage.

Next Week: Pig fetus' sabotaging a way to rid the world of bios.

What did the elephant say to the naked man?

Hey man, how do you breathe through that thing?!

George was in the hospital for two months for a prostrate operation. When he got home he found out his wife was pregnant. This severely depressed him so he went to a marriage counsellor to find out why his wife got pregnant. The counsellor explained, "This is what we call a grudge pregnancy."

"What's that?" asked George.

The counsellor replied, "It's when somebody else has it in for you."
More things you ought to know
Virgin - The ugliest girl in grade three.
Offend - One of the things this article is trying to accomplish.

Engineer - a most maligned and misunderstood student. An intelligent, capable and sophisticated human being.
Artsie - What plays frisbee during final

exam week. What majors in rat psychology and expects to get a job. What is found in the student lounge skipping one of seven hours of lectures.

AFFLUENTIAL INCOHOLISM

I had 12 bottle of whisky in my cellar and was told by my mother, (God forbid) to empty the contents down the sink, "or else" so I said I would.

I pulled the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I pulled the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the third bottle and pulled the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the next glass and drank all but one sink of it, throwing the rest down the cork. I pulled the sink from the next bottle and poured the cork down the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drank and drink the pour. When I had emptied everything I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses, and sinks with the otherwhich were 29, and as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle which I drank.

I am under the affluence in incohol as some thinkle peep I am, nor are I half so think as I drunk I am but I fool so feelish - I don't know who is me and the drunker I stand the longer I get....

Editorial

Good Afternoon, people. I am sorry to say that due to pressure from various sources I must end my last editorial on the serious side. The reason being, that I must clarify to everyone what I am trying to accomplish by writing all this drivel. Everything that has appeared on this page has been meant to do anything (and I mean anything) except bore you. If I have amused you, maddened you, or seriously offended you, I have succeeded. But if you were bored then I didn't. If you were really hurt - for example if you were really embarrassed - I am sorry. The orginal intent of every article is amusement. If anything else turns up then we've killed two birds with one stone.

Another point to be made is that not all engineers are alike. I speak for everyone on this page but not everyone is exactly like I say. So when you say "You are all drug addicts, alcoholics, or just criminally insane" say "Most of you..." And most of us will say "Thanks", and, "Gimme a beer eh!"

One final word I would like to make from myself to anyone I have touched, maddened, or offended in my articles:



P B L L F L T !

Yours sincerely,
Barry Friesen
(writer)