



THIN MAN

THAT OLD EMPTY FEELING

I was speculating a few weeks back as to what the fall semester would bring when I started to have a vague feeling that something was amiss in my life. My friends seemed to be cold and distant towards me and whenever I would ask them what was "going down", they would look at me in a puzzled way not unlike the expression on a large rhino. The old expressions like "Big guy" and "go for it" no longer seemed to get a rise out of anybody and at various parties this summer I kept on hearing phrases such as "It's been real" or "That's yesterdays news".

I started to feel that I had reached a critical stage in my life from which there could be no turning back. I realized my destiny in a flash, I knew I had to become more shallow. Being more shallow and vowing to live my life only on a surface level would mean certain sacrifices on my part. In order to become a more proper member of the Pepsi generation I had to drastically alter my life style. I would have to stop reading Bill Shakespeare and Hank Ibsen and start reading Harold Robbins or Judy Krantz. This conversion would mean that I would have to nod knowingly a lot at parties which could cause

a considerable strain on my neck by the end of the evening.

Despite these obstacles I knew that in my heart I had to be more shallow. This transformation from loser to pseudo preppie I knew would not be an easy task. I went upstairs to check my closet. I wept openly. I just didn't have a thing for fall and I knew drastic action had to be taken. The emotional trauma of having to restructure my wardrobe, which for years had enough polyester to outfit a small African nation was exhausting indeed. I proceeded to quickly throw out those clothes which now more than ever were socially inappropriate. The dirty work out of the way, I did what any proper middle class P.E.I. boy would do, I headed out to Henderson and Chargetmore.

As I was walking to H and C, for the first time in my life I began to daydream about tweed. After I finished the most important shopping trip of my life I headed home to start my conversion towards the Utopia of preppid. The following week as I set out for class one of my friends saw me and couldn't contain himself, "Jesus Christ Tom that shirt it's you," He said. A wry smile passed over my lips. In the immortal words of the High Priest of Clothes, Halston, "High fashion hurts baby but it's worth it." I never liked the way that guy had his hair cut but now I know that truer words were never spoken.



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Rumor Hath It

- that one third year engineering student forgot his calculator and failed the bartenders test.
- that three other engineers took three hours to write the same twenty minute test.
- that Killer had his "woofer" blown at the Marion House party.
- Sharon L. does 180's at parties.
- Mike T. had a short weekend.
- Frank S. actually attended a class this weekend.
- Cricket will be going to L.A. after his successful debut at the cafeteria.
- Lebebe will take calculus 251 next summer.

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