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The Netted Gem

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Problems with parking

By Jonathan Orlowski

Have you been wondering why the overnight parking area closest to Blanchard Hall is closed?

Do you get the feeling you're being 'fenced in' in lots B and C?

The answers to these questions can be found in a news release from Dennis Clough, the Director of Administration and Finance, which gives a schedule of events for the construction of the Atlantic Veterinary College.

"We are going to experience some parking disruptions," the release reads.

Another parking lot will become available on September 21, an area in Parking Lot C designated on the attached map as Area VII.

Students may be comforted to know that Lot A (near Blanchard) is only closed to install a sewer system and so that construction crews can construct and pave extra lots between the Library and Lots A and B; and between Lot A and Belvedere Avenue.

The actual construction site for the college is Lot C (see maps) and the present rugby field.

The press release also states that earth removed from the construction site will be dumped at the north side of campus past the Barn parking lots to form a new rugby field and softball diamonds.

The new lots should be ready by October 15, 1984.

More parking problems will be felt in the spring of 1986, when Parking Lot B is appropriated for the College.

Clough's statement gives 770 as the number of parking spaces after changes (aside from the north lots) but did not say if this was more or less than exist now.

(Diagram 1 shows the present UPEI campus; Diagram 2 is an aerial view of UPEI in two or three years time.)

See maps page 7.

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A "Fresh" Point of View

By Kaberi Dasgupta

My first week of university. I'm reminiscing already. What a week! Hands adapting to pens; other parts of the anatomy adapting to hard wooden chairs. Quite a week. An even more memorable first three days.

All ready for my first day of university, dressed in a new outfit, I entered the institution known as the "Barn".

In such an area of higher study, my nerves were a little bothersome, but all in all, I was the picture of dignity.

I entered and looked around. I soon spotted someone.

"Are you a freshman?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered naively.

Before I could react, a water pistol came out and a stream of water was shot into my face.

Though I was slightly taken aback, it finally came to me — FRESHMAN INITIATION. Oh no!

Suddenly a girl came running down the stairs.

"Is she a freshman? Is she a freshman?" she asked my

After escaping for lunch and recovery, I returned to find out how these allegedly upper class people proposed to enlighten me.

I soon found out.

Ascending the stairs, I saw a row of squatting frosh making their way around the floor to a chorus of "Quack quack. Quack quack."

Happy to be inconspicuous amongs these t-shirts and beanies, I settled myself into a corner.

Then a fellow F-er dared to step onto the sidewalk. He had to tie the shoelaces of an "upper" classman. With his mouth.

We were led back into the Barn and made to sit in rows on the floor. (At least in high school they gave us chairs.)

The contests started. They ranged from eating lemons to ... well, this is supposed to be a dignified newspaper.

Through the laughter and the whipped cream, we didn't

"... I was an F-er ..."

Did I say "inconspicuous"?

I was confronted by a large fellow with a rather nutty look in his eye and menacing water pistol in his hand.

"Where's your beanie?" he demanded, directing his pistol at me.

"Right here," I replied hastily, pulling it out from underneath my arm.

"Good. DON'T take it off."

Line up in pairs," I heard someone

realize that we were captives. Unfortunately, three people discovered this a bit too late.

These three girls had been found outside. They were led onto the stage at gunpoint by one of the captors. Then came the cream. Not just on the face. Everywhere. All over their hair, their necks, their hands, their clothes. And the finishing touch — a cherry on top.

That wasn't all. A cherry was stuck into each of their mouths and they were blindfolded. Then three guys, also blindfolded, had to remove the cherries from the girls' mouths with their own mouths.

Soon it was over — or so we thought. We all had to leave through a particular exit. The whole process took a rather long time, but I didn't get suspicious until I got to the door and was told to remove any jewellery that I had on my right hand and arm.

My hand came out of the barrel a nice dark green, just like everyone else's, and we were off to the President's barbecue.

And that was the first day.

"... DON'T take it off!"

attacker. "Don't let her walk up the stairs. Make her crawl!"

And so I had to subject myself to the humiliation of crawling up the stairs. Not to mention the damage done to my new pants.

Led by encouraging spurts of water, I was urged to sign various papers. (I'm still wondering what I committed myself to.)

I was then hustled into a freshman T-shirt, and a beanie was plopped onto my head.

command. I was soon whisked into the line, and we were all herded outside.

"Make a circle," was the next order.

After playing some rather sophisticated games such as "Ring Around the Rosie", we were separated into groups. I was coolly informed that I was an F-er; that is, that I was in Group F.

Our illustrious leaders soon had us doing jumping jacks, jumping over each other, and making human pyramids.



Students and faculty mill and munch at the picnic-beerfest thrown last week by the Student Union to celebrate UPEI's fifteenth anniversary. (Photo: MacLeod)

Anniversary Away

By Carolyn Ryan

"When the birthday cake was cut and we all started to sing "Happy Birthday to You", that's when I felt for the first time that it was something more than just a party. Something finally clicked."

So speaks Michelle Dorsey, Student Union president, about the 15th birthday party picnic the SU threw for UPEI last Thursday.

The festivities took place in a roped off area between Dalton Hall and the cafeteria on a rather cool but sunny afternoon. Bert Tersteeg's jazz band played, 300 multi-colored balloons were produced, and students and faculty alike mingled to eat

hotdogs, hamburgers, watermelon, and birthday cake, and drink beer.

The highlight of the party to many people was the Kinsman dunking tank set up to punish deserving members of the university community.

Such celebrities as Residence Manager Mike Read, School of Business Director J.J. Revell, Dean of Arts Verner Smitheram, Dorsey, SU VP External Les Smith and CIMN personalities Kent Thompson and Bill Harwood surrendered their dignity for the afternoon and allowed partiers to take potshots at them.

Dorsey wishes there had been more time to publicize

the event but was pleased with the turnout. About 150 tickets were sold, with the proceeds of the day going to the Scholarship Fund.

"What we wanted was a nice quiet get-together where students and profs could mingle, and that's what happened," said Dorsey. (even the Pink Panther was there, singing "Happy Birthday" along with the rest of the guests.)

At the time of printing, some remnants of birthdaydom remained on the party site. Yes, boys and girls, those are helium-filled balloons in the trees outside Steele Building.