

WALL-\$TREET-NEWS\$

Contrary to what the Engine-ears believe, (as was revealed in their recent column) Carlos da Wetback is indeed an Engine-ear and not an Artsie in disguise.

This fact became apparent to us, after the findings of a select committee sat up by the Business Society to study this imbecile exposed these highlights of their research.

The committee in charge of determining the true identity, of Carlos da Wetback devised a comprehensive test in which Carlos was subjected to

To judge whether or not Carlos was an Artsie, the doe head was pranced around various Arts faculties and tested accordingly. To meet the English requirement Carlos was asked to spell his first name with urine on the asphalt in parking lot B. Carlos failed this incredibly by neatly printing the letters CRANSTON. After this, Carlos was tested on his biological prowess. In this exercise he was instructed to pin the various parts of the human body on a chart. He had almost fooled everyone with his talent except for the fact that his chart resembled a man that had teeth between his legs, a lollipop in his mouth, a green nose and a warble on his thumb.

Next Carlos was asked to write a 50 page term paper for Political Science discussing the merits of Pierre Trudeau. However, his report was declared void after it was discovered that he had copied the entire script of Steve Martin's The Jerk.

Following this, Carlos was given a test to evaluate his skills in Classics. He was asked one simple question. Who wrote both the Odyssey and the Iliad? His reply, "dats easy, a distant ancestor of mine wrote it, HOMO.

Toward the end of the day, Carlos looked weary and tired, and it was decided to test him in two more areas. The study committee took Carlose up to the

Business Office where he underwent an extensive program to ascertain his skills as a businessman.

At this point it would probably be more appropriate to print some of the taped conversation that was held with Carlos.

Clever Business Student:

"Carlos, if I were to offer you either 10 cents or 5 cents for a days work, which would you take?"

Carlos: "Me would take da nickle cause I already have a dime."

C.B.S.: "Mr. da Wetback, liabilities plus equities equal what?"

Carlos: "Dats easy, I'm one of those, an as---le."

C.B.S.: "No Carlos they are called assets."

Carlos: "Is that what I am, an asset!"

C.B.S.: "No Carlos you are a dink."

Carlos: "Okay."

C.B.S.: "Carlos, do you like money?"

Carlos: "NO."

C.B.S.: "Why?"

Carlos: "Cause money buys food and I'd sooner bum."

C.B.S.: "Carlos are you stupid?"

Carlos: "Yup, and everyone tells me so."

...and so it became more than evident by this, that Carlos was definitely not a business student. Well then, what must that walking idiot be?

The final test revealed the truth. Carlos was taken to the UPEI Barn where he was promptly served 12 cold ones. Carlos demonstrated in true fashion that he was indeed composed of very strange matter. From the Barn, the committee and Carlos proceeded to the rink where never before had such a display of skating on ankles been given.

There were tears of sorrow as the true identity of Carlos was emerging.

It was getting dark by this time and Carlos more than ever showed the facial signs of a very long day.

He was taken toward Kelly Bldg, when suddenly Carlos stopped in his tracks. The committee was dumbfounded as they glanced at Carlos and saw him go into a trance. He was

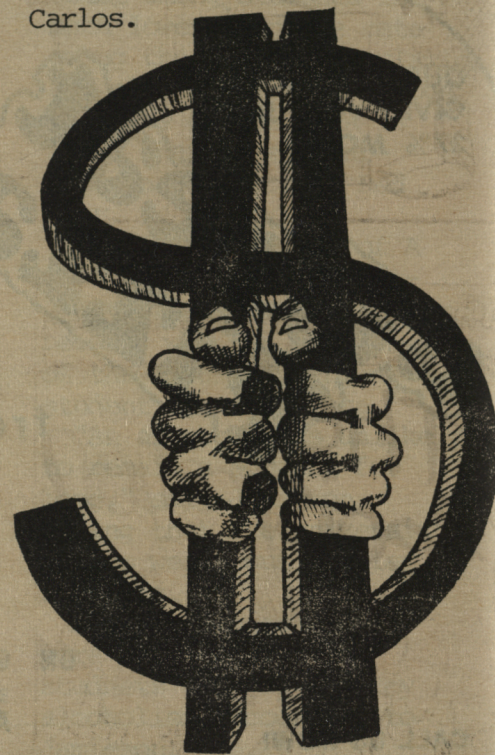
staring directly at Duffy and the array of building blocks and toys that were strewn outside the door. Without missing a stride Carlos lept in full gallup toward the toys. With a smile like Erik Estrada and a gleam in his eyes similar to Rodney Dangerfield's, Carlos had at last found his old alma mater. A group of curious students crowded around him with levels and transists in hand and welcomed their lost vagrant home.

It was a moment to be cherished as the committee had tears in its eyes. Carlos had truly found his home. He was indeed an engine-ear.


One can only guess what took place in Duffy on that cold winter day but the committee had completed their task. Tired and satisfied that they had reunited a complete idiot with his rightful scholastic friends, the

group silently entered the Kelly Building to put the finishing touches on their policy presentations.

It should be noted that this column has just acquired Melvin Mac-Maka-Buck to carry on the duties of the departed Carlos.



JIM'S



Gentleman Jim

K-MART PLAZA

GENTLEMAN
TODAY

MONDAY

CASINO NIGHT

TUESDAY

STUDENT NIGHT

Special Prices For Student

WEDNESDAY

CRAVEN "A"

CRAZY HAT NIGHT

Hat Get 2nd Drink free

\$25⁰⁰ 1st Prize

Monday - Thursday 2-4-1

from 8 to 9