

VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE ENGINEER'S PAGE

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT CRANSTON

Book Two: A Story For The People.

It came to pass one day that the good Saint Cranston was speaking unto the masses, when a poor, witless Artsie didst ask him, "Why is it that the Engineers and the Biologists doth reside in the same building?" (he meant the Duffy Building, but in his stupidity, he remembered not its name.) And thus it came to pass that Saint Cranston didst pass the parable of the two sons unto the people.

"Long years ago," He didst begin, "There was a poor farmer from Souris, whose wife did bear unto him two sons. As they grew, the sons competed for everything, and agreed upon nothing. And the farmer felt sorrow, for he loved his sons dearly. "And so he sent his sons out into the world, to make something of themselves. Many years didst pass, and the farmer grew old. Then one day, the elder son returned. "He had enjoyed years of wine, women, song, and more women. He didst partake of many mind-bending substances, yet he still made a great success of himself. His father was very proud of him, for he had built many bridges, and other impressive structures. And it was indeed good. "Soon after, the younger son returned, He had studied endlessly, and avoided alcohol and all social gatherings. And yet he was a dismal failure, for all he didst know was the arrangement of a pig's bowels. And yea, verily, his poor father was ashamed of him, for he wished no offspring of his to be a lowly biologist.

"Thus the farmer, who had become rich by selling the mushrooms that grew in his garden to tourists, did declare unto his sons: 'Thou, my eldest son, are a wealthy, successful engineer. Thou hast made me proud to be thy father. I shall reward thee with my best mushrooms, and with the basement of my house. Thou, my young son, are a failure, and a biologist. Thou hast brought me shame, but since I love thee, thou shalt still be provided for. Go then, and live in the attic, and appear not in public.'" When Saint Cranston finished speaking, the crowd was silent, awe-struck. Then the same witless Artsie spoke up, asking what the story meant. Even the patience of a Saint has its limits. Thus, Saint Cranston spoke unto him, saying, "Thou art but a stupid Artsie. Thou wouldst not understand."

Down in the dark, damp, depths of the old Duffy there once was a certain Biology Professor who was performing diabolical research. It was rumoured he had created a new form of life, lower than any Artsie, Biology student, or Business student. This was regarded as a threat to the brave and intelligent Engineering students, a small threat, but a threat never the less. After a few seconds of secret planning, our heroes locked our foul-mouthed Dr. in his little lab with his discovery. Man, did he ever flip out, with only superhuman effort did he escape. Beware out there, we are never safe again. I think he's out to get us.

What do all these people have against us? Our column is the most read most talked about and most criticized in the whole Sun. We would really appreciate if half a dozen or so goody-goody-two-shoes would GROW UP! Face it, you're in university now, not grade school. If

what you read in out column "offends you so much..." don't read it! Take it upon yourselves to clean up the world, write senators, doctors, priests, write to the Prime Minister. If you can't handle a few put-downs or wise cracks, you better seek professional help, because if you don't you'll have a very miserable and painful life. Because it's not just us, it's all around you.

View From the Top is a weekly publication of the UPEI Engineering Society, and is consistently sexist, prurient, in bad taste and sloppily produced without visible concern for professional standards. Opinions published are not necessarily those of the Engineering Society nor of any other body, nor are they probably opinions at all. Editor: Cranston Snord



GEEK of the WEEK

Nancy Marie

"We like you too" Arsenault

What do you call a leper in a Jacuzzi? Stew.

Why did the leper fail his drivers test? He left his foot on the clutch.

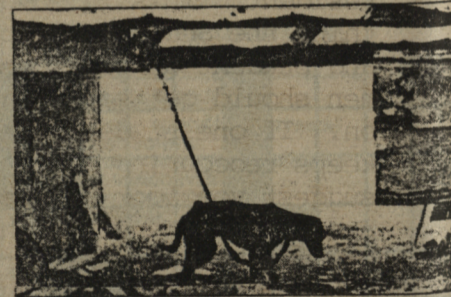
Wanted

A plot of land, 7 ft. by 2 ft. Also wanted-extra large headstone. Pick, shovel and wheelbarrow needed as well. Contact: Tony "Help me dig my own grave" Carroll as soon as possible.

So, HONEY, WHAT ARE YA DOING AFTER THE PARTY?



Don't Wait...



The Animals Can't

Animals often suffer because people delay in reporting abuse and neglect. Some of these animals die needlessly.

If you know of an animal being treated cruelly, call your local animal agency at the number below. Your anonymity is guaranteed.

Don't wait until it's too late to report animal cruelty. The animals can't wait much longer for help—their lives depend on you. Call... 'help us help animals'

The P.E.I. HUMANE SOCIETY
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