



Engineers' Corner

by CHUCK McEWEN

This is it! The last column for this year. Thank Heavens! I was threatened physically (Dorothy M.) and academically (Fr. Charlie because of derogatory remarks in that last issue of the Outhouse Gazette. From now on I'll heed that old Yankee Proverb: "Discretion is the better part of Valor". (Literal translation: "Those who are chicken don't get into trouble".)

Congratulations are in order to the new executive of the Engineering Society. Roger Arsenault has been elected President for the coming year and is to be henceforth addressed as "Our Beloved President". Filling in the Vice-President's slot will be Ken LaPierre, while Bob Arsenault as Treasurer completes the slate of officers for 1964-65.

Past President Joe Murphy and his executive deserve a hearty thank you for the interest and vigor with which they guided the Society during the past year. From the first, second, and third years, congratulations on a job well done.

Saturday, April 4th, was to be our day of glory, the day we held our yearly dance and crowned our queen for the coming year. It wasn't. Socially, the dance was mildly successful, but the crowd being small, we accumulated very little financially. Because of this, the Centennial Convention on the 11th of April was relatively dry as compared to previous ones. Two quarts of Chateau Gai (89c sale price) per person. Maybe I should swipe my mother's Vanilla Extract again.

The bright spot of the dance was the crowning of Miss Engineer '64. She is Miss Sylvia Poirier, a Student Nurse at the Charlottetown Hospital, and a truly personable representative for our Society. Congratulations, Syl!

Miss Poirier's escort was none other than our Buzzer goalie, Vince M., who has frequently been called Charlottetown's answer to Fred Astaire. Vince's grandiose and dexterous movements on the dancefloor were a treat for b(l)ey eyes, overshadowed only by S.

D. U's own Urbie who put on a dazzling display of close-to-the-floor stepdancing. Urbie and Vince are real swingers.

Joe C. told me some interesting happenings about our Beloved Past President Joe. Seems his lady love has an aversion to drink, and Joe must get permission before he can go out with the boys, go to the bathroom, go to smokers, etc. A half a rose wilted the other night at the hoedown from lack of attention because Joe was afraid Pat would smash him if his pupils looked dilated. He stayed sober while Mike C. indulged. From his expression after the dance, I'd venture to say he swallowed the bottle and all.

Walter B., engaged to a fine, husky girl from down near Kentsville, fell in love with one of our own reputable Island lassies. Then he found out that she has false teeth and likes to take them out when she kisses. It took two Engineers fifteen minutes to pry him loose. Other than becoming mentally disturbed, Walter came through quite well. 5

Fr. Charlie MacDonald has either misplaced his sliderule or some artsmen has swiped it. Fr. Charlie misses it very much. It carries a lot of sentimental value. For a reward to the person who returns it, he has offered to give those nice, bright yellow skate laces that he used to have tied to the zippers of his overshoes. He's using nice conservative black laces now. But, seriously, his sliderule has disappeared and he would appreciate it being returned.

I was among the third year Engineers who had the privilege of being invited to the annual Alumni Banquet for the graduating class of '64. To my understanding, this is the first year in which the graduating Engineers have been invited. I can sincerely state, and I know I speak for all the Engineers at St. Dunstan's, when I put forth a hearty thank-you to the Alumni Association for a wonderful banquet and for finally recognizing the

fact that an Engineer is as much a graduate of St. Dunstan's as is a Science or Commerce student or the what-have-you's.

Frustration

By Bob Weeks

The evening meal is finished; you are relaxing with the boys in your room smoking the weed. The group discussion concerns the usual—women, studies, women, philosophy, and more women. After a half hour the boys vacate your humble abode leaving yourself and your room-mate to ponder on the studies. Tonight, however, your coming drudgery of the evening's room-mate happily comments on the evening date which he is looking forward to. He terminates by suggesting that you obtain a date as well to make it a foursome.

Well, you think to yourself: "There is a certain young lady whose company I would certainly enjoy this evening." You look at your watch: 6:45. Although you have never been very considerate in giving your female friends a proper acknowledgement of your date-making, you nevertheless consider that two hours' notice is quite within the realm of acceptability.

So off you go, nickel in hand, up the flights of stairs to that precious instrument—the telephone. Your approach, however, must have been anticipated for as you come within four feet of it, the alarm sounds. You answer it—reluctantly. "May I speak to..." You saunter down the stairs to the first floor and deliver the message with the plea, "Please try to cut it down to a half hour this time." Contented with the reply, you wait and eventually saunter back up. After ten minutes of listening to the resume of last night's hockey telecast, you go back down again to wait in less monotony.

Five minutes later, you continue with your exercise, climbing the

stairs. This time the phone is also occupied but with another body. So you wait there anxiously. This privation is rewarded. You can't believe it! Here in your hand is the most precious item in Memorial Hall. You slot the nickel and dial. Buzz-Buzz. Your heart sinks. You hang up and wait and try again. Still the negative response. You wait. Soon for the second time you grasp the black handle. You slot the nickel, dialing patiently. Your heart pumps—it's ringing; it's actually ringing. "Nurses' Residence" says the soft voice at the other end. "May I speak to..." you stammer out. "I'm sorry but she's over at the other residence." You listen as she recites the necessary number. You hang up; search frantically for another nickel. Your search is in vain. Hurriedly you patrol the floor in quest of that flimsy piece of metal.

You are fast, but the phone is faster. The ringing pounds in your ears. You're getting desperate now. Off you go to the other buildings which boast of a phone. And back you come—both are in use. You look at your watch: 7:50. You stumble into your room, sink into your chair and tell your room-mate of your plight. He cheers you. "If at first you don't succeed—try, try again." Besides, you think, "I really would like to take her out tonight." So up you go. At the top you lift your eyes; the sight causes you to lower them once again. Down you stumble... defeated.

ED'S TAXI

4-6561 — Dial — 4-6562

Special Student Rates

1 to 5 Passengers to or from office and S.D.U. .50c

Any other point in City limits — 75c
FAST 24 HR. SERVICE

The Bike Shop and Sport Lodge

Serving S. D. U. Students for over 30 years

with

SPORTING GOODS for all SPORTS

H. M. SIMPSON LTD.

GREETING CARDS — SOCIAL STATIONERY

FOUNTAIN PENS — FINE LEATHER GOODS
OFFICE SUPPLIES — PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

138 Great George Street

Charlottetown

Phone 4-8577

"STRAIGHT IN FROM THE COLLEGE"

CHALLENGING OPPORTUNITIES

AND

REWARDING BUSINESS CAREERS

WITH

The All-Canadian I. A. C. Group of Companies

UNIVERSITY MEN INVITED TO APPLY

- Local Office -

INDUSTRIAL ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION LIMITED

134 Richmond Street

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

MacKINNON & FERGUSON

BARBER SHOP

Great George Street

ARTS CAB

Phone 4-5586-7

TOPS IN

Collegiate Footwear

10 percent Discount

to Students

WRIGHT SHOE COMPANY

COMPLIMENTS

THE FASHION SHOPPE

Ladies Ready to Wear

141 Great George Street
Charlottetown

CUDMORE'S DRY CLEANERS

Dry Cleaning, Pressing
& Repairing

"IT LOOKS LIKE NEW
WHEN WE ARE THROUGH"

Dial 4-4922 — 120 Kent Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Compliments
of

ISLAND GRILL

STEWART BAKERIES LTD.

Bakers Since 1868

All Kinds of Bread, Pastries
and Delicatessen

161 Kent St. — Phone 4-5591

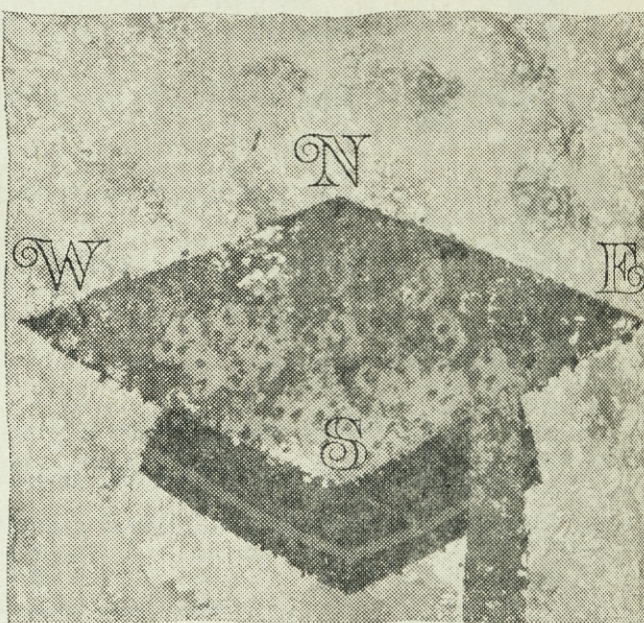
RON and JOE'S

IF YOUR HAIR IS NOT

BECOMING TO YOU,

COME TO US!

Kent Street



Wherever you're heading after graduation, you'll find one of Royal's more than 1,100 branches there to look after you. Meanwhile, anything we can do for you, here and now? Drop in any time.



ROYAL BANK