

# Life Styles

## CHARLOTTETOWN'S MOST POPULAR SPOTS

BY Lori Anne Heckbert

I feel so spinny today! I've been holed up with Australia all weekend, trying to get ready for a presentation (read *pre* with a long *e* - very chic) for political science; if you notice a curiously flat accent in my speech, that's where it came from — I figure it adds a certain credibility to the endeavour.

This is the first week I haven't entered the Gem office with a concrete topic in mind. Guess I left my cement overshoes in the harbour Saturday night.

I was thinking about this job the other day. **Naturally my thoughts turned to Star Trek.**

I bet I just lost some of you, ha - ha, The real story is: we had a contest at the A.R.C.U.P. conference over Remembrance weekend to name my car/boat. U.S.S. Enterprise was the winning entry, good for an egg McMuffin at McDonald's; however, the prize was not claimed, probably because our editor forgot to present it.

In future, if the occasion calls for formality, you may call me Captain, ok?

Really though, I've had more ideas tossed at me this week than any other week in recorded history. My editor's just been reading voraciously over my shoulder (that's a big word like marmalade), and she tells me I haven't said anything yet, I've just been brothing at the mouth.

Here's a hot flash for you — well, not so hot for this time of year, seeing as how our heating system is still in the throes of menopause — **BALD IS IN THIS YEAR!!!** That should get me in good with some of my profs.

At this point I should like to thank Gary Webster, who is incidentally one of my professors, for referring me to Off Broadway Cafe. I should, and I do, so I shall. Follow me closely now, it may prove a comfort.

this is a restaurant review! That ought to be clear to everyone.

Off Broadway is a delightful place on Sydney Street. Just follow the green spires of Saint Dunstan's Basilica and eventually you will arrive in the street in question.

I neglected to pick up menus from this delightful place, so everything that follows is the God's truth.

I can't tell you about the lunch menu because I ate supper there, not lunch. I believe it would be safe to deduce that it would resemble fairly closely the dinner menu.

Now I thank Marsha for taking me out to supper, even though I did deserve it, having saved her much hassle and labour in Prince Edward Island's best stocked library.

We did a funny thing last Thursday. We decided to split everything except the bill right down the middle. So, Marsha had one mushroom and pastrami crepe, and I had the other; we shared two Caesar's salads; — I guess that means we each had a salad — we each had a half glass of delicious white wine (I believe it was Kressman); we shared the first cup of coffee, after which the cup was bottomless, thank God; and we split the orange blossom crepe we had for dessert.

Boy was that orange blossom something good! I had nuts and yummy sauce, and . . .

well, I still have bruise marks where I kept pinching myself to see if I'd finally hit trans-warp drive and gone to heaven.

Our waiter, Bruce (by the way, that's a big plus about the place, waiters are generally more courteous, I find — what are your thoughts?) was really wonderful through the entire meal; a good sense of humor about him to be sure.

Maintenant, la piece de resistance! Shame, this typewriter has no accent keys. **THAT'S NOT IT**, you silly goose!

When it came time to leave, we of course did the done thing and left a tip, but with a difference: I took Marsha's two dollar bill, and I took Marsha's one dollar bill, and instead of running with them, I ripped the two bills halfway through and slid them together — it looked really neat, but don't do it in the presence of a cop, it is defacing the dollar, good for some pretty hefty fines and jail terms.

Aside from the fantastic food and even better service, there was something else appealing about the place, aside even from the wonderfully reasonable prices — the place has booths, not chairs. I do so hate chairs, I guess you've figured that out by now. The only nice chairs in Charlottetown are at Pat's.

The decor is very restrained, lost of beautiful wood panelling that looked like knotty pine to me.

Another great place to eat in Charlottetown, as brought to you by your lifestyles reporter.

See you next week for the last column of nineteen eighty four. Take care!

# Financial Aid — Banking

BY Dawna Noonan

In this week's column I would like to give a few hints on how to handle your money through the year so you get the most benefit from it:

1. Choose a bank close to campus.
  2. Set up two bank accounts: a non-chequing account; - a daily interest chequing account.
  3. Put all your money in the savings account. At the beginning of each month transfer to your chequing account **only** enough money to cover your expenses for the month; and leave your savings alone. Try to make weekly adjustments in your spending to balance your allowance for the month.
- Do not ignore statements

of overdue accounts. If you can't pay the bill immediately, discuss it, in writing, with the party concerned.

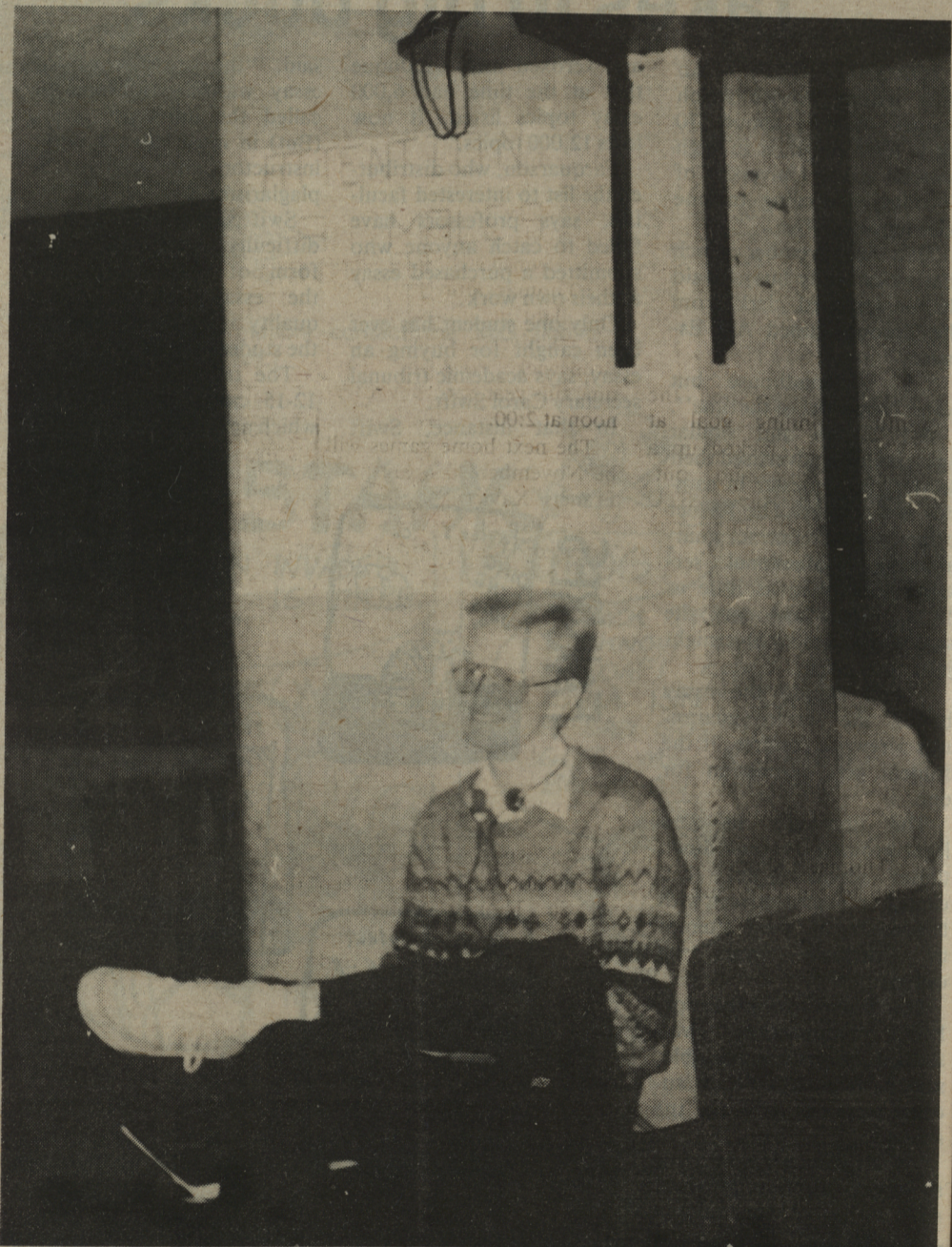
- If you have a previous government loan, always file a Confirmation of Enrollment form with your bank if you wish to maintain interest-free status. Forms are available at any chartered Bank.
- Banks will not cash a personal cheque from your parents (unless it is certified) until it clears the bank - you can count on a ten-day delay.
- If you are transferring funds from one bank branch to another, it may take fifteen days for the transaction to be completed.

Unless the banks have a computerized multi-branch system, you won't be able to access your funds until then.

—The delay for foreign students is even greater. If money is being wired or transferred from foreign banks, you may have to wait up to three months for your money. Try carrying traveller's cheques instead.

Thanks to Karen Takenka, Financial Air officer in Ryerson, for her contributions to this week's column.

If you have questions about financial aid awards, feel free to come by the Department of Student Services Tuesdays or Thursdays from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. to see me.



## What, me superior?

In case you're in any doubt, this sign reads, "Attention all males. Stand up for your rights. Let's prove we are the superior sex. Women have had the illusion they are equal to us too long!!! Mass rally Nov. 25. 3:30 Gym. Lecturer Richard Fox. Help preserve our superior sex—male. Keep women on the home."

That should be some rally, "men". Do tell, do they plan to halt the basketball game against AMC and evacuate all female fans while you hold this rally, or what?

Just goes to show you how scatterbrained men are, doesn't it? (This of course is a sweeping generalization of the type normally found when men and women square off against each other and start squabbling over equality...)

(Photo: MacLeod)

# GENTLEMAN JIM'S

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