

# The World Tomorrow

Good day, ladies and gentlemen. No doubt you are all wondering why this column did not appear in its usual place in the last issue. I must beg your forgiveness and forbearance, for I am fully aware of the void left in your lives by the absence of God's Own spokesman from the front line of His struggle.

I shall make no excuses. It was criminal folly of me to leave my post. But I ask you, is it not human to be utterly incapacitated by an joyous celebration.

I could not even approach my trusty typewriter came deadline time, for at that very moment the electoral process was coming down the home stretch, if I may use the metaphor. It was totally impossible for me to venture a prognosis on the outcome of this crucial and vitally important race without knowing whether Mr. Giltedge had indeed been chosen by the people. Then came the victory announcement!!! Flushed with excitement and relief, delirious with victory's sweet taste in our mouths, ecstatic in our crushing devastation of the monster of the CPA, Kim

Cameldung, we started an impromptu party. Work was out of the question, and so, much as it grieves me to admit it, the deadline came and went. But happily I came away from Bruce's victory celebration with more than just a foul taste in my mouth. Foresightedly I had remembered to put my nifty little Nip tape recorder in my pocket, and so I am able to bring to you the victory interview I was given with our President-elect Bruce Giltedge, on the same night his triumph was announced.

Q. Mr. Giltedge, how do you feel about your just-announced triumph?

A. Well, Ted, I'm not sure I have enough facts to be able to take any public stand on the matter at this time. However, I would like to add that a special Council committee will soon be formed, and a press release will be forthcoming as soon as its findings are presented to me.

Q. Bruce, when did you first realize that you had indeed vanquished your foes? I mean, let me add, at what point in time?

A. I'm glad you asked me that, Ted. Well, that's a hard question to answer. Of course, when J.P. Gelding entered the race, we knew that it looked pretty good for our cause. . .

Q. The cause of true Christianess, is that not right, Bruce? It has been trumpeted throughout the national press that your appointing Reverend Paisley as next year's campus chaplain heralds a new stage in campus politics, in beginning the long-awaited and sorely-needed return to first principles, the same first principles, I might add, upon which this great nation was founded, the principles of moral hygiene, love of one's brethren, right-to-work legislation, Bible study and loyalty oaths. But, as could easily be predicted, there are those in our midst who would have us return to popery, to rioting and looting and reapportionment.

A. Yeah, Ted, that's right. Bebop-a-jesus! Those lef. . .

Q. Mister Giltedge! You have taken the Lord's name in vain!

A. I'm sorry Mr. Strongarm it was a slip of the tongue; these things do happen you know it won't happen again I shouldn't have had that last beer.

Q. Well, Bruce, you had me frightened for a second; I thought you might have

been one of those Gazette people like Camelshit or Dromedarycrap or whatever its name is. . .

A. Cameldung. . .Yes, but to get back to your original question Ted, we knew our chances of acceptance were massively enhanced when Mr. Buttin submitted his name to the list of presidential candidates. But when Cameldung offered his nomination papers we all knew that certainly we were saved. There could be no doubt in our mind what a stirring triumph the election would bring.

Q. Lovely.

A. Yes.

Q. Well you must know, Bruce, just how close this beady-eyed nihilist came to being elected by some of the students on your campus. What do you plan to do to ensure that this doesn't occur at some future date?

A. Well, I'm glad you asked me that, Ted. Naturally, the first thing that came to mind was so very simple and so very obvious that we wondered why we hadn't thought of it before. Why not, we argued, why not just dispense with an outmoded formality, and have the Nova Scotia Legislature appoint the president every ten years? Unhappily, as Pete Crook pointed out, tradition is a big thing around here, and too many people on campus would have been offended. It is a grand old ritual, too.

Q. Yes. But I wonder if you haven't overlooked something in bearing with this. You know how much our Maritimers love and respect the Royal Family, God bless 'em. Really, don't you feel that a monarchy would be acceptable to the more reasonable students at your college? The sort who don't smoke pot or write for a Commie "news" paper or get fired from summer jobs or. . .

A. Gee, Ted, I'm really glad you brought that idea up. I'll have to do some heavy thinking on it.

Q. Lovely.

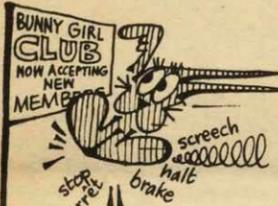
A. Yes.

It grieves my heart to have to be the one to tell you this, but this interview must perforce come precipitately to an end, for it was at this point that Mr. Giltedge caught his left thumb in my aforementioned nifty tape recorder. It was awful. Blood and gore spouting all over the room.

But we can all draw a much-needed and timely inference from this otherwise tragic happening. Good day.

## LAPINETTE

A CLEVER AND WELL-DRAWN ADVERTISEMENT BY DON KERR



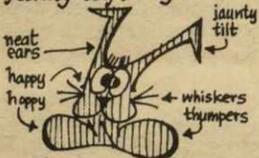
security is finding a group of like-minded associates.



lack of security is finding out that you are not wanted...



...but positive action is much better than feeling self-sorry.



a free guide to the identification of real honest bunnies.



bank of montreal

## CAMPUS BANK

S.U.B. BUILDING BRANCH  
L.T. PEDDLE, MANAGER  
429-9550

Lapinette skidded to a stop. there was a sign inviting bunny types to join a club—or at least so she thought.

now, our bunny girl knows when she is wanted.

it is a little harder, sometimes, to know when you aren't.

this club didn't want her at all. "but I have all the necessary equipment!" she sobbed.

but the little man only laughed.

comes the campusbank to the rescue! our manager explained that these clubs aren't for rabbits at all—just for frustrated hunters. he suggested that perhaps she could start her own bunny club, and even arranged a loan to pay for posters and such.

last we heard, the line-up was over a block long.

but we suspect that those fellows may be a bit disappointed with the setup.

you see, these bunnies are for real...



pipe tobacco mellowed with rum & wine



Stays alight and alive — with never a trace of bite