

Tuba, Tubari, Tubavi, Tubatum

by John O'Connor

It was a quiet Monday afternoon and my first day on campus in six months. I had already decided that I was going to keep out of the SUB trap in general and the GAZETTE trap in particular, so I could see no harm in stopping at the paper and saying hello. I had no sooner said hello and gotten my hearty handshake from Peter, "I've got a little job for you" Clarke, our illustrious editor, than I got a little job. I showed a passing interest in one of the up-coming stories of the week "tubing", mainly due to its unusual name and before I knew it I had left my existence as a happy non-entity far behind.

Have you ever tried to find out about tubing? How do you find out about tubing, or even who the tubers among us are? Does one simply page all tubers to the GAZETTE office? I tried that, but all I got in answer to my call to tubers, was a sudden influx of potatoes. But, at least we had lower grocery bills this week and we get two new feature writers from the crop.

My quest then led me to the CBC to try to find a film footage from a news short

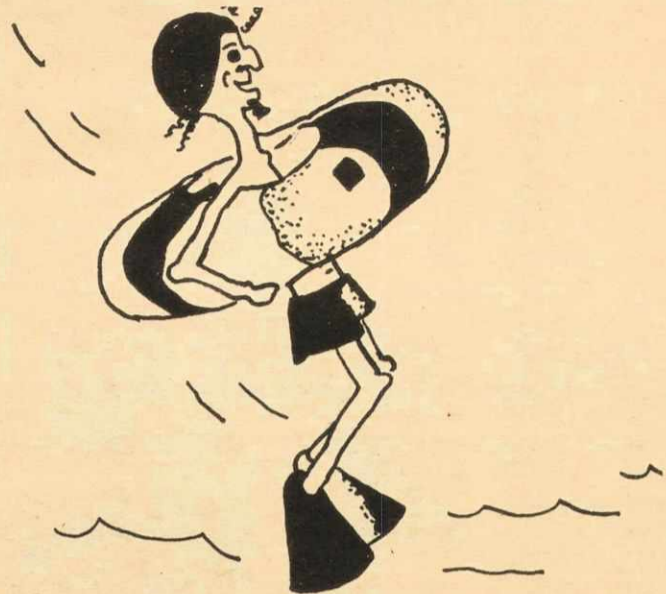
about tubing they had shown. I phoned their film library and was told the film was there and would be screened for me at about ten a.m. All the way there I was happily contemplating my success. When I got there and saw the fat rolls of film waiting in their racks. I was sure my problems over until I saw the editor who was to screen my film carrying a spool of film about the size of a thimble. Apparently there had been a lots of footage on tubing but it had fallen victim to the editing necessary to making it into a thirty-two second news short. I now had actually seen tubing but it didn't do me much good for I still didn't have any commentary to go with the pictures and I couldn't show you a film short.

The search led me to asking friends to helping me with my tubing problems. I now don't have any friends and have gained wide spread reputation as a pervert. I phoned people who I didn't know but who were, I was assured, fanatical tubers. Sad to say, the majority of these students were freshettes. Not that I have anything against freshettes but, whenever I

tried to get in contact with one of them the phone was answered by a suspicious father. The typical conversation started with my identifying myself as a member of the Dalhousie Gazette. This little gem was usually received by hostile breathing and a very suspicious, "and what is this call regarding?" Old innocent me, instead of thinking and answering quickly with a safe lie like, "girls field hockey, sir," I'd grunt out, "tubing". Very hostile noises on the other end of the line and it was obvious that Miss Dal freshette's father believes he has come in contact with one of those perverts, probably a prophylactic fetishist.

Well, Wednesday night, despairing of ever finding the great tubing story, or even a great tuber, I went to the SUB to drown my sorrows and eye the freshettes. About 12:30, my sorrows were going down for the third time, and my kidneys were being tapped, I called out in my last attempt to find a tuber and a fellow alcoholic proceeded to tell me about tubing.

Tubing started on the Apple River in the U.S.A.



The Apple, a slow moving twisting waterway, supports thousands of inner tubes in the summer. Nestled in these inner tubes are thousands of people how come to the Apple to drift slowly down the two miles of the river which are calm enough for tubing. Upon getting out of the river in the town of Apple they immediately take any available transportation back up the river to do it again. C.B.S. filmed tubing for one of their, "On the road" human interest stories.

Well, the sport has caught on here in Canada at the Gaspereau River. Tubing in

Canada consists of finding a suitably sized innertube, getting a good buzz on by whatever means one prefers and drifting down the river. Of course one has to be reasonably cautious or ones posterior might be damaged in the white water or going over the falls.

Tubing seems to be a sport which is mildly addictive, cheap and realitively easy to become involved in. So instead of wasting time finding out about it from others, get an innertube, a good buzz on, and someone to go with, and go tubing.

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