

# An insidious scandal is uncovered

by Mott McChicken

An insidious, beer-drenched scandal has been uncovered on the U of A campus. The George Orwell Appreciation Society, a well known and respected campus club, is actually a front for a group of beer swilling anarchists.

The sordid scheme came to light when President Hollowits was seen reeling out of the club offices, singing a badly off-key version of "Feelings", meanwhile loaded down with suspicious looking keg-like containers. When questioned about the incident at the scene, Hollowits replied: "I may be sober, but you're drunk, and I'll be ugly in the morning." The President then proceeded to fall flat on his face.

Fearless News Editor, Schmeg Reegnik, infiltrated the club's infamous "membership drive week". What he was to learn was so far reaching, nefarious, and silly that it was to drive him mad.

The material below represents excerpts from Reegnik's tape recorder.

Reegnik: "Hi, I understand you're the president of the Orwell Appreciation Society."

Mr. X: "Pleased to meet you. Hey, aren't you the news editor for Getaway?"

Reegnik: "No-ahh . . . umm . . . you're the (er) first to make the same mistake."

Mr. X: "Without that phony looking mustache and beard you look a lot like him."

Reegnik: "Yes . . . I've been told that."

Mr. X: "O.K. Reegnik we know who you are. Its time to cut the crap."

A brief scuffle ensues.

Much later . . .

H. "And so I said to her, hey babe, I'm not that desperate . . ."

X. "I think Mr. Reegnik is dry Guido. Why don't you get him

another jug."

H. "I really should-hiccup-be going."

X. "Jeez Guido. Do you get the impression that Mr. Reegnik doesn't like our hospitality?"

Guido "Yeah Boss. Maybe I should go get the comfy chair."

H. "Well, uh, I'm sure that won't be necessary. Lot's of time, yes sreee, plenty of time."

Transcript ends.

Reegnik was later found by campus security wandering Hub mall, apparently searching for his socks. He was completely unclotted at the time.

Further investigation by Getaway staff led to the unveiling of the man behind the mystery. Mr. X, leader of the club, is none other than Mystery student James Ash.

Our sources have revealed several interesting facts about Mr. Ash.

(1) He has never been, and isn't currently a registered student of

the U of A.

(2) He is currently enrolled with honours in five non-existent classes.

(3) and he has been seen dining with prominent members of Edmonton society; including Mayor Interior Decore, Police Chief Looney, Whine Grumpky, and several Gherkmezians.

I managed to arrange an unprecedented interview with Mr. Ash under the condition that we meet in Our Place, a popular university bar.

Ash: "Let's get one thing straight. I don't like the press, and the only reason I'm giving this interview is because I know nobody reads this rag. So go ahead ask away, but keep in mind Guido has an attitude problem."

Guido: "Gee boss you know I'm working on that."

"Is it true that the Orwell Appreciation Society is no more than a front for an illegal bootlegging

operation?"

Ash: "Maybe it is maybe it isn't."

"What kind of an answer is that?"

Ash: "That kind of an answer spares you three months in a hospitable."

"Oh!"

"Are you then implying that you use gangland tactics to secure your position?"

Guido: "Ten-Nine-Eight . . ."

Ash: "Do you know what happens when Guido reaches zero?"

"My reporting career comes to a close?"

Ash: "Do you realize what a student in my position can do for your career?"

"I'm listening."

Ash: "Get the smart young reporter a beer, Guido."

Final investigation has shown that there is no truth to these allegations. We apologize for any inconvenience this article has caused to any member in the George Orwell Appreciation Society.

## Extraterrestrials gather together

by Glenn Not-Germane

Zortron 3-X is a second-year dentistry student with the usual problems of a student: assignments, exams, etc. He also has a problem adjusting to life at U of A.

Zortron 3-X is an extraterrestrial, one of eight space aliens studying at U of A.

The Extraterrestrial Students' Club was formed earlier this year by the e-t students to improve their image on campus, as well as provide social opportunities for the aliens.

Zondar Norrg, the club president, describes the club as an opportunity for the alien students to get together, share concerns, and socialize.

"A lot of us aren't really accepted by our classmates," he said.

Zondar, a third-year art history student, is from the planet Xarqon, which orbits a star in the constellation Pisces. Physically, he is nine feet tall, with four arms and bright green fur.

"It's hard coming to a new planet to study," said club treasurer Xeen Aznex, a first-year chemistry student from the planet Beta Lyrae IV. "It's a strange culture."

Aznex describes some of the usual problems suffered by extraterrestrial students as "loneliness, isolation, and alienation".

A few of the students have special needs problems, which the club helps to overcome. Club member Vlfx Grblchv, (2nd-year psychology), needs to ingest hydrogen sulfide on a regular basis to keep his metabolism going. Zortron 3-X breathes into a special apparatus to contain the gas.

The Club also provides social opportunities, to which Earthlings are welcome (as they are to all club activities). The big plan, said Zondar, is a reading-week vacation trip to Gamma Reticuli VII, "the galaxy's top vacation resort".

There are only eight extraterrestrial students at U of A this year, but more may be enrolled in the future. The club hopes to improve aliens' image so that the new students will feel more at home when they arrive.

Until then, Zondar has to sit at the back of the class because of his height, while Grblchv has to wear special clothes to prevent the smell of sulfur from overcoming other students.

## Getaway to a world of excitement

**A SOUTHERN THING HAS NO PLACE HERE.**

Yukon Jack never said much but, when he did, he had something to say. He was, in his way, very particular on matters of taste.

"Southern things have their place" he would say "and that place is not here."

I guess what he meant was that light and airy and sweet things are fine and good, if that's what you like, but that here in the North a thing must be more substantial. Finely crafted, smooth and sturdy. It must be something you can put your hands around.

Yukon Jack did not believe in comfort for comfort's sake, he saw no point to it. But he did appreciate the finer things. Another paradox.

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