

Five'll Get You Tannenbaum

For Tiny Tots

am now one of the most successful people in the world. In fact, if I cultivate my schizophrenia much more, I'll be two of the most successful people in the world.

P Le P: Yes! And I rose to fame and fortune on your coattails. But I have heard that there is a desperate band of counter-revolutionaries which has stepped into our vacated shoes as fanatical destroyers of anything that lives. They have discovered a secret weapon more hideous even than the Tannenbomb.

M-G [anxiously]: And what is that?
P Le P: It is almost too horrible to mention: exploding Blood Puddings!
M-G: How ghastly!

[Enter the counter-revolutionaries, disguised as a jazz band. They begin to play; the feet of state tap out the rhythm on the floor, while the other parts of the body twitch enthusiastically. Just as the party is turning into a full-fledged Bacchanalian orgy, the clock strikes Pierre Le Pierre.]

P Le P: Bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong.

FIRST COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY: 'Tis the witching hour.

[Enter clock repairman]

REPAIRMAN: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to put it right.

[He adjusted PIERRE LE PIERRE.]

P Le P: Bong, pip, bong, pip, bong, pip, bong, pip, bong, pip, bong, splat.

[At this signal, the FIRST COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY pulls from his snare drum a Blood Pudding, which he hurls defiantly into the middle of the room.]

THE BLOOD PUDDING: Bang.

[When the smoke clears, we see the MATCH GIRL, upstage, looking exactly as she did in Act I. The rest of the guests have turned into pumpkins, as it is midnight. It begins to snow.]

M-G: Pumpkins! Pumpkins! Who'll buy my pumpkins?

[Enter the MARQUIS DE SANTA CLAUS, grinning evilly.]

M.S.C.: Merry Christmas! Take off all your clothes.

[The match girl is saved from a fate worse than death by her death, which occurs when she is struck violently on the head by the falling cast iron

CURTAIN



and at this the orchestra rises and is sick in four-part harmony, to the tune of "God Save the Queen."

(N.B. "O Canada" may be substituted in Quebec.)

The audience is led quietly away.]

—The Sickest Minds of Their Generation

on the cover, etc.

What goes to Montreal and comes back in four pieces? The Gateway staff? English Canadians? Traitors?

Guess again, it's Casserole's Christmas color section. A production problem at Commercial Printers sent the negatives for the four-color spread to Montreal for separation. The negs went by jet almost coast to coast before they hit the press and so we're claiming this as the first truly national student newspaper.

But there was a lot of hard work behind that color. On the cover is Rene McFarland—what Casserole wants slipping down his chimney come Christmas Eve. The modified (Mod) Santa-suit was specially designed and made by Zoe Afaganis and Mary Jenkins. The photo is Al Scarth's.

The center-fold shots were masterminded by Neil Driscoll, added



—Neil Driscoll photo

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE FRIENDLY STAFF

by photogs Al Scarth, Derek Nash, Bruce Byer, Perry Afaganis, Errol Borsky, George Barr, and hordes of other camera clickers we've forgotten.

Thanks to Lynn Hugo, Darla Campbell, Lynda Hay, July Lees, Barry Clark, Keith McCrae, Peter Aylen, and Chris Yakymchko, who worked in front of the lights.

On the back cover Donna Spearn and Bob Reece try to look warm and cuddly. They were actually freezing to death on a 14th Floor balcony of the Kennedy Towers. The session broke up when city police told the photogs motorists complained about the speed-lights blinding them.

And a special thanks to McBain's Camera Specialty Ltd. Without their \$2,500 worth of cameras and lights it wouldn't have been possible.