

Pete MacNutt

Within The Walls



London Letter

Sir Cuthbert Crumpet, C.B.A., W.C., O.X.O.
writes about
The British Elections

Britain's delightful summer weather kept with us this year right up to October 8, when MacMillan led the Old Team to victory once more. Lord Ramsbottom, with whom I was discussing the election only yesterday, commented that this was the best summer that he could remember since '96. He told me that it was almost as pleasant in England as it was on the Riviera last winter when he and Lady Ramsbottom spent a few months there. Lady Ramsbottom, incidentally, is distantly related to the Duchess of Abythford, who was a third cousin of my mother.

Mr. Gaitskill and his party did not gain quite as many seats as they had expected, but we'll certainly make the Opposition welcome in the Commons when Parliament is reconvened. That's really the beauty of our Parliamentary System. No matter how few seats the Opposition wins, we never boast of our success after it's all over. As a result, life in the Oldest Established Club in England soon settles back to normal after these annoying interruptions.

Election day was really quite exciting this year. After Lady Crumpet picked three of her Queen Caroline roses to give the breakfast table a festive air, we ate breakfast. Our maid, whom I have long suspected of Labour tendencies, served my kipper cold, and didn't strain the tea-leaves from Lady Crumpet's tea, thus confirming my suspicions.

After breakfast, and our daily constitutional, we drove down to my constituency with Sir Edward and Lady Godfrey-Jones. Sir Edward informed me that his new chauffeur, James, had once worked in the pits with Nye Bevan and could tell some rather droll anecdotes about Nye at the miner's picnic.

Upon arriving at my constituency of Beastly-on-Thames, Sir Edward remarked that the Countess of Plumpshire was holding a garden party nearby, and that we really should attend. The Countess of Plumpshire always spreads a lavish board, and election day is no exception. I heartily agreed with Sir Edward and we all popped over to the Countess' estate.

Leaving Sir Edward and Lady Crumpet with the Countess, Lady Godfrey-Jones and I retired to a shady corner of the garden where we ran across the Duke and Duchess of Withershire, the Marchioness of Bixby, and Viscount Wall-man. As we joined in casual conversation, I relaxed with a Scotch and soda in my hand and Lady Godfrey-Jones on my knee. In reflection, the setting rather reminded me of my adolescent years in Crossed Squaws, Saskatchewan, but then it was a rum and coke in my hand and the minister's daughter on my knee. Shows what a small world it really is.

In the evening, we all adjourned to the drawing room to watch the election results come in on television. When it became evident that we were back in, Lady Godfrey-Jones set down her Scotch and soda (her twenty-fourth, I believe), plucked several shoots from the Countess' aspidestra, tossed her diamonds in the corner, kicked off her shoes, and related a rather rude anecdote about a fan-dancer who aspired to become a life-peer. Just as Lady Godfrey-Jones was preparing to act out her little story, Lady Crumpet, who is usually most sedate at these gatherings, let out a shrill bellow, jumped on the piano and, singing a few bars of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze", took a most unladylike leap at the chandelier. Unfortunately, Lady Crumpet is not as young as she used to be, and she landed on the sideboard between the cold beef and the sliced mutton.

But now, as I sit back and reflect on Election Day, 1959, I realize that the result certainly justified the work of Winston, Anthony, and Mac over the past eight years, and I know that Canada, along with all the other parts of the Empire, agrees with the British electorate that the Old Team should Carry the Ball a few more years.

Two young ladies were dis-suppose you'll be getting married cussing their boy friends, and then?" one said to the other: "I under- "Oh, no," replied the other. stand your boy friend graduates "I want him to practice at least from law school next month. I a year first."

READERS NOTE

Special issues of the **Brunswickan** are coming your way. Tuesday, November 24, sees a 6 page paper saluting the names and personalities in this year's Red 'n' Black Revue. Friday, December 4, will bring forth a festive six-page folio welcoming in the holiday season. Remember, six pages of goodies coming your way on December 4.

There is an apartment building in Fredericton where there is a scarcity of telephones. Because of this, tenants use the hall phone. Most of the girls answer the telephone with, "Who in the hall do you want?"

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