

Oh boy! they finally let me have my own space in the Getaway! — there are so many things I want to tell you...

The Getaway

Wednesday, April 17, 1985

...wait a minute—those cheap bastards, this is the last issue! I've been had! I should have cut off their funding—I should ha...

Floyd Hodgins

“Why not? It's spring!” laughs zany U of A Prez

Exams Cancelled – Go Home

by Bill Dorstop

Summer starts early this year as the spring finals season has ground to an unexpected halt.

“What can I say except blame it on cutbacks?” said flustered university president Myer Horowitz. “We were sure we could afford them this spring but somewhere along the line I guess we just fucked up.”

“We can't afford the paper to print them on or to pay our professors. The profs were willing to give verbal exams, at least until they found out we weren't going to pay them!” chuckled Horowitz before resuming his presidential demeanor.

What sorts of solutions to the problem did Horowitz envision?

“Well, we thought we could charge a \$5.00 per exam surcharge but we thought that would make us look like a bunch of heartless pricks so instead, we're going to pass everyone and send them home early.”

“What?!” screamed VP Internal Gord Stamp, his mustache quivering and eyes alight with righteous indignation.

“That's it! I'm going to go fire the little son-of-a-bitch right now. He'll never work in this business again!” he yelled as he wiped little specks of foam from the corners of his mouth.

“The students on this campus paid for their finals back in September and dammit, I'm going to see they get to write them and get their money's worth!” promised Stamp as he stomped out in search of Horowitz.

Stamp's colleagues reacted in a similarly characteristic fashion.

“Look, it's been a long year, I'm tired and if the university wants to cancel finals and pass everyone fine, 'cause I don't give a shit anymore,” moaned VP Academic Donna Kassian.

“No finals? Golly gee, that's really neat but I have to go get my nails done!” chirped the ever-cheerful VP Finance Christine Ens, as she merrily skipped along to her manicurist.

Another lucid analysis was provided by VP External Paul Alpern, who said: “Personally, I try not to take sides on any issue because after all we're here to try and build a campus together not tear it apart with needless confrontation that doesn't solve anything and makes the world a more complicated place to live which I don't agree with depending on wind direction...”

Alpern was still talking as this reporter left, but swell guy that he is, he didn't seem to mind—or notice.

The last stop before leaving the second floor Hackerama was soon-to-be ex-Getaway editor Gilbert Bouchard who naturally took the side of the underdog.

“What about the poor, the gays, the women, the blacks, the browns, the yellows, the plaids, the overweight frenchmen with Hitler-Youth haircuts, who cares about them? he asked plaintively.

Finally, his mind fogged by the weight of injustice in the world, Bouchard could only rest his head in his hands and weep softly.

“Oh God, school's out two weeks early? But I don't even have a boy-

friend for the summer yet!” wailed second year Home Ec student Susy Maitseecker.

“They're not going to fail anyone?” asked third year Phys Ed student Biff Coldcuts, “after I switched all my courses to audit? God, am I eve dumb!” cried the frustrated jock as he banged his protruding forehead on a cement pillar.

A bearded, beret-wearing artsie-fartsie type, who preferred to remain nameless, said: “No finals? What do I care, all I've done for the past five years is drink coffee and play chess in front of Java Jive until Deweys opens!”

At least one professor was upset by the decision.

Abnormal psych prof. Marki DeSade said: “It's not fair. All year I wait to see helpless, writhing students submit to the dominance of my will, to be punished by the stinging lash of my questions and to see their nubile, defenseless bodies bound through discipline to remain in their seats...”

Dr. DeSade had to excuse herself to splash some cold water on her, uh, face as she clattered away on her stiletto heels towards the nearest washroom.

The last word came from outgoing SU President Floyd Hodgins who after several hours of concentrated thought on the issue, said “Why not?” and “I'm not going to roll over on this issue.”

“This is where I stand,” concluded Hodgins in his soft but firm voice as he pointed to a spot in his carpeted office, far from the maddening crowds.



Even Myer's son Moishe was caught by surprise yesterday

Oops! Wrong road! says Steve's dad

by Ernie Overhead

(SPECIAL TO THE GETAWAY) —

Steve Fonyo arrived in Okotoks Alberta today on his “Journey for Lives”... and discovered, for the fifth time since leaving Calgary earlier this week, that he'd been running in the wrong direction.

“I had the Calgary city map right in front of me,” explained Steve Sr., who drives the support vehicle.

“But it kept slipping sideways when I leaned out the window to wink at those pretty Cowtown girls.”

Fonyo Sr. mistakenly guided his son, who has run all the way from Newfoundland trying to raise funds for cancer research, south out of Calgary instead of west on the Trans-Canada Highway.

Fonyo Sr. screwed up four previous times while attempting to navigate Fonyo Jr. out of the city core. The first attempt ended at the Calgary Zoo; the second landed them in Wrangler's Striptease Palace, a local low-life establishment. The third and fourth tries ended at the Saddledome and the Devonian Gardens, which Fonyo Sr. claims he “sort of wanted to see anyway.”

“Remember, it's awfully boring driving a vehicle around at the speed Steve travels,” Fonyo added.

Fonyo Jr., the young man trying to fulfill Terry Fox's dream of running across the country to fight cancer, was perturbed upon his arrival in Okotoks.

“You mean I've just hopped 20

fuckin' miles in the wrong fuckin' direction?”, Steve exclaimed, rubbing his stump in frustration.

All Steve Sr. could do was grin sheepishly and chastise his son for swearing in front of the press. Steve Jr. responded by threatening to “call that fairy Gretzky a wimp again,” but eventually controlled his temper and asked some locals for directions back to the Trans-Canada.

When word of Steve Fonyo's

Ex-PM left in rain

Joe comes, Royals run

LONDON (CUP) — None of the members of the Royal Family were home when External Affairs Minister Joe Clark visited Windsor Castle today, but the day was not a complete waste of time for the former Prime Minister of Canada.

Clark was in London as part of his Economy Class World Tour to benefit victims of foot-in-the-mouth disease. His goal is to raise enough money to offset the Canadian deficit or to gain respect for himself, whichever comes first.

Clark was pencilled in to see the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and a bonus of either Prince Andrew or the Queen Mother, but missed his appointment due to a “scrum” conducted by gossip-mongering journalists who quizzed

presence got around in Okotoks, the mayor insisted on calling an impromptu parade in Steve's honour. Farmers, ranchers and other Okotoks folks flooded main street, bestowing such gifts as Lethbridge Pil and a large old heifer named Bessie upon the Fonyos. Steve Jr. was invited back this summer to try “Calf Wrasslin” and “Bull Ridin” at the Okotoks Rodeo.

The one-legged cancer victim thanked the crowd, confiding later

to a reporter that he'd “sooner get hit by a transport truck than set foot in Okotoks again.”

Then the Fonyos were off, Steve Sr. with the map right side up this time, Steve Jr. employing his familiar stiff-legged gait, and old Bessie the heifer plodding along behind.

The cross-Canada run is expected to be completed some time in the summer of '85, providing nobody else fucks up.

Clark on Canadian foreign policy.

“The poor man was cowering under an umbrella for the rain,” said Royal Valet Stephen Barry, who answered the Royal door. “I had to take him in; I can't stand to see a man in a wet Marks and Spencer MacIntosh.”

He said the Royal Family was accompanying Boy George on an American talk show tour as his opening act.

Barry invited Clark to tea and an impromptu reading from *Royal Secrets*, his second book about the Royal Family.

Clark, who later sid the bric-a-brac was “sumptuous” and the cucumber sandwiches were “a joy”, stayed approximately 45 minutes.

“It was an enjoyable afternoon,”

Clark told reporters as he ran across the tarmac to catch a flight to Ipswich.

“It was a disappointment to have missed Libby and Phill and the kids, but I found Mr. Barry to be a thoroughly enjoyable man,” added Clark as he latched onto the tail strut of the plane.

Reliable sources say Barry donated 15,000 copies of his book to Clark's clause.

In the next few months or as long as Mulroney is still Prime Minister of Canada, Clark is scheduled to visit David Bowie in his Kyoto home, Jimmy Carter at his plantation in Georgia and John Turner somewhere in Ottawa.