

Aah ... love to love ya, baby

Hi sweetheart. Oh, God what a day. Two exams, three more to study for, I had to write a letter to the *Getaway* and now I have a chance to write to you.

I love you so much dimple bottoms. I would swim the deepest ocean, I would climb the highest mountain, I would slay the most vicious dragon if only I could be at your side. (and maybe we could do again what we did at your parents' cabin the night we did all those ludes.)

I miss your lips; I miss your hips. I miss your eyes; I miss your thighs. And I especially miss all that neat stuff in your pants.

One more week and I'm home for Christmas. And for

Minority's minority

I'm a gay, Catholic, female foreign education student. Talk about oppressed!

Mubungo Rebozo
HUB

COME TO THE AID OF THE PARTY!

The *Getaway* staff party, that is. This Friday - come to 282 SUB for details.

Al. K. Hall will be expecting you!

Blast from the past!

Hi, I'm Joe Clark. Remember me? No, huh. Just checking, sorry to have bothered you.

Mr. Maureen McTeer! I'm not really sure where.

Icky ...

I'm in second year medicine and I just found out where babies come from. Ick!

Cindylou Sensen
Kelsy Hall (on a nice, quiet floor)

... yucky

Some people have their nerve. Our daughter is studying medicine at the U of A. She phoned home last week and tells us she learned where babies come from. In class yet!

Don't these people have any decency? I think it should still be the mother's duty to discuss such things. There was no reason to tell her that sort of thing. She isn't even engaged yet!

Two middle class parents
In a nice small town home

How not to win friends

Herpes are no joke. My ed psych. professor found out and lowered my essay mark back to a 5.

Not only that but my boyfriend wants to know when my period will be over. It's been 3 months now and I think he's getting suspicious.

Nancy deZeeze
c/o University Health

more hugglebunny burgers. Warm the waterbed and all hands on deck. Have you still got that four-poster bed and your father's old ties?

Do all your shopping now angel drawers because when I come home you won't get out for a

Such a sweet man!

I write to protest your newspaper's mistreatment of a fine young man on the front page of a recent issue.

Calling Mr. Horsface a "middle-aged fart" was not only uncalled for, it was an insult to a decent, peace-loving person.

Why, I remember when I used to babysit young Jimmy. He used to be the sweetest little fellow. He was so cute when he pulled my Barry's hair and poked his eyes. (Barry is my son, the one without arms.)

And when he got older he made a fine reputation for himself around here by defending the town against misfits, socialists, and foreigners. He used to pull the

week. And then you'll walk bowlegged for two.

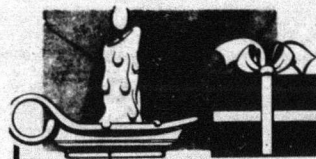
Editor's note: We are withholding the name of the SU executive member who signed this letter. We will release (or withhold) the name according to the highest bidder.

funniest pranks, like the time he burned those crosses on the lawns of those foreigners.

But when he joined the government, he finally got the opportunity to fight for social justice on a really large scale. Like differential fees for those orientals — that was really an overdue thing. And his friends have such good ideas too. Like Less Jeung. He really put the queers where they belong. And Jock Kooksen. Those environmental freaks don't fool him for a minute.

Such a fine group of technocrats deserve respect from the press.

Mrs. B. Thumper
Medicine Hat



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A resident of Three Mile Island

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