

# Overheard in the office

by The Excllobber Eavesdropper

Joe Young, campus radical, to News Editor Ross Howard... 'How's the reactionary press this morning?'... The rest of us to Joe, (in chorus), 'F...off, Joe'.

Richard Levine, layout editor, to Fred Nix: 'It's seven columns or nothing this week, Ferd'.

Business Man Dave Warga to printer, refusing to pay for a screwed-up edition, 'Look Jake, you're a businessman, I'm a businessman, right?'

Copy chief Anita to ex-husband Richard, 4 a.m., 'Dammit, Richard, if I cut it anymore, there won't BE any story left.'

Arhtur (Excalimouse) to no one in particular, 'Will someone please oil the stupid wheel in my cage so it'll stop squeaking.'

Warga, proudly, to staff at large, 'Isn't he the cutest thing?'

Richard to assistant Claire, 'It's really very simple, chickee. You just follow my instructions and set this 24 pica and that over 2, float the logo, move that hed up there to 36-24-2-2, check the layout guide (this week's) for our style, and that's it. Claire, 'oh'.

Ross, coming in (as usual) at the tail end of the conversations, 'That looks like hell, Richard'.

Phyllis, office mother, to friend, 'Oh Clark, stop being such a pompous ass.'

Ross to staffers, one by one, 'Yeah, the story's great--now just shove the lede up there, move that down there, find out who said that, and switch that

around.'

Staffers, 'You mean rewrite it, don't you?'

Linda (ass't news) to Frank (entertainment). 'But Frank honey...'

Kandy and Gale (features) to Fred, 'But Fred you PROMISED no ads on the centre spread this week...'

Photog Dave Cooper to Layout staff, 'When are you guys going to stop butchering our pix...'

Anita to Bob (layout), 'What's the matter with you, don't you listen, you're not listening to me, you clot?'

Bob, calmly, 'Anita, you're xx screaming.'

Richard to Dave, who refused to order pizza tonite, 'Dave, you make a great business manager but a lousy human.'

Ross to Greg (fresh staffer), 'Greg, go to hell'.



I am alone without you on this cold night period i mean what am i to do question mark when you aren't here period

my pen is so full of hay from our last romp together and all i do is sneeze because the feathers are still flying around and get in my nose.

gosh dear wherefore art thou. my nose needs itching and you haven't been here for so long.

please give me your pretty nose to kiss. and that star around your neck to hang in my cage. Our children must know that we are of different religions.

please, anita, sneeze once for men and women and me. hand me my bar of soap as I need to wash my paws.

and oh, anita, i love you, but don't tell anyone.

Love

Arthur



'BORK YOU!'

## -Cops Insecure

by Phyllis Kokko

It was revealed today by an anonymous member of York's security (choke) that this elite group of professional police is suffering from a lack of security.

Sobbed one cop, 'Nobody likes us. Students just have no respect. They never listen and when we inform them politely where to go, they just make lewd suggestions.'

Excalibur staffer Arnim Pitt was last seen trying to soothe the frustrated cop who says that he is only one of many.

As the lonely cop shuffled to his hut he was heard to mutter, 'Wait until next year...'

## Nix returns, Queen's merger

by Arnim Pitt

A more special to Super Sword from Pitt Products Propaganda and Fine Journalism (it's all the same) incorporating considerable slander from Levine News Services.

York, November 30, 1967: Frednix, famed and blamed editor of the York newspaper magazine information sheet (we try to tell all) is reported to have returned victorious to the office today from the field of his latest conquest--the Queen's journey, bringing booty and spoils to be shared by all.

Various staffers waxeth oratorical at the news.

Mr. Nix was unavailable for comment beyond the statement 'Hot damn, have they ever got soft beds at that place.'

During Frednix's great absence the staff was ably managed by mismanaging editor Davie Warga and the advertising crew fresh back from a recruitment program at O'Keefe's Breweries.

Confirmed rumor (let's here it for the confirmed rumors) has it that the staff had so much fun this week during the absence of frednix that a concerted effort is now underway to return him to the scene of his latest onslaught of journalistic enterprise (all that at Queen's?) and leave the staff to play.

Contributions for a one-way ticket to Queens, or Queensland, Australia if we are really serious, will be accepted from any member who remembers all the fun we had playing x and o all over the copy sheets, doodling on the layout sheets, and making paper rockets out of advertising requests.

Mr. Warga requested that all staffers fail to show up this Friday at the office at any time, since there will be no paper to distribute anyway.

Arnim Pit, reputed to be dead in the belly of an old groundhog, entered the observation that the bomb under Mr. nix's desk should be moved over toward the managing editor's desk a bit, to 'get two turds with one stone, so to speak,' but he was promptly rendered silent by a missive from copy desk accusing him of unprintables. He replied in kind.

Mr. Pitt, who was last seen waterskiing on the flooded third floor washroom of F House, said he was too busy at present. However he did mention plans to open an Excalibur Foreign Correspondent Office in Vancouver soon, and reported he is considering another such office in the Rocky Mountains.

## Horrendous Headlines

by Valerie Grant

JOE YOUNG APPOINTED PRES OF HAWKER-SIDDELEY

EXCALIBUR EDITOR RESIGNS, TAKES OVER 'CHILDRENS' DIGEST'

HENRY BEST SMOKES LSD

GENEVA OUTLAWS VERSAFOOD

WINTER CARNIVAL A SUCCESS

BOOKSTORE PROFIT CANCELS NATIONAL DEBT

TORTOISE AND HARE RACE--KEELE BUS COMES THIRD

STUDENT FOUND FROZEN AFTER THREE DAY WAIT FOR KEELE BUS

ROCKEFELLER'S SON DROPS OUT--CAN'T GET STUDENT LOAN

YORK RETALIATES, BOMBARDS PLANES WITH VERSA-ROLLS

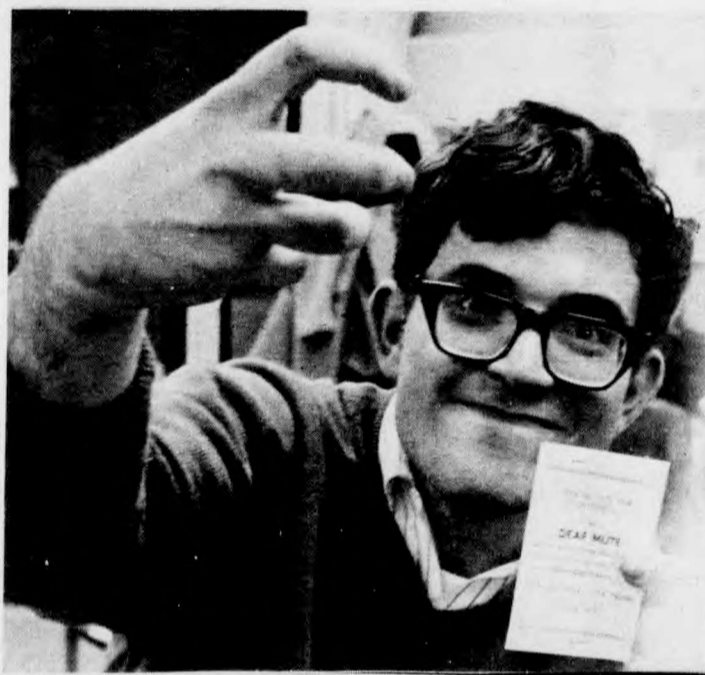
FRED NIX IS A RIGHT-WING FASCIST...BASTARD FEES UP--MAKE YOUR TUNNEL RESERVATION EARLY

RCMP REPLACES SECURITY COPS



Stunned Excalibur staffs discuss impending merger with Queen's Journey. (For background see page 4, column 4) Left to right: Anne Wright, Linda Bohnen, Greg Physick, "Goon", Gale Campbell, Frank Trotter, Howard Tewsley.

## MAUD'S Column



Maud's friend, R...?

## R...reviews layout

MAUD: Hi, R...Are you writing another mad record review.

R: No, Maud, for this last week, we'll have the layout staff scandal sheet. maud; How do you know about the layout staff?

R: Maud, I'm glad you asked that question.

First, there's Bob E., hard-working assistant, who was dragged into the office by a friend of a friend of a friend. Bob (alias Bobo the Robot) automatically rejects any good idea. Says Bob: I like the lolipop they feed me.

Kerry F. who wracks up the entertainment section, usually walks into the office mumbling, all right, what's to do, the paper looks lousy, it stinks, it's putrid. Watch that knife, Kerry.

Claire S., cherubic office-doll-face, giggles her way into everything. Miss S. does nothing right, and everyone gets masochistic pleasure out of talking till they're blue in the face to her. We love you, Claire.

Wendy C. usually walks in 3 hours late puffing on a weed and yelling, all right, let's go get started, I'm here.

Somehow, with the help of Silvie H. (Headline Henrie), Sam man-about-town P., Linda B., Furd N., and Make S.--layoutsie helpers all--the paper gets laid out.

MAUD: How about the layout editor?

R: Who? Well, Maud. It's time to say good-bye to all our friends.

MAUD: (waving hers arms): Good-bye Good-bye everyone. See you next year.