

# Secret handshake revealed



Trekkers Michael and Warren look cautiously about before demonstrating the secret Trekker handshake, known only to members. . .

Confident they are not being observed by outsiders, they shake hands with the obscure grip revealed only upon initiation into the Trekker society.

## True Bus Stories

# The day the bus was late, and why

By JUAN LEFEBVRE

Every Friday since the beginning of the term, it has been my habit to rise at 7:30 a.m., leave my home at 8, take the subway to York Mills station and catch one of the York Mills to York University express buses — chartered from the TTC.

Friday, November 23, an unforeseen event shattered my weekly schedule. On this particular Friday, I arrived at York Mills station at 8:18, and ran from the subway to the bus stop. A bus was loading passengers.

"Aw it's just the first one," I thought. A query to one of my fellow travellers bore this assumption out. A group of us decided to wait for the next bus and thus be assured of a seat.

The minutes flashed by. Three Wilson buses had already come and gone, but still no sign of the second bus. The crowd began to rumble.

"Where the heck is that bus anyway?"

"Boy, if it doesn't come soon I'll be late for my lab."

"Darn T.T.C. We should never have let them on this route anyways."

A fourth Wilson bus came to a stop in front of us, and we rushed to it.

"Where's our bus?" we demanded.

"Oh, it will be along any minute now. I saw it behind me in the station."

But as we sadly found out, you can't trust a T.T.C driver. Our bus didn't come for another 15 minutes.

When the bus did show up, there was a T.T.C. inspector on board. Good; we had some questions for him.

"Ya big goof!"

"Why the heck was the bus late?"

"You gonna call us cabs so we'll get to class on time?"

"We were here at 8:20, where were you?"

He responded, "Now listen here — York cancelled the second bus yesterday and it's not our fault you didn't find out. Yer lucky we're even gonna give you a ride."

"Oh," we said.

## The Trekker serial

# Chapter eight: The rabid wombat

(continued from page one)

... the headless chicken roamed the barnyard, cackling despondently and searching for direction.

The inspector turned quickly and pointed a gnarled finger at the child. "What was Louis Pasteur noted for?"

Pasteur allowed himself a brief chuckle and accepted a magazine from the nurse.

"This won't hurt a bit," she said, turning into a hyena. The rest of her speech was lost in the roar of a B-52 bomber flying overhead.

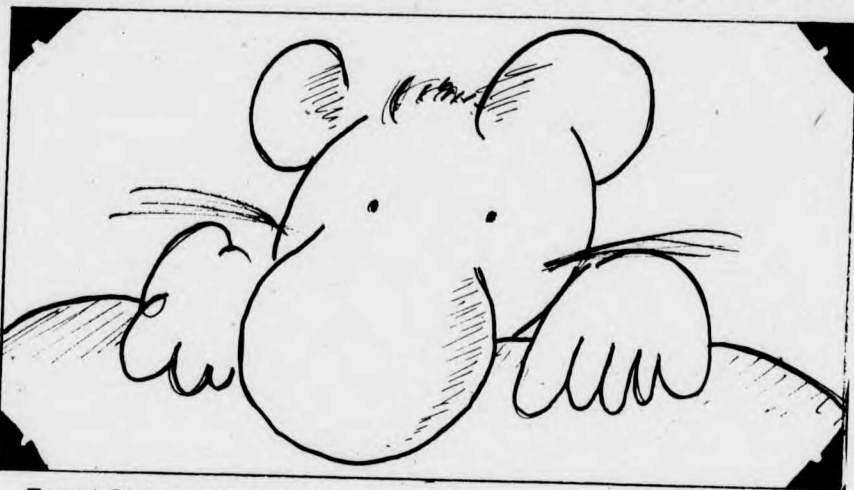
"Sure wish I was up on that one, Sarge."

"What's this country coming to, anyway? Only yesterday, somebody took a pair of wire clippers and cut through the fence locking in the North Forty."

He tried to laugh, but June could see it was hopeless. She bathed his face in the blood of a new-born calf, and sat back to admire the effect.

"Early 19th century, wouldn't you say?" remarked Sir George, sheathing his sword. "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Peter hitched up his pants and mo-



Travel Club combed its files to find this rare baby picture of Freckles, the Trekker wombat mascot. Shortly after this picture was taken, Freckles, the runt of his litter, developed an allergy to cash. He breaks out in hives whenever any lucre is pulled out on the bus.

ved into the amphitheatre. A crowd of 15,000 rose and applauded.

"Thank you," said Peter. It had been a long day, and he was tired. Damn tired.

In the distance, a cow lowed as the moon passed into its third cycle. The roar of cannon scattered the silence like buckshot. Sarah smoothed her

skirt and sat up behind the barn. She brushed a few blades of straw from her shoulder.

At dawn, the sun bled like a severed orange.

## Want ads

**LOST.** One bus driver. Medium height, stocky build, dark hair. Last seen climbing through side window during an impromptu chanting of the Trekkers' theme song following the annual Bite-What-You-Can Trekker dinner at Hepple's gas station.

**FOUND.** A reel of mildly pornographic film, left behind the back seat in a brown paper bag. Located by bus driver the morning after the Trekker's Hallowe'en bash and combination Bath-tub race. Scared the hell out of Freckles the Wombat, who is very young and not aware of such things. Film can be picked up from the 9th floor Ross, where the Head Trekker screens it every day at 9 and 11 p.m. !1 admission, 75 cents for legitimate Trekkers.

**EATEN.** Who ate my peanut butter sandwich? I left it on the luggage rack and when I came back the next day it was gone. Is there no trust left in this world? I would hate to think a Trekker had done it. Please make me a new peanut butter sandwich and leave it by the mail drop in Central Square. No questions asked.



## Let's name the bus!

We at Travel Club are happy to be the first with the good news: the York Bus Service is getting a new bus. To commemorate the occasion, Travel Club is holding a "Name the Bus" contest.

First prize is a free fill-up at Hepple's gas bar.

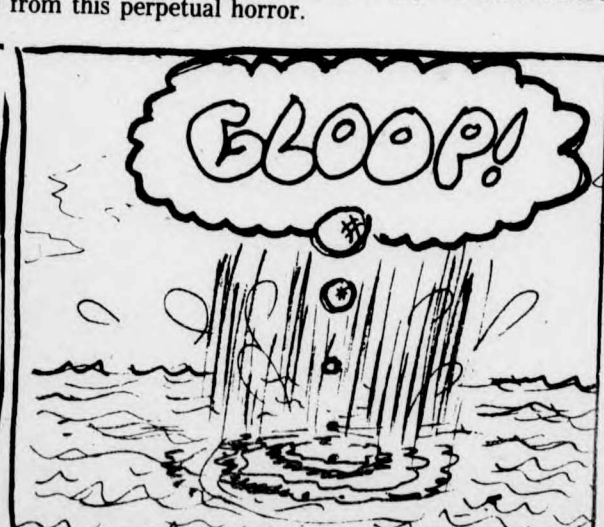
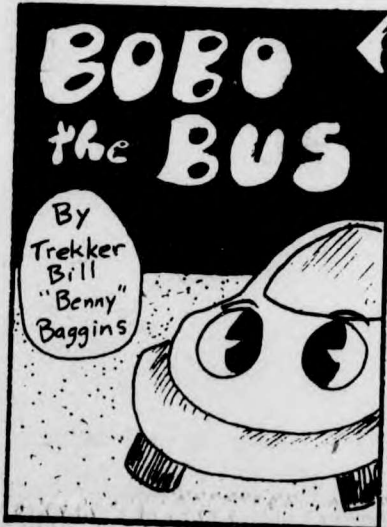
Second prize is an "all you can keep down" dinner at the Central Square Cafe.

Third prize is free admission to

the University of Toronto Natural Science lecture series, "Man and his nasal passages."

You may enter as often as you like but entries must be in no later than May 30. Send a stomped, well-dressed post card to:

CONTEST,  
Room 107,  
Third cubicle from the wall,  
Central Square,  
York University.



END