

The Getaway

Wednesday, December 11, 1985



Baaaad things at U of A farm

by Bub Slunk

Getaway photographers have gotten conclusive evidence that a U of A Agriculture professor is sexually harassing livestock at the U of A farm.

Staff photographers Lustful Beercan and Slim Feller followed professor Troy Blurb last Friday to the U of A farm where he religiously goes each day after classes to "do research".

Students say that Blurb, who teaches Animal Science courses, has shown questionable behavior before.

Blurb is the university's expert on the sexual practices of domestic animals. He claims that animal sexuality is really no different from human sexuality.

Blurb's area of specialization is ruminant physiology and he seems to be especially fond of sheep. Students say he often reminisces in classes about growing up on a farm in Manitoba. Apparently he was a lonely child but had the animals on the farm to keep him company.

"In class sometimes he tells a joke about how whenever his mother suggested that he go out and play with the kids in the area he thought she meant the baby sheep on the farm," said a former student who refused to be identified.

Blurb is known for his poor hygiene. "He comes to class smelling like a pigsty," said one student.

Though he's a popular professor, Blurb, a bachelor, is somewhat of a recluse. Oddly enough, he has been seen whispering in the ears



Animal harassment is happening everyday — what's being done to stop it?

of prize-winning livestock at agriculture exhibitions. A student who likes Blurb claims he has an enthusiasm for his field. "He always tells us how we need 'hands on' experience to really enjoy agriculture."

Blurb sheepishly declined comment on the Getaway's allegations.

Such behavior may not be under the jurisdiction of P.A.C.S.H. and the SPCA may have to step in if Blurb is

asked to account for his shenanigans.

Dr. Pristineson, a professor interviewed earlier this year by the Getaway about his liberal views concerning pornography and child sex maintains his stance regarding the Blurb incident.

"Sexual practices are private. Sanctions on them are culturally determined and are often due to prejudice and ignorance.

"The life of the farm animal

is not very exciting and they are sexually underprivileged. Perhaps the university should begin studying how sexual variation may increase livestock well-being and production. What's more, with humans and animals, there's no need for contraception."

Unlike sexual harassment in other areas of the University, these victims are destined to remain silent victims. Is there a cover-up in

progress? Are other professors indulging in similar misconduct?

Maybe Dr. Blurb is doing secret research about Ruminant Sexual Response and has innocent motives but is afraid of persecution by his peers.

Whatever happens next, Blurb will surely be under close scrutiny, especially during the upcoming Winter Agriculture Research Fair next week at the Agricom.

Pig dead at Animal Psych retreat

by Hospadar L'Etranger

A pig lies on a stainless steel slab in the bowels of the University of Alberta Hospital. The apparent cause of death? Carbon monoxide poisoning as the result of a suicide attempt.

Meyer Horwitz sits behind a large oak desk, his feet resting on top, his hands clasped behind his head, a large smile on his face. The connection? The pig (we'll call her Debbie) had, only a week before, been a participant in a group encounter session conducted by the Animal Psychology Department at a farm apparently owned by Dr. Horwitz.

What drove this young porcine pugilist (Debbie had a promising career as a boxer) to the deperate act of suicide? What events had transpired so recently in her life to cause a tiny seed of discontent to explode into a forest of alienation that would cause Debbie to embrace oblivion?

For answers to these questions we consulted Debbie's friends, all of whom asked to remain anonymous, who were also participants in the group encounter session cited above.

To begin with, it is important that the public realize these sessions have been nicknamed the Beast Retreat

by veterans of the experience.

All of Debbie's friends concurred that she experienced a profound emotional reaction to the touchy-feely sessions that were a part of the Beast Retreat and seemed withdrawn after an encounter with Dr. Horwitz. One of her friends said that Debbie once stated in conversation, "that animal, I'd like to cut off his forever wandering hands", and Debbie's friend believed she was talking about Horwitz.

We at the Getaway have volumes of heresy we would love to substantiate, but must content ourselves now with slanderous allegations, juven-

ile reportage and general incompetence.

However, for now we must content ourselves with unanswered questions: Was Debbie's death really suicide? Did Dr. Horwitz abuse his position of authority? Will this article land us in legal hot water?

But be comforted. We here at *The Getaway* will keep rooting into this sordid mess to protect your interests. We, unlike the campus' other so-called publication, know which side our bread is buttered on.

And still, Debbie the pig lies stiff and cold in the morgue. It's a tragedy Dr. Horwitz, isn't it?



Debbie's seen better days.

Engineers really boring NERDS

by James T. Kirk

A national Engineering student's organization aimed at changing the popular image of engineering faculties recently began a recruitment drive on campus and may succeed in having Engineering Week cancelled.

According to Horace Whitehead, the Alberta chapter president of The National Engineers for Respect

and Deceny Society (NERDS), students have been "on the whole, very receptive to our objectives and philosophy of existence."

"Basically, we're concerned that because of a small minority of engineering students, the entire faculty has been stereotyped as a bunch of beer-drinking, nymphomaniac bozos."

"Actually, most of us would rather stay at home with a good

technical manual than go out on a Friday night."

"What we're trying to do is start a public relations campaign designed to break down these stereotypes and foster better relations with other faculties, especially Arts."

With this in mind, NERDS has been actively lobbying to have Engineering Week, the annual second semester blowout in which engineers run wild over the cam-

pus, cancelled.

"It's exactly the kind of thing that we don't need. As usual, there's a small but vocal minority behind this thing, spoiling it for the rest of us."

"Even if we can't get it cancelled, there are enough of use that are going to boycott it so that it probably won't come off anyway."

"We're presently organizing some alternate activities that will be

a little more reasonable."

Those being planned include a 'nifty calculator contest' to find out whose calculator makes the neatest noises and has the most functions, and a marathon 'compute-off' in which engineers would compete with each other in trying to solve complex mathematical equations.

Also on the agenda are various seminars whose topics will cover consumer product studies as they relate to calculators, batteries, plastic pocket savers and other engineering paraphenilia.

As well, information exchanges letting everyone know for example, "from which retail outlet flood pants can be purchased most cheaply," will be held.

Skit Night is another area where White's group is trying to change the engineer's traditional focus.

"I enjoy a good joke as much as anyone but some of the skits have simply been too much for any right-thinking person. We'd really like to see the skits reflect more wholesome themes and values than what has been the case in the past."

"Some new ideas that various group members have suggested are, 'Humorous Job Interviews,' 'Humorous Work Situations,' and 'How To Cover Your Ass When The Bridge Falls Down'."

When asked exactly how many engineers had actually joined NERDS, Whitehead merely nodded significantly and said, "Lots. Actually, most engineers are NERDS."

Whitehead also mentioned that he would be heading up a slate of NERDS for the Student Union elections in the spring.

"Our group needs a stronger political voice. We want to eliminate the guys who give us a bad name, we want respect from the other faculties and we want engineers to be taken more seriously on campus."

Getty gives sewage plant perfect name

by Failin Mytests

Premier Don Getty has relented on the Kananaskis Country name change. In a decisive move he has renamed the Rosedale Sewage Plant the Lougheed Treatment Facility.

Getty described the move as being "decisive," and he feels it shows him to be a true leader.

The new name is intended to be a statement on our times according to Getty. "Mr. Lougheed was a great administrator, he is responsible for a great amount of the progress this province has gone through in the last decade. I wanted to portray that image of our society, and effluent is certainly a great reminder of our progress. This is a strong statement of what Albertans, and conservatives everywhere are all about."

Ray Martin of the New Democrats described the move as being wasteful: "The New Democrats have always accused the Tories of being wasteful, and I think this proves it," he said. "Mr. Getty is trying to associate all Government waste with Mr. Lougheed, and that just won't do. Mr. Getty is going to have to take a lot of shit over this."

In an ongoing commentary on the situation, Dr. Eagleman of the



Lougheed at black-tie sewage plant re-naming ceremony: up to his knees in shit.

Political Science department feels the move to be politically astute. "Getty has made his first true political decision," he said, "I think this move may set the pace for his entire term in office. . . ."

The Treatment plant has recently begun renovations. New landscaping on the exterior as well as an entirely new interior decor has lightened the mood at the plant.

The foreman at the plant, Mr. E. Lector, was very impressed with the renovations. "I think the old place looks great," he said "I would have preferred a different shade of blue on the walls, but who am I to complain."

The cost of the renovations should be about \$3 million. Getty feels the money is well spent. "We take waste seriously," he said.

However, Lougheed himself was unimpressed and, in fact, distressed about the decision.

"It stinks, it's the shits," he said agitatedly. "My low-life grandfather stole the shit outta people and got a mountain named after him. I bust my ass for 20 years for this province, taking shit from everyone and their dog, and they name a fucking sewage plant after me. Now I'm going to have to take shit forever. I think that's bullshit."



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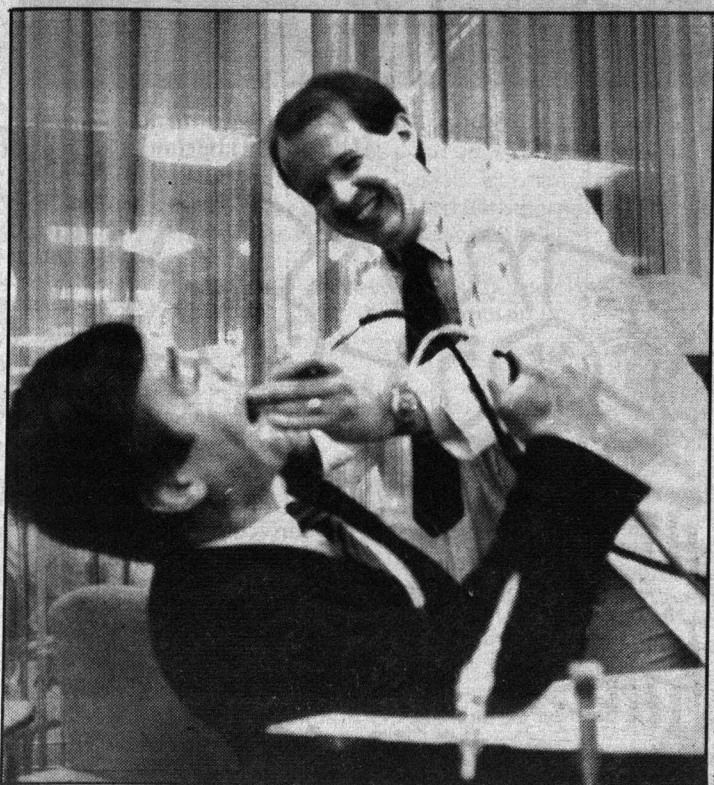
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Hidden camera confirms Julie's allegations of Dirty Dental Tricks.

Koziak cracks up

by Sue Denom

Julian Koziak, the MLA who ran unsuccessfully for the leadership of the Alberta Progressive Conservative Party, has admitted to the Getaway that he was forced to curtail his campaign activities.

"It's true, it's all true," Koziak blubbered to the Getaway in an exclusive interview. "Getty forced me to sign a pact guaranteeing my defeat."

Koziak charged that Don Getty, who won the leadership race and became premier of Alberta, sent "some guy named Guido" to his office to "work on" him.

"It was horrible! He didn't even use anaesthetics!" wailed Julie.

The Getty henchman allegedly relented when Koziak promised to let up on campaign goodies like unlimited interest-free loans to all Albertans, abolition of "Brick" TV commercials and appointment of current Manpower Minister Ernie Isley to the post of Afghan Gaseous Substances Inspector.

Koziak suffered shattered pride and a cracked facial veneer.

Getty was not available for comment.

Photo: Slim Feller

Watch those P's & Q's

by Elan Ostrich
Canadian Uniformity Press

What sexual nature of the English alphabet?! — you ask. But now, for the first time in the history of Language, the secret sexual tendencies of ABC have been revealed! Yes these letters we use daily have hidden identities.

You see, not all letters are straight. In fact, very few are. We have a rather liberal alphabet. The largest category is the homosexuals. These letters are of course attracted to their own kind: B (as in robbed); C (as in success); D (add); F (fluffy); G (flogged); L (very strong homosexual drives — as in 'Fallow's balls'); P (stopped); R (slurred). These are the pure homosexuals.

The other letters have their sexual quirks, too, of course. O, for example, has homosexual tendencies, as in 'ooze' or 'soon'; but he also enjoys a menage a trois with a (con)(son)ant on each side (you see what I mean!). M and N are bisexuals with a strange attraction to each other, as in 'damn'. V and A are seemingly straight, but are actually homosexual letters that haven't come out of the closet yet — although they sometimes slip up and appear in 'Aaron' and 'savvy'. H is straight with a strong heterosexual desire for T — but T is a bi (as in 'dotted'); this has broken H's heart. Poor straight old K, who is crazy for C, suffers from the same sad state of affairs.

I is straight. I is very boring. I does not approve of the heady sexual vibes about him. I is, in fact, the only Moral Majority member of the English alphabet.

Q is a special case. Q has bad breath so no one can bear being with him except U, who has no sense of smell. No one likes Q, not

even other Q's; I feel sorry for Q, but glad that he has a stable partner, for Q and U are inseparable, although U will be seen in public with other letters.

E and S are the sluts of the alphabet. They will go with just about any letter. They are both bi's, figuring in words like 'need' and 'kiss'. But E manages to get into any word, mostly through her close associations with other vowels ('read'; 'true'). S simply follows along, tagging with any old letter, totally indiscriminate. She'll do anything to make it plural. Her favourite sexual partners are H,T,R,C, ('stuck'; 'scum', etc...). In German these pals really get together for orgies ('Schmit'). E and S are of

course, proud to pair up in SEX.

X, however, is rather embarrassed to be part of the word. X,Y,Z and W are straight and do not make many public appearances. W is the most outgoing of the four, but they are all rather shy. They do not bother so much with the alphabet as the number system. They spend most of their time slaving in math problems, only to become a number at the end that takes all of the credit. They lead tough lives with no glory. Consequently, they do not have much time or energy for sex even if they weren't so inhibited. I do feel sorry for X,Y, and Z. They certainly miss out on the exciting, complex, and various sex scene of the English Alphabet.

Mary Gifford's Home Entertainment Centre

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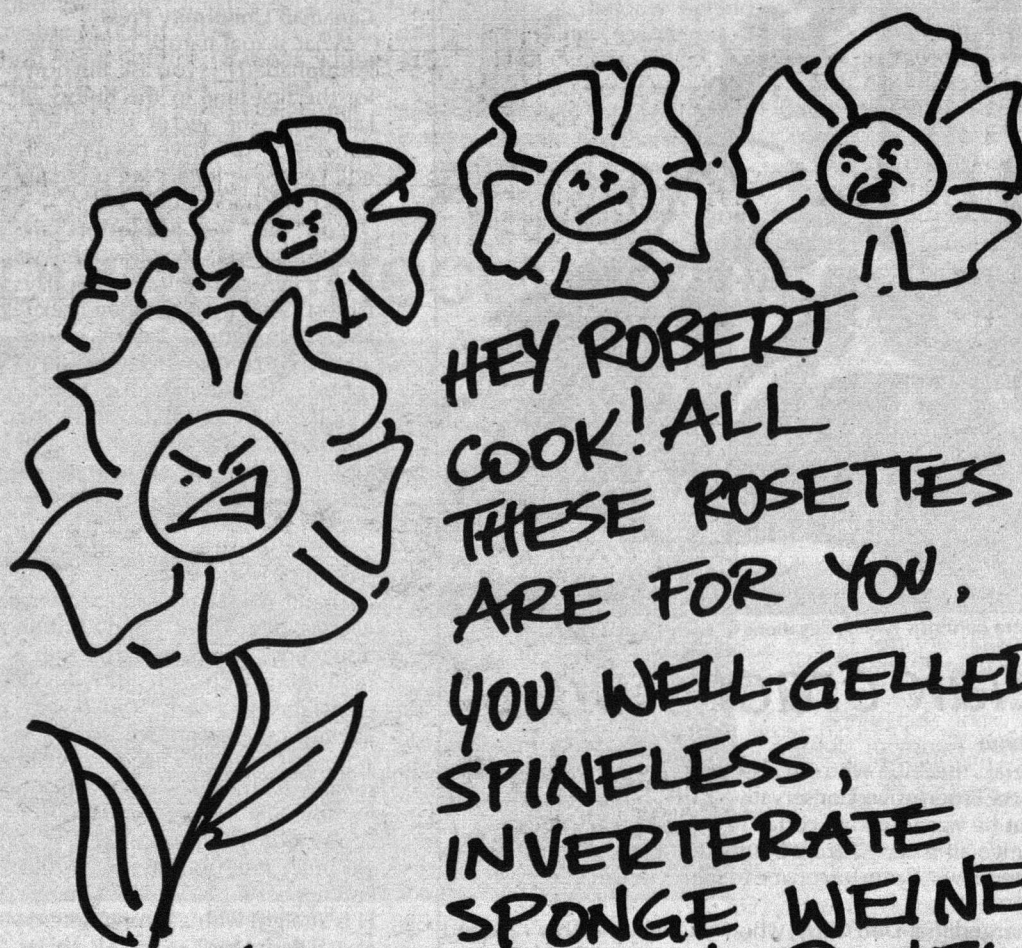
Famous for more than our Cinnamon Buns.

Opinion

Editorial

We're sick of thinking about issues. They make our brains hurt. Fuck off and leave us alone.

Love, love, kisses, kisses, *The Getaway* staff.



HEY ROBERT COOK! ALL THESE ROSETTES ARE FOR YOU, YOU WELL-GELLED, SPINELESS, INVERTERATE SPONGE WEINER!

Getaway '85 Hospodar/Etranger

Letters to the Editor

Sheepish obsession

Dear Editor: I was completely infuriated upon reading the completely one-sided coverage The Getaway has given this animal harassment issue. I can't believe you at The Getaway would stoop to such a low level of yellow journalism. It is obvious to me, or any hot-blooded human being, that those sheep asked for it. They go bleating through life with those little tails wiggling in the air. Every time I cruise by that farm, I can just smell those little bitches. I can hear them bleating. I know that they're just begging for it. If you were a real paper, you'd expose that side of the story! EH!

B.B. Wolf

Biking truth

To Editors: I think Wayne Lavold, Robert Sears, and Don Bobey have made a complete farce of the bicycle issue on campus. People were made to walk, cars were made to drive, cycles were made to ride, and rules were made for fools. None of these moral fools have approached the issue with any perspective at all. If any of these limp-

headed nerds had ever climbed on a hog and felt it purr between their thighs they would really know the meaning of power. When I hear of some nun being bowled over by a roaring chopper, I know for sure that guy enjoyed it. Even when I see some fairy on a bicycle run over some namby-pamby pedestrian, I laugh. Before these twerps come down heavy on us free-wheelers, they should at least try a little recklessness before they open their moral minority mouths. Son of Bitch Rebels

Secret Union

Dear Sir: I recently overheard two of The Getaway staff reminiscing about their rookie days. Apparently The Grime trains three quarters of your staff. As soon as they become seasoned writers, (or at least semestered), you scoop them up and pay them money to write the same old trash. I also know The Getaway bought a fancy word processor which digests that same trash and shits it out into column-sized articles. Why don't you do us all a favour: quit training your staff at The Grime and let the word processor do all the work; or at least step out from behind your smoke

Letters cont. on p. 5

CORRECTION

The date for the next Writing Competency Test is not Jan. 7 as reported in the Dec. 5 issue of the Gateway. The date for the next WCT is Jan. 11. We apologize for any inconvenience.

The Getaway

Editor-in-Chief: Sue Denom
News Editor: Dam Beaver, Bill Doorstop
Managing Editor: Hospodar L'Etranger
Entertainment Editor: Lance Progenitor
Sports Editor: Patty O'Furniture
Photo Editor: Idi Amin
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Circulation: Gorge Wonum, er, Ominum, uh, Smith
The Getaway is the newspaper of brain-dead University of Alberta students. Contents are no one's responsibility and, of course, reflect the views of the gutter squatters. Subjects of articles are intended to take offense and sue our asses off 'cause we don't have any money anyway. Ha-ha-ha. Don't bother trying to contact us about anything 'cause we're elitist and don't give a damn what your opinions are, Scarlett. The Getaway is a member of Canadian Uniformity Press.
...so Harry Reasoner comes into the bar and says "Say, Wayne Crouse you old goat, where's that hot lil' Barbara Walters?" Just then, in stumbles Carl Sagan and David Suzuki pulling Barbara Kelly wrapped in scotch tape and old candy wrappers. "Hey, she stole my watch", cries Eddy Keen, accidentally letting drop Walter Cronkite's wallet, Diane Sawyer's purse and Ruth Westheimer's kitchen sink from the secret pockets in his trenchcoat... whups, wrong staffbox, sorry everyone.

Opinion

Letters cont.

screen, stop shooting your mouths off at each other, and admit that *The Grime* and *The Getaway* are really the same organ.

PeeWee "Sassy" Seseek
Bitch'n'complain IV

History fucked

I must protest SUB Theatre's decision to screen Michael Cimino's film *Year of the Viking*. This racist flick portrays Nordics as nothing more than a pack of raping, pillaging barbarians, crazed by akvavit and pickled herring. By totally misrepresenting Viking excursions to England and other parts of Europe, we Scandinavians are seen as nothing but a bunch of stereotyped blonde-haired thugs. In fact, the so-called "invasions" of the Vikings were nothing more than your average tourist influx, comparable to the tourist invasions of our own day. There were some regrettable incidents, to be sure, but they happen today as well. Imagine that you were promised a first-class trip to Normandy or somewhere, and then they packed you onto a smelly wooden longship for a month. You would be in an ugly mood, too. In fact, the end result wasn't much different from a Shriner's convention or your average Bears' road trip.

Jim Geekstra
Historical Accuracy II

Escape wanted

To Whom It May Concern:

Getaway is a perfect name for this issue. As I sit gazing at a picture of waves on the beach (not being sexist I won't mention what they're breaking over), I keep thinking — When can I get away?

I'm waiting for editors to edit, reporters to report, photographers to photog, lay-out people to lay it out, and entertainment editors to entertain.

What do I want to do? Right now, all I want to do is "GET AWAY"!

The Typesetter

Sproosh sprout

To the vegetable-eating populace:

No, I'm not related to that sprout guy. I've never seen him before in my life. In fact, I'll give ten cans of creamed corn to whoever can get rid of him for me.

You better hurry up, because if he doesn't stop following me around asking me stupid questions, I'm going to squish him between my toes and use him for fertilizer. Ho-ho-ho.

The Green Giant
Agriculture II

Ethiopia Sings

Dear Editor:

It has come to my attention that Ethiopia is suffering from a drought and once again the West has extended its wonderful hand and sent millions of dollars in relief for this poverty-stricken country. My heart warmed when I saw how musicians and entertainers rallied around for a cause. But I sincerely think that this wonderful gesture was completely wasted. Maybe, just maybe, we can save people from this disaster, but what happens when the next drought comes?

My suggestion to these humanitarians would be to go to Ethiopia and teach people there how to play music within their own country, record their own records and sell them to their own people, thereby no longer being dependent on the West in times of need.

Though I honor those who have given so much to help these people, we should not be so short-sighted in our charity. It is our responsibility to teach those less fortunate how to succeed in this cruel world.

Once we have taught these Third World countries how to sing loud and obnoxious music, they too will be able to support themselves in a manner which we have become used to. They too will be able to enjoy lots of liquor, drugs, and wild sex. The next time there is a drought, they will just have to get together and make a record which they can sell to their own people thereby helping themselves.

Naively,
Pollyanna
Home Ec I

Can Petro-Can

Leading question:

If Petro-Canada is mine, when do I get to fire somebody?

Jens Andersen
Hack Writing IX

Airwave lobotomy

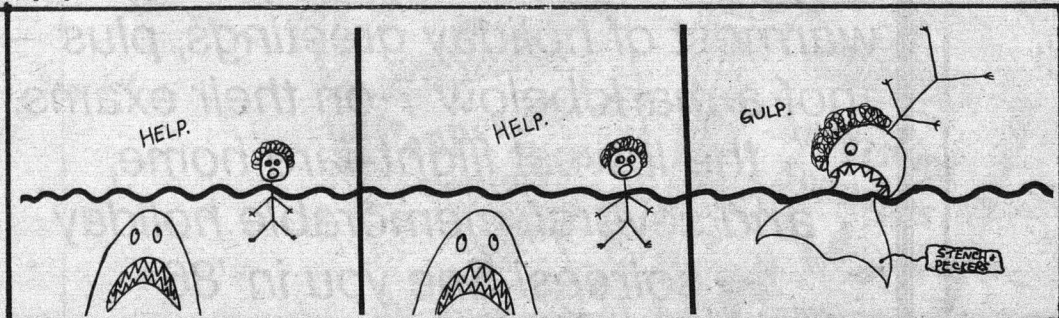
Dear Way to Go!

Please don't go! Get a way to make council real. Get a way to make council real? Hmmm. Get a way to make council real! Put 'em on radio, eh??? It's an Airtight case! eh? Gettin' it on the air ways! Even be worth payin' for!!!

yer friendly get a way from
and to reality
C-eh?-SR-FM

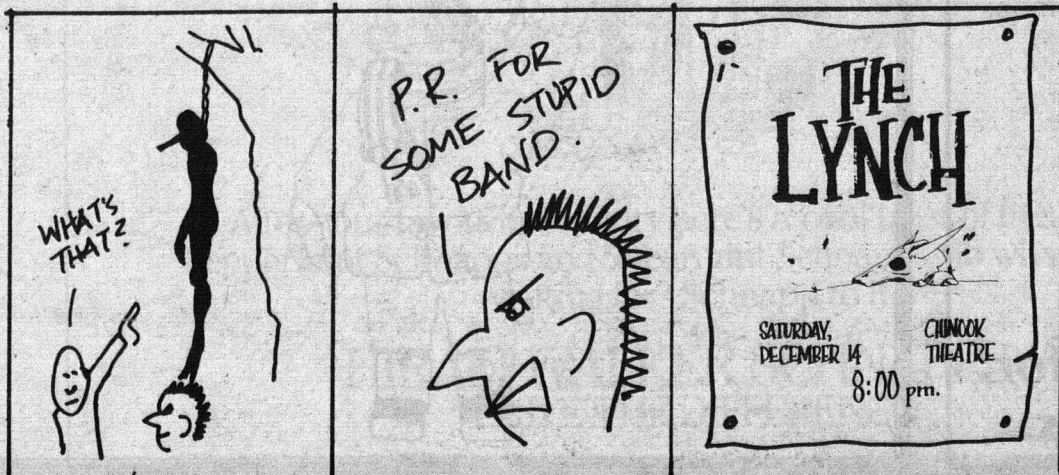
Comics what ain't for kids

2 poplars and nine tomatoes



Stench and Peckers

The Comic Zone?



Hospodar L'Etranger

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Law Library Sexposé: Getaway tells all

by Catty Bitchmore

In keeping with *The Getaway's* reputation for truly fine investigative journalism (watch out Les Nessman), we have uncovered, right here on campus, a clandestine den of ill-repute where seemingly sophisticated students gather to perform blatant acts of social foreplay.

This is a place where Sperry Topsiders, Gucci watches, and pastel polo shirts abound. (No Artsies please.)

Yes, it is none other than the Law Library.

Several students have come forward to reveal the titillating facts in an exclusive interview with *The Getaway*.

Bubbly, blonde Buffy (not her real name) is a first year Psychology

who added, "like, I had my eye on 'Wads' (Wendell Colin Wadsworth III, Dean's List Law puppy) for, like, weeks!"

Buffy claimed that upon her first visit to the Law Library, 'Wads' discovered her painting her nails behind a book stack. She said she couldn't help but notice the cut of his suit and the large, but tasteful, pinky ring he brandished on his right hand. Wadsworth supposedly lured her into the stairwell where both acted out their wildest fantasies.

"Like, I could feel his hot breath

"Everything that this Muffy...uh, Mindy, no I mean Buffy, has told you is absolutely true," admitted Wadsworth. "As I'm sure you're aware, Ms. Bitchmore, persons of high social status often donate their time, energy, and even their names to charity events because it is gratifying to give something to the

which can be found in the Law Library.

"The chicks in Law all wear high

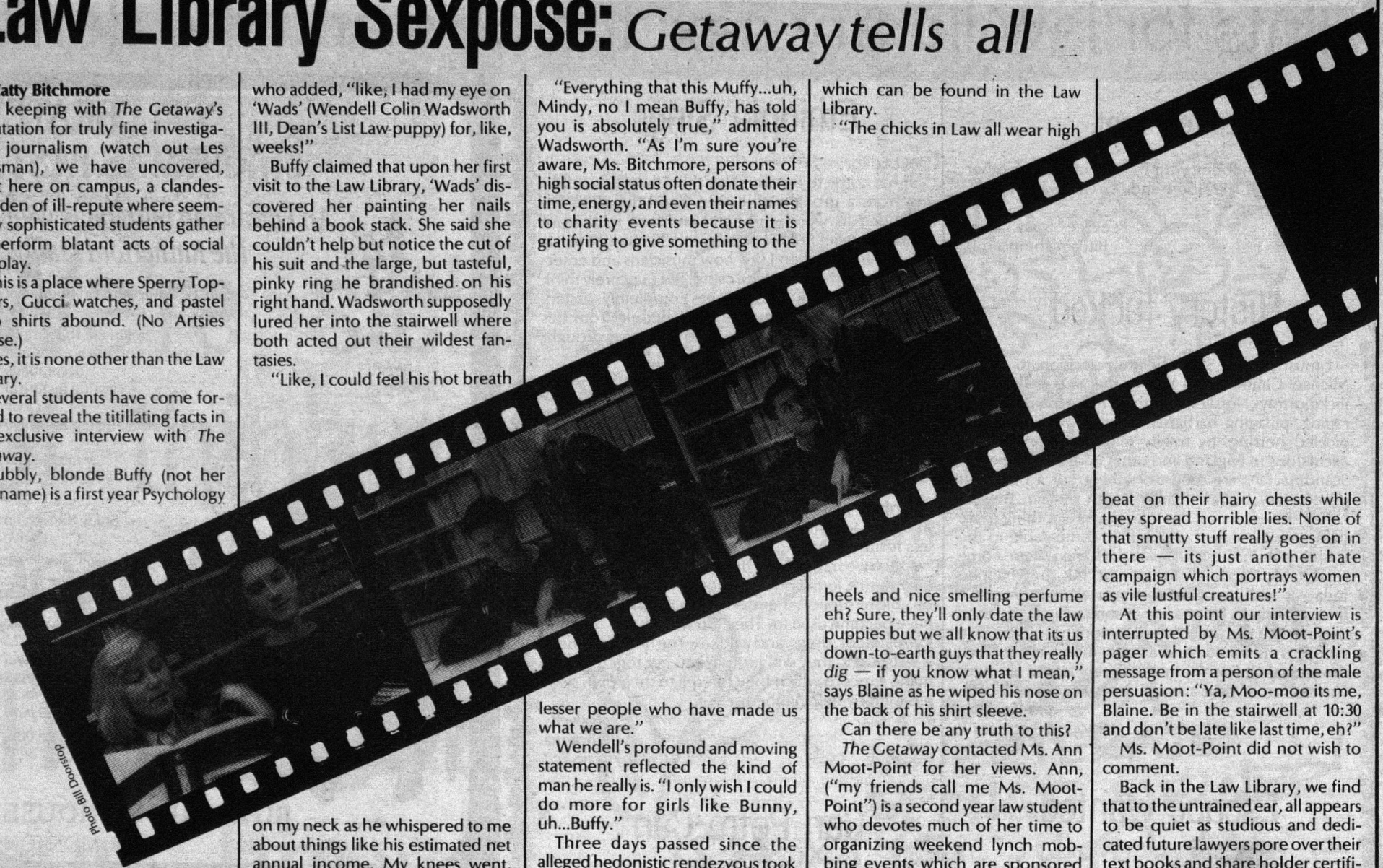


Photo: Jill Donohue

student who is pursuing an MR. degree in Law ("or maybe, uh, Engineering.")

"Like, all the really classy guys on campus hang out here and, like, I want to get my hooks into, like, a real man. Like, you know, someone I can really count on to, like, pay off my credit cards before I turn, like, nineteen," gushed Buffy

on my neck as he whispered to me about things like his estimated net annual income. My knees went, like, weak and the figures he quoted sent, like, shivers down my spine. I can't describe, like, how hot I got when he said he meant *after taxes*."

The Getaway contacted Wendell Colin Wadsworth III at his private, carrel to get his comments on the purported events.

lesser people who have made us what we are."

Wendell's profound and moving statement reflected the kind of man he really is. "I only wish I could do more for girls like Bunny, uh...Buffy."

Three days passed since the alleged hedonistic rendezvous took place in the stairwell and all seemed calm in the Law Library. The idyllic aura of justice has, however, been recently disturbed by the infiltrations of certain sordid types posing as privileged sophisticates.

Blaine (his real name) is an Engineering student on a mission. His main ambition is to meet a 'today' kind of woman like those

heels and nice smelling perfume eh? Sure, they'll only date the law puppies but we all know that its us down-to-earth guys that they really dig — if you know what I mean," says Blaine as he wiped his nose on the back of his shirt sleeve.

Can there be any truth to this?

The Getaway contacted Ms. Ann Moot-Point for her views. Ann, ("my friends call me Ms. Moot-Point") is a second year law student who devotes much of her time to organizing weekend lynch mobbing events which are sponsored by the Women's Centre.

"The Law Library has become overrun by macho pigs who are spreading vicious rumors about what we women really want from men. Those Engineer types spend their summers up on dirty oil rigs eating beans and farting. Then they return to march in to a civilized sanctuary like the Law Library to

beat on their hairy chests while they spread horrible lies. None of that smutty stuff really goes on in there — its just another hate campaign which portrays women as vile lustful creatures!"

At this point our interview is interrupted by Ms. Moot-Point's pager which emits a crackling message from a person of the male persuasion: "Ya, Moo-moo its me, Blaine. Be in the stairwell at 10:30 and don't be late like last time, eh?"

Ms. Moot-Point did not wish to comment.

Back in the Law Library, we find that to the untrained ear, all appears to be quiet as studious and dedicated future lawyers pore over their text books and share holder certificates. As one draws near the stairwell, what sounds at first like a malfunctioning air conditioner system, turns out to be the reverberating echoes of heavy breathing. No one seems bothered by this; in fact, no one even notices it. The sounds of panting and pawing have very much become a part of the Law Library ambience.



The Getaway

and

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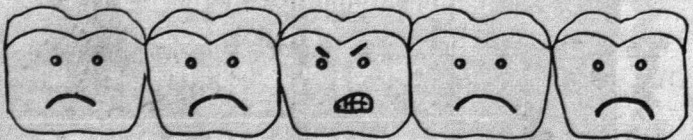
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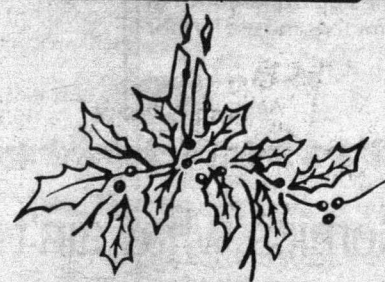
Just tell us in 250 words or less what you think the blob represents and you could win a FREE CAB Cafeteria Combo: Buffalo Burgers and Tory Tuna Salad!

Drop off entries at Rm 282 SUB and we'll publish your suggestions in January!



Another Reason we're famous for more than our Cinnamon Buns.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



HUB Mall wishes everyone the warmest of holiday greetings, plus — not a mark below 7 on their exams, the lowest flight-fare home, and several, memorable holiday soirees! See you in '86



Hints for law library sex: the do's and the don't's

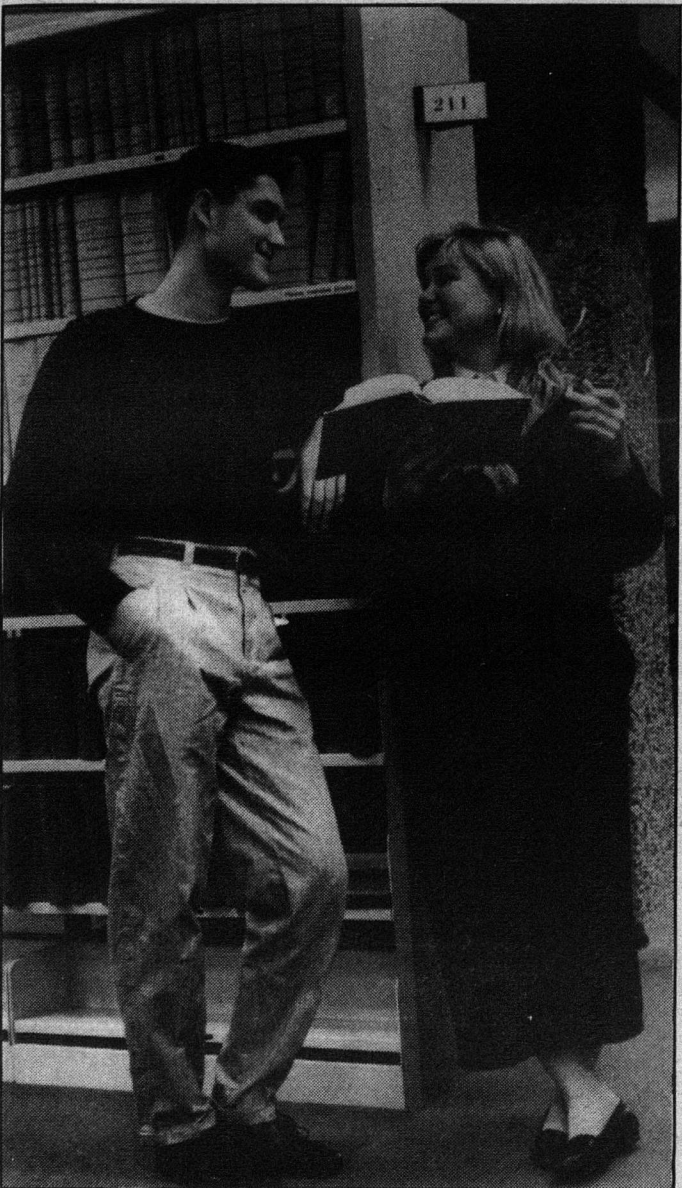


Photo Bill Doorstop

by Emily Post

With the holiday season upon us and the end of exams in sight, it is time, once again to seek out ever new forms of hedonistic over-indulgence.

Adequate avenues of debauchery can be found in drinking, drugs and overeating, but all three are poor substitutes for what we all really want — SEX.

Everybody who's anybody on campus these days knows that the place to find it is in the Law Library.

One does not, however, throw oneself into that arena without knowing the rules of etiquette and dress code that should be strictly adhered to by all Law Library hopefuls. We at the Getaway have taken the liberty of compiling a few helpful hints, as illustrated.

DO:

look for a prospect who shares your level of clean-cut yuppiness

greet your prospect in a friendly and unassuming way

have textbooks, eyeglasses and other such pseudo-intellectual accessories on hand for visual impact

attire yourself in casual trendy clothing: pump shoes and Sperry Topsiders are a must as they can be slipped out of with minimal effort

DON'T:

blow cigarette smoke or shove an open beer in your prospect's face

approach your prospect in an aggressive manner

make physical contact with your prospect until *after* the two of you have made a discreet retreat to the stairwell

wear just any old thing: sweats and runners belong at the spa, dahling



Photo Catty Bitchmore

Crisp & Schnappy.



After your favourite activity here's a cool blast of freshness. Peppermint Schnapps and Spearmint Schnapps. So what are you waiting for? Schnapp to it.

HIRAM WALKER SCHNAPPS
TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

Rutherfordians the horniest?

by Mike Hunt

According to a campus-wide survey of students, the best place to have sex is on the top floor of Rutherford North Library.

"The environment there is quite conducive to foreplay. A dimly lit carrel on the top floor of a building is strikingly similar to the confines of an apartment-style penthouse," claims sociologist Jack Meoff.

Most students choosing this area to have sex in are seemingly oblivious to librarians hollering while sorting books as well as the students who try to have bag lunches there.

A student interviewed while performing an intense act within a carrel stated, "After a while this sort of thing becomes acceptable." "Yeah, the other people trying to study don't mind the grunts and orgasmic screams if we keep them at a moderate level," added her partner.

According to commissioner Mr. T., "Deez keids ain't have no respect to dah libry. Dez should at least have dah descency to use dah lobbies instead."

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Toughs teach students to drink like fish

by Hospodar L'Etranger

Vice-President Academic Peter Meekison announced Monday, on behalf of the General Faculties Council, a new test to be implemented in the new year.

"Following all the controversy about the WCT we decided to reassess the priorities of the university and determine why most students come to the U of A. What we discovered came as something of a surprise, but we figured what the hell, it's our mandate," he said.

The new test is to be known as the Drinking Competency Test and is designed to judge the students' fitness for the adult world of three-martini lunches, high pressure sales and general alcoholism."

Meekison also stated that to avoid further controversy, the administration is currently seeking qualified tutors from the private sector to teach students the finer points of alcohol consumption.

"We have to recognize that, as academics, we are not the best available intoxication instructors," Meekison admitted.

Getaway correspondent Hospodar L'Etranger was among those students selected by the administration to conduct a survey of the city's finer drinking establishments and to recruit potential tutors. This is his report.

"We started the evening at the Cecil Hotel on Jasper and 104 Street. Following the recommendations given to us before accepting this assignment, we ate a large pasta dinner prior to pursuing the bliss of barley pop.

The Cecil had a comfortable, relaxed atmosphere. Smoke hung thinly in the air, obscuring next to nothing. The pool tables were vacant, as most of the patrons were more involved in their drinking and the NFL football game on TV.

Because we were novices in the finer points of liquor indulgence, we solicited advice from the manager of the hotel to help us find a likely candidate for a tutor. Within three minutes we struck gold.

The manager introduced us to Elmer (he discarded his last name sometime in the early seventies) who proved an amiable and helpful soul. Elmer suggested that we had erred in preparing for a drinking bout by eating first. He said that the best way to develop a tolerance for alcohol is to stop eating for three days, consuming only 120 proof vodka.

Elmer also helped us to perfect the drunken leer, especially effective as an intimidation technique in boardrooms around the nation.

By way of apprenticeship, which helped him develop his own techniques, Elmer served in the armed forces in the middle fifties and was employed in the Arctic for several years. He said that he studied under some of the great masters in that early period of his career and that he would be more than happy to impart some of his knowledge to "those poor university pukes who think that



The boys show Gateway staffers Hospodar and Idi the finer subtle techniques behind standing three sheets to the wind.

education is reality."

From the Cecil, we moved on to the Commercial on Whyte and 103 Street. The ambiance of this bar was much the same as the Cecil except that the patrons were noticeably friendlier. It came to our attention that the decorator who designed the Cecil also must have done the Commercial, as there was the same vomit-resistant rug on the floor and terry towel tablecloths on all the tables.

There was live music in the Commercial as opposed to the NFL football game in the Cecil, but nobody was paying much attention, so the band was getting as hammered as the patrons.

We checked with the staff behind the bar for possible candidates and they introduced us to four of the kindest gentlemen we can remember meeting since puberty. Fred, Del,

Reg and George made us feel as welcome as leeches on Sylvester Stallone's pectorals. They made sure to teach us some of the lesser known techniques of drinking practiced in such exotic locations as Venezuela, Hong Kong, Resolute Bay and Cambodia.

Both Del and Frank, like Elmer, had served their country in the navy in Korea. And both men, like Elmer, had worked north of the 60th parallel on numerous occasions.

However, all four gentlemen were pleased as punch to see a "handful of young pups" desirous of beer consumption improvement. In fact, they put up money of their own to finance our practice session.

Fred reminisced about his brother-in-law, a chemistry professor at the U of A who used to avail himself of the makings of "real hard drink" — ethanol. Fred once drank six ounces at a gulp and said that he was sick until

midnight the following day.

Del related stories of the time he spent in Venezuela on the rigs. One of the biggest culture shocks he said he experienced was the Venezuelan practice of selling their women to foreigners. For keeps.

These men acquainted us with such obscure techniques as the Libyan jug suck, the three finger inhalation and the late night, moonlight, power nap and face plant. They also offered to teach remedial courses at the U of A.

When it came time to go, we made a date for the Commercial on the occasion of Del's sixtieth birthday in 1988, with grateful thanks in our hearts and tears in our eyes.

I tell you, when it comes time for me to stand up to the bar for the Drinking Competency Test, I know I've got nothing to worry about.

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Mike Nickel and his private parts

Nickel and Santa (left): "But most of all I'd really like a chance to boff Mila Mulrone!"

A reflective Nickel (right): "Politics is hell."

Below: Who else could pose in the mouth of a fibreglass whale and not look totally fucking stupid and out of place? The answer: no one except Mike.



by Bill Doorstop

You have to feel just a teeny bit sorry for, and curious about, our Students' Union president, Mike Nickel.

Sure he gets a few perks and privileges, like a newly furnished and carpeted office with a stunning view of the east wall of Stadium car park.

But still, what drives him? What possessed him to valiantly try and bring the Great Root Bear to the people, or to say things like, "I was elected to be responsive. I'm going to be responsive and the students are going to respond — even if I have to drag it out of them." Sadly enough, the answer to those questions lies deep within the soul and mind of this enigmatic individual.

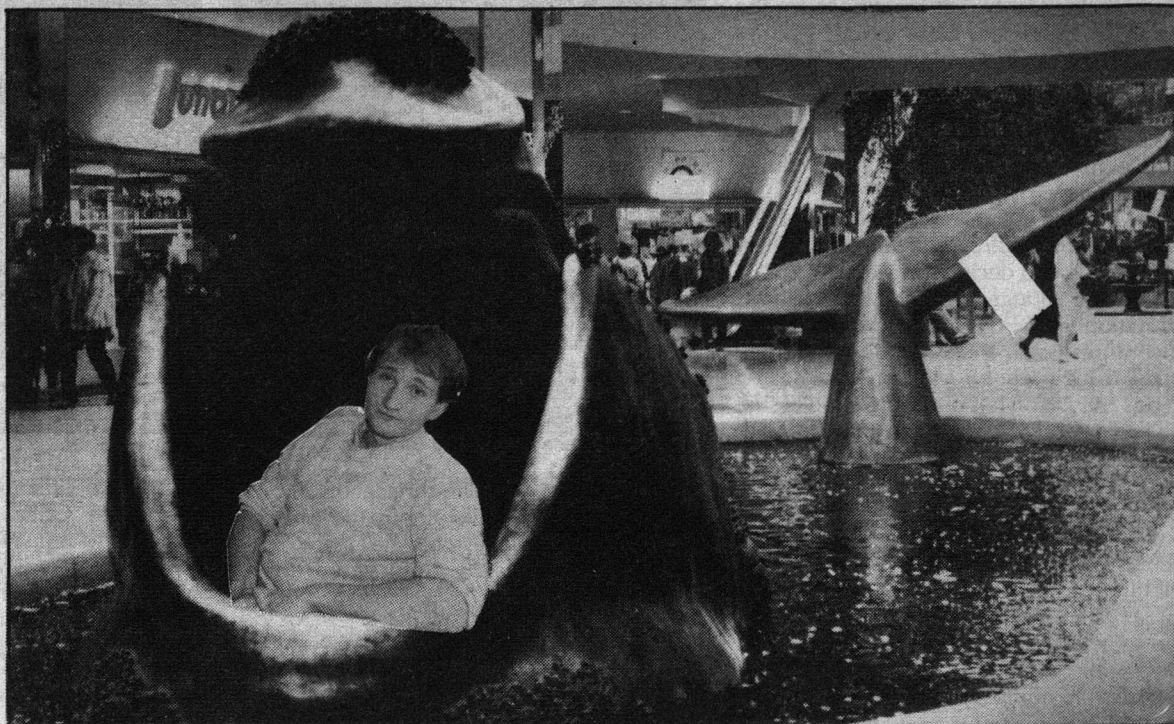
However, one thing about questions is that they often lead to more questions, such as, "What's Mike like away from the office?"

Well, Mike modestly describes himself as a "political science major who's interested in politics", but always shyly demurs when asked about the private person behind the confident, articulate statesman-like image he has successfully cultivated.

Is it right though, for such a charismatic individual to hide himself from the students whose imaginations he has so captivated. Don't they have a right to know why he always wears a scarf, even in July, or why he spends up to twenty-five dollars a night on the Galaga game in RATT?

The Getaway thought so and, since it's our mandate to give the students what they want, we decided to secretly follow Mike to his favourite playground where he can really let the rest of his hair down and be the spontaneous, fun-loving Mike Nickel that so few people actually get to see.

You might think that place is the DEKE house or maybe even



Photos by Diane's AHOY! and Idi Amin

the 7-11 at 109 Street and 72 Ave. on a late Friday night after *Miami Vice* is over, but you'd be wrong both times. You see, Mike is a West Edmonton Mall kinda guy.

Although we didn't capture all of his special moments — such as when he pressed his face to the glass, drooled and started yelling, "Look, granny, Tigers! Just like on the Frosted Flakes box!" in the cage by the

rink or when the sight of the little donkey in the petting zoo brought out the "affection" in him — we did catch a few shots of him at play.

Hopefully, these pictures make this remarkable individual appear a little more human to you and perhaps help you to understand just exactly who it is you elected to be your president.

HUB admits elements and helps sheep too

by Hospadar L'Etranger

U of A Housing and Food Services have announced new plans for the renovation of HUB Mall. The new plan, in response to student demands for a more hospitable living space, calls for the removal of the roof and sodding of the Mall's main level.

Spokesmen for the university report that students had been

objecting to the atmosphere of HUB Mall units claiming that it was like living in stacked cages or fish-bowls. Because the entire space is self-enclosed, students began to feel alienated from nature and disconnected from the world in general.

The university responded by soliciting plans for renovations from this country's finest architects

and the winning solution was to admit the elements and to encourage the reforestation of the space. To that end, officials elected to remove the roof ("It leaks so much anyway no one is going to miss it," said one official) and sod the main level with a combination of Kentucky blue grass and creeping red fescue.

In five or ten years, after a good

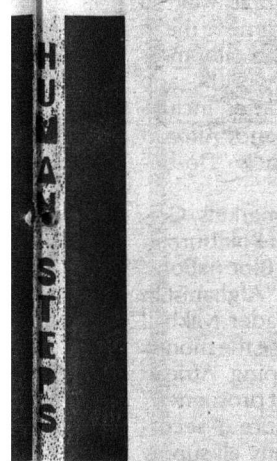
topsoil base has been established, officials say they intend to plant small shrubs and fruit trees outside the Mall's more popular stores.

The HUB Tenants' Association has announced it plans to cooperate with the university in this endeavour and will employ the traumatized sheep from the university farm that have suffered sexual harassment and mental indig-

nity at the hands of university employees to keep the grass short. They also have announced plans to collect the sheep dung and open this city's first full-time gasahol station from the processed waste.

Students appear to be openly embracing this latest decision by the university administration saying "they never should have built this monstrosity in the first place. At least now it's a little less sterile."

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The Casting Couch

Joe Hardy sets the record straight

interview by Lance Progenitor

Joe Hardy must once again get used to the limelight. A lot of time has passed since he and his brother Frank made national headlines by solving upwards of 52 cases while on summer vacation. But now with his new book *The Mystery of the Mistreated Younger Brother*, Joe Hardy is attempting to set the record straight about a few things — things he feels historian Franklin W. Dixon has distorted.

Last Friday, Mr. Hardy was in Edmonton on the penultimate stop in his eight-city Canadian lecture tour. He granted *The Getaway* this interview.

Getaway: Can you talk a little bit about *The Mystery of the Mistreated Younger Brother*? What made you decide to write it?

Hardy: *The Younger Brother* is essentially my refutation of Mr. Dixon's analysis of the adventures Frank and I had during our last years in high school. My story touches on things Mr. Dixon left out. For example, sure we had a good time and went gallivanting all over the globe but our success did have a price. Frank was conked on the head so many times he now has a steel plate in his skull and the same thing seems to have happened to our old friend Chet Morton. But for him the blows seem to have deadened a lot of brain cells. He now slurs his speech and the most challenging piece of literature he can handle is a menu.

Getaway: How did Mr. Dixon come to write of these adventures?

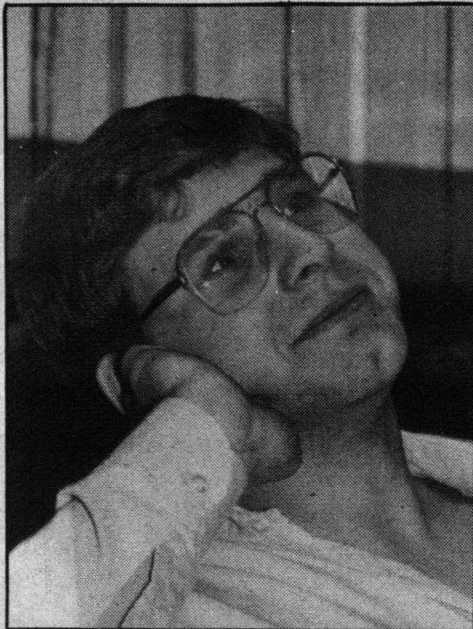
Hardy: We met Dixon after Frank and I had decided to give up crime fighting. After that summer, well, Frank was heading off to college and I found a new girlfriend; plus a flash fire completely gutted our crime laboratory over the garage.

So anyway, after that, Mr. Dixon or "Franky" as we called him came by and said he wanted to write a series of books chronicling our summer. Without really thinking about it we both said sure and boy was that a mistake. Franky literally moved right in. For the next six months all he did was pester Frank and me day and night — in the shower, at the dinner table, everywhere. He set up shop in Dad's study and you could never find anything in there after that — papers, junk, and pieces of rotting fruit littered the room.

The books came out and that's when I realized Franky wasn't as big on true and accurate representations of history as we had hoped. He deliberately glossed over or twisted things to suit his own needs. For example he wanted a direct contrast between Frank and me. So while Frank became the cool calm older brother I became the young impetuous boob who kept getting stuck in impossible situations that Frank would have to pull me out of. I mean, this just wasn't true. Many a time we had the crooks within our grasp — they'd just be roaring off in a speedboat or something — but Frank would be too chicken to go after them. "Let's wait," he'd say, or "Let's think this through; there might be more danger than we bargained for," and of course in the end we still got the crooks, but I think if he had listened to me now and then we could have had some of these mysteries wrapped up by Chapter 15.

Getaway: In what other ways did Mr. Dixon distort?

Hardy: Well, you know, if he wrote we fell off some mountain ledge, it was probably only a ten foot drop. He liked to take little



Joe Hardy: once more in the limelight

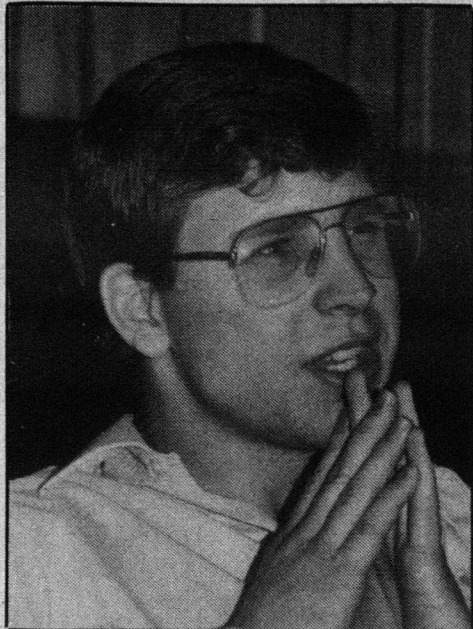
things and make them life-threatening. Sometimes Frank and I would pick up these books and wish we could have had half the adventures Mr. Dixon said we did. Also, I think Dixon was a pervert.

Getaway: Why do you say that?

Hardy: Well, just little things you know. He always wanted to know the intimate things between us and our girlfriends. Frank would tell him that during such and such an adventure he took Callie (Shaw) to a ball game, and Dixon would say, "Yeah, but what else?" and Frank would tell him he and Callie had a hot dog, and he'd say, "Oh yeah, but what else?"

He never came right out and asked for details but it was a little hard not to figure out what he wanted. Maybe he wanted to be the next Harold Robbins or something, I dunno. But if he wanted that sort of juicy information he sure picked the wrong people to write a story about. Frank and I made a point never to say anything about us and the girls to him just cause it got him so frustrated. And he was a such a gross sight too — this little greasy man with his legs pulled up underneath him, sitting in the huge armchair in my Dad's study. He had this annoying habit of letting his saliva collect around his gums until it was almost overflowing and then he'd suck it all up in one quick rush of breath.

So anyway, since we wouldn't help him, he had to resort to saying little innocuous



things like "lola (Morton) was Joe's favorite girl while Callie Shaw was Frank's main date," and it just ate him up (laughing). Of course, after a while he stopped asking us what was going on and started printing what he thought may have happened — and its quite easy to spot, too. Any story where he's written about the four of us together is a fabrication. You see, Frank thought lola was a pig and absolutely refused to have anything to do with her. I guess I can't blame him. If you ever saw lola's table manners you'd know that for her a fork was as good as a feedbag.

Getaway: In your book you intimate that one of the reasons you and your brother gave up crime fighting was your father, the famous detective Fenton Hardy. Can you elaborate on this?

Hardy: Yes. One of the reasons we quit is because by solving all these cases, some of which Dad himself was working on, we made him look bad and he didn't care for that. In the early cases he didn't mind us coming in at the last minute to save his butt. He was proud to have us as sons, I think, but after a while when the Bayport police needed help they'd call our house and just ask for Frank and me. When Chief Collig would come over to enlist our help on a case Dad was relegated to serving coffee to us in the den. My dad was a proud man; I don't think he cared much for that. And that's when I

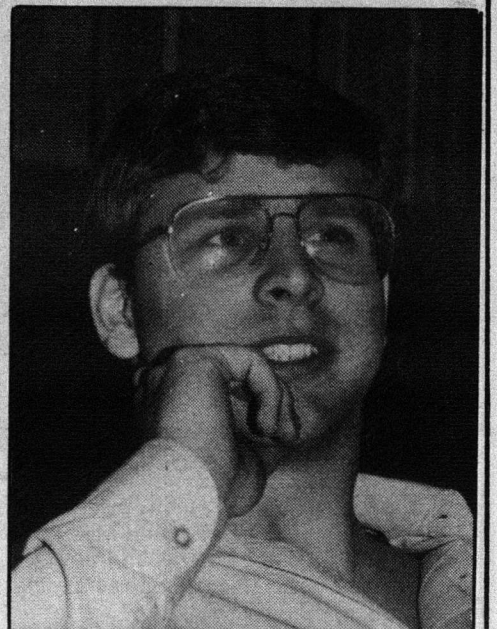


Photo Idi Amin

think he gutted our laboratory.

Getaway: Oh, you think your father destroyed your own criminal laboratory?

Hardy: And he sunk *The Sleuth*, our motorboat.

Getaway: How do you know this?

Hardy: Well Dad was one helluva detective but he knew very little about arson. The same day our lab burned down, Dad came home without his eyebrows.

Getaway: How is brother Frank? Do you still get together and talk over old times? Do you resent his election to the Senate?

Hardy: Oh, no I don't resent Frank at all. I think he'll make a fine Senator. Sometimes I think it would have been nice if my parents had paid my way to Harvard, but hey, I'm not bitter. We still talk occasionally. That is if I get "impetuous" enough to call him.

Getaway: One final question. What made you decide to pose nude for *Playgirl*?

Hardy: The photo spread goes hand in hand with my book to try and dispel this clean cut, good guy image Dixon has foisted on me. Plus, it's a status thing. *Playgirl* offered Don Johnson \$1 million to pose, but they offered me a million five. What can I say? If you got it, you got it.

Mr. Progenitor is a well respected Hollywood journalist whose essays on the destruction of the morality of popular culture have appeared in *Swank* and *Gallery* magazines.

Bob Geldof guides future 'Aid' projects

by James McNugget

With the surprising success of last year's "Band-Aid" project and the subsequent "U.S.A. for Africa" and "Northern Lights" singles for African famine relief, organizer Bob Geldof says he's ready to do it all again.

"People just don't realize that the relief effort has only just begun," said Geldof.

"With Christmas just around the corner, the market's ripe for another 'Aid' project." With that, Geldof announced a whole new slate of projects with products scheduled to hit record stores next week.

Geldof expects the most successful new project will be the "Dead-Aid" group. Said Geldof, "With all the accumulated popularity of four centuries of music, think of the

demand." Geldof wouldn't say exactly who was involved, only disclosing that it would be all the big stars "from Bach to Bonham". Informed sources, however, leaked to *The Getaway* a short list of the lineup. Reportedly involved are such names as Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, the Big Bopper, Buddy Holly, Brian Jones, Janis Joplin, and Randy Rhoads, with Beethoven, Strauss, Wagner, and Mozart adding background vocals. The project was the brainstorm of Hendrix and Morrison, who contacted Geldof earlier in the year. "At first I was a little nervous, them being dead and all, but they're great musicians and they really were interested in (the project)," said Geldof. Added Hendrix, "Well, my teeth are all rotted, and I've long

since burned all my guitars, but it was a lot of fun." Both Geldof and Hendrix are eager about the possibility of a "Live-Dead-Aid" concert early next spring. Morrison could not be reached for comment.

Geldof is also raving about the other projects. "The Mafia thought that a single for famine relief would be a great way to improve their image, and they came to me to organize it," said Geldof. The album is entitled "We are the Underworld", and involves numerous mob dignitaries, including Jimmy "the Weasel" Frattiano, Alfredo "the Ferret" Capone, and Francis "Do-be-do-be-do" Sinatra.

In an attempt to reach new markets, Geldof collaborated with the Soviet Politburo to develop a single for the Eastern Bloc nations. The result is a double LP called "Afghanistan is not Enough". Said Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, "We are going to use the money raised to ensure that developing African nations are given a fair chance at prosperity." Added Gorbachev, "As a measure of security, Soviet troops will accompany all supply shipments and ensure that everything is distributed equally throughout the whole nation."

Tentative "Aid" projects for the new year include a Palestinian group called "Northern Flights" and a disc cut by Santa Claus and his elves, under the name of "Ice-Cap-Aid". Geldof is confident that these new projects will be as successful as last year's, promising, "we'll be back next year".



UNIQUE... ANY WAY YOU SERVE IT.

Exclusive Getaway Interview

Fred Flintstone: he's off drugs and high on life

interview by Lance Progenitor

It's been fifteen years since *The Flintstones* went off the air, bringing down the curtain on a troubled 60's America. For a while, *The Flintstones* served as an icon, a beacon of honesty, virtue and untainted morality for a nation that had lost its way in the morass of Vietnam and civil rights demonstrations. But alas, as the very fabric of American society was being torn apart so too was this Camelot show in the kingdom of Burbank. One by one, all four principal actors met with near disaster or tragedy. In 1970, Wilma Flintstone was found in her Brentwood California home. It was death by "accidental suicide". Soon after, Barney Rubble was racing his new Porsche down a lonely stretch of Arizona highway. His estimated speed was in excess of 150 mph when he barrelled into a Pontiac turning left across the median; death was instantaneous. A drunk Betty Rubble decided to go for a midnight swim after spending the evening on *Flintstones'* producer Joseph Barbera's yacht. Her body washed up on shore hours later. And Fred Flintstone spent two years in a Denver detox ward after an unsuccessful love affair with Cathy Evelyn Smith. She dumped him after meeting his friend John Belushi at a party.

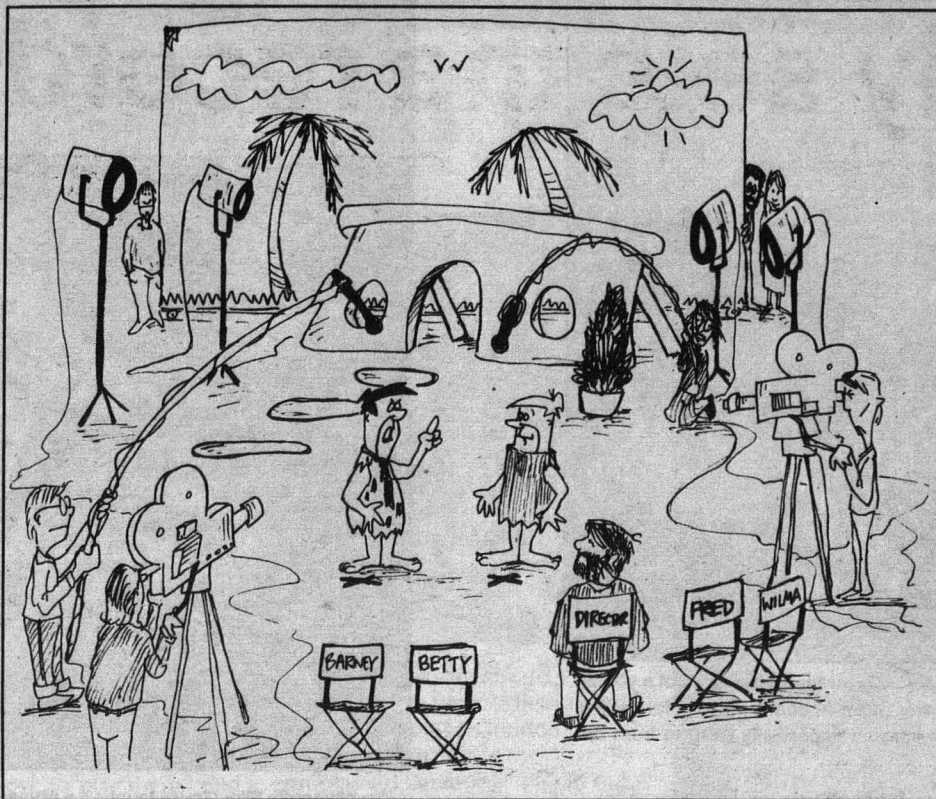
Last week *Getaway* Hollywood correspondent Lance Progenitor visited Mr. Flintstone and his new girlfriend Pia Zadora at their Santa Monica beachhouse and filed this report.

Getaway: *The Flintstones* began very slowly, nearly being cancelled by NBC after only a couple of months on the air, yet it slowly found an audience and grew until one year later it was the top rated show in the country.

"Wilma...had a problem with pills and booze that she just couldn't handle"

And then...BAM...the bottom fell out. The show was cancelled. What happened?

Flintstone: Oh, we had so much fun in the beginning. Things were really hectic. At that



On the set of *The Flintstones*: beacons of honesty and morality living on borrowed time.

time Bill (Hanna) and Joe (Barbera) were still writing the scripts and sometimes we didn't know what we were supposed to do in a scene until just before we shot it.

In the second season it seemed like the sky was the limit. We were the top ranked program and we had the biggest budget of any television show in the 1960's. We started bringing in big name stars — Cary Grant, Ann Margaret, Otto Preminger, Alfred Hitchcock, Hoagey Carmichael, Ed Sullivan. We began to do more location shooting — Hawaii, Accapulco, and Texas. Things were going really well, but deep down we all knew we were living on borrowed time. Wilma was sinking deeper and deeper into an alcoholic haze, showing up later and later to the set. Barney never ceased complaining about the lack of lines he was getting. What was

more, he was one of those method actors. We used to wait ten minutes before every scene just to let Barney "find" his character. Betty and Joe of course were having this torrid affair that only they thought was secret. She had the fewest appearances and least number of lines, yet pulled in a cool \$10,000 per episode. When you consider I was getting \$8,000, well, you knew something was up.

Getaway: What was it like to work with Wilma?

Flintstone: Wilma was a wonderful lady but she had a problem with pills and booze that she just couldn't handle. When she was sober she was as fine an actress as I've ever seen, but on some mornings it was like she was in a different orbit. She would hold up the entire production as her assistants liter-

ally had to drag her from her trailer to the set. I remember one scene where I had a five minute harrangue to which she only had to feed me one tag line. She slurred the tag line 35 times. Finally we just had her stand there and we dubbed her voice in. It looks awkward because her lips never move but so far as the audience knows its just a splice in the film.

Getaway: Do you believe she committed suicide or do you believe the murder theor-

"In the second season it seemed like the sky was the limit"

ists. Do you think Robert Kennedy was with her the night she died?

Flintstone: Well since RFK was killed in 1968 my guess would be no.

Getaway: What did you do after *Flintstones* was cancelled?

Flintstone: I travelled the talk show circuit for a bit but that soon petered out. I returned to my first love — stage acting. A couple of off-Broadway plays I was in didn't pan out and I fell into a terrible depression. I hit the New York party circuit and that's where I met Cathy Smith and you media people have certainly presented the rest of that story.

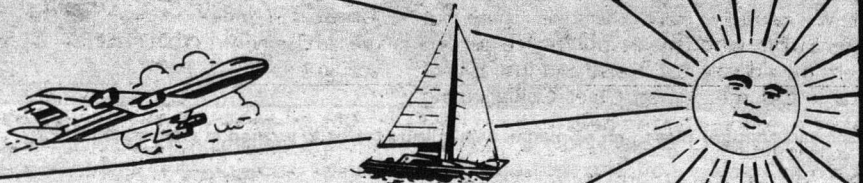
Getaway: How are things now? How has this experience changed you?

Flintstone: Well as they say, I'm off drugs and high on life. After I got out of Denver I met Pia and now see life in a totally different perspective. She is definitely my strength.

Getaway: If you had to pick one accomplishment of *The Flintstones* that you're most proud of, what would it be?

Flintstone: This may sound strange but I'm proudest of the technical breakthroughs we pioneered. For example, when we introduced *The Great Gazoo* we hired a young Frank Oz to make the muppet. He did an incredible job but it wasn't until *The Empire Strikes Back* and the introduction of Yoda that this sort of intricate puppetry received international acclaim. Everybody was calling Oz and George Lucas geniuses but hey, we did it first.

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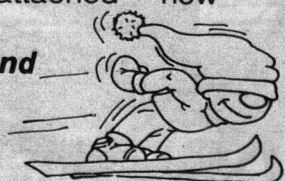
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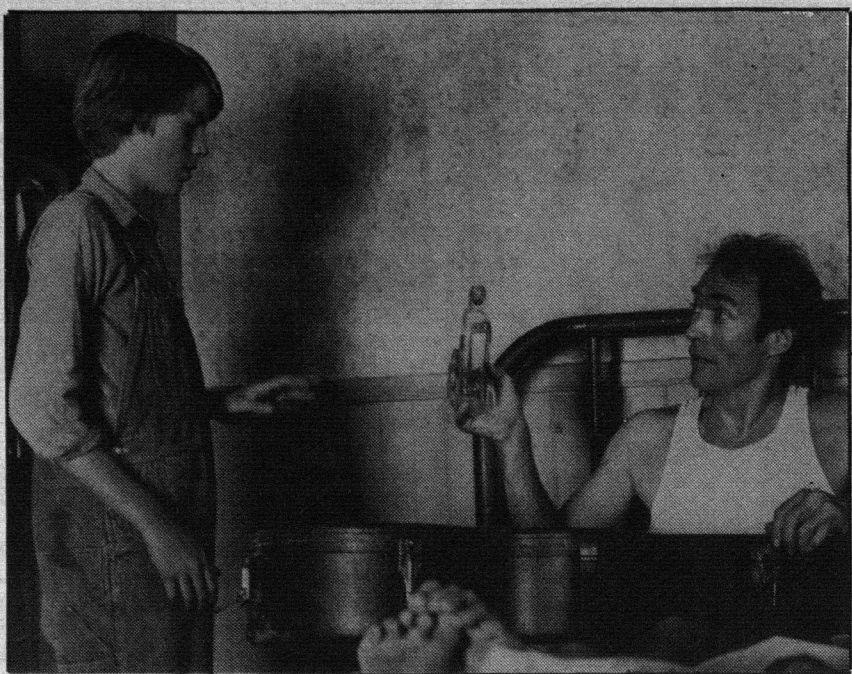
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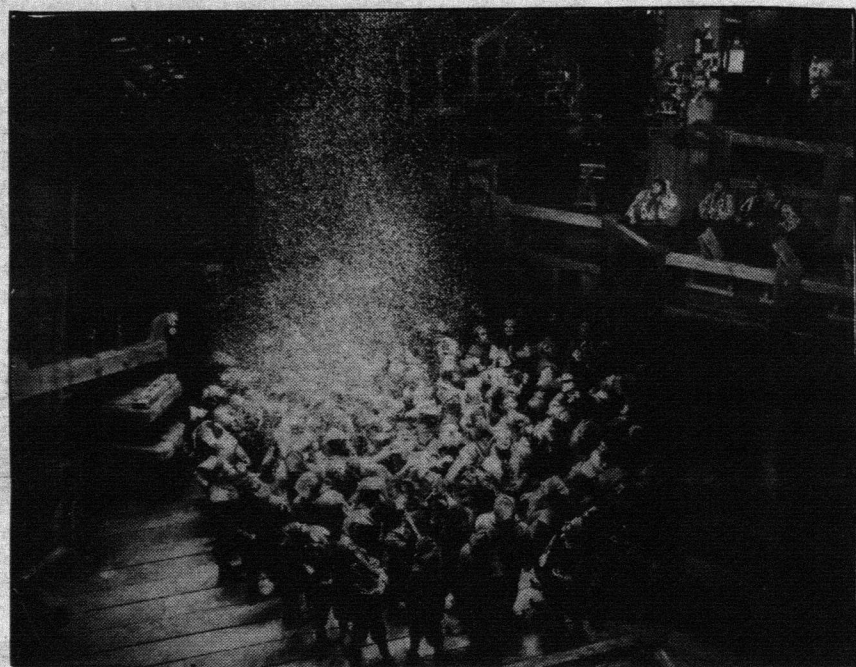
1985: The film year in review



Kyle Eastwood (above left) won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his portrayal of a young Mark Messier in Universal Pictures' *The Mark Messier Story*. In above photo, Mark's first hockey coach (Clint Eastwood) shows him that he doesn't necessarily have to burn his candle just at one end.



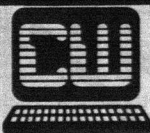
The Myerwitz Film Group touched a popular chord among university undergraduates with *Lister Hall 2*. "Gail Brown may be gone, but the horror continues!" was the show's famous teaser line. In above photo, John and Nancy (Tony Roberts and Tess Harper) experience difficulty with the fluctuating thermostat.



The above photo is the spectacular climax to Orion Pictures' musical extravaganza *The Cocaine Fairy*. Winner of Best Director and Best Picture, the film was also a tremendous box office success.

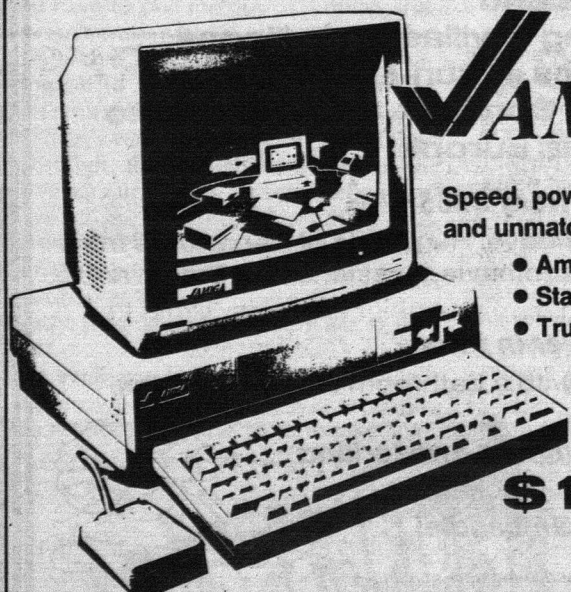


Arnold Schwarzenegger played an ex-marine with unique tastes in women in *Commando 2: Playground Warrior*.



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Coming Next Week in Getaway Entertainment:

- Alfred Pennyworth discusses Bruce Wayne's pedophilic relationship with Dick Grayson in his new book *Backstairs at the Batcave*
- Film critic Shill Goubard rips *This Was Then... That Was Now*: a film that mixes urban angst with the theory of time travel.

Library Hours

EXTENDED BUILDING HOURS are in effect in most libraries during the Christmas examination period December 2 - 18/19. Cameron and Rutherford Libraries are open until 1:00 a.m. during this time; hours of other libraries are posted. Libraries may close early on the last day of examinations.

ALL libraries are closed December 25 (Christmas Day) and January 1 (New Year's Day). In addition, libraries EXCEPT Cameron and John W. Scott Health Science Library will be closed December 26 through December 29. Intersession library hours for the period December 20 - January 5 are posted. Normal hours resume January 6, 1986.



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Athletic Supporters

Chicago Bears to visit 'The Pad'

by Felix Enger

All year long the Athletic department has racked its brains trying to find a way to put fans in the stands. Dr. Steadward and his associates have brought in enough Chickens and Root Bears to start a zoo, and have given away enough beer to qualify for a liquor store, but nothing has really seemed to pack the bleachers. Until now.

Realizing that the people in Edmonton will only shell out the bucks to see a pro team, Dr. Steadward went out and got himself the ultimate pro team. As a result the Golden Bear football team will play an exhibition game against none other than the NFL's Chicago Bears on Sunday, December 19th.

"It was just a dream at first" said Dr. Steadward, "but I realized that Chicago would have a bye that weekend, because they had clinched their division so early. So I just called up Mike (Ditka the Bears Coach) and asked, and to my surprise he said yes."

It didn't hurt that he called Ditka the day after their first loss of the season to the Miami Dolphins either. "I didn't care if it was the Vienna Boys Choir on the phone, we'd play 'em" said coach Ditka when reached by phone. "I just wanted to get someone for my boys to beat the shit out of before we get into the playoffs".

But what do the players of the Chicago Bears think of this. "Hey

man, it's just another game on the schedule for me" said QB Jim McMahon. "The University of where?" said defensive end Richard Dent. "I don't care who it is" commented Nose Guard Dan Hampton, "I'll still beat the piss out of them". But the best comment of the day came from rookie sensation William (the Refrigerator) Perry who said "I pity the fools who get in my way. . . Prediction? PAIN!" Hmmm, sound familiar?

Well Chicago certainly seems ready for the game but how about the Golden Bears. How do they feel about facing the biggest and meanest team this side of the Iron Curtain. "WHAT!" said QB Mark Denesiuk when informed about the game. "There's no way I'll play". "Gosh I'd love to play them" said nose guard Dan Aloisio "but, ya know my old knee injury has been acting up lately so I don't think I'll be able to play." But Dan you never had a knee injury. "Then its my ankle. "You didn't have an ankle injury either. "Get lost already!"

Besides convincing the Golden Bear players to play, Dr. Steadward was faced with another pressing problem. Where are they going to play the game? The game can't be played at any of the football stadiums in the city because they are all under a foot of snow and even if one were available the temperature at game time could be -40°C. "The Butterdome is the only

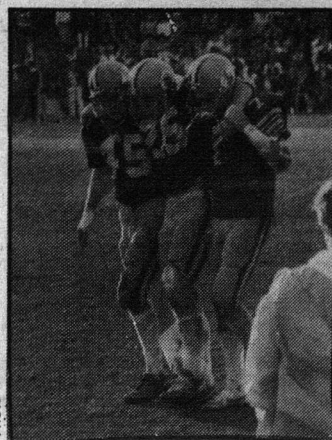
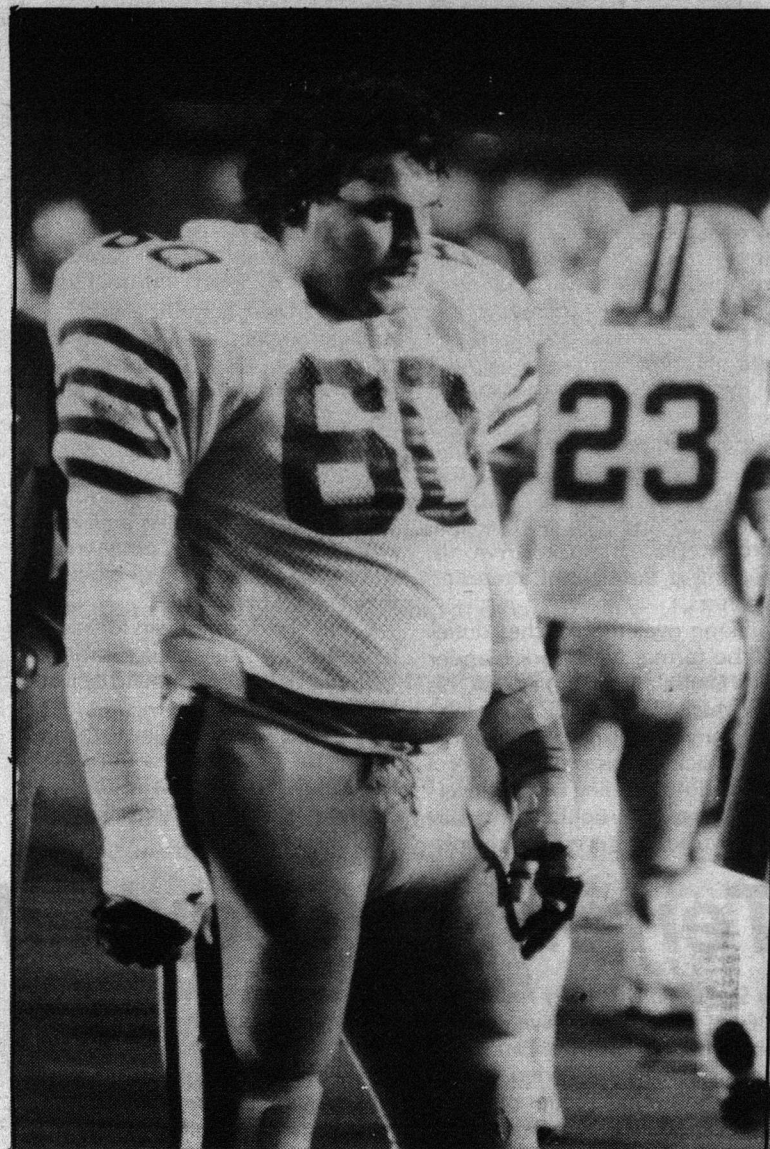


Photo Iddi Amin

answer" said Dr. Steadward. "It can fit an American football field and sit 5,000 people plus its indoors."

"But that surface is rock hard!" complained Denesiuk "I'll die out there!". "I don't care" said Chicago's superstar running back Walter Payton commenting on the Butterdome surface. "I'd play on a bed of nails as long as I got to carry the ball".

So there you have it; this game (providing that the Golden Bears show up) will be the first time an American football team will play on Canadian soil. Will the fans come? Will Chicago take it seriously? Will Denesiuk die on the Butterdome turf? Will Richard Dent figure out where Alberta is? These questions and many others will be answered Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:00 P.M. in the Butterdome.



Free Degree Spree is Glee

by Mohammed McPherson

The University of Alberta's Athletic department showed signs of desperation in their eternal quest to fill the stands at Bears and Pandas events when they announced their latest promotion early yesterday. At the next Bears hockey game in early January, Athletics will sponsor a draw for a Degree of the winning student's choice.

To be eligible to win the draw you have to be a current U of A student with no outstanding Parking Services fines.

Commenting on the latest scheme, Director of Media Patronization Flail Hoopla remarked, "We felt that we had to improve upon the tuition giveaway idea and this is definitely a step up."

The students who's name is chosen will have to fulfill the skill-testing requirement of remembering the last time that more than one third of the stands were filled at a Bears hockey game.

"I mean, what's an Arts or Phys Ed Degree worth these days anyways?" questioned Chairman of Athletics Bob Spendmore. "If it means getting some fans into the building we'll happily give away a degree to a completely unqualified individual. Let's face it, the other faculties are doing it all the time."

The lucky student will have their choice of any three to six year Degree program offered at the U of A. Any particular specialization can be obtained simply by purchasing a seasons pass to next year's Athletics season. "It's what you might call a little incentive to get out to next year's games, too," said Spendmore. "But I firmly believe that once the students get out to the games they will appreciate blah blah. . . the competition is really

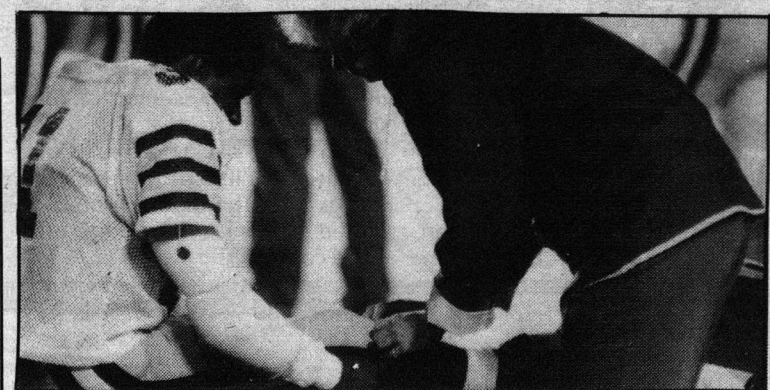
blah blah blah. . . and those kids are working their blah blah blah. . ."

University President Bander Wagonitz was questioned if this promotion is fair to the rest of the student body: "Well I'm really behind all of our teams one hundred percent. In fact, for what it costs this place to produce just one qualified student, it's a hell of a lot cheaper just to give the Degrees away."

Other crowd drawing events to be held at this upcoming weekend of fun include Scream for Amphetamines whereby the loudest group of fans will receive a cache of illicit

drugs courtesy Athletics and the Pharmaceutical Sciences department. A tequila gardens and squid eating contest round out the weekend of frivolity.

"I just can't wait to see the look on the face of the graduate when they realize that they have bypassed years of hard work and can now enter into the field of their choice just for coming to a Bears game," said President Wagonitz. "I'm quite sure that this idea was authorized by somebody important around here, wasn't it?"



Getaway photographers caught a couple of Bears faking injuries around campus lately. But there is one Bear that is looking forward to the matchup. 'The Beer Cooler' is the U of A's answer to 'The Refrigerator'.

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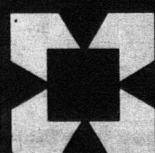
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Drake leaves

by **Patty O'Furniture**

Clare Drake will be leaving his position of head coach of the Golden Bear hockey team later this week, to take over the position vacated by Rubin Stahl. Uncle Bobby Steadywords and a representative of West Edmonton Mall announced the purchase of Drake's services at a press conference yesterday.

"They offered me lots of cash, my own bumper car, and a hockey theme room in the new Hotel" explained Drake who had been head coach for an eternity.

Drake's new duties include being loud and arrogant like his predecessor Stahl, but he also hopes to expand the role as Coach of the West Edmonton Mall Mighty Mites, last year's champions of the Charlie Brown League.

"He's a good man, and he'll be hard to replace," said Steadywords, drooling at the sight of interested reporters.

Taking over the coaches duties will be former New York Islander Billy Smith. When asked for his thoughts Smith replied, "I ain't talking to any fucking reporters". Smith went back on his promise after a closed door meeting with the ever-persuasive Uncle Bobby. "I'm really happy to be here, everybody involv-

ed is really great," spewed Smith, happily.

Smith hopes to be a player-coach, filling the Bear's void between the pipes. "I will be eligible to play as soon as I pass the fuckin' written competency test," said Smith admitting he has problems with verbs.

Smith is enrolled in the Educational Psychology program saying "It sounds like my kind of department."

The feelings around campus were mixed. Sports information Director Dale Schulha said, "It would draw people to Varsity Arena for a change." Two clubs, however, intend to protest the move. Students Against Violence president, Sally Smiley said "Smith sets a bad example for children. . . I mean, I know little boys who swear and hit other children." Women on Campus is upset because "no women were interviewed for the job and they should ban Hustler".

Curtis Blandoroni, Bears forward, is please with the choice saying, "this man is my idol I want to be just like him."

The Getaway would like to thank Drake for his openness during his tenure as coach . . . And to Billy Smith — We ain't fucking talking to you either, so there.



The new Guba

Guba a cadaver

by **Scoop Mendoza**

Guba is gone! In a move made to stir up some interest around campus, the faculty of Medical Sciences has decided to use the beloved Guba the Bear for medical experiments and will replace him with Sumo the Panda.

It is not yet known if ex-Guba suit man Guy Black Jacques Shellack was extracted from the suit in time to be saved from the apprenticing medicine students.

"We felt that Guba just didn't have the size that our new mascot does, and with TSN coming around and all, we figured that a change for the bigger was in order," said Athletics business manager Dean Strangle. "Of course, not wanting to waste a perfectly good cad-

of old Guba to the Medicine students."

But not everybody on campus was overly pleased with the decision. Thousands of students picketed outside of the Phys Ed building Wednesday chanting "Save Guba" and "Guba for Poobah".

It is not yet known just what the new mascot will wear when the weather dips below the freezing mark at football games, but perhaps the Athletics department will outfit him with some sort of tunic. At any rate, the massive mascot will make his debut at the next Bears' hockey game and will be the fattest person ever to attempt to skate on non-reinforced ice.

Be there and see history in the making.

Possess-A-Panda shows the seedy side

by **Joe Rockhead**

City Police morality detectives have laid charges against unidentified Athletic department officials in connection with the recent Possess-A-Panda fund-raising scheme. Not only were the funds procured illegally, but money was being used not for athletic costs, but instead to finance illicit parties at which drugs and alcohol were present.

"We became suspicious when a lady phoned us to ask if a fourteen year old girl could possibly play for a university basketball team," said police spokesman Lance White.

"The girls that Athletics were 'auctioning off' were of an increasingly young age."

Insiders say that when all the best Pandas were taken in the high-priced bidding wars intended to reap monies for new gym equipment, the UofA Athletic hierarchy authorized the introduction of several of the Pandas' little sisters into the fray.

To make things worse, also arrested was Big Daddy Johnson, a well-known pimp in the Edmonton area.

Similar to the Pisces health spa

raid of a few years ago, some very prominent names from throughout the community are expected to come up in the ensuing court trials, as several aldermen and a couple of judges are known to have been involved in the bidding wars.

This paper does not know if sex was involved in any of the cases that will be brought to court, but it is known that a recent order was placed with the Prego garment company for several garments resembling Panda uniforms but in inflated sizes.

Terrorist Volleyballers bombed to the top

by **Sire D.W. Dumdelly Esq. III**

Even though they have not won a match since 1983, the Panda Volleyball team is now seeded #1 in the nation following a series of mysterious bombings.

The teams which were "affected" by these violent attacks were, until recently of course, the top teams in the nation.

When asked if he thought these attacks were the work of external terrorist groups, Foreign Affairs Minister Joe Clark had little to say. "Little," said Clark.

Panda volleyball coach Marsian Whats-up unclearly denied re-

sponsibility: " — (We) didn't (sic) [do it]. Dunno where one of us could get Soviet-made RED-UB40 electronically activated TNT charges, then place and time them with strategic dexterity in capitalist team rooms."

In a locker room interview with *The Getaway* after yesterday's exercises, the Pandas were confident of their assessment of the situation.

Irish setter #44 "Commie" Colliemyjec said, "It serves those capitalist pigs right. They had a monopoly of the standings. They were not good comrades."

Lieutenant-Captain Braunda Cadets said of her unit: "This is the best damn squad-o-broads I've commanded. And since all the 'pacified' teams were the only ones ranked ahead of us Pandas, that leaves no more volleyball teams to compete against in Canada. We're going international with our game now, and spike all those Yankee bitches right in the lap-burger."

#35C, Racquel Slutkingly, reflected, "The party responsible for this sparkingly violent attack must have used bombs larger than my breasts. Those chicks must have blown . . . uhh, been blown right into meno-

pause."

The bombings occurred last week, immediately preceding the invitational volleyball tournament held at the Union of Alberta (U of A).

"We're going to blow this remaining competition apart now," giggled Prudy Anotherchick. "We are finally going to win a game, surely that will surprise our opposition."

Another surprise will be the Pandas new red uniforms. Coach Whats-up said the Pandas needed a change "to keep up with the latest fashions, of course."

#69 Linda Staplebomb, has recent-

ly been named a prime suspect because she has made hits in volleyball before.

"I don't see why the authorities have to drag my social life into this," responded the Panda power hitter.

#21 Tricky Marshellow neatly summed up this tragic event, admitting "at this point in time, I have not the ability to express [enough] sympathy for the other Universities. In fact, I probably never will. . . heh heh heh!!!"

No one has yet claimed responsibility for the bombings.

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Dr. Fairy Kissinsome will hold a lunch hour lecture/presentation entitled "Eight is too Late". Interested philosophy groupies should meet on site at the North Garneau Elementary School yard during recess. Bring candy.

DECEMBER 18

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DECEMBER 19

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The Continental Drift Club is sponsoring its annual *Watch Africa and Asia Merge* celebrations. Come join in the festivities.

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PERSONALS

Pauline: You left your lips in my kitchen sink. Please come retrieve them. Anton.

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To the man beside me on the bus: You are sitting on my hand and I can't get up. Please get off, I'm already 3 days late for work. — The small wimpy guy beside the big fat scary guy on the 36.

Harold: I've left with the mailman for Bermuda. Your supper's in the oven. — Pearl.

Out, out damn spot. — LM

To all the men in the world except Steven: Kiss, kiss, hugs, oh, I love you all so...except YOU, Steven. Angela.

Pussycat: Hope you had a great birthday! Love from the bunnyman.

LOST & FOUND

Lost: The entire cast of Three's Company. These people are really beyond redemption.

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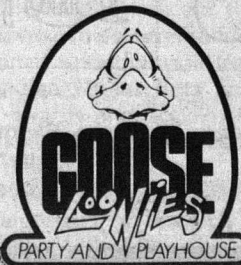
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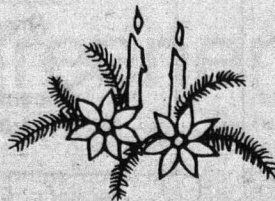
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Newspaper ink a killer

by Dam Beaver

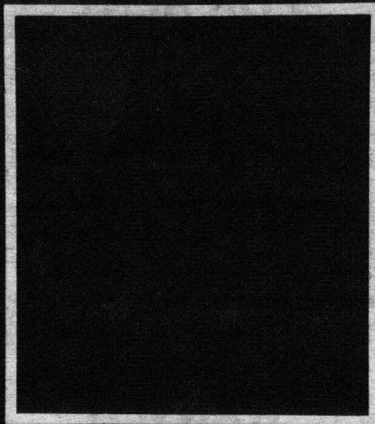
Researchers at the U of A have discovered that newspaper ink is carcinogenic.

Black ink has never been considered as healthy as granola and aloe vera. "Like if you pour it on your Cornflakes every morning, you probably won't last long," joked Dr. Noah Body, the researcher in charge of the project.

What the researchers have discovered is that casual contact with newspaper ink over long periods of time is deadly.

"For example, the exposure one would receive in the amount of time it takes most students to read an article would probably take five minutes off one's life," said Body.

At one time newspaper ink was only responsible for the ugly black streaks it left



An example of the deadly ink

on people's hand and faces.

Now it's clear that these streaks will develop into gangrenous, black pits. Most people wash before such a manifestation occurs, but there are situations, says Body, that could result in the worst.

"Say the guy who lives out in the desert, but reads the newspaper all the time. He's in great danger."

"It's really icky. We have all these poor, ugly Rhesus monkeys with their faces rotting off from all this black stuff."

"Newspapers have a responsibility in this regard," said Body. "They should avoid 'reversing' (a process that prints white on black background rather than black on white background). This really exaggerates the problem. Just picking up a newspaper with a reverse front and back would probably be enough to cause lesions in the skin."

Most students when asked about this new danger said they didn't read anyways.

One student in HUB mall was truly miffed. "I've always loved black ink from newspapers," said Polly (not her real name). "I use it as a cheap substitute for eye-shadow, blush and lipstick."

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