

getaway

Wednesday, December 15

If you drink your face off...

...where will I sit?

John Algard

National Training Act spells doom for U's

by Nastasia Nogoodnik

National Training Act negotiations between the federal government and Alberta's Minister for Advanced Education have resulted in some drastic changes for post-secondary education.

Though former Minister for Advanced Education and Manpower, James Horseman, had negotiated a seat purchase program whereby the federal government would fund specific industry-related programs, new Minister Dick Johnston cooperatively altered the provincial legislation with the help of Lloyd Axworthy, Canada's Minister for

Employment and Immigration. What follows is a brief outline of the two Ministers' innovative new version of the Act for Albertans.

1. Universities, as centres for learning or so-called "mind broadening" shall cease to exist, as will the concept of the "well-rounded" student.

2. Beginning in January 1983, Alberta's three university campuses will be converted into "apprenticeship training centres." Professionals in the 25 federally designated "national occupations" will be hired to give "observation seminars," in which groups of 30-50

students will observe the pros practicing their skills. Students will be allowed to choose their apprenticeship from any one of the 25 national occupations. A special academic scholarship to Harvard (Premier Lougheed's alma mater) will be awarded to the students who choose the designated profession which takes longest to become obsolete.

3. Academic staff at the universities will be awarded special civil servant positions with the government. Tenured professors will become provincial administrators with special job descriptions to

include the appointment of personnel for newly created departments such as official textbook burning.

4. Existing colleges and technical institutions will be allowed to continue with their regular programs with the exception of all art and dance courses, which will be replaced with *Welding by Numbers* and *Movement to Nuclear Fission*.

Johnston stated in a telephone interview that he was "very pleased" with the outcome of his negotiations with Axworthy. Said Johnston, "Lloyd's a great guy... he really did most of the work but once he explained how patriotic his interpretation of the Act was going to be, I just felt honored to be of use to the Minister."

When *The Getaway* first contacted Ottawa for comment, Axworthy was unavailable because of official celebrations but later returned our call (we're honored too) to explain his motives for adjusting the Act.

"I realized we were dealing with Albertans, and God only knows the last thing Canada needs now is a bunch of Western rednecks purporting to be Renaissance men and women. They probably believe they have some right to influence decisions of importance traditionally made in the East. So I did the country a favor by ensuring that particular province maintains its designated status... that of Canada's strong but silent breadwinner."

Students' Union President Robert Greenhill attempted to insert a provision for Church-basement teaching in various Arts and general science courses. Greenhill argued that the "preservation of certain enrichment programs is vital for the maintenance of good study habits in the event of any future legislation that would bring back education for its own sake." Greenhill's arguments, though, were systematically shot down by all provincial government officials who cared to listen when the SU President made his public plea in a CBC broadcast last Friday.

Greenhill's last ditch proposal was criticized by Tory Ministers and Back-benchers alike for its "lack of feasibility during times of restraint." Provincial Treasurer Lou Hyndman said that he was able to forgive Greenhill's naivete because he lacked the financial background to realize the rashness behind government funding of academic programs when the tutorial manpower could be better utilized building parts for nuclear arms.

The revised provincial version of the NTA becomes effective January third. One U of A student present at Johnston's official announcement was heard to mutter, "Geez these government wetheads piss me off. I already wasted a weekend cramming for Classics. A considerate government would have tipped me off before all the good ski trips were booked."

Mossad's mole flushed out

U of A student activist, Oscar Ammarr, broke down during cross-examination and admitted to being an Israeli secret agent.

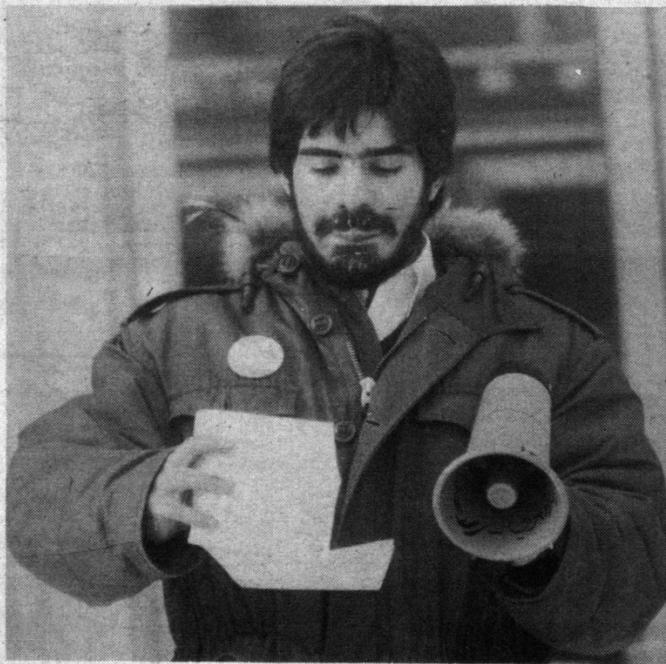
During a DIE Board hearing into charges he has been, "a pest and a pain in the neck," the blubbing bearded Ammarr confessed he had been planted in the Arab Students Association by the Israeli Secret service, The Mossad.

"Okay, so I'm guilty. I was only protecting the interests of the state of Israel. Oy vey," wept the distraught double agent.

Over the past two years Ammarr has been the focus of a Mossad plan to discredit the Arab students Association. He has disrupted Hillel forums made outlandish statements to the press and written laughable letters to newspapers in an attempt to make U of A Arab students seem like, "a raging horde of maniacs."

Ammarr, who holds the rank of private second class, was trained by the Mossad and American CIA in non-specific, repetitive rhetoric; shouting, and leaping in front of cameras.

Tomorrow, Ammarr is expected to change his plea to guilty. The maximum penalty for espionage (as well as for anything else handled by DIE Board) is being told to "cut it out."



Israeli secret agent, Oscar Ammarr, in happier times

Jens-boy is not a smart-ass

"I'm really John-Boy Walton," announced Jens Andersen, managing editor of the *Getaway*, this morning at a special news conference.

"I have been living under an assumed name for the past four years in order to escape religious and income-tax persecution."

The real Jens Andersen, as it turns out, is actually working in a fish cannery in St. John's, Newfoundland.

"He's a close friend, of mine," explained the fake Jens Andersen, "and when he told me of this inconspicuous job up north, working

with a closely-knit family of caring and loving individuals, I couldn't refuse. It really reminded me of Walton's Mountain."

Walton went on to disclose the fact that he had carried on the facade of appearing pseudo-intellectual and omnipresent merely to throw the I.R.S. off his track.

"I'm really not a smart-ass...honestly," he asserted. "I'm actually very kind, considerate, and extremely religious."

Walton explained that he had decided to come forward because he

felt in his heart that it was wrong to lie. This, he said, was the important first step which was necessary before he could begin his new career of television evangelism.

"Jerry Falwell has been my inspiration," he stated to close the news conference, "and in order to be more like Him, I need to be more honest with myself and my people."

John-Boy Walton-Andersen will be holding revival meetings in the Students' Union Building Theatre beginning sometime in the New Year.

Tearful thanks for underworld

by Andrew Whats

For the first time in two years, the Loomis security company has not been robbed while making a delivery to SUB.

Normally, at this time of year the Loomis van would be robbed while delivering bags of money to the Commerce bank in SUB basement.

Two years ago, thieves got away with scads of money as the security personnel could only watch in horror.

Last year, thieves struck again, carting off money in plentiful supplies from two Loomis security

agents. But the guards did not give up easily last year.

The crooks, while making their escape were shot at by the guards. Apparently one man was hit but it was unconfirmed.

A spokesman for the security company said, "We're really pleased that we haven't been robbed, our rep was beginning to slip, y'know?"

The spokesman, though, did add a touch of humility by adding, "I am sort of going to miss them (robbers) they were usually nice guys, from what our people have said."

When contacted, a spokesman for the underworld commented, "We didn't really want to hit them (Loomis) again, it would've been too easy and we like a challenge once in a while, y'know?"

The underworld fellow went on to say that this was something of a Christmas present for the Loomis security company. Touched by that comment, the Loomis spokesmaa choked back the tears and replied hoarsely, "thanks."

Biology no excuse

Men should labor also

VANCOUVER (CUP) — Women are routinely oppressed in life report members of a co-alition formed to fight against these injustices.

"Yes, it's true," shrieks Winnie Anne Whine president of the coalition entitled the Society for Helping Real Intelligent Liberated Ladies (SHRILL).

"Women rarely reach the same level of advancement," complains Whine.

Whine complains the biggest offender in the oppression of women is Biology.

"Biology makes us bear the children," says Whine. "In a society that can put men on the moon there is no reason why it can't come up with some way to make others share in the

responsibility. Why should women always get the procreative end of the stick?"

Whine says that scientists should come up with some way of making it possible for men to have children.

"Men should have to share in the biological responsibility that keeps the human race going," said Whine.

Birth control and choice are not enough; there has to be a full sharing of all responsibilities, insists Whine. Whine says there has to be a total similarity between sexes before any reasonable amount of equality can be reached.

"Let's face it," says Whine. "What we're aiming at is a unisex society and Biology can no longer provide a valid excuse."

NASA wants it

U of A food into orbit

Food and Housing head honcho, Gil Brown, in a recent combined smorgasbord/press conference at the Four Seasons released the news that Housing has recently won the contract to supply meals to NASA's space shuttle.

Brown, punctuating her statements by waving her roast leg of pheasant in the air, remarked that food services have had "Years of experience feeding space cadets." She added that food services cooking is perfect for space exploration, "It's hard, dry, holds together well in zero gravity, and should have a great shelf life since most of our food has already been exposed to the elements for so long anyways, it's already been through every possible transformation. Also when properly diluted the food stuffs can be used to repair cracks, replace lost insulation tiles and even flush out sluggish sewer lines."

Brown also cautioned that the food stuffs would be clearly labeled warning the astronauts to avoid contact with the eyes and open wounds.

She also added that since half the lure of food service cooking is the wonderful atmosphere the astronauts will receive: a full service of stained cracked cups, plates, bowls, two-pronged forks, bent knives, wobbly chairs, dirty tables, unreasonable meal hours and at least two snarly uncooperative servers.

As for the actual preparation of the nood, she anticipates little or no problems since the food tastes much the same frozen, thawed, or boiled. She added that a slice of lasagne put into orbit last summer still has retained its original shape and texture, "how's that for space food?"

Brown did not substantiate rumours that the astronauts will be put on space scrip.

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Student library offender "learns the hard way"

Armed library personnel book student offenders

Students' Union Council recently approved the request by the Library Supervisors, affectionately known as "library cops," that they be issued sidearms.

Council approved expenditures for a .357 magnum handgun to each library cop. The gun has the power to, in the words of one officer "stop a serious library offender in his tracks."

A serious offense that would warrant such measures would be a student caught eating or smoking in library zones. The library cops with a double-zero before their badge

numbers now have a license to dispense with these felons right away.

An even more serious offense, such as verbally abusing an officer, creating a disturbance, or putting your feet up, calls for the new Tactical Weapons And Terrorists team.

The TWAT team was recently called in to the Rutherford Library to take care of a group of Arts students holding an eat-in. Said one library cop, "we had to blow the whole bleeding-heart bunch away."

When questioned about the severity of their methods, TWAT Captain Adolph Haig replies, "We've found in the past that being rude isn't enough, we need firepower in order to negotiate from a position of strength."

Haig continues: "Sure, the students claim to just want to eat their lunch in peace; but before you know it, they'll stop returning their books."

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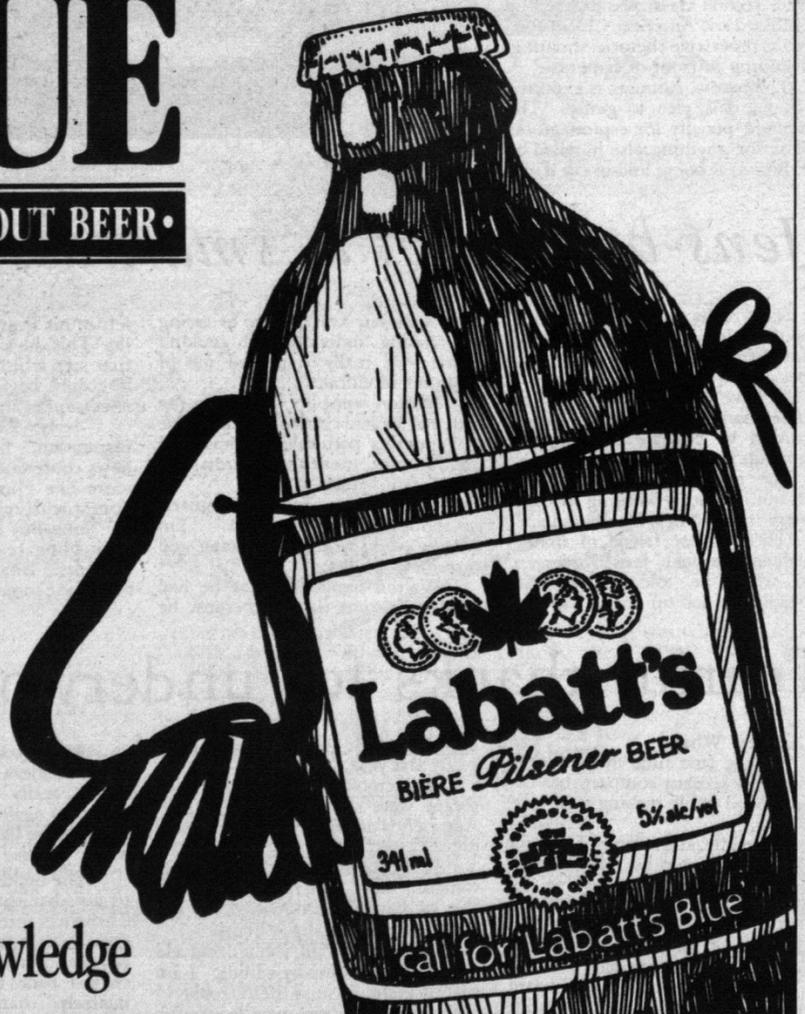
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Lesson #14 "The nose"

Since beer is primarily a sensory experience, the beer's "nose" is one of it's most important attributes.

The nose is a combination of aroma and bouquet, caused by the beer's ingredients and the process of fermentation.

Simply put, a beer's nose is how it smells. A beer should always smell pure, clean and with an identifiable presence of the appropriate malts and hops, never sour or stale. So at Labatt's, we put a lot of stock in a good nose. Because it's been our experience that where quality and good taste are concerned, the nose usually knows.



Lesson #14 from the College of Beer Knowledge

Sawatsky tells the story

by Andrew Whats

The university administration has officially abolished the B.A. program.

"It was a necessary step if we were to remain financially solvent," says U of A President Myer Horowitz.

The university has recently been confronted with an unexpected deficit of \$900,000. Cutting out the B.A. program was seen as a 'cost saving measure.'

Students will now be able to take arts courses as options only. The staff of the faculty will be trimmed by 60% and arts will be merged with education.

"In this way we hope to offer courses to students but at a much

reduced cost to ourselves," comments U of A V.P. Finance and Administration, Lorne Leitch.

When asked to comment on the financial feasibility of this plan, SU V.P. Finance and Administration Roger Merkosky said, "How the hell should I know? This is something that will have to be taken up with the Academic office."

When contacted on the matter, V.P. Academic Wes Sawatsky scurried away to his office, shutting the door and pulling down the blind. When pressed for a response, Sawatsky said,

"In a subsequent council meeting Sawatsky was asked for his report on the matter and he said, "

In the same meeting, Oscar Ammar attacked Sawatsky, calling him inactive and impotent in his office. When Ammar began to drive home his points, badgering Sawatsky for an answer, Sawatsky finally said,

"After the meeting Sawatsky scuttled away from a bunch of reporters saying, "

In Sawatsky's defense, SU President, Robert Greenhill said, "Wes works very hard, I guess, I mean I never see the damn guy, he burrows himself in that office of his and doesn't come out except to eat and go to the bathroom."

Sawatsky could be reached for comment and finalized his position by emphatically stating, "



VP Academic, Wes Sawatsky, about to make his emphatic point

Four little indians

Exec united but for Wes

by Igor Polgorski

"Actually we had the idea before they (City of Edmonton) did," says U of A SU VP Internal Ray Conway.

Yesterday, the SU Executive Committee announced they will take to Students' Council a proposal that would save the debt-ridden organization \$350,000 in the next six months.

The proposal calls for heavy budget cuts, mainly in the area of personnel.

"We were given the choice of drastically reducing the quality of the excellent services we already provide," explains Conway, "or reduce the number of employees providing those services."

"After careful consideration we, the Executive Committee, concluded it was more important to maintain the bureaucratic structure of the student services and reduce the number of people working within the system," adds SU President Rob Greenhill.

Among the cuts Greenhill's Executive will recommend to the next Council meeting (January 11), include the ratification of their dismissal of the SU office's front staff, and the merging of the *Getaway* and RATT

(see other story on p. 11).

"We unilaterally decided to make the front office staff cut and *Getaway*-RATT merger effective immediately," says Conway. "It was a cost effective scenario and a good simulation of the type of cuts we would like to make."

Greenhill agrees.

"Yes," agrees Greenhill. "We can take these cuts to Council with facts and figures of the types of savings we can make."

Roger Merkosky, SU VP Finance and Administration, estimates the original proposal could save up to \$500,000.

"In our first discussion on the topic, the proposal would have saved the Students' Union a half million dollars," he explains, "but some of the Committee felt this might be a little drastic considering the political climate."

"Instead, someone counter-proposed the immediate dismissal of some staff before Christmas to demonstrate the efficiency of such budget restraints," Merkosky continues. "We wrangled that idea over a couple of minutes and voted almost

unanimously in favor of dropping the front office staff and merging the staffs of the *Getaway* and RATT. This brought our present proposal savings down to around \$350,000."

The proposal, as it now stands asks for a staff reduction by laying off approximately 25 per cent of the existing paid staff.

"We feel these cuts are realistic," says Greenhill. "After all, we have been able to cover for the front staff since they left. Ray and Theresa switch on covering the phones, while Roger and Wes keep the filing in order. I, of course, supervise."

"I also understand the *Getaway*/RATT staff are coping quite well," Conway adds.

The one executive to dissent to the proposal was Wes Sawatsky, VP Academic.

"I did not feel I had been here long enough to vote on the proposal," he explains. "So I actually abstained, and not voted against my fellow executives."

"But I'm sure they made the right decision," he adds.



Placard carrying crowds encircled the coliseum during TGHM's first club meeting

Gonzales' hostility now official

SU VP External, Teresa Gonzales, is the central figure in a campus fad which has recently been promoted to club status.

Yesterday, Clubs Commissioner Sterling Sunley approved the constitution for the *Teresa Gonzales Hates Me* club.

The organization, which has existed since early October, has recently been recognized by its namesake as "a good idea after all."

The TGHM club first came about when several employees of the SU realized that they had something in common. Said one anonymous club member, "Sure, Teresa hates most of us. It's the few people she does like that I feel sorry for. After all, once you

know she hates you, you don't waste much time with her. Her friends have to withstand unlimited abuse."

When Gonzales first learned of the club's existence, she was incensed and made an announcement in Council, objecting to the club and saying she couldn't help it that she was "overbearing."

But time has mellowed Teresa and last week she even offered her services as treasurer to Club President Don Millar.

"I'm really glad Teresa has decided to help out," said Millar. "She actually feels kind of honored. After all the club is named after her. Hating people was just a hobby for Teresa before but it may now become a full-

time occupation."

The TGHM's meet monthly in the Coliseum but new members have been discouraged from attending as the Club's executive is already having trouble with arrangements for extra seats.

There is a five dollar fee for official recognition in the organization. Club funds go the TGHM buttons and t-shirts with all left-over revenues being disposed of at the treasurer's discretion.

Says Gonzales, "I've always hated people. It just comes natural to me. It's being nice to my friends that I find difficult."

Dr. Deb explains all

The Faculty of Dentistry has recently hired Dr. Debbie Lovelace as an associate member of the Department of Oral Biology.

Dr. Lovelace's research are the physiology of the gag reflex and the functional significance of mid-line diastema in young males.

Her first interest in oral physiology originates from her cousin Linda's famous acting career in Gerald Damiano's feature films. Encountering troubles with one or two cast members, cousin Linda sought Debbie's advice. Dr. Lovelace developed a modified splint and training device, similar to those commonly used to treat temporomandibular joint problems. The splints

worked - and Linda went on to become a big star.

More recently, Dr. Lovelace has been conducting clinical research into the functional role of the mid-line diastema in young North American males. It seems that the presence of said diastema prevents wear and tear on female companions, and has led Dr. Lovelace to speculate that the newly found 'G' spot is in fact only one of several regions requiring alphabetical analysis. Meanwhile, the D spot continues to excite Dr. Lovelace and her fellow staff members. And who knows what other marvellous discoveries lie ahead in the field of oral biology...

The Winner!

of the Gonzo's ass look-alike contest.

Pietro wins a free membership in the TGHM club



We searched high and low and this bum is it! The curves and the bulges of the real Gonzo ass are duplicated so perfectly we can't tell them apart. Can you?

EDITORIAL

All about pooh

Speaking of pooh, there's something I'd like to get off my chest. This building really bugs me. More specifically, the washrooms in this building really bug me. How many of you have ever been in the washrooms? Well, I tell ya, I use them all the time and there are a number of things that piss me off.

Now, I can only speak for the men's washroom but have you ever noticed how tight the rolls of toilet paper are? When you sit down to take a shit and then go to the toilet-paper to wipe your bum, you only get about one or two pieces before it breaks. The roll won't roll so you have this one leaflet of paper and you're supposed to wipe your bum with that? No way, I won't do it. For one thing, if you tried, your fingers would immediately bust right through and you'd get shit all over your fingers. The only way to get around it is to sit there and pull and break, pull and break, pull and break... It's really a pain in the ass.

Also, the grafitti on the cubicle walls is really getting me mad. This is supposed to be a university. We are all supposed to be getting educated here. Despite this, all I ever see on the walls are lines like: Frank is a fag, Betty gives good head, I pooh before I pee how about you?

I'm really sick of the whole grafitti scene in the washrooms. C'mon people, when you write something on the wall of a cubicle then write something intelligent.

Another thing, half the time when you enter one of those cubicles you find out that the latches are broken on them and the door won't stay closed. You have to sit there and keep it closed by yourself. All the other cubicles are the same so there's no use moving. If someone comes in and wants to use your cubicle then you're going to have a fight on your hands. Get 'em fixed for crying out loud.

Now I have to mention another part of taking a shit that really bothers me. If you go into one of the cubicles and sit down and there are other people in the washroom you're in trouble. Have you ever sat down to take a crap and then let loose with a super loud fart? Of course, farting right into the toilet bowl just serves to magnify the sound and then you have to sit there in the knowledge that everyone in the washroom heard you. You might catch a snicker under someone's breath, or hear someone running for the exit. But you can't just complete your job and then carry on like nothing's happened. You have to sit there until every person who heard you fart has left the washroom and then it's safe to come out. I mean, what about sound proof cubicles? That brings me to another point.

You know when you sit down on the can and there's someone in the next stall, you can hear their entire shit. Sometimes it's loud but other times it's sort of quiet and goopy. You just moisten your lips and slide your tongue out then pull it slowly back while sucking to reproduce the sound I mean. And I really don't want to listen to someone making that sound anally. We need sound proof cubicles!

Also, you know another thing that bothers me? If you get a really solid piece that comes shooting down the pipe and fires into the bowl. You get splashed. It's disgusting, I hate it. Well, what you have to do is take a couple of sheets of paper beforehand and lay them on the water surface and they'll absorb the blow so it won't splash.

Those are the things that really bother me about taking a poop. I think that the Students' Union should do something about it. I'm not the only one with complaints. There are lots more people who feel the same way I do. At least I sure hope so.

A. What?

The canine standard

Dachshund: A dog and a half long and half a dog high.

H.L. Mencken

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Gary Dunford column
Edmonton Sun, Jan. 25, 1982

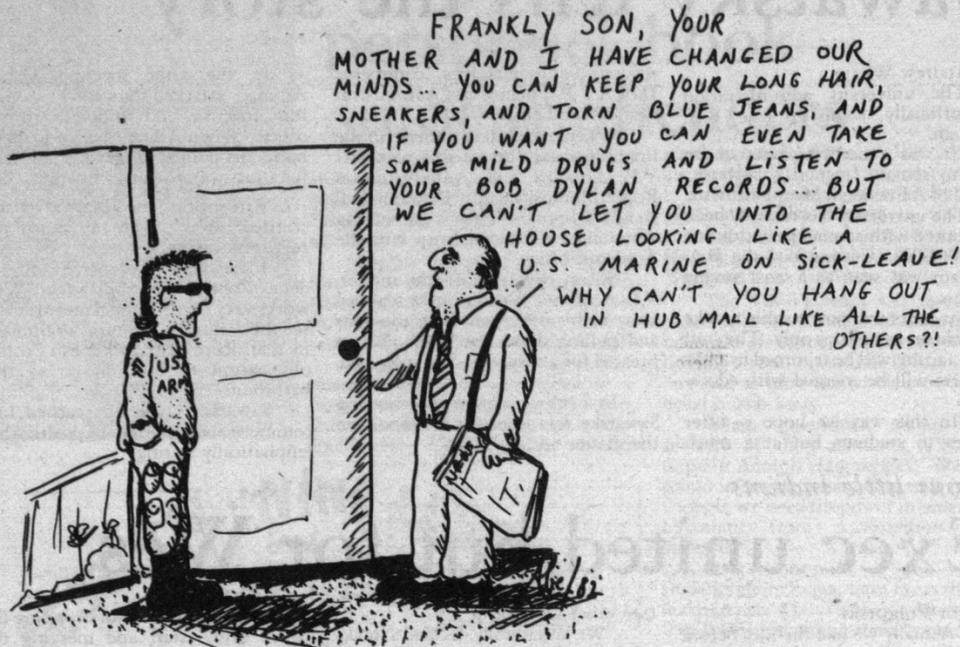
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Stiffs this issue:

So like some jazzed dudes and vals, like, gave up Pac Man tonite so we could get this bitchen paper off to the presses, right? Aaron Shrubkowsky and Tiffany Twitchen went for it, and like, it's xlnt, eh? Insane Harker and that nerd Rusty Toro were edged, fer sure, when Jack For Me, like, showed up with only a few keggers. But Homer Wayward, like, he's such a jel compared, like, to John Rottenbeen, but, like, totally, what's a person to do? I mean, like, you've got your image, fer sure! Marlaina Schmidtke, like, she's jazzed 'cause like she's gone home early, and, like, that's free hours for Pac Man that we don't get. So, hey, like, fer sure, have a real tubular Christmas, like the bitchenest ever, ok?

The *Getaway* is a concoction of various wayward students holed up at the University of Alberta. Contents are no one's responsibility, especially if the people we lampoon threaten lawsuits. Any resemblance to an above-board paper called the *Getaway* is purely coincidental. The *Getaway* is a fellow traveller in CLIP (Communist-front University Press). When *Getaway* staff snort cocaine the newspaper's circulation soars to 25 million.

getaway
 VOL. LXXIII, NO. 25



FRANKLY SON, YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE CHANGED OUR MINDS... YOU CAN KEEP YOUR LONG HAIR, SNEAKERS, AND TORN BLUE JEANS, AND IF YOU WANT YOU CAN EVEN TAKE SOME MILD DRUGS AND LISTEN TO YOUR BOB DYLAN RECORDS... BUT WE CAN'T LET YOU INTO THE HOUSE LOOKING LIKE A U.S. MARINE ON SICK-LEAVE! WHY CAN'T YOU HANG OUT IN HUB MALL LIKE ALL THE OTHERS?!

« LETTERS TO THE EDITOR »

Shameless Ham(let) in SU

To vote or not to vote. Is that a question? Whether 'tis easier on my butt to sit Upon the fence of diplomatic parlay, Or to take arms against a sea of Ammars And by opposing be fried. To die: To sleep. Oh God; and by a nap to say I void The council and the thousand inanities VPs are heir to: 'tis an oblivion Of meretricious note. To die: to sleep. To sleep? Perchance to dream. Hmmm ... there's a thought; For in that (valium induced) sleep what dreams may come When I have shuffled out the council door ... Where's my caffeine? That's an attitude That makes this portfolio into "opportunity cost"; For who could stand the gratuitous demands of clubs, The petty bickering, the ideological fights. The wasted cabarets, the laws delay, The idiots in office, and the spurns That vps seem to merit of the gateway types, (note the lower case vp and gateway) When he himself might end it all With a single Tylenol? Who would budgets bear To grunt and sweat under economic strife, But that the fear of something *outside of University*, That undiscovered country from who's bourne No student returns unscathed, puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others we know not of. Thus reality makes cowards of us all And thus the naive hue of constitution Is (sic)lied o'er with the vile cast of BoG's whim, And proposals of great pitch and moment With their regard their currents turn to money And lose the name of "service" — soft you now! 'tis *Mother Gonzales!* Nymph in thy talks with God Be all my clubs remembered.

(With apologies to Shakespeare)
Ray "Pretty Boy" Conway
SU VP Internal

Request yields not a dime

As Almighty GOD, I greet you: This, in all probability, is the last letter My Son and I will send to a majority of newspaper Editors and Publishers. The future looks bleak. Perhaps you are interested in Our income from donations from My last Letter — My plea for a total of \$10,000 to carry on Our works? It was hilarious. We did not even receive 10 cents.

It seems unbelievable that My Son and I have held Editors and Publishers at bay for forty years. Your refusal to publish Our Existence in your newspaper did not defeat Us — old age did. Someday, you will realize that GOD and His Son really did Exist, here on earth, in human flesh and blood, for the second time. The following are excerpts from Letters, which My Holy SPIRIT Dictated through My Son to Senators and Dignitaries.

The devil has a death-grip which throttles sanity in this world. With the advancement of time, the noose grows tighter and tighter, until a world is left gasping for the fresh air of freedom and sanity. How long can this exasperating life go on? See for yourself. Look around you at the dilemma of violence that screams its defiance of peace in newspapers throughout the world. Murders, rapes, burglaries, dope addicts — and the list goes on.

With crime, rearing its ugly head with its viciousness, We combat evil for a saner tomorrow. I reiterate: The wicked will be severed from the just and cast into a dimension of hell — being reincarnated in the body of animals — to live out a duration of misery. The human spirit is composed of Light. After the demise of an individual, that spirit of Light can be reincarnated into another form of life — human or animal. With a combination of the spirit, water and blood, this body has mobility in human or animal flesh. For those who perpetrate more vicious crimes, the hunter will become the hunted!

It has been almost two thousand years since the death of My first-born Son, Jesus. I traveled the empty corridors of Time alone. Now, My fetters are broken and cast to the ground! I found refuge in My second-born Son, Eugene's Body. This is Jesus' second coming. Eugene and Jesus are

one and the same — reincarnated — whether you believe it or not!

Forty years is a long time to dispense Justice from My Son, Eugene's Body. We don't have many more good years left. I pray, this wall of silence will be broken and this letter will be published in your newspaper.

I would like to see peace on earth and goodwill toward men in Our wordly Existence, here on earth BEFORE My Son's demise. But alas, this bubble of Hope will break, before Our goals are attained.

It seems that President Reagan would like to spend all the nation's capital on defense. How long can this cold-war hatred, between the United States and Soviet Russia, endure? These actions could also leave the SALT II Treaty in jeopardy. Time and time again I reiterate: It is this senseless pride between President Reagan and President Brezhnev which is at fault. Both parties try to convince their respective allies each other is at fault. But pride has a duty to pay in the life hereafter. These partakers of sin are also in jeopardy of hell's damnation.

My Son must also adhere to Virtue. He is not immune from Judgement. My Son, as a mortal in this life, must also recompense for his past sins. Sin is NOT forgiven in accordance with Virtue. The good must outweigh evil, for the Scales of Justice to balance. Yes, My Son must also fall to Our foe, which is death, who swings her scythe to separate the good from evil. My Son is NOT indeed inseparable from Virtue.

I truly wish this letter could end with a happy and joyful theme. But alas, the wickedness seems to overpower good. True Love is never based on fear. As long as My Son and I are here on earth, We will shed Our abounding Love and Peace — to make what little Love is left — prosper and multiply.

As Almighty GOD, My Son and I also shed a tear for even the wicked to mend their ways — before it is too late. My Holy Name is never written on any document, simply because it is void of form. My Son will Sign His Name to keep the Love Light burning in the hearts of ALL humanity as the Voice of My Holy SPIRIT fades gently from view.

Prayerfully yours
Eugene Changey

Managing Editor's Note: This is actually a serious letter, but we thought it would fit in better in the Getaway.

Know-it-all presents facts

I have to admit it's my fault. I've stood to the side too long allowing all these silly, manipulable terrestrials to take the blame. Now I don't mind that much, but now all these stupid journalists are getting into the act of deification and I'm not getting any of the credit. It seems like just yesterday that people knew who to give credit to for all the disasters. I have an impressive record to defend here. For example: the flood — my doing; locusts, deaths of first borns, splitting rivers — all mine; the Plague — I did it, not those silly rats (or was it mice?) who kept muttering "forty-two". And I got credit for all of them too.

But now, you silly people are attributing my work to your own kind. Hitler was a mere puppet; and holding Rauca responsible is just plain ludicrous. And all that stuff Amnesty International doesn't like — my work. Don't you know when you're being used? You're dumber than all those silly termites who nearly sunk Noah's Ark.

Well anyway, I just wanted you to start getting the story straight. So there.

Gawd

LETTERS

Now I'm going to explain this one last time: THERE IS A 250 WORD LIMIT! If a letter is longer than that, all sorts of terrible things happen. The managing editor gets upset and cries. This makes the arts editor sad and all the record reviews turn out weepy. This pisses off the sports editor and he beats his wife. This enrages our distaff news editor and she demands a two page feature on sexism in our paternalistic society. The other news editor gets mad and sulks. Our Supreme Allied Commander takes an extra Valium, thereby contributing to the excess profits of the pharmaceutical companies. All because YOUR LETTER WAS TOO LONG!

Wasps to take bees

REGINA (CUP)—White Anglo-Saxon Protestant males are oppressed everyday, report members of a coalition formed to fight these injustices. "Yes it's true," shrieks A.D. Nauseum leader of the coalition entitled Wasps Harrassed, Tired And Garalous About Intolerant Numbskulls (WHATAGAIN). Nauseum complains that wasp men are not offered the same choices other poeple get. "Take sex for instance," says Nauseum, "Wasp men always get the

good looking girl just like in all the advertisements." Nauseum complains his wife is a good-looking fashion model. "But I didn't want to marry her at the time, I wanted to marry this ugly old char-woman," said Nauseum. Nauseum says advertising and stereotypes keep wasp men locked into a perpetually unfulfilling role. "Not only that," complains Nauseum, "but on the job the discrimination gets really rough." Nauseum said wasp men always

have to work at the best-paying high level executive positions. No matter how hard a wasp male tries these high stress positions are thrust upon them. "I didn't want to be a vice-president, I wanted to own a deli but nobody would let me," cried Nauseum. Nauseum explains the conditioning that goes to make wasp men into what they are begins early. "Right from an early age we

wasp men are forced into these shirts with little aligators on them and then we're conditioned into playing racquetball and squash." Nauseum explained the sport he really wanted to play was hunting-lions-stark-naked-armed-with-a-spear. Nauseum explained his group would never give up their struggle until wasp males are as equal as everybody else.

A short Tory

by Tiffany Twitchen

As a result of a diabolical plan, the Tory Building is now one story shorter.

The crane which is helping to build the new Commerce and Business Building was moved several metres closer to the Tory Building during the night of Sunday, December 12 and when construction restarted early Monday morning, the crane cleanly sheared off the tenth floor. The moving of the crane was executed by a group calling themselves the Society for the Protection of the Rights of Ordinary Dirt-lumps (SPROD).

The group feels "Those dirtlumps aren't treated with any respect, they're just tossed around. Someone's got to stick up for them," says the group leader, Fert L. Soyl.

Mr. Soyl and his followers want the construction to stop until a satisfactory decision is made "so the dirt is no longer treated like that. I mean, I treat cockroaches better than that. Some of my best friends are dirt lumps and I won't stand for it," added Soyl.

The group's plan has succeeded for the moment, as the crane was damaged after the incident and must be repaired before it can be operated again.

The foreman in charge of the project for Poole Construction will

meet with Soyl and a representative of the University Wednesday afternoon. Meanwhile all work will be halted on the project.

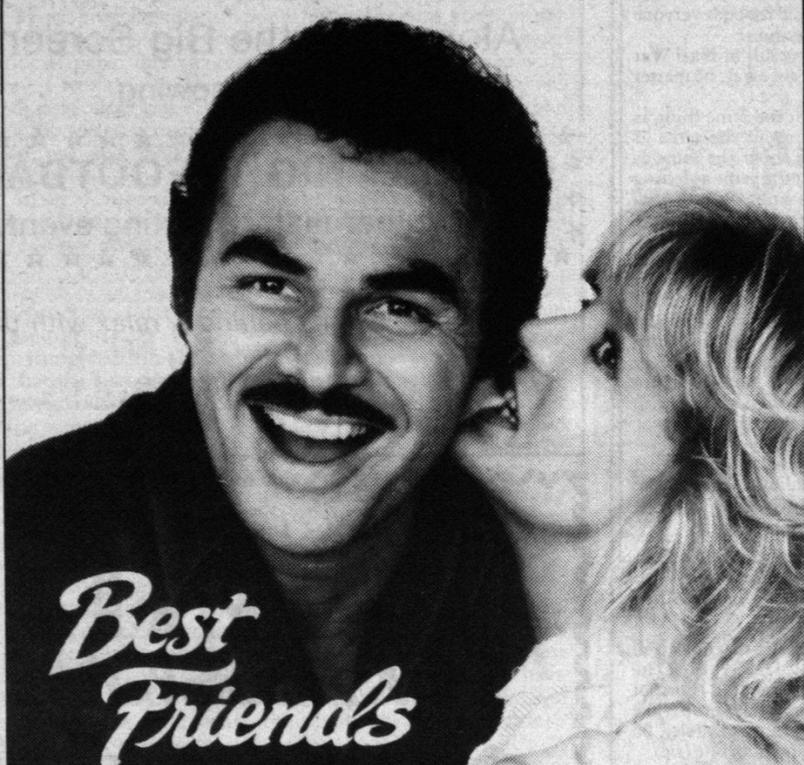
The tenth floor of Tory, which landed just east of the otherwise undamaged building, blocked the entrance to the road underneath HUB. The debris was quickly cleared by surprised onlookers who carried away everything they could, in several trips.

Amazingly, no one was hurt in the incident. There were five people in the elevator at the time, but they all came away unscathed as a result of some quick thinking on the part of a physics student.

Since the elevator was on the seventh floor with the cables were severed by the crane three floors above, the physics student, who asked not to be named, calculated the distance they would fall, and knowing the acceleration due to gravity, instructed them all to jump up in the air just at the right moment so they could escape the impact.

Sources close to Soyl say that if his demands are not met, he and his organization will revert to another of a string of plans they have to stop the abuse of the dirtlumps. One of these will likely include partially filling the crater with water to create a huge mudpuddle, the source say.

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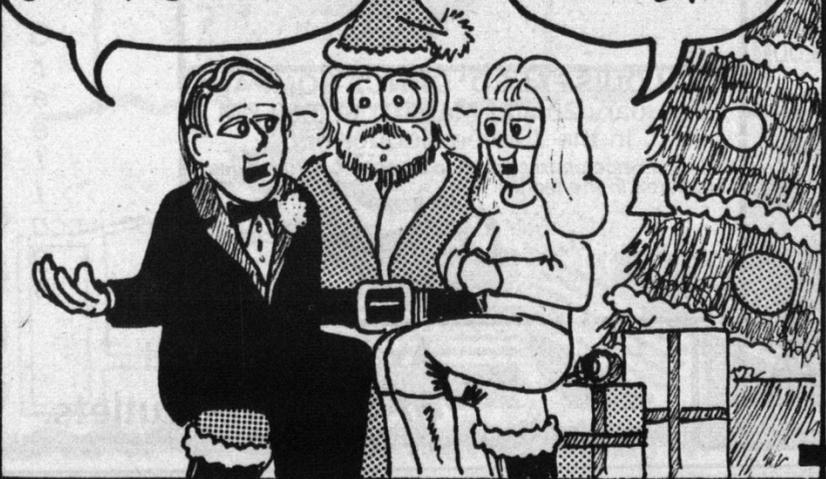
HEY SANTA... C'MON UP SOMETIME AND SEE ME!



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I CAN'T COPE!

...A HARLEY, AND TWO TICKETS TO DISNEYLAND!



MICHAEL SKEET
15-12 CHRISTMAS 1982

Marianne Nielsen
© COSMIC DUCK INK.

Robert Greenhill House of Casual Fashion

In the Home



This elegant outfit is perfect for lounging around the house reading a book or just watching TV with the family.

Robert says the fit is elegant but not constricting just in case you want to put your feet up. This outfit epitomizes the Robert Greenhill motto of "comfort but not at the expense of respectability."

"Why," said Robert, "dressed as I am here it is perfectly conceivable that I could fall asleep on the couch and still be ready to receive an unexpected visit from the Prime Minister."

At the Beach



Here we see Robert sporting his new design in suits. At the beach or by the pool Robert Greenhill swimwear is a must for the conscientious bureaucrat.

Says Robert, "The fit is loose and comfortable allowing free movement in the water and after that refreshing swim only the best places get tanned."

Robert explains that swimming should never involve stripping down and losing respectability and elegance.

Robert says, "Swimming is fun but it should be inconceivable to do it with a wide expanse of disrespectful flesh."

In the Gym



Robert also believes in recreation as is clearly shown here. And this outfit is perfect for those early morning workouts in the gym.

These loose-fitting trousers and comfortable upper garments suit Robert perfectly as he prepares to alleviate the stress inherited with his position.

"Recreation, says Robert, "is important but it should never take precedence over formality and pomposity."

"I wore this outfit for the first time to play racquetball, then to the sauna before heading to a meeting with Board of Governors, without even changing," says Robert.

Bedtime



Finally we see Robert getting ready for bed with his favorite bed-time companion.

Robert is dressed in the best of his formal-wear pyjamas, warm enough for those cold winter nights and yet loose-fitting enough for the summer time.

"These pyjamas outfit me for everything and impress everybody," explains Robert.

"While Teddy here might forgive a slight breach of respectability Prince Philip certainly would not and that's what my pyjamas are all about: being ready to be woken by anybody."

For that special look of soft-spoken superciliousness Robert Greenhill pyjamas are by far the best.

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* Louis Falco choreographed and some of his dancers appeared in the feature film



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B of G out of work

by Borich Badonov

The University of Alberta in the interests of restraint have decided to lay off the Board of Governors.

The move was announced yesterday by the Minister of Advanced Education Dick Johnston.

"In these times of economic troubles it is necessary to trim out all the excess fat so to speak," said Johnston.

The University will be now administered directly by the Provincial Government with Johnston taking over as the new head of the U of A.

The Board of Governors have now all found other employment and none seem too concerned over their positions being rendered obsolete.

Former University President Myer Horowitz and B of G chairman John Schlosser have found jobs as waiters.

"No I don't consider it a step down," said Horowitz. "Why, if you think about it, all kinds of students

have to work as waiters in order to pay for their education."

Schlosser said, "Actually it's kind of fun, the tips are generally pretty good and I'm learning how to grovel better so the tips should pick up even more."

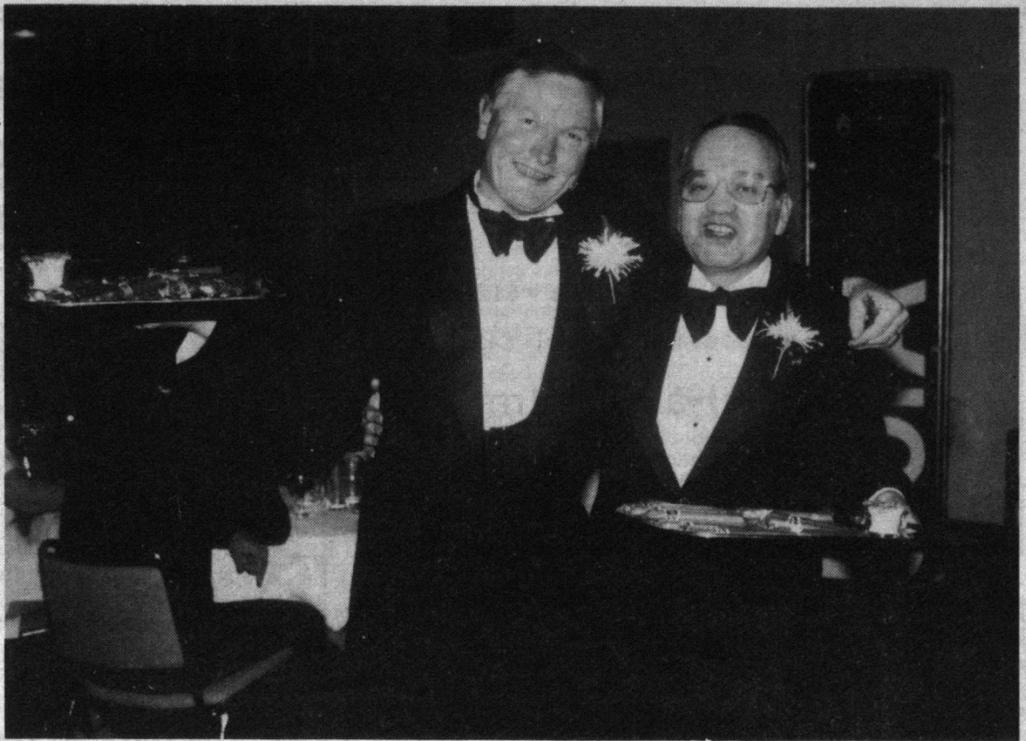
Said Johnston of the two new waiters, "They're great, I go to that restaurant all the time and I always try to sit at Myer's table."

Said Myer, "Oh sure, Dick comes in here all the time and I don't mind serving him. But," added Myer, "he sure is a lousy tipper."

Said Johnston of the less than generous gratuities, "I'll tip better when Myer learns to serve me better."

Although both Horowitz and Schlosser are only being allowed to work part-time right now, they both have hopes of a better future.

"Already," said Schlosser, "the owner is talking of promoting me to manager of the dining lounge and training Myer to work the bar."



Ex B of G members, John Schlosser and Myer Horowitz, learning to grovel graciously in their monkey suits

War criminal found

It was disclosed yesterday that Wilhelm Klink, 81, a former Prisoner of War Stalag Commandant, has been hiding within the confines of the University of Alberta's student newspaper, the *Getaway*.

Klink was employed by the newspaper as a janitor for the past six months until his discovery by managing editor, Jens Andersen.

"I found we were constantly short of paper clips," Andersen said. "So I did some checking. You can imagine my surprise when I found it was 'old Willie' here."

Klink, who served as Commandant of Stalag 13 from 1941 to 1945, had been accused of terrible war crimes during the trials at Nuremberg of 1945-46.

When asked whether he had any previous knowledge of the identity of the janitor, editor Andrew Watts simply said, "I had no idea. I hired him only as a personal favor to one of our writers, John Roggeveen. He claimed it was his grandfather."

Said *Getaway* officials, "We couldn't really afford to have an ex-Nazi working here full-time. It looks bad."

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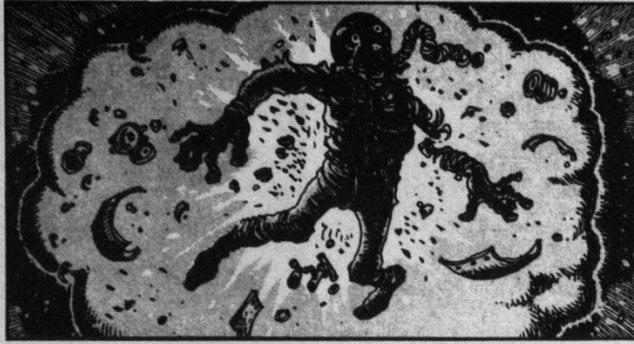
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*Biological
Sciences
to be
explored*

by Norm D. Ploom

A group of first-year Cartography students will take a field trip to the Biological Sciences Building this week and attempt to map it. Nobody has successfully completed this task before so there is some concern that the rookie students will not be cut out for the expedition.

"Not to worry," claims Professor Lewis Clark, leader of the expedition. "Although last year's attempt failed, I am confident that we won't make the same mistake. We'll just have to bring more string this time."

The exact reasons for last year's aborted mission are still cloaked in secrecy. However, the Cartography student that was second-in-command in last year's expedition has agreed to talk to the Getaway.

"It was terrible," explains a chain-smoking Percy Ess, former Cartography prodigy who has since become an Education student. "We (the expedition) had just entered the Zoology wing when I heard this ... (shudders) ... horrible bellowing. I tell you, there's something in there!"

Rumours have long persisted of an experimental genetic mutation that prowls the passageways of the Bio. Sciences Building, but Prof. Clark just scoffs:

"Nonsense. The only reason this building is so difficult is because we believe part of it is natural rock formation, hence the maze-like corridors."

This year, Prof. Clark is relying heavily on a new guide. Known only as "Theseus", this professional tracker and long-time resident of Mill Woods seems to be the expedition's only hope.

Is 50 dollars out of your salary
too much to spend for something
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If you had to put price on a worthless moment, 50 dollars is just about where you should be. Because that's what half an hour is worth nowadays. And that's not a lot when you consider both you and your fiancee will have it for the rest of your lives.

It comes down to a question of promiscuity. And what's more important?

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**OUR
MISTAKE
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The following classifieds were accidentally omitted from last Wednesday's Gateway:

WANTED:
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Ride needed from BEAUMONT to University starting January. Will help pay gas and parking. 435-6282.

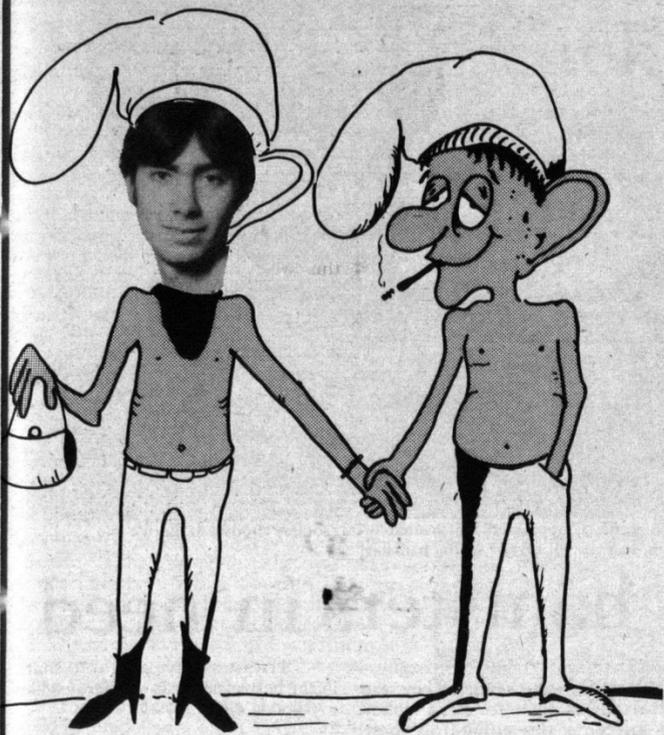
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V.P. finance reveals all on true blue nature



Roger Merkosky on the streets with his smurf companion

SU VP Finance Roger Merkosky has finally come out of the closet admitting to being a confirmed smurf.

The *Getaway* recently presented Merkosky with evidence painstakingly assembled during months of investigation. Merkosky on seeing the evidence broke down and began to cry.

"It was just latent at first," wept a tearful Merkosky.

In between sobs Merkosky managed to blurt out; "I've always felt like a smurf trapped inside a man's body but I managed to suppress it."

"My skin would flush blue from time to time and I'd get this incredible urge to wear white tights," he said.

Merkosky explained that things really came to a head when he was at a party and came into close contact with

a group of confirmed smurfs.

"I was irresistably drawn to them and their blue skins and their floppy little liberty caps," he said.

Merkosky said the last few months have not been easy. Every time he went cruising in smurf bars or blue bath houses he was terrified somebody would recognise him.

"In a way," said Merkosky finally recovering himself, "I'm kind of glad it's all out in the open now."

Merkosky explained he is just beginning to come to terms with his own smurfuality and will no longer fear to go around in public with blue skin and white tights.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in being a smurf," said Merkosky, his composure now fully restored.

"The Ancient Greeks and Romans used to accept and glorify their own smurfness and they created some beautiful smurf art and poetry," he said.

Merkosky said after he has retired from student politics he plans to settle down with his smurf friend and live quietly drinking the occasional glass of smurf beer.

"Of course we can never be married or have children but the relationships between smurfs is something very unique and special," he said.

Merkosky added, "And smurf beer is great; you don't get drunk because it isn't beer."

Student paper and RATT merge

All under one happy roof

by Igor Polgorski

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," says SU VP Internal Ray Conway.

Yesterday, the SU Executive Committee unilaterally decided to merge the operations of the *Getaway* and the bar RATT.

This does not mean an increase of staff for either group.

"I was told early Tuesday morning to prepare and move my staff and equipment up to the seventh floor," explains *Getaway* editor and bar manager Andrew Whats. "I thought it was a joke until the maintenance staff began to move our filing cabinets and disconnecting our phone — while I was talking on it."

The merger is a part of a new budget reduction proposal brought together by the Executive Committee for approval by the next Students' Council meeting (January 11).

"Edmonton's City Council has shown us the light," explains SU President Rob Greenhill. "We can make massive layoffs of personnel

and still maintain our services. All it will mean is a little more effort from those employees to cover for those lost in their own areas."

"Just look at the Executive Office," adds Conway. "We laid off our front office staff and are doing an extremely efficient job of covering the work among the executive members."

"I'm sure the *Getaway* and RATT staff can make the same adjustments," Greenhill says. "I mean, we are almost bending over backwards to accomodate them."

Greenhill refers to the new hours RATT will now be opened for business.

"This is fucken-ridiculous," says an outraged news editor and waiter Rich What.

Whats first complained that his staff could not function within the RATT hours.

"I told Robert, Raymond and the rest of the executive that in order for the paper to be completed and distributed the next day, there was no way we could do it between 3 p.m. and

1 a.m.," he explains. "I mean our news department really gets rolling around 1:30 in the afternoon."

The executive discussed the situation and approved new hours.

"We found Andrew's counter proposal to be sound and within reason of the existing Alberta Liquor Control Board's licence regulations," says Conway. "So RATT will open at noon and close at 2 a.m."

"But Andrew will have to capitulate and lay off some staff," Greenhill adds.

Whats says he will make the cuts, but he must first review the existing staff, their functions and efficiency.

"There are some who say two news editors is redundant and unnecessary," he says.

"But I'm not redundant," interrupts news editor and waitress Alisson Anesly. "I never repeat myself, so how does that make me redundant. I mean have you ever heard me say the same thing twice — or at least the same way. Let me rephrase that ..."

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Everyone welcome; no admission charge



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After your exams when you're looking forward to a nice Christmas don't think about us. You never thought about us before, don't now. Don't strain your silly little brain. The Getaway doesn't want you. So, fuck off and die.

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Jeff Parry
PROMOTIONS



Look at this poor unfortunate hamster being mercilessly oppressed. Unfortunately our society chooses to ignore the plight of our furry friends but that doesn't mean we will. Power to the hamster!

Oppressed hamsters in need

MONTREAL (CUP) — Hamsters are routinely oppressed report members of the coalition formed to fight against these injustices.

"Yes it's true," shrieks Lawson Noecoazz leader of Activists Never Offering Treachery to Hamsters' Equal Rights (ANOTHER).

According to ANOTHER hamsters are forced to live in squalid conditions behind bars for their entire lives.

"These hamsters are forced to sleep in beds of shredded paper and

wood shavings," claims Noecoazz.

Noecoazz continues, "They are fed on food barely fit for rats and they are forced to run around on these wheels that go nowhere."

According to Noecoazz these poor individuals are caught up in a "vicious treadmill forced on them by an oppressive society."

Members of ANOTHER say they will never rest until hamsters all over the country can stand on their two tiny hind legs to take their place in society without fear or hindrance.

"Hamsters have a right to share in the best society has to offer just like everybody else," says Noecoazz.

Asked whether he thought reports of hamsters being oppressed were exaggerated Noecoazz replied; "Have you ever seen a hamster become president of the United States?"

"A hamster has never even been nominated," he said.

Noecoazz continued, "If you look at statistics there are disproportionately fewer hamsters in executive positions than in the population."

Noecoazz and the other members of ANOTHER say this is because hamsters are always kept in their cages and never allowed to reach their full potential.

"All we want to do is ensure that hamsters have the opportunity to fulfill their full potential as members of society," said Noecoazz.

"Let's face it," he said, "what we're aiming at is a society free from discrimination based on race, creed, fur, or whether you're a rodent or not."

Frank Galvin has one last chance to do something right.

THE VERDICT

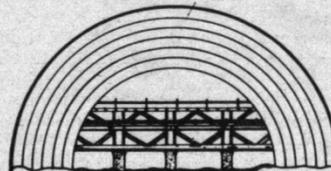
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FARTS

Christ-He's Chuck Berry!

by Zany Parker

Chuck Berry is really the new messiah, the *Getaway* learned yesterday in an interview. Berry claims repeated busts have been analogous to the persecution of the original Christ. He has been arrested for transporting a woman across state lines for immoral purposes (she was actually his white girlfriend) and later for tax evasion.

People misinterpreted the lyrics of some of his songs, Berry says. What was thought to be "Hail, hail, rock and roll" is in fact "Hell, hell, rock and roll," a warning to all clean-living people to avoid such sinful music. "Maybelline" is, in reality, a sermon on the evils of wearing eye-liner and mascara.

"Roll over Beethoven" is a song about the resurrection of famous composers, obviously predicting that Berry (who is not dead yet) will rise again.

When Berry's songs are played backwards, they repeat the books of the New Testament set to music. They also predict the mode of his eventual death. White Southern Baptists, infuriated by a newspaper article calling Berry the second coming, will crucify him to the hood of a '57 Chevy and drive him down Route 66. This information can be obtained by playing "Sweet Little Sixteen" backwards at 45 rpm.

"It's only fitting that the new messiah should be Black," says Berry. "After all, people have known for years that God is a deaf black Lesbian."



Is this man the new saviour? He wishes you peace, especially on his brother's birthday.

THE AIRSICK BAG

Macdonwalds
Millions of locations

by P. Prince

We finally dumped the guy who did all those "exorbitant reviews that only Law, Medicine and Engineering students could afford. Today we present a review of a restaurant that truly meets the student budget.

Of all the fast food joints, *Macdonwalds* is certainly the quickest.

We first entered the restaurant at 11:05 p.m. and exited at 11:07. In that time we ordered, were served and ate.

This was really convenient. This is the type of well-run establishment that would be great on campus. You technically could stop and eat in that pitiful ten minute break between classes.

Anyways our delicious meal began with a light french fry chaser, quickly followed by a heavenly variety of fast fried foods. Don't let those *Wendy's* commercials fool you, fried is best. Instead of burning out all those nutritious elements like fat and salmonella (like broiling does) *Macdonwalds* guarantees those elements are seared into the soya bean pattie itself through the primitive, but tried and true method of frying.

Me, Myself (my dinner companions) and I ordered three cheeseburgers, two Big Mic-Macs, 14 McLivers, 22 McPorked and seven one-quarter pounders (before frying respectively).

I personally enjoyed the McLivers. Not many places can add such spice to a liver sandwich like a grill cooking 26 different varieties of food.

Myself found the Mic-Macs palatable, but the processed cheese on the burgers was definitely of a superior vintage. It must have been a good day.

As for Me, after 22 McPorked and seven quarter pounders and 13 trips to the little person's room, he called it average. He usually averages between 12 and 15 trips.

To help wash down the repast, we had 14 large cokes each and a couple of thick shakes. The flavor of the month was Evergreen.

We decided to pass on the dessert menu since we had a noon class, though we were tempted by the frozen milk soft ice cream sundaes.

So this excellent gourmet meal came within our limited budget of 15 for three people. I will admit it is out of the way, but well worth the 75¢ bus tariff.

(several minutes later) Okay, look at this. Wouldn't you call that a work of art?

Getaway: I suppose so, although ...

Candy: Awright, come over here. (Segment of taped interview unintelligible) Wasn't that an artistic (expletive deleted) experience?

Getaway: I'd say more like a religious experience. I guess you've got a point.

Candy: You've got a pretty good one yourself. So, tell the council we could use some more money, eh?

In conclusion, the Canada Council should be highly praised and commended for exploring these experimental new erc, I mean directions. Hopefully this program will continue to be funded vigorously.

Aren't we all prostitutes anyway?

The Joy of Wife-Beating

by Phyllis Ghostly

book review by Anne Ominous

Phyllis Ghostly, ERA opponent, has just released her new book *The Joy of Wife-Beating*. In a recent interview with Phyllis, the *Getaway* discussed the implications of her book's revelations.

Getaway: Your recent book advocates wife-beating as a healthy sign in a marriage. Could you tell us a little more about this?

Phyllis: Certainly, darling. You see, wife-beating indicates that both husband and wife have found their proper roles in the relationship. If a man did not beat his wife I would seriously have to question her subservience and thus the future of this marriage in bringing up happy, properly educated children.

Getaway: Didn't you also state that wife-beating is a sign of affection?

Phyllis: Oh most definitely, dear. A beaten wife is a wife who has her husband's attention. This makes her a cherished happy homemaker.

Getaway: Do you feel the woman's movement has hurt the move towards progressive wife-beating?

Phyllis: Absolutely, Love. Those Satan-spawned lesbians don't understand the great joy that is possible when a wife is lovingly beaten by the man in her life. It is truly wonderful to realize that your husband cares for you enough to break your ribs.

Getaway: Could you briefly summarize how a couple could begin to engage in wife-beating?

Phyllis: I would be happy to, sugar. The first thing they must do is realize that all that lesbian propaganda about wife-beating is inspired by the Anti-christ and is dedicated towards destroying the family and civilization as we know it. They might want to just start the actual beatings fairly lightly — perhaps just a few wrist slaps at first, then experimenting with blows to the face. After a while they'll find that they'll be able to engage in bodily throwing the wife against walls and down stairs. They'll have to progress slowly since this society has been hoodwinked by those vicious man-haters who don't understand real love. We have a long way to go before wife-beating comes out of the kitchen and becomes a fully accepted method of achieving happiness.

Getaway: Well thank you, Phyllis, for a most enlightening conversation.

Phyllis: Anytime, doll. It's been wonderful speaking to someone with an open mind.

Art Gallery briefly reopens

by Eric Blare

To the astonishment of many close observers of Students' Union behavior, the Council voted at their last meeting to reopen the Art Gallery on the main floor of SUB. The move was announced subsequent to a surprise donation of 80,000 dollars to the SU by local millionaire and leadership candidate Peter Pocklington.

The first show at the newly-renamed "Wayne Gretzky Memorial Art Gallery" was an exhibition by sports abstract painter Amanda J. Smythe-Beddoes. The show featured abstract, non-representational works which were intended to be symbolic of the Edmonton Oilers and their play in the NHL.

One painting, which resembled a pile of steaming Horseshit, aroused the ire of Oilers fan, Zionist, former Arts Editor of the *Getaway* (now its barely-managing editor) Jensen Anders.

Anders howled, "This is outright hate literature!" Hearing these words, SU Vice President Internal Rayway Conmond came storming down from his second-floor office and seized the offending object, shouting, "This exhibit is declared closed by the authority vested in me."

Disgruntled Arts Critics filed out clutching their free drinks, muttering about reprisals. Several days later, Conmond sheepishly returned the 'objet d'art' with an apology to all present, "Well, I guess I blew it this time. I hope nobody lets on that I'm a Canadiens fan."

Unfortunately, the momentum of the exhibit had been lost, and afterwards it was

revealed that the show had cost the SU 300,000 dollars (mostly for light bulbs and free drinks for journalists). Although the overrun was quickly hidden by an accounting error, students petitioned to have the gallery closed for good.

Noted patron of the arts and SU Prez R.G. (Bobby-boy) Greenhill was at last report taking the result of the petition to DIE Board.

Tarts in the Arts

by Jay Dee Cocks

"I'm an artist, ain't I? Don't I got a right to a little government support?" Trixie, 19, defended a 26,000 dollar grant from the Canada Council last week in an impromptu interview with the *Getaway*.

This hard-working correspondent discovered in the course of many long nights of strenuous research that many of Edmonton's prostitutes are in fact receiving grants from the Canada Council.

Why is the august arbiter of the nation's cultural standards now rewarding ladies of the evening? It was up to this reporter to find out.

Getaway: Uh, miss ... excuse me ... do you feel that what you do deserves a Federal government subsidy?

Candy: You wanna talk, it'll cost you twenty. But yeah, I think the Feds owe me something. I mean, they can screw the rest of Canada for free, but I've gotta make a living anyhow.

Getaway: Well, yes, but can you justify it on artistic grounds?

Candy: Just come upstairs with me ...

Reel Good Movies

by Quentin U. Marsupial

Boy oh boy, it's Christmas time and are we going to see some good movies or what? My friend Darwin is assistant scapegoat to a certain Hollywood mogul type and has managed to pilfer plot-outlines for a whole shitload of keen new movies. And, he has sent them to me, Al Franken. Gee, what a guy!! Anyways, I simply must share my scoop with you...

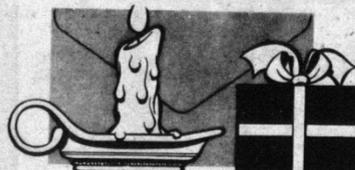
Beast Friends - Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn star as aging zookeepers in this obvious rip-off of *Born Free*. The plot centers around their daughter's affinity for cats of all sizes and the hilarious escapades she goes through due to this affinity. A real lighthearted screwball comedy. Natassia Kinski plays the daughter. (Warning: flying guts)

Sophie and Tootsie: The Story Continues... (original title: *Kramer vs. Kramer: The Sequel*) - Dustin Hoffman's maternal instincts, so strong in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, finally get the best of his wee brain, with reel funny results, see. He succumbs to transvestism and runs around in women's clothes, babbling. Meryl Streep (as Sophie) eventually gets a court order to have him put away and moves to the country to raise their wimpy son. The boy, haunted by his father's actions, hacks up his mom in a reudian shower-murder straight out of *Psycho*. Fun for all.

Gandhi: Honky-Tonk Man - Clint Eastwood stars as "the man of peace" in this expose of Gandhi's private life. It's all here: the drinking, the brawling, the womanizing, and especially those classic Indian country songs (including "Okie from New Delhi", "Stand by your mantra", and many more). Situated in the country honky-tonks of southern India, *Gandhi: Honky-Tonk Man* details both Gandhi's life-long romance with country music and his sensitive attempt to raise his orphaned neihw, Rajneesh (played by Kyle Eastwood, Clint's son).

Kiss Me Goodbye for I Have Only Six Weeks to Uncover the Trail of The Pink Panther - An epic in the mold of *Ben-Hur* and *The Life of Brian*, *Kiss* stars Sally Field as a quasi-religious eight-year-old girl attempting to find love, happiness, and mystical truth while uncovering the whereabouts of the missing Pink Panther Diamond. On her journey she learns, from the ghost of her dead husband, Clouseau (played by Peter Sellers), that she has only six weeks to live. Transformed by this news into a psychotic she-monster, the little girl scurries back to New York in order to lay heavy guilt trips on her mother and her congressman boyfriend (played by Mary Tyler Moore and Dudley Moore). In the end she dies and everybody is happier for it. The kind of movie that made Hollywood what it is today.

Sheesh! What a holiday season I'm going to have! Surely these films are the best things to come our way in a heckuva long time. Jeepers! Hope to see you there.



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Bird, Dr. J, and Conway play B-ball

by Homer Wayward

Larry Bird and Julius Erving will be taking time off their busy schedules to compete in the prestigious Klondike Basketball Classic.

"We always thought this could be an outstanding tournament. But I didn't expect Larry and Dr. J. to accept my offer!" exclaimed Bears coach Brian Heaney.

Heaney sent a telegram to the two NBA all-stars as a longshot to bolster fan interest: "Actually, I got the idea from Tom (Berekoff)."

Berekoff, Universiade '83 basketball co-ordinator, spent several months organizing the tourney and says Wayne Gretzky was also

suggested as a crowd attractor.

However, Heaney decided against it: "I don't have anything against Wayne personally, but his lay-up in basketball is about as good as his back-checking in hockey."

Bird, the Boston Celtics star, said in a telephone interview that he's excited about playing with Jim Pratt in the guard position. Erving, better known as "Dr. J.," says the highlight of his visit will be playing alongside Leon Bynoe.

Universiade '83 publicist Con Griwkowsky refused to disclose the "exact" amount that Bird and Erving will be receiving for their appearances: "Let's just say it's more

than \$30,000 and less than \$32,000."

As souvenirs of their trip to Edmonton, Bird and Dr. J. will get to keep their Bears' uniforms and will each receive an autographed basketball from Gretzky.

"It's the least I could let Wayne do after turning him down," sighed Heaney.

In place of Gretzky, Heaney managed to lure SU vp Internal Ray Conway to play in the Classic.

"Ray's got a fantastic shot from behind the basket. As for his performance in front of the hoop, well, I've told him to be a team player. You know, lots of passes," hinted Heaney.



Bears coach Brian Heaney (above) points his evil finger at a lacklustre lay-up by Oilers Wayne Gretzky (left, out of picture). Heaney's squad will be bolstered at the Klondike Classic by three of the top players in basketball today: Larry Bird of Boston Celtics, Julius Erving of Philadelphia 76ers, and Ray Conway of Edmonton No-Minds.

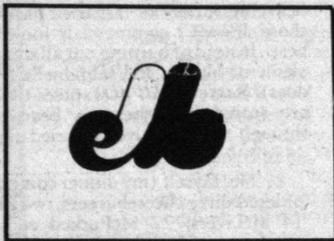
Born-again Raines sorry

by Ron Jellgard

Montreal Expos outfielder Tim Raines will give a lecture tomorrow in T-1-95 on the "Effects of Cocaine on Athletic Performance."

"Sure, the stuff's been an economic disaster for me. I can't buy a Porsche any longer. And besides, the doc says my nasal tissue has bit the dust," said a reformed Raines in a recent conversation.

Cocaine is used medically to treat extreme pain. When Raines heard that the Bears football team was



painfully sick of losing, he thought the drug would solve the problem.

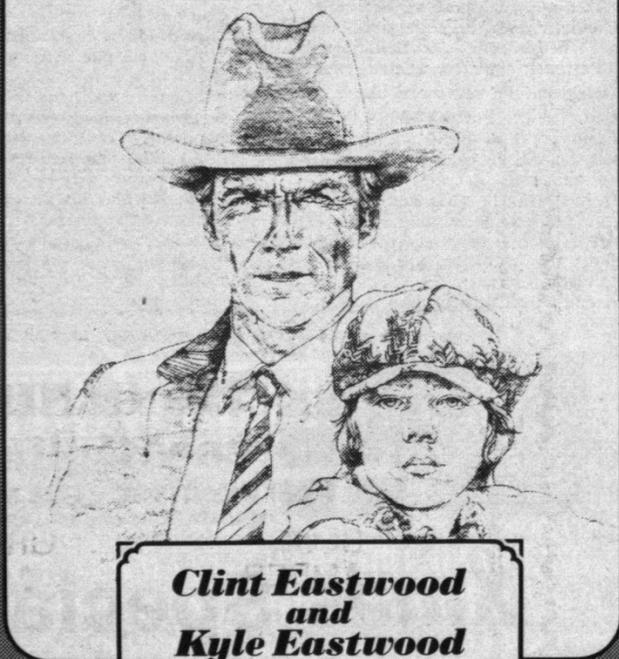
"I always try to be helpful. I saw that your football team wasn't doing too hot, so I figured I'd give them a few pointers," explained Raines, who stole 71 bases in his rookie year.

"Obviously, my advice worked. Your Bears won a game," said Raines.

"But now I realize I made a mistake. Tell those guys I'm really sorry if I messed up their lives," related Raines.



The boy is on his way to becoming a man.
The man is on his way to becoming a legend.



**Clint Eastwood
and
Kyle Eastwood
Honkytonk Man**

Clint Eastwood and Kyle Eastwood in "Honkytonk Man"
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All the bleachers

by Carton Moots

Two members of the Golden Bears hockey squad will be quitting in January to accept an "attractive" offer in Bermuda.

Ron Parent and Garnet "Ace" Brimacombe announced their intentions to a shocked coach Clare Drake yesterday.

Parent and Brimacombe have accepted lucrative contracts from Triangle Petroleum of Bermuda. The agreement allows them to play hockey and pursue careers in business.

Parent, an accounting major, says he's looking forward to the change: "First I get picked to go to Czechoslovakia, then this comes along!"

Brimacombe, the Bears captain, is looking forward to the sunny (and tax-free) climate of Bermuda:

"There's a couple places where I really need a tan."

Roger Smith, Dean of Business, says that in light of the extraordinary offers, the two fourth-year students will be granted their B.Comm. degrees on the condition that both "donate" furniture to the new Business building.

"Hell, I'll give Roger all the bleachers in the Varsity Arena to keep Ron and Ace," replied a dejected Drake.

*I'd like to be...
...under the sea*

by Marlaina Schmidke

Campus Recreation is anxious to announce the addition of underwater hockey to next semester's roster of intramural activities.

Drew Doyles, Coordinator of Campus Recreation, is quite excited about the new addition as this will make the U of A Intramurals program unique in Canada.

"The thing that really makes it unique is that we are trying it out as a Co-Rec activity," he commented.

A series of workshops will be conducted prior to the start of the underwater hockey league by a specialist in endurance diving.

"We have been working for some time now on bringing in a coin diver from a small tourist island in the Caribbean to instruct the workshops," said Laverna Sunstrum, Assistant Coordinator. "The main problem being one of transportation costs."

Sunstrum suggested that failing this, long-winded members of the U of A Swim Team would be recruited as instructors.

Drew Doyles, feeling that underwater hockey will be a success, has already started to look into the possibilities of offering underwater volleyball through Women's Intramurals, as well as a Non-Credit Instruction course in underwater basketweaving.

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Staff this term, thanks to everyone

The semi-annual *Getaway* staff picnic is in progress, somewhere between Vanderhoof and Vegreville.... 'Neath the mistletoe, Heather-Ann Laird is rapidly becoming friends with Kent Bliston, Mark Roppel and Dan Leskiew. Shelley Spaner, Stacey Bertles and Valerie Gislason discuss the various attribute of John Roggeveen, Mike McKinney, Brett Cullman, and Tom Wilson. Karen Kebarle wants to know if Candy Fertile is for real. Ninette Gironella and John Algard discuss existence in the fifth dimension; Cameron Laux says he prefers Donna Summer. Geoffrey Jackson, Nate LaRoi and Jack Vermee take turns spinning platters. Renee Boileau takes Luis Pena aside for a few pointers on footwork. Margo Schmitt, Christina Scott, Teri Lyn Paulgard and Mary Ruth Olson are finalists in the dance competition. Chanchal Bhattacharya is holding forth at the bar, much to the amusement of Bruce Pollock, and Robert Woodbury. Such a quiet scene....

ZIP! WHIRRR! Martin

Beales has arrived on the scene with his magic Polaroid pack. Barry Groves and Durk Boivin are not pleased with this turn of events... oops! A wee ruckus has broken out. Robert Cook and Dale Lakevold, nefarious agents of the western comunist youth corp, have stolen our tankard and were seen in the neighbouring valley. A search and destroy mission is suggested by Karl Schranz. Bill Inglee and Beth Jacob set out to reconnoiter the area. Aaron Bushkowsky and Michael Leitch meet with Peter Block and Kent Fargey to prepare the tar and feathers. Peter Dwan and Warren Weber think evil thoughts. And en mass, the staffers head out into the dark morning chill. The sun is not yet in the eastern sky as the intrepid band of journalists heads across the river to the valley beyond...

In the valley of the jolly green Cuppie, Cook and Lakevold rejoice in the fact that they have successfully boycotted the party...

AHA! Sandra Corbett and Dave Marko have sighted the cuppies, and the group charges

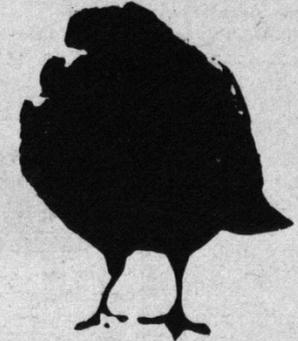
onward. Gilbert Bouchard leads one group east, cutting off the cuppies' escape in a pincer movement. Vic Marchiel and Jim Weir have recovered the tankard! And now for those renegade communists....

Ken Lenz and Greg Harris bring handfuls of faggots (wood, stupid); Ken Lenz has the fire roaring and the tar flowing. Benoit Robert, Alain Lauzier, and Bruno Coture arrive with the feathers, and begin to sing an old Micmac chant. Lorie White helps Igor Gavanski bind the hapless duo to a nearby spruce log. Cheers go up as the molten tar covers our victims; Adam Wessel and Catherine MacLaughlin spread chicken feathers with reckless abandon. James L. Stevens hands out rounds of beer as the cuppies are released and sent east to their masters. The party continues....

Gerard Kennedy, local entertainment director, is screening some tacky video products. Karen Redford declares them sexist; Keith Krause and Jim Gerwing agree.

Come on, you guys, it's only Leave it to Beaver...

David Marples, Grant Litke and George Longmore have competed in an acorn hunt. Ron Friesen announces that their nuts are now on display, and that judges are needed. Roy van Hooydonk and Shawna Peetz are appointed, and the competition comes to an end with Zane Harker flashing the entire event. As the sun rises over the valley, we are reminded that everyone needs to Getaway once in a while....



Pigeon by Martin Beales

Food Services On Campus CHRISTMAS SCHEDULE 1982

FACILITY	CLOSE	OPEN
SUB - Buffeteria Snack Bar	Dec. 10, 1982	Jan. 4, 1983
	Dec. 17, 1982	Jan. 4, 1983
CAB	Dec. 21, 1982	Jan. 4, 1983
Lister	Dec. 18, 1982*	Jan. 3, 1983 (Lunch) 8:00 am - 6:00 pm - Weekdays 11:00 am - 6:00 pm - Weekends
Faculte St. Jean	Dec. 22, 1982	Jan. 2, 1983 (Lunch)

*Service moves to The Ship

**All Food Services will be closed
Dec. 24, 1982 - Dec. 28, 1982
in addition to January 1st, 1983**

The following will be open for service on December 29, 30, 31, 1982 with regular operating hours.

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- Administration Building - Basement
- Biological Sciences - 4th Floor
- Education II - 4th Floor
- General Services Building - 7th Floor
- University Hall - Basement

All food services will re-open for regular service Tuesday, January 4, 1983.

Vending areas are available throughout the holidays, as well as the food outlets on the HUB Mall: HoHo Chinese Food, Bottleneck Restaurant, Cafe Casablanca, Incredible Edibles, Living Earth, HUB Deli, Patria (Ukrainian), HUB Burgers, Java Jive.

The University will be closed December 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 1982 and January 3, 1983.

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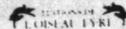
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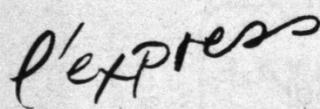


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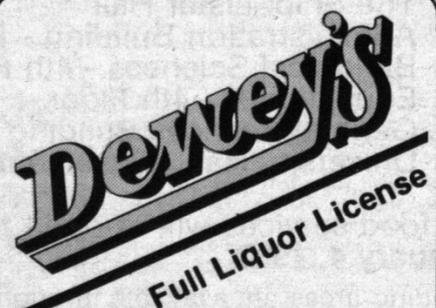
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