

## New furniture damaged already

The furniture in Rosaria is only three weeks old and already is beginning to show signs of wear and tear.

The couches and tables not only have various articles of garbage cluttering them they also bear the marks of, a number of shoes which for

some reason or another did not choose to stay on the floor.

Executive Assistant to the President Michael Merrigan expressed his concern over the damage which has occurred so far. He said one of the chairs near the cafeteria has a cigarette burn on it half the

length of a cigarette.

"It looks as if someone put a cigarette right down on it" said Merrigan.

The furniture in Evaristus is also being neglected, with damage evident from shoes etc.

"If people would only take

off their boots before putting their feet up on the tables and couches it wouldn't be too bad. They do that kind of thing at home and it doesn't harm their furniture," said Merrigan. "I don't think anyone is doing it maliciously. I think its

just thoughtlessness," said Merrigan.

The damaged furniture will eventually have to be replaced, and inevitably students will end up paying for it through tuition hikes and other costs.



# The Picaro

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 26 APRIL 7, 1981



Canadian  
University  
Press

MEMBER

## YEARBOOK EDITOR ASKED TO RESIGN

by Sue Drapeau  
Staff Reporter

In a decision made by Student Council at Friday's meeting, Yearbook editor,

Steve Hall, will be asked to submit his resignation from the position. Also at that meeting, notice of motion was given that if Hall's resignation was not received by Friday,

April 10, 1981, a motion to remove him from office would be put on the floor.

The decision came as a result of a long list of complaints received by council in a letter from the Yearbook (Janus) staff last week. The staff say they will all resign if Hall isn't fired, leaving him to finish the book himself. If he was fired the staff said they would stay on and finish it.

"If he does it by himself, it will take him until August," said Debbie McNair, the only Janus staff member present at the meeting.

The charges made by the staff were that Hall went ahead and planned events despite the disapproval of and often without the knowledge of the staff. It was also charged that Hall had a distinct lack of respect for the work of others on the staff, that in fact he had destroyed work done by staff members behind their backs. This has already meant an increase of

\$350-\$500 to print the yearbook because of missed deadlines.

The letter read, "Steve's attitudes to deadlines is deadlines are to be broken."

Dachia Joudrey, 1980-81 Student Council President said that she had received complaints all year about Hall, but this was the first in writing.

"Steve was very passive," said Joudrey, "when he came to Wednesday's executive meeting to discuss the problem." She said he didn't seem to care whether they fired him or not.

Hall was not present at Friday's meeting to present his side of the story to council. "I told him it would only be to his detriment if he didn't show up," said Joudrey.

Sandy Spencer, External Vice President, said she would have liked to talk to other Janus staff members about the situation, but apparently none but McNair were able to attend the meeting. Joudrey said it would have been better if every Janus member had signed the letter of complaint so that no-one could interpret it as having been written by one person.



Steve Hall, the accused, told the PICARO "\_\_\_\_\_ it!" in response to accusations made against him. (Photo by Photopool)

### THIS IS IT!

This is the last issue until September. Good luck on exams and to the graduates from the staff of the PICARO. See you in September!

## Editorial

## Public Lecture Series Success

by Arlette Zinck

The Public Lecture Series has put Mount St. Vincent University on the academic map.

Already, in only the second year of the series, the guest list has included Dr. Lawrence Stone of Princeton, and Dr. Hanna Holborn Gray of Chicago, perhaps one of the most important women in universities today.

"These scholars are very particular about where they speak", says Dr. Konczacki, the program's co-ordinator, "they have reputations to protect, so for them to lecture here is a compliment to the quality of our program."

The success of the program

can be measured both by the quality of the speakers and by the audience's size. Out of the ten lectures held already this year, Dr. Konczacki estimates the smallest crowd at approximately forty, the largest (that attending Dr. Stone's presentation) at 275.

"Their quality has made them superior to any program at Dalhousie, St. Mary's or Acadia", says Dr. Konczacki "and their success has surprised many of their faculty."

The program is completely funded by the university. Any visitors are paid their two-way airfare, their overnight accommodations and a small honorarium. With the success of

the program, Dr. Konczacki hopes that future budgets may be increased.

The co-ordinator attributes their success to the high academic quality they have maintained. "They have a high academic standard yet they are not restricted to academics because they are never too technical", she says.

Dr. Konczacki, who has single-handedly run the series, will be leaving on sabbatical next year. Hopefully, her successor will continue the established reputation of the lectures and maintain the Mount's position in the academic sphere.

The final chapters of the Picaro/Student Council war were published this week, and with the last letter we can honestly say, enough is enough. You have had your fun.

The realization that the Picaro was being used by some Student Council and Picaro members as a means of personal attack has been only too obvious to us from the start. We chose to let the letters speak for themselves, and allowed readers to draw their own conclusions as to who the winners were in this never-ending battle.

Frankly, friends, I think you're all losers.

You have managed to undermine everything you said you were fighting for, with your petty arguments and obvious personal hatred of one another. We have had to listen to your bitching and fighting for months, and have taken the crap for something that started long before we ever arrived on the scene.

We do not condemn the concept of a student newspaper keeping tabs on the actions of council; we do not condemn members of the student union using the Picaro to voice their opinions; but we are strongly opposed to the frustration and temperament of a select few destroying the good name of a student council and a student newspaper.

As you accuse one another of your immaturity, let me say this. Your immaturity is reflected in your inability to confront the issues face to face, to accept what has been done, and to strive toward a mutual understanding. Is that so difficult? Why should those around you be subjected to the meaningless and time-consuming arguments which inevitably lead nowhere?

by Barb Woodroffe  
Co-Editor

This is our annual Picaro staff picture

Thanks Frank!!



**The Perfect Way To Save On Your Holiday Overseas.  
Travel-Settle Down To Work A While - Travel Again.**



# Letters

Letters for this column should be addressed "To The Picaro", and must be typed. Letters must also be signed though anonymity may be granted upon request. The staff of The Picaro reserve the right to reject or edit any article for length or if it defames or discriminates against any individual or group.

## It takes some guts

To the Picaro,

Last week, Mr. Moran submitted a letter, telling students at this University, that he had disclaimed the Award certificate which Student Council had bestowed upon him. For all the reasons he outlined, and his own principles, I think it was one of the "gutsiest" things, anyone has ever done on this campus. Everyone knows the constant battle that raged between him and P & D over the past two years—the biting criticism, discreditory remarks—that we

## More on Involvement

To the Picaro,

I find it very curious for you to pen your reply in such a manner as to spend most of your letter slandering one person, when in fact that one person, myself, only typed the letter composed by myself and four or five others. Is there a little birdie around the Picaro office who saw me typing that letter. Me thinks Not.

Aside from the obvious hints to the reader as to the identity of the slandered, (that is one entertainment director who found it difficult to work in an underfunded activity, who was refused sale of an awards banquet ticket and expressed her right to casual attire instead of hiding the nature of the real university student behind the facade of clothing and makeup), there were remarks to many other students who have made some contribution to union activities.

The first of course is "a bookkeeper who is in gross dereliction and disrespect for available council funding. If I was a bookkeeper for any society within the student union, I would be highly

## Council reply

To the Picaro,

This is in reply to a personal letter directed at myself from Mr. Francis Moran, which appeared in last week's Picaro. I wish to state my side of the story as there seems to be some confusion over the way awards were chosen and presented at the Annual Awards Banquet on March 14, of this year. Firstly, I feel that the student newspaper (which each and every one of you pay for in your student union fees) should not be used as one man's personal megaphone through which he vents any anger, frustration or jealousy he feels. A student newspaper is not a means of "getting at" one person or another for any reason. A good newspaper should include criticism that builds a stronger sense of purpose and not destroys the personal reputation of its student leaders. Student leaders need understanding and support, too. Lastly, I wish to point out

have read in this newspaper. And he had the guts to say, "No, you don't mean this—I don't want your award."

Everyone is also aware of the "obvious oversights" which were made in doling out the awards. Students aren't blind. In response to the other letter, I just say that you're using your nomination form as a scapegoat for your own irresponsibility and immaturity. I've worked on Awards Committees in other universities and I know, that regardless of whether someone has been nominated or not, you

insulted at that charge. Presumably though, you can only be referring to either Sally Dakin, the union bookkeeper, or Jeannette Gilroy, the Picaro Business Manager, and if I were either one of them I would be at your desk right now, demanding an apology.

The second reference is to "Those good ol' somebodies who try to please everyone, maintain titles, and really do nothing but have a good time doing it," it seems to me there are a few feet those shoes would fit perfectly

To all of you who did make some valid contribution, and there are a lot of you out there, congratulations to those who were given some recognition, and condolences to those of you who weren't. I will personally take the blame for not having filled out a nomination form for each and every one of you.

But if you're like me, you don't need some unfelt congratulations from the bureaucracy. You can let your contributions stand on their own merit.

From a student who just happens to like blue jeans  
Suzanne Drapeau

that when nominations opened, material was sent to the two most visible communication tools on campus—the Newsletter and The Picaro. However, Mr. Moran refused to print the material, thinking instead that it was trivial. Why so much backlashing now in April if the awards were trivial and unimportant in February? It appears you are hellbent to destroy any good feelings students may have about this year's council and myself, and you are determined to poison my outlook towards the student body at large. I have been a victim of unfounded criticism all year long. One should not criticize anyone unneedlessly unless they have walked a mile in that person's shoes and I challenge each and everyone of you who thinks they could have done a better job to please come forward—your union needs you!

Dachia Joudrey  
Past President 1980/81

give credit where credit is due. You don't need a piece of paper to preclude your decision. The students, ultimately are your witness.

In the case of Andrea Gibbs, she demonstrated a dedication and enthusiasm in her position, which should have been recognized. Sue Brennan, another oversight, did not relinquish her enthusiasm, despite the fact that she was plagued with a bar campaign which was destined to doom from the very start. I ask you, if Dachia Joudrey or Paul

## Let's stop all the fuss

To the Picaro,

I am responding to the author of last week's letter who seemed to spend most of his/her time cutting down a couple of individuals. As far as I can figure it was an unwarranted and slanderous attack of a person who wasn't named but who's identity was given many clues.

Don't you think it's time for both parties to stop fighting, call a truce and realize that

MacNair had not been nominated, would the Committee, then have exercised its discretion and given them awards? Given their track records, why did they receive awards at all? Do titles become a prerequisite for an award? Once again I repeat—the students are your witnesses.

In closing, I would just like to make a few comments to our incoming president. Karen, treat your councillors with respect. They are volunteers who willingly give their

everyone has a valid contribution to make and that anyone who is truly working on behalf of the students, makes their own contribution in their own way and doesn't need or want any thanks for it. A successful activity for students is thanks enough.

Also don't you think it's time for both sides to think about each others' mistakes, realize that they were human and realize and any actions

## Dal students not all jocks

To the Picaro:

In the March 26 issue of the Dalhousie Gazette, a letter appeared signed by the "females of Mount Saint Vincent."

This letter was a childish rebuttal to the attitude that co-ed campuses apparently hold of MSVU (see "Mount Women's Reputation Not Good" The Picaro, March 17, 1981).

I am appalled that a group of students from MSVU claiming to be "out for a higher education" would resort to name-calling as they have. I am also amazed that they

would have the nerve to sign that letter with "the females of Mount St. Vincent".

I am a female student here, and sorry kids, but I don't think that 98% of Dal students are jocks and studs.

I would suggest to the writers of this letter that if you truly want to disprove the rumours of the Mount's reputation—IGNORE THEM!! Don't resort to name-calling or you will be placing yourself on the same level as the narrow-minded instigators of the rumour.

I have also written a letter to the Gazette asking that my

## Previous letter libelous

To the Picaro:

The use of the Picaro as a medium for backstabbing is rather sickening. On page 3 of the March 31st Picaro, insinuations were made that union funds were mismanaged through irresponsible spending by an entertainment director and that a bookkeeper is in gross dereliction and disrespect for available funding. Are these statements not somewhat libelous? I would like to suggest to the writer of

these statements that he or she should have given some concrete evidence (e.g. numbers, figures) if the validity of this letter was to be accepted.

The writer of the March 31st letter also suggested that the individuals/individual who protested, bar those who did not receive recognition on Awards Night, were being hateful towards "P and D". I for one do not see how much charity and kindness there can be in the heart of a writer who can end a letter with a tacky

## Grammar of some is atrocious

To the Picaro:

If the Mount's reputation is less than flattering, letters like that signed by Miles. Francy, Christopher, Fratini, Nugent and George hardly help. "Defend ourselves toward such statement"? "The Mount's purpose is...not to marry the women..." Could the Mount marry its students? If so, would it want to?

The phrasing in the third paragraph of this girlish effusion leaves a good deal to be

desired, but the last paragraph is particularly ripe. I liked the implication that men are a separate species—it should make breeding rather interesting. As for the eze-matous spatter of quotation marks: why "a" or "Title"? Can a title be so-called? And then the last phrase, which gives pause to any even marginally dirty mind...

Ladies, you may be pure of mind and heart and utterly

time and effort to benefit the whole student body. Admit when you're wrong—your credibility diminishes, each time you refuse to admit that you're human. And lastly, try to revive a spirit of unity and representative student politics on this campus—something which has been sadly neglected these past two years.

Returning students and new students, help her and your councillors. You have nothing to lose, but the past—a past which is better forgotten.

Mary C. Thorne

taken were ultimately made on our behalf (the students). I can't imagine anyone making money willfully disappear, unless it were going to disappear into individual pockets, and I haven't heard about anything like that happening in our Student Union.

So, please everyone, cease fire, and maybe next year everyone can work better together.

A concerned student

name not be included as having been one of the signers of the published letter. By signing it as the writers did, they have taken the liberty of saving that every female at the Mount holds the same opinion as they do. Perhaps next time they plan to sign a letter in that manner, they wouldn't mind checking with the people they are signing on behalf of. Thanks for the consideration; I don't enjoy having my name discredited for the beliefs of a few.

Sincerely,  
Sandy Spencer

statement like, "do something about those patched blue jeans." This final statement made your entire letter a mere lark and a complete farce. Obviously, the statement was a malicious attack on someone you did not even have the guts to name. From now on, why don't you stick to the facts, be more objective and spare us all, the boredom and insufferable pettiness of melodramatic, spiteful statements.

Sincerely,  
Mary Ann Madigan

free of husband-hunting instincts. You may even be better students than your Dalhousie confreres give you credit for. Given the quality of your letter, I doubt it, but it's possible. But you sure as hell can't write grammatical, coherent English.

As the saying goes, if it gobbles when it talks, it's a turkey.

Yours very truly,  
Martha C. Wolf





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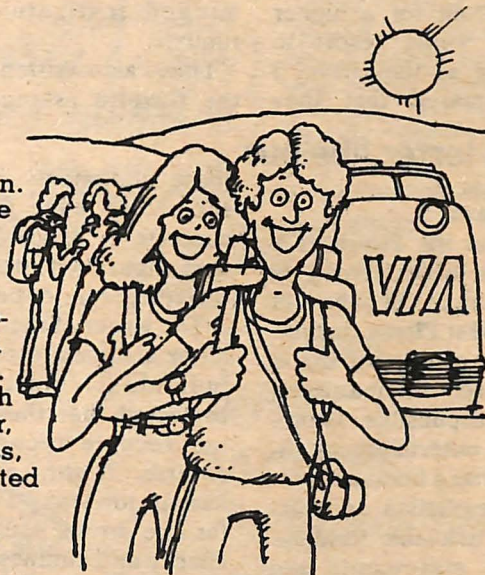
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**TAKE IT EASY. TAKE THE TRAIN.**



Like a silent movie, the VINTAGE 1928 Gala held by the English Society last Saturday night jumped madly from one scene to another. The hall was strikingly decorated with great black-and-white-striped bows, "champagne chandeliers" of white balloons, and pink flamingos. The men attended in black tie, except for the illustrious Babe Ruth, who demonstrated that he was as handy at the piano as in the ball park. An obsequious Maitre D, in faultless evening attire, sported an enormous boutonniere of parsley. The ladies appeared in titillating costumes of flimsy gauze, beads and feathers.

As the martinis were ceded by the champagne, a lavish buffet was served; it included oysters, snails, lobsters, *Boeuf en Daube*, and a Bass for Picasso whose "scales" were olive slices. Sparklers fizzed at intervals down the long banquet table, covered with 2,000 hand-applied black polka dots. Uproarious toasts were drunk.

Entertainment after dinner

were provided by the "Twenty-Three Skidoo Revue." This opened with a chorus line of flappers, everyone of whom had "It." Highlights of the show included the Betty Boop Trio and the thrilling saga of "Poor Little Vera." It closed with an ardent rendering of the authentic twenties "Song of M.S.V."

The Charleston brought everyone on to the dance floor for more accelerated antics. A number of cartwheels were performed by selected exhibitionists. The unbridled passion of the tango erupted in fisticuffs between two of the "gentlemen" present, much to the alarm and delight of the assembled fair. Members of both sexes wandered the dance floor with conspicuous red lipstick marks on their cheeks.

Early in the morning, some diehards went off to see the sun rise from Lawrencetown beach; the others threw ourselves into bed, confetti in their hair, and let sleep show its own silent movies.

## WORK WITH THE STUDENT PRESS. . . .

The Atlantic Region of Canadian University Press requires a regional staffperson for the September 1981 - March 1982 academic year.

Applicants must have experience reporting on student-related issues and should be familiar with the principles and operations of student newspapers. An understanding of the structure and principles of Canadian University Press is an asset. The successful applicant will have an ability to work easily with people. Typing and general administrative skills are also required.

The staffperson will work with regional student newspapers by assisting with newswriting, production and business operations. Seminars and workshops are involved.

Job term runs from August 25, 1981 to March, 1982. Salary: \$800 per month with quarterly cost of living allowance. Applicants will be screened by a hiring committee.

Applications and enquiries may be directed to:  
 Atlantic Region Canadian University Press  
 Student Union Building  
 Dalhousie University  
 Halifax, N.S. B3H 4J2

Deadline is April 10, 1981



Motorcycle gang invades Assinine Hall

by Shit N. Abuse  
Staff Distorter

Assinine Hall was raided by over 50 Halifax city police officers Saturday night. Police said they had received an anonymous telephone tip that an outlawed motor-

cycle gang was hiding out on the twelfth floor of the women's high-rise residence.

The police arrived at the residence at 10:32 p.m., but it was well after midnight when they arrived on the twelfth floor, as they

all had to be signed in as someone's father.

A thorough search of the twelfth floor determined that there was indeed no motorcycles or gangs living there. However, tire tracks on the carpets led the police to believe

the gang may have been there and escaped while the police were detained downstairs.

Little is known of the gang in question, except that the leader is the notorious Evil Mugsy Fullofit, who is reportedly the

brother of notorious university president Ego Mania Fullofit. The police are continuing their investigation, and urge all residents of Assinine Hall to be on the lookout for any suspicious actions, such as loud motorcycle noise or men in the washrooms.



# The Sicaro

SOUNDLY MAIMED VICTIM UNIVERSITY STUDENT RAG  
VOLUME 92675 NUMBER .00364



CARNAL UNION OF PERVERTS MEMBER  
December 1, 1981

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED IN BIZARRE UNIVERSITY TAKEOVER

Insane president screams 'Shoot men on sight! Ask questions later!' during junta takeover.



by Lois Lane  
Staff Distorter

Martial law has been declared at Mount Saint Vincent University following recent assassination attempts on self-proclaimed 'President-for-Life' Dr. Ego Mania (E.M.) Fullofit.

Fullofit herself made the announcement that from now on the Mount would be run as a police state under the joint jurisdiction of the university's own security forces and the elite student force, the Cee Pee's.

In a statement to the press, Fullofit said her new state would be devoted to the eradication of the male gender as a species and the ultimate population of the world by females only.

"Of course, significant biological progresses will have to be made in order that our glorious commitment becomes a viable or even realistic possibility," Fullofit's manifesto read.

The President admitted that certain men would be retained at the university as they have already proven their abilities to masquerade as pseud-women.

One of these, Fullofit said, would be security chief Bob 'the Cherry' Lacherise, who will head the new military government Fullofit has installed as ruler of her state.

But, she added quickly, even Lacherise will have a female covering his moves.

"We have retained Cee Pee chief, Balloona Enwrong, to keep Lacherise in line," the spinster president said. "We felt it would be right for her to guard over the man she has been taking orders from all this year."

When asked if she was concerned about the possibility of

Lacherise and Enwrong becoming something better than mere work associates, Fullofit said she was not worried.

"If Bob hasn't got his rocks off at the Mount yet, that tough old broad Enwrong won't turn him on. Besides, why do you think we call him 'The Cherry' Lacherise?"

Another male to be retained at full salary is current yearbook editor Crabbie McMale.

"McMale's battle with that rag, the Sicaro, is precisely the sort of tiny, narrow-minded stubbornness that has made Mount Saint Vincent great."

Fullofit cited McMale's ancestry as the real reason why Crabbie is being retained.

"We have all seen the things a single McMale can accomplish once the mind is set at a suitably narrow perspective," the once-jilted Dr. E.M. said. "Why should anybody believe Crabbie will be any different from his sister Pale?"

One male member of the university community who definitely will not be retained is former Executive Assistant Mickey Hooligan, currently serving life in Dorchester for his attempted assassination of Fullofit. (See "Birds" this issue.)

"I thought I was being different," the unfortunate Hooligan said.

Very few male faculty will be kept on once the military junta of Dr. Fullofit is completely in control.

"We will retain only those members of the faculty who represent no threat to the new all-female regime," the frigid Fullofit's manifesto read.

"Come to think of it, the whole lot of them are so dead and boring, none of them could possibly

present a threat to anything short of intelligence," Fullofit said later.

The new martial laws will have little impact on the lives of the students of Mount Saint Vincent, formerly known as a prissy little girls' school in Rockingham.

Starin' Stoned, president of the Students' Union, said the situation really couldn't deteriorate.

"We were already so reactionary and conservative we had taken to referring to Fullofit as the Ayatollah Aunt Peggy," Stoned said.

This reporter stands by and watches the situation, wondering what new developments are around the corner of time in Fullofit's 'Brave Holistic World.'

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## outside

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SHITTY XMAS TO YA!

SHUT UP FRANK!!

\*\*\*\*\*

A tragic victim of insane Mount President Ego Maniac Fullofit's recent military takeover. This man is about to be executed because he was one of the unlucky males to be caught on campus at the time of the junta takeover.

PARTY ANNOUNCEMENT

The Annual Christmas party of the Ku Klux Klan will be held next Monday night at Mount Saint Vincent University. All Klan members are asked to come dressed as Michael Merrigan, "Just to be different."



# Page 373 and me

Sometimes I wonder  
how many people sit as I do  
and look outside  
To watch the wind  
caress the trees,  
or to watch the rain  
as it falls lazily down

Then I wonder  
how many people,  
after watching the outside,  
go back into their rooms  
and try to write  
confining all they saw  
into sixty three little words  
as I do.

Walter Word Worm  
(W.W.W.)

SHUT UP FRANK!!



## Confessions of a Cannibair Pilot

"Good evening folks! We are flying  
at an altitude of 8,000 ft., and are  
descending rapidly. Our engines  
are on the blink, so we have decided  
to crash land in the ocean. For  
those of you who can swim, we are  
250 miles east of the nearest shore.  
For those of you who cannot swim,  
Thank you for flying  
CANNIBAIR."

## The marconi syndrome

### Drinking on your large budget

by D.R. Gruffbinder

Recently, weight watchers  
across the nation have been ex-  
perimenting, with ever increasing  
popularity, with the liquid lunch  
discovered simultaneously by  
thousands of thirsty students who  
like to enjoy their diets. This di-  
etary aid has the totally unex-

pected effect of relaxing and  
reconstituting mind and body.

#### Liquid Lunch

Lots of beer hot  
Lots of beer cold  
Lots of beer in the pot  
Nine days old  
MAKES AS MANY SERVINGS  
AS YOU CAN HANDLE

## JOB BLOTCH

Brought to you by your Canada Unemployment Centre in  
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raise the suicide rate).

Feel free to fight over the following:

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OF CANADA persons with extremely low I.Q.'s (preferably  
Mount Students) and above normal ability to sit still for 8  
hours each day while staring out into a scenic parking lot.  
Ability to confuse the public in an arrogant manner would be  
an asset.

**Wanted** students to work on government survey in a federal government  
attempt to calculate the amount of tax payer's money that is  
wasted each year on useless government surveys. Successful ap-  
plicants can expect to be employed again next summer when  
the Federal Government will sponsor a subsequent survey to  
calculate the amount of money wasted on surveys which at-  
tempt to calculate the net loss that occur as a result of useless  
Government Surveys. (Only under-achievers need apply).

**Wanted** student to serve in House of Commons as parliamentary page.  
B.A. in Child Psychology a must with ability to work in at-  
mosphere of mass disorder. Employee must be sympathetic  
and promise not to laugh.

**Wanted** Students to write for the MOUNT SAINT VINCENT's student  
newspaper the infamous SICARO. Only people with perverted  
minds need apply. Send resume listing previous disgusting ex-  
periences to Burp Woodrott, Sicaro editor. (Please refrain  
from mailing us dead insects or pornographic photos as we  
are pressed for office space.)



FEDERAL MINISTER OF Unemployment and Peoplepower, Lloyd Axeuseless,  
gesticulates wildly as he attempts to explain how cuts in federal aid to the prov-  
inces adds up to a better deal for citizens. (Wombat-Waterchestnut photo)



# News

## UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT REMOVED FROM CAMPUS IN FIT OF HYSTERIA

by Babwa Wawa  
Staff Distorter

Mount Saint Vincent University President Dr. Ego Mania Fullofit had to be physically restrained and taken to the Nova Scotian mental hospital for psychiatric observation last week after colliding with a male in the halls of Evaristus.

"She went berserk," said on-the-spot-at-the-scene eyewitness Probbly Missdit. "One minute she's fine, next thing I know she's beating this fellow, screaming 'It can't be true, it can't BE TRUE!' " Spokesman for the university said Fullofit was unaware that males attended her university, and

dedicated her life as president to ensuring she never found out. This particular morning, however, Fullofit had just completed a 58-mile marathon around the university campus and therefore was thinking more clearly than usual.

"Somehow she figured it out. The guy just wasn't female," commented the eyewitness.

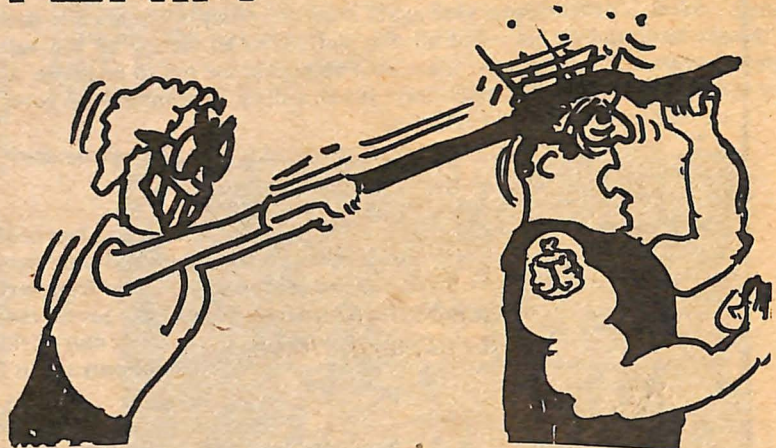
The male involved, Mac Mac-Muscle, a sailor and part-time Home Economics student, said he did nothing to provoke the attack.

"After she ran into me, I apologized and asked her over to my ship for a drink. After that, she really freaked. I mean, the broad scratched my tattoo!"

Several people were injured in the chaos and confusion that followed.

Most sustained minor cuts and bruises following the explosion of violence from Fullofit. One woman suffered a broken leg after falling in the elevator. The president, in her rage, hurled a fire extinguisher through the wall, severing the elevator cables, and sending the elevator crashing to the bottom floor. The woman remarked later "Uh, like, it was the worst trip I'd ever been on!"

When asked why Fullofit had never noticed her Executive Assistant, Mickey Hooligan, was a man, the reply was, "She thought he was only kidding."



Pictured here is the artist's misconception of Dr. Ego Maniac Fullofit during her explosion of fury upon sighting a male in the halls of Evaristus.

### PHOTO AT LEFT

Killer birds hang menacingly over innocent bystanders wounded in bizarre attempt to kill president Ego Maniac Fullofit. Police uncovered a secret plot by the deranged assistant to the president to take over the university.



## Innocent bystanders slaughtered in assassination attempt

by Shit N. Abuse  
Staff Distorter

Screams of agony and a bloody confusion of dismembered limbs was the scene greeting anyone entering the ground floor of the Rosaria Center Wednesday afternoon.

The tragic scene was caused by the big metal birds hanging from the roof of the Center when the wires from which the birds were suspended simultaneously snapped. The birds swooped through the air, slicing off heads and anything else unfortunate enough to be in their deadly path.

An investigation was conducted shortly after the bodies were removed from the scene and the wounded taken to hospital. Halifax Police spokesman Dale McShane said the investigation had uncovered some startling evidence. According to the findings of the investigation, the wires

holding the birds were but by a pair of wire cutters found hidden in a bush outside Rosaria. Fingerprints clearly indicated the culprit to be none other than Executive Assistant Mickey Hooligan, who confessed to the crime when confronted by police.

"Fullofit was supposed to be speaking on the bottom floor today," said Hooligan. "I wanted to get rid of her so I could have a turn to be president for a while. I never get to do nothin' ". Hooligan was taken into custody by the police shortly after his statement. Fullofit was questioned about the incident.

"I didn't go to Rosaria today because I was called away to an exotic resort in the Bahamas on urgent business. I'm glad too, because that Hooligan is a big bully and he always wants what everyone else has. Serves him right!"

## Skinnies scene of scandalous orgy

by Libelous Lou  
Staff Distorter

Skinnies pub at Mount Saint Vincent was the scene of a scandalous orgy last Thursday. Reportedly involved were mostly Capers and Yanks.

By the time the city police had arrived on the scene, there was a huge pile of clothes on the floor and the participants had taken over the dance floor, tearing down the curtains to cushion their bare bods from the cold tile floor.

Those unwilling to participate left in disgust as soon as the clothes started to fly. "I couldn't stand to stay," said Suzy Strait-laced. "I was so disgusted. My mommy told me I'd be protected from all this filth if I went to the Mount," she said.

"I think it started with a strip poker game," said Jane Ritch-bitch, another student who left in disgust. "There was a bunch of Cape Breton Barbarians playing strip poker at the table nearest the dance floor. And that Cape Breton DJ, Brick Blotto didn't help. He was leading them on with that Caper music."

"It was all perfectly harmless," said Anne Marie Therese Mac-Looney, from Sydney River. "We need somewhere to do it," she said, "since they don't let us do it in the residences."

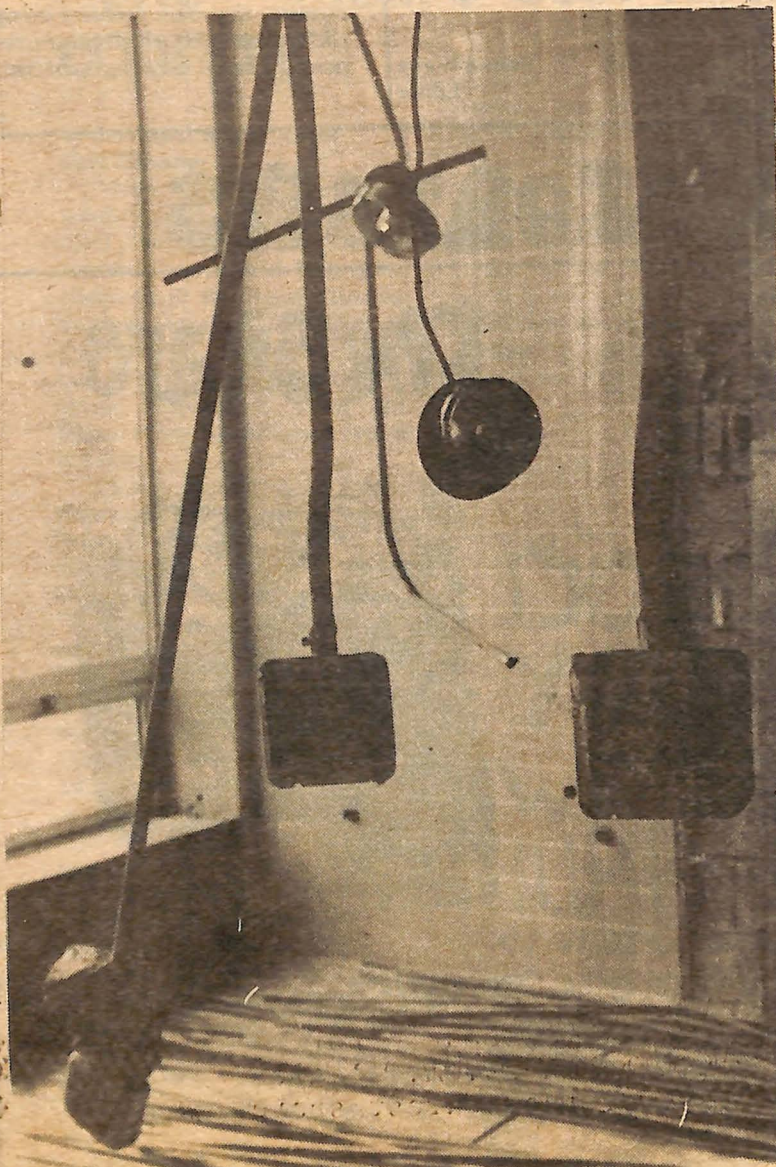
Of the 118 arrested only 11 were charged with public indecency. The 11 in question were caught running through the halls of Assisi without their clothes. One of the 11 said it was useless to try and find their clothes in the scramble when the police arrived. "We thought we'd escort a couple of women back to their residence and come back later for our clothes."

### Notice

Are your jeans too tight? You probably got mine after the orgy. The ones I got were way too big. Meet me at Skinnies tomorrow night and we'll swap.

Anyone else suffering the "My clothes don't fit right ever since the orgy" syndrome are encouraged to attend.

**SHUT UP FRANK!!**



EARLY AMERICAN VULGARISMS—Ornate sculpter by young artists highlight the latest showing at the Mount's Fart Gallery. (Wingbolt-Waterbed photo)



# Sickatorial

## HALL-DECKERS AND JOLLY-GETTERS GET OUT!

Well, it's that time of year again when everybody is supposed to deck the halls and get jolly and all that stuff. Well let me tell all you hall-deckers and jolly-getters, there ain't no reason for you to be gettin' all fired up over this Christmas crap! It's all a sham! A schmozzle! A cover-up for heavy underworld activities!

If I sound bitter and angry and determined to ruin the holiday spirit, well you're right, I am.

I'm mad as hell and I ain't gonna take it anymore!

And do you know why? Because all my life I've believed in silver bells and Whos down in Whoville and all that fantasy crud, and now right before my eyes, I discover that I was wrong. I have found out from very reliable sources (the same ones that supply the National Enquirer) that Santa really doesn't come down the chimney! Reindeer really don't fly! I mean, how can you believe in the Christmas spirit when the only spirits I see come in bottles.

For instance, did you know:

- that the elves are really gay midgets and recently made a dumb movie with Chevy Chase about a rainbow?
- that Mrs. Claus is really Orson Welles in disguise?
- that Zeller's and the Met supply all Santa's toys?
- that Rudolph's nose doesn't really glow—it's a 40 watt bulb from Canadian Tire (they don't just sell tires you know)
- that Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" was originally a song about snorting cocaine?
- that putting a lunch out for Santa isn't to keep him fed—but to keep the flies off him?
- that Mary and Joseph didn't really find "no room in the inn"—they took the weekend special at Howard Johnsons?
- that the three wise men were really Huey, Dewey, and Louey lost in the desert?
- that "O Come All Ye Faithful" was originally a moonie theme song?
- that the reindeer fly only because marijuana grows wild at the North Pole?
- that the star in the east was really Apollo XII off its course?
- that mistletoe was originally used as a cure for trenchmouth and athlete's foot?

You see what I mean? Is there nothing left to believe in anymore?!

Is society really going to the dogs?

There is no real answer to these questions, therefore I have abandoned all hope of ever meeting Santa in my living room.

To those of you who still believe in all this stuff, I hope you're happy in your disillusionment but don't come cryin' to me when your tinsel tarnishes and Perry Como doesn't have a Christmas special.

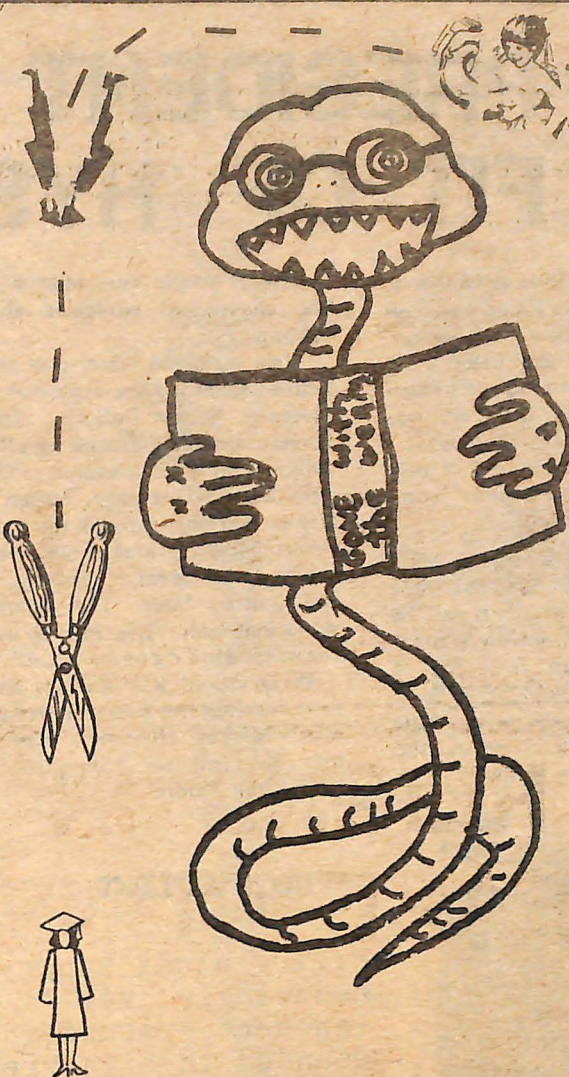
Hee! Hee! Hee!

Bah! Humbug!

Babwa Wawa  
Editor

SHUT UP FRANK!!

# Letters



## Bookworm's worm's eye view

To Barb Woodworm

Perhaps you'd like to have a worm's eye view of the book theft situation in our beloved Library.

Can you imagine the trauma!—one day I'm curled up in a fat, cosy volume of the *Journal of Abnormal Adolescent Psychology* noshing a few silverfish dipped in book paste (my favourite munchie) when *zut alors!* I'm grabbed by my premises and worm-knapped to God Knows Where like a teensy, wiggly Kunta Kinte (remember Roots parts I, II, III ad nauseum et infinitum). If only the perpetrator of aforesaid foul deed would have first stopped at the Main Desk to let me press the flesh with the Nice Lady. It's no secret that there's nothing like a warm hand to stroke some life into a shrivelled worm.

Students—give a thought to love-starved book worms everywhere. We want to shake with the Nice Lady (if she turns out to be no Lady that's even better) before we hit the worm-eat-worm world outside.

P.S. Give all my best to Walter Word Worm

Randy Bookworm

## Concise and to the point??

To the Sicaro,

I am writing this letter to protest the unprofessional manner in which issues are covered in the Sicaro, undoubtedly the worst rag in this economically troubled country, the main problem being the trouble with which Sicaro reporters have in being concise,

their main problem being that they can't get to the point, either by writing in concise, short sentences or by avoiding the use of conspicuously lengthy words and phrases which people don't understand anyway which of course is the main problem with both politicians and pseudo-intellectual journalists who really think they are serving the public interest with their verbosity when most people don't understand what they're really talking about anyway and most of whom don't care because it affects them either directly or in-

directly and yet if everyone could be as concise as I am, then no-one would have any trouble understanding, and hopefully the Sicaro staff won't either in catching the main drift of the point I am trying to get across that people should but don't care about what they read because it really affects their lives, and to accomplish this politicians and journalists should try to learn to write as concisely as I do to generate interest in a disinterested public.

Verna Verborrhea

# STAFF DISTORTERS

The Sicaro is the counter-revolutionary newspaper at Soundly Maimed Victim University and is published annually by the Student Onion.

Deadline doesn't exist.

We will only print

Letters that we want to

and they don't need to

be signed, but we reserve

the right to print only

those which are disgusting,

silly or funny.

National Advertising is provided by Fly by Night Inc.

Editor: Babwa Wawa

Staff: Lois Lane

Libelous Lou

Illry Pute

Shit n Abuse

D.R. Gruffbinder

All the residents of St. Birches Mental Asylum

The Moron Tabernac Choir.

Johnny B. Good

Cornelius V. Panstagwag

Any other drug crazed individual who happens

to wander in off the street

And not to forget our mascot: ZA

## The Sicaro



TAKE THESE MONEY

To the Sicaro,

YUM

The Cookie Monster

Treat Yourself to

To the Sicaro

Why would anyone in their right mind come to the Mount? They can't get no satisfaction, no booze, no blues and no sex! What kind of a university is this anyway? Don't tell me all these foxy ladies are here to fill their housewifey little heads with knowledge?

Joe Jock

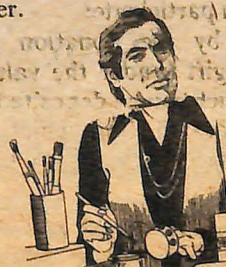
To the Sicaro

I PROTEST. Anything that's your cause is my cause. I'll march, sit in, occupy or commit suicide for any worthwhile cause. Give me a call care of St. Birches Mental Asylum.

Anna Anarchy

Editor's Note:

This letter in no way reflects the normal cranial capacity of the average jock, it's generally much lower.





# Incubic Scrotch kidnaps another

by Ardvard J. Snonklebonk  
Staff Distorter

The infamous "Incubic Scrotch" has struck again in the woods between Vincent Hall and Dunbrack St., taking his third victim in three months.

The Scrotch, described as a seven foot ape-like creature wearing sunglasses, checkered sports coat, fluorescent, skinny green tie and several dozen sexual appendages, was seen last night kidnapping first year business student, Elbbub Daeh. Daeh had been jogging around the rear of Vincent hall when she was ambushed by the panting, leggy

beast.

Security chief, Noelue Whatsoever, sped his modest automobile to the rear of Vincent when he heard the piercing screams of "Oh no . . . No Please . . . Oh Please!!" echoing from the woods.

"It was mighty dark round there but I'm sure it was the Scrotch," Whatsoever said, still trembling from the incident. "I seen this huge well dressed ape man with red sun glasses, running into the woods with a young girl jumping around in his arms."

"Why, it was too dark and he was too fast for me to run after

him. I had to hold back all those other girls running after their room mate with tears in their eyes." Whatsoever said the women were screaming "Don't take her, Please don't take her!"

Local police were called to the scene shortly after 11:00 p.m. In their search for clues, they found only the same note as the other two victims had left, tacked to a stump—"Tell Mom I'm fine."

Adizze Blond, Elbbub's room mate, stood on the cold driveway, her marketing textbook waving silently in the night air. "That damn Scrotch!" Blond said. "That's the third time now and

every time he picks such innocent little children." She shook her fist and then uttered a little sob. "Poor Elbbub, she was only in her first year and hadn't really learned anything. She was caught so off guard. She was only jogging to wear some of that fat off."

## CUCUMBERS

Police have asked all Vincent Hall residents to keep a close eye out for the Incubic Scrotch and to take appropriate action upon sight. "I'll give it to him good!" added Blond with an evil eye, toothy grin and hands firmly on her hips.

# Students steal Volvo parts—assemble and run

by Ardvard J. Snonklebonk  
Staff Distorter

On a tour of the Barrington St. Volvo Plant, 25 business 110 students from Mount Saint Vincent University, collected parts from the assembly line, concealed them in their coats and built a stationwagon in the rear parking lot. Five of the students then took off for Southern California in the stolen car.

The students had drawn tickets for possession of the stolen vehicle. Sandy Crocker, Eileen O'Brien, Amber Jones, Eva Marks, and Sheldon Rose, the five eligible ticket holders, were spotted Tuesday evening at 6:05 by Maine State Highway patrolman, Bursell Smud.

"They was movin' allright," said Smud, pointing to a cloud of dust still hanging over highway 95. "Jist as I heard the call from Banger central, I seen this silver Volvo fly speedin' past. Those kids

looked like they was runnin' from something' terrible mean."

Calling from a phone booth in Boston at 7:45 p.m. Eileen O'Brien said she was inspired by the film "Bonnie and Clyde" and that they would probably "take a few banks along the way." Her partner, Sandy Crocker, said that he was just glad to get away from the Mount's public relations program.

"Southern California sounded nice because it has the same initials as my name and because it never seems to rain there," Crocker said.

Noengine Underhood, president of the Halifax Volvo Plant, said he was amazed that they escaped with so many parts. "I've been trying to do it for years," he quibbled.

The other 20 students involved in the theft have been sentenced to non-stop lectures in mass communications from Harold Oxley until the "O'Brien Gang" returns.

"If they don't surrender in three

days," Oxley said, "the police have asked me to make the students take notes and then write an exam."

When told this over the phone, driver of the wagon, Sheldon Rose, had this reply. "That's the chance we had to take. We all knew only five of us could go. We could be back there ourselves. They'll be allright anyway. After a few straight hours of mass comm, they'll be too numb to feel the rest of their sentence."

Eva Marks and Amber Jones said they were glad they had stolen leather seats instead of vinyl ones. "With all the hot weather down there, we'd stick to the vinyl ones," said Marks.



# Kent—"Picaro best newspaper in the country"

by Ardvard J. Snonklebonk  
Staff Distorter

"Mount Saint Vincent's student newspaper, The Picaro, is the best bloody piece of journalism in the country!" proclaimed Tom Kent, chairman of the Royal Commission on newspapers. Kent spoke in the Mount's special activities room Thursday, making only his second appearance since the release of the commission's report last July.

"I am honoured to be in the presence of such adroit young journalists," Kent said to the audience, motioning his fingers toward the attending Picaro staff. "I can't emphasize how much I admire the quality of your weekly. I shall set it as an example for other papers of lesser excellent across the nation. He mentioned the french paper "Le Desorienter" and the national "Strobe and Jail" as newspapers in need of Picaro-style up grading. "Such brilliance deserves endless praise," Kent said as he fell to his knees and kissed the over sized feet of Picaro editor Barbara Bigfoot.

"I feel your Unknown Columnist article is a great example of freedom of the press," Kent said. "The columnist's ignorance to the snivelling little worms that condemn the truthful reporting, fills me with great happiness."

Kent said the Picaro's editorials and entertainment articles are extremely biased, arrogant and opinionated. "My heart flutters with passion to think that I have something in common with you

people. The Picaro is truly a decent newspaper," he said.

Kent collected autographs from the Picaro staff (an autographed bag from the unknown columnist) and then gathered several back issues of the Mount's student paper in which to study, set example of, and cast in gold.

Upon adjourning the event, Kent announced that any time the

Picaro staff had a spare evening, he would be delighted to have them as guests in his home. Kent said he would supply ample blends of columbian gold, afghanistan hashish and several cases of Yukon Jack.

"We'll all sit in front of the fire, ablaze with copies of the Winnipeg Tribune, and talk papers," he said.



SHUT UP FRANK!!!



Pictured above is the finished product, a complete Volvo. It was 'obtained' during a recent plant tour.

# Pukeonem plans playplex

by D.R. Gruffbinder  
Stiff reporter

Premier Pukeonem announced yesterday that the provincial government is to spend \$30 million on new sport-sex complex exclusive to members of cabinet and "guests", in Wallace, N.S. He said that the complex (soon to be named "playplex") will help relieve the frustrations of being a politician in this poverty stricken province thus enabling them to serve the public better. Politics aside, I personally think that the premier is just excited about his new plane-plane and needs a place to go to in it.

**DOUG'S DRUGS**  
**YOU SMOKE 'EM,**  
**WE SELL 'EM**  
**HURRY BEFORE EXAMS**  
FOR MORE INFO. CONTACT B. WOODMAN  
SICARO OFFICE, ROSIES CENTER



@Twast Inc.



# Princess Diana and what's-his-name to visit MSVU

by Babwa Wawa  
Staff Distorter

In an unprecedented move, Buckingham Palace announced today that Princess Diana of Wales and that royal brat she married will abandon a scheduled trip to Ottawa and lunch with Trudeau, to instead spend a few days touring the Mount Campus.

"I've always had a special fondness for prissy girls schools" said Diana, "and this one sounds like a real winner. Besides, I'd do anything not to eat with that disgusting Pierre."

The scheduled tour will include dinner with University janitorial staff, an after-dinner pool tournament in the games room, and a vigorous workout on the hydraulic equipment in the gymnasium.

"I believe it essential for pregnant women to stay fit," said the Princess. "If the baby takes after his father, God knows I'll need all my strength just to get the damn ears out."

Charles plans to spend most of his time attempting to break into the women's residences.

"I wouldn't mind a little action

on the side," said the Prince. "Diana's been a real bitch lately."

Rumor has it that the Queen was not pleased her son would be visiting a school with such a heavy Catholic influence.

"I'm not pleased that my son will be visiting a school with such a heavy Catholic influence" said the Queen. "Why do you think I always made Charles eat in the kitchen whenever the Pope came to dinner?"

Diana said she didn't give a damn what her meddling mother-in-law thought.

"I don't give a damn what my meddling mother-in-law thinks" said Diana. "She's been a real bitch, lately."

In preparation for the royal tour, the University has ordered 500 "Welcome Chuck & Di" signs, as well as a petition containing suggested names for the expected baby.

One of the names suggested was Charles Philip Arthur George Edward Andrew the I for a boy, just in case Diana still isn't sure who the father is. For a girl a name suggested was Diana Elizabeth Margaret Anne Mary Victoria the

I, just in case Charles isn't sure who the mother is.

If the sex of the baby is undetermined, one loyal British subject thought AC-DC would be appropriate for the child, "It 'as a nice ring to it, don't ya' think?"

Unfortunately, the University will be unable to roll out the red carpet for the royal couple.

"All we have are the pieces left over from the renovations in Evaristus" said a University spokesman. "We're looking for volunteers right now to sew them all together." Anyone willing can sign up.



The effect of excessive alcohol abuse on the human body was the subject of a study done by the Mount's centre for Chemical Controls. The guinea pigs shown above indicate there is absolutely no conclusive evidence to indicate any possible physical deformities.

## The morning after the night before exams

by Janet Bragg

If my morning is any indication of how my exams are to go I might as well quit while I am ahead!?! I awoke to the sound of my alarm clock. Thinking I would just rest my eyes for another five minutes I dozed off only to awake half an hour later. Dragging my weary bones out of bed I pried my eyes open long enough to stumble into the bathroom. Learning over the bathtub to run my bath water I was brought to sudden shock when I was sprayed from above. My brother had, once again, neglected to turn the shower dial off. After massaging the shampoo into my scalp I realized that in my rush to make up for lost time I had grabbed the tube of toothpaste. It

was not until my "new" shampoo did not lather that I noticed my mistake.

After drying myself off I decided to start breakfast while I prepared for this long gruelling exam that lay before me. In my haste I turned the elements on the stove on high, then proceeded to fry my bacon and warm the already made tea.

While drying my hair I heard something that sounded like a volcanic eruption. I ran into the kitchen only find out my teapot had exploded. Needless to say, because of the intense heat I had obviously put the burner on.

Now one would think I would take this hint and just call it a day and go back to bed. But no, not I.

I was determined to turn my unfortunate luck around. So I managed to crunch on my burnt bacon and start over again with my tea. I began by boiling the water in the kettle. Leaving this, to return to getting ready as I was running late it wasn't long before I began to smell something burning. However, this did not bother me in the least as I knew I hadn't any food cooking. What I had forgotten to realize was the fact that my water was boiling. Passing through the kitchen to leave for my exam I found the kettle melted to the burner. I had let the kettle boil dry and the bottom had melted out of it.

This was only the beginning of what was to lay ahead of me!

## A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO EXAMS....

by Janet Bragg

As I closed my book for the last time before leaving to write my first gruelling exam I had many visions running through my head.

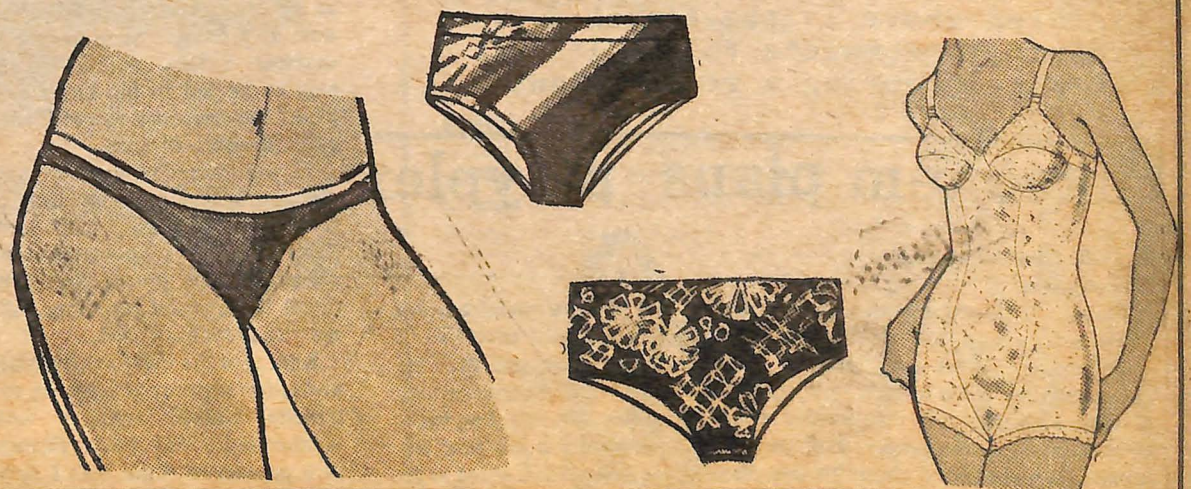
I donned my winter coat and made my way out the door. At this point in time I thought it might be a good idea to slam my fingernail bitten writing hand in the door. However, being the martyr that I am I carried on with my five block walk to that dreaded enormous auditorium. It was cold and the

rain had turned the roads and sidewalks to sheets of ice. Once again, I thought I could purposely slip on the ice and land on my wrist. I would be satisfied with a bad sprain that way making it impossible to enter that dreaded auditorium but still possible to be in a good partying spirit after the pain had subsided. I knew I was going to have to act fast as my destination was getting closer. I was about to cross the street when it occurred to me that I could end

all my torment right here and now. I could hurl myself in front of the next oncoming car with the assurance that I would definitely end my short and precious life as the car would be unable to stop on this ice. But I had too much planned over the Christmas holidays to come to such a drastic end. I approached the monstrous orange doors that would bring to the end my cramming. No matter how I looked at it now, I was doomed!

**SATURDAY NITE  
SKINNIES PUB:  
FREE V.D. CLINIC  
Featuring: Dr. Snead  
& his Soporific  
STRIP SHOW  
SIGN UP NOW-AVOID  
X-MAS RUSH  
SEX GAMES WILE U WATE**

## Council Briefs





# THE STORY OF THE EX-LAMBS

by Walter Word Worm  
W.W.W.

This is the story of how exams came to be, or the legendary story of the ex-lambs. This is a story not too often heard in North America, for no particular reason than no one lies to be branded a complete idiot by one's neighbours. But I being one who live's by the motto, "who cares", shall now tell you the story.

This story takes place in the old country, where men were men, and sheep were, well we won't say, that's a different story on "How not to treat your sheep." Well at

any rate there were shepherds, a diligent lot, who worked hard and toiled long for their efforts of economics and lust. The only drawback to this shepherd job was that for the most part they were pretty stupid, and tended to miss a lot of things. The shepherds lost a lot of sheep over the weeks and failed to understand why. Unknown to them some even smarter wolves had taken to dressing up as sheep, (thus coining a new phrase) and in such a disguise they could do as they pleased.

The shepherds, well they sort of had an idea, but were still far from

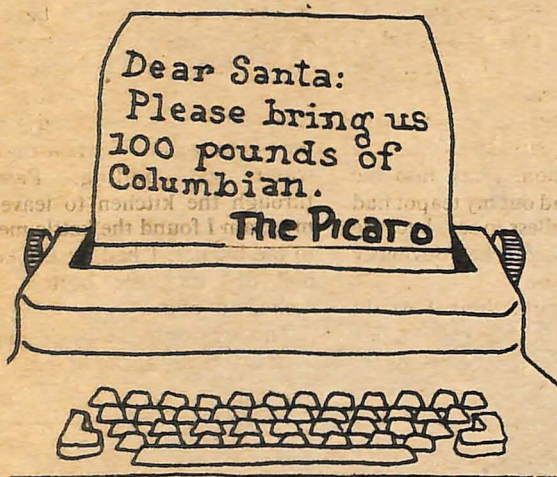
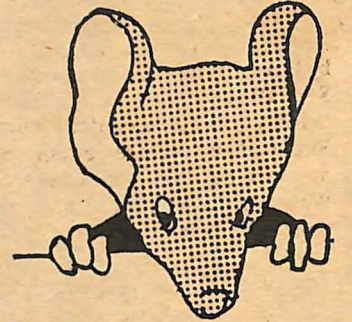
convinced about what was going on, decided to implement a test to separate intruders from the usual flock of sheep. So a quiz was started, using only questions that sheep would know the answer to. Questions such as, "What did Lou Costello always say to Bud Abbott?" "I'm a baaa, baaa boy."

Well this test proved effective, it managed to get the wolves weeded out of the flock, but some not so smart sheep tended to fail this test. Now what do a bunch of sheep kicked out of the flock do, when they are not wolves. They start up their own organization to

avoid the cruel realities of the outside world, namely the wolves. Thus the group called Ex-lambs was founded.

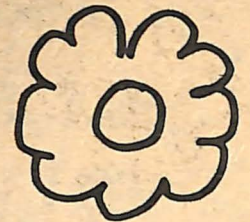
Well over the years in order to avoid becoming an Ex-lamb the ones in the flock practiced little lamby things. Such as self defence "lamb chops", or even arts and crafts "wool working." Well at any rate Ex-lambs was dropped in favour of Exams and still was known to be the start of studying and hard work.

So in order to avoid being set upon by a bunch of flocking Ex-lambs, the word is study, good luck or maybe good riddance.



## COUNCIL NON-COMMUNIQUE

Editor:



Klangslly Crift

Co-Editor:

Jeannie Melon

MONDAY,  
DECEMBER 7, 1981

Special Notice: The world will end tomorrow.  
Meeting: There will be a council meeting today to say goodbye.

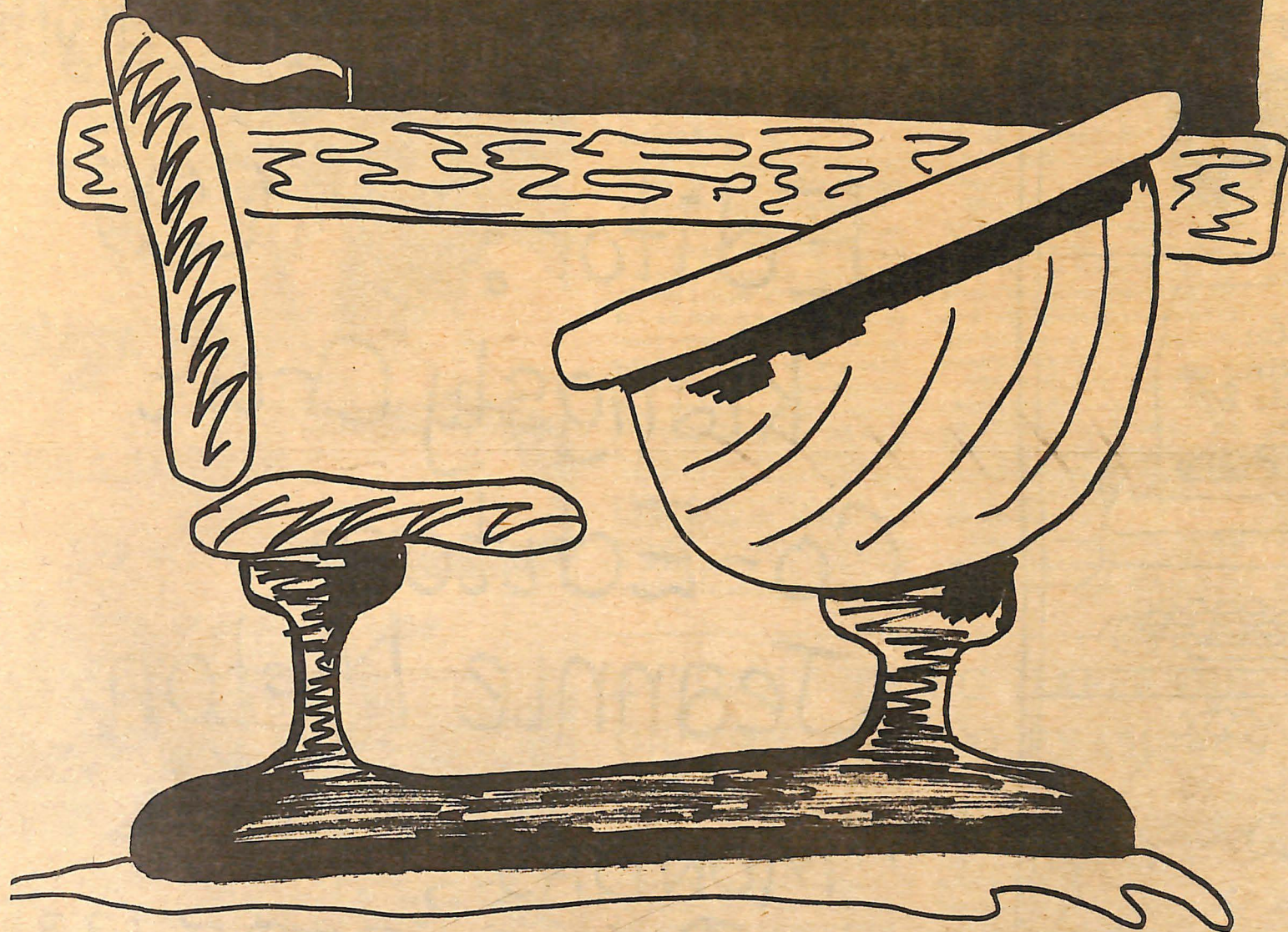


SHUT UP FRANK!!

E. Burck / 80



EDUCATION  
PREPARES US  
FOR BULLSHIT



BUT NOT IF THE CUT TO  
E. P. F. BECOMES MORE  
OF A REALITY

SEPTEMBER! MARCH 30

Student Onions of Nova Scotia



SONS