

The Cadre

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editor-in-cheap: JIMhOrNbY

obsequious lackey/fawning mendicant: mackay

most unworthy: the legendary mcgaughey

lord high keeper of the stamps: martin kenny

pbrcb: jfk

layout: dave m, auschwitz aardvark

typing: smith-corona, olivetti

total irrelevance: the bear party

below the age of consent: captain bearheart

reporters: anonymous bearcubs

so here we go again with either enough copy or too much, we were never sure, but hassles aplenty with mcgaughey crapping on bearheart (the newspaper's token pervert), and mackey the lackey down on hornby with coup in mind for sept. and karl down on both of me. pbrcbjfk got to do things up the only way he likes to, after waiting all year, & if it's going to be done right etc. reporters appeared out of the woodwork (there's a slight esoteric pun in there somewhere) and we didnt go to the hotel but got laid out instead. oh well, as captain bearheart says, "a drink before and a smoke after are the three best things in life."

T G C N !

captain bearheart took the two travellers well in hand, showing them pei's many historic sites, such as the place where the little leaguers got their start with teh first free concert and the island rock festival, where walter shaw once spit tobacco over the railing of the chtown hotel into the flower bed, the office where rjb sees both sides of every question, and last, the upei sub, which wasnt impressive, as it had just been ravaged by a snowball fight and a broom duel, which meant of course that the cadre was being made up. NEXT WEEK: Bearheart plus our two heroes radicalize the masses.

EDITORIAL:

The midsummer's knight's dream

Once upon a time, not too long ago, not too far away..... a man developed a new kind of "white paper" and they had to find another man who knew how to use it best.

From the Imperial Colony of Columbia an emissary plenipotentiary, a vertible Round of the Knight Table, was commissioned to pile post-secondary posts.

Our little Prince, (LP) as he shall heretofore be known, precursed the princely province with paradoxical prophesies. Hence the futuristic foundations were fornicated through federal funds being forwarded to friendly fabricators of first-rate education. (in true Fred Farkle fashion).

The little prince, a teller of tall tales, technically tailored his tales to traumatize his entranced troops. His embellished, elongated etymological eulogy of the present ecumenical erection, electrified and edified the oedipal erudities. After proceeding to pulverize the peons into pulp, our little prince deviously deceived with democratic demagoguery — such are the delusions of our demiurge. Me thinks he suffered from dementia praecox.

The present mutation required the exorcism of former heretical high-priests, who

were heard to say upon leaving, "Sanctus — Sunk us!". The ensuing void was soon filled by the returning of the Judas-priests from the Lost Tribe of Pedestrian Pedantics, otherwise known as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The regime of the Four Horsemen, known fondly as "the days of wine, and brown-noses" endured in the annals but an annum.

The were then succeeded by the little "Prince of Peace".

All who saw the virtues of the omnipotent prince were awarded their feudal fiefs; all who disagreed suffered nought but pain and strife. The prince, though well-versed in the graphic arts, chose to mouth instead oratorical farts.

The little prince has appointed himself to the King, but his court is ensnared with clandestine intrigue, so soon his court will be no more and he will be exiled from shore to shore, and a Royal Crown he will wear no more.

So heed you now our didacticism: "Oh what a tangled web we weave, When first we practise to deceive".

—didaCHE

mailstrom

MORE COMPLAINTS

Sir,

Murray Stevenson should lose his job for: hiring a catering service like Beaver Foods. Food management is not like a building contract. If you bid lower, then consequently the quality is lower. I can't imagine a large food catering firm losing money, and I certainly cannot imagine food quality lower than it is now.

Wake up you guys. Napoleon said, "An army marches on its belly!" If we are to be institutionalized, then do it correctly. Mr. Cross is doing and has done a great job! For three thousand more a year, it is worth having a half-decent food service.

We've heard from sources that the biggest problem with administration this year has been internal organization. It sure does show! There is no question that food quality at the Malpeque cafeteria is desperately low, and hence I will not waste my time describing it. In a few words, however, I cannot seriously see why sanitation cannot be improved, why choice cannot be replaced with simple quality, and why the atmosphere cannot be more conducive to eating.

There is much more to serving food than just making available a menu. You have to know how to deal with people. You cannot please everyone, and I don't care if it is a student or a professor, by unwarranted profiting.

If our new students union has any of the attributes of its election platform, then it must surely take action. I personally feel that a good cafeteria system on this university is the thing for the next year or so. Now that residence improvements are slow in coming, it only seems reasonable that if the administration is to raise tuition, then it should also feed its students food.

It is for these reasons outlined in this letter that I challenge the student union to do something about food service on campus. Get the facts, then do something. I am sure, as I believe every student is, that this is a worthy cause.

—Allan Aankin

i repeat al of my beautiful prose shuld be included. when you or the printers leave words and hole sentences out it will make people think that it is won of yur articles. It is bad enough that peple think i caint write, but know they will think i caint spel.

yurs treuely

denas

(Ed. Oh, sorry, I was under the impression that I was merely the editor of this paper, not a full-time press-room manager. And of course we both know that you caint spel.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

or

YOU COULDN'T EDIT A ROLL OF USED TOILET PAPER

PIG:

Who the hell does this "Captain Barearse" think he is anyway (zounds! sounds like James H himself running around in the nude again!) Obviously he is a totally illiterate and uncultured fascist, leftist, socialist, communist swine. No, no, Barearse, the Beatles isn't something you step on and the Stones isn't something that you throw.

Imagine the nerve of this Barearse guy trying to shit over the only member of the newspaper staff that makes your piece of used toilet-paper worth reading. Why, this McGaughey fella writes worthwhile, sane, and learned material in an otherwise bleak and uncouth periodical. Each of his columns is a literary masterpiece to be admired, cherished, and savored by countless generations of literary connoiseurs to come. Each week I await this bright guiding beacon in an otherwise barren and deserted sea of darkness and illiteracy — but enough of this spewing forth of well-deserved laudits — for I could go on forever singing the praises of this writer's tremendous insight, talent, and utter brilliancy with which he weilds the powerful sword of the written word and of the great skill with which he manipulates the language.....

I am the Most High, Exalted, etc, etc.

—Mike McGaughey

THIS IS WHAT WE HAVE TO WORK WITH....

Dearest Editore

As News Editere of this fantastik acomplishment ej the cadre. I feel that I shuld at leest have my fantistic editorals spelec correctly and that all

(Editor: That's what I like about this paper: we let anyone write — no matter how wierd and erratic he may be—and obviously is).



Captain Bearheart's Little Leaguers rehearsing for their guest appearance Wednesday night "University Night" at the Field and Stream with the Flyp Side.