

BUSINESS SOCIETY

The editorial deadline for this week's special Xmas edition forces me to pick up my pen (Captain Cliche strikes again) and be creative (another equally laughable remark) BEFORE I am certain that our splendid promotional effort was successful, and last Wed.'s bash was an UNBELIEVABLY GREAT PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!! I am probably equally safe in assuming that, in the heroic drive to choose four worthy chugging teams, a number of business students made buffoons of themselves and were poured from the building at time of closing. Let me make it perfectly clear that the last remark was pure speculation, and based solely on REPEATED

BUSINESS CHALLENGED



past performances. Anyway, last week's party is over just in time to prepare for the next one which will be our Christmas party, and which will be held VERY SHORTLY. Last year's event will be remembered fondly by all who attended. One particularly touching moment saw our own red-headed Santa with the fake accent trying to convince sweet young things to sit on his lap - as I recall, he spent a very lonely evening. Rumour hath it that he may make a return appearance this year, so all females will please be warned of the possible danger involved.

It's unfortunate, but due to scheduling problems which we're still trying to iron out, it is just possible that the party will have to be held during exam week, or, even worse, after exams when, theoretically, everyone has started the long trek home for the holidays. We'd like your ideas on it - if you have any preference between the two suggested times, could you please leave a message with Freda Cox, in the main office, and we'll see what we can do. I feel that I must interject here with a repetition of a very ugly rumour which has reached my ears very recently. It seems that the Education Society has

chosen to start in where the Engineers left off. They have deluded themselves into believing that they can actually rival the Bus. Soc. in terms of spirit, drinking ability, overall intelligence, and all-round nice people. As unbelievably hilarious as it sounds, they have begun ill-fated attempts to prove their claims, including a challenge for Winter Carnival's tug-of-war event.

I can assume that they feel it necessary to issue this challenge at this early date because they know it will take them this long to get together enough people with the guts to take us on. Enough said.

I noted, with very little amusement, the picture of the skunk beside this column, in one issue of this paper. I hope that the demented Sun-staffer concerned had a good laugh, and might I add that, for some editions of this paper the skunk would be more at home beside the main title on the front page.

It has come to my attention that, recently, some of those people with whom I am acquainted have taken to waiting with terror for each week's paper to come out, for fear that I had mentioned their name in connection with some bizarre episode with which I had become familiar. I state publicly, here and now, that they are correct in their fear - NO ONE IS SAFE!

On that note, I might mention that it's too bad that the Sun didn't have a photographer at the Trade Winds last Sat. night. Apparently, a couple of our hockey Panthers, who just happen to be business students made quite a spectacle of themselves. It's also too bad that they don't better equip cigarette machines for sleeping. Because Xmas is just around the corner, and I'm getting into the spirit(s) I will refrain from mentioning their names here.

Speaking of the Xmas spirit, and being in a benevolent mood, I will give you all a present, and cut this ridiculous garble right here. Good luck on your finals, and have a good holiday. Ho, ho, ho.

Mary Anne Hutchinson

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