

Paranoid Pictures in conjunction with Chase and Sanborn presents:

and here they are folks! Those oscar winning characters that won the hearts of U.P.E.I. as they flee from the most incredible predicaments. They are, in order of uselessness:

- 1) Maid Marion, Doom of Women
- 2) Robbing Jim Hoodwink, Head of Stagnant Services
- 3) Friar Tingles, a man for all worlds!
- 4) Rev. Broken Glass (our father who aren't in Ottawa)
- 5) Mushy McNutty, of the Mangled Media (a sub organization)
- 6) Whacked-Out Jack (Life is a Cabaret, ol' chum!)
- 7) Bozo Bob-with the flair (he wants YOU!!)

Yes readers, these charming characters DO have crises to face (before they turn tail and tear out as fast as you can say "Jesus loves me, this I know, Billy Graham told me so!") Oh yes, they are the most lovable NUTS! As nutty as a bunch of fruitcakes! But even to those whose lives are charmed comes days when absolutely nothing goes right. So let us relate to you our little spoof entitled:

"Stagnant is as Stagnant does"

One rare day at Stagnant Services (when everyone was there) our little company was plagued by headaches. It seemed that our jolly little bunch had been making merry the night before. They were sitting around the office, their minds muddled, when a (tun de dum de dum!) STUDENT walked in...and they hadn't even had their coffee yet!! Oh horror of horrors, Alas alack-a-day!!! Oh, woe are we!

"Sandy...send it away," Maid Marion screeched. (Maid Marion's voice this particular morning had the tone of a Strativarius... with no strings) "We haven't had our c-c-coffee yet and Whacked Out Jack is starting to get a case of the

dry heaves! Tell it that we're "out to lunch" for the day - or-or SOMETHING!! Oh my head! Yes..and after you get rid of it - MAKE SOME COFFEE!!! (gasp gasp!) POOR Maid Marion was in a most agitated state of mind. Well, needless to say, Sandy could do naught but comply.

The student had departed the scene when Sandy got around to the formidable job of preparing the coffee. She sighed a sigh, yawned a yawn, and walked over to the shelf, where the coffee was tucked away lovingly for the night.

What was previously a rotten morning became a fiendish tale of grisly misfortune. (But Sandy would paradoxically bless that day - keep on reading!) When she complacently strolled to the coffee shelf she had not an INKLING that the most hallowed institution of Stagnant Services had been utterly and irrevocably VIOLATED...THE COFFEE WAS MISSING !!!

Oh yes, dear readers, that soothing balm that has lulled the tired minds of weary bureaucrats for years, and years had disappeared, probably stolen by some disgruntled student who, in a fit of sheer madness, desecrated the name of Chase and Sandborn, Stagnant Services, and U.P.E.I. itself!!!! What deviant mind had hatched such a monstrous revenge, what madman was at that very moment at large among the poor, bucolic souls trudging to and from classes, toting a hot jar of coffee? Steve McGarret where are you (and Danno) when you are so crucially needed?

And Sandy, oh poor Sandy!



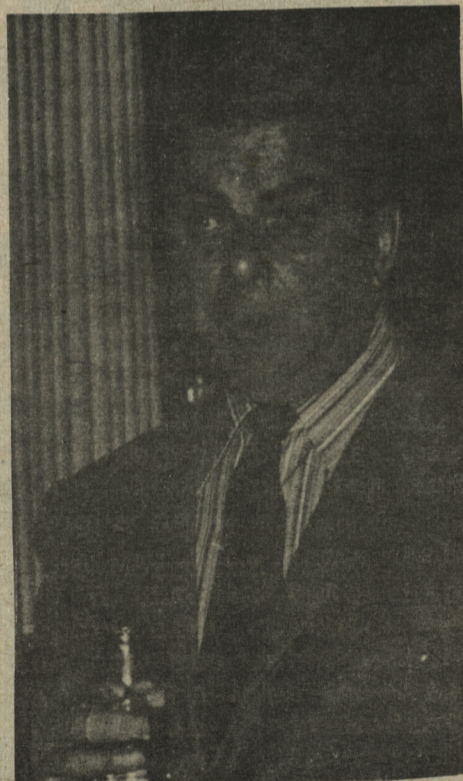
Her mind was in a frenzy of panic, her stomach tightened in hard little knots of fear. How, oh how was she EVER going to break it to them??!! It would be like telling King Kong the banana pickers have gone on strike! It would be like telling the President of U.P.E.I. that his exercise machine had broken down! Oh...what to do!!!

She grabbed the edge of the desk for fortitude and flinched. Mustering every ounce of courage she had at that particular moment, she flinched once more and called in an apprehensive tone that quaked with fright,

"M-m-maid Marion...the coffee, it's (choke) GONE!"

A silence descended upon the office. Sandy closed her eyes as she became filled with a dark foreboding of the storm that was to break. The dangerous quiet intensified the human agony of "cold turkey" that was to take hold of the office of Stagnant Services.

One by one they filed out to face her. Maid Marion lead the way, looking as if she were going to expire that very moment. Whacked Out Jack looked as



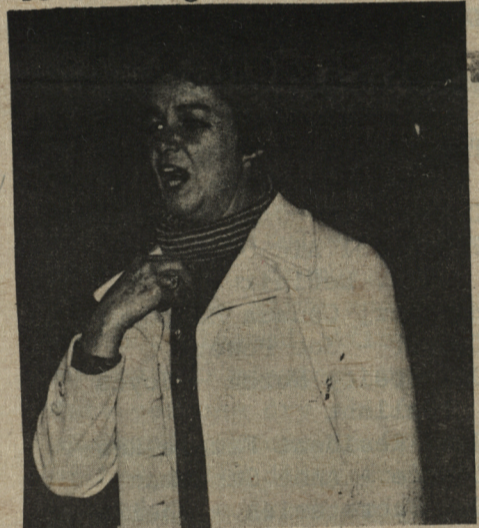
though he was about to be run over by a U.P.E.I. Maintenance tractor, Friar Tingles and Rev. Broken Glass had the distinct look of being hotly pursued by Satan, Beezlebub, and every single one of their demonic henchmen. Robbing Jim Hoodwink took a few feeble steps and fainted dead away and Mushy McNutty gagged and retched violently. Bozo Bob barfed.

Sandy, viewing their misery knew she had to do

something and FAST! But... one by one those still standing slumped to the floor - plopp...plopp, plopp, plopp...plopp...and there they all lay in a big pile.

Sandy kind of looked at them for a minute and started to giggle a bit. Actually, the spectacle of Maid Marion, Robbing Jim Hoodwink, Friar Tingles, Rev. Broken Glass, Whacked Out Jack, Mushy McNutty and Bozo Bob in a big heap was rather hysterical. There they all were, tongues lolling out of their mouths...PASSED OUT COLD! "Good heavens", she thought, "Wouldn't the CADRE love to get a picture of this state of affairs! They'd probably caption it, Stagnant Services engaged in ORGY or something scandalously slanderous like that. The thought was too much! She nearly collapsed in gales of laughter!

Then the thought occurred to her that she could charge admission to people to come and see this spectacle. Just people who happen to be drifting through Main



building. She could stick her head out the door and whisper "Psssst-hey buddy, wanna see something funny? O.K. Gotta dollar?"

The idea was top notch! And when she got a fair amount she could donate it to... The Social Committee! By Jove - that was it! More Pig 'n' Whistles, a whole Month for Winter Carnival - why if she got enough money, there would be no end to the FUN possibilities. The only problem was...HOW LONG WOULD THEY STAY PASSED OUT??? Twenty minutes? Three hours? A day? A month? A WHOLE YEAR? The longer, the better. She didn't think anyone would particularly care or notice anyway.

Then the real brainstorm hit! Oh what a wonderful, glorious TOP NOTCH idea! Why...she would have them BRONZED! Yes, yes - immortalized forever! And after

tape CIMN the big 700

exchange

AAUB atlantic assoc university broadcasters

two part interview from UNB---
Xaviera Hollander Thurs, 2p.m.