

THE KLEENERS KLOSET

By Ed Orlowski

The grey haired old mop started muttering to himself as he sloshed his locks around the remains of a banana which someone had accidentally dropped on the shining mirror-like grey winking floor, and someone else had ended its life, by squishing it inside-out, with a healthy size twelve hunting boot, putting the hulky Trojan off balance enough to hear him mutter a few words, well, words that you wouldn't utter to Mom. The old mop had to give a giggle when he recalled the incident, and then back to the business at hand, the old banana trick he thought, as the last traces of the banana vanished from the winking glossy surface. Well, at last, now I can have a rest, I've had my mop in water all morning, without much of a breath and i'm starting to feel water logged, and besides, my f4agilæ frame is start-ind to rust a bit, and my handle needs a drop of oil, to stop it from creaking like a new

pair of shoes, I'll get the cleaners attention by dropping a few hairs on the floor, and when he bends over to pick them up, he'll notice my rust, and squeak as my handle comes close to his ear, and so, it worked just like that. The cleaner noticing the strands of lost mop-hair bent over to pick them up, and low and behold he heard the handle of the mop creek, and took the situation in hand at once, this handle sounds like a new pair of shoes he said to himself, and look at this frame, its starting to rust too, a bit of oil will fix everything and the fluffy grey haired mop whispered in the cleaners ear "see it pays to take a psychology course, even at my age" and he giggled to himself. The cleaner

was used to all this silly talk and just kept on giving the old mop the greasies, with an extra spurt for good luck. The closet door was open and the mopettes were almost doing wheelies with laughter at the goings on of a

grey mad mop and the cleaner. "They seem to make some contribution to conversation, even when nothing is going on", all the citizens of the closet applauded, as the cleaner plunked handsome grey headed mopsie in his usual place beside the spinner pads, and just below the paper that is used in the little boy's and girl's rooms actually no one in the closet laughed at the toilet paper rolls, as everyone just thought of them as "bummers" so to say, but they were every bit as important as anyone in the cleaners closet, all except Gargling Gordie, the bowl brush, he had to take alot more. It's dinner time now my friendliness time to save energy in the closet, so off goes the 25 watt light and in the distance the cleaner could hear the snoring of the old grey mop, and the giggling of the mopettes, as they chattered themselves to sleep.

Who is chief of Campus Police? It seems no one can get Darren Craswell's name right, so here are the 25 closest versions for those who are having trouble:

1. Darren Craswell
2. Darrel Crashwell
3. Danny Clashwell
4. Donnie Callwell
5. Davy Chasewell
6. Dennis Crampwell
7. Dobin Dingwell
8. Daring Dingbat
9. Dagwood Hungwell
10. Dogwood Crabapple
11. Derwood Culligan
12. Daffney Callaghan
13. Dogwonder Give-Him-A-Hand
14. Diefenbaker Talkwell
15. Dwight Walkwell
16. Dilbert Dumbell
17. Dudley Winnwood
18. Evelyn Woodhead
19. Boxcar Willie
20. Tony Carroll
21. Mother Theresa
22. Vince Mulligan
23. Yasser Arafat
24. Omar Gadaffi
25. Anne of Green Gables

To The Members of The Junior Class:

Is it apathy, a lack of money, or have people suddenly developed an irrepressible urge to study on Thursday night? You may have asked yourself this if you (one of the few) attended the Mason Chapman Band last Thursday night.

The Junior Class executive would sincerely like to know why there was a lack of participation by the Juniors at this event; the event was excellent, the band was first rate, and yet the attendance was pathetic. Many students had legitimate excuses for missing the event, but we don't understand why some people would rather sit home and watch reruns on the boob tube and miss one of the most entertaining bands in the maritimes

The purpose of class organization is to raise money for their-YOUR-senior week. The major source of revenue for classes is one main event per year (the maximum allowed by Student Union). At a well advertised general meeting of the Junior Class, the consensus of those present was that this particular event would be well attended, because of the caliber

of the band and the unquestionable support of the Juniors. Because of your absence we have lost a very important source of revenue. WHERE WERE YOU? We would sincerely like to know the reason(s) for the events failure, so that the same thing will not occur again.

We are extremely disappointed but are optimistic about the future- or at least as optimistic as can be expected. We hope that you will all get involved in future Junior Class activities. Feel free to contact any of us at any time.

We must wholeheartedly thank all of those people who gave so generously of their time in helping us out at the event- especially the bartenders who donated their wages to the class the people who worked the door, those who unloaded the band, the poster makers, and the ticket sellers.

One final note- these activities are held for you. It's your class, your senior week. Please help us to make that week an enjoyable one.

Sincerely,

James Johnston President
Gus Hillstrom Vice President
Lori Lawless Secretary
Ronalda Murphy Treasurer