

HUGE BATTERING RAM DARKENS DARK ROOM FLOOR

It was Friday the 14th, just one day after the fateful 13th that our camera grinding photographer Arnold Mantere reported to our office with a deathly pallor covering his usual enlightened countenance. Amid gasps and pants we pieced together the following story.

Arnold, it seems, was tending to his fire when an ear splitting crash from behind sent him scurrying up the wall of his shack to the highest rafter. (A position he frequently assumes when getting a new angle on his subject.)

With his teeth in shaking hand Arnold surveyed the damage from a safe distance. A hundred pound steel cabinet, an extra heavy chair (used only by photographers) and a desk, were piled in a heap where Arnold had been standing a moment ago. A bulldozer, clearing the next lot in preparation for an extension to the hospital, knocked over a tremendous 6" sapling which crashed through the wall causing the aforementioned near panic.

"Was I scared," he blurted out. "When the doctor checked me over, my teeth were chattering at such a tempo I broke three thermometers. The needle on the blood pressure indicator spun around dizzily and came to a jerky stop at 500." "it wasn't until I had gulped down my last five bottles of HYPO solution that my nerves were calmed enough to tell you," he said. As he left the office the master of the portrait was heard mumbling: "My career is ruined, I'll never be the same."

OSWALD WISSELMUNK, ESQUIRE THE THIRD

We take great pleasure in introducing to you the latest edition to our editorial staff Oswald Wisselmunk, Esquire the Third. Oswald hails from a small metropolis called Muskeg-on-th-Swamp in the North West Territories. "Wissel's" (we had to give him a nickname instead of that royal handle) writing experience came from the many years he spent as editor of the "Birch Bark Gazette". As the name implies the Gazette was published in birch bark up until Oswald left his native stamping grounds. At this time they decided to move further north due to the shortage of good scotch which was used in processing their annual edition thereby giving the cover a many coloured plaid finish. Now a composition of dried blubber treated with whale skin is being used as the medium for publishing that noteworthy publication. It is now serving one of the larger Eskimo villages and surrounding hinterland of Alaska. The name, of course, had to be changed to the "Eskimos Epistle". (birch bark having no concrete meaning with the new readers).

The large commercial manufacturers of the by-products of the whale, inaugurated a new theme song at their last convention, which incidentally was held in the dining room of a floating iceberg. The song went somewhat like this, "Blubber, Blubber Who's got the Blubber."

And all this commotion because Oswald could not refuse our offer to come and write for the "Terrace Bay News". It may be hard to keep Oswald in his accustomed manner, since he insists on eating whaleburgers with a side order of shark fins and topping it all with a long cool glass of "Squaff".

"Squaff" is a drink concocted by mixing an extract from whale tears and dehydrated penguin juice. After talking with the cook I think maybe Oswald will have to eat like a human being or starve.

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