

THE TRAGEDY OF MABEL PIMPLE

by
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Once upon a time there lived a homely little creature in second year Secretarial Science named Mabel Pimple. Mabel was plain; she wore chaste gymsmocks which came down to within two inches of the floor. She wore buttoned shoes with wool socks and on odd occasions she broke out her grandmother's cameo brooch for a dash of color. Poor Mabel had never heard of Maidenform or uplift technology. She knew nothing about make-up or attractive hardware employed by her classmates.

The girls in her Secretarial Science class thought she was drab. They meowed and purred all sorts of abuse in Mabel's direction; but Mabel was glad of any attention and took it all. Mabel was a sad case; even trips to the infamous lunches of Glum and Pale columnist Rudolph J. Novgorod proved fruitless. When Rudolph leered lecherously in Mabel's direction she wilted and hence was struck from the lists of 'First Class Women'.

MOVIES AND SEX

In all the time Mabel had been in Toronto and at Ryerson she had never been out with a boy. She went on what her Secretarial Science associates cruelly referred to as 'Monodates'. It was sadly true, each Saturday afternoon, Mabel would lose herself in the darkness of a movie palace. All about her young teens were experimenting and trying out the simpler positions of the Kama Sutra as the air was filled with popcorn boxes and other missiles as a love scene flickered on the screen. First, Mabel began going to single features but these only lasted for two hours and then she had to return to the real bustle of Yonge St. on Saturday afternoon. Then, in a fit of escapism Mabel began going to the Biltmore and Reo Theatres, where for 65¢ she could witness six hours of "B" sex flicks. But soon Mabel realized that films were only a surrogate for her problem. She resolved, during the second screening of "Beach Blanket Bingo" that she had sat through, that she must do something about her love life. But how? That was the burning question!

MAGIC MIRROR

That evening, as all the girls at the Woman's Christian Temperance Union residence on Gerrard St., left on dates, Mabel sat down and looked into the mirror on her dressing table. She scrutinized at herself. Drab! She shouted mentally. Drab! Dreary and Plain! Then in a fit of desperation she said, "Mirror, Mirror, on this dresser, How can I be an impresser?" Suddenly the room was aglow with a yellow light. As the yellow haze cleared, a face appeared in the mirror. Mabel cringed and held her breath, her face turning quickly from pink to red to purple. Then the face in the mirror spoke. "Mabel . . . I'm your Helena Rubinstein Fairy Godmother . . . for Avon's sake let your breath out . . . you look grotesque!" Mabel

had better color when you held your breath!" Mabel wilted. "Listen honey," soothed the Fairy Godmother, "You gotta stop feeling sorry for yourself . . . now . . . first I know what's bothering you . . . you're lonely . . . well, that's something that me and modern chemistry can change!" Mabel lit up in anticipation. "How?" she pleaded . . . "I am real horror!" "That's basically quite true dear . . . but we mustn't let that bother us . . . because we are going to transform you . . . into a princess!" "How?" queried Mabel. "How, can you make a wretched silk purse out of a sow's ear . . . it's impossible!" "Nothing's impossible to your Helena Rubinstein Fairy Godmother!" . . . Why last week I solved a similar problem like your own . . . I arranged an appearance for my last plain girl on 'Queen For A Day' . . . she walked off transformed by the wonders of a television appearance and \$7,500 worth of fridges, stoves, stereos, tape machines, and kitchen appliances . . . so hang in with me Mabel!"

SPIRITS PROMISED!

Mabel wondered what the Fairy Godmother would do for her. What would she do? Then the Fairy Godmother remarked, "During the night, you will be visited by three spirits! The first one will come at the stroke of twelve and the others at convenient times other than prime viewing time!" "I'm scared of spirits . . . especially living in this creepy place . . ." purred Mabel. "I'm not amused!" glowered the Helena Rubinstein Fairy Godmother, "Remember you will be visited by three spirits . . . so keep your wits about you!"

Then almost as suddenly as she had come the Fairy Godmother disappeared in a spray of Canal No. 5 and Mabel fell into a deep sleep.

At Twelve . . . Mabel's alarm clock rang! It feverishly set up a din, which Mabel felt had awakened the entire residence. Clutching the alarm clock . . . she lay back onto her chaste WCTU bed awaiting the first spirit to appear. Her flesh was all goose bumps as she tried to imagine the form the spirit would take. Suddenly, the room lit up . . . and in a corner by her sewing basket Mabel discerned the plump figure of a real man! "Get up doll!" The figure commanded, "I'm The Ghost of Pimple's Past . . . In life I was Mel Mundane, freelance entrepreneur! I have the very answer for you Mabel! Here take one of these computer cards . . . and fill it out. We're going to run your name through our Dating Computer . . . we're going to find you the greatest man in all Toronto! Mabel pursed the computer card while Mel maintained his monologue . . . "Yes, this is it doll! Uncle Mel Mundane will fix you up!" He chomped his cigar between his teeth and pulled his gold-embroidered vest over his stomach in a vain gesture to conceal it!

COMPUTER CARD

Mabel read over the card and filled in her 'Absolute Requirements', her 'Personal Differentials', her 'attitudes and interests'. Mabel's face turned a shocking pink as she read and answered some of the questions. But with new found courage, she threw modesty to the four winds; and circled five on the sliding scale following the question, Is sex necessary on the first date? Then Mel took the finished card and pursed it! With the practice of an expert he scanned the holes in the card. "This is a tall order . . . but we'll try our best Mabel . . . five dollars please!"

Mabel recoiled at the thought of parting with five dollars to this absolute stranger . . . but thinking of the bliss to come she opened her Victorian bead handbag and paid Mel his fiver. No sooner had Mel received the money and he was off! "You'll be visited by the next spirit shortly . . . he'll bare news of our find! Mabel sunk onto her pillow and again fell into a heavy slumber.

Mabel was awakened quietly by a kiss! She rolled over sensuously and looked up! There in a costume with bunny ears and fluffy tail, stood an emaciated lantern-jawed man of about forty-five. He was smoking a pipe and said in a quite cool way, "Hi chick! I'm the cool Ghost of Saleable Sex! It's my pleasure to take you on a tour of inspection of the men we've picked for you! First, grab my bunny tail and hold your nose!" Mabel did as she was bid and suddenly she was transformed to a sumptuous apartment, filled with eligible men. She saw one that she liked and ran for him . . . "Halt!" cried the Ghost of Saleable Sex, "Cool it, baby, these men are just to look at . . . pick one and the next spirit will bring him to you!" "Anyone!" gurgled Mabel, "Oh gee! they're all so . . . so . . . Oh rapture!" The Ghost of Saleable Sex sat down as Mabel made her way invisibly through the assembled manhood! Then she caught sight of another woman in a mirror! "That woman is after my men!" cried Mabel, "Cool it baby!" soothed the Ghost of Saleable Sex, "That beautiful, ravishing chick is you!" Mabel was awestruck by her metamorphosis! She looked like a Vogue model! "Pick a man!" said the Ghost, "For your time here grows short!" "I can't, I can't!" cried Mabel, they're all so super! I want that one, no that one!"

"You may ONLY have one, Mabel!" The Ghost of Saleable Sex said sternly, "You must pick a man within ten seconds or the next spirit will not come!" Mabel could not make up her mind, eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . Mabel vacillated . . . two . . . one . . . her time was gone.

It was a bright morning as Mabel pushed open the door of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union residence on Gerrard St. Mabel looked furtively up and down the street; then assured that no one was watching her, she extracted the

American Legion Accuses UNB Administration of Financing March

The Sherman Brothers American Legion post in Calais, Maine, has expressed suspicions that the University of New Brunswick has assumed part of the cost involved in sending over 100 students to Washington to protest American policy in Viet Nam.

"If the tab (for the trip) is being picked up by the university which is a Canadian government institution, we believe that this is unwarranted meddling by a foreign government in the affairs of the United States," said a letter of protest mailed to Maine Senators Margaret Chase Smith and Edmund S. Muskie.

Apparently, the American Legion had drafted letters of protest without contacting the university to determine whether or not they had a valid case.

Informed sources report that the administration was never officially informed of the march.

The entire cost of the four buses sent to Washington were financed by private individuals, says physics Professor Norman Strax, chief organizer of the UNB contingent.

Student Liberals Join World Radical Youth

The Canadian University Liberal Federation decided to seek membership in the World Federation of Liberal and Radical Youth. The decision was made by the Executive of the Federation at a meeting in Ottawa on Saturday, August 19th.

The World Federation of Liberal and Radical Youth is an organization designed to improve relations among liberal and radical youth and student movements. Its basic nucleus is presently centered in Western Europe. The Canadian University Liberal Federation is the first North American Student group to apply for full membership.

The Federation President, Jim Lightbody commented: "CULF is the only political youth group which has had the foresight to join an international organization. We feel it is essential today that a Canadian youth group break a tendency toward insularity. I hope that other student and youth groups will follow our example."

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