

Boogers outdig Deepdiggers for playoff pick off

The UNB Red Boogers nose-picking team defeated the Dal-housie Deepdiggers over the weekend to gain a playoff berth in the Springtime Nasal Orifice Tournament (S.N.O.T.) to be held at Memorial University on April 1. Team captain Jimmy Slimer put on, or rather pulled out, a brilliant performance throughout the game, and it was his patented "green-boogerball" that gave UNB the deciding edge in a closely picked contest. His performance also slid him into a second place tie in the individual scoring race with Joe Hipditch of MUN.

For those of you who are not in the know, each team consists of 6 players of any sex. They, in turn, dig out their weekly savings with the finger of their choice and present the results to the judges. Points are awarded on the basis of size, color and constituency (maximum points are allotted to 8 gm. malleable greenies). The players take turns in order with both teams picking at the same time. The game is made up of 3 five minute halves with a maximum digging time of 10 seconds.

The weekend victory for the Red Boogers climaxed a week of

difficult training which consisted of sleeping in drafts, avoiding vitamins and Kleenex, and extensive care of the fingernails.

Before the game and during the intermissions the players loaded themselves with piping hot bowls of pea soup. The day was not an

entirely happy one for the UNB squad, however. They lost the services of their star rookie, Harold Durante, when his index finger slipped on some baseline snot and got stuck in the eustachian tube. He was reported in fair condition after the operation but

will not be back in the lineup in time for the tournament. Red Booger's trainer, Mucous Welby, also reported 2 minor nosebleeds and 1 hangnail were contacted during the game. A replacement is being sought for Durante. Hopefuls will be chosen on a "first captain-first pick" basis.

Yayer joins Eagles

Effective in June, G.M. Yayer, of the Engineering Eagles, is jumping to the rival fledgling Acadia Education Association (AEA) reportedly for a better contract and a post of vice-president of the Association. Owners of the Eagles, of the older established Noobrunswick Education League, were unhappy with Yayer's decision to jump but were quoted as saying, "We made our best offer, but I don't know where these new leagues get their money." Most observers of the sport were surprised at the news of Yayer's jump, assuming he was happy with the Eagles. They are sure that his ability to come up with just the right draft choice that the Eagles needed will be sorely missed.

President of N.E.L., Clarence Inderson, had this to say: "I don't know why he left, but I don't think this new league will last long. I mean, look at all the high salaries they have to pay, and they never play to full houses. No, I'm sure this new league (137 years old to the NEL's 190) will even survive another season."

Other G.M.s. when notified had

this to say:

"King" Condon of the Aroused Artsmen: "Well naturally I wish him the best of luck but I don't think this new league will last. So there, I would never jump to another league no matter what they offered...er...do you happen to know what they offered?"

"Mighty" Mervyn Franklin of the Slaughtering Scientists: "Good luck, traitor!"

Buck Brown of the Fighting Foresters: "Uh...what? Hey, did you hear this one? How much wood could a woodsman chop if a woodsman could chop wood?"

Big Al Sinclair of the (F)Lying Lawyers: "Obviously this rampant transgression of sensibilities may be construed as an attempt by the AEA to produce initially unob-servable but rapidly escalating deleterious effects on the morale and cohesiveness of the agglomerate NEL personage."

The other G.M.s., MacLiver (Education Eh?), Graham (Nubile Nurses), Kavanagh (Grad Goobers) and "Cup" Stanley (St. John Squirts, the NEL's main farm club) were unavailable for comment.

Fung Kiu throws Bums

The big news in Fung Kiu this week is the successful overthrow of the Bumswickan office by Martial arts star, Hoo Flung Dung. The attack was caused by the refusal of the sprots editor to attend a bar raffle sponsored by Fung Kiu club.

For those fans who don't know what Fung Kiu is, it is absolutely the most deadly of the arts and if you don't believe me, I'll challenge you to a fight to the death until you can't breath anymore. It's a mixture of the styles of the Stomper, the Beast and Eric Pomeroy.

At any rate, the stupid editor didn't accept an offer to go to the bar raffle out behind the T.C. gym.

The great star dung was totally flustered and shoved a typewriter down the editor's throat.

After that he began to place punches directly on the dummy's nose, teeth and elsewhere. Since Dung received lacerations to his hand, he was enraged and threw the culprit to the floor with an Australian kiwi drop-strangle for uvertop, worth seven prongs in the scoring system. Next he pinned the doughnut to the floor with a staple hold (dbrtuxtmb rt vxfo). The editor struggled feebly for several moments before he passed out from fright. Way to go! The editor was revived thru the expertise of Dung and brought to his feet. Dung

turned in for a grtkiywbd xc (flying lip lock) which caught Brainless off-guard and sent him into the desk. Right on! Go get 'em Hoo! Hoo then proceeded to upend filing cabinets and desks. When the staff protested, Hoo threw them both out. Yea Hoo!

Anyone interested in learning the extremely interesting and exciting art of Fung Kiu can come to the Bumswickan office-I mean the Fung Kiu room in the SUB, anything throughout the week or I will break your stupid neck. Master Dung will be instructing continuously when he is not at Rasslin'.

Hollandaise tape recovered

Late last week a cassette tape was found in a dark dusty corner of the Brunswickan office. It was identified as a recording of an interview done last year by an unidentified Bruns staffer (at least he said it wasn't him) with Xaviera Hollandaise, "The Happy Hooker", after her lecture on morality. Bruns: Ms. Hollandaise, do you think that permissiveness had increased much in North America in the last ten years? X.H.: Come here big boy. Bruns: Uh, how about Women's Lib? X.H.: That's better, sit down right here. Bruns: How are your battles with customs go - oh! X.H.: You like it, eh? Bruns: Uh, how - how about... ohhh! X.H.: Mmmmmmmm... Bruns: Oh!!! X.H.: Mmmmmmmmmmm... Bruns: Ahhhh...! X.H.: Mmmmmmmmmmm... Bruns: Ahhhhhhhhh...!!!

X.H.: Mmm... Bruns: Ah!!! X.H.: Mmmmmmm!! Bruns: !!!!!

Combined: Ahhhhhh...! X.H.: Well... Bruns: !!!!! X.H.: Hey, big boy!

Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: Hey, hey, come on! Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: Come on, snap out of it. Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: Hey, you okay?

Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: ...and then... Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: Mmmmmmm...ahh... Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: Okay now, how about the interview? Bruns: !!!!!!! X.H.: Hey Freddie, get this guy out, I don't know if he's still alive. Voices: Yeah...here... get his legs... up... okay... End of tape.

Assifiedsassifiedsassifiedsassified

HOW COME, in the Organizational Plan of Heaven, the Intergalactic Order of Reformed Druids are not above (and slightly to the left) of Jehovah?

THE SOCIETY to Prevent Stagnation in the Human Mind will be having a garage sale last Thursday. Some articles sale will be: one (1) Klingon Spaceship (destroyer class); two (2) iron maidens; one (1) brass maiden; three (3) G2 stars; seven (7) inebriated chicken sexers; eighteen (18) kg. of Heavium 328; one degenerate Afrescote; six (6) gonads; two (2) tired sheep; one (1) B.Pargoniate with sore testicles; and three (3) pregnant fire hydrants.

THE INTERGALACTIC ORDER of Reformed Druids would like to remind its members of masses to be held on Year Day and Equinox and Friday Prime.

TO PENNY OR VENNY: We know who you are buddy, and there is more than one High Priest (and say "hello" to Brother Weird Beard) signed: Intergalactic Order of Reformed Druids. P.S. You didn't need all the hints for the last couple of weeks, we've known for awhile. Nice play anyway Shakespeare.

TO WHOM OR THOSE IT MAY CONCERN [?] Let it be known that on this day the Sunday Morning After, on Mar. 9th A.D. (after being drunk) that I, John T. Scooter would like to thank my unknown benefactors for seeing to it that I didn't wreck havoc upon my person or friends. P.S. Thanks for turning off the black light, the light box, the sound system, the red light in the window, the window and Jamie's girl friend Dorothy but what the hell happened to Gloria and Anne? Come back girls, I need You!

TO MY FOLKS: Dear Mom and Pop. I would like to thank you for putting up with me for the last four years in which I have constantly complained about what I will do after graduation. I think I now know what I want to do. Please don't try to change my mind. Thank-you. Your indecisive son, D.D. P.S. To all my friends who are graduating. See you this fall down in line at the unemployment office. P.P.S.S. Only 285 days until Christmas.

THE THIRD YEAR NURSES would like to thank EEA for attending their March beach orgy. We all had a "ball!"

THE FAMOUS PIERRE for EE4 will once again attempt his death-defying Hamwell Road run on Friday, March 14th. Prizes will be awarded for the loudest & longest belches and for two divisions of beer farts (whoozers & rip-snozzers), as well as a special prize for the first fart to cause evacuation of the Arms.

CHEM ENG 4 announce their annual beer fart & belch competition, to be held on Saturday, March 15th at the Arms. Prizes will be awarded for the loudest & longest belches and for two divisions of beer farts (whoozers & rip-snozzers), as well as a special prize for the first fart to cause evacuation of the Arms.

THERE WILL BE A RAID on McLaggan Hall at 1:30 p.m. on Friday, March 14, 1975. Object: Seduction of at least 10 3rd year Nurses. Anyone interested in this project contact Sheldon in H-127.

RUSSELL: We hear you had quite a March "break in" Tabusinfac? Ha ha ha.

TO THE INTERGALACTIC ORDER OF REFORMED DRUIDS: A holy festival subsequent orgy will be held at the centre of the universe at some as yet unchosen Holy Day. You can keep your sheep-aardvarks are where it's really at. Signed "Perbozo"

JAMIE, you sweet devil, you have betrayed the cause. xxoo U NO WHO

THE EXTRAUNIVERSAL FUSION OF PUISSANT ALFRESCOTES would like to congratulate our Universal Number Procuder on his Triumph at the Wild Wonderland celebrations just past.

THE EXTRAUNIVERSAL FUSION OF PUISSANT ALFRESCOTES wishes to point out that, despite repeated reports originating at the Druid temple at CHSC, the Universal Law of Gravitational Attraction has not been repealed and will be strictly enforced.

The Inside

Spoon player reviewed

By S.CORDON BLEU

The Inside Editor has once again dragged me, screaming and fighting and wrecked out of my head, to another of the fine cultural events sponsored by The Creative Arts Committee. I must say I was again humbled by the expertise of the impressario - in this case, master spoon-player Derwin Gowan.

Accompanying himself by humming, Gowan played a medley of music including Beethoven's Ninth symphony, Debussy's Afternoon of the Fawn, Glen Miller's In the Mood, and much to the audience's delight, two choruses of the North Atlantic Squadron.

Gowan, who has been playing spoons since he was eight years old, and says it has taken years of

study at music academies in Milltown and Zealand (not New Zealand, just Zealand), played to a full house in the SUB Coffee Shop. He was cheered by the crowd as he stole the spoons used for the concert from the Cafeteria, but soon had to abandon them as they kept sticking together. Apparently the dishwasher was broken again.

The maestro was so popular with the crowd, who had attended a reception prior to the concert in the CHSC, that he was brought back from the men's washroom to play an encore. Once again he dazzled the audience with his impressionistic rendition of the theme from Lawrence of Arabia. The fact that his fly was still open also left a lasting impression.

At the close of the concert, Gowan donated a set of spoons to the Saga foods staff, who plan to use them to stir tomorrow's soup.