

DALHOUSIE TIGERS NEED YOU!



Managers are required for the following teams for the 1983-84 season:

Hockey
Soccer
Swimming

Men's & Women's Basketball
Men's & Women's Volleyball
Field Hockey

The Manager's Duties include providing administrative assistance to the Head Coach, making travel arrangements and promoting the sport.

As well, people are needed for Student Security:

Security duties include: crowd control, seating assistance, parking, safety and policy implementation.

Remuneration is available for all positions.

Call Us For More Information

**Dawn McDonald, Athletic Department, Dalplex
424-2152, Local 143.**

Rusty and Dave

Rustifarians and Fish

Dear Rusty (and Dave, but mostly this is a Rusty letter):

On a recent visit to Toronto, it was brought to my attention that a new cult of religious fanatics is making its presence felt in the Nation's cultural capital. This new religious order is founded upon the belief that God exists in the flesh on Earth and is living in Canada — possibly somewhere on the East Coast. The members of this cult are waiting for Him to make Himself known to all, to bring us salvation from the impending Apocalypse.

These fanatics have all dyed their hair red and have undergone electro-shock treatments to give the hair a fuzzed out appearance known as redlocks. To get themselves into the desired spiritual state-of-mind, they smoked dried maple leaves wrapped in toilet paper which is known as Canja-weed. These culties are also particular about the music they listen to, seeking intellectual, psychical and political messages from the soulful sounds of Slim Whitman and other noted performers who are experimenting with a new musical form they call Raggitime. (Whitman himself now sports redlocks and surgically implanted freckles).

There is some speculation in certain academic circles that these religious freaks, who incidentally call themselves Rustifarians, are presently awaiting a sign from their leader in the form of some highly sophisticated journalistic art. Do you have a divine mission and a message for the Rustfari?

Sincerely,
Highly See Lassie

Dear Lassie,

Our group is not one of religious fanatics. It is true that the fuzz redlock trend is catching on, but that is a natural tendency. There is no doubt that red is in, take a look around you. Our group is one of down to earth, somewhat eccentric individuals. Our connection is specifically in the hair, and this particular column.

You guessed it, I am the designated leader, and the group's direction comes from Halifax, and the Rusty and Dave column. Our group is growing, it is real, and Slim Whitman happens to be an honorary member. My message to the Rustfari, and all people out there, is that "red" is inevitable and is the natural form of expression. Red happens to be unique and attractive, and each day more and more "brownies" are switching over. Our annual "Fuzz" convention is in Cavendish, P.E.I. this year (July 10th, 11th, 12th), under the organization of new convert and soon-to-be red-locked member Thane Campbell. Bring your Canja-weed and see what we're all about.

Dear Rusty and Dave,

How are things in the writing business? You probably know me — my truck and I have been sitting outside the SUB for some time now. All I hear during the day is "Did you read Rusty and Dave's last column" and "Wasn't Rusty and Dave good this week. "Don't



get me wrong guys, I'm not jealous, it's just that I'm trying to make something of my fish business and would like some of your popularity. I read your column all the time, so how about doing me a favour and promoting my food.

J. F. Lovely
(P.S. Don't print this letter if you are just going to make a fool of me.)

Dear J.F. Lovely,

You fool! How could you expect such a commitment from us. To quote a friend of ours J.F., "You are a fishmonger." In other words comrade Lovely, pack up your truck and take the high seas to Moscow. "A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of the worm." By now you have probably guessed that we have sleuthed out your shady plans and communist sympathies. We knew there was something fishy going on all the time. We are here to tip the scales of injustice. You will be singing a different tuna when this letter gets out. We have reason to believe that Soviet officials meet every lunch hour in the back of your truck, to plot the overthrow of the freeworld (as we know it today). You urchin J.F.! As the vanguard of the people, we (Rusty and Dave) will stand together for trout and justice, and drive the last pike for democracy. We will hold public herrings to determine the extent of your underworld adventures. We've haddock with your kind, and hake everything you stand for. You probably thought things were great perched innocently in your fish and chips truck in front of the SUB, but not so J.F. we're going to start laying on the mussel. We won't rest until your cod. You're fish is fried now J.F., so clam up, as we've knocked the tartar sauce clear out of your communist base.

Quote of the Week:

"There is only one way in which a person acquires a new idea: by the combination or association of two or more ideas he already has into a new juxtaposition in such a manner as to discover a relationship among them of which he was not previously aware."

Francis A. Cartier

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