

Rusty and Dave



longer cares about students (in all aspects of our university).

Can you think of a better university I could go to? I heard Dal might be alright.

Raxon II

Dear Raxon II,
No!

Dear Rusty and Dave,

I have a problem and it concerns my boyfriend. I like him and all, but we have physical barriers in the fusing of our relationship. For example, he has five arms and I have six. When we walk in the park we never know how many hands to hold. If we hold one hand then I have one more arm swinging free. If we hold more than three hands then people look at us funny. Of course we can't hold all hands because it would get stuffy (we breathe through the palms of our hands).

Another major problem is when we brush our teeth. He has six sets of teeth and I have two. He is constantly brushing his teeth and goes through an incredible number of toothbrushes. We split the cost of dental care material and I say that's wrong. He says it's fair. I just don't know.

My last bone of contention (ha! ha!) is that he only has one rib on one side of his body so I can't really hug him or he'll squish. I, on the other hand, have 119 ribs sticking out at various locations on my body. I'd like to spare him a few (get it—spare ribs ha! ha!) but the doctor says no.

One last thing just occurred to me. My boyfriend's hair is growing out from his eyeballs. We don't have an "no more tears" shampoo and every time he washes his hair he can't see for two hours. Also, when he has dandruff he thinks it is snowing. What should we do?

Sincerely,
Emsac

Dear Emsac,

Don't hold hands. Don't brush teeth. Don't hug. Don't wash your hair. True love will always prevail.

Dear Rusty and Dave,

I am a normal student at the University of Galaxia 1400. Although we are 6900 light years away on the planet Zuheblab, word of you two humanitarian-type earthlings has reached us. Me and my buddies (from a campus of 13 million zuheblabs) got together a collection of letters and packaged them. I am the President of the Rusty and Dave Fan Club here and we have given you two honorary degrees and request pictures to build monuments at the entrance of the campus. We look forward to your replies. Included is my picture, thanks a trillion.

Ruff Duff

(Note: following are the letters we received in the package from the University of Galaxia 1400.)

Dear Rusty and Dave:

I work part-time at our student library. A number of elderly ladies arrived the other day looking for jobs. They said that they were from Dalhousie and that a machine had replaced them. I feel sorry for these old ladies. They are nice but to tell you the truth they are starting to bother me. What can you do about this situation?

Kbiaf

Dear Kbiaf,

Be patient. These ladies are close friends. They are mere lackeys in this technologically advanced society of ours. It immediately strikes us that you are being inconsiderate. They have travelled 6900 light years (through hyper-space mind you!) looking for a job. Kbiaf ... Kbiaf ... Kbiaf ...

Dear Rusty and Dave,

I am dog-gone tired of the University of Galaxia 1400. The tuition is highest on the planet. The bookstore rips me off. I can only stay at my girlfriend's until 3:00 a.m. All five of my mothers worked for the univeristy and lost their jobs. The campus is spread out over many miles. The roofs of all our newly-built buildings leak. I am constantly accumulating non-deserved parking tickets. Our sports field is a pile of mud. Administration no

QUALITY
SPORTS CLOTHING
DECK SHOES & BOOTS
COTTON & WOOLEN
SWEATERS
at

The
BINNACLE

5240 Blowers St.
423-6464

CHEERS LEADER.

