



This is our oil rig, number 37, off the coast of Sable Island, Nova Scotia. Last year this oil rig killed over 5 million fish and we here at **Axxon** are proud of it. After our research scientists discovered that fish cause coronary thrombosis, we decided to spill over 2,500 barrels of oil into the Atlantic Ocean each day. Since 1975, we have destroyed over 22½ billion of these ocean living pests in the name of community service. Fish, they're better off dead! That's why we're doing something about it at **Axxon**, the sign of the double cross.

Axxon

Canada Limited

In 1977 Pillage the Sea and Snickerson paid \$82 million to fisherman and employees

and that's just part of the story

We also made an after tax profit of six times that amount. And now that Pillage the Sea and Snickerson are owned by the same people we have a virtual monopoly over the whole fish processing business. That means we can remain efficient in not only ripping off our own employees but also thousands of other working people like you in this province who purchase our products.

To fully realize the benefits of the two-hundred mile zone we want the federal government to expand the fisheries, loaning us a billion dollars so we can enlarge our fleet and fish the ocean out in the next twenty years. Pillage the Sea and Snickerson: Nova Scotia Companies working for you.



Leafs owner Ballard Harold after he was told that a group consisting of Darryl Sittler, Lanny MacDonald, and Borje Salming had made an offer to buy the Leafs and move them to Kingston, Ontario. Roger Neilson, who is representing the trio, said, "We figure if Harold fills out his income tax the way he runs the Leafs he should be back in Millhaven next year so we just want to make sure he can come and see us play."

Faking Facts

by **Huge Townsend**

Well, here I am folks. Back at my rusty old typewriter in the sports department of this great newspaper, ready to bring you extremely intelligent comment on everything happening in the jock world.

You are probably surprised to see me back at the sports desk after my stint as a news editor.

Well, so am I. Apparently sometime last night the good management folks at the Herald (there are probably the best in the business, no kiddin') came in and threw my stuff out of the editorial office.

I didn't mind though, because they know best. I'm just paid to sit here behind my trusty old typewriter and bring you good folks all the latest in commentary. To speak nothing of my duty to bring a paycheck home so that I can vacation every summer in Prince Edward Island with my good old friend Duff Montgomery.

You might think that I probably wouldn't want to return to sports after the important assignment on the editorial page. Well, that's not true. However, I'll miss a few benefits of my work in editorials. For instance, I'll no longer have the same resource material for, to tell you the truth, many of my ideas came from really good papers such as the National Inquirer, the Sunday Express and the Charlottetown Guardian.

I have always said, there's nothing wrong with stealing other's material, as long as its good stuff. Just ask my old newspaper colleague Alec Snickerson.

Now to sports. A lot has happened since I gave up sports for editorial and now that I am back, I'll have to catch up.

The big news, of course, was the Los Angeles Dodgers win in the World Series. Long overdue win, it was. I was particularly pleased with the performance of the Dodger ace, Ross Guidry. Speaking of the Yankees, I hear from reliable sources that Billy Martin may soon be fired as manager.

The other news hard to take was the retirement from the Montreal Canadiens by my very close, personal and intimate friend, Sammy Polack. Sammy and I were very close, especially at hockey games when I managed to get to the rink early so that I could sit next to him.

I remember that he used to do all kinds of funny things like pretend he forgot my name and then pretend to apologize when someone told him. Then he used to do other funny things like pretend he was mad and say to me:

"You there, what are you doing sitting beside me." Or he would say: "You there, not only do you look like a horse's ass, but you are the world's worst sports writer." Quite a guy, that Sammy, what a sense of humor.

A guy really happy to see me back here at the old sports desk and my trusty old typewriter is Sports Editor Emeritus, Wilfred "Deuce" Holey. "Deuce" has had to carry the ball during my absence, although some people thought he was writing for the both of us because he always says "we" when referring to "I" (I really mean him).

Well, anyhow, Deuce really has a sense of humor too. He would joke and say things like: "What the Christ are you doing back here?" That's really funny stuff because Deuce never swears.

Deuce taught me a lot of things, like how to cover a Stanley Cup hockey game by watching it on television in a Montreal hotel room instead of sitting in a cold rink. Great stuff! Stuff I'll never forget.

I would like to dispell one rumor, however. That's that my return to sports will signify a return of Bull Schmidt to the Horrid's editorial board. It is equally untrue that I went to editorial when Bull was fired for firing 12 reporters who were attempting to unionize just over a year ago.

I can state categorically that I am not a Bull man. However, if he wants to come back that's fine with me, I will even start shining his shoes again, although its a bad time of the year to find the mud with which to shine them.

Well, back to sports, and my "Short Shafts".

Bobby Orr is about to call it quits after 8 years with the Boston Bruins, Bobby Hull will be the top scorer with the Winnipeg Jets this year, Al Yarr will play basketball with the Dal Tigers this year under the five-year rule, Gavin Townsend will be a star in pre-peeewee metro hockey, the Province of Nova Scotia will buy the Toronto Argonauts and have them them play at Metro Centre under John Buchanan, and I'll become DFDR's 18th morning commentator.

That's all for this column. Glad to be back, Glad you are glad that I am back. That's all from this jock's corner. Bye for now. See you all soon. Keep that card and letter coming mom. Keep the faith, Deuce. Have a ball, Bull. Sports, sports, sports . . . love it, love it, love it. Great, great, great. Go Vees Go. Go Vees Go. Atta boy Sammy. Keep in there tiger. Lead with the left, lead with the right. Run Huge Run.