BUMSWICKAN BOO JAYS

It's a project that the Sports Department has been working on for over a year now. Through the cutting of budgets, the saving of funds and the embezzlement of three quarters of the Third Century Fund the staff at the Bruns have just purchased majority stock in the Nation's best baseball team, the Toronto Blue Jays.

For many of you this is old news, since rumors of the investment have been circulating around the UNB campus for some time now and I would like to take this opportunity to confirm the news. As a result there will be many exciting changes going on at the training camp this year. Some of which are:

—A new starting pitcher: His name is Ivan Brunsmanov, and he's a Russian defector. Ivan claims for the past twenty years he has been bred and trained in a secret Soviet Baseball camp deep in the Ukraine. He goes on to say that the Russians were planning on springing this team on the 1988 Olympics in Korea, where they were expecting to steal the gold. He chose Canada to defect to, over the United States after he heard of the great Maritime Beer. This story of his is backed up with a 120 mile an hour fastball, a 105 mph curve and a 95 mph knuckle ball. We have great hopes in Ivan, who will be replacing Louis Leal, Doyle Alexander and Jim Clancy in the starting position.

Another change which we think is bound to make the team better is the signing of Bill Traer and myself Ken Quigley, as the new outfield. Not the entire outfield mind you, we will have Jesse Barfiled to back up up if we get tired. If there are any doubts as to our abilities, Bill Traer before he became Sports Editor, usec. to throw a ball aroudn with his father, and I played a little ball just this past summer.

Our newly ratified editor-in-chief, Richard Hutchins has informed the sports department he has always fantasized about being a ball boy for a professional baseball team but to show that there is no animosity between the boss and myself, Hutch will be selecting the bats for the Blue Jays best starting in April.

Our Business Manager, Dwayne McLaughlin begged us to place him on as the starting shortstop, and we agreed on the condition that he not suck on his pacifier while at bat; he reluctantly agreed. Dwayne first aspired to be the team's waterboy, but unfortunately it did not take long for the organization to realize that he lacked the initiative and inner drive of which the job demanded.

As for the Blue Jays infield, we have more than replaced the talent that already existed there, Rance Mullineks, Damaso Garcia and Willie Upshaw have many more sleepless nights ahead of they once they cast their eyes on the awesome abilities of Cal Johnson, Ernest Dunphy and Mike MacKinnon. It is a rare occurence indeed that we find such phenomenal players among the Bruns staff itself. Unfortunately, stipulations had to be made for these three to work out. Cal was allowed to play third base if and only if he agreed to have a muzzle installed on his face to prevent him from compulsively criticizing things. Ernest had to stop being Ernest before we would let him play ball. It was not easy but through relentless pressure, we finally got Mike to promise that he would not wear business suits on the field and he would cease to store large quantities of Jewish bakery products in the dugout.

Curiously enough, our former SRC president, John Bosnitch pleaded with us to find a place for him on the team. After intensive studies we have found a position that we think fits John's unique talents to a "T". Starting April 9th John will be the man officially in charge of complaining to the umpire. Now if we could only get him to stop carrying around that damn podium. A strange coincidence occured when Larry Fox tried to get on the team, it's a pity that his is too damn short to do anything.

What is a team without a mascot. It would be like an apricot without a pit. With this in mind, who do you think would be most pit-like? Why of course, James Downey. Think of it, who has a nose like a beak? Downey. Who has a face that resembles bird shit? Downey. Who's the one person you know you'll never take seriously? Downey. Need I say more.

As you may have guessed, the only job left is that of the General Manager. We've had many applicants, such as tim MacKinnon, Regan Legassie, David Mazerolle, Derrick Stanford, Sandy Rabasse and Jean-Louis Tremblay. But the person everyone felt would be the most qualified for the job is our SRC vice-president (Finance) Doug Burgess. We came to this decision upon viewing Doug's uncanny nack for blaming his losses on others. This way, when Doug screws up, he can always say that it wasn't his fault, somebody wasn't doing their job.

Well, there you have it folks, Canada's best chance for a world series berth, all resting on our beloved Brunsies.

New booers line-up — Ken (the demented) Quigley, Bill (The Twit) Traer, Cal (Wonder Boy) Johnston, Derrick (Moosehead) Stanford and Hutch (Please don't step on me) Hutchins; missing — talent.

Graphic photo of the senseless slaughter of innocent, defenceless scuba divers.

Europe bans Scuba Hunt

Strasbourg, France—The European Parliament voted unanimously Friday for an unlimited extension to the ban on imports of products derived from hunting Scuba Divers.

The Canadian government had recently authorized the skinning of 10,000 Scuba Divers during the upcoming season.

Scuba Divers have been hunted for years fo their skins, but in recent decades their numbers have started to dwindle. Their skins are used for making prophylactics, tire patches and those hideous fuzzy dice that hang from car rear view mirrors.

The assembly urged that governments set up Scuba Diving santuaries and breeding grounds stating: "Why would any normal woman go out with Scuba Divers? I mean, they walk around all day in rubber suits and those big feet and everyone knows what too much cold water does to their sex organs.

As a result of the shortage of female scuba divers, the Canadian department of Fisheries has suggested that they should cross-breed male scuba divers with seals. They stated that this would serve two purposes: it would help replenish dwindling stocks; and with hope present them from being such puke faces.

A spokesman from the department also stated mthat male divers often mistake drifting inflatable rubber Wanda dolls as female divers. Fisheries experts suspect the cause of these unusual behaviours to be determinant upon one of these listed factors: scuba divers mistaking the dolls for females; the shortage of scuba women; and finally because in contrast to regular scubers, the males don't find it necessary to breed with blindfolds on due tot he extreme putridness of their mating partners. We have to remember that this hard-up species can't even get hooked at the Cosmapond fish market.

Sports writers caught shirking their duties

Sports writers caught shirking their duties. Last week two members of the *Toronto Son*, a local religious paper, one Tom Peteson and Todd Nightly were caught slacking off. Claims Peteson, "All we did was go to the game and ogle the women, what's wrong with that?" Indeed, afterwards, while Tom and his photographer Todd were supposedly working on their story, they were in cheap and sleaxy hotel room drinking beer. "Well, it was beer the maple Buds gave us so we didn't want to waste it, after all, it was getting warm," said Nightly.

Tom & Tod at the Hilton

"I was really unimpressed with their conduct" said *Grope and Feel* reporter All Stuck-up, "They didn't invite me, I had to go to a bar and buy mine."

Stuck-up himself has been barred from the Toronto Maple Bud games for pinching the rear-end of Harold's favorite usherette Miss Barbara Boom-Boom Johnson, so he's really not the right person to ask about professional conduct in sports journalism. There have been an epidemic of these occurrence recently in Hogtown.

Cindy "Bunney" Johnson, a local radio announcer was caught in the bar and the Hilton with one of the 15 year old hockey players from St. Michaels. Bunney claimed that her apartment had burned so she was staying at the Hilton and it was only natural for her to interview him at her home.

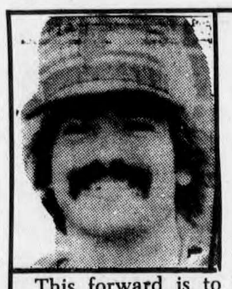
Frent Trayne, a *Grope and Feel* columnist was caught red-handed not bowing before Groinskey when he came into his presence.

Paul Batton, actually, in a fit of some sort, predicted that New Jersey would finish first in their division. Fortunately we hit him over the head with a hammer several times and that straightened him out.

Marty Yolk went on vacation for three days without telling anyone. It was rumoured that he was testing out the new brothel on Younge Street.

Red the Fish from the *Gazette* wrote weird mumblings in his latest column about how he lost his virginity.

The Ontario goups have proposed a white paper into the ethics and mores of sports reporters. Our official line is 8 to 5 that they won't find any.



Al (Beau) Strike Out

Ballard Bites It

This forward is to inform you that, while Mr. Ballard has not yet passed on to his great reward, it is felt by this author that when Big Red finally kicks the bucket the City of Toronto will hold a party such as has not been seen since V-E Day at the end of World War II. In the occurrence of such an event it is highly possible that no Toronto based daily will be able to produce a sports section due to joyful over indulgence in various inebriants. Therefore, I present for your per-usual the unofficial obituary and eulogy of Harold Ballard, President and owner of the Toronto Maple Leafe Gardens, Inc. — 'Leaf's fan version.—Al

Al——STRIKE OUT

Maple Leaf Gardens leaked today the information that Harold Ballard, President and owner of Toronto's pathetic professional ringette team, the Toronto Mapled Beliefs, has died of a massive heart attack. Ballard suffered this fatal attack while watching Rick Vaive, Toronto's captain, accept his MVP and all-star award for leading Canada to an unbelievable victory in the World Championships in Prague. Ballard reportedly had his first attack hit him when Vaive scored his fifth goal of the game against the Soviet Union in the championship game. Ballard's last words, reportedly spoken to personal friend and confidant 'King' Clancy, were "bastard probably expects a tea service now."

Ballard has throughout his career been much more successful as a boardroom politican than as an administrator of one of the nation's wealthiest sports enterprise. As is well documented in Johnson's bestseller "Ballard" (MCS—$19.95 - buy it - read it - give one to a Montreal fan -this has been a paid announcement from Dinise "The Minice' Johnson) the big red one was fond of corporate control fights and comparatively young girls, being adequate at only the former. Ballard originally joined the team as a water boy and skate sharpener for the Toronto Arly's where he managed to wiggle his way into the good grace of the Great God Smythe.

From this heady start into the hockey world Pal Hal was promoted to dingle in charge of polishing the zamboni. While in this esteemed position Harold put forward the first of his profit maximizing concepts by selling rides on the machine for two bucks apiece. This is not as outrageous as it at first seems because Sammy Pollock was doing almost the same thing in Montreal except that his rides cost the poor waifs their future draft rights.

Gradually Ballard moved up the chain of command filling the coffers of the team eventually joining up with Stiff Smythe to take control of the team from the trusting Conn Smythe. Ballard convinced Stiff to write a will giving him control if Stiff passed on to the great embezzlement in the sky. The two goofs managed to run the team into the ground while making bundles of bucks— not all of above the table. While they were eventually caught they didn't give the money back, surprisingly enough.

The poor beleagures Joe from now has reason to cheer as the *Grope and Feel* has learned that Moosehead Breweries of St. John, New Brunswick, has the inside track on the purchase of the team from the collective heirs, all 2,700 illegitimate offspring. The team will be turned over to the new G.M. Darryl Sittler, obtained from Detroit for a used bus yesterday. Sittler is expected to name Don Cherry coach and Blue will act as an assistant coach.

Rise up, Toronto! Rejoice for the wicked Monarch of the corner box is dead. Be happy for now comes the day of joy as Ballard is dead, dead, dead, dead....

Network introduces local Sports show

CBC Television announced yesterday, that in the effort to bolster their Canadian content programming, they are picking up a small time Cable Sports talk show called *Jerk Talk* from that famous resort area on the Saint John River, Freddie Beach.

Says an unidentified source inside the CBC, "We feel that this show has more potential appeal that *Stacey's Country Jamboree*, Lord knows it certainly resembles it."

Jerk Talk is the brainchild of two Freddie Beach area sports nuts. Rav'in Dave, as he is called by his peers, is the Sports Editor of the city's daily newspaper, *The Gaily Premier* while Kable Ken Snott is a school teacher and a known Cleveland fan.

The basic gist of the show is these two sit around someplace in the city and talk about the weekly, most noteably the Freddie Beach Express and Candy's Escorts, a local ball team. One third of the show is centered around these two wondering why they are getting paid for this show.

"Sometimes, we even have guests," says Dave, "that shows how important the show is in the area."

"We're kind of like Bob and Doug," comments Kable Ken, "except that we can't drink any beer on the air, that's why we have siphon hoses. We got in so much shit last month when we had the premier on. He pulled out this great big hooter and smoked it on the air; I mean, we could lose our licence for that. But anyways, Dick said not to worry. He told us "it's okay, now, I leave all my dope in my outside pockets. If I get caught I just say it's not mine. I never saw it. Some reporter must of planted it. It works every time." "This guy's great," said Ken, "I only wish he had known something about sports when he was on.

For their opening show this fall, the Dynamic Duo plan to interview a hockey sweater. Dave plans to editorialize on the Scuba Hunt: Sport or Business and Ken will give a ballet exhibition.

UNB BASKETBALL COACH'S SCANDELOUS Globe Trot.

UNB Basketball Coach Don Nuthead recently completed a world tour. Looking for basketball talent for the Red Raiders. The coach travelled to such basketball havens as Boston, New York, Los Angeles, West Germany, Moscow, Nigeria and Freddie Beach.

While in the states Coach Nuthead witnessed some impressive talent, most of it off the court though. He eventually though found three prospects for his team. The coach said about the three, "they all have ability to dominate a game." proud of what he had done the coach was heartbroken the next day to learn all players weren't coming to UNB. The three had agreed that morning to attend a U.S. (Kentucky Kristian Kollege).

In West Germany Nuthead didn't do much scouting of basketball players. The reason why is because he spent most of his time scouting the local beer gardens, along with an old friend, the Minister of Defense.

Nuthead didn't stand a chance in the Soviet Union. On arrival he learned he would be restricted from seeing any basketball players. The reason Soviet officials gave was that any contact with Nuthead's coaching techniques could do untold damage to their player's skills. The Soviets though were nice later to invite the coach to the Vodka Festival.

The coach seemed bored in Nigeria, as all there was to do is look for potential basketball players. Nuthead did find one interesting prospect, he was a 7 foot 6 inch center. In the end the coach decided against asking him to come to UNB. The reason in the coach's words was "all he can do is block 20 shots a game, along with getting 25 rebounds. He can't produce offensively."

Finally Nuthead arrived in Freddie beach. The coach found his type of players along with his type of bar. After the coach got the assurance that the players would be at UNB, he said, "The players I have gotten should help every team in the conference."