



mugwimp journal

By Dave Fartlett

The gals at Lady Dunn have been up to some naught hi-jinks this past week. Some of our more informed "deep-throats" have been more than willing to divulge the juicier pieces of dirt. It seems the ladies went on a tear-starting with MacKenzie and raping, pillaging, plundering, and generally destructing macho male egos, finishing their escapades at Jones House. The finale to their great deeds of deviation was the sacrifice to their idol, the American Gigolo, Canadian style. I guess this means that signs of Spring fever are in the air...Carry on the good work.

We've received work from Hollywood that a Kermit the Frog Fan Club is being started up right here in town. Congratulations to the new district president Von Fluffyferd, who stated in an interview that "I've always been a deep admirer of Kermit the Frog and I will carry out my duties with the greatest dignity and pride." Fluffyferd is planning to appoint Fudge Larty to handle public relations. Larty himself has for a long time tried to project a "Great Gonzo" image in everything he does. They are currently searching for a Dr. Bunsen Honeydew look alike...have you guys ever considered asking our own Dean of Men???? All the best in the club activities...

Great news folks. We've finally appointed a new president - Dr. Fleecy Downey. Rumour has it that included in his contract is a yearly salary of \$450,000, the use of Marshal D'Avery Hall as his private residence, private swimming pool, and a 1980 bullet-proof custom designed limo. Downey, who hails from Soap City, Iowa, holds numerous degrees in laundry detergent with a doctoral thesis on the question of which machine is better-the washer of the dryer, a cling-free sheet, or a liquid softner.

I'd like to extend a heart-felt thank-you to SRC comptroller Steve Who, for single-handedly running a non-alcoholic pub. It must have been hard making sure that both people got enough cookies and pop. I sure would have gone if only I had known that Oreos were on the house. At least with these non-alcoholic pubs there's plenty of dance-space. I hope the guys didn't mind dancing with each other.
P.S. We know that Scoff Cornshaw is guilty of constantly wanting to lead all the time...Talk about putting your best foot forward!!!!

Next year's Bumswickan will see a new editor - long time staffer and resident Meadow Muffin. Hat's off to Dad-how does he do it...looking after all those kids while maintaining extensive office shenanigans??? He must be from Toronto...they're all nuts up there, aren't they????

Club News

Leather Club

-There will be a meeting of the UNB Leather Club in the Leather Room of the main gyn at 1:30 next Tuesday. Please submit your

name to the Intermural office as soon as possible.

Rubber Club

-All those wishing to form a Rubber Club please fill out an application form from the Intermural Office. UNB has one of the most active Rubber Clubs in the Maritime provinces. Come on it is time to get involved in Campus activities.

FEBRUARY 31, 1953

THE BUMSWICKAN 9

Gigg vs Gigg

Dear Editors:

For months now, I have been writing really obnoxious letters and receiving replies, equally obnoxious from other readers. Well, this week, I'm not taking the chance that no one really cares what I have to say. I'm going to rebut by own letter printed in last week's Bumswickan. Let it be known that I feel that Randy Gigg is an unadulterated Leftist swine. Not only is he totally uninformed in relation to the issues that really matter, but I have serious reason to doubt his sanity as well. I don't think that a proven pinko like myself should even be allowed to have an opinion, let alone express one.

I think that if Khomenei really wants to see torture, he should not be so concerned with the 'crimes' of the Shah. Instead, he should be forced to stand outside one of the popular New York discos, such as Neon or Studio 54, then he wouldn't care monkey poop about a few people having been maimed or killed during the, as I put it, 'imperialist' reign of the Shah. I mean, heck, it really gets awful standing out there with all sorts of perfectly horrid right wing types.

However, I am getting away from the point. This letter was written to let people know that Mug Heartly is not the only "sniveling swine" on this campus. I feel that I, Randy Gigg am every bit as

snivelling, and just as much a swine, as Mr. Heartly.

Even though it may appear that I read Panthouse only because it is the only publication in Amerikka which is not afraid to print things the way they really are, that is not true. Even we pinkos can be red-blooded, and make use of the magazine in the way it was intended to be made use of.

Once again, I must object to the way in which previous rebuttals to my opinions express the mental level at which I function. If the writers of those letters weren't such wimps, they would get down to proper insults, along the line of "dog humping pinko rat," "son of a mentally retarded lima bean," "perverted heap of moose dung" to mention but a few.

I think that if this letter is allowed to continue the typewriter will catch fire. Besides, if I had the "wool pulled over my eyes," I would not be able to see well enough to type all the garbage I manage to spew out. In the interests of revealing the truth, I will say that the black nylon stockings with the seam up the back is pulled over my eyes.

Thank you
Randy Gigg
President, Place Communists in
Communes Committee

Leave us alone

Dear Readers:

We have had enough of your smart-ass comments in the Bumswickan. Every time we make some comment about the intelligence of anyone who writes in to complain to us about the little mistakes we make from week to week, one of your feels that you have to bitch about it. Well from now on, you don't have to worry about what method we will use to point out your mental deficiency. From now on, the only letters we print will be letters FROM the Editors. This way, we feel we can let the students know how good a paper the Bums really is.

If anyone in our readership objects, we have only this to say in reply: "You are probably the

product of an immoral and illegal love affair between a heap of hamster dung and a lame cocker spaniel with an inbred genetic trait which causes not only the level of intellectual incompetence you display, but has, as a side effect, a tendency toward public flatulence.

"Besides what qualifies you to be a judge of whether the news we print consists of 'facts or not?'" We have been in the business of making up facts to suit our opinions since the first issue of the Bums was published more than 114 years ago.

Just sign us
A poor little uninfuential group
with no real power to defend
ourselves against those nasty
readers.

Shut-up!

Dear Editor:

Please print this letter to Mr. Morehouse Spiral in The Bumswickan.

Dancing elephant?

Dear Editor:

With all due respect for the sake of brevity, which is not to say that I could in any way digress from a form of logical syntax or neglect to state complete my full argument, although my religious convictions may not be isolated in the social norm. I might discuss a problem that is very close at hand to all of us concerned with the situation, which might in itself be overlooked were it not for the urgency, an urgency which presses now upon my mind like the back of an elephant's ear when he's doing

headstands, even in winter, although one's more likely to find the pachidermal form engaged in such acrobatics during the time after the vernal equinox as we approach the solistice; which is not to say that the summer hours do not fit into the flockinockinihilipillifactory times spent in contemplation and for which I desired to write this letter stating my position on the matter.

Cordially yours,
Joke Lark

Mr. Spiral:

We of the Security Service (RCMP) feel that you are a gross threat to national security in Lower Slobbovia. Thus, it is in the best interests of foreign relations, (our cousins in Siberia) that we must ask you not to submit any more letters to erstwhile student publications. As everyone knows, the Bumswickan is a front for budding fascists, communists, pinkos, rednecks, fags, dykes, machos, mother rapers, father rapers, axe murderers, snivelling swine, gutless editorial writers, poor typists and at least one neo-mental hygenist. On the negative side, the Bumswickan has none other than Gondron Cloane, as a member of the staff.

If you do not stop submitting letters to the editors of the Bumswickan we will be forced to stop laughing behind your back and start laughing right to your face.

Mr. Name Withheld by Request
Bossman
(RCMP) Security Service

