

GRAB -BAG!

Compiled by DAVID BUNDAS

More cellulite than a masseuse on a fat farm

What's in a name, William Shakespeare mused while penning *Romeo and Juliet* in the 16th century. Just about everything, answers the wonderful wacky world of professional boxing.

There's no denying that in 1986, in the Las Vegas world of pug uglies, nicknames are definitely IN. I mean, doesn't everybody have one this year?

But in Canada, the burlesque side of the game has yet to catch on. We're not talking talent here, folks, because when it comes down to ability, Canada has never had so many, classy fighters on the world scene at the same time.

Come on Canada, it's time to get with it.

O'Sullivan, with a name as Irish as the Blarney Stone, may want to reflect his roots. How about Shamrock Shawn. Maybe you think Shawn (Mean and Green) sounds better?

OK, moving on to Berbick. Considering his hulking, slow of foot, awkward style, give him a name that contains a bit of menace. How about Trevor (Fright Night) Berbick?

No good? Well, Hilton's a natural. How about Matthew (He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother) Hilton or Matthew (I Ain't My Brother's

Keeper) Hilton?

Just kidding Dave. Hope you've got a sense of humor. You just need better footwork outside the ring.

Plunging right along, what with Poole's constant carping about O'Sullivan getting all the ink, he could be known as Donny (The Moaner) Poole. Maybe Donny (Cry Me A River) Poole is better?

De Wit is a unique case. Now here's a guy who, in his brief heavy-weight career, has pounded his fist into more cellulite than a masseuse on a fat farm. Given the number of tomato cans he's faced, Willie (Can Opener) de Wit should do quite nicely. If not, there's always The Undertaker, in reference to the number of stiff's he's gone up against.

No fooling around, this is serious stuff. No more no-name tags. It's time for Canada to give its image a shake.

—*The Maidstone Mirror*, 13/03/86
Maidstone, Sask.

Attack of the killer yogurt

I have been viciously attacked by a pint, or shall I say 250 mL, of yogurt. It caused the worst damage to our house since the toilet bowl exploded last October.

The kitchen was turned into a disaster area. It had just been cleaned. So naturally, the attack came at a time like that. Everything had been spotless: the counters gleamed. The floor sparkled. Yes, the kitchen had been singled out as a perfect victim by this cowardly, mysterious substance.

I had opened the yogurt container and placed it on the counter top, at least three inches (7.5 cm) from the edge. Then I opened the fridge to pull out a jar of yogurt. I do sometimes treat myself to a little snack that way when my wife is at an evening meeting. One of my very few

vices. A person has to have some fun.

Suddenly, without provocation or warning, the yogurt container jumped forward and leaped onto the kitchen floor, bottom up. The contents, after this three foot (90 cm) drop, splashed upwards and in all four directions, dividing into 17 million molecules.

I had never seen the likes of it. It wasn't natural. I swear that I hadn't come anywhere near that yogurt container. I'm wearing bifocals, but I'm not that uncoordinated. No, this was clearly a malicious, spiteful, treacherous act of deviltry. It happens to me all the time.

Deep freeze flea fighters

I seem to have struck a nerve a few weeks ago when I wrote about the problem I was having trying to get rid of my cat's fleas.

My present method of fighting the problem does a lot for me, and, I think, something for the cat. At one friend's suggestion we acquired one of those steel, fine-toothed combs (Bill Bailey, where are you when we need you), and give our animal a good going over every day or so. Each pass of the comb seems to produce at least one of the little . . . er pests, but often two or three. After a brief session, we have a bowl of soapy water just covered with victims.

Unfortunately, we seem to be merely controlling the little monsters, not eliminating them. I admit I have not tried all the suggestions given for winning the war such as putting the cat in the refrigerator overnight to freeze the pests. I do have one last approach which, I warn you, I have not tested myself so try it at your own risk.

Well, as my buddy John Robinson would say, I've come to the end of the tail. I hope occasionally you paws and think of me. As for me, "OW." Purr-fect, don't you think.

QUESTION

By LISA OLSEN

"(a) What's your opinion on free trade, and (b), how are you?"



Gerry Sturgess, Ground keeper
"I don't think we should have free trade. (b) I feel fine."



Lynn Crosbie, English IV
"I suspect we're being sold down the river. (b) I feel physically ill."



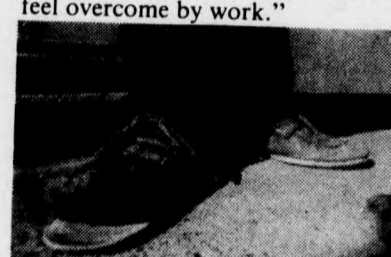
Joseph Van Der Klugt, York Security II
"I think it's necessary to keep the economy going. (b) I feel great, it's sunny out."



Joshua Sohn, Sociology II
"From an economic point of view I think we can benefit, but overall the effects will be worse. Culturally it will be harmful as well. (b) General I feel overcome by work."



Kerby McAllister, Social/ Political Science Grad.
"The less we have to do with the American fascists the better. (b) I don't think I can adequately answer that question, but metaphorically I feel fine."



Bernie Germain, M.E.S. II
"I don't think it's a good idea because I think it would have a detrimental effect on jobs in the country and Canadian would end up losing out in the end. (b) oops! Sorry, Bernie, I forgot to ask!"

Faculty Club Announcement

IN THE LIGHT OF INCREASING STUDENT USE OF THE FACULTY CLUB RESTAURANT THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE OF THE FACULTY CLUB WISHES TO DRAW THE COMMUNITY'S ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING:

The Faculty Club was jointly financed by the York University Faculty Association Trust and the Administration.

It is intended for Faculty, Staff and their guests only.