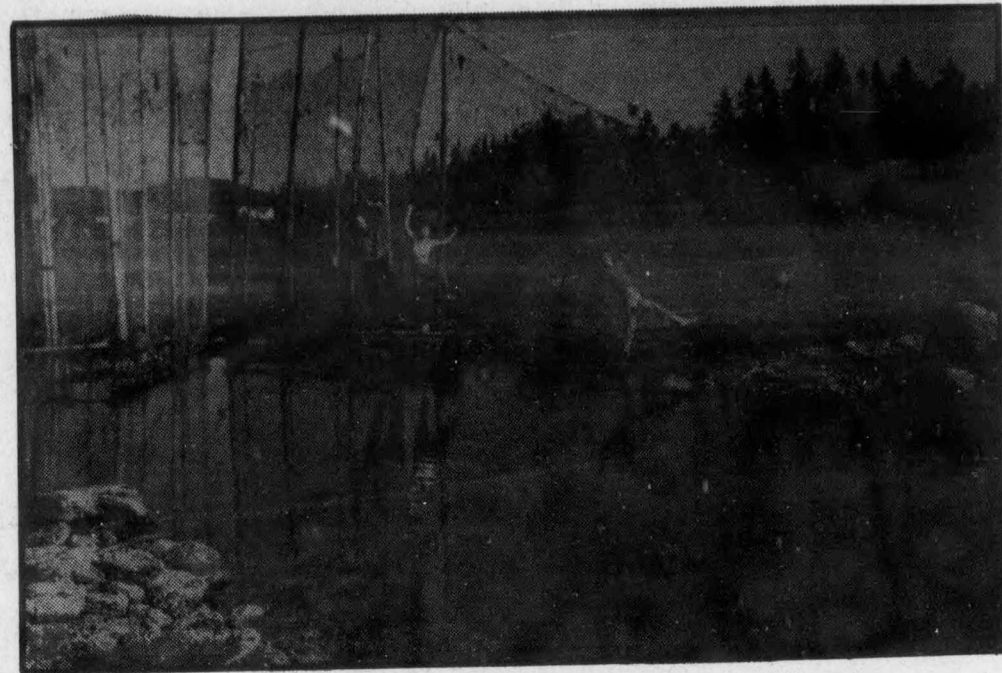
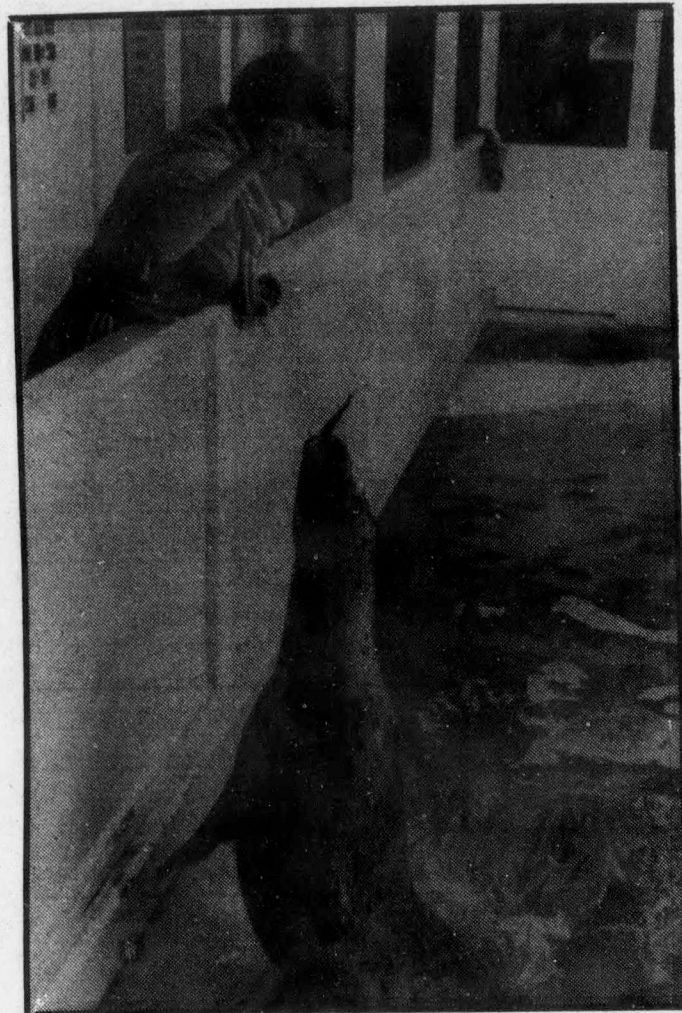


ANNUAL ST. ANDREWS WHALE HUNT

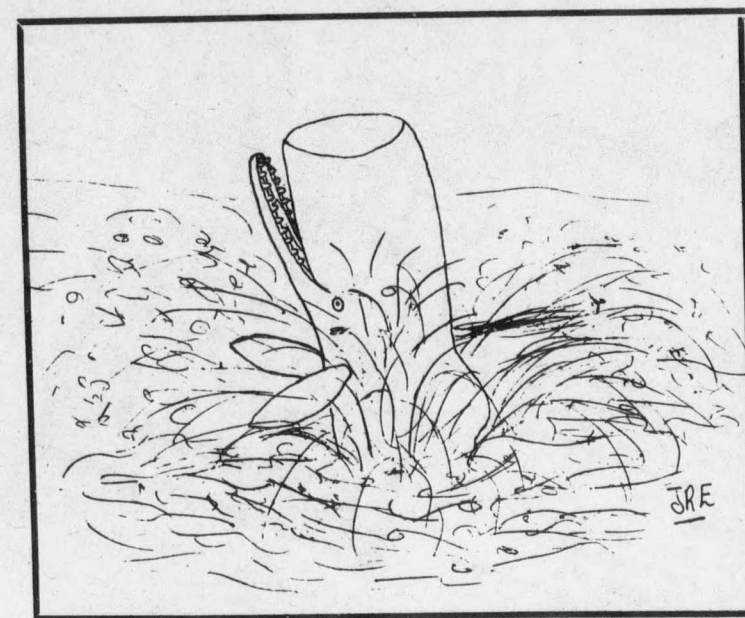
By MIKE PRINGLE
and DAVE INGLIS



'Good news for you grieving relatives - we found your three drowned children, in a salmon wier.



Marsha feeding Martha or is Martha feeding Marsha? Ha! Ha! Ha!



It was a hot afternoon in Fredericton when our resolute troupe assembled last weekend, outside Loring Bailey Hall to start the hunt for the elusive Humpback and Right Whales. A motley crew Biological Society members filed into waiting vehicles to embark for the annual St. Andrew's Whale Hunt Expedition. After a grueling trip, we arrived at the mysterious Anderson House, set like a gothic mansion on the Algonquin Golf Course. After we settled in, the alluring and knowledgeable Inca Milewski, of the Huntsman Marine Laboratory, fed our inquiring minds with the ongoing research at the HML. After mass consumption of fine wines, we took to the cosy town of St. Andrew's via a moonlight stroll across the golf course in search of the perfect pub. After spending a night of fun and frolic, we slithered back to Anderson House.

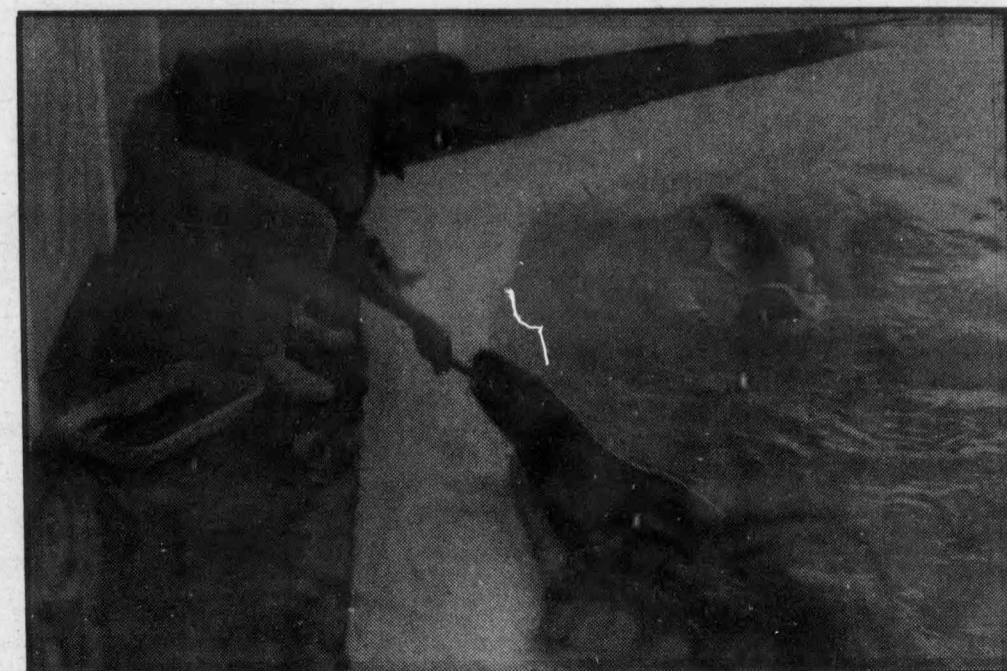
The next morning, we went beachcombing with lovely Inca, where she showed us a myriad of marine organisms unique to those shores. After touring the Huntsman Marine Laboratory Aquarium, we were off to the high seas of the Bay of Fundy to hunt whale.

After a body search where we were divested of our harpoons, bazookas, and limpet mines, we boarded the 'Miss Michelle' and left in a cloud of diesel smoke. Four hours later, still no sign of the elusive Humpback nor Right Whales, although porpoises, Harbour Seals, and Wildfowl flourished.

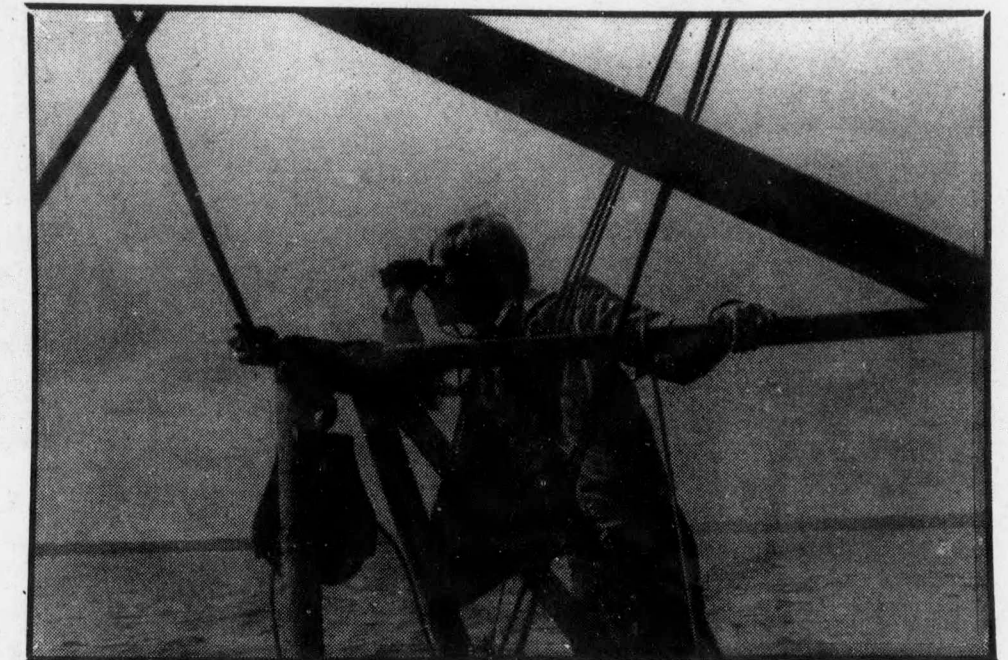
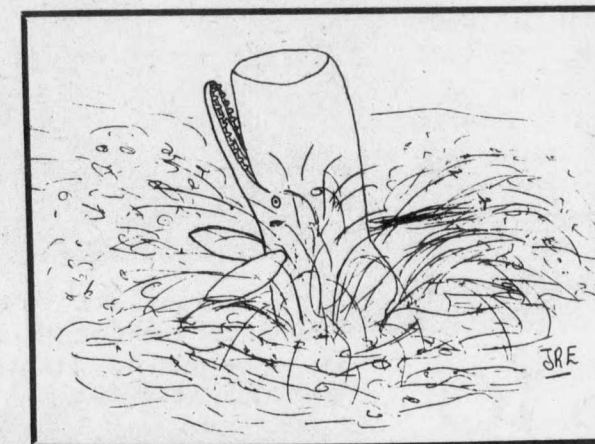
Muchly chagrined, many of us near tears, we drowned our problems in alcohol. After being thoroughly drowned in what proved to be a whale of a party, we staggered up to bed.

When we recovered consciousness the next morning, we embarked on our last tour: The North American Salmon Research Centre. Here we saw the Canadian dream of raising salmon using aquaculture techniques perfected in St. Andrews, and how salmon were recaptured after release into the open ocean.

One last time we boarded and left for home. After the lengthy voyage, our tattered, frayed, and windlashed bodies collapsed upon UNB soil. We had learned a lot but more importantly, we had survived.



Our charming native guide, Inca Milewski feeding Henry at the HML Aquarium



It's Moby Dick!!!!



L to R: Larry (crew member), Ron Regier, Burt Blais, Mike Pringle (prez), Marsha Grattan (trez), Tim Wallace, Janet Gunter (sec), Bran Drewery, Dr. Barb MacKinnon, Barry Parkinson, Karen Moerman, Denise Pugh, Nicolaos Charolambous, with Dave Inglis (vice-prez), Arpil Fulton, and Sandra Connors.