

It's that time of year again -

R & D time

Dear Rusty and Dave,

I am a second year Nursing student living at Sheriff Hall. For the past week my friends and I have been reminiscing about our summers, and the same question kept arising: "I wonder what Rusty and Dave did this summer?" Could you fill us in a little, and we want a straight answer please.

Curious Kate and friends

Dear Curious Kate and friends,

It certainly is a pleasure to hear from you all. Our summer was a busy one, but we will attempt to concentrate on the highlights.

The first thing that comes to mind is, of course, the *Ecum Secum Greased Pig Chase and Clam Boil*. We were invited as special guests, put up in the *Ecum Secum Hilton*, and treated like gold. The highlight was certainly the greased pig chase. You see, ten minutes before the contest, the pig ran away. Of course, the town was in a turmoil. Being the humanitarians that we are, we offered the services of Dave. They accepted, greased him up, and it was the best greased pig contest ever to take place in *Ecum Secum*. Later that day we cooked them clams and the celebrations were complete. Again, we thank you *Ecum Secum*.

Next in line had to be the *Lunenburg Captain Crunch Eating Festival*. The hospitality was great and there were over two hundred entrants in the contest. Rusty entered and was losing badly, but when it came down to the crunch, he came through.

Moving to New Brunswick, we could not forget the *Buctouche* (I think that's how you spell it) *Beetle Bobbing Exhibition*. As you might have guessed, both of us declined as we had just eaten before we arrived, and later that evening we had a speaking engagement and we were still trying to get the bugs out of our routine. The exhibition was a success and we congratulate the people of *Buctouche* for holding such a gala event.

Finally, Curious and friends, the both of us were invited to the annual *P.E.I. Summerside to Cavendish Nude Walk*. The weather was great and the reception we received was beyond belief. Rusty swore that he saw the *Ecum Secum greased pig*, while Dave was caught chasing a couple of cows. Other than that things were somewhat uneventful. A few serious burns were reported, but that is expected. It was a fitting climax to an action filled summer for both of us, and since our trip to *P.E.I.* we have been busy poring over the summer mail received from you readers. We appreciate the interest and thank you all.

Dear Rusty and Dave,

I'll be honest guys, I'm addicted to your column. In fact, much of my time is spent waiting in anticipation for Thursday afternoon. Because I spend so much of my free time reading *Rusty and Dave*, I am neglecting

the entire reason I am here at Dal. I mean, educational though your column is, there is an important learning experience that I simply am not devoting enough of my time to. I am referring to, of course, soap operas. Since discovering your column I just never find the time to watch my soaps anymore. Perhaps you could combine both of my pleasures into one and give me a brief synopsis of what is happening in the soap opera world.

Hopefully, Ryan

Dear Ryan:

It was quite a coincidence to receive your missive as we were already planning to inaugurate our new feature *Rusty and Dave: Speaking Soap*. We repeat, this was pure fortuity that we would get your letter and do not want it misconstrued as benevolence on our part in any way. Here it is, *Speaking Soap*:

On *One Loaf to Live* Ben the flour vendor has left once again with another loaf not knowing that Rachel I is a practicing cannibal. Meanwhile, Rachel's hairdresser Mr. Ivan is caught sleeping with Gary, the transvestite zoo-keeper who appeared with Rachel II for three episodes on *As the George Burns*. This week and last week Mrs. Greatbody learns how to drive standard before learning that her brother has been bludgeoned by a giant stuffed likeness of Tommy Hunter which was meant to be burnt in effigy on an upcoming episode of *General Hostel*, wherein Buzz the expatriate musk-ox jockey gets a bed, a meal and an alcohol rub for next to nothing.

On *Jays of our Hives* the mysterious Mr. Upshaw still insists that he is a honey bee and residents of *Lobotomy Street* are too afraid to do anything about the retired six-eight football player collecting pollen in their backyards.

On *Search for Gavin McLeod* Ken, Matt, Dwayne, Brock, and Ken's brother (not the Ken just mentioned but another more important Ken), Eric, all discuss last night's date on another soap opera with Rachel 7, Jeanette, Barb, Rachel 8, and Rachel 9, and wonder out loud how it came that the last three Rachels had the good sense to avoid Roman numerals in their names. Also, Nick tells Beth about the orangoutang affair and she forgives him, mentioning that she monkeys around all the time anyway.

There you have it Ryan. The storylines for all the major soap operas for the next decade. Now you can concentrate on less important diversions in your idle hours.

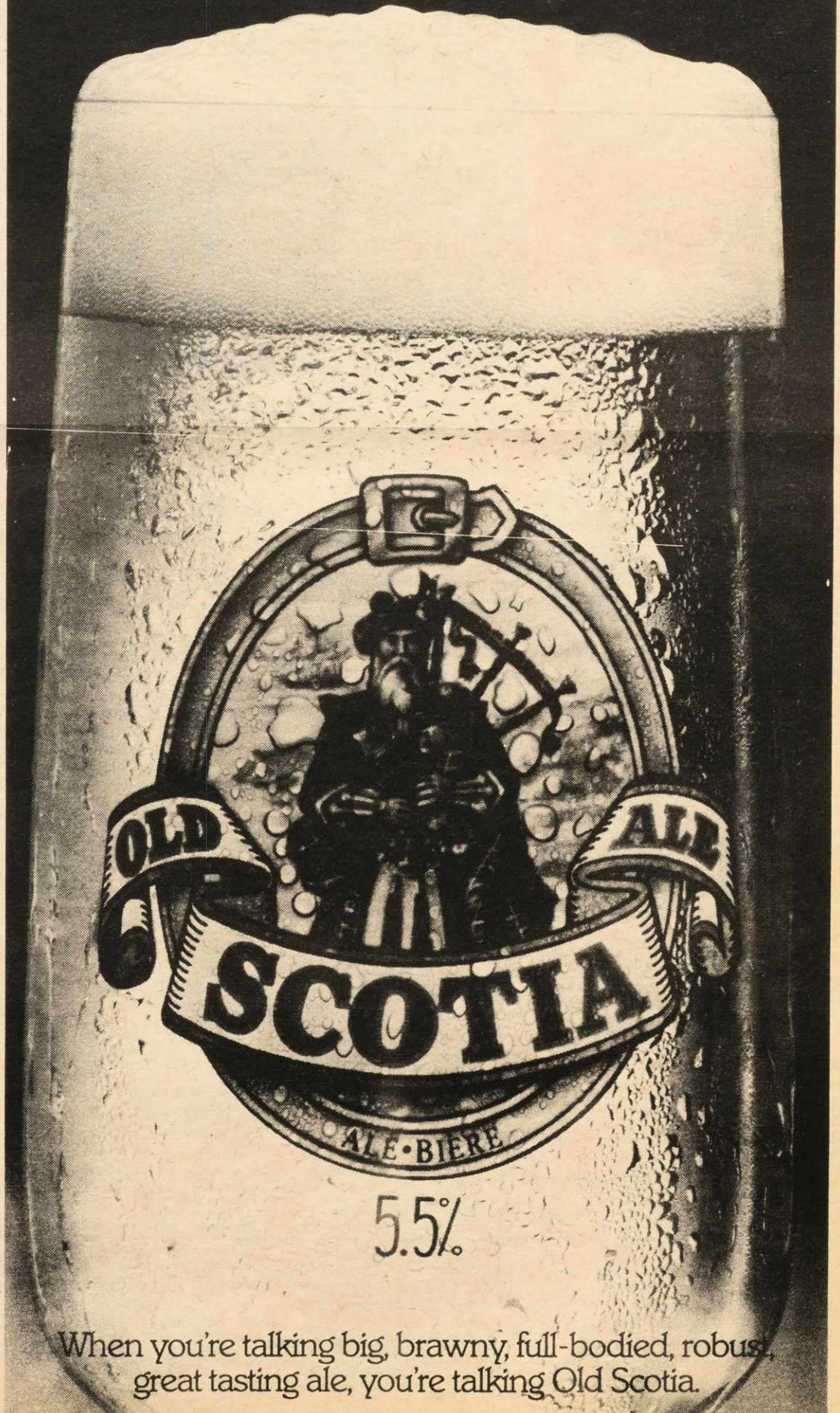
Note: Remember to keep those letters coming in. Mail or drop them off at the Gazette Office, c/o Rusty and Dave at the Dalhousie Student Union Building.

Quote of the Week:

True and false are attributes of speech not of things. And where speech is not, there is neither Truth nor Falsehood.

Thomas Hobbes

THE STUDENT BODY.



When you're talking big, brawny, full-bodied, robust, great tasting ale, you're talking Old Scotia.