

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

Mugwump retracts statement; he was hustled once

By EDISON STEWART

This being the last Mugwump Journal (hold the applause, please) there are a few things I'd like to clear up before I go.

There is absolutely no truth to the rumour that John Anderson streaked the Fredericton Mall last week. Neither did Frank Wilson, who we all know is a morally up-right person and would never in his life dream of doing such a thing.

They did streak downtown, however, and just as soon as we can get them out of jail the university will be back on an even keel.

There is also no truth to any rumour that I (saints preserve us) streaked — I was asked to, quite understandably, but I volunteered poor Stanley Judd and his dumb dog. Last I heard they were somewhere near Riviere-du Loup and still going.

Speaking of Stanley, I saw him in Moncton not too long ago. He was on his way to a speaking tour of the rest of the

Maritimes. I understand he went over "really well" in Moncton, where he spoke to the audience entirely in French.

He did make one small mistake, tho: the audience was at the Atlantic Baptist College on the Salisbury Road and not at the University of Moncton. Poor Stan was booed for his efforts and offered a one way ticket to French Africa. Tsk.

"So you're Edison Stewart?" she said, nimbly popping her buns into the back seat of my car. (I had offered to drive her home, you see — I get a lot that way.)

I replied that yes, I was he, sort of blushing at the recognition.

She replied that I wasn't at all what she'd thought I'd look like. "I thought you'd be six feet tall, strong as an ox, have bedroom eyes and a wallet full of money. Instead I find a three foot runt who couldn't life a typewriter key and has a huge black wart on the end of his nose."

She sounded disgusted. She enquired about my ever being to her house with one Eric Forbes, and alleged

that I had been in an intoxicated condition. I replied that I had been no such thing (I thought she said she read my column???) and had never, in fact, seen her before in my life.

Well to make a long story short I drove her home and we parted (her to her little white house — much like Nixon's — and I to mine — much like Hitler's bunker just after it was bombed by the Allies.)

I suppose she's not yet fully recovered from the shock. But wherever you are, lady person, Happy St. Patrick's Day. (It's only two days away.)

And, if the rest of you have read this far, I hope you have a Happy St. Patrick's Day too. (You'll likely need it after wading through this stuff.)

Susan (Fire hydrant) Manzer has asked me to correct what she calls an error in last week's column. In recounting the various things that haven't happened to me at UNB, I mentioned that I had never been hustled (to my knowledge).

Susan now tells me that she, in fact, did hustle me last year, and that I should retract my earlier statement. My only comment to that is, Susan, I'm still waiting.

Susan is but one of the people I've had the pleasure of working with at UNB, and it would take too much of your time for me to list all the people who've helped me along in my stumbling ways. A lot of them are present or past Brunswickan staffers — I hope they know who they are — and they made life a lot easier to take.

I'm sure each of us has met different people here and they all have their importance — in some way or other — to us all. If there's anything at all we can do with our lives, it should have something to do with that old cliché about understanding each other.

It sounds glossy and fake to keep repeating that, I know, but perhaps one day it'll sink in.

Keep warm, folks. You too, BB.

ALONG THE TRACKS

Tapes of Stanley's farewell party made public

By STANLEY JUDD

(EDITORS' NOTE: Following are excerpts from tapes we found in the room where Stanley Judd and his dog most recently lived. The room was empty, save for these tapes. The whereabouts of Stanley and his dog are not known. Our belief is that the tapes were made at a party held during March Break. Apparently the party was called a "Good-bye Stanley Judd Party". We are not certain who all attended, but we recognize some of the voices and are able to attribute some of the other voices to people Stanley Judd has written about in his column this past year. Following are the voices and the initials which will identify them in the text of this column:

- SJ - Stanley Judd
- H - Hector (Commander of the League of Visionary English Underminers)
- AS - Agent Schaefer (of the League)
- ES - Edison Stewart (from the better half of Page 9)
- SM - Susan Manzer (of The Brunswickan)
- RCO - Rednecked Cat Owner
- AVT - Assorted Voices Talking
- AVS - Assorted Voices Singing
- UG - Unidentified Groupie

We remind you that these are only excerpts from the tapes (the tapes run for almost fifty-five hours - Stanley's parties always last longer than they should) and if they don't make any sense, you are

welcome to visit our office and listen to the whole damn thing. If after that they still don't make sense, tough luck cheesecake.)

SJ - I'm so glad so many of you were able to come; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad.

ES - Wouldn't miss it for the world, Stan ol' buddy, ol' pal.

SM - Yes, we've been looking forward with clenched teeth and fists to the Good-bye Stanley Judd Party. Why'd it take so long to happen?

H - You did your job well Stanley. We in the League will always remember you.

ES & SM - Who said that? Where did that voice come from?

AVT - Not me, not me, I don't know, not me, I didn't.

SJ - Oh that was Hector's voice; he's invisibly omnipresent, one might say.

RCO - What kind of party is this? Are all you guys weird or something? Where's the beer?

UG - Stanley, what kind of girls do you like? Do you like me?

AVS - My woman is a whore on Queen Street . . .

ES - He really is as crazy as we all suspected. It'll be good to get rid of him.

SM - And that stupid dog of his dressed in bow-tie and tail; I bet he and that fat cat will soon be making out in the corner of the room.

AS - Sure you can join the League, ladies. It's really quite simple. Hang around and I'll tell you how.

AVS - Her legs are long and thin . . .

ES - Look, if we play our cards right, we can be out of here in no time. We'll sneak out the back when no one's looking and make a party of our own. What do you say to that, twinkle-toes?

SM - Well, I'm beginning to enjoy myself, Edison. Why don't we have another drink?

AVS - Every day, a new man she meets . . .

RCO - And so I says to him, hey buddy, I think your dog is weird. Don't they have any cold beer here? What's that everyone's smoking?

UG - Stanley, why is it you like the Kinks so much? I'm a bit of a kink myself. Do you like me Stanley? Am I your type?

H - Soon the League will take over the world and everyone will be happy. All men will be equal. There will be no sin. All men will laugh and love together. There will be no poverty, no starvation, no . . . no . . .

violate . . . beep . . . crackle . . . ZZZZZZZZ . . . fooshhh . . . kkk . . . sssss . . .

AVT - What happened? What was that? It sounded like a computer losing its power.

A machine, I think it was a machine!

RCO - Far out, man. How much does that stuff cost anyway? Sure I'll have another stoke.

ES - Look, we've been here for thirty hours already. When are we going to leave? I've work to do.

SM - Hush-up Edison, I haven't had such a

good time since the last Brunswickan party.

AVS - Who doesn't care where she's been . . .

AS - So ladies, that's all there is to it. Come and see me when you're ready.

UG - Oh Stanley, I'd do anything for you, anything at all. Just name it, Stanley, just say the word and I'm yours.

AVS - So let the rivers flow, let the north winds blow . . .

RCO - I mean if the dog likes my cat, that's fine with me. I mean it's love that makes the world go round and she sure is spinning tonight, eh man!

AVS - Let my woman make her dough . . .

ES - But we've been here for almost two days now! How can you stand this crowd - they're all insane!

AVS - 'cause she's the only one I know, who gives me all she's got.

AVT - Which ain't a lot, ha, ha, ha, what's that she's got?, ha, ha, ha, it sure has been a good party; I hear the finale is going to be Stanley Judd and his dog disappearing in a cloud of smoke. I can't wait.

SJ - Well Edison, it's been a lot of fun.

ES - Yes, it has Stanley. Now I guess it's time you and your dog were leaving. It's in the contract, you remember.

SJ - I guess it is time. I've enjoyed it, I really have. But all things must end.

Good-bye, Edison. Good-bye wonderland. Come on dog, it's time for us to go.

SWIZZZZZ. POOF. . . SHHHUMP

AVT - Amazing, Wow, Far Out, Wow, Clap, Clap, Clap, Hurrah!!!

Sound off Continued from page 7

Rickard's Raiders thank all for success in floor hockey

Japanese student wishes to correspond

Dear Sir:

I am a student of Tottori University, Japan. I am interested in corresponding with your students for the purpose of exchanging useful information between our school. Such information might be about travel tips, products technical data, cultural data, etc. I would appreciate it if you would past this letter on a student bulletin board. I will return

the same favour here for your students.

Thank you,

(Miss) Yoko Adachi
Care of Kazuo Mihashi, 1194
Chaya 4-ku, Koyama-cho
Tottori-shi, Japan

Grade: Freshman (18)
Major: Education Faculty
Club: Mandolin (guitar part)

Dear Sir:

On behalf of Rickard's Raiders I would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank the many people who proved so helpful in allowing us to make floor hockey history. This not only includes all those who were formerly members of the team but also refers to our opponents (may they rest in peace), many wonderful fans as well as CHSR and The BRUNSWICKAN.

Although some members of the team will be returning next year such as the gruesome twosome, Bruiser John White and Don Chickenliver Burke, and Singapore Smith, for most this is the final

year. Perley Brewer and Paul Jewett will enter the business world with the hope of making their fortune by stealing dead spiders from blind flies, Russell Henry will attempt to devise a method to accomplish the 6:00 a.m. feeding without having to get out of bed and Laurie Flash Mersereau and John Williamson are attempting to invent a computer to correct spelling mistakes in The Godivan. As for me I imagine that I'll spend a lot of time getting beat up while fighting for a woman's honour as most want to keep it.

It is for this reason that Rickard's Raiders will be relinquishing the championship after this season, however an invitation

is open to all to view our trophy at Henry Rickard's during business hours.

Sincerely,

Captain David Wiesel

This is the last paper this year

—see you in Sept.