

Dear Captain Highliner

Billy: "Harr Captain Highliner, ever bin ta sea?"
 C.H.: "Watch it Billy, you're cruisin' for a bruise. Say Billy, we are getting great response with our new mail box; so people, let's keep those letters coming!"
 Billy: "Captain Highliner, I've heard rumours that you are a dope pusher. Is that true?"
 C.H.: "Heaven forbid! but I've pushed a few dopes around in my time. On the funny side of things, why did the tuna cross the sea?"
 Billy: "Why that's easy, to get to the other tide!"
 C.H.: "Harr Billy, it was St. Patty's Day last week and we missed telling my favourite Irish joke. Why do the Irish bury their dead with their bums sticking out of the ground?"
 Billy: "Golly C.H. I don't know."
 C.H.: "Why Billy, so they will have a place for their motorcycles to park! . . . Say, did you hear that Herb's nickname is King Neptune!"
 Billy: "O.K., how do you get down off a tuna fish?"
 C.H.: "You don't, you get down off a duck! Harr."
 Billy: "Captain Highliner, if you had a tuna fish on your back, would you beat him off?"
 C.H.: "Harr, Billy, we're setting sail for Madagascar. Grab ahold of my rudder and steer."
 Billy: "Eye-eye captain, I swabbed the deck like you told me to but i haven't hoisted the F.L.A.G. yet."
 C.H.: "Harr Billy, what do you call two gay guys named Bob? - - - Oral Roberts!"
 Billy: "Say Captain Highliner, there's a lot of good movies out now. What's your favourite one, Captain, Sir?"
 C.H.: "Harr Billy, the Godfather of course. Now, nobody escapes the clutches of Captain Highliner; not even Curly Lucy when we are eating lunch in a water bed. We see. . . that sneaky Laverne did not make it to see the movie Stripes last week - C'est damage! There was a fine turn out to see Bill Murray at his best. Try for standing room next time Robert Saunders, you royal highness."
 Billy: "What's long, hard and full of seamen?"
 C.H.: "Harr Billy, a submarine! The tides about to change Billy so let's read the mail before we set sail in the tail of the hail."

C.H.: "Reg, you sure have a problem indeed. My advice is that before you take her out on a date that you either take her to a plastic surgeon, or ask her to wear a Lady Dianna face mask. Go for her though, because if she's a 10 she's worth it."

Dear Captain Highliner,

Here is a poem that I thought appropriate for you and your readers:

IMMIGRANTS

No ship of all that under sail or steam
 Have gathered people to us more and more
 But Pilgrim-manned the MAYFLOWER in a dream
 Has been her anxious convoy in to shore.

Bay B. Cakes (alias O. ver Dethreshold)

C.H.: "Napolean, I can tell you're a sailor at heart for sure! Actually, this is interesting for I have received the exact same belly-rubbing chuckle from two different sources. . . I would like to keep them (Kev Harr and Drew McAll not to mention F. McArt) anonymous so Napolean fits to a tee!!"
 And that's all she wrote for this issue and this year. Mr. Leech, you have won the Highliner Chicken Haddie, and you can pick up your prize today (Friday) in the Lobby of Tilley at 12:30 lunch and munch time. We, Captain Highliner (alias R.S.B) and Billy (alias A.C.) have enjoyed bringing to you this fish platter Dear C.H. column, and promise to return next year for the sequel. So stay tuned. . . Harr Billy, ever bin ta sea?

**JONATHAN R. M'CLOSKEY III'S
 CAMPUS WILD LIFE**



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Time is in a fruit box,
 Like an orange or an alligator
 in Florida.
 There are cows in Florida,
 Under the palm trees of time. . .
 Space is only in a snowflake
 in spring.
 What is reality then, if the
 cows are under palm trees,
 And it snows in spring?

By: Sir
 1964

Ode to An Orange

I separate your sections,
 12 Vitamin C erections,
 I fondle your hard seeds,
 Fulfilling deep, dark needs.
 With trembling fingers I feel
 Each slippery piece of peel
 Oh, orange, you are my lover.
 I'll never eat another.

Brooks Hillaby