

Business Society Golf Tournament



THE HUNT



Friday, September 22 was a beautiful day for golfing and whatever else came to mind! More people showed up than we had room for on the course! Susan Harrison won the prize for "Top Pro". Joe Revell and Brian Jones quit the ninth hole (guess who bombed out!). The trophy for first place team went to Wade Crozier, Buck Hawes, Brian Duffy and Doug Geldart. Top female and top male went to Susan Dowling and Darren Noonan respectively. Lori Turner received a prize for her fantastic score of 106 (on nine holes)! Kevin Smith was named "worst golfer ever" (226 isn't too bad, Kevin)! Rick Shaw was awarded a Chevy's t-shirt for "drunkest

golfer" and he providely wore it around Myron's all night. Stephen Gallant had the most original golf bag - a bucket which doubled as a cooler! You need not think for a minute that ll we did was golf, though. Have you heard of "dunking for apples?" Mike Muise was swimming for golf balls! Most of which belonged to Michelle Fletcher. Lloyd MacDonald spent considerable time searching for his golf clubs. Lloyd, why did you throw them in the woods? Rudy Smith, better known as the Hulkster, practiced his WWF movements in the water. Mike Blanchard was severely scolded for wreckless driving (in the golf cart)!

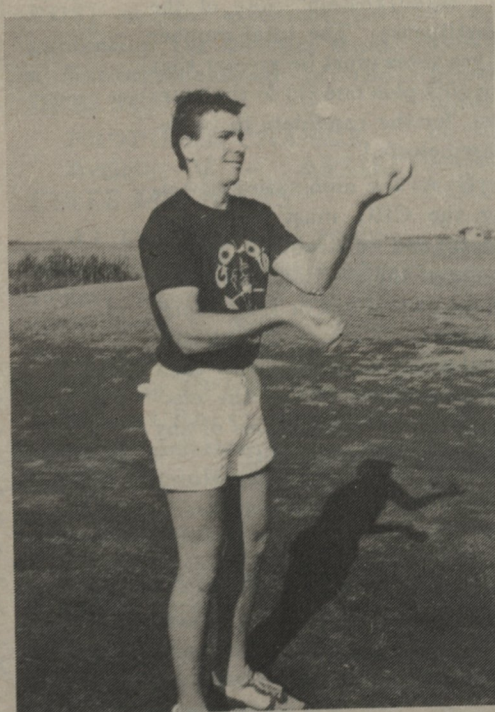
Special thanks to Jason Lee who invited all the animals back to his cottage after golfing. From there the party headed to Myron's and wound up about 2:30am. You guys really know how to party.

SATURDAY

- 1:00AM Alarm clock rings
- 2:00AM Hunting partners arrive, drag you out of warm bed
- 2:30AM Throw everything except the kitchen sink in pickup
- 3:00 Leave for deep woods
- 3:15 Drive back home and pick up gun
- 3:30 Drive like hell to get to the woods before daylight
- 4:00 Set up camp, forgot the \$\$\$&### tent
- 4:30 Head into the woods.
- 6:05 See 8 deer grazing
- 6:06 Take aim and squeeze trigger
- 6:07 Click!
- 6:08 Load gun while watching deer go over hill
- 8:00 Head back to camp
- 9:00 Still looking for camp
- 10:00 Realize you don't know where camp is
- NOON Fire gun for help, eat wild berries
- 2:15PM Run out of shells, 8 deer come back to close range
- 2:20 Strange feeling in stomach
- 2:36 Realize you ate poison berries
- 2:45 "Rescued"
- 2:55 Pushed to hospital to have stomach pumped
- 4:00 Arrive back to camp
- 4:30 Leave camp to KILL deer
- 4:35 Return to camp for shells
- 4:40 Load gun, leave camp again
- 5:00 Empty gun on squirrel that's bugging you
- 6:00 Arrive back in camp, see deer grazing in camp
- 6:01 Load gun
- 6:02 Fire gun
- 6:03 Score bull-eye on pickup truck
- 6:05 Hunting partner returns to camp dragging deer
- 6:06 Repress strong desire to shoot partner
- 6:07 Fall into fire
- 6:10 Change clothes, throw burned ones into fire
- 6:15 Take pickup and leave partner and his deer in deep woods
- 6:25 Pickup boils over, hole shot in block
- 6:26 Start walking
- 6:30 Stumble and fall, drop gun in mud
- 6:35 Meet bear
- 6:36 Take aim
- 6:37 Fire gun, blow up barrel plugged with mud.
- 6:38 Smell offensive odor emitting from pants
- 6:39 Climb tree
- 10:00PM Bear departs, you wrap \$\$\$&### gun around tree
- MIDNIGHT Home, at last.

SUNDAY

Watch football game on T.V. while slowly tearing up license into little pieces, place in envelope and mail to game warden with clear instructions on where to place it.



Although the offer sounds interesting, due to my professional ethics (what little I have), I cannot see you in any non-professional manner! By the way, my sexual identity is none of your business! Auntie P.

Dear Auntie Pius,

What the heck happened Friday with the Myron's thing? Is the society full of it or does Myron's make empty promises just to ***** us off!? How about an answer to that one!

Dear P O'ed,

It's not the Society's fault for the mixup at Myron's but the Business Society apologizes for the mixup. It won't happen again!!

Auntie P.

Dear Auntie Pius

Dear Auntie Pius,

I owe you my life. I got the earring. Can I take you out?! By the sounds of it you are a woman trapped in a man's body!

Sick

Dear Sick.

