Off Guard

by Johnny Rottenbean

What would this province do without E. Peter Lougheed? I swear we would all be lost without him.

Lougheed should be canonized for protecting our provincial treasury from the greedy fingers of that enemy of entrepreneurial enlightenment, the N.D.P., and those two feeble-minded, money-grabbing independents who are trying to fill their pockets with *our* hard-earned dollars. They would only squander it on useless research and stupid things like that. Don't they know how the democratic process works?

How could they ever uncover anything even remotely odious about Alberta' candidate for sainthood and all his angelic associates. There should be more people like Lougheed in the legislature. Maybe even a hundred. At least seventy-nine.

Lougheed should be given a standing ovation, or maybe even two, for cutting out all that bureaucratic red tape that stifles good, wholesome, individual initiative in the energy and petrochemical industries of our province. That red tape is obviously a Communist plot to overthrow our economy and drive the entire Western World to the brink of upheaval, chaos and destruction. After all, it's red isn't it? Probably created by that pinko Trudeau too.

It's just fabulous how Lougheed rid the province of that dastardly, devious Environment Conservation Authority a few years ago and replaced it with the Environment Council of Alberta. Hey, it even has the same initials so people won't be confused with new ones. He's so smart he fixed it so no one would even notice the change. If riding roughshod over ridiculous, restraining regulations is good for the energy and petroleum industry of Alberta, it must surely be good for every living thing too.

Lougheed should be knighted or something for his unending generosity to those undeserving, shiftless, welfare spongers who got help with their mortgages. The audacity of those people to believe they should be treated the same as the rest of the hard-working, upstanding, God-fearing citizens of this beautiful province absolutely shocks me! Really!

Our perfect Premier also gave those welfare bums something that even God couldn't give them: self-respect. He found them productive, meaningful work, shovelling snow for needy little Grandmothers in Taber. If it weren't for Lougheed and his protege, Bob Bogle, these people would surely become downtrodden with despair, disillusionment and depression. What could be more humiliating than that? That work-for-welfare saved their lives and probably their souls too. How could they possibly face the world knowing they had robbed everyone else of their perspiration-procured pennies?

• We must be relentless in our pursuit of Nazi War Criminals. We cannot let a single one get away, no matter how unimportant he may have been.

If we let one get away, it is almost the same thing as letting a few get away. And that's about the same as letting a bunch get away. And that's about the same as letting a lot get away. And that's about the same as letting most get away. And that's about the same as letting *all* Nazis get away, even Hitler.

So, if we let Rauca get away without being punished, we are saying that no has to be punished; that no crimes were committed. Thus, we should have Rauca shot by a firing squad without a trial; we should kill all of his relatives, because they're probably Nazis, too; we should hang all the German people because they voted for Hitler and supported him. We should also spray defoliant over the entire Amazon jungle to find those Nazis who are hiding there. They're probably living on easy street with some tribe of headhunters and they shouldn't get away with it!!!!

• It's about time the Bank of Montreal tore down that antique monstrosity, the Tegler Building. The City of Edmonton needs a new parking lot downtown. Then we can be just like Calgary.

Esoteric theological notes

Hey, did you know that in the Bible, when it says some guy "knew" some woman it actually means he had sex with her? You did?

Well, did you know that the ancient Hebrew men used to put their hands under each other's genitals as a mark of respect, and they did it just as easy (sic) as you or I shake hands? You knew that too, huh.

Well then — did you know that to "gird up your loins" means to keep a tight ... ah ... anal sphincter? You didn't?

Aha! Gotcha!

Wilbur Gross
Religious Studies II

Writer has love(sic) blues

Deer (sic) Mrs. (sic) Jensen (sic),

I is (sic) sick of all those there (sic) sics that end up all overe (sic) my leters (sic) evry (sic) time i (sic) rite (sic) in. You must thinked (sic) your (sic) some kinof (sic) hotshot cuz (sic) you act like i (sic) cant (sic) writ (sic) properlike (sic). Well let me tele (sic) you that I write goodly (sic). So youze (sic) can tacke (sic) your sics and shuvum (sic).

I. Litrate

This space is *surplus value* which has been stolen from you by an avaricious capitalist!

FRYING PAN

by Anders von Weisenheimer

I think Martin Bormann is making a big mistake.

He's the one who has been writing the Frank Hutton column in the *Edmonton Journal* for lo, these many years. The *Getaway* learned of Hutton's true identity Monday when his spurned lover, an anonymous official high in the city administration, revealed his Nazi past in a fit of pique.

"And he's not just a Nazi," the woman pouted, "he's lousy in bed too."

• Personally, though, while I must deplore Bormann's slimy anonymity, it is refreshing to see someone besides myself putting forth the conservative gospel here in Edmonton. Consider, for instance, all the following examples of leftist propaganda, now widely accepted as the truth, which must be vigorously combatted:

Radiation sickness. The leftists would have you believe that this is a severe and often fatal sickness. In fact radiation sickness is no worse than the 24-hour flu, and radioactive fallout has proved to be an excellent fertilizer.

Poverty. Economists at the Fraser Institute have now shown conclusively that money and economic power gravitate naturally to responsible and deserving people, and that if poor people get their hands on it they inevitably blow it on booze and records by Barry Manilow or the Plasmatics. Or drugs. Or muscle cars. Or hideous, over-priced clothes. Or computer games that waste time which could be better spent reading Norman Vincent Peale.

In short, poverty is the natural punishment for ignorance, and no remedy should be attempted. Any person with half a brain can claw their way from the bottom to the top, the way Nelson Skalbania or Peter Pocklington did.

Porn. Them uppity fem-libbers would deprive us of our God-given right as carnivores to enjoy our daily meat, tenderized if we like it. The last laugh will be on the feminists, though. When they push through proposals for censorship we conservatives are going to make sure it is done democratically.

After all, more people read *Hustler* alone than *Ms.*, Canadian University Press papers, *Mother Jones* and *Homemaker's* combined. Guess whose standards of obscenity will go down in the lawbooks!

The Palestinian problem. There have been many sensible solutions proposed to this issue, including retraining the Palestinians to be nomads, or resettling them in the unpopulated Sahara, where they could begin a glassmaking industry (or Greenland, where they could make a living catering to the heavy demand for party ice in North America), or simply leaving them where they are and having the Israeli military hire them for use in target practice. Each of these solutions has some merit but I think I have the best solution: give them a homeland in Eastern Europe.

This solution, first of all, is perfectly moral - the Russians took the Pale of Settlement from the Jews, the Jews took Palestine from the Palestinians, so the Soviets should complete the circle and even things up by giving a homeland to the Palestinians. In addition this helps in our battle against the Russkies since they would then have a two-front war against Arab guerrillas.

And speaking of rightful owners, when are the British going to return England to the Danes? And when are the Danes going to return it to the Anglo-Saxons? And will the Anglo-Saxons return it to the wops if the wops give it back to the Celts???

I'm just kidding, of course. Actually, I would be happy if England just went back to the Danes. In fact, I would settle for a small Estate within commuting distance of London. In fact (let me get my rhetoric straight) I *demand* the estate. If Liz doesn't give me one within a month I'm going to send a pickled-herring letter-bomb to Buckingham Palace.

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