

Sic route offers a view???

Dear Sir:

I am well aware that these are supposed to be times of restraint and the government is under pressure to cut spending, and thus certain areas of service are not going to be as good as they have been in the past. However I feel that there are certain standards that should be maintained. One of these is our public through fares.

As of recent the roads have been falling into a disgraceful state of disrepair. I understand that the money to fix every little just doesn't exist, but I would like to point out that there are no little potholes left, none smaller than a good sized bomb crater anyway.

Last week my wife and I started out on a Sunday drive. After about a mile we lost the left front tire and half the steering rod. With the sureness of long practice I repaired this minor break and we continued on our way, stopping only to admire the inspiring Grand Hole of the Clarney. (A magnificent sight, though the broken pavement of the other side and The Wrecked Cadillac monument on the bottom couldn't be seen due to obscuring mists.)

Our journey was again interrupted near the foothills of The Broken Pavement Range, this time because a Volkswagon had steered too close to a pothole. Several rock climbing enthusiasts were

trying to reach the vehicle. Later they were joined by a battalion of Armed Forces troops on survival training manoeuvres in the St. Mary's asphalt wastes.

My point, sir, is this. Something must be done

about the roads. I've ruined three Goddamn Landrovers this week! It's getting

so Armed Forces search and rescue teams have to be rescued! No vehicle can use the roads without

damage. (Though a friend of mine reports excellent results with a Centurion assault tank.) The roads must improve!

An Irate Citizen

P.S. I would like to take this opportunity to advise everyone to get out and see

the Route 8 Chasms. On a clear day you can even see the wrecks on the bottom.

Doggie doos are mmm -----

Dear Sir:

I am writing in response to all those unreasonable people who have been complaining about doggie poop "cluttering" up our fair city. I think these sillies are over reacting

doggie poop does nothing to hurt the appearance of this fair city. Rather quite the opposite.

Remember, poop is a natural product, it works as a natural fertilizer and helps all those pretty pretty flowers grow, and all... oh, I just can't begin to

describe all the benefits we get from doggie poop. And when you step in it, it

makes that squishy slurpy noise that is just so oohhh... arousing! It makes me feel just so gushy!

So don't you naughty big boys swear and curse when

you 'put your foot in it'. Remember all the lovely benefits that come from doggie poop. Walk those hairy dogs, you big masculine monsters, you's. WE love you!!

From the boys in the Brook Room.

Down on the farm its still kinky



Life on the farm goes on as usual. The warm springtime sun is shining down on the frozen fields, slowly readying them for planting time. The Missus is organizing her seeds and making lists to get things rolling. Speaking of the Missus, she had to give up her bed the other night to let one of the little chickens sleep there.

Seems that Sugarplum (that's her name; she was born on Christmas Eve) got in a littl spat with the Deformed Poochie we have. It was one of those days that nothing happened, until after supper, we were sitting back enjoying a cup of tea, the Missus heard a terrible roror come from the henhouse. Well we were some surprised,

almost thought the wolves had got in. We both ran out and there was Poochie swinging Sugarplum around by her beak. To get Sugarplum calmed down, we decided to let her sleep with me, and the Missus spent the night in the henhouse. As for Poochie, he's spending his nights at the bottom of the well.

The baby goats are running around now, they're almost like kids to us. The Missus was giving one of them a bath in the tub yesterday, but the thing got away, ran downstairs and plunked himself on my easy chair, sopping wet. He was some cute sitting there, although he never did finish his bath. The wet goat has become a family joke by now.

Anthro dept. hungry again

Allegations have been laid recently against the University of New Brunswick's Anthropology department concerning cannibalism. A professor in UNB's Biology department, who prefers to remain anonymous, claims that 47 bodies have been stolen from the campus morgue this past month. Our source maintains that the bodies were lifted from the morgue in the basement of Bailey Hall sometime on Friday and Saturday nights during the past month. The source claims that information has been discovered that would seriously connect the pilfering of the stiffs with the Anthropology department.

"We have found a social club receipt in place of the stiff after every theft by those dirty cannibals. We know it's those Anthro boys they're all a bunch of cannibals. Anyway they hang around the Social Club all the time."

On further questioning he went on to say "we're lost close to \$4000 dollars in thefts of the bodies and we object to feeding their lousy mouths just because they can't stand the campus food. Good flesh is hard to come by now a days. There ain't any really good wars going on now a days to stock up on meat. Ever since the war in Viet Nam ended the

supplies have dried up." The source went on to say that the Pre-med society is having trouble gaining valuable knowledge to help them to get into medical school. "We're hoping for a really good war to break out among the third world countries so we can restock our depleted stores of flesh."

Professor Charlie Hack-

erman, President of Anthropology Society denounced the above allegations with vemeness. "That's a bunch of bullshit. Can I buy you a beer?" Professor Hackerman went on to say that though some of what the source had said was true most of it was false. "Well actually some of it is true, you see, after drinking up a storm at the club

here the boys get kinda hungry. Well you know how it is. There's all that lovely delicious tasty scrumptious exciting meat just hanging around down in Bailey hall so we thought we'd pinch a stiff or two and have a little snack. I guess it got out of hand. It all didn't go for naught, though. We sold the bones to Saga foods for two bucks a pound."

Fredericton police ripped



Fredericton police chief Pour-it-on said Thursday that several criminals have recently escaped from the Fredericton city lock up. Chief Pour-it-on said that the exact number of escapees was not yet known, but that at least 48 prisoners were missing.

The escape is believed to have occurred when a guard

neglected to lock 8 barred doors and forgot the keys to the rest in one of the prisoner's cell.

During the escape the prisoners made off with 49 uniforms, 16 typewriters, 8 pairs of spectacles, 13 squad cars, 6 Hershey bars, 3 pairs of handcuffs, 14 riot guns, the paddy wagon and a hook and

ladder fire truck.

Reliable sources quote Chief Pour-it-on as saying "How the hell can you lose a fire truck?!!!!!!"

Chief Pour-it-on says that he does not consider the criminals dangerous.

Elsewhere, Fredericton citizens say that police service has been improving since Thursday

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