

# Writer's Cramp

Wednesday, April 16, 1980. UNIVERSITY JOURNAL. A3

## Roy Fahrenheit



The self-righteous simpletons of the press are at it again. First they attacked that poor defenseless imbecile Mary Lemess over the Rolof Beny incident. Then they went after Social Services Minister Bob Bungler over the Metis raid, the Westfield disaster and the Peace River fuck-up.

We all know these are the kind of minor gaffs that could happen to any junior minister.

They neglected to mention that Bungler had saved the province \$100 million by closing down hospitals, exiling unwed mothers and shipping orphans to Japan in exchange for clock radios.

At one brilliant stroke Bungler helped clear the province of undesirables and obtained important technical equipment to help keep our people alert and awake in the challenging years ahead.

And where are the words of praise from the bleeding heart press.



## June Sheepdip

Over the holiday I enjoyed some intelligent conversation with some of my co-workers. Don't get me wrong, I usually do, but this time we talked about religion and not current events.

The existence of God is not a concept which requires blind faith, but simply a logical mind that is willing to accept the irrefutable evidence that abounds everywhere in our daily lives. This evidence not only proves God's existence, but other things about Him as well.

For example, we have all heard and read about various firms which produce a variety of computers capable of solving incredibly complex problems. These computers are the products of the best technological minds in Western civilization, and are sometimes the size of a city block, requiring maintenance and over-hauling by dozens of programmers and service personnel.

Yet the human brain, the very same one you and I were born with, is a hundred-thousand times more complex and the most sophisticated computer man has yet to build; and it is small enough to be held in your hands!

Now, it doesn't take blind faith to conclude from this that, not only does God exist, but that He is either Japanese or a multi-national.

What did you talk about over the holidays? You can write and tell me all about it, I don't want to miss a thing.

I suppose they'd be happier if he'd deplete our Heritage Trust Fund to supply Alberta with a decent standard of health care and social services.

But now they've gone too far. Recent comments by *Edmonton Journal* columnist Don Brass about the Premier's new Attorney-General are inaccurate, libelous and only partly true.

The Shah of Iran will make an excellent legal watchdog for the province.

Surely he has proved his ability to maintain order even under difficult circumstances.

Mr. Brass has presented no documented evidence that the Shah and his officials treated political prisoners harshly in Iran.

The truth is the Iranian people would love to have the Shah back.

Nor was the arrest and torture of suspected jaywalker Grant Notley an attempt at political harassment as Mr. Brass implies.

Police officers testified that the 'wait' light was clearly on when they found Notley's body lying in the cross walk at Jasper Avenue and 101 St. after he was questioned by Alberta secret police.

What further proof that Notley has been treated fairly can Mr. Brass possibly expect?

But let's face it. Mr. Brass' connection with the New Democratic Party is known to all.

It's a disgrace that *The Edmonton Journal* continues to publish a column by an individual which is clearly nothing more than a puppet for a particular political party.

## Jokes for cripples

How would you like to bring a smile to a crippled kid's face? Okay; Knock-knock. Who's there? Hogan. Hogan who? Hogan I knock when I'm quadraplegic? Haw haw, Jeez that kills me!

Minister of Social Services  
R. (call me Bob) Bogle  
Up Shit Creek, Alberta

P.S. There's just one more thing, about the *Journal* stories about me; they're sick. You know what I mean? Miss Conehead's accusations are the kinda think you wouldn't want your children to read because it could drive them mental. How would you like

your child to eat a can of dogfood, and it didn't work and she's left a mental cripple and doesn't even graduate from Ed., and she's just plain mental? I mean if you're normal and got children.

## How to swear in 3 letters

Do you know a three letter work for prick? Give up? Y-O-U! Honors Poli. Sci. Humour Collective

## Is sex okay?

Many people wonder, "What the hell does a big-time writer read in the john?" No doubt they assume that I read Shelley, Keats, Hemingway, or something else that's equally lofty and important. Well, actually I read an old battered guide to home meat cutting. Oh-oh! Gotto Go. Keith Krause Gateway Editor

## Erma Bumpeck

As every housewife knows, it happens once a month. I'm not talking about that, heavens. I'm talking about that one day a month that all your lovers come over and expect you-know-what from you-know-who.

It happened to me last Friday. I'd just packed the kids off to school and my husband off to work when there was a knock on my door. Who was it but the milkman with my special order. Never mind that I was still in my bathrobe, my hair was a mess and the sink was full of breakfast dishes: we can't let his cream go sour, can we?

By the time I got my two quarts and heaved him out the door the front doorbell rang. It was the mailman with a special delivery. Neither rain nor hail nor sleet nor the fact I haven't done the wash yet can keep him from coming.

Well we all know the rest, don't we? The plumber came to snake out my pipes, the TV repairman came to work on my horizontal hold, a couple of policemen came to investigate a break and enter and I just didn't get around to my housework.

In fact I barely had time to get dressed before the kids got home from school. While they watched TV I had an hour to clean up the breakfast dishes and get dinner started before my husband got home. It was meatloaf again. But I swear: if he ever complains I'm going to tell him who the children's real fathers are.

Let's see now...I think I remember...

## Pete Booster



The other day I met a friend of mine, Dean Dragger, who is in the commerce program at the U of A. When I asked him what was new, he told me that he had enrolled in a mail-order Money Management course guaranteed to teach the student how to make as much money as he wanted, no matter who high his desires!

"I was a bit skeptical at first," Dragger confided. "I remember once sending away for a \$24.95 kit to convert my black-and-white TV to color, and getting back a paint brush and a can of red paint."

"And of course I had just read how John D. Rockefeller Jr. had gotten fleeced by David Lamar, *The Wolf of Wall Street*. Believe me, I was cautious."

"But a few things changed my mind: first, instead of the usual plastic binder full of worthless lessons and a bonus cardboard slide rule for calculating mortgage payments (bargain-priced at \$207.50, tax-deductible), the course consisted of only one, small pamphlet. Sure, it cost \$15.00, but that's not much worse than an economics text, and it might be a lot more useful."

Second, the money-back guarantee seemed airtight. Third, if it was a racket I could expose the organization as a pack of scoundrels preying on gullible innocents.

"But," he concluded triumphantly, "their method works!" Having perused the pamphlet Dragger loaned to me, I can only agree. Econoscam Educational Services, who put out the pamphlet, have come up with a foolproof moneymaker. It's called "not-purchasing."

The way "not-purchasing" works is this: say you spend about a dollar a day on cigarettes. That works out to approximately \$360 per year. If you "not-purchase" the cigarettes you collect that \$360. Every cent. You can also not-purchase cars, furniture, real estate, stocks, bonds, futures, commodities; anything. Almost always you get a 100 per cent return on the price of the item.

On rare occasions not-purchasing involves small expenses, but these are usually minimal. For instance, if you not-purchase a \$300-a-month apartment you will have to pay for a tent, camping gear and an occasional vagrancy fine, but the return on the investment is still close to \$3,600 a year. Quite a sum!

The fascinating thing is that there is no real limit to not-purchasing. After all, what is to stop you from not-purchasing \$300,000 worth of Imperial Oil stock? Reliable figures from Statistics Canada show, in fact, that 99.98 per cent of all Canadians are capable of not-purchasing such an amount!

Nor is the concept of not-purchasing hard to grasp; it is understandable even to people baffled by compound interest. And not-purchasing is easier than working at a dull job or selling bogus oil stock to confiding widows. In short, it beats retirement saving plans all to hell.

Remember the name: Econoscam.



NO, I'M NOT PETER LOUGHEED AND IF YOU THINK THIS ISN'T FUNNY, YOU SHOULD SEE MY BABY PICTURES.

ITEM: ANONYMOUS FIGURE MAKES WAY INTO CARTOON

PASKIN '80. THE UNIVERSITY JOURNAL