

The Dairy Creamer

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Letters, Letters, Letters

At this time it seems appropriate to tackle the question of the New Bumswick Legislature. However as the editors of this paper are a rather perverse lot, we shan't. We think a more appropriate topic would be letters to the editor.

Who writes them? And more importantly, who reads them? We all know these letter writers are merely frustrated would-be literary artists, who, failing anything better, resort to the pages of this rag to air their pompous, opinionated views.

This is not to say we despise these letter writers. On the contrary, we applaud them.

Why? Because we have nothing better to do with our hands. Yes, we journalists work long hours and this does tend to cut into our social lives. But what matters this when compared to pursuit of the truth. And this is just the problem; we never seem to catch up with it.

To attempt is all. To dream the unreachable. To reach the impossible dream. For is life not a dream, a metaphysical reaching out, so to speak.

We are all here for that purpose—to reach out and touch and fondle and caress, lascivious lips licking lollipops while saliva drools delicately down chins and tongues tenderly tear small bits of paper into shreds.

And so it goes on. The hating, the weeping, the calligraphy, the price of cottage cheese.

Doesn't that jar your mother's preserves?

Shoefield Redecorates

Well it has been a long, hard wait but Premier Shoefield has finally announced the government program that has (and does) promise to change the face of government in Good Ol' New Bumswick. Ricky has decided at long last to refurbish his Fredstown home in hot pink murals of new Liberal judges and caricatures of 'Pomwick', N.B.'s official potato representative.

Rickey said he was "well pleased" with the new design which was fashioned by his mousey wife.

The Creamer takes pride in standing behind Shoefield's move and we see it as important step forward in our provincial government. One small suggestion, though: perhaps the Unnering oil signs could as well be painted in some luscious tone of pink?

Typesetter: delete the above, please. The last paragraph does NOT, repeat NOT conform to higher-up Creamer policy.

How Gay Is Gay, Eh?

Gays live in New Bumswick and maybe they shouldn't. We're not, of course, saying that gays are bad or anything but they should not be living here. Go back where you came from!!!

Gays have a long history of living (and ruling) in N.B. The Creamer has heard through a reliable source that some of them sleep together...in their hot pinkly painted bedrooms! Oh no! Well, we can't think of much else to say except that gays are bad, nasty, vicious little scums that are infesting our wholesome life in N.B. with vile toiletry and, oh no, COMMUNISM.

Tommy's First Fish

And finally in this week's editorial, congratulations to little Tommy Sanderson who caught his first fish off the Princess Margaret Bridge Tuesday. The little bugger was two and one half pounds and was a perch. Way to go Tommy.



Letters To The Editor Of The Dairy Creamer

Americans Have Talent (?)

Every year this and many other newspapers receive a lot of mail about the Academy Awards. They all talk about the "farical nature of the awards" and its "American-oriented tunnel vision."

Well, sir, you wouldn't even have your Juno awards if it wasn't for America. I mean, take a look; the only reason

anybody ever watches them (aside from the fact they only have one other channel to choose from) is because of a handful of what could honestly be called superstars.

And where does a backwoods little hick town like Canada find a superstar?

Well sir, you find a small town that's a suburb of a big town. Then you find a lad who's not strong enough to play hockey but has a bit of a voice and a guitar.

You ship that feller down to the States and bingo: megastardom.

Now look it, we

"Yankees" are sick of your green-eyed wimpy attitude. The fact is, you folks are jealous cause we have talent coming out our ass. We got black ones, white

ones, heavy metal, rock'n'rollers, blues, soul, jazz—you name it.

Hell, if it wasn't for Anne Moray and Gordon Whats-his-name (a couple of nasally voiced whiners if I ever heard one) you wouldn't have no national identity at all.

As for T.V. stars, the best you can do is Mr. Grecian Formula himself, Jim Berry. Pathetic, son, I said pathetic.

And as for movies—well all I can say is, don't make me laugh. I can't even remember any of the names let alone the faces.

Joshua K.K. Jones

Residence Destruction

Today Den Mother Smutt threw the first snowball to officially open the U.N.B. Inter-Residence destruction competition. This contest is open to all residents of the University of New Bumswick.

The contest involves seeing which residence can do the most damage to their house.

The rules are simple, any damage that you can think of is allowed. This includes; snowballs through open windows that hit stereos or any other high value object in the

room, fist through closed windows, phones pulled from walls and broken glass (of any type, but beer bottles preferred) on the floor. Points also go to any house that can break any of the following rules: N.B.L.C. or U.N.B. Points are also given to houses that play very loud music so that people can't sleep.

Points are based on the monetary value of damage. The mental deficits of Maccunzie are presently in the lead.

Dumb E. Carlingford

More With Bore

Dear Sir:

Just a note to my friends (a copy of this note was also sent to the RCMP Security Service, President Reagan, Pierre Trueblow, Answar Sadat, Menachem Begin, the Ayatollah Khomeini and Danny Thomas.)

The sparrow sings gently in the tree, As it's mother flies home to roost, And tides rise high, And the moon glows warm, As the rifle plunges bloody under the hand. The father's wizened hand On his son's trembling shoulders lay As the acid takes effect Yet still I hold you my parakeet As I undress you with my eyes And neither rain nor sleet nor snow nor hail Will dampen my countries skies

Thank you
Lois Poisonby

Boresus Spiral

Getting To The Root Of Things

Dear Sir:

Have you ever been curious about where you come from? Ever thought about tracing your roots? I did and it has brought me a wonderful and rewarding hobby which has proved vastly expensive and time consuming.

It all started back in 1964 when my Aunt Janice brought the subject up. My Aunt Janice was my mother's younger sister who married my uncle Herb Morris. His first wife was a McCarthy on her father's side and a brunette for the rest.

They had six children: John, John, John, John and Smokey.

John married Leslie who was a fish on her mother's side, a trout, I believe. They had no children because John committed suicide at the age of seven. Precocious John.

Anyways, to get back to my original topic. It all goes back to Richard the Lion-hearted and Berengaria. That was Richard's wife, who, strangely enough, never set foot in England. But who cares.

Now Myrtle, she was my father's sister's sister-in-law, could she make a lemon meringue pie. She never would give out the recipe, the bitch. I mind me the time we had a picnic down at Versay Lake. I really didn't mean to drown her. It was entirely accidental. How could I tell she'd fall off the back of the boat if I jumped up and down in the front?

One of my grandmother's was a stripper in Harry Levine's Travelling Burlesque. I still have the snakeskins off the reptiles she used in her act.

She married several

times, but first to my grandfather. He was employed selling screen doors to submarines, but was finally caught in an undertow and hauled up as an eel.

I used to make an eel casserole which would turn your ears blue. My, but that was good. The day the twins fell off the train - land's sake, but my heart leaped from my mouth. I did manage to get one of them out from under the wheels in time. As for the other, well, times were hard and there were many mouths to feed. I never did tell Tommy what I did with his dog.

Now there was a good recipe.

Where was I? Oh yes. Mabel. Well she eloped with the preacher's son. What a star axed romance. She was 17 and he was 90. It was a beautiful thing to see, the day he signed over all his wordly possessions to that pure, inno-

cent young thing. I never could figure out how he got that broken arm. Although I imagine a spindly little stick like that wouldn't be hard to bend.

Sadly, Mabel's husband passed away soon after the ceremony. And three days later, Mabel was able to find solace from her unconsolable grief by marrying Paul Juxsley, an impoverished but positively hunky looking man. Lloyd's new wife was a slut.

And then there was my mother, bless her dear heart. Twenty-two children and she lived to be thirty-three. What a happy fulfilled life.

If you would like to join my genealogy club, Roots For Coots, contact me Lois Poisonby, care of this fine newspaper.

Thank you
Lois Poisonby

Boresus Spiral

Where Did This Language Come From?

The following are excerpts translated from editorials which have appeared in the past week in the French-language press of Canada.

(Montreal - Le Devoir) - This newspaper was alarmed to find out through a bulletin we obtained from one of our reporters in the field that we witnessed today on the streets of Montreal two people conversing in a language that was completely unfamiliar to him.

Rushing to their side, our Regan Raoulle interrupted them brusquely, asking them what language they were speaking.

But both conversants simply turned to him with dazed expression on

their faces, and then began spewing gibberish out at him!

Fortunately, Mr. Raoulle had a tape recorder with him, and managed to capture a few seconds of this strange tongue on tape, which he rushed to our analysis lab.

Their stunning conclusion is that the language these two were using on Montreal's public streets is called English. None of us here had ever heard of it before, but through strenuous research we managed to find some reference to it in an old Quebec history book.

Apparently this bizarre language used 26 letters, including this symbol: "W", a character which does not exist in modern french. Apparently

it was at one time quite commonly spoken in these parts, in fact as late as five years ago, before the Parti Quebecois ascended to power. This book further refers to a country called "Britain" which originally coined this language and brought it to Quebec.

Through questioning a linguistics professor at the Universite de Montreal, we have learned further that he has discovered through extensive study of this language that it might possibly be the one used just outside the surrounding borders of our illustrious state.

We are of course shocked at this revelation. Seriously, we cannot possibly contemplate that the peo-

Let's Bomb The New York Times

A stroll through the humming Michigan Air Force base reveals the beautiful gleaming new bombers there. Glistening in the sunlight, these exciting birds of death crouch their long, sleek necks, straining at their tethers.

For years, America has been starved for a great war to win. Since Vietnam we have made huge strides forward in laser, missile interception, launcher system, communication decoded translator systems and lots more goodies.

Oooh, I just drool when I think about all those powerful weapons. They fall with a big pop and sparks and flesh fly everywhere.

Sure America has lots of nuclear bombs that make far bigger plops and can even wipe out the entire ecosystem of a continent. But our national security advisors warn us that if we drop nuclear bombs, people called the Russians might drop one on New York. Can you imagine what that would do to our advertising sales? Who'd want to take out a full page ad about the Metropolitan Museum of Art then?

All this is why El Salvador is the perfect new target for our sophisticated weapons systems. The rebels are getting massive quantities of aid from Nicaragua through the Soviet Union.

Or is it the other way around?

Anyway it will be the perfect battleground, natives being tightly compacted on a small land mass and totally dispensible. There is no danger that any of our blond-haired boys will get hurt.

There's another big advantage to this strategy. Everyone agrees that if American muscle move in, El Salvador will turn into a horrid steaming bloodbath of Napalm and screaming, bloody Latins. The damn country will be so messed up there won't be one happy person there.

And the war will be tremendously unpopular at home. Green-haired leftists will likely pogo-picket the Pentagon.

So when we've tried all our neat conventional weapons, and the place is starting to look like a nation-wide KKK reunion in Harlem, we'll drop the big one.

Sure! Nobody ever heard of El Salvador until about a year ago, anyway. We'll just make it cease to exist. Then for a year following that we'll have a huge comprehensive propaganda campaign on CBS and NBC, and in Time and this paper. After a year, we'll conduct a New York Times-CBC news poll and to the surprise of all we'll discover that no one knows or cares any longer about El Salvador.

What does America have to gain from all this? If only by our sheer numbers, we'll redeem the lost pride of Vietnam.

Also, there will be lots of defense contracts for Boeing and MacDonnell Douglas in Los Angelus. U.S. steel stock will go up 18 points, roughly. The stock market will trade well for months.

It will be big headline time for the press, and people will buy more newspapers than ever.

So forget the Alamo, and forget Vietnam. We must remember the lesson we learned from Hitler and Lyndon B. Johnson: putting your country into a war does wonders for the economy.

Perhaps we can entice all the leftists in San Francisco and those yuppies that gave our President a bad name with their acid rain placards in Ottawa a few weeks ago to all go down and fight for freedom and democracy and hopefully get killed.

All democratic nations with a stake in remaining friendly with NATO had better get in line behind the Secretary of State Alexander Haig right away.

that is, if they know what's good for them.

ple in the states surrounding ours speak a different language than us, and that two of these barbarians have slipped across international borders into our great country. Perhaps those filthy people are out there right now, contaminating the purity of our language and culture, and infesting our peoples' clarity of vision and singleness of purpose.

We feel that all possible legal action must be taken speedily to apprehend anybody in the city or state who might, at this very moment, be speaking the language called English. We must act quickly to ensure our sovereignty.

The Dairy Creamer

Dear Aggie:

I am a female room at Lady D almost everything secrets, gossip, deoderant. How out of hand as boyfriend! Actu time he comes o him with seduc think she finally came home from his after shave f future in the her bed. I was s this situation.

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I am a female room at Lady D almost everything secrets, gossip, deoderant. How out of hand as boyfriend! Actu time he comes o him with seduc think she finally came home from his after shave f future in the her bed. I was s this situation.

Dear CHEAT:

As any hour many interest scent. However smells left w sant ones. In such trouble often either. your present roommate an advice on B Business Off

Dear Aggie:

I am a male s my professors to fail, me if I was eager to c ing to give me straight A ave not as generou

Dear GIG:

Looks like tests and n You've obvio be lacking in the answers don't rate a

Eng

Dean and M are not ple nounce the eng their younges to Kevin Clif Jones House. riage will tak the romantic the residence May 1, 1981. T are tuing to d daughter and Cliffe impeach fice. Mr. and Mr relieved to an engagement eldest daught in two month three possible

AA At F

The high br A:coholics meets Mond every week the faculty this week is martini, hor martini, stu sole delicate white wine s asparagus t light dusting and potatoes steady suppl be made av coffee is w with the d quite Frend dash of Gra queur ad