

## WES MONT-MONKEY



### Gag-retch

Woke up this morning and threw up over the dog. That's funny, I thought, as I surveyed the canine diced carrots, I don't remember eating that last night. Mind you I can't hold a candle to Wilkie when it comes to throwing up.

What a day I had yesterday. Whew! Got up, had a shit and tried to remember my daughters' names before they left for school. Luckily there was a local schools' fourth division reserve squad hockey playoffs on TV, so I watched that until 12, then whatdyaknow on comes an NBA game, a recording of Dallas vs. Portland in a preseason-1978 game.

The Legend called round with 35 cases of beer which we drank before the PGA golf tournament came on at 3. This ended at 5 when the Legend and I just looked at each other in bewilderment.

"What do we do now, Jackie?"

"I dunno."

"Guess we could talk...."

"Whaddabout?"

"Dunno."

We were save by Rimmer, who came in at that moment with a video of that 1943 World Marbles championship from Antwerp, Belgium.

Rimmer keeps giving me lectures about my drinking. But as most of you will know, I keep my consumption down to strict limits. No more than five highballs at breakfast, only 95 beers throughout the day and absolutely no more than three bottles of bourbon a night. Why last week I even walked home from the Point After, albeit on all fours.

One night when we got thrown out of another curling club, I decided to get home early because my wife had given me an ultimatum. So I bought a bottle of scotch and caught the bus, staggered to the back and collapsed on the seat, just before remembering that I had put the bottle in the back pocket of my pants. I felt a sharp pain in the nether regions as a combination of glass and alcohol seeped through my skin.

Fortunately the wife was in bed when I got home, so I tiptoed to the dresser, found some bandages and standing in front of the mirror, placed them carefully on my damaged anus. Now, I thought, she'll never know. Next morning she yells at Me: "Wes, you were pissed again last night!"

"No, I wasn't," I lied.

"Yes, you bloody well were."

"No, I wasn't, and anyway, how would you know, you were asleep when I got in."

"Ok," she glares, "Then how do you explain these bandages stuck on our mirror?"



Edmonton's finest showed up outside our offices yesterday when a meltdown was reported in our new nuclear-powered presses. Actually, what had happened was that Editor

Lardbutt had phoned out to a deli asking them to "send a BIG malt down here." As punishment, Lardbutt has been made editor of the Gateway.

# Crush yankee left!

SAN SALVADOR (UPIG) -The Government of El Salvador announced today it is sending 200 political consultants to the United States to help restore order in that strife-torn North American country.

The moderate regime of President Ronald Reagan must be shored up to protect it from "left-wing pinko democrats," said Salvadoran President Jose Napoleon Tuarture.

The United States is in chaos in the wake of an assassination attempt on Reagan two weeks ago. U.S. government sources have blamed the shooting on a general weakening of respect for authority in the country, encouraged by the activities of Democratic insurgents.

Internal security advisors are calling for a crackdown on the extremist forces to restore order to the country.

Zeppo Kennedy, the mysterious fifth Kennedy brother and spiritual leader of the insurgents, said Sunday from his Hyannisport, Mass., bunker that oppressive conditions for the bulk of the country's people have "forced the people to take action."

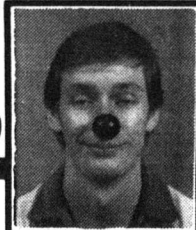
Across the country, workers are taking 40-minute

coffee breaks to protest economic conditions.

"The people now realize that while they are scraping out a living making pre-fab condos, guys like Lee Iacocca "are getting a free ride on their backs," Kennedy said.

Meanwhile, militant dockworkers on El Salvador's west coast are refusing to load propaganda leaflet onto ships destined for the U.S.A., saying El Salvador should keep out of the internal affairs of the United States.

## PAUL BUMSTEAD



Bumstead's been arrested for performing unnatural acts with a cowboy boot, but if drunkenness is a defence we're sure he'll be back soon.

# Guns, stogies and wimps

Editor's Note: Look people, the Swine Trek phoned this one in. We don't know what it means either.

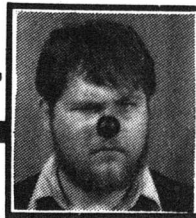
In a couple years, when Hank Illesic realizes he is a dope for playing his size 14 footies in the children's department of football, when Peter Puck realizes that nobody in their right mind wants to watch 22 smelly foreigners kick a soccer ball, when Wayne Gretzky realizes he isn't fit to tie Bobby Orr's knee brace, Edmonton sports fans will realize where the real sports excitement is in Edmonton — at the Gateway ping-pong tourney.

The Gateway is the effete newspaper at the U of A. No murder, Sunshine girls, rape or fag-bashing. Their paper isn't much to read but they sure know how to hold a ping-pong tourney.

First of all there's none of that anti-smoking bylaw socialist, strike down the working man's right to enjoy a stogie crap. First thing I did was light a White Owl; it gives you something to blow in your neighbor's face if they crowd your seat.

And they're way ahead of our namby-pamby,

## LARDBUTT



head-up-their- ass-city council when it comes to beer at sporting events. None of this lo-cal, low-al beer in paper cups; they had real beer in bottles to throw at the ref. They even had liquor, so I fixed me a triple boilemaker.

As my contribution to the event, I brought Danny Hooper, of Danny Hooper's Pigsty to sing the national anthem. Danny is going to be the next big thing in country music if he can ever remember the words. But that's that damn Pierre Effeminate Trudeau's fault; screwing up our national anthem just so some frog in the Montreal forum doesn't have to hit any high notes.

Over another round of triple boilemakers I had a conversation with Keith Krause, editor of

the Gateway. We editors have a lot in common. When you see as much of the world as a journalist does, you begin to realize what's wrong with the world. Like gun control. Reagan had been carrying a piece he could of got that sucker. If they let Warren Moon carry a gun he would never get sacked.

Krause, the little turd, is going to work for the Big Green Bore this summer. I know all about it from the craven sniveling wimps that have left the Sun just because the Journal pays more, so I gave Krause some good advice: Don't stand too near to J&B O'Callaghan; the green dye runs off his suits and you can't wash it off. I also told him to stay away from Video Display Terminals: they make your brain turn to goo and run out your ear.

The ping-pong tourney? It was great — good beer, good smoke, good people. It shows that the city of Edmonton is joining the big leagues of North America. The young journalists of this city and the Sun have the same ideals, the same goals.... oh shit, it's only a rough draft, I'll finish this tomorrow.