

EXCLUSIVE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wings at the Crotchmo!

Clubbing battles in the city

Just when the Socialist Club had begun to steal away the traditional Crotchmonauts on Friday and Saturday nights, the Crotchmo management in a whirl of creative panic introduced "Chicken Wing Nite" which has completely revolutionized the clubbing business in Fredericton.

"I don't know how it happened," confided Crotchmo manager to her close friend and associate Myrtle Jones who then confided with the brother of our star reporter's landlady, "I just don't know how it happened, but I was just walking along Queen Street and it hit me: Chicken Wings, cheap chicken wings!" She described how she suddenly began sprinting along Queen St., then on to King St. towards the Vitriolic Meat Mart where she bought pounds and pounds of chicken wings.

"She was foaming at the mouth, screaming give me wings, chicken wings, all you've got!" Confided a clerk in the Vitriolic Meat Mart as she recovered from severe wounds to the fingers in the (Edward Chalmers Hospital). When contacted, manager of the Vitriolic Meat Mart had no comment, but close friends of the King Pin disclosed last night that he had to supplement his rather depleted stock of chicken wings with the limbs of his pet doves and the stray crows found pecking breadcrumbs in the back of the building. "She was crazy," he is reported to have said "She didn't care about the blood and feathers; she just wanted wings." The manager is said to have chopped the fingers of the shop clerk in her anxiety. The clerk is happy with the compensation she has received which is a year's free entry into the Crotchmo complete with a supply of chicken wings.



Crotchmo manageress Madame Pumhardor before the fiasco.

"Wings, wings! Give me all the wings you've got, NOW!"

So far, we have come to understand that the wings introduction certainly boosted attendance at the Crotchmo, however there is growing concern among the Fredericton Municipal Authorities and the SPCA about the mess of wingless doves, crows and pigeons along the river front. In the Crotchmo, the manager, a tall, skinny woman with thick black rimmed spectacles, blue dyed hair, who lives at 1101 Northumberland (who has asked that her name be not revealed) is concerned that the chicken wing phenomenon is proving quite costly. Two bands The Bums of Philbert and the Glad Times Boo's Band have walked off-stage in disgust this week after a flood of patrons stormed the chicken wing buffet, filled bags with chicken wings and departed from the premises leaving the entire place empty and thoroughly messed-up. Close friends of the sound technicians of both bands confided to close

friends of the editor of this paper that the band members were particularly upset because all the wings were gone. Reports have it that the patrons went up to the Socialist Club where there were special sales of beer and ketchup. Socialist Club manager refused comment on accusations that he masterminded the whole thing.

Since, then things have become more difficult for the Crotchmo management who were forced to raise the price of the chicken wings from ten cents to fifteen cents per wing and because of the growing inaccessibility of chickens and birds with wings and because the chef wanted a raise. Patrons are utterly disgusted by this capitalistic move and have been picketing the Crotchmo screaming obscenities at the yuppies and traditional Crotchmonauts who have persisted in attending the only establishment that plays their kind of music. When contacted, a spokesman from the Socialist

Club was overheard saying "This would never happen up the hill, there is a reason why we are called the Socialist Club." He is reported to have spat bitterly at that point. Insiders have informed us that the Socialist Club, in a cavalier attempt to sieze the waning market of the Crotchmo, will be introducing a pigs trotters night. Nicely seasoned and served in a thick spicy white jelly-like substance, this delicacy is said to increase verility in men and stimulate sexual urges in women. It is also said to be so hot that only beer can assuage the fire. Manager of the Socialist Club confides that patrons need not worry, there will be enough beer for that.

In the meantime, the Crotchmo is in search of another gimmiche. They have contracted with the brain wizard of the Socialist Club for ideas. Insiders say that the manager of the Crotchmo no longer takes strolls on the river front.



Michael Jackson has categorically denied the use of plastic surgery on his face. Sources close to him have admitted that he has been using a special cream that eats away skin tissue without leaving a blemish. Applied to the nose area, it guaranteed a smaller nose. Special creamo-sculptors can be hired to make sure the optimum shape is achieved. Michael Jackson has access to some of the best sculptors, it is said.



Elvis Presley is alive and well and performing from somebody's bottom! That's the amazing claim being made by New Brunswick farmer Harold Hardlovian. "I couldn't believe it!" said Harold frantically crunching through several bags of Roloids. "One evening after a particularly big bowl of chili the air was filled with the strains of 'Heartbreak Hotel' and 'Hound Dog', as well as being a bit smelly."

Scientists are perplexed by the discovery and are currently trying to establish the source of music gusting from Mr. Hardlovian's hindquarters at random intervals.

"It's a puzzle," said eminent scientologist Dr. Bruce Nookins, "but it seems unlikely that this man could have concealed a loud speaker in his lower intestine." Dr. Nookins continued, "My guess as an internationally respected scientist is that this must be an act of God providing us with an omen that the world will soon be over run with three-headed aliens that wish to perform sadistic experiments on teenage girls."

When contacted in the Bahamas, Dr. James Dandy stated, "This has nothing to do with my resignation - piss off!"

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