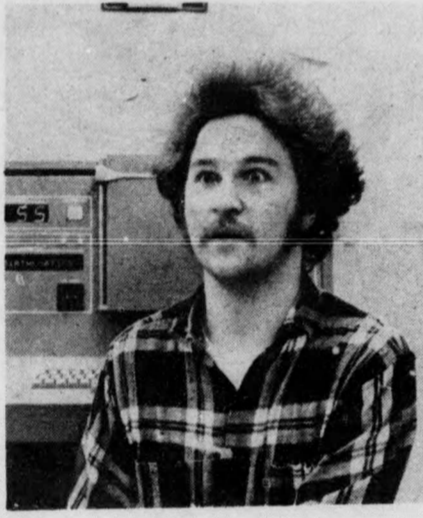


Moncton Area Under Seige by UFO's Resident Spends More Than a Month as a Captive of the Martians

Mudnight Intro: Recently the area surrounding Moncton New Brunswick was held under seige by a mysterious fleet of UFO's! While fear stricken mothers huddled with their terrified offspring in family closets, grim faced husbands stood guard on lawns and in taverns awaiting bravely the anticipated attack! The plight of these innocent victims made headlines far and wide, on the Riverview 'Recorder', the Oromocto 'Gazette', the Hartland 'Observer', the Plaster Rock 'Star and Sunset'; it even made page three in the Fredericton 'Cleaner'!

Yet while the populace waited in stern preparedness the U.F.O. mysteriously disappeared leaving only harrowing memories, a sense of courageous determination, and a pride in the bravery of friends and neighbours!



However there was one incidence of alien contact with an Earthling! In a **Mudnight** exclusive, Moncton correspondent Andy Steeves interviewed the man who met the aliens and travelled through space with them! The man was Arthur (Skull) N. Bones and this is the story of his hair raising month and a half trip to Uranus and beyond!!

The story is in the form of an interview which was held in the home of Mr. Bones on Britannia Street, Regal Court, Moncton. The interview was held under informal circumstances while Mrs. Bones (the former Georgette Wallace of Alabama Street, Moncton) served us Victoria Ale and English muffins. They are a very pleasant couple although somewhat prone to wide eyed stares and frenzied screaming.

The Interview:

Steeves: Perhaps, Mr. Bones you could tell me a bit about yourself?
Bones: Well Stiefesky (is that a Polish name?) my boy, I am a Canadian proud as can be born and raised on Canadian soil and proud, yes proud of my English heritage...
Steeves: I imagine you are sir. Where do you work, sir?
Bones: Eh? Oh yes, well Steevesononi my boy I don't really work as such not since those ?!&? bought out the old plant and threw us Canadians out of work...
Steeves: I can imagine you were upset about that sir. Perhaps you could tell us what you do now, you mentioned I believe some civic responsibilities?
Bones: Ah yes my son (rather long hair you have ther) I do have civic responsibilities you see I'm a city councillor for her Majesty's Government in Moncton. Long may she reign...
Steeves: Yes she certainly is a great Queen. You also mentioned some religious office too, I believe.
Bones: Ah yes, my young brother, I'm a lay preacher of the Tabernaclists Church of Sanctified Believers.
Steeves: So you are a man of some responsibility?
Bones: I like to think so, yes Si Steevn

(Dutch name is it?) I do have some crosses to bear. Yes.

Steeves: Well perhaps now we can talk of your experience with the Aliens. When did this encounter take place?

Bones: Well it was on August 15th at 7:45 p.m. It was the day after those frenchies at the University Dee Moncton had held their Communist-inspired protest...

Steeves: I understand. At 7:45 you say?
Bones: Correct. I was walking to prayer meeting, I'm a lay preacher y'know.

Steeves: Yes I believe you mentioned that. What happened exactly?

Bones: Well son. Its like in the book of Ezekiel where the prophet was visited by a UFO (quotes verse) 'a fire infolding itself and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire.' Just like that.

Steeves: Amazing. I imagine you started to run away?

Bones: No for I was not afraid. I knew that this was a sign, a sign of the Last Times.

Steeves: So, what did you do?

Bones: I stood there clothed in the Armour of Righteousness ready to exorcise this Spirit from the face of the Earth. Then the loudspeaker appeared...

Steeves: Loudspeaker?
Bones: Like those used by our top-notch city riot force.

Steeves: Did it say anything?

Bones: Indeed it did (Gets to his feet and stands tall and proud) It said 'Are you Arthur N. Bones, sired by Sydney L. Bones and Bourne by Sadie M. Bones who was a Smith before she married? I said 'Yes, that is me' It said 'Are you the Arthur N. Bones who is the Joe of the Papacy and terror of all false sects like Uniteds, Baptists, Pentecostals, Anglicans and so on?' I said 'Yes that is me for sure' It said 'Are you the selfsame Arthur N. Bones of pure Aryan blood free of Hindoo, Negro, Spanish, Communist or any other unclean stock?' I said 'Yes that is me' It said 'Well get the Hell in here'

And behold a door appeared on the shiny firey surface. It opened and I walked in.
Steeves: Just an Amazing story... What was it like inside?

Bones: Well, Steveau (French ain't you?) It was just like home, I couldn't get over it! There was a fireplace with a stuffed skunk on the mantle, checked curtains, mauve walls, a red rug and lost of Lazy Boy Reclina-Rockers. Off in one corner there were the controls.

Steeves: What were the controls like?
Bones: Well, I couldn't take anything off the ship as a souvenir but I could take pictures and I took some of the control panel!

Steeves: Good heavens, another **Mudnight** Exclusive!

Bones: (Shows pictures of controls, a speedometer scaled to 120 with Ford printed on the centre, a gas gauge registering half full, a clock, a compass, and an air freshener) I took more but they didn't turn out.

Steeves: Totally adequate believe me. Did you perchance meet any of the aliens themselves?

Bones: Oh yes indeed.

Steeves: Well what did they look like?
Bones: (gets to his feet) Well they weren't black they weren't yellow they weren't red and they weren't brown. They were white! Their hair was straight and blonde-red. Their eyes were blue. They didn't have a funny nose and they spoke English!

Steeves: Who could possibly have guessed?
Bones: They weren't deformed either!

Steeves: Who were they? Where did they come from?
Bones: (Paces, faster, faster) Ah son, son, they were angels! There was a male and three females (all the males have three wives) and the male was the angel Gabriel's grandson! They came from Uranus.

Steeves: Utterly Fantastic! Unbelievable, yet true! Believe it or Not! Why were they here?

Bones: (breathes faster, waves hands wildly) To contact me, to train me, to purify me, to teach me, that's why they took me to Uranus for the month and a half course.

Steeves: To train you? For what?
Bones: To save the world from the sins of Moslems and Hindoos, blacks and Catholics, Frenchies and Liberals and to utterly destroy to Communist-inspired Moscow - Washington - Fredericton - Peking Axis.

Steeves: - - - - -

Bones: (Jumps up and down, smashes window) Yes it's true. On Uranua I talked to Gabriel himself over a Moosehead (yes I drink a bit us Tabernaclists believe beer purifies the soul) And Gabriel told me he said 'Art, what is the world coming to? I'll tell you Art, it's going to the dogs. Did you know that the Great Prostitute the Book of Revelation is walking the earth right now?' 'No' I said. 'Well she is it's either Golda Meir or Indira Ghandi or Jackie Onassis or Xaveria Hollander. We aren't sure but it's one of them'

'I should have known'
'And that is why we chose you Art because you are pure you have faith and you are strong. You are to save the World!'

Steeves: - - - - -

Bones: (eats coffee table, smashes fireplace) So he taught me everything. will cleanse the world. My party the 'Imperial Dominion English-speaking Right Wing Right Thinking Party' will soon rule the world!

Steeves: How interesting! Oh my goodness I have a boat to catch, sorry to leave. Bye now. Thanks for the story.

Bones: Come back here, you hippie. You Communist! You pervert! You pusher! You Foreigner! Come back there is more my lips are on fire...

Reporter Steeves is now **Mudnight** special roving correspondent, likely to be found anywhere. We hope to hear from him soon.

He is to be found anywhere on Highway 61 or Desolation Row.

STREAKING FAD HITS UNB:

Varsity Coaches Fired over Locker Room Melee

In view of the recent streaking fad, a number of members of the Athletics Staff have been cut. P.U. Skully, Director of Athletics at UNB said earlier this week that five male members of the staff had been asked to clear out their lockers and look for jobs elsewhere.

CAUGHT IN LOCKER ROOM

It seems the whole incident began a few moons ago when head football coach, Jim Barn, Hockey coach Bill Suppository, Swimming coach Gary Brawn, Volleyball coach Mal Always-Come-Early and Basketball mentor Don Raider-Rooter were caught in a close session in the men's staff locker room. Apparently the supply of ivory soap from the equipment room, under the not-so-strict guidance of Guy O'Funnel and his not-so-competent staff of two, began disappearing in large quantities at frequent intervals.

MELEE DISCOVERED

Mr. Skully, who happened to be the one to

discover this melee while in the company of Intramural Director L.J. Leisure, said it definitely was not conduct worthy of a competent athletics staff. At this point it was decided to consider whether or not the staff was competent enough to warrant this harsh treatment.

Leisure, with an evident smile on his face, suggested all five be given forty lashes in some far removed location. At this suggestion Skully questioned whether or not this would be for the betterment of the academic standards of all concerned and suggested the offenders be made to clear up their budgets to his satisfaction.

In an effort to give some semblance of order to the Department, hopefully to please the head of the new administration, John W. Meeger, so they would be entered in his next book on "The Fundamentals of Streaking with Fitness While Carrying Five Waterpolo Balls in Various Locations Around The Body." It was thought this would be a fabulous solution to the current problems of where to put one's balls when not in use in the water.

Millionairess Petunia Released After 15 Years in Captivity

The large fortune of Lord Leaverlook, benefactor of the city of Fredericton and the University of New Brunswick, actually belongs to his pet parakeet, Petunia.

Petunia, who has been locked in her cage for 15 years in the attic of the Leaverlook mansion, was rescued last week when a TV repairman accidentally fell through her window while fixing the antenna.

Petunia's lawyer, Winkie Fobes, told **Mudnight** that the parakeet would be filing suit against the Leaverlook's for confining her against her will and claiming her family fortune.

Since a great deal of the money has been spent on the city and the university only slight changes will be made in the parakeet's favor. The bird has been generous enough not to have the buildings pulled down but the names will be revised. The former Leaverlook Residence will now be referred to as Petunia Place, the

Leaverlook Gym, Petunia Playhouse, and the Leaverlook Rink, Petunia Arena. In downtown Fredericton, the Leaverlook Art Gallery is re-named Petunia Paradise and the Playhouse, Parakeet Theatre.

The only chance will be the statue in Officer's Square which will soon be a likeness of Petunia instead of Lord Leaverlook. A large public bird bath will also be constructed in the park.

Next week Petunia will replace Sir Mac Aching as Chancellor of UNB.

Repairman John Handyman, said the bird was very excited upon her release. He said her first words were, "Petunia want a steak!"

Petunia will spend the next few months vacationing in the Barbados with K. C. Irfin. She says she is not sure what will happen to the Leaverlook's but Petunia assured **Mudnight** she may forgive and forget and send them on a trip to Siberia.

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