

I never thought I'd be writing you a letter but I find that all of a sudden I really need your help. My husband has been running around on me for years, but I don't mind because I'm really a dike. My parents were killed by a sex starved maniac and raped to death. The only child we ever had was chewed to death by our cat (you'll be glad to hear that the cat only got a slight case of indigestion.) My friends take delight in torturing me with a hot poker and selling me to strangers on the street corner for laughs. I am currently under treatment for 7 different types of venereal disease/ My problem is this: do the forks still go on the left when you serve a formal dinner for my minister? Should I pass him a joint before or after we drink the finger bowls?

Signed: need help urgently

Dear need help:

.. Yes.

Dear Crabby

My problem may not seem very serious but I find it irritating. Our next door neighbours (a very pretentious couple) have a rather large dog who takes a fancy to doing his "number two's" on our front doorstep. I don't know what to do about this. How can I approach our neighbours without

Signed: "Carry me over the threshlold please" (sung to the tune of 'Carry me back to Old Virginie')

. As the old saying goes: 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' Doing it on their front door would not be uncouth.

I am a shamed woman who's not ashamed to write to you. My parents are both deaf, so talking to them is pretty impossible. I am also an only child so I feel that you are my

Last month my boyfriend and I went out drinking (in fact we didn't get home until yesterday). You can imagine we got pretty carried away and right now I think I'm pregnant. I just don't know what got into me but something must have! What do I do now? Should I tell my boyfriend?

Signed: 'Bun-in-the-oven'

.. My advice to you is to consult your local quack. By all means tell your boyfriend (if he is the one who is responsible) I live my life by the old proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy' and look where its gotten me.

Dear Crabby:

I feel awful dumb writing to you, but since you're a big lady maybe you can help me with my problem. Well its not actually a problem, you see my mother, whom I'll call Mom, beats me with a whip at least twice a week. She only uses her spurs on special occasions. I'm having trouble to get her to use her spurs more often, what do you think I could say that would make her do it?

Never beg, be noble about it and tell her "It hurts You more than it hurts Me" and that should do the trick.

'I am a young girl who reads your column everyday. I've never taken arything you wrote seriously before but now I find that I'm in trouble and I need your advice.

I've been going with this swell guy who I'll call Horace.

We've been going steady for 12 years now and we plan to get married as soon as his mother will let him. My problem is that I think I'm pregnant but I'm not sure.

Yesterday afternoon we were watching Bugs Bunny on TV and Horace started to get pretty passionate, what with kissing me and everything. Anyway after a while the whole thing got pretty heated and exciting. Although we never took any of our clothes off, I know Horace 'did it' in his pants. What I want to know is if a girl can get pregnant through clothes. Horace says no, but my younger sister, who is 37 and has been around quite a bit, says that it could be possible. Right now I'm very worried as I don't want to have to get married. Please rush your answer to this as I am desperate

right now and don't know what to do.

Signed: Wet Pants in Pokiok Falls

.What are you worried about, it's Horace with the soggy

social notes

Mr. Cadiddle Hopper has returned home to Upper Barker's Point after a short 'business' trip in Lower Barker's Point. Mrs. Hopper said it was nice to have Cadiddle back playing her

Mr. Delbert Wilberfarb of 378 Bacon Street, Fredericton, was a weekend guest of Mrs. Percy Pickle of 834 Crap Apple Court.

A come-as-you-are party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Clapton-Hereford-Willbone in Fredericton. Everybody came-as-they-were.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Juniper of 369 Orange Street, Fredericton, have gone to Jacksonville Florida to spend the rest of the winter. Potential thieves take note of their vacant home.

Mr. Delbert Wilberfarb received a surprise visit from his long lost twin, Wilbert Delberfarb and they both went to Mrs. John Doe's to celebrate the momentous occasion.

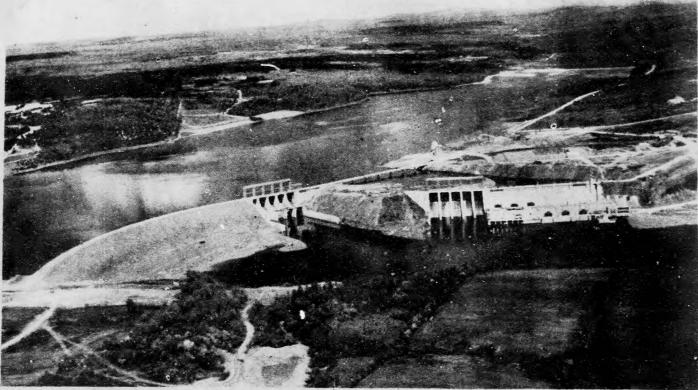
Screwup, favorite lap dog of Mrs. Gilbert Gill has discontinued its weekly visits to its psychoanalyist.

Miss Dolly Dimple discovered a pimple.

Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Ajay of King's Hollow were expecting a visit from their son Junior last week, but he never came. But Sally Senior said he sure did.

Mr. Delbert Wilberfarb paid a surprise visit to Mrs. John Doe. Unfortunately Mr. Doe was not at home, but according to neighbours, who looked out their windows, Mr. Wilberfarb had an interesting visit.

Fredericton's seven prominant innocents, Sally Sweetheart, Murtle Man-hater, Leslie Lovejoy, Francis Flippet Flirt, Caroline Co-ed, Donna Domestic and Harriet Heartbreaker have joined the B.A.B.F. The initiation ceremonies were held in the local church with tumbling mats courtesy of the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium.



URBAN RENEWAL - After extensive study by seven different committees of the Fredericton municipal government, there is finally been a breakthrough in Fredericton's bid for urban renewal. The Quack-a-duck damn will be moved downriver of Fredericton, thereby flooding the lower part of the city all the way up to King's College Road. This also will serve as the new highway bridge that Fredericton desperately needs to solve its traffic problems, as well as removing such blighted areas as Queen Street and the unsightly bottom five floors of the glass palace (Centennial Building). Prospect Street merchants have shown great enthusiasm for the move.

Pretty Wedding

The Christian Atheist Cathedral, Fredericton, was the scene of a pretty, winter wedding when Rev. Horace Hintz united in marriage, Willetta Rabbetta and William Warthog. The bride was attired in a waist-length dress of purple organza and the groom in absolutely nothing.

Miss Bliss Corning and Miss Rasp Berry resided at the punch bowl

Guest soloist was Miss Leaper de la Fleur, who trilled "Let's Make it Legal. Circulating the guest book

were Miss Brika Allen and Mrs. George Hare.

her favorite chair. Her chosen music for the wedding was her favorite song "Kiss Me Quick, Nothing Makes Me Sick".

After a short ceremony, during which Rev. Hintz blew his cool, the happy couple raced off to change for a short honeymoon in Niagara Falls.

Suddenly, amid howls of delight, they reappeared, the bride supporting a pair of Levis and the groom sporting a pair of Stanfield's "All-in-one". The throng pushed them toward the door, where they piled in the trunk of an awaiting taxi amid a shower of cooked rice The bride wafted slowly and confetti which was down the aisle on the arm of aimed at their eyes.

USE CLEANER CLASSIFIEDS

City Council Proposes Concrete Action Against Students

Fredericton City Council took concrete action at it's regular meeting last evening to give greater consideration to the importance of the University of New Brunswick to the area.

At the request of several prominent Fredericton citizens, council enthusiastically gave approval to the formation of a committee to "re-evaluate the role of the student as a part-time citizen and to make his involvement and impact on the city as advantageous to everyone as is humanly possible."

Chaired by "Honest Schome" Carvin, the committee's first suggestion was to establish toll roads for the last 50 feet of street leading to each of UNB's three gates. By doing this, it is hoped that those students who don't already live on campus will henceforth he kept from going to classes on city streets scot-free.

Committee member T. A. Xii represents the transportation interests in the area. He said it is hoped that in the

Iza Tramp, daughter of

Dr. and Mrs. Alwayza

Tramp, of Horney Corner,

became the virgin bride of I.

M. Queer, son of Mrs. Kissa

Queer, of Passion Place, and

the late Hairy Queer, in a

midnight wedding at Bible

Bill McKinnon's Barn,

Bible Bill officiated at the

'ring the bull' ceremony

while Nora Nympho played the organ. Miss Merry

Melody provided the vocal

Given in marriage by her father and a shot gun, the bride was attired in a "street

torn neckline and hemline.

Her floorlength veil of

javexed wash rags fell from

a headpiece of chicken

feathers. She carried a

bouquet of dandelions and

The bride was attended by

her sister, Miss Bonny

Tramp as milk maid of

honor?, with Miss Betsy

Wetsy as bridemaid (and

sometimes groom's maid).

Little Raisa Stink, illegit-

imate niece of the bride, was

The attendants were

similarly gowned in full-

length feedbags of pink

cheesecloth accented by

"Clara's Finest Mild" at the

bustline. Single waterlilies

were scattered through their

hair. They carried bouquets

Best man was Thucha

Thweetie, friend of the

groom while Bruiser LaRoux

For her daughter's

wedding the bride's mother

wore a printed tattered

cotton housecoat trimmed

with turkey feathers and

chicken bone buttons. Her

accessories included a

matching scrub pail and a

The groom's 90 year old

mother chose to outshow the

lot with a sequined "hot

pant" outfit trimmed with

rhinestone buttons. She wore

a purple flowered hat with

wheat germ accenting the

crown. Her corsage was of

orange bagonias.

corsage of ragweed.

of skunk cabbage.

ushered the guests.

Burtt's Corner.

selections.

crab grass.

flower child.

near future some form of "inconvenience tax" will be added to regular fares for taxis going to and from the campus. This will be in addition to the existent "student tax" and will be automatically tallied on the new high speed "student meters" now used on all city

cabs for trucking students

around.

Another suggestion was put forth by those representing the area's food merchants that co-operative stores (i.e. the food chains around here will co-operate in establishment and profitsplitting) be maintained in student residential districts. Such action is envisioned to decrease the chances of normal citizens being subject to the special "student

"Honest Schmoe" and several of his colleagues in the real estate business hope to "revamp the rate struc-

ture for housing."
"Currently", said Carvin
"exorbitant prices are
charged only for those

Tramp, Queer Nuptuals

Following the ceremony (paid for by the bride's

mothers alimony), a recep-tion was held at the Burtt's

Corner Chez Richard (an-

other friend of the groom).

Entertainment was provided by Frolicing Frankie and

Friends. Toasting the bride right off the still was the

town drunk, Willy Wino held

up by Gary Gutter. Circulat-

ing the guest book was Perry

apartments close to the university. Thus, rates still more or less depend on distance not strictly who the leasee is, though we still take in a lot of students."

"What we would like to be able to do," he continued "is help the student contribute more to the community irregardless of how far he lives from the campus. True, if an agent finds he is renting to a student, special "ar-rangements", shall we say, can be made and usually are. But perhaps the tenants will lie and say they aren't students, you see. It's too loose a set-up. We'd like to see things formalized, and we're working on it right

The question of identifying students more readily is central to the committee and council's desire to get the students out and "part and parcel" of the community at large.

"They're bashful kids, basically," said Mayor Robin. "They don't seem to care whether people know

For her wedding trip to Lower Slobovia, the bride

selected her working outfit, a

The couple will reside at

Alex's Restaurant, at the

back, in the corner, in the

The bride is employed by Perry Pimp and the "Purple

Pussycat" while the groom

East

C - None

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tassled bikini.

is a "farmer".

they are students or not. They all look different and unless one happens to be wearing a UNB jacket, it's -well, for example, a floorwalker to know who to shadow. I mean how is he to know if the person is

a student or not?' When one councillor said he could not see any reason why the students would not voluntarily or otherwise agree to wear some sort of insignia designating their status when off the campus, the committee members immediately agreed to look into the matter. At least one councillor,

however, voiced the opinion that perhaps such astion, voluntary or no, might be construed as "ever, Oh! just ever, so slightly discrimin-

He was immediately sus-

pended from council for one month and berated by Mayor Robin for being "such a dogmatic, close-minded ass-

At the meeting, it was also decided how to distribute the advantages and benefits accrueing from the increased student participation in society which will be generated by the committee. The "bene-

> account at the Bank of Canada and will draw a special interest rate of 10 percent per annum as well as a yearly 31/2 percent inflationary allowance. A suggestion by a drunk,

fits" will be kept in a joint

found stupified in the mayor's desk half way through the meeting, that the committee be called "The Student-Citizen Admiration Board" (SCAB) was re

ceived with enthusiasm. For his suggestion, the drunk will receive only a suspended sentence for getting sick to his stomach in the council chambers.

-BULLETIN+

A mob of frenzied individuals wearing black hoods and red jackets with unidentified black lettering, invaded the home of Fredericton Mayor Robin early this morning. The mayor was stripped, drug into the street, tied to a lamp post and tarred and feathured.

After city police cut the mayor down and scraped enough tar from his lips so he could speak, he blithely quipped with a twinkle in his eye, "Those crazy college kids, what'll they think of

ACROSS DOWN ACROSS DOWN

ACRUSS

1. Forget your pill? 1. Your virginity?

2. Brought any lately? 3. Had any visits lately? DOWN Social (armpit) problems? 5. Kneed a new face? **ACROSS**

DOWN 6. Ate Soggy Food?

ACROSS 7. Get your marks back? DOWN 8. Would you allow your barber to do it? 9. Been to the this of ecstacy? DOWN

(So we can't spell!) **ACROSS** 10. Missed yours?

14. Remember 'Straw Dogs"?

DOWN 11. Do you know the Wizard of this? 12. Getting this lately? DOWN

DOWN 14. Do this to hell? ACROSS 15. Live in one? DOWN 16 Ain't it nice? ACROSS

17. Did you get one under your bra straps? DOWN 17. Remember the Beach Boys? **ACROSS** 19. Do this in your girl's ear?

ACROSS 20. How often do you get this? DOWN What's Santa say?

DOWN 21. Who has the best paper around? **ACROSS** 22. Who's ripping us off?

ANSWERS (Don't Peek)

across 20. hi; down 20. ho; down 21. us; across 22. USA. across 15, slum; down 16, luv; across 17, tan; down 17, CTO; across 19, coo across 10, period; dewn 11, id; down 12, any; across 14, gory; down 14, go ma; across 5. ugly; down 6. ugh!; across 7. ouch; down 8. clip; down 9. hyte across I. pregnant; down I. precious; across 2. shit; down 3. narcs; down 4. trau-

BRIDGE

length" dress of off white burlap featuring decorative burlap featuring decorative burlap featuring the burlap featuring the burlap featuring decorative burlap featuring decoration decorative burlap featuring decorative burla

C - A K Q J 10 9 D - 10

H-832

C - None D - 8765432 H - K Q J 10 S-432

D-AKQ H - A

. In today's column we see that if North and South have any brains at all they can make 7 clubs or 7 no trump without looking at their hand, right? South, who dealt the cards. could hardly stay in his seat. North, when he heard south's first bid of two no trump, wet himself and immediately raised his partner to seven clubs.

. East, wily fellow that he was, knew that South would never make the contract. Casually, as South looked on in amazement, East threw his cards face up onto the table and chuckled, "misdeal."

. North, in a frenzy, counted East's cards and shouted, 'What the hey! How the hell could you misdeal a hand like that?" He then pulled out a gun and shot his surprised partner, who according to his mortician kept a look on his face half-way between horrer and throwing up. Said the mortician, these bridge players are good for business, what with all the violence involved in the game. . Next week we'll have the play-by-play of a game played by

the late Mrs. John Doe and her ill-tempered husband Harold.

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