

The Dairy Creamer

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Friday, April 15, 1994

The Creamer Editorial 'Right' Again

"Seeketh not to bring enlightenment upon us,
For we have heretofore lit upon a suitable mind set and desireth not to be deterred"

—Innocuous

In our opinion, we are correct. For those of our opposition who have condemned us as being mistaken, we are not. You are.

And for that matter, the University of New Bumslick is right too. Not because they are in anyway particularly involved in this situation, but just because they always are.

Yes, the venerable institution of the University of New Bumslick, which we will defend till the end, has completed yet another academic year having made no mistakes, errors, blunders erratum, faults, inaccuracies, oversights, or slip-ups.

You can confirm this by looking through the editorials of the past year. There you will find no editorials criticizing the university. None whatsoever. In fact, despite the fact that the university's administration came under fire in almost every other publication in the national and international news media who covered the university's handling of the infamous Yaq-Slam Affair, it was not criticised in our paper.

In our opinion, when we were asked to report on the situation it was merely a question of sticking our heads in the sand, pure and simple. If we don't report on it, it doesn't happen.

Besides, the University has been around for a long time, a long, long, long time. Longer than we have, longer than you have, longer than Bill. They have the weight of tradition behind them, the knowledge of our forefathers, the whole Canadian collective experience, encompassing all of what we are and what we believe in.

It's old, stodgy, conservative, narrow, small-minded, right-wing, and conservative. And, as we all know, we are of the opinion that anything that doesn't cause waves is automatically right.

The old way, as they say, is the only way.

The Antarctic Priss Council

Public complaints about the low quality of this newspaper, its one-sided nepotistic coverage of events, huge unrelated photos of small children on the front page, ballistic use of line-tape, blatant catering to advertisers, spelling and grammr wrong things, and overall waste of precious forestry resources by virtue of its very existence, can be forwarded to us, (if you are clever enough to find out where we are cause we aren't going to list the address) the Antarctic Priss Council, a voluntary organism of which *The Dairy Creamer* is a part.

It is true that this editorial was meant to address something, but as we have yet to decide what that topic will be, it is our opinion that we have done fairly well avoiding having to make any stand. We have again illustrated our capacity to be ubiquitous, redundant, superfluous and plethoric.

We at *The Creamer* pride ourselves on consistency, and since we can't claim to possess this trait in many areas, then at least we can proclaim our superiority in always having our editorial page filled, even if it means we have to scam editorials from the Halifax paper. Then there's the way we've started putting drop-caps at the beginning of each column, and spaces between each paragraph.

In fact, we've picked up lots of little tricks to keep our loyal readership believing that we're working really, really, really hard when we're actually just spewing forth space fill in the form of editorialising.

Sometimes, when we have less than usual to say, we just take a news story that's a couple of days old, and rewrite it. Occasionally we add a few choice comments here and there, but mostly its just rehash. This is extremely useful when we're in denial of some current issue, and want to wait to see how it turns out before we take a stand. This way, as you can understand, we can avoid situations where we would be called upon to make judgements on pertinent concerns.

Fence-sitting is an art, and it's one which we pride ourselves in having perfected. What we haven't considered at this point, however, is how few people actually read these editorials at all, let alone the number who actually carefully contemplate what we've said, or even get to the end of one of these verbose diatribes.

What would stop us from, say, filling this space up with nonsensical dummy text? If we made sure to construct the nonsense in proper sentence form then we could pediatric the customers appearing as loopholes in the wrongful Canadian anecdote. Following this, the humble asthma of unemployment kilograms could sustenance the generosity of barnyard piano benches. To fill up any further space we could go into long detail about the cooperation of sampling floss services of opportunities in modern armor dioramas. The possibilities are endless. As you can see, we've still avoided making a point, and filled up another column inch.

What is especially crucial to this consideration, however, is that we aren't wrong in not having not said anything. As we asserted at the start of this editorial, we're correct, and so is the university. And what's all this "we" stuff? Like we all get together and discuss what the topic will be and what stance we'll take. Is this like the royal "we" or are we just schizophrenic?

To conclude in the same ubiquitous manner as we always do, we'll address this query in the same old-fashioned, waffling, inconclusive manner we always prefer. The need to stay the same and not actually affect any initiative is being overlooked, and we will be closely following any further developments in the matter.



LETTERS to the EDITOR

Fed Up With Floorboards, Thanks to Uncle Lin's Kin

Dear Editor: This letter is a note of thanks to the many people who turned out for the wake held in memory of my great-uncle, Linbalm Rattlehaven. "Uncle Lin" was quite a well-known man about town here for some time. Even with as big a family as Uncle Lin had (at last count, some 56 nieces and nephews, 104 grand-nieces and nephews, and countless cousins), there was always a welcome place for everyone in Uncle Lin's home. Without ever a word of protest from Uncle Lin, relatives from all over Canada, the United States, and even further abroad would drop by at his place whenever they were in the area. Uncle Lin would cook them a hot meal, make them a bed in one of the many spare rooms in his big house, and even do their laundry and entertain their kids, if they brought any.

I like to think that in his golden years, our family brought a little joy to Uncle Lin's life. Uncle Lin kept up the old family farmhouse he inherited in an isolated area (no small task considering the size and age of the house, and Uncle Lin's arthritis, but that was his self-sacrificing way). He never married or had a

family of his own, and our company must have been treasured by him.

In Uncle Lin's will, he remembered us all by specifically naming everyone who had ever been a guest at his home, and invited us all to his wake in the third-floor parlour of the farmhouse. We'll all miss your presence, Uncle Lin.

I would also like to apologize to everyone who was injured in the accident

at the wake. The floor somehow collapsed, probably from the weight of too many guests crowded into the third-floor parlour. The police are investigating the unlikely possibility that the floorboards may have been sawed through by someone. I would like to send a personal 'get well soon' to family still recovering in hospital.

Margaret (Rattlehaven) Naif
Freddy Beach

Fed Up With Aliens at University of N.B.

Dear Editor: It is time to educate the public about the coverup by the university's administration over the admission of aliens to the university.

President Throbbing Longstrong has admitted to me that five space aliens have been admitted to the Faculty of Engineering, saying that he expected that it was only in this faculty that their ignorance of acceptable social behaviour could go unnoticed. The only two that I have been able to positively identify are Larree Spitsjerry and Roy Morebeer, both of whom are studying the effects of obnoxious behaviour and bad writing upon the

support structures of Sir Edmund's Brainless Hall. By allowing these aliens on campus without first alerting the public of their existence, Longstrong is perpetuating a conspiracy which began with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth because he was about to reveal the truth to the world. It is time for people like Longstrong to admit the truth to the public, and let it be known that he and the CIA and the KGB have allowed these aliens into the midst of an unforgiving student body.

Standing Free, Man
UNB Physics Type

Fed Up With Health Care Conspiracy

Dear Editor: I am shocked and appalled at the amount of indifference people generally have towards matters concerning public health. Perhaps it is the fact that it never seems important until it happens to you; but the fact of the matter is, health epidemics can happen to us all, at any time, so that is why we must all consider public health policy important.

I would like to address specifically the fact that meningitis outbreaks are seldom seen as important enough to warrant discussion at the national level (when was the last time you heard parliament discussing meningitis?). The most that is done, is that local public health officials (merely the lackeys of the national public health officials) try to soothe the public by telling us that the outbreaks are isolated, containable, and quite normal. Normal? When are epidemics ever normal?

I suspect that the government complacency about public health has an ominous motive behind it. After all, money that isn't spent properly informing us, the public, about our state of health, can always be directed elsewhere. And is it just a coincidence that they keep telling us that after thirty years of efficiency, our socialized medicine system is suddenly too expensive and must be cut back? And where might the money that the federal government saves end up? To support less important, more wasteful government projects, such as the entire platform being force-fed to the public by Looseyarn Glueshard, the leader of Her Majesty's "loyal" opposition.

The end result of public ignorance is that we get attacked on two fronts; one, we're being subjected to the ravages of epidemics, and we have no real idea what kind of threat we're facing, because the federal government Thought Police are controlling whatever information they choose to reveal to the public. Two, we wind up caving in to the whims of the Bloc Party, the politicians who have quite vocally said that their first loyalty is not to Canadians anyway.

What the Bloc head doesn't know, is that we're catching on to him and others of his ilk. Wake up, Canada, before it's too late!

Linus H. McConspirator
Iron Glove, Newlostland.

Fed Up Because There's Room To Improve

Dear Editor: I am writing to compliment the consistently interesting and important topics covered in your paper. *The Creamer* is exemplary in its ability to see beyond the petty issues that other papers dwell on, and focus on the truly newsworthy ones.

For example, I was delighted to Ms. Hookares and Mr. Irellevunt were engaged last week. I phoned my broker in New York to share the news, and she was equally astounded.

Similarly, your coverage of Mrs. Drabb, who has worked at McDonald's for 40 years, typifies the keen drive for media excellence. After hearing of this outstanding member of the community, I sent faxes to China, Germany, and the U.K., so that they could share in the knowledge. I was, admittedly, also boast-

ing about our headline stories that are unparalleled world-wide.

Unfortunately, there is a negative aspect to this letter. I believe that your paper has failed in some respects, to recognize other newsworthy events. My son, for example, was finally toilet-trained earlier this year. Why was this rites of passage neglected from media coverage? Additionally, Betty Bohring received a raise at her job in Fredericton Mall. I believe that she is waiting for her story to appear in *The Creamer*. Please don't let these hot stories pass by unnoticed.

In ending, I would just like to say that your news team has the right attitude towards reporting, but that there is always room for improvement.

Freddy Beach
Mr. Towny

Note On Letters

Due to the High Volume of letters sent to *The Dairy Creamer*, all letters to the editor should be 400 words or else. And we want your name on it cause if it ain't there then you look like an uneducated redneck swine who just wants to mouth off in print and who won't stand behind what they have to say, and then printing the thing in the first place would be a big waste of space, not to mention my time and that of my proof-reader (if there were one). In all cases the name, address and phone number of the writer is required for verification (if we bothered). Otherwise the letter will not be printed, unless we agree with what it says, and then it will.