

WALKING  
AROUND  
BY  
BOOTLICKER

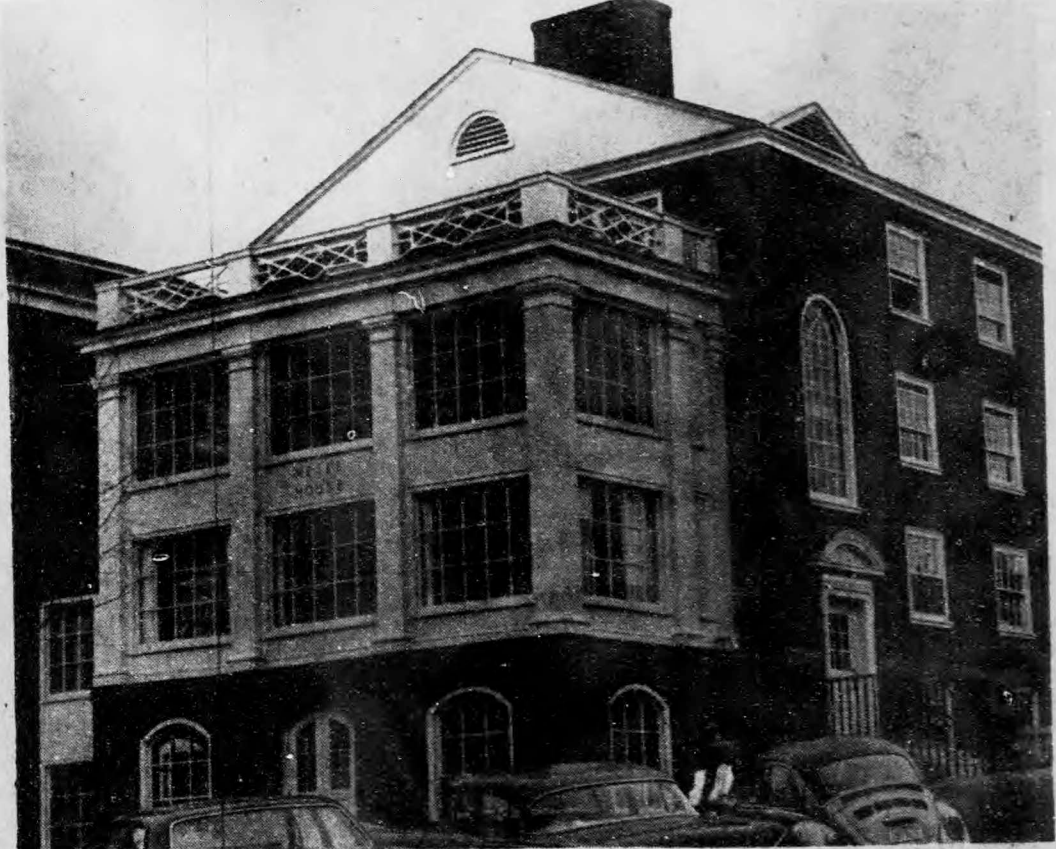


ABOUT THE TOWN:++ noticed some more one-light cars...how can people be so careless...by the way... thanks to the nice people at the hospital for fixing the cut hand I got from knocking out the headlights of all those one-light cars in order to justify writing this column... got a phone call from a concerned citizen...read your column...had to agree with your last comment on the young hot-rodgers that take their fathers cars and drag-race down Queen Street at night, disturbing everyone...a lot of people feel the same as me...that they should be taken to Queen Square and executed by the Fredericton Police Dept... signed by bulldog C. W...I don't know who this guy is but nuts like him are the bread and butter of this column...got run over by a young punk the other day then he had the impudence to splash me as he drove back over me...I am thinking of pressing charges against him for splashing me...it could have been avoided...from a friend...this time about something...important...it seems that this person had a breakdown in his car recently and it was too far to walk to a garage...my friend ended waiting over an hour while students and other young people whizzed speedily by...finally 'one of us' stopped and helped our friend, who had forgotten how to turn his key...we hear that our friend had a very funny hangover the next day...we also hear that some of these young people are injecting 'pot' into their bodies...this ties in with what I've been saying all along...these kids...who are not just high school kids...but even older students...who should know...better...what was I saying...I think that perhaps they should be put in the army...we never had problems like that...back in the old days...no dope around then...speaking of courtesy...we had a great taxi ride...the other day...a soft-spoken driver serenaded us with some great classical music as he slowly chauffeured us down the tree-lined avenues of Fredericton...I must be friendly but I sure am imaginative...heard recently that an elderly lady was maliciously splattered with snow...mud...slush...and other things that a family paper like us shouldn't print...when a vicious poodle proceeding...at high speed...cut her off at the corner...she subsequently...died from the side-effects...the poodle...that is...a caller phoned in recently about something he stepped on...seems that he was walking on one of the sidewalks...which sidewalk...we can't say...but there was a big brown thing on the sidewalk that our big-footed friend squashed...we can't find out what it is...but surely considering the intelligence of you our readers...you should be able to tell us what it is...we'll be waiting...back to one-light cars...there were some around last summer...but we couldn't seem to report them to the police...they seemed to be missing two wheels...this doesn't seem safe to us...I can assure you I was some ugly...got a great letter the other day...from a lady...she said...that...she...was... happy to see us printing unbiased reports...and that we are one of the few people she can trust...which is pretty flattering...remember that if you have any insane...ridiculous...stupid... stories then let me know... don't forget to put a lot of periods...hopefully some of the punks we've mentioned will...get the...message...end of story...

# UNB President Denies Neill House Rumour

UNB President John Sanderson has denied widely-circulated rumours that he intends to sell his new home at 58 Waterlob Row, give the money to the university, and take up residence in Neill House. The President told the Cleaner yesterday afternoon that life in Neill House would be too confining. 'How would it look,' he said, 'if I asked Sir Max over for a spot of tea and all I had to offer was home-made wine?' He added that he didn't want to offend the lads in residence, 'but Neill

House is hardly my style.' Sanderson said he intends to keep the new home - 'at least until we get the new pool in. Life has been pure hell without it.' Students at the university take a different view entirely of the situation, however. They say that Sanderson shouldn't be put up in such an expensive residence. 'I don't think he should be put up in such an expensive residence,' said Delbert Wilberfarb, when asked to comment. King Leroy, head of Sorta Reeksa Crappa (the SRC), said he feels Sanderson's new home is nothing to worry about. 'I'd sorta like to have one myself,' he said. Leroy, not known to lust for power, added that provisions were being made in next year's council budget to buy Annex B as a temporary residence for himself. 'That way I'll be closer to the people.' THE Comptroller, Steve the Dud, confirmed speculation that Leroy will be moving into Annex B. 'Things are so much nicer there,' said Dud, 'and I'm looking forward to staying with Leroy whenever his little heart will let me.'



A BIG MOVE - UNB President J. Sanderson has denied rumours that he is thinking of selling his mansion and moving to a more modest dwelling, Neill House.

## OFY Grants Spaghetti Farms Booming

It is rumoured that the local board for the distribution of OFY grants was dumbfounded Tuesday when the UNB SRC President Roy Neill presented them with the solution to the plight of New Brunswick farmers. It only took one trip to President Neill's spaghetti farm north of Fredericton to silence the sceptics. The board discovered that the enterprising young politician had developed an unusually hardy strain of the finest N. B. spaghetti. As the members walked along the one inch by two mile furrows, the SRC President enthusiastically explained the operation.

Brwnick farmers can grow in the winter." The possible side effects of President Roy Neill's new crop are enormous. Although McKains Food Ltd. are said to be developing an automatic spaghetti baler and meat ball picker, the work presently must be done manually. Students are said to be especially skilled in harvesting the crop. This could indeed solve the province's unemployment problem. Premier Flaffield has already purchased a 6-inch by 25 mile piece of choice spaghetti land while the city of Saint John is rumoured to be preparing an official

## As A Matter Of Fact Or Is It?

indoors with Jack Smiley We had a report the other day that there were several birds seen in the vicinity of Fredericton. This person, who has been reliable in the past, stated that they also observed several bees, three pink elephants and a lot of white snow. It's nice to know that our readers are being so observant. We had a letter this morning accusing us of being a male chauvenist pig. This just isn't true. I've always felt that women have their place. We all know that in order for the world to continue as it should, the women have to bear our children and stay at home to keep the house. Now don't get the idea that I have something against women. Some of my best friends are women. I guess I don't have to say much more about this, since I know I'm right anyway. However, I will concede that women can do some things that don't require thinking, like knitting and sewing, but I'm sure that they wouldn't want to take over jobs that we have to do. Enough said? I remember back in the old days when men were men and everyone had a job. There were none of those worthless bums living off welfare and sponging off us working people. Food prices were a hundred times cheaper and you could buy a drink for a nickel. Then those damn politicians went and confederated the country back in '67. There weren't any of those smelly cars then, and the pungent smell of horses permeated the air (where have those days gone?) The young people knew their place and never spoke unless they were spoken to. There were none of those orgies or dope addicts around to spoil our lives. All our young men were manly and not effeminate like some of those dirty hippies that hang around the university, and the girls deserved respect. Well, I guess that those days will never come again but it's fun to dream. Another problem many people seem to have is that they live in the past too much. This is stupid. I never would do that. Senior citizens take note. We have a story in today's paper on page 1 about the horsehauling contest held recently. There have been complaints that we don't have enough news in the paper but I guess the great coverage we gave this event shows that we are spread around quite a bit, doesn't it?

Well, Kiddies, as you all probably know by now, this is National Protect a Pig Week. This week is devoted to stopping the gruesome murders of these wonderful little animals. Did you know that piglets are already extinct in Greenland and Baffin Island? Something must be done. Anyone who has had the pleasure of making friends with one of those cute little porkers will tell you what a shame it is that so many are killed every day. You may ask, as many already have, what you can do to protect those sweet little bundles of bacon from heartless slaughter. The most effective methods of preventing these shameful killings is to enlist the help of your little playmates in breaking out the windows of any store heartless enough to sell pork, ham, or bacon. You should also throw a temper tantrum if your Mummy serves any of these meats. Little Joey Anderson of Stanley, N.B., wrote to say he had a great deal of success in preventing the murder of piglets in his area. He borrowed his Daddy's wire cutters and snipped holes in the pens where the nasty farmers crowded the dear little animals. Joey now shares his room with seventeen of the cutest little piggies you ever saw. Keep up the good work, Joey! Much also needs to be done to improve the piglets' living conditions. You girls can help by knitting them hats and mittens for the cold winter months. Ask your Mummy for any old quilts or blankets so you can make comfy beds for them. Also, boys and girls don't forget to write me about your projects so everyone will know someone cares about the wonderful little piggies.



MAN KILLED--A Fredericton man, Delbert Wilberfarb, was killed today when the tricycle he was driving collided head on with a parking meter. An unidentified commissioner is pictured giving Wilberfarb a ticket for littering. Fredericton city police were unavailable to come to his aid (honest, it's just a joke.)

## NOTICES

Church services will be held in all Fredericton churches at 10 a.m., Sunday, March 18, as usual. Apparently the residing priests wish to be able to hold more service but the Busy Bingo schedule won't allow it. Fredericton's Old Folks' Home has now reached a population of 6900. Due to this fact, the authorities have refused the 3500 applications that came in yesterday, and will be accepting no more until a later date. All thirty-six jewellery stores in downtown Fredericton wish to announce a one-in-a-lifetime sale, wedding rings for both males and females will be sold at half price from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Friday, March 16, due to the fact that a day of Bingo has been cancelled

## God Responsible For Erosion?

Mrs. John Doe is happy to announce the birth of Delbert Wilberfarb's baby, conceived just before Mr. Wilberfarb's untimely death some time ago. Mrs. Doe has decided that the child will also meet an untimely death soon in the St. John River. (See our obituary column next week.) Guess What! Mary isn't a "Lily White" anymore...she just gave birth to a bouncing 2lb. 4oz. baby goat. She's slowly, but surely, populating the barnyard. "Two for the price of one," were Mr. Jim Kneeknocker's first words when he was told his wife gave birth to a pair of twins yesterday at the antiquated Fredericton hospital. The two identical twins are to be named Eekie and Freakie. Mr. and Mrs. von Krap take delight in announcing the arrival of their new baby boy, Krip, March 6th.

## Obituary Wilberfarb Dies

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Delbert Wilberfarb. Mr. Wilberfarb died unexpectedly when Mrs. John Doe's husband, Mr. Doe arrived home early from a karate tournament. Mr. Wilberfarb, a noted member of the community participated actively in many local organizations including the Klu Klux Klap, the local Homophile Association, the B'a'a Birth, the PTA, the Male and Female Italian Assassins (MAFIA) and served as scout master until he was mysteriously asked to turn in his "always be prepared" badge. Mr. Wilberfarb also found time to copulate with his wife and could often be found on street corners naked except for an overcoat, displaying

his wares to the delight of the neighbourhood children and their housewife mothers. Mr. Wilberfarb is survived by three darling little children by his neighbour's wife, three sisters by his mother's neighbour's husband and a goat that walks around painfully bleating. Mr. Wilberfarb's remains are lying in his back yard where they have been viewed by the garbagemen, the neighbourhood children and three dogs looking for a place to relieve themselves. The funeral will be held at a party at the Arms. The cremations will take place at the Cos. and interment will be in Mrs. Doe's dahlia plant in her livingroom. Send contributions for flowers in care of the Daily Cleaner

### USE CLEANER CLASSIFIEDS

## N.B. Theme Song Our Submission

Acting Tourism Minister, Jean-Paul LeBlanc recently announced the cancellation of the Department of Tourism of New Brunswick Theme Song Competition. The contest was begun by ex-Tourism Minister Charlie Van Horne last year to obtain a distinctive New Brunswick song for promotional use. According to LeBlanc, the 85 submissions were not good enough because 'none of the submissions had all the component parts suitable to meet promotional objectives! Since the government will presumably have the song created by professionals (thereby wasting more of the taxpayers' money) our ace songwriter Delbert Wilberfarb was asked to create a suitably stirring theme song that we will offer to the government gratis. POOR OLD NEW BRUNSWICK (sung to the tune of Eleanor Rigby) Poor old New Brunswick Falls on its' face, and there ain't no-bo-dy to care Tourists beware... All the welfare people, Where do they all come from, All the big in-vest-ors What do they know, (that) we don't. Rich K. C. Irving Owns half the province, and all of our newspapers too Gone to Bermuda... All the wealthy people Where have they all gone to, Where is all the money Not here when they get through!! Charlie Van Horne En-tre-pren-eur, and pain in the governments ass Gone to the States... All the honest people Where have they all gone to, All the tax-payers money, Where has it vanished to!! Dear Dickie Hatfield King of the province, and ru-ler of all he can see Should stick to chips... All the cruddy people Here's where they all go to Pretty picture province With WASP's and froggies too!! Don't come to our province, Dig our pollution, and maybe you'll even think twice It ain't so nice... Pretty picture province What a shitty place to be, We should lock up the borders And throw away the key.