

Reign of Terror Over? Noonan Liberation Front Collapses After Debacle

BY ANNE INGROWN

Despite the outward calm of the tranquil rural community of Noonan, New Brunswick, this country haven is actually the headquarters for a radical activist group, the Noonan Liberation Front. On Tuesday members of the self described "slightly paramilitary group" claimed responsibility for a faulty candy machine at an unnamed downtown location. Further, in an escalation of unabashed brutality, Fredericton pet owners were shocked to discover their cats and dogs wandering around in little plastic party bowler hats.

In an exclusive interview, for the Dairy Creamer reporter Malcolm Talcum was tied and gagged and taken to a secret location to meet Brigadier Jim Jiblets. Brigadier Jiblets resplendent in a coon skin cap and potato sack was a genial host even though quite obviously drunk.

"Yah, we been at this game for some time," slurred Brigadier Jiblet apparently trying to force a beer bottle into his right nostril. Whilst the actual reasons for subversive activity carried out by the group remains hazy, an impor-

tant point in their manifesto, written in yellow crayola, appears to be secession of the Noonan community towards a coalition with the people of Labrador. Further examination of the hastily written document reveals that the main reason for this strange desire stems from a need to "get some of that there Black Horse beer which is right beautiful." In fact, the beer seems to be an important demand in the NLF document; the brand being mentioned no less than 27 times.

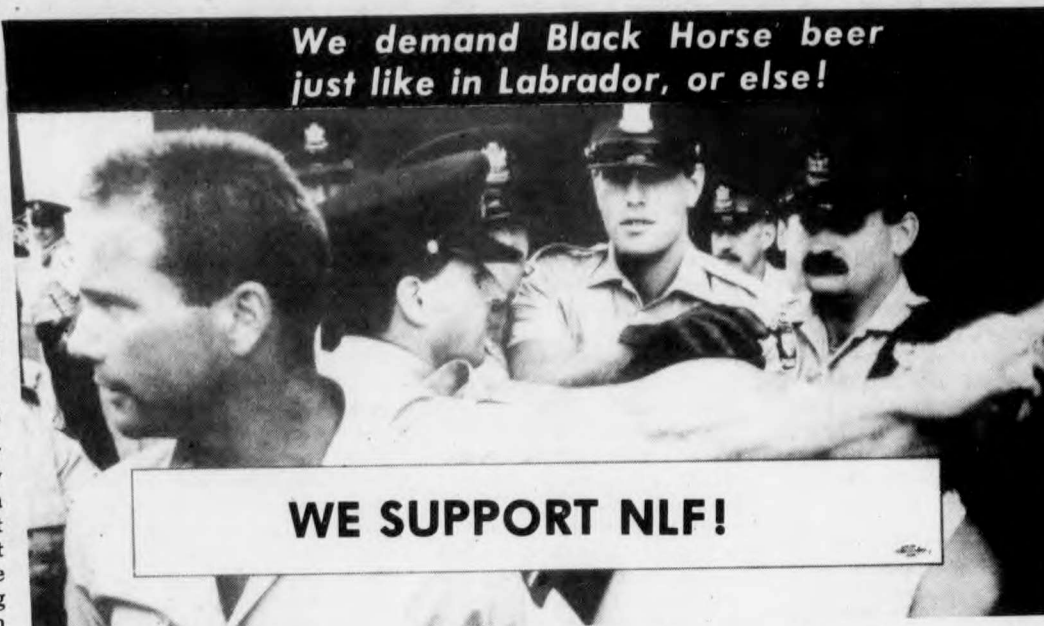
It was earlier this year that Fredericton residents became aware of the political turmoil that surrounds Noonan. Events began with manoeuvres around the downtown area in so-called "Hank-Tanks". These vehicles, which are actually hastily converted early seventies Pontiac Catalinas, can contain as many as fifteen members of the NLF, all of whom are masked by potato sacks with small holes ripped in them.

Cries of "hey there; got any food?" and "hey boy, are you a leg-wrestler?" soon became a common occurrence in an area which is strangely centred around the Riverboom bar at a

local hotel. Further exposure was granted to the group last year after a midnight barbecue went disastrously wrong when Mikhail Parentis and Guidal Warring blew each other up at the Fredericton Green playing chicken with canisters of propane. Charges were dropped when local lawyer Tom Devans successfully convinced jurors that the NLF were in fact a community group that were trying to prevent a gopher infestation.

"Yah, sometimes the boys, they get a little excited," drawled Brigadier Jiblets by now having extreme difficulty getting his eyes to resume a non-crossed appearance. "But theys good boys and theys just wants to have a bit 'o fun," he concluded just before falling face first into a bowl of spinach and Kraft Dinner.

Resolute to the last, the NLF are now convinced that demon worship is spreading through the Fredericton boundary communities. Last week police were called to a disturbance by the Restigouche highway only to discover five members of the NLF making eye of the devil signs at a sheep they had cornered in a used furniture lot shouting 'it's a demon!, it's a



Propaganda posters - These were released throughout Noonan

addresses printed on the back were a boon to police in locating

members of the terrorist group.

demon I'll tell ye! at curious passers-by.

But for the NLF, the days may be numbered. At the time of going to press almost three quarters of these steadfast, but admittedly quite stupid, men and women were being held in

custody for crimes ranging from tampering with turnip hoes to blatant seeding of plastic flamingos in public places. For the residents of Fredericton though, the collapse of the NLF can only represent a return to a much

more peaceful community. Indeed, soon people may be able to walk the streets safe in the knowledge that, for now anyway, the reign of terror spear-headed by Noonan Liberation Front has been failed. But will it last?

NB Residents Win Awards

Six New Brunswick residents have been honored at the 54th annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Annual Meeting Organizers in Toronto. Bertha-Bob Hallon and James Wang, employees of the N.B. Department of Neutral Resources were awarded the award for the awarding of awards. The award was presented in recognition of their awarding awards at last years CAAMO annual meeting.

Steve Paperclip, Eunice Abergumby and the Mair twins from Fredericton received the no special reason award.

In congratulating the winners, N.B. premier Frank McKenney said, "Congratulations."

"This annual meeting was obviously a success and plans are underway to hold these annual meetings every three weeks or so," said the organization's organizer.

New Brunswick Children Getting Stupid Report Says

By HAIRY BEANER

In a recent shock report published by the child psychology unit at the University of New Brunswick, parents are learning that there is a dramatic deficiency in the overall intelligence of Fredericton children.

This report comes at a particularly sensitive time; this also being the end of a university year where "look 'n pick" menus have been offered at the college cafeteria. This was due to an inability of freshmen students to read the list of items available and, perhaps more seriously, the difficulty in asking for the things that they want to eat.

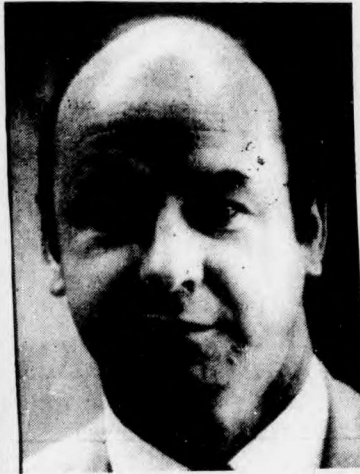
"Yup. They're getting stupid earlier every year now," said police officer John Jones in the process of dragging two struggling children away from the bank of Montreal building which they had been trying to eat.

Particularly worrying is the range of exhibits seen recently at the high school science fair, held two weeks ago.



SHOCKED PARENTS - Fredericton mother's reaction to study is

typical of most NB parents. Father, Norbert Stobley (right), was too



dumbfounded to reply. "Not my kids" is a common refrain.

Crawled in there. "Used to be, we could expect a relatively high standard" mused Norbert Yelping who organised the event. "This year though our second prize winner was a display entitled "What Happens to Ants When They Get in your Socks" and the first prize winner was "Blunt Objects and Slugs: Can They Live Peacefully?"

Mrs. Dudlee Goes to Store

FREDERICTON - In a surprise move yesterday, Mrs. Abel Dudlee announced that she would go to the store and buy some groceries.

Neighbours seemed shocked by the move, yet took this big step into stride. "I don't see what's so damn exciting" com-

mented neighbour Bill Bradley; "she goes to the store every week - why do you need a reporter to cover this?"

Others expressed dismay: "I thought she was going tomorrow" said Mrs. Birble, "I wanted her to pick me up some toilet paper."

Nuclear Weapons Cloud Woodhide's Singing

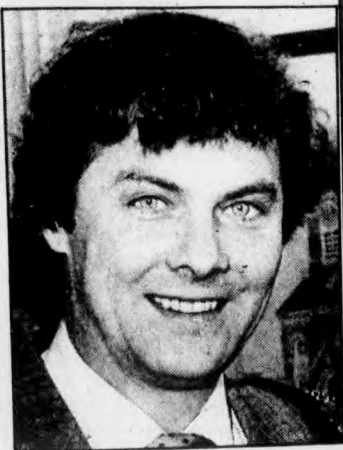
continued from page 1

Mr. Slobson, city administrator and sometime collector of "small green things that live in ponds" was also unrepentant about the money taken from the city orphan fund to finance his questionable acquisition.

"Look, there's some bloody big moose wandering around at the moment and I'll be damned if these great lumbering (expletive deleted) are going to dent my fender!" When Slobson was told that moose were in fact animals that lived on the ground and were not capable of self-propelled flight, the city administrator retorted that "this was a vicious rumour instigated by those idiots up at the University."

"Besides which Dowdey's got several" came the plaintive squeak from the other side of the way (the mayor's office). This last statement bolsters mutterings that the president of UNB, Dr. Jim Dowdey was believed to have placed several explosive devices under the SRC chamber in early 1986. The charge is thought to be connected to a red telephone that he keeps in a "muppets" lunchbox on his desk next to a signed picture of Donald Trump.

When asked later in the week if the cost of the weapons, some 210,000 dollars Canadian, is justified Mayor Woodhide replied, "I don't know what you are talking about but I use my car phone an awful lot." Mayor Woodhide is nineteen.



Woodhide came into local prominence in 1986 when he won the race for Mayorality against incumbent Herbert Frump. At age 17, Woodhide thus became the youngest mayor in Fredericton history after John Bosnich's failed attempt in 1982. The Mayor, whom his friends affectionately call "Old Blue Eyes," has been known to belt out a chorus or two of "New York, New York" while out of town on official visits.

Recently, while in Fussen West Germany representing Fredericton at the World Curling Championship, the Mayor became the focus of controversy when he refused to step off the stage of a local biergarten after being booed by disbelieving patrons.

"Someone better tell him soon that his voice sounds like a braying donkey," advised one Canadian who witnessed Woodhide's humiliation at the Fussen biergarten. "I hear he's doing this all over the friggen' world. It's embarrassing."

- Recruiting drive for UNB?

Men in Animal Costumes Strike Hospital

By STEPHEN LLLLWRP

In a continuing series of alarming incidents, residents and patients at the Neverslept Embalmers Hospital were terrorized by men dressed in animal skins yesterday. Doctors and nurses at the hospital say the reign of terror which has lasted fifteen days is beginning to get quite serious.

"At this time we have guards stationed at all points of entry to the children's wards" croaked Dr. Benjamin "Boner" Deadwards looking understandably harrassed, "but somehow they still manage to crawl in, probably through the air vents."

This is not the first time the people of Fredericton have suffered at the hands of grown men in teddy bear and bunny rabbit costumes. Shoppers ran screaming from the Fredericton Maul last weekend as a man dressed in an "Alf" costume went on a rampage during which at least fifteen children were said to have been reduced to tears.

Dr. Arlene Whallop, criminal psychologist at UNB Fredericton, has stepped in to help police who have so far found no evidence to suggest what the cause of this disturbing trend might be. Inquiries appear to be being made quite regularly at several Donut shops in the downtown area however.

"Mmmph grmph grmph," slobbered chief detective Harry "Murphy" Norbetzinski, "bah... mmmrgh grmph murph grmph."

Just why six-foot grown men have adopted this curious lifestyle is a complete mystery to Dr. Whallop who is a fabulous babe in any body's books. "Oh Stephen," she sighed in her office last weekend "please, tie me up again!"

Recently, disturbing evidence has come to light with regard to a connection involving members of the university administration. These latest allegations were made after reports were made of suspicious behaviour on the part of several high ranking officials that were seen hanging around costume shops and trying on false noses.

In the mean time, Dr. Dead-

wards can only hope that this menace will soon become only a bitter memory. "You have to realise that these incidents can leave deep psychological scars on the infant psyche" Dr. Deadwards sobbed in closing, clutching a small stuffed animal. Suggestions that these latest assaults are actually a covert recruitment drive by UNB are unfounded at this time.



Child Covers - Young Matthew Warblinch covers in fear when confronted by costumed vigilantes. Doctors say it is too soon to tell if the

encounter will permanently affect Mat-

thew.