

Capital punishment

This is an issue that continues to stir up controversy whenever it is mentioned. Is it right? Does it really work? Will it ever be re-instated?

We don't know. But our opinion is this: kill them off. Yes, it's that simple. We all know that the courts are letting convicted murderers out for weekends with their girlfriends, where they often mass-murder innocent citizens wholesale.

But is it that easily done? No, we say! Simply killing these people by hanging or other humanitarian methods is too good for them. After all, murder in the bible is described as the worst crime that man can commit, next to bad-mouthing your mother.

How then can we punish these people, taking into account the fact that an example must be set for those who might follow in their footsteps, especially the young people who are impressionable and are exposed (though certainly not through us) to the glamorization of criminals like Sirhan and Corona?

A torture so terrible that it defies description must be found to serve as a deterrent to these criminals. This torture could be one of several we can think of.

The despicable criminal could be bored to death, for example. As we have on no uncertain terms a knowledge in this area that is surpassed by few in this area, we can say for certain that this would be a most painful way to go. In fact, our printing company, dual-a-press, has already printed up a limited amount of demonstration copies, called Pacific Advocates, that are available only to certified law officers and officials, who wear special, rose-tinted protective glasses.

Another method of killing off this human wastage is by tickling them to death. This is not as funny as it first seems. The sound of a hardened criminal giggling himself to death would be a magnificent deterrent to all young people considering a career in law-breaking. Also, it could benefit the government monetarily, as it could be sold to such TV shows as "the Soupy Sales comedy hour" to be used as laugh tracks.

You may be saying to yourself, "self, aren't they advocating lowering their standards down to the level of the very people they're trying to punish?"

This is such a stupid argument that we feel that it isn't even worth answering. In fact, we just brought it up to show that we always look at both sides of the argument.

Don't get the idea we are only upset about murderers. No, the cancer of crime is spreading to all facets of society.

At the first sign of criminal tendencies the suspected quasi-criminal should be fire branded on the right cheek with a mark of "BAD GUY". This would make policemen's jobs easier, as they would know who committed any crimes by rounding up all branded men and finding them summarily guilty on the spot. This saves the trouble of hiring judges and paying the overhead on court rooms.

However, we may have gotten off the subject a little. We re-iterate: it is the innocent victims we should feel sorry for, not the criminals. If necessary we should prevent them from having children by bringing back chastity belts made of iron and locked for the rest of the criminals' lives.

Above all, capitally punish these dastardly murderers. Let them have it with everything we've got. Stop the spread of this ancient crime before it spreads.

Firmness needed

This paper has sat on the proverbial fence for some time on many issues.

You know this. We know this. The whole world knows this.

Well, the time has come, as the proverbial walrus once said, for us to take a stand. Just as every man must stand up for his rights; just as all of us must at once time or another make our choice on something important and stick to our guns; just as all great men have fought for their ideals; just as the boy stood on the burning deck; just as the Cleaner must put its foot down and for better or worse state an opinion.

In this province one of the biggest issues of the day is the fact that there are two languages spoken by its inhabitants. What with English speaking organizations and Acadian groups teeing off at each other, things seem to be getting hot.

Now we realize as much as everyone that there are two sides to every issue, the right side and the side we are forced to print.

We believe that the time has come to discuss the issue openly. All men should have a democratic right to speak out. On an issue this important we feel that it is the duty of a responsible newspaper like the Cleaner to make its self heard.

Should the Acadians have the right to go about their way of life and communicate in the language of their choice or should English Canadians be forced to speak the language of their choice.

We say emphatically YES. Critics be silenced. We have spoken.

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Death tragic

A great woman has died. With tears in our eyes we noticed that one of the all time great stars of Hollywood had died while reading our teletype machine.

Her career began ten years ago, when she starred in a TV show named after her with a boy named Timmy. Although there was a scandal concerning the way she was discovered in Shrafin's Drug Store, her career shot up like the proverbial shooting star.

Everything she touched turned to gold, and soon all the eligible suitors in Hollywood flocked around her. Although many of them were described by her as real "dogs."

About this time her series fell through and she lived a secluded life until some time ago when she launched a new TV series which she stars in with a variety of handsome forest rangers. Although hints of marriage continued almost daily, the various forest rangers refused to comment, except to say that she was the Mae West of TV.

Until her death she served as an inspiration to all the members of our family, because of her manners and quiet dignity.

Yes, we'll all miss that great woman, Lassie. Gone, but not forgotten, may she have an even happier life in "dog heaven."

Lassie is survived by one brother, Rin Tin Tin, one sister who at an early age left home and was never heard of again, and her father Scamp.

The alliance

As the unholy alliance in Ottawa between the New Democrats and the Liberals continues, all good men must ask themselves "What is to become of this country?"

The treacherous Trudeau, with the aid of his cunning comrade, David Lewis, clings to power. The menace of creeping socialism haunts the political scene.

Some have gone as far as to suggest that because the Liberals won the most seats in the last election, they have a right to govern. Rubbish.

There is only one solution to this dilemma. The tyrannic rule of Trudeau must be ended and the Conservative party must assume power. Only one man, however, can restore the rightful government. We have that man.

John Diefenbaker.

Decent citizens of this country will recall with distaste how this great man was purged of his party's leadership a few scant years ago, the result of a plot by the treacherous Dalton Cramp. This was the sort of gratitude Cramp had for a man who for years defended all that was good.

We must have Mr. Diefenbaker back. Now. God save the Queen.

The Real Story Behind The Dickie-Charlie Feud: It's All Here In My New Book

By DALTON TENT

"The ideal of politics is to screw the bastard as soon as you're in power to make sure that he who screws first, screws longest and terminally, politically speaking." Dalton 1967 after the defeat of the Chief at the battle of the Little Big Bananas.

I have often said (and repeated myself) that young Dick is and was the first of a new kind of provincial politician. Young and academic, he is intellectually honest, blended with a poorly developed political morality which I have succeeded in manipulating with some degree of relish.

Now Dick had a thorn in his side when he took power, several in fact, but the root bush of the thorns was this half crazy, half breed from the north shore of New Brunswick. He was, to quote myself, of the old corrupt intellectual school of politics. But he did get elected and as a senior party member Dick was required to give him a cabinet position. I jetted into Fredericton on my way to my beautiful cottage at the Lake (I like it there) and explained to Dick that the next thing to do was make Charlie minister of tourism and that I would see that my agency would keep an eye on what he did.

We both thought he would do well in the job and would be out of the way. I mean what can a guy do with a small insignificant department? After all, all Charlie had done before was bankrupt the party when he was leader but he almost won the election too. His only other claim to fame was convincing the government to build a bridge across some river up north between Quebec and New Brunswick.

So what's in a bridge? It was a bridge that brought Charlie to national fame and it would be another bridge

that would bring Charlie to national shame for a charge of spending too much money. (If you think Charlie spends money you should have a peek at the budget Lorne dishes out.)

Dick had to do something about the thorns in his side. My solution was to place everybody that had been loyal to Charlie in cabinet posts knowing full well that mother nature would take care of most of them as they lived high on the hog and the blood pressure. I will say in passing that Stewart is a tough old nut. He changes cabinet posts as often as Zsa Zsa Gabor changes husbands.

We put Charlie's supporters like Brenda up on the front benches where Dick and I could keep an eye on them. She doesn't care much for delicate and intellectual political leaders.

Nevertheless we pressed on while Charlie spun a web of empires up around the city of Fredericton.

Jokingly, I told Dick once on my way from the lake to the big lights, that he need not worry about Charlie until he started building up a mobile army like Moshe Dyan in Israel. I was no sooner visiting my mansion in rural Toronto when Dick phoned in great agitation. He had just seen his first tan and brown mobile unit connected by phone with headquarters in Campbellton.

The situation looked serious. I deduced from the color scheme to expect a move from Charlie's forces in the fall. (It would stand to reason that if he planned a spring manoeuvre he would have painted the cars tree green.)

It looked serious. I immediately moved back to Grand Lake.

We began to monitor the movement of the mobile units to ascertain what they were doing.

It became apparent as the tourists flocked the highways that Charlie had a success brewing but the disturbing news was that tourism's

mobile units had disappeared from the highways and no one had sighted the cars in days. As the days stretched into weeks Dick's normal ebullient appearance became death like.

Just at that time his mother started kicking up a fuss too. Dick was a man under extreme pressure and I worried about him. What was Charlie doing? Who was stirring up his mother? We hadn't had a complaint on the conduct of the government for some two months. (How could she, we hadn't done anything anyway.)

The Opposition was at fault. The Liquor Control Commission members had ten year contracts and were hard to replace with loyal party members. What was happening was that areas that never before petitioned or dared to petition for liquor licenses were falling over themselves and the local clergy to get in applications for liquor stores and licensed dining rooms in the St. John River Valley. (I used to joke about how it should be called dry gulch but not the brooks were running with liquor outlets.) Damn those Liberals, anyway.

Every Monday morning, after the latest recount of how the evil cancer of drunkenness and sodomy were coming to Hartland or Woodstock in the Sunday morning and evening service of the local churches, Dick's mother would hit the phone or the rug in his office demanding that he take some action to protect the moral code of his friends and childhood neighbours. Once the deed was done, Dick would come out of hiding and begin to answer his phone again.

Well after this period of quiet Dick was lulled into thinking that all was well in old Hartland.

He didn't really know because he never dared go back there since they opened the tavern in Woodstock. Rumour had it that early morning

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING that within you rages an eternal war of wills; a constant, incessant conflict of appeals from the idealistic dreams and long-remembered pleasures of the past, which engendered by an atmosphere imbued with memories of irreconcilable pleasures of the past, which transform themselves into hopes for the future, wild, imaginative, alluring, yet often as not absurd in their inaccessibility, as opposed to the realization that one's existence of present circumstance is necessary, though often the present seems overpoweringly characterized by drabness, mundanity, and, by times, periods of depression and despair which causes conscious thought to shimmer, blur and, eventually, lapse back into idealism?

Well I do. And let me tell you—it feels weird!!!!!!

'Disgruntled Citizen'

Dear Sir:

Recently several letters have appeared condemning the youth of Marysville for being "hippies, louts, vagabonds and-or vandals (the latter not to be confused with "The Vandals" — a nomadic, war-like, Germanic peoples who wrestled North Africa from the Roman Empire in 430 under Gaiseric the Lame). I am a Marysville youth and take strong exception to such loose talk. I and all the other young people around here have as much on the ball, as far as brains and common sense goes, as any of the adults in town.

So all I have to say to those people who seem to have a dislike for the youth is if you don't stop attacking us and we find out who has been writing all those letters, we might just burn your house down.

'Marysville Youth'

Dear Sir:

I am presently at work on a project which may need some assistance from people all over the Maritimes. I am trying to decide which general area of the Maritimes I should settle in. So, I'm asking any individual who has the inclination, to write me and tell me the merits of living in his particular sector or province of the area.

You see, I'm basically a quiet guy — I don't want alot

of noise or fanfare or attention. I'll be bringing in a few dollars with me, employing a few people and I'll really be no bother. I've already made a few purchases of land but I can't decide where to set up. And that's why I need someone's help. So if you would like to have me around, feel free to drop me a line telling why you think I'd like it there. Thanks ever so much.

Humbly yours,

Howard Hughes

P.S. I've already promised the premiers of the two provinces which in the end I'll decide I don't want to live in, that their provinces will be sold back to them (at a reasonable price) as soon as I've made my final decision.

Dear Sir:

I have been following with interest the recent conflict of opinion between the young people and adults of Marysville.

I am 45 years old and have lived in Marysville all my life. I find I must agree with those who express distaste with the actions of some of the youth here. For the most part, they're nothing but a pack of hippies, louts, vagabonds and-or vandals. Furthermore, because they haven't had anything to say so far in response to the attacks aimed at them, I think they're a bunch of spineless toadies.

In fact, I am the person who wrote all those other letters and if any of those punks want to make an issue of the thing, they can come see me at my place — 1953 1/2 Canada Street. It's a big white house — made out of wood.

'Marysville Adult'

Dear Sir:

It is apparent the youth and oldsters of Marysville don't like each other.

Well, I live in Devon and have lived here all my life. When I was in my teens I went to a dance in Marysville one night and a bunch of the local lads, hammered the shit out of me because I wasn't a townie. They were Marysville youths then but they're Marysville adults now.

So, I don't like anybody from Marysville no matter how old they are.

'Marysville Hater'