

Something wrong in NB

It is January 1980 in New Brunswick, and something is definitely awry. What is it?...What the hell is wrong here? There is definitely something not organic about what has been happening around here lately-on this everyone will agree. Sure, you've had a nice little holiday with Nanny, and Auntie and Gramps loafing around the mistletoe and all that, but please, good sir, let us get back to reality!

The new Athletik Front and the Alternate Life Society have not had a joyous restful holiday...while the whole damn world has been "rockin on" we have been engaged in some pretty heady research into just what is not right in New Brunswick today. Sure, have another glass of "Newfie Screech" with Uncle Mo, down another glass of Bright's President with Aunt Tilly...you don't give a flying forget-me-not about the bad vibes that are going around. And they ARE going around...and do you want to know what's causing these vibes? Whereas some people will go on about economics and politricks, our organization have come to the conclusion that this malaise has been caused by something much more real than any of these man-made fabrications...where in god's name is the snow?... What is going on here...Who are you...What do you want...

No, seriously though, let us address the problem at hand. There is and has been a great shortage of snow for not days, not months, but for years...for years this has been going on! You look at the old pictures of Fredricktown and what do you see?...You see happy red-cheeked children being pulled along goddamn King Street on a sled by their family. St. Bernard "Sir W"...You saw your neighborhood mailman deliver your mail on full-fledged snowshoes!! And this wasn't some Eaton's promo trip...He needed the goddam things to get the mail to your house!!! Dad used to be out at 5:30 in the morning shovelling out the driveway in time for mom to make her hairdressing appointment at a "quarter to nine" on the other side of town. Now the only thing that Dad does at 5:30 in the morning is take another Sominex and reset the alarm for 8:15 at which time he'll have to fact the cruel drizzle of the modern New Brunswick winter. As the kids are scratching around the pavement with their new Christmas bobsled, Mom finishes off another mickey of gin as she tries to think of another way she can get them out of the bloody house, away from the world of WKRP.....

Snow...winter...Canada...all these words go together, right? Wrong. Dead Wrong. It is January 7 and there lieth not an inch of snow upon the ground; in fact as I write these words it's raining goddamit!! And its not even RAIN!!! Ha-Ha-Ha-hee-hee-hee-ho-ho-ho...It's raining in January and it's not...even...rain...it's acid...Damn acid....

Bastards!!...And do you know who "they" are? Well we have found out. Who can argue with the

hard, cold facts of chemical engineering? Who? So we sought the expert knowledge of a qualified man around the university. This man is involved in a controversial design for a plywood mill that would wash the final product in a coating of grease thus eliminating the need for transportation by energy consuming motorized trucks.

He said to us, ...just look to the air...and there you will find particulons and methyl mercapstans...look at Mactaquac...check out spray...oh, yeah, Nackawic... By piecing these bits of knowledge together it became obvious what is happening...Fifteen miles down the valley from Nackawic lies the sleepy hamlet of Long' creek...we thought it a perfect place to interview local residents on what they thought was responsible for the recent weather changes in the area. The response was like a nightmarish echo "...Nackawic...Nucleus...Mactaquac...Nackawic..."..... We took the observations back to the expert.

Finally the theory unfolded. In layman/women's terms it is simply this: Particles spewed into the air from these Kraft pulp mills combine with the extensive water vapor formed from the raising of the headpond. Water droplets then form on either side of these foreign particles (or pariculars). As a result of this, the water molecules cannot join together to provide the necessary mass for the average snowflake. Thus, with the continued pull of gravity the water molecules fall, forming what we all know too well by now...Rain...Acid Rain...Well, then after you've digested that little piece of engineering small-talk, "What? ...you might ask, ...is being done about all this?...Doesn't anybody know about this?...Where are the enquiries...."

To answer these questions we contacted key people in the very boudoirs of New Brunswick justice. Words such as "corruption," "cronysim", "old-boys", "payola", and "elections" won on "hot air" abounded. The cycle is now complete: Nackawic and Mactaquac = no snow, election years = hot air = no snow and "Tories" ...everywhere. No man in the world can be lured to be President of a once prestigious eastern university because NOBODY WANTS TO LIVE HERE!!! What does the world now that we don't about Mactaquac...Nackawic?...Wake up N.B.!!!!!!

The New Athletik Front and the Alternate Life Society have combined efforts at Long's Creek to research this article.

We do this time and money consuming research voluntarily and without obligation because we have the community's interest at heart. You be the judge...Nackawic...Mactaquac...No Snow...the bastards....

The New Athletik Front
The Alternate Life Society
= Long's Creek Chapter



"That's very close, Scott."

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