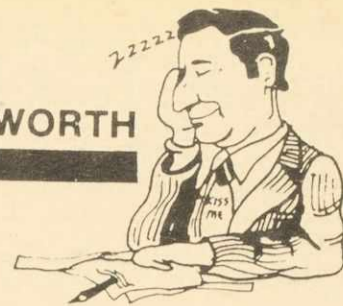


# A BASS ACKWARDS LOOK AT POLITICS

SAL HOLLOSWORTH



By SAL HOLLOSWORTH

My strange but dear friend Selby Strawbridge had a few words of wisdom for me, back in the Korea when we were POW's waiting for the commies to do away with us. Old Hairy never did make it out of the hell hole, by the way, and we're probably better for it today. He was a lippy sort, but occasionally he said something that made sense. "Weird Sal," he said, just before I turned him in as a Korean army insurrec-

tionist in exchange for my freedom, "politics is a horse's arse."

Well, only I know for sure if Hairy actually said that before they started biological experiments on him, but I do know now that the words, whether or not I made them up, ring true. I haven't closely examined a horse's posterior myself, although I have looked in a mirror. I also figure I've studied the Liberal party enough to make a pretty fair anatomical com-

parison.

The Grits are in a real horse race these days, what with my buddies Vince McMuffin and Jimmy Cowhand coming down to the leadership wire. Seems like Cowhand's polls say Cowhand's got the edge right now, but McMuffin has some all-important free booze functions scheduled this week, which might swing a few Grits, and maybe even some young Tories, over to his camp. There's nothing like

hammered delegates for saying everything's rosy.

That's the problem with the Liberals. Even though they throw good parties, you know they don't have a clue about policy. They just pick and choose from the scraps of whichever other party they think is more popular. The end result comes out looking like so much horse poop, to keep with the horse's-derrier theory.

I went to school with both Cowhand and McMuffin, actually,

back in the days just before Johnny MacLennan Buchanan, or just after Korea, somewhere in there. Of course, McMuffin actually grew up in Cape Breton and Cowhand Halifax or somewhere, but I was actually a best friend of both of them. Have I ever lied to you before?

Well, McMuffin was a bit of a spoiled kid for a Cape Bretoner. And he always used to use as big words as possible, like "thoroughbred anal sphincter" for you-

know-what, I guess that's why he became a teacher, instead of a wonderful journalist like Yours Truly. I know big words, but I also know better than to use them on whoever reads this newspaper.

Cowhand was your typical lawyer from day one. He learned early how to vibrate his vocal chords without even rippling his cerebellum. (Sorry about the big word). I remember one day on the sandlot he started talking about us kids taking a "fresh

approach to issues that affect all Nova Scotians." I knew right then he was going to be a lousy drinking buddy.

I'm not too sure which one of these candidates the soused delegates are going to coronate (or is that "crown"? ) this week. It may come down to the speeches, God forbid. If so, I won't be around to hear them.

I'll be in one of the hospitality suites, toasting to bass-ackward politics.

## Students to sell drugs

by MATT MANLESS

Student unemployment will be forever eradicated as a government make-work programme finally sees the light of day, said employment minister Floral MacDonut.

"It's probably the most radical yet profitable example of Red Toryism. It can't be compared to anything in Canada's past. It is truly on the vanguard," she said.

The new employment scheme put simply entails the legalizing of marijuana and hashish.

"From there, the students completely take over and man everything from shipping and distributing to advertising and retail sales. It will be managed by Canadian students all the way," said MacDonut.

In a rare interview, Queen Elizabeth told the Daily Nuisance that she was impressed.

"I'm extremely pleased to see part of the Commonwealth doing something to help its people. Especially after South Africa has marred the Commonwealth image of a proper class-based society."

Premier Hatfelt came up with the idea, and it was headed up under the auspices of the Beercannon government.

"Dick didn't want to have to much to do with it publicly so it was transferred over to me. I immediately put it to a committee," said Beercannon.

This was done so it would be ready for presentation to the federal government at the National First Ministers Conference held in Halifax last December.

I realized that Nova Scotia was shunned nationally when I accepted the cuts," said Beercannon. "But that was because the agreement had been made. I knew we wouldn't need the grants, with this new employment plan. Because I went so easy on Brian I expect Nova Scotia will be looked on very favourably when the programme is implemented."

"The amount of tax revenue that will be accrued will allow Canada to finally get on with things of real concern like building a good sized fleet of nuclear armed ice-

breakers," said Dr. Graham Johns, who was actually an admiral during the Korean war.

Although the monetary benefits to be gained by the students will be so great that they will probably never have to take out another loan again, and one in three will have a house and car by the time they graduate, there are some bad points to the employment scheme.

"We expect an exponential increase in gang-style murders," said Mad Max Keeper, newly promoted Chief of National Security. "This project is treading into the big leagues where they play hardball. Canadian students will be entering a field where the competition is the Mafia and Satan's Angels."

Dalhousie University, in keeping with Canada's new tradition of being on the vanguard, hopes to alleviate this problem by offering new courses such as "Playing Hardball with the Mafia" and "Identifying New Markets and Living to Tell About Them."

There is some opposition to the new plan, called Jobs for Everyone '86.

"I think it will be a real thorn in the side of free trade," said Minister of Supply and Service Stew Minkkenus. "For sure, some of the stuff will find its way across the border and Congress won't like that at all. I don't know what I'll do if it comes down to a choice."

## Sleepee is a druggee!!

by LEDGE BOOTLEGGER

The chief executive officer of a prominent pharmaceutical company has been fired in case you didn't understand our weird headline.

Yes, Howard B. Sleepee, 53, president of the Biggee Druggee Company, was given the old walking papers yesterday when incontrovertible evidence was procured to the effect that Sleepee, called Howie by his buddies, had been siphoning profits by snorting cocaine.

Sleepee was found crouched on the ceiling of his downtown Halifax executive office, screaming in a high-pitched voice that he was from a Steve Spielberg movie.

The cocaine is usually packed under the label of Biggee Druggee's Footsie Magic foot powder and sold for \$10,000 per 500-gram container.

Biggee Druggee officials denied all knowledge that their president had an addiction, but one executive assistant admitted seeing "several cartons of 'ludes'" stashed in Sleepee's personal filing cabinet.

The assistant didn't want his identity revealed, but the Daily Nuisance knows his name in case he doesn't come through. (We know you know what we mean, and we know you want to keep your job, Mr. "executive assistant".)

## WEEKDAY OPENINGS

by MARMALADE WHEATIES

The question of weekday openings has reared its ugly head once again. The debate over whether or not stores should be permitted to open on weekdays was brought up in council last night.

John Q. Public, a resident of the downtown core, spoke out against the openings.

"It just isn't right. If you allow the stores to

open on weekdays it will create massive traffic problems, vast employment, and litter."

Meg A. Buks, owner of a large restaurant chain, was at the meeting to support the weekday openings.

"To realize an enormous profit margin, weekday opening is a must. There are almost always people on the street, and they must have somewhere to go

and spend their hard-earned money during the week.

"Weekday openings will open up so many new opportunities for thieves, beggars, and politicians. For these reasons alone I can't understand why we should not go through with it." After a few more minutes of work council adjourned until the spring recess.

## REVENGE

by SHIPPIN MOOR

At 7 p.m. last night the experimental rats in the fifth floor of the Psychology Department at Dalhousie University broke out of their cages and took several students, professors, and lab assistants hostage.

An hour after the initial incident, the Daily Nuisance received a phone call from the chief instigator of the uprising, who gave us the rats' demands. They included larger cages, no electrical floors, right to organize unions, and Sundays off.

Sam Linew, president of the Dalhousie Association of Psychology Students, says it's definitely strange but could yield some beneficial results. "The data and insight we can gather from something like this is enormous and can't be overlooked. We can get eye movement data from the overhead security cameras as well as large-

scale maze results when the rats try to leave the department and the LSC."

"I can understand the floors and the unions but I really question how well accepted larger cages and Sundays off will be," said Linew.

The rats have given 5 p.m. Friday as their deadline after which

they will blindfold their hostages and one by one release them into the LSC.

So far university and police officials have been forced to remain on the outside of the building because of treacherous walking conditions though there is some rumor that they attempted going through the Science Library.

## Dead Dog...

eral was small," says Mrs. Hound!. "Only Lassoo's closest friends and relatives could come," she says.

After the funeral Hare was called to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dane in Port Dufferin. Their dog, Sammy, was found dead on the sidewalk near their house.

"Sammy appears to

have jumped out of the window because of his grief over Lassoo's death," says Hare. "This gutless murderer is probably laughing to himself right now for killing two dogs with one stone," he says.

Lassoo's murderer has not been found as of yet but the police are still investigating.

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