



THE HALIFAX HORRID LIMITED

Publishers of the Chronically Horrid and The Mail Scar

The Chronically-Horrid and the Mail Scar sit on top of the Atlantic Provinces' progress and development and are dedicated to the service of our owners that good causes shall lack a champion and that wrong shall thrive unopposed.

The Chronically-Horrid and the Mail Scar, first published as Body Politic in the gay nineties, are members of the Halifax Board of Tirade and the Chamber of Commerce.

Holycommune

This paper believes in freedom of religion, and not just for Christians—for your Jews and your Catholics, too. Now some people will point out that the Jews killed God and that the Catholics are giving the democratic government of South Africa a hard time—a government that is bending over backwards to give the Blacks what they want, even to the point of giving them their own place on the bus and their own special washrooms. But we say we must be tolerant and let these religions worship anyway.

However, we must draw the line somewhere. Where, you ask? We'll tell you where. At these wierdo religions, like that one behind that massacre in Nirvana last month. We understand that this People's Temple was a Communist Front, which doesn't surprise us at all. Not at all. As soon as we heard about it, we knew right away it was the work of the Commies.

Now we must ask ourselves how many of these other wierdo religions are really just commie fronts. Unbelievable, you say? Let's look at a couple of them.

The Jehosah's Witnesses, for example. We understand they say it is against their religion to testify in court. Now just what the hell kind of witness is that? We leave it to you.

Then there is the Moonies. They say the Reverend Moon from Korea is God incarnated. That's right. God on earth. Now we all know God isn't Korean, so who is this man? Just maybe a commie sent here to subvert what makes us here so strong. Of course we're talking about the Christian Church and the Free Enterprise System.

So there you have it. We must be tolerant, but we must be very suspicious. Or some day we might be worshipping in a Communist Church.

Crazy Chimps

This newspaper has just learned it was released three months ago in Ottawa that money from the United Church of Canada went to gorillas in South Africa. The charge has the Church on the defensive. When asked by this newspaper whether some wierdo animal worshippers had infiltrated the Church, an official answered with a suspicious "no comment."

But apparently these are no ordinary gorillas. According to our sources these animals can strangely enough use guns, and money from the Church has reportedly been used for these arms. Most likely trained by Communists in Angola and Mozambique, roving bands of these gorillas have been attacking towns and cities in Rhodesia. Our sources speculate the communists are trying to subvert the stable government in Rhodesia by using these crazed creatures and turn the country over to the blacks, whose extremist leaders have even asked for the vote.

They have given names to two of the gorilla leaders. One is called Nkomo and the other Mugabe, which are probably biological Latin names.

This is further evidence of how devious and treacherous the communists are. They complain about a civilized weapon like the neutron bomb at the S.A.L.T. talks while they train crazed gorillas to attack decent white Christians trying to defend democracy.

Dollars and Nonsense

by Dim Light

As I was hobnobbing with Halifax industrialist Ralph Upchuck the other Day I noticed what is really making our economy go around. And that's people working. If people can not work then they will not have any money to spend and that will put other people out of work.

So why aren't people working when there are all these jobs around. One of the honourable gentlemen who run these great newspapers said he had three jobs available for the summer washing his car.

And then you go down to Manpower and see grown men standing around not doing anything but looking at the notice boards.

Why aren't people working? Well I was hanging around the Halifax Board of Tirade the other day and one noted Haligonian told me it's because there is too much government intervention in the economy. And that's what I say too. Government is government and that's what politicians do. Business is Business and that's what business men do.

On another keen insight into our economy I will try to outline (for the 32nd time) how the gold standard operates. But maybe that will be tomorrow.

One could not help noticing the other day on these great newspaper's sports pages that Bill Hoggson wants to have a Canadian Football Franchise in this city. Speaking from my business perspective I think it is a great idea. We don't have a stadium but we can get one after they put the sound system in the Metro Centre.

Bill Hoggson's record as an aggressive owner and shrewd football man would make him ideal for filling Metro sports entertainment needs.

His ability in marketing the Argos these past few years should qualify him as the man to bring bug time spots to Metro.

And that's what this area of the country needs. More big time entrepreneurs from developed areas.

I'll be the first to admit that I don't much about football but I lived in Ontario and I know alot about business.



Picturesque Lunenburg County after Nowater Mercy finished their lumber harvest.

Small talk

by Shirley Tellus

That great Halifax hostess Sally Ann is gearing up for a record spring season. As thoughts of sunning by the Commission come to mind, my friends and contacts tell me they are warmed by the prospect of another busy social calendar.

The Got-it-again Street belle is so popular she literally has to beat the party goers from her portals. sort of a Halifax version of Studio 54. . .

But because of my press pass, I always get in—besides, Sally's brother Hank at the door is just a regular sweet guy and passes on the best social details.

Well the season got off to a rousing start with the annual wake mourning the end of the winter parking ban. Parties are such fun—they provide a nice opportunity to see old friends and meet new ones.

Knuckles and Sam are back from Dorchester and the gang was sure glad to see them. Their wives are away in Acapulco with two men from Moncton, but the guy's conversation was still laced with the same old pepper and larceny.

Scarlet and Ruby looked beautiful in their new mink coats. "Just up to the same old tricks," they said. Both have been seeing a lot of a new man in town named John. Funny, I haven't met him yet. But, they've pledged to introduce him the next time they meet him head on. Such a promise is hard to swallow.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake N. Enter told me the other day they were so glad to be on the loose again. A busy season in Sackville kept them tied up for six months. "We never had a free moment, Shirl, but we did manage to say hello to your nephew."

It was great to see Mr. and Mrs. Margin L. DeKline, their daughters Sheila, Wilma B., and half-son Willie.

Johnny (Cash) Johnson, owner of the Old Navy Tavern and Rubdown, Cousin Juicy's, and president of the Metro Board of Tourism, said business was far from slack. Tourists began the season full of enthusiasm,

and it was only later that they began to droop.

It's always a shame when a nice party has to end. Sally Ann had this type of party; her friends are such nice, interesting, nice people.

SHORT STROKES

Halifax bookmaker E.Z. Bett and his wife U. Wanda entertained about 75 of their friends (Joe Lawyer Sr. had the lucky ticket #75 to win the cash draw) at the Faith of Our Fathers Hall. Holiday parties are such fun—they provide an opportunity to see old friends and meet new ones.

Harry and Irene Hosebagger are back from Crab Island. Harold was buggy about the place and is itching to return. But Irene swears the hospitality wasn't up to scratch.

Dr. Mel Practice has officially opened up another clinic for women on the run—you wouldn't believe the beautiful coats of the hangers-on. Dr. Mel was resplendent in an olive green suit and boots, a fetching cap of the same hue, and a red polka dot vest. a man of high aspirations, Dr. Mel has come a long way from his days as a vacuum cleaner salesman.

Count R. Fitt just returned from a weekend in the south—(Sambro, I think it was) with his daughter Willa who said her father gambled for consistently high stakes. However, he insists he really didn't lose a cent. Count and Miss Fitt were joined at the Last Resort Bar and Grill by their English cousins H. Will Fit, and the rich English nobleman Sir Fitt. (They say he met the Queen once, lucky stiff).

NOTE TO READERS

Let me remind you that should your lovely hostess or lovely host (hee, hee) be too bashful to tell me all the nice news about the latest party or affair, just give me a ring. You can count on me to ferret out the details with my dulcet telephone manner.

Maketime Canada

by Pitter Nearburg
Looking out for the past!

Movement for Maritime Movement

Although the federal government considers national unity as an issue in the impending general election they have moved little towards ending the economic ills of the nation. Canada is under the weather, there is no doubt about it. Something must be done before we lose it all. Action must be taken.

Here in the Maritimes we have the Movement for Maritime Movement to see that the proper action is taken in our behalf. Afterall we can take care of ourselves. The Movement's aim is simple—move everyone from the Maritimes to the tiny south Atlantic islands of Turks and Caicos. Its reasoning is simple.

Just consider the facts behind the cause. To mention a few, if all Maritimers are re-located to the land of sun for the winter months just think of the reduction in oil costs for the eastern coast. Then there will be the diminishing costs of hydro-electric power that plague these lands of lobster and salmon.

The problem with the unemployed could easily be taken care of. Rather than have the poor dejected, rejected man on the street, he/she could be lying in the sun bagging some rays. How about that? Then just think of the problems that would be eliminated from this program! The feds could have all their worries dissolve in these tiny islands of everlasting sunshine.

And what about the benefits of the presence of Canadians to the local inhabitants. They will benefit from all of us. Rather than have an economy based on coconuts, they can change to making sure everyone gets coconuts in the bars and clubs, without losing a penny in the devaluation of the dollar. A far better idea than sunning your nose in Florida.

A must in the inter-culture transfer of ideas will be a language barrier, which will hinder on how fast the easterners will be able to teach the essential "No, no, no, yes, yes, no" to the masses.

And we must consider the senior citizens of the region. Some of these poor people haven't had a movement in months and I'm sure they would welcome the opportunity.

Thus the case for action through the Movement for Maritime Movement has been presented. Just think folks, if accepted this new province would be more fun than a weekend in Fundy National Park!

Graham Wafer, publisher of THE CHRONICALLY HORRID and THE MAIL SCAR, is pleased to announce the appointment of Harold Fay as director of public relations and/or espionage for two of Gargoyle Street's great newspapers. A man of versatile and nasal temperament, Mr. Fay is well known in newspaper circles for being 100 per cent in favor of the beliefs of those to whom he is speaking at that moment.

Graham Wafer, publisher of THE CHRONICALLY HORRID and THE MAIL SCAR, is pleased to announce the appointment of Fred Bounce as regent and owner-apparent of THE HALIFAX HORRID LIMITED. Mr. Bounce, publisher of THE FOULMOUTH FREE PRESS, has been general manager of glad handing and back alley pranks for THE HALIFAX HORRID LIMITED for about three years (or as long as anyone still in the newsroom can remember).

Have you punched a frog for Nova Scotia today?