



The Chronically-Horrid and the Male-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.

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Man on the watch

by Deuce Holey

Silence broken as veteran unwinds

First I thought of writing a letter to the editor. Then I realized he's a transvestite and doesn't take much to short people.

I have finally decided to end my 60-year silence on the time of the cessation of hostilities in World War I. Officially, it seems the time of the peace was 11 a.m. November 11, 1918. I think that's incorrect, by about one year and 10 minutes.

Whether there was so much general confusion at the time (and that's understandable to anyone who remembers there was a World Series game that morning) that nobody actually caught the correct time and later decided that an official timing should be set for the history books, is a matter of opinion. The idea might be sound but, it seems to me, the timing is wrong.

I remember the end of the fighting. Sure I was young then but old enough to realize something most unusual had occurred. After all, the White Sox had won 88 games that year and were favored to win the 1919 World Series against Cincinnati. Instead of trying to confuse you, I should begin at the beginning.

Although I am primarily a sports reporter, I am first and always a newspaperman. Most of my time has been spent in the sports department, but some of it at home and in the general news department. As a newspaperman I try to keep abreast of things and note events that might elude the average eye.

On the day the fighting ended, I was listening to the radio broadcast of the eighth game of the Series (they played a best out of nine then).

I knew something was wrong when Hans Schmidt (no relative to Bill), who had been firing at me in our isolated pitch battle for the past year, started to cheer for Cincinnati.

We had agreed to halt shooting during the broadcast and for ten minutes following.

In those days, it was extremely important to be on time. Since all my fighting mates and Hans' buddies had mysteriously left the trenches Nov. 11, the previous year, I had to be sure my pit stops and other distractions were completed during our scheduled breaks.

As I recall so vividly, the morning break was at 11 a.m. to 11:10 a.m. It was the ninth inning with Shoeless Joe Jackson at the bat and the Sox trailing



Deuce Holey

by a mere 10-5 and me squatting over the trench pit. Amid the suspense, the game was rudely interrupted by some fairy muttering something about the war being over.

So it always occurred to me that the peace came after 11 a.m. because I never would have let Hans catch me with my pants down early.

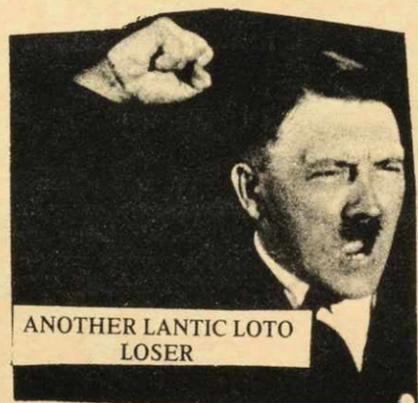
If I can trust my memory, I had mixed emotions at the time because when the baseball telecast resumed, the White Sox had been retired and Hans was screaming for the 4,000,000 mark wager I'd just lost.

Since the end of the hostilities 60-years ago there have many stories written, and many tales told of that particular time. Not to mention the thousands of Cenotaph services, which to my reckoning were conducted 10 minutes too early. And all those premature two-minute silences.

I have kept my silence all these years because if I talked people might think I had conceived an idea that was out of line. Then, only the other day, a person I didn't know then but know well now, said, out of the blue: "The time wasn't 11 a.m. but about 10 minutes later."

Over the years a few people I know have mentioned casually that they weren't convinced the so-called "official" time was correct. And, since the thought, perhaps conviction, has been with me all these years, I finally decided to break my silence.

An what the heck, I'm going to go for broke—There should have an inquiry into that scandalous World Series. I think it was fixed and I'm going to track down Hans and get my money back.



ANOTHER LANTIC LOTO LOSER

Lanticloto

"DO I QUIT BECAUSE I LOSE . . . NO WAY!!!"

R. Sole was just one of thousands that lost in last month's LANTIC LOTO DRAW. Asked if consistently losing ever got him discouraged. Mr. Sole said, No Way. This is a democracy Man and that's what it's all about. The only losers are the quitters."

Faking Facts

by Huge Townsend

Weather you knew it or not

This is just one of those rare days when a columnist even an experienced one such as myself, finds it difficult to run the tired young fingers over the iron keyboard of a black and silver Royal typewriter, Model 244-1976, standard, and come up with a fresh idea.

Well, I'm quite sure that my many loyal readers will forgive old Huge when he uses this particular column to touch base with a number of very interesting topics.

First, I think I should perhaps analyse why my mind finds it difficult to work today. First, I think I should perhaps analyse why my mind finds it difficult to work today.

First, it is the time of the year that winter is upon us. It has been for several months and should stay for a number of weeks yet. Every year at this time it is winter, even in New Glasgow where I was born and where I first met Lowell MacDonald.

Winter is evident because of the cold weather and snow. Once it goes we should not be misled because sometimes it fools us and comes back.

Anyway, because it is winter, my mind sometimes does not work too good. It gets dark earlier than in summer, even though the days are now getting longer. Dark days makes it difficult to have your mind working.

Perhaps a second reason for my mind not working as well as it usually does is because the Metro Centre is now open.

You see, all my life I have really loved sports and sports writing, which is what I did before my really fine boss got me to write this more general column.

So with the Metro Centre now open I again think of sports. That, of course, makes it difficult to think about more general things. Perhaps when sports events slow down at the Metro Centre this summer I will think less of sports, especially with the days longer and brighter.

I love sports. My son loves sports, but my wife does not like sports as much as us. However, she did like to watch me and my little type skate with the Voyageurs on family day. Which brings me back to Metro Centre and the memory that most of my skating with the Voyageurs happened at the old Forum where I gained the personal friendship of Al MacNeil.

Tribute to a carrier

Deuce Bozo is thirteen. He has been selling the Horrid for two years. Every morning at 4:30 AM he gets out of bed.

At 5:00 AM he's standing at the corner of Oxford and Robie Sts. selling papers. He stays there until 9:00 AM when he rushes off to school. For each paper he sells he receives one cent and he usually sells up to 10 a day in only four hours.

Not having time to eat breakfast keeps Deuce trim, unlike so many of his obese classmates.

After school he delivers the Male Scar door to door. If invited inside for milk and cookies he will case the joint for his friends Clem and Billy. If not he'll probably throw the paper through the window.

Hard work for Deuce means a profitable future for us.

The money he earns working for the Horrid and Male allows Deuce to engage in his hobbies: checkers, body painting, budworm spraying and Cathy Thewad.

But now neither Al, the Voyagers, myself or Lowell MacDonald, of New Glasgow, are at the old Forum anymore.

All which makes it difficult for my mind to work well today.

Anyways, another subject I might touch on is politics. Most of my comments in previous columns have been received with a great deal of interest by politicians and others involved in politics, and even some not interested.

It appears that there will be a provincial election sometime this year or in 1979.

My own opinion is that either Gerry Regan, whom I scouted with for the big leagues, or John Buchanan will win the election, with Jeremy Akerman third,

although first in Glace Bay.

John Buchanan I also know quite well. A native of Sydney, John was born closer to New Glasgow than Gerry Regan (Windsor), but not closer than Lowell MacDonald.

That aside, it shouldn't matter where a person lives as long as he has a car, a family, a wife and likes all forms of sports.

The key to an election victory is for one of the parties to get a majority of the seats. If not, he loses, except for Akerman who wins if he gets just one more seat.

Enough of dull old politics. I would like to touch on a number of beefs I have had recently.

1. Salt on city streets are musing up cars, especially after a snow storm. After ice is melted, the streets should be washed, making jobs for a lot of people.

2. Bill Smith should be brought back to the Horrid. He is a smart man, after all, he suggested I write this popular column rather than write about sports which I knew something about.

3. Employees fired recently by the Horrid and then brought back should again be laid off. Employees taking their employers to court should not work. Besides, the extra employees are using up office space and part of my coat rack.

Well, that is it for today. I will certainly be back to my usual self tomorrow.

He is also interested in nude reviews and hockey, in that order.

The Horrid is helping to build another strong conscientious citizen, teaching him self-reliance, initiative, and hard work.

You can help. Next time Deuce delivers your paper, say hello, smile, and invite him in for milk and cookies.



Deuce Bozo

Have you punched a frog for Nova Scotia today?