



## THE CHRONICALLY-HORRID

*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.*

*The Chronically-Horrid and the Male-Scar, First published as Body Politic in the gay Ninties, are members of the hfx. Board of Tirade and the Chamber of Horrors.*

Thursday, March 27, 1980

## Be proud-be British

Today is Canada Day. To million of loyal Canadians from coast to coast it means a day of celebraton, of pride in a land made great in a distinguished past, of hope for a future blessed with prosperity. To thousands of narrow-minded self-centered nationalists in (shudder) Quebec, it means another opportunity to gnaw at the core of what makes this country great—strong Conservative leadership, a time-honoured association with Britain and an almost fanatical obsession with the monarchy.

On this occassion we must cling ever stronger to the traditions certain factions in this country are trying to destroy. The danger is great. Reports from Quebec reveal that Union Jacks have been put into storage. "God Save the Queen" is no longer heard in classrooms and at hockey games, and papers choose to report on petty international confrontations between superpowers, bloodshed in silly little warring colonies, and the so-called energy "crisis" instead of giving the Queen Mum the extensive coverage someone of her political and social importance deserves.

This must be stopped. And be stopped it can with the right attitude, the proper dedication and the bucks put into Canada Day celebration instead of squandered in trying to appease insatiable Quebec with constitutional conferences and other wastes of taxpayers dollars.

The Quebec question was settled on the Plains of Abraham—there is no need to settle it again. Deposing the autocratic leadership of Pierre Trudeau and replacing him with the sensible intelligent policies of Joe Clark is the first step in the right direction. It is up to concerned Canadians everyone to encourage English Canada to come together in purging our society of the undesirables.

Let's face it—Lord Durham was right.

## What's the fuss?

What is all the fuss about the danger of a nuclear holocaust? For many years now this issue, like the MacDonalld Bridge toll fare and poodles urinating on Province House's front lawn, has sparked undue concern from bleeding hearts and other sorts who have not bothered to check the facts. The facts, a United States of America study recently revealed, show a nuclear holocaust would not be that bad. In the worst possible scenario half of North America would be wiped out—that could mean the atheists, large portions of unemployed youths who blacken our streets and the Parti Quebecois. It would put a fresh face on federalism. Even better, Uncle Sam would retaliate and annihilate tens of millions of Russian communists. Further, so much nuclear arsenal would be used up in massive explosions, so many people would be killed and so much technical information destroyed that we would not have to worry about another nuclear holocaust for a long time. What is all the fuss about then? Have a happy week and do something good for Nova Scotia today.

## Lord is auditor

The Lord is my accountant (contributed)

The lord is my accountant  
I shall not debit fianance  
he makes me invest in poultry  
H leadth me to solid investiment in South Africa. He  
restoreth my credit rating.  
He leads me in the path of zero base budgeting, for chargex sake.  
Even though I walk through the valley of the auditor general  
I fear no tax examination  
For thou has bought off the tax department,  
Thy lawyer and his staff  
confort me  
Thou prepares a fiancial portfolio for me  
in the presence of the R.C.MP.  
thou helps me speculate on oil  
my bank account overflows.  
Surely profit and exemptions shall follow me  
all the days of my life  
and I shall dwell in the bu house of Michelin and the bank of Nova  
Scotia  
Forever  
Amen.



Scenic view of Shangri-la ,Shelburne

## Voice of the paper

### Happy

TO THE EDITOR:  
Sirs

I work for Michelin and I think  
it's great and I am happy

I work for Michelin and I think  
it's great and I am happy

I work for Michelin and I think  
it's great and I am happy

Otto Maton,

Happy Michelin Employee

### Irate

To The Editor:

Sir, it has come to my attention and therefore I will not mention my name but my neighbors know this is true and are just as enraged as me. Just last Friday, when we were discussing post-Freudian Psychology the topic came up again.

We've had it! It's about time someone stood up and was counted in this city.

—anonymous

### Mercator

TO THE EDITOR-

Sir- Well it has finally happened. The fags, commies, hippies weirdos and Catholics and Hebs have elected Pierre Trudeau again.

Just when this country was beginning to go back to being the kind of place where one could use a semi-automatic M-16 in his back yard in peace, we have to elect some silver tounge frog who will

lead us down the road to communism as sure as hell.

No Now let's face facts. Canada is a boring country. We need a boring leader. We need a man who can be controlled and will let us be led back to normal by big business. Not that trudeau won't climb in bed with business but the G.D. frog will want a piece of the action.

Now I would like to propose a plan. I say every **real** Canadian give a couple of bucks and we can buy back the mercator and put every frog, black, italian, catholic, Albertian (most of them are Ukranian anyway) and everybody else that we can find and ship them back home to where ever they came from.

Remember the proud british heritage we bear and the duty we have to uphold the empire. And remember that empire stands for colonialism and the exploitation of inferior people. Things that a man can really believe in. God save the Queen!

I.I. MacInJosh  
Three-lip Street  
Dartmouth

What will you  
do today for  
Big Business?

—You can dress and make up to make the world think you as young as ever, but you can't fool a piece of mince pie.

—As a race the Scots, according to statistics, are the tallest people on earth. They may be close—but not to the ground.

## Scallop Quotas

Listen, they don't know that I'm doing this but I've just got to tell somebody. Every year they get me to right some silly little editorial about scallop quotas in the Bay of Fundy. I don't know a G.D. thing about scallop and neither does anyone else at this paper.

I mean I don't even really know what a scallop is. Everytime my wife makes me eat them I get sick so I think I've formed a mental block against them. All they are are tiny little squeshy, slimy whatevers that taste like something obscene if you eat them raw and contribute to heart disease if you fry them.

I mean who really cares how many scallp there are in the Bay of Fundy. When was the last time you tried to count them. With all the important things going on in this country do you think we'd have something to say about them. No-o-o-oo! not the Horrid. We have to talk about scallop quotas and run contributed editorials from some half-fried religious nut whose brother must be an editor. Just once I'd like to do an editorial on constitutional affairs or world peace rather than on whether or not Joe Clark need a face operation to restore his chin to its natural health.

Oh, well, I do need the job. My wife never gets off my back you know. Here goes.

Scallop are very important to Nova Scotia. If they all were to disappear because of overfishing we wouldn't have any left.

God, I hate this job!

## The Old Mailbag

I received a letter from an old friend last week, a Mr. Elmer Geezer of Hants County. He wrote asking if I knew who was the left fielder for the 1923 Yarmouth Yahoos softball team that won the Nova Scotia senior title. Of course I remember. I can't recall the name of the St. Louis Cardinal who won the National League's MVP six months ago but I sure remember Dusty Dan Drover.

If my memory serves me, Dusty Dan received his nickname in the famous final game of the 1923 finals against the Dibby Clams. In the ninth inning with the Clams ahead 4-3, Dusty Dan stretched a double an extra base into, as the so-called experts say, a triple. The slide into the base kicked up an explosive cloud of dust of which some particles have yet to resettle on earth. And, yep, that was how Dan Drover got his name Dusty. By the way, when Dusty Dan stood up to brush off his britches, he neglected to call time, and was tagged for the final out of the game and the series.

What great memories! Thanks Elmer. They sure don't make sports like they used to. Tomorrow this old reporter reaches into the old mail bag again and will talk about the 1917 Spryfield Sprites hockey tournament that was almost cancelled by a big explosion of some sort, I think. Or was it a large flood. Who cares. The tourney was the big news that day.