

The Chronically-Horrid

# Dartmouth Mayor cracks under pressure

This rumour has not been confirmed

by our DARTMOUTH bureau chief, Jill Girly

Dartmouth's very own major, Mr. Dress-Up, was taken to Dartmouth General Emergency after collapsing at a picture-taking ceremony, his fourth of the day. After waiting in line for 3 hours, he was observed by an orderly and pronounced as "... articulate, but otherwise normal ..."

City Hall sources said it had been an unusually busy day for the mayor. He had started off by declaring this week as National Finnish Secretary Week before a beaming audience of 2 secretaries and this Chronically-Horrid reporter. By 11AM, he was cutting a ribbon to open Jerry's "Fillup and Get Gas" restaurant before a

cheering group consisting of Jerry, his wife and this reporter. At Noon, Mr. Dress-Up observed how honored he was to declare this week as National Iranian Secretary Week.

But the strain was beginning to tell, for immediately after his picture had been taken, the mayor picked up his favorite baseball and expressed a desire to open a softball match in Woodside. It was with difficulty that aides restrained him, reminding him that the baseball season didn't open for two months.

But the final collapse came at 3 PM, at the mayor's all important weekly press conference. Before the assembled multitudes of media (myself and another Horrid reporter) he announced that his newest granddaughter Stephanie, would soon come on staff as a City Planner.

"Why not?", he quipped. "After all, all the rest of my family is working for the City."

At this point, the Chronically Horrid asked Mr. Dress-Up what he would do, as the elected mayor of Dartmouth, to show leadership and stop the dry rot in the Police Department. Mr. Dress-Up refused to "... confirm or deny ..." that he was in fact the mayor and started mumbling, "... ask Clip, ask Clip, he runs everything ..."

'Clip' More, de facto Leader of Dartmouth for Life, also refused to confirm that Mr. Dress-Up was the mayor, saying that he had never met him before but admitting that he had seen him wandering the halls of City Hall.

In other news, some local media reported a major 5 alarm fire on Alderney Drive across from City Hall, which raged from 11AM to 3PM. As no Official Spokesman from City Hall would confirm this report, the Horrid considers it a 'rumour'.

# Police need protection too!



Dartmouth: Joe Hoss, bucktoothed leader of our boys in blue, announced that provincial police are not adequately protected under the law. "It's gettin' so bad, ya hit the punk up side th'hid and ya gotta defend yerself!" When asked to elaborate, Hoss unveiled a plan whereby police can sue for what he calls "verbal attacks by low life criminal elements". Asked to identify this group, he commented, "the public at

large. Either we crack down now, or rapist looters and organized crime ar gonna move in an' you'll cum screemin' we never protect ya!"

In Hoss' opinion police in Nova Scotia need higher salaries, new patrol cars, and 357 magnums, to prevent the new crime wave, which in his opinion, "Has our Twin-cities in a death grip by the short hairs."

# Across the Water

pointless reminiscing from DARTMOOR

by I. Will ReCall

Dartmoor's defacto Leader for Life, 'Clip' More, says he sees nothing wrong with a Dartmoor policeman—a big betting man—being placed on a committee to control illegal gambling. "After all, he quipped, it takes one to know one, and besides, at least he doesn't shoot ducks out of season."

Local City Hall types were not surprised by this week's reports that a local financial expert was caught a bit short on his bank payments. They recall that despite all his cant about the City practising 'judicious spending', he always seemd to overspend his expense accounts. What really interested observers though, was how he managed to do so, since he only spent 15 minutes a day at City Hall, preferring to conduct City business via a direct line to his Halifax office ...

Our financial expert, known as Butch in his college days, was a BOC (Big Man on Campus) because of his ability to sing light opera. Some federal opera lovers are hoping he can still sing, like a canary.

Meanwhile in Halifax, comely pagette, Miss 'X', emerged smiling from the same door in the House of Assembly that she had come screaming and crying from the week before. She smiled up at her boss, whom she described as "... a very loving man, who had taught her a lot about love ..." Her father, seen driving away in his new car, denied all reports of any tape recordings or possible law suits, smiling gamely through his tears. Local reporters called the turnaround by daughter and father an inspiring case of **True Grit**.

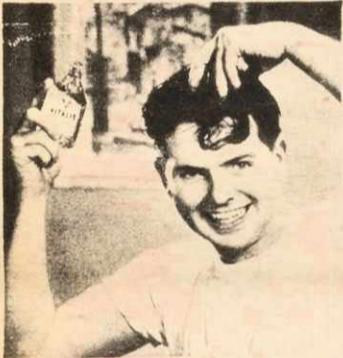
Fud Mince, owner of the Dartmoor's 'others are Free but we are shackled' Press, has fired the current editor because the paper was "... too controversial ..." and "... outselling the Horrid ...". Mince, business manager for a local mental institution, is the new editor and has immediately decided to reduce all headlines to 18 pt size, saying that is the size in all contracts and legal agreements he handles and it should be good enough for newspapers as well. Fud having apparently recently discovered that most Big Businesses' PR departments send out "... tons of perfectly good press releases, free ...", has decided to fire all but one of the paper's reporters. The money saved will reportedly go towards increasing the paper's staff of fulltime lawyers who scant the copy to see that no libels slip through. None have, but Fud is nevertheless grateful for their services, "... afterall, they're the only people who actually read my paper ...". Typically, they had to be highly paid to do so ...

More on the 'financial expert' and his unique **ROLL-OVER LOAN PLAN**. This scheme is not so named, reports to the contrary, because banks roll-over and play dead when their creditors prove to have powerful friends. Rather it is because the banks will agree to roll-over the debts of very important people at .25¢ to the dollar, if only they agree to consider the banks' own **BRIDGING LOAN**.

Jovial Dartmoor business magnate, Charlie Cheatin', denies rumours that he has been hired to help President Carter balance the budget. Cheatin' apparently impressed many with his abilities during a recent election, spending twice as much as he was supposed to but still reporting a balanced budget report. For a time, it seemed the provincial government was interested, very interested, in his technique, but akind word from a local financial expert soon called off the legal beagles ...

In conclusion, I, I. Will ReCall, wishes to answer reader criticisms that the Horrid has no pages or articles written specifically from the point of view of the senior citizen. This is foolish, all our articles are written from the point of view of the elderly. Just look at me, I'm in my eighties, as is Idiot Halizpopen', and Arse Holley is in his nineties. True our owner, Gray Dense, is only 48, but I can guarantee that he has the mind of an eighty year old man. And so do the rest of the staff, they have to do be able to stay here without going batty. All our staff that is except for (All Mighty) God Murray, our Asinine-ment Editor. He has the mind of a four year old child, but has promised to bring it back.

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\*VITALIS and the  
**"60-Second Workout"**

# Vivid colours highlight House opening

The opening of the provincial legislature yesterday was a colorful affair indeed as the speech from the Throne was read by Lieutenant Governor Schaffner, attired in the tradition robes and chains of office that lend such a sense of tradition to this, Canada's oldest elected assembly. Not to be outdone, however, by the official finery, the people's elected representatives were out in force in a variety of outfits that sounded a note of gaiety to what is, after all, a serious event.

Premier John Buchanan chose a grey suit set off by a dark blue tie.

Not to be outdone, Education Minister Terry Donahue, chose a grey suit with accessories, a liberally red hankie displayed most becomingly from his right breast pocket.

Behind him the row of Liberal MLA's were arrayed in a variety of grey suits and colored ties, vivid reminder of the role of the opposition in a free state.

Speaker Ron Russell lent a note of continuity and fair play to the opening session by wearing a grey suit, and, to the surprise of the press, a striped tie, no doubt a symbol of the pluralism we all cherish.

Fisheries Minister Donald Cameron was debonair and charming in a grey suit.

The Premier, surveying the gathering, congratulated the MLA's on their taste and originality. "It is a sobering thought" he declared, "that others in this world do not enjoy

the freedom of choice we do, and that an elected body such as this one is can, and should, reflect the great diversity of culture and occupation in this great country of ours and the need and necessity of every man to self-expression."



# Apology

The above photograph appeared in yesterday's edition over the caption "Chronically-Horrid Editor to retire". The Chronically-Horrid apologizes for this unfortunate error and regrets any confusion or embarrassment that may have been caused. The caption should have read "Chronically-Horrid Editor promoted".