Who will you screw for Nova Scotia today?

THE CHRONICALLY-HORRID

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Drivers watch out for children.

They leave spots on your chromium.

Radiation damage minimal: Hattield

* Earthquake destroys Lepreau reactor but Irving empire intact; radiant Princess Di to tour disaster site

By RED McMORON Staff Reporter

New Brunswick was hit by a strong rebuke from Mother Nature yesterday as an earthquake ripped through Canada's second greatest province, causing millions of dollars in private property damage and crippling the (some say) controversial nuclear reactor at Point Lepreau. Reached at his holiday residence at 24 Sussex Drive in Ottawa, New Brunswick premier Richard Hatfield (known affectionately as "Little Dicky" in certain Toronto circles) commented that he didn't think there was any danger that radiation from the plant would pose any danger to nearby Saint John or Fundy National Park. Frankly, we agree.

A spokesman for the plant said that a large crack in the central core complex does not pose an immediate threat to the environment, and that the immediate deaths of two attendants can be traced to 'other causes'. One had a history of heart disease and the other was reported to have been drinking 'far too much coffee' on his breaks. "We expected him to go any day now" the spokesman said "and someone will definitely be introducing anti-union legislation in the legis-

lature soon." Claims by a Saint John physician, Lou Kemma, who has long hair, that the instance of infant deaths rose dramatically in the period following a similar earthquake last May, were unfounded. "It's a typical misrepresentation of the facts," quoted another doctor reached at the K.C. Irving offices, "that can only do damage to legitimate critics of nuclear energy. Sure radiation kills, but only in massive doses. The amount of energy released from the reactor is minimal, besides, they flushed most of the waste down the toilets last week. I know this for a fact.

"We've been through this before" said the director of operations, "but to trace the recent depletion of fisheries along the Maine coast is fallous." An independent study of possible dam-

See FALLOUS page 2

Province to

see Lady Di

BUCKINGHAM PALACE (PUI) - In a just

perfectly marvelous gesture of goodwill, today

Buckingham Palace announced plans for yet

another colonial trip by the newest member of

the Royal Family, Princess Di (the pregnant

one). The radiant Queen Bee-to-be will be

shipped over to beautiful New Brunswick to tour

the slightly damaged Point Lepreau reactor.

According to the official press statement com-

memorating the joyous event, "Her Royal High-

ness has expressed the greatest interest in visiting

hourly injection of male hormones to insure a

royal heir of the proper sex, waved shyly as she

was packed into the storage bay of a British

Airways 747 to take her across the Atlanitc.

Among the many items on her busy shedule are:

8:07 - realization that Saint John's is in New-

9:25 - arrival at Point Lepreau site; ceremon-

ially beginning the mop-up operations with a

gold-plated whisk broom, especially flown in

12:54 - posing for several Irving Girl ads (K.C.

2:44 - presentation of honorary "Man of the

5:21 - Her most Royal and glowing Highness

Response from other Buckingham Palace

sources demonstrated the great joy which the

event is prompting on both sides of the Atlantic.

According to one highly-placed chimney sweep,

"It's bloody well about time! Charlie was,

y'know, pestering 'er way too much fer a lady in

her condition. All the day, it's him talkin' about

this need of his, and how long he's waited 'n all.

It was almost enough to make a feller stop

expressed his approval of the visit in a brief

interview today. Our future Heads of State

stated that, "Di was gettin' to be a bit too plump

for my tastes, and she isn't much use in a polo

match, so it's just as well she spends some time

out of my sight. Besides, those hormones are giv-

ing her a rather nasty five o'clock shadow."

His Royal Highness, Prince Charles, also

Deep" certificate by Atlantic Oversight

Irving bought out her option in case the child is

foundland; boarding of flight to Saint John.

8:05 - arrival in Saint John's

from someplace for the event.

splits this popsicle stand.

magazine.

eavesdroppin'."

2:42 - lunch and pottie break.

The smiling princess, still groggy from her

with the kind scientists of New Scotia Island".



Lady Di, shown here after her most recent hormone shot, gears up for a swing through Point Lepreau site.

University president kidnapped by terrorist gang

This is no joke. At 2:15 last Friday afternoon six or seven masked men entered student Union offices at Dalhousie University and absconded with Student Union President John Logan. Scattering pamphlets in their wake and grunting terrorist slogans, the men quickly transported a somewhat bored looking Logan out the front entrance of the Student Union Building and disappeared immediately underground. A list of demands was submitted in Council Offices. The group identified itself as "The Lobotomized Students of Dalhousie Peoples Terrorist Quarter (LSDPTQ) and demanded among other things the following:

- that 902,000 Norwegian Kroner be deposited in the UN organization for the extermination of Commerce Students and Great White North fans.

with continental breakfast) at Halifax Interna-

- that a bus be made available, fully fueled and waiting for departure to Cuba (complete tional Airport. - that Martin Baker be reappointed to Senate and grafted to Mary Lou Hames.

- that a Minotaur be placed in the labyrinth of the L.S.C. building (sic) between the hours of 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. on weekdays. - that Adolf Hitler be reincarnated to

replace Jerry Falwell as the leader of the Moral Majority.

There were other demands, but in keeping with the policy of this newspaper, the whole story will not be reported. They were dirt anyway, particularly the threat to remove a vital part of Logan's body, which can only nauseate all Canadians.

Vice President Jim Logan was not around for comment so the future direction of Council could not be determined. Who cares anyway? If these students think they can spend all their time learning about the democratic process on our tax dollars, they have another thing coming.

Daily Smirk

First Man: How old is that chicken on your shoulder?

Second Man: I don't have a chicken on my shoulder. First Man: Oh.

Need more governments like NS's: Important person

By KAREN JAGGEDAGAIN

Toronto Bureau TORONTO — Nova Scotia's labour policies, likened to those of U.S. president Ronald Reagan, were praised here yesterday by a very important, conservative person.

"The thing ruining you people here in Canada and us in the U.S., economics-wise, are those Moscow-run unions and their ridiculous demands," the important person said.

Speaking in reference to the much-lauded reforms to the Nova Scotian Trade Unions Act, known among communistic circles as "The Michelin Bill", the former NATO chief of staff said, "If there were more governments like John Pukeonhim's in the world, freeing business of the dead weight of unions that weigh them down, profits would take over.

"Look at the banks in Canada," the important person urged the caucus of the Ontario (PC) government. "No unions there, and they burned the public for 65 percent more in 1981 than they did in 1980. Bank tellers earn a pittance, but in factories, unions are speaking, verbalization-wise, about safe working conditions, profit sharing schemes, and other communistical propaganda!

"I recently had the opportunity to interface with a union representative, who was, I should note, high ranking, internally-structure-wise, and he just wasn't human."

"It's time governments got back to crushing

unions instead of tolerating them," he said. "Oppression-wise, we in the west have been sitting on Central and South America for too long. While doing this, those normally have been squashed at home 30 years ago have been allowed to teach and advocate Marxist propaganda in our universities and colleges. "It's enough to make a would-be tyrant sick," he joked.

On a more serious note, the important person spoke of something more serious. "Terminationally speaking, it all has too

Dartmouth seniors "best treated in West"

end soon."

By WYLIE DOHN Dartmouth Bureau

Dartmouth Senior citizens are the best treated in the western world, city mayor Daniel Brownnose has gone on the record as saying. However, at least one person in the city disagrees.

"We don't even get nothin' from no one ever," Pearl Clook said in a telephone interview Wednesday. "The mayor always has his face in the papers and on the teevee," she said, "but no at the home. That's real good news."

"Why just the other night, Olive Ofldent won the bonus prize at our bingo. No-one's won that in eight months. That bag of 20 grams of shit (cocaine) has just been sittin' there."

Mrs. Ofldent is now "wrecked" all of the time, Mrs. Clook says, and she feels that's newsworthy.

Traffic patterns do not deviate noticeably

Most major transportation companies report traffic for this time of year is "no different" than other years, spokesmen said Tuesday. Sal. T. Penutz, assistant representative of reservations and public relations for Eastwaind Provincial Airways (EPA) said in an interview that "we're about the same as last year. No different. Nope. Things are okay."

Earnest K. Boutlier, ticket reservation technician with Acadian Bus Lines also said in an interview, "I'd say things are okay. They're usually like this after Christmas in January. No different.

"Well, we have cut out the Antigonish stop on Tuesdays and Thursdays on the 4:15 from Port Hawkesbury to Kentville, but other than that, things are okay."

Bud Getslasher, executive Altantic region scheduling and luggage secretary (in charge of community relations) of VIA rail could not be reached for comment.

Terry Gnomind, a Spryfield resident and janitor at the Halifax rail station said, "course things is slower this year. They cut out all the friggin' trains."

"What about drug abuse among seniors," she asks. "Isn't that more interesting than that new hockey rink, or that God-awful 701 route port bell whatever by-pass, or those boring Gorey Jim stories about flooding in Coal Harbour basements? I think the media has been overlooking a wealth of good stories far too

Mrs. Clook pledged to heighten community awareness of the activities of seniors.

one ever reads about our interesting stuff down Pope softens stand at the home. That's real good news."

VATICAN CITY (PC) — Pope John Paul II confused both Church supporters and critics alike today in releasing the latest Papal Encyclical on contraception to the public during an impromptu press conference in St. Peter's Square, attended by about 546,894 people. In sharp contrast to his repuation as a conservative, the nice man from Poland gave sanctions to an increased variety of methods of contraception. As of now, Catholics the world over will be able to use impotence, physical exhaustion, and premature ejaculation as alternative methods of birth control, with no fear of mortal sin resulting. According to top Vatican sources, frigidity was also strongly considered, but any decision had to be postponed until a joint conference of Italian nuns and bishops meeting in Naples stops giggling about it.

In another surprise move, the Pope has also given tentative approval to masturbation, provided the act is only to be performed during Lent. "Them little altar people, they do it anyhow," the Pontiff admitted in Swahili. At that point, the press conference broke down when the Pope attempted to pronounce the word "malleable" in Icelandic and had to be wrestled to the ground by a nearby group of Swiss Guards, vacationing from Zurich.



This is Bobby McCaig, the Chronically-Horrid's paper boy of the week. Bobby earns about \$35 a week, from clean hard work, and a belief that progress is made by the sweat off your own back and nobody else's. And Bobby is proud, because he knows that \$35 is a lot more money than some people in poor countries make in a whole year, which proves how great the free enterprise system works in Canada, especially in

Nova Scotia. In some countries, people spend days and days of mindless back-breaking labour, carrying water and ploughing land with primitive tools, all for just enough food to live on. Canada has a lot of things going for it that these countries obviously don't, and we have our forefathers

and spunky kids like Bobby to thank for it. We wish Bobby continued success with his route, and later in life, we hope he will continue

to make lots and lots of money, It's the Bobbys in this world that have made Canada what it is, by working hard to preserve the superior economic system, free enterprise, that has brought us to our current sophisticated development, leaving other countries far behind.

We're not saying that people in these other countries are stupid or anything, but what has worked so well for us can't be that hard to imitate, and these countries could be much better off.

THE HORRID LIMITED

Publishers of The Chronically-Horrid

The Chronically-Horrid stands in the way of the Atlantic Provinces' progress and develop-

ment and is dedicated to the maintenance of the ignorance of the people that no good cause

Thursday, January 28, 1982

Life's Real Good

(Sorry girls).

Another thing to remember is that no

matter how badly you feel, tomorrow

will bring storm clouds with silver lin-

ings somewhere over the rainbow, in

the colour of your choice. I picked ava-

cado green myself. My grandson Billy

said it was easier to throw an avacado

out of a car window than to eat ham

while standing on your head. Being one

of the generation belonging to the

times which were then, I don't under-

stand this too much, but since he said it

after his accident with the trashcom-

pactor, it probably means something

Where were we? Oh yes, I was talk-

ing about the little things which we

should not let us down, regardless of

their height. (Ha! I made that one up

myself, you know) Anyhow, life is very

good - I have gradually gotten used to

it, anyway. The main thing is, you

should always stay dry. When you're

The screen, naturally, accepted the effervescent

enough can be said! With such stirring titles as

"Fish", "Fish II", "Etude for Fish with Modifica-

tions", and "I'm a right real Nova Scotian I am I

am (and so there too)", the audience were on

their feet throughout, especially when the man

with the cattle prod came around. Notalent and

Seville also revitalised the tradition of the Greek

chorus by having a net full of dead carp swing

across the stage at various strategic points, sym-

bolizing the eternal struggle of man's attempt to

communicate with himself and get a cheap sea-

enough can be said. That's mainly because I

wasn't paying attention, and any the play might

have had was lost on me. However, my wife said

that they mostly kept talking and moving about

the stage, so it was probably just as incredible as

the rest of the show was. Perhaps the last words

here should go to Notalent, who truly deserves

the break that Seville is giving him, if it can be

said that any human really would. According to

Notalent, "I spent months researching this. No.

Don Seville, God and Man

As for its narrative and plot, again, not

And of the musical numbers, oh, not

Crandall's curtain calls

food dinner in the bargain.

really... Honest I did."

wet, it's hard to hold onto the nozzle.

shall thrive unopposed and that wrong shall not lack a champion.

Recently I have been brought to my

attention that a passing of an era has

just passed. This, similiar to the equine

abilities of our maned friends, leads me

to water, but can't make me think. I

sometimes say: what of the golden

years of our sunset days? What hap-

pened to the times which were worse

times than the now-better times that the

youth of these times have no time for?

And who swiped my cerebellum last

To answer these I cannot hope. How-

ever, to these youth of my reference in

the first part of my story, I have some of

the wisdom of my yearrs to give away

to them. One of these words is: respect

the flag and remember that it is the

same one that ordinary people such as

me fought under and incurred serious

brain brain brain damage for. I

also know that you can't fool me, that

was twenty-seven words, you young

youth-type object you? Ha. Caught the

bastard with his thinking pants down.

By DAZZLE PEAKING

though not by me; by others whom I deem not

wholly significant enough to refer to as me - that

there are few things in this brief, though short,

abstraction that the simple-minded refer to as

"life" that are worth sticking around for, and

that all of them are tied, lumped, and otherwise

corralled into the strappng figure and/or pres-

ence of Don Seville, godfather of the arts and

of self-debasing "homages", is the premiere of

the new "Seville" production at Retchsoon, an

awesome little son-of-a-bitch of a play, etched as

if in marble (but he actually used paper), by

your favourite son and mine, genius and part-

time rustic object, Gum (Gummie to me) Notalent. Its title, name, moniker, or general nom de

plume suggests the seamless marriage of styles

that it consists of, between the blunt honesty of

Nova Scotian folk tales and the subtle deceit of

Greek Tragedy: it is called, simply, AY'S THE

vast abyss of mediocrity that some off-handedly

term the so-called "English language" in order to

attempt to find meaning and mortal verbiage to

attach to the unearthly, almost grotesquely per-

fect doings of the man humans know as

"Seville". This production is much more than a

mere Triumph; should Ezekiel have had a choice

between his fiery wheel and this performance, he

probably would have said, "Oh Lord, you are

good and merciful to this pathetic servant, but

recommended that at the door). As Angus, the

god of Vacuity who rules over the simple fisher-

folk of Hickafax, Seville was awesome; his dic-

tion was almost always correct (except when he

slipped into meditative chants during a mono-

logue), his clothes were neat, his hair was tidy,

and his spirit, indominable. I can recall the way

that he uttered the phrase, "Jeez, b'y, them gods

are givin' you some tough luck, eh?", causing

ripplingly orgasmic waves to crawl all over me,

resulting in an almost animal yelp of bliss issuing

from my lips, stifled only by my wife placing her

appearance as well, playing "Bony Crandall", the

out-of-work, out-of-town God of Celebrity. He

seemed oddly lost, though, amid the swirl and

pageantry of the show's musical numbers, which

Bony Crandall made an interesting cameo

large handbag into the opened aperture.

This production, however, was not something to avert one's eyes from (although they

I'd rather see this play, so take off!"

Yea, once again I must descend into that

BY EURIPIDES.

The occasion for this, the latest in a series

demigod-in-residence at Retchsoon Theatre.

It can be said, and often has been said -

-173 Third person triplicate

I pose as many rhetorical questions.

now, aren't they? Just yesterday, us nice simple Maritime folk didn't have any power at all, and now, because of a MARITIME-ORIGINATING earthquake, we've got it drifting around all over the place! Only good homegrown MARITIME design could build a nuclear station that breaks apart in teeny little pieces so big chunks don't go flying through the air, hurting some pretty little Irving Girl, or Car Wash or something. And instead of keeping all that power inside, where it just turns gears, it's out, and whuh! You should see the way the sky looks - like the Northern lights ('cept they're western from here and on all day). I tell you, Pee-yare, that Anne Murray, famous songbirdstress of ours, shoulda waited until now for that T.V. special of hers. The air

Anyhow, the fat and the skinny of it is that now we've got way more nuclear energy than all you dirty frog Frenchies and Upper Canadian Horses' nether parts, and you're going to have to ask us real nice if you want to get any of it. We've got all we can do to scrape that reprocessed 'ranium off our roofs as it is right now (by the way, I've got a great idea for new local industry - that glowing yellow stuff makes great lava lamps). So I think what we need is some of that great government subsidy money to teach OUR people how to harvest the stuff, without having to ship in rich bums and vagrants from the West to take over our money, jobs, and

might have helped her singing, too.

But before you and I get down to the nittygritty of this deal, since WE are the people sitting pretty right now in our U-42 enriched air, I've got a few suggestions to make to you. Like, for instance, I think you should drop that 'French' bit. Let's face it, that cosmopolitan monkey merangue just doesn't impress anybody here anymore, not since "Last Tango in Paris" got banned. (By the way, how come you are French anyway? Huh? Your parents slow, or

While we're on the subject, Pee-yare, why don't you drop that middle name schtick, too? Only a true man like George John the Chief could get away with that, and you can't even suggest that your manhood stacks up to the late great Diefie's in ANY way. Besides, 'Elliot' is just too 'faggy', you know what I mean? (Nothing personal.)

Those're all things you could do to make yourself more presentable to us, but there's still plenty to do, since we're talking about changes A good example is that John Chretien character. So where did you dig him up, could you tell me that? I know he's been getting better, but he still looks like one side of his face is trying to swal-

Why not somebody good (and English) to replace him like Donald McDonald, for example? Or maybe Juliette? I saw her Super Special last month, and it seems to me that she's ready for that step up to Justice minister, or at the very least Sports & Recreation. That other chick. Iona Campagnola, could handle it, and now Regan's doing it, so I figure Juliette's at least as smart as the first and as pretty as the latter. She should get it just as soon as you can axe of slope-nose and send him back here where we know how to deal with his sort. But those are all just suggestions.

I also want you to know that just because we're going to be rich and powerful because of this 'accident', it doesn't mean that you and I can't write these personal letters to each other every once in a while. I know you never wrote one to me, but...you could start, you know. I-I don't really dislike you, really I don't. Hey, hold on, what am I doing this for? I don't need you at all - I'm young, active, have political ties of my own, and my skin's turning the colour of a moldy sheep (must be that plutonium). Hell, Howard Crosby even lets me fondle his moustache! So bugger off, you fake-Fidel speaker of a Romance language, you! Stick this in your Red Rose Tea!

(P.S. I didn't really mean that last bit, really.) (P.P.S. That last bit about the Red Rose Tea wasn't mine, either. My mother forced me to

Vice of the people

was probably why he never appeared in them. He chose instead to appear via videotape on a giant 6' colour T.V. screen placed centrestage.

Sir, - I am writing to complain about the lack of animal interest. I am not talking about the ugly uninteresting animals (the hunters can shoot them), but the beautiful fluffy ones which help decorate our decaying society. Why, yesterday, I saved a beautiful kitten which I named Oedipus (for its social behaviour). This is news, but did anyone care? I'll tell you, no. Ever since I lost my Alderman's job and the Chebucto riding, the Horrid has shown me no attention. What is

Budworms nasty

Sir, - The Spruce Budworm is a menace to our society and must be stopped at all costs. Does anybody really believe rabble-rousing environmentalists who claim sprays like 2,4,-D are unhealthy? They just want to close down our forest industries, which are the backbone of the forest industry in our province. Besides, if these sprays were so harmful, would the Premier of New Brunswick allow them to be sprayed all

Dan not selfish

To the Editor:

Sir. - I am writing to protest the accusation

alderman I have run in two provincial byelections successfully and I know if I can just get that pansy Morris in another election I'll win for sure. I ask my constituents to be patient with me for just four more years. The way I figure it while Morris is busy at Government House I'll be campaigning behind his back; I'll win for sure. I want you, "my" constituents, to know that I'm not being selfish. Once in the Legislature I can better represent you. From there it is on to the House of Commons and from there who knows where! Once again I ask you to be patient, you understand. If you have any questions (but keep in mind though before I can get back to you I first have to call back all the others which date back to my first day as alderman)

ents. I want "my" constituents to know I have

not forgotten about you. Since I have become

Yours insincerely.

Dan (in the) Dark Alderman Ward 3 or 4 (1 think)

Doggie-do don't

Sir - With the arrival of snow and winter weather, an alarming situation has developed: the depostition of Doggie-do on the snowbanks and sidewalks of our fair city. The extent of the problem is shocking. One cannot venture outside of one's door without the risk of stepping on the frozen souvenirs of our four-legged friends. Some locations sport a "number two" only, but what is most revolting is the "one-two" combination. This problem really makes me feel like

Mrs. U. Rhea Stone

Fluffy animals ignored

Yours Conservatively Margret Cranberry

Yours sincerely. Casey Jones Irvine III Public Relations Officer Irvine Forest Products Ltd

that I, Dan (in the) Dark, neglect my constitu-

The album coroner

Devo is wholesome

Staff Reporter

The first thing that struck me about this · young group Devo was the album cover itself. From their picture it is obvious that the members of Devo are all nice, clean-cut polite young men. They all wear neat blue uniforms, freshly-pressed pants, and sensible shoes, in sharp contrast to the despicable dress of many of today's heroin-smoking hippie bands such as Abba. Even their hair is neatly combed, and not over their ears, either. It's good to see young people starting to take pride in their appearance again, and not just wearing dirty blue jeans and headbands. The uniforms are a nice touch. Very few bands today wear matching uniforms. Remember the dapper uniforms of Cab Calloway's Big Band? Or the matching suits of the Ink Spots? I guess maybe Devo shows us that the old style's really coming back.

Just look at that title! "New Traditionalists" .Devo exemplifies a new breed of teenagers realizing that the old morals really are the best. The song titles show it; for example, "Through Being Cool". These boys don't waste their time hanging around the corner malt shop! Another song is "It's A Beautiful World". It's nice to hear songs about the good things in the world. instead of horrible noises complaining about the

WHERE THE LEADERS ARE: Premier Buchanan, leading our province of course in a good decent way, hobknobbing with Olands and Schaefers at a reception open only to rich contributors to political campaigns.

Liberal Leader Sandy Cameron: Sulking in Guysborough after his humiliating defeat in the last election

NDP Leader Alexa McDonough: Probably talking subversively to working people about their rights again. Women have no place in the legislature anyway.

government and the church. No smutty songs

about fornication, either.

Although I haven't actually played this album yet, I'm sure it is of the highest quality. For those who appreciate wholesome family fun, I strongly recommend "New Traditionalists"

ASSO holds back

Staff Reporter

Last night the Atlantic Simple Symphony Orchestra opened its season of textural delicacies with Wictor Vampolsky, the well-known defect from the Soviet Union, filling the podium. The first movement from the ASSO began with an impertinent flavour of timbres, only to continue into a lethargic contrasting brio interspersed with stimulating tone clusters of stabbing nuance. A sudden musical vicissitude of rhythmic restlessness, a pretissimo, followed, with Vampolsky beating wilding to bring his piece to a climax of emotional and rubatic simultaneity.

Present and obvious in the intermission throng were His Wordship and Mrs. Ron Police, wearing the latest in styles from Merrytime Flurriers. The turn to knickers by the fashion conscious has also found its place with the Hickafax concertgoer, and the pleasant dominance of pastel colours which came to the forefront in the spring has not died, with pleasant pinks and purples stretched tightly over luscious buttocks. The rest of the concert was good.

THE CHICKS



Assy Logical Forecast

SYDNEY O'STARR Aries (March 21-April 19) Accent on creativity, ability to hold

ing. Someone close could beg for more. Taurus (April 20-May 20) Apply for admission to N.S. You won't make it through the day. Believe me, you're a bunch of borderline psychotics. Gemini (May 21-June 20) Opposite member has prominent sex figures. Find out where you stand by asking

Cancer (June 21-July 22) You read People magazine, watch Fantasy Island and have about one-quarter of a brain. You voted Liberal at the fast election. Try becoming

human. Leo (July 23-Aug 22) All Leos are wimps. No Leo has ever done anything worthwhile. Better find another Leo for a mate, because nobody else wants you. Reject.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22) Virgos are quiet, reflective, and inclined

they get cold. Libra (Sept 23-Oct 22)

Emphasis on social activity, spiritual back and precise tim- development and penicillin shots.

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21) Scorpios always take off before paying for their taxis. They are made of congealed camels' hair-balls.

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21) You are God's gift to the opposite sex. You are intelligent, creative, and lucky to have the same sign as me.

someone who walks Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19) You will be impaled by Zulus while searching for your pencil. Acquarius (Jan 20-

Feb 18) There is a song about this sign. Have you heard it? Never mind, it's a stupid song from a stupid musical anyway. Pisces (Feb 19-March 20) You go through life under the stupidest sign there is. Pisces! Ha! Ha!

If today is your birthday: you probably don't emigrate to Chile on alternate

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer mourn the passing of Joey, their prize stud from the worm farm in the

basement. No more to ooze in slimy ground, No more to munch on grit.

Since naughty Suzie took it out, * And calmly stepped

- In loving memory from the family.

Mildred Necrophile Dr. P. Necrophile sadly announces the entering of immortality of his wife

Mildred. She lies abed in grimaced pain, No food or water seeks.

He gives his wife a loving glance,

He noticed only yesterday -She may've been dead for weeks.

- Love and Kissies.

Hart Problem Mr. and Mrs. Casev

Irvin morosely dispatch the sad news of Mrs. Irvin's brother going away to other pastures, Mr. Hart Problem.

His body found abandoned, cold, Red light above, aglow.

His doctor warned him many times. But what a way to

The Irvins announce a renaming of an oil well due to the bereavement.

STUDENTS! CASH GALORE! Work for a rep-

utable company that has

nothing to do with door-

to-door sales of vacuum

Need \$90,000.00 CASH?

Just tell us where twenty

dead kids are. Call RCMP

Sinners Dating Club - be

computer to some married

individual who is just as

lacking in the morals

department as you are Privacy extra. 555-9999.

Misfits Club - Are you a

social reject? - or maybe

just paranoid? We have a

loser waiting for you to bore. 555-1111.

headquarters, 555-6666

7 DATING CLUBS

555-3333.

4 HELP WANTED

cleaners. Call Electnoluck

Classified

1 ARTICLES FOR SALE

One of we're not quite sure what it is but it's round and metallic and demands incessantly, "Take me to your editor" Call Chronically-Horrid 555-4444

Pimple-away face masks. Reduced to clear 555-2222

2 PERSONALS

Old man, 97, wishes to correspond in a meaningful relationship with younger woman, 16-89, must be attractive, patient, and blind. 555-7777.

Come home sweetie coochie pie I was only kidding. I really love your nose, legs and mother Come and do a widdie bit of cooking for your hubby wubby?

Secretary needed. Must

be sexy, a good sport and

have a vocabulary which

does not contain any tas-

teless words such as "No.

Call taxdodge enterprises.

OPPORTUNITIES

8 BUSINESS 3 EMPLOYMENT

YOU CAN'T DANCE? NEITHER CAN I

Reduce Inches and Tone Muscles while you clean your car with "Secret ormula Voodoo Auto

I've been around

By ELLIE SHRILL Social Butterfly

Last week, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford-Arbuckle hosted Mr. and Mrs. P.J. Hubley at a soiree before their departure south for the winter. Like so many Haligonians this season, the couple has foregone the usual Florida winter residence and instead is travelling to that new hideout of haute societe: Bangor, Maine. As Mrs. Hubley so poignantly noted, "Florida is so depressing. The only things left there are crime, old people and Haitians. Besides, just eve-

ryone is going to Bangor." For the soiree, Mrs. Beresford-Arbuckle served a selection of cheese, sliced cold meats and a chip-dip she prepared herself, Last Saturday Mary-Jo Cave, 16, was selected the winner in the annual Daughters of the British Umpire (Local 1394) essay competition. Miss Cave's winning essay was entitled "Faith, Hope and Charity - The Three Cornerstones of our Society" and was selected from over 30 contestants. At present, Miss Cave is a student at the Upper La Havre Finishing School for Young Ladies. Miss Cave hopes to attend King's College University next year where she will

Finally, last Friday night the Halifax chapter of the National Gun Association held its annual dinner in the Moose Lodge on Lower Water Street. This year's guest speaker was Percival Hammer, vice-president of the NGA, who gave a fifteen-minute oratory entitled "Guns is Fun". The event was well-attended with several notables present, including the president of Nova Scotia's NGA, Irving Duckblack. Mr. Duckblack pointed to the growing use of guns in our society both for sports and personal weapons as a "reassuring trend in these troubled times"