Clark returns triumphant to Dal Law School

by Bo Morris

"They said if you can't pass law school, how can you run a country? Well I'll show them in September," said Joe Clark last week when he received word he had been accepted into Dalhousie Law School for the coming fall term.

Clark had secretly applied to law school immediately after he resigned as leader of the Conservative Party in February. Because of his acceptance, Clark announced he will be withdrawing from the

P.C. leadership race saying, "they won't have Joe to kick around anymore".

The former Prime Minister was jubilant when told of his acceptance. He is reported to have happily proclaimed "they called me a loser for the last time!" He explained he had developed a "loser image" when kicked out of the Prime Minister's office and before that when he was kicked out of Dal Law School.

Clark said he never had any

doubt he would be accepted. "On the application form I wrote 'Prime Minister of Canada for eight months' - I think that kinda impressed 'em," he confidently

explained. He said he "aced" the LSATs (Law School Admission Test) because his wife Maureen McTeer had tutored him "for a whole month".

Dean of Dalhousie Law School, W.H.R. Charles, said he is glad Clark will be attending Dalhousie next year, but said he is dubious if Clark "aced" the LSATs.

"His score was very low - in fact, lower than the last time he applied, but the cartoons he drew on it showed much more imagination than his last exam, so we definitely see progress", said Charles.

"To be truthful, he was accepted because we felt we shouldn't kick a man when he's down." Charles discretely added.

Clark feels certain all on Parliament Hill will be sorry to see him

go, but he explained, "A situation arose in which I had to put my own good over the good of the country - that is why I am withdrawing

from federal politics.".

Prime Minister Trudeau said, "Um-m It's too bad Joe won't stick around for another election - If he did I might be tempted to stay on myself". When asked how he feels Clark will do in his new venture, Trudeau said, "I'll give him till December — that should give the idiot enough time to thoroughly fail all his courses."

John Crosbie, a prominent Tor; said "They say Joe's makin' a fool of himself goin' back to law school, but I think that's a bunch of mishmash; I say give 'em hell Joe bye!"

When asked if he will be politically active at Dalhousie, Clark said it is too early to say, but he added, "Some fella called Hartt" has already approached him to be his running mate in next year's Student Union presidential elections.

Who will you screw for Nova Scotia today?

THE CHRONICALLY-HORRID

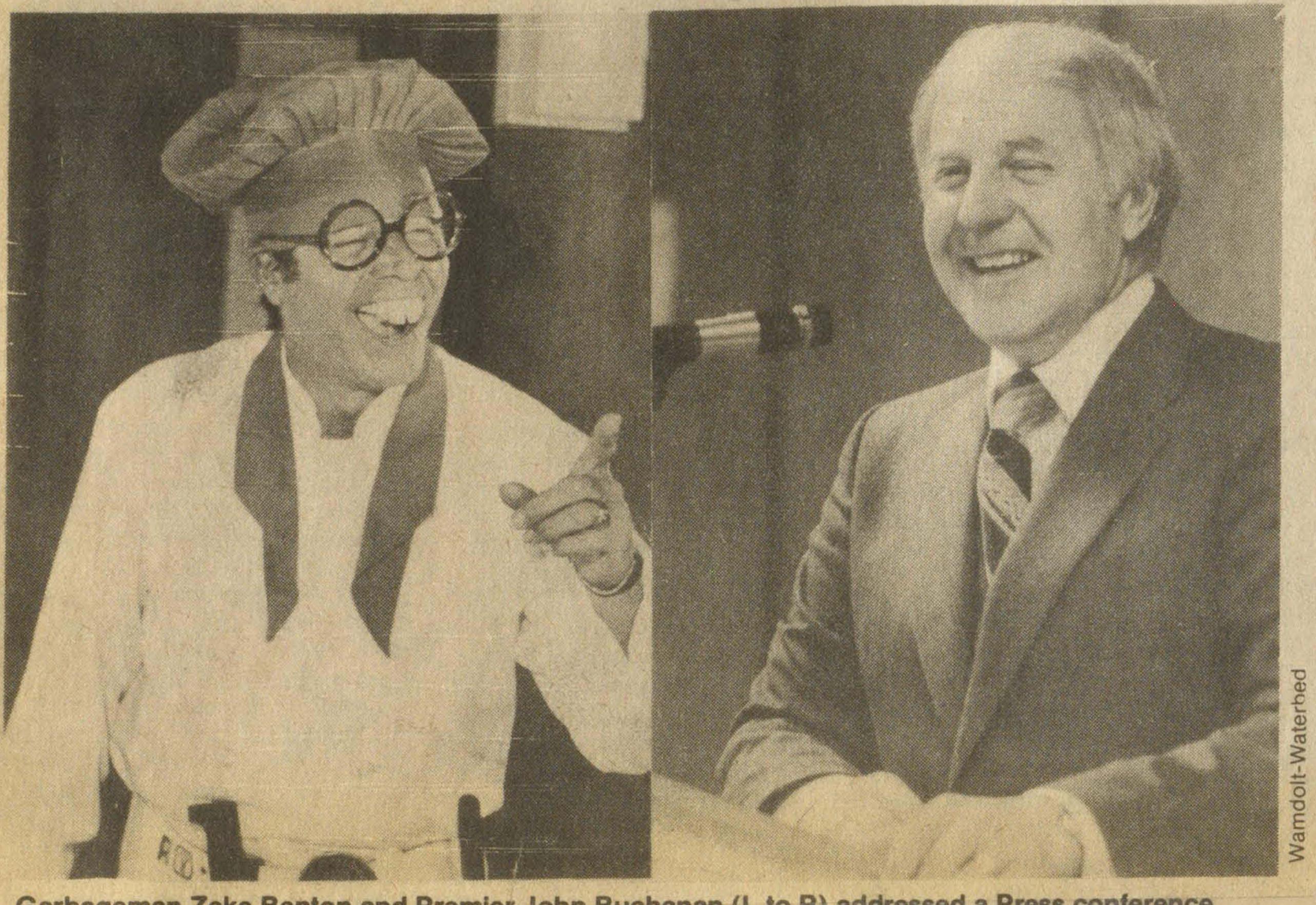
Volume 35, NOT76

Halifax, Canada, Thursday, Almost April 1, 1983

Drivers

- Watch out for children.

You can aim better that way.



Garbageman Zeke Benton and Premier John Buchanan (L to R) addressed a Press conference Wednesday on the appointment of an inshore fishery commission of inquiry. "I vely happy to accept

Hurrahs greet Fish Commission

by Bo Morris

A hockey player, a garbage man and a lady of the evening are to make up the recently announced Nova Scotia government's commission of inquiry into the effects the inshore fishery has on the people of Nova Scotia.

The commission promised for the last four years was announced last week by Premier John Buchanan to conduct a "narrow and shortsighted review" of the whole situation.

Buchanan said, "it took four years because we wanted to get the perfect people for the commission."

The commission members are: • "Moose" Jones, a native Nova Scotian presently playing junior hockey in Ontario. Buchanan said Jones will provide a broad knowledge of the fishery since "he used to go fishing as a boy in Cape Preton

• Zeke Benton, a garbage man in Halifax for the past 20 years. Buchanan feels Benton will provide knowledge of what particular fish people are eating. "Zeke has developed an excellent nose, and if people stop eating mackeral, he'll be the first to know, I can assure you of that," said Buchanan.

· Zsa-Zsa Whopee, a forty year old prostitute who has frequented the docks of Halifax for the past ten years. Buchanan said "Ms. Whopee will provide invaluable information pertaining to the 'social effect' the fishery has on the people of Nova Scotia."

There has been an outcry by the opposition in the Legislature over the appointments.

Leader of the Liberal Party, Sandy Cameron, said, "Okay, I can see the merits of appointing a hooker and a garbage man — but a

said, "all the appointments are just the result of political patronage on Mr. Buchanan's part." He said Jones is an old family friend of the Buchanans and he accused the Premier of "appointing his own garbage man" in Zeke Benton.

"I could say lots, but won't in regard to how Zsa-Zsa Whopee received her position," said McEwen.

"If anyone else searched for four years, I can't honestly see how they could have found more qualified people," said Buchanan, defending the appointments.

He added, "The fact that Mr. Jones and Mr. Benton are personal acquaintances of mine takes nothing away from their ability."

When asked on what basis Ms. Whopee was appointed, Buchanan said "That appointment was not my decision alone - a bunch of

Queen to tour Britain

It was confirmed by sources inside the palace that Queen Elizabeth II made a surprise stop-over in Britain last weekend. Such visits are uncommon in the Queen's calendar but the palace footman confirmed it was brought about by a slight technical difficulty.

It seems the Royal Lear Jet was making a royal refuelling stop at Heathrow and Her Highness decided to nip out and tour a steel plant. Further complications arose when a speck of dust accidentally plummetted from the ceiling and lodged in Her Majesty's eye knocking her to the ground momentarily.

Undaunted, she reportedly rose and continued waving pleasantly. The crowd was stunned by her recuperative powers. "She's a real

trooper," commented one of the stunned people.

Although the Queen was unharmed in the accident the palace horse groom has announced that she was quite shaken up and will be spending several days in Britain before returning to her regular schedule of tours.

Her Highness stayed at Buckingham Palace for the first night while Andrew and Lady Koo were out on a surprise tour of the Bahamas.

According to the Sun the Queen rose at 4:35 and worked like a dog for seven hours, then made breakfast for the 300 palace employees before dashing off in the Royal Winnibago. She appeared unex-

pectedly at the quaint English hamlet of Manchester only to be greeted by thousands of angry demonstrators who waved Union Jacks and shouted "Stuff the Labour Party."

It was an ugly sight but Her Majesty was radiant, wearing a tweed business suit and a green fedora. She maintained her poise as she darted among the crowd, waving and smiling and once again suggesting to the adoring populace that she is completely oblivious to everything around her.

It is rumoured by the assistant candle stick polisher that Her Majesty will depart this evening to meet with the Pope, who will be vacationing in Rome this week.

Cheap returns

by Catcherinthe Ryekits

Halifax port authorities and the Halifax Board of Trade announced yesterday an agreement had finally been reached concerning installation and servicing of parking meters along the downtown Halifax piers.

Negotiations had been "difficult and trying" throughout the two years since they began, explained Development minister Rolly-poly Thornyhill, especially since the increase of windsurfing vehicles has complicated existing classification regulations. "I don't want to sweat that one out again," he said.

Thornyhill had been appointed mediatior in the squabble because of his extensive knowledge in leisure vessels.

Port authorities had been particularly confounded in dealing with pthe Dartmouth/Halifax ferries. They could not decide if ferries were actually parked at the terminals, and so ought to be charged, or if they in reality continued to move ve-e-ery slowly in reverse after touching the dock on the Halifax

Another factor contributing to the negotiating delays was the difficulty in deciding which services should be offered by Halifax businesses to parking boats. Maritime Searoutes unlimited won the tender to translate for the nouveau riche UIC sheiks out of Meat Cove who have been recently arriving in droves of dories to the civilization

they were recently introduced to. The Central Social Bank has offered to install automated teller machines along the waterfront to make it "easier for those suckers to pay the parking fees" and encourage spending on credit, said bank president Merrill Colander. Colander also has a personal interest in establishing fast-food model beer franchises every twenty yards

along the pier. Mt&P. wil also get into the act with telephone and pay TV "Second Choice" hookups at every meter. Said Walter So-be-it, who pulls all the strings from one of his holding companies, "Hey, that's progress.'

On the Brighter side

Jerusalem (APE) In an unusual late afternoon press briefing, Israeli Prime Minister Menachin Begin repeated his country's recent claims to territory on the West Bank.

"That's the west bank of the Seine, remember," he reminded the room of mostly stunned reporters.

Begin's new French land claims are based solely on historic grounds, Begin claimed. "Through analysis of the Dead Sea travel brochures, we have evidence there were Hebrews in Paris as early as 506 BC," he stated. "No kidding," he added.

The bank, known as the left bank of the Seine to most North Americans, was apparently a popular vacation area for thenoppressed people. "Paris was a real knockout then," beamed Begin, "but we have some settlements to put up that could cure the drabness of the area now."

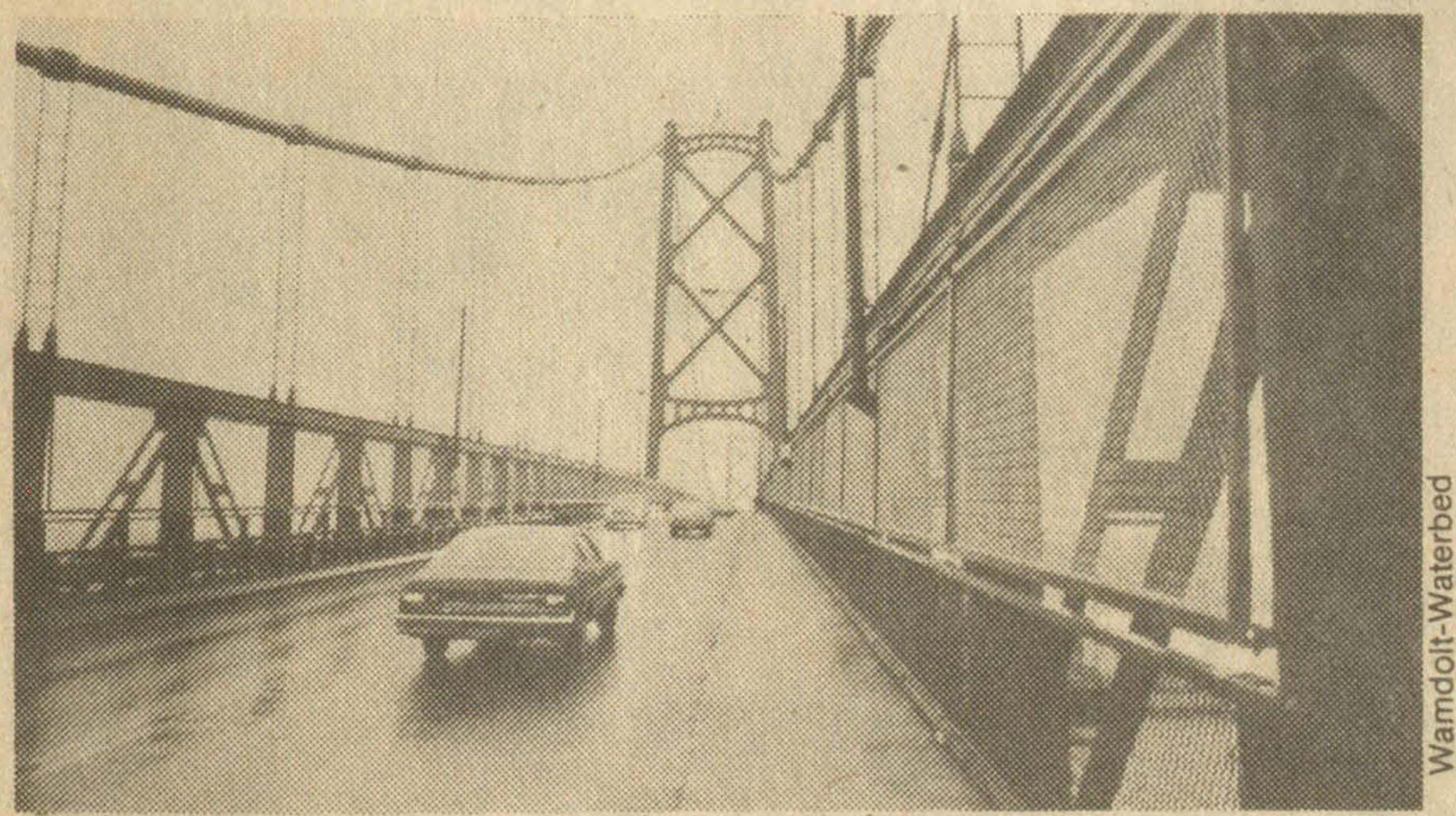
Several extremist Zionist groups have already begun construction of

settlements on the territory. "Nothing fancy, just a few hundred-unit condos, a mall and disco," siad Moshe Cronyn, a group spokesperson and real estate developer.

Although Begin is basing the claim on historic ownership, Knesset insiders are maintaining the move is military-motivated. "We're quite concerned about the Vikings," said a priminent Cabinet Minister who wished to remain unidentified. Sharon then proceeded to display charts illustrating the striking Viking military buildup over the last two thousand

"The Seine is our first line of defence," he ranted quietly.

Begin has given the French a twenty-four hour period to leave the claimed territory. French President Mitterand was unavailable for comment, government spokesperson giggled.



Halifax-Dartmouth bridge operations create controversy

Halifax Bureau [PC]

The Halifax Bridge Commission published its annual report on bridge traffic last week with the overall decision that "there is a lot of traffic on the MacDonald Bridge."

The announcement came as a surprise to most of the members of the board although one anonymous member is quoted as saying "I am not surprised, not even a little bit. Ever since we opened the bridge there has been traffic on it and right now I think there's a lot more than their used to be."

Chester Silversmith, head of the bridge commission said that this statement is absolute balderdash. "Cars are a lot shorter now than they used to be because of aerodynamics and stuff like that. It takes a lot more of them to cause a traffic tie-up," he told a Horrid reporter.

When asked what steps would be taken to alleviate the problem he said "We've already assigned some peole to look into the problem and they'll draw up a report which will be available to the public in about a year or so.

see BLATHER, p. 13

Today

Teabag tomfoolery

Tips on that most decent of colonial pastimes - the tipping back of tea cups.

Page 3

Leafs sign Hagler

The addition of boxing baldie "Marvellous" Marv Hagler to the Maple Leafs' roster has Harold Ballard smiling. Page 4

Sewer Rates

Once again sewer rates are a controversy with Alderman McQueeg questioning their constitutionality. The Supreme Court is in an uproar.

Page 5

Million foreigners die

About a million people died in some foreign country last month due to some civil war. Ho-hum.

Weather -- 5% chance of snow, 30% chance of clouds, 1% chance of hail, 85% chance of daylight, 100% chance of rotten weather. Satelite forecast - no satelites today, light precipitation of Cosmos tomorrow. For more details see another paper.

'Missing link' village found in Cape Breton

by Ronald McDonald [staff clown] In an announcement that shocked the Nova Scotia Scientific Community Dr. Herman Barnswallow announced the recent discovery of an "extremely primal tribe of man." The find was on the isolated northern coast of Cape Breton Island at a place called Meat Cove. The tribe is estimated to be 280,000 years behind the rest of the world and the discovery is said to equal

importance. "This find will provide valuable information on the evolution of all mankind" said Dame Emid Hocksworthy of the British Sociological Institute. Cape Breton Labour Party leader Paul McEwan agreed. "This is another example of the arrogance of Alexa McDo-

that of the moon rocks in scientific

nough," he added. The initial investigation was started by rumours that such a tribe did exist. A joint committee of the Canadian anthropological society and the British Kneecap Institute began the search. Funding was set up by the Cape Breton Heritage Foundation on the project

started in early February. "It took us six weeks of searching before we uncovered any clues to the riddle," said Barnswallow. "Then the pieces began to fall

together. "We pulled into the settlement of Meat Cove just like the map from Irving had it. When we went into

the local motel we noticed that things looked a little different," said Barnswallow. "The total absence of apple dolls and dead fish was the initial tip-off."

"It took us awhile to realize the actual significance of the find," said Bernie Claptrap, the only Haligonian in the group. At first we thought we were in a typical CB Village, but later, when I chatted with the mayor of Meat Cove (above) we found out he did not speak Gaelic, suggesting the settlement predates that of posteighteenth century Cape Breton."

Further investigation indicated the tribe did not even have fire. stone tools, the wheel or UIC benefits. "We were astounded," he added.

The discovery has sparked a debate as to what to do about the tribe. "Western influence could damage forever their simple way of life," suggested Horrid editor Graham Wafer Dentist. "I read that in a book," he added proudly. Ace Bozo, another prominent Nova Scotian socialite, suggested this is not the case. "They could easily be integrated with the rest of Cape Breton society," he said. Paul McEwan is similarly confident. "Dump Alexa," he exhorted.

Whatever is to be done now is up to the Nova Scotia Tourist Bureau, said Dentist. "After all," he stated, "They have the manpower to milk this thing for all it's worth."



THE HORRID LIMITED

Publishers of The Chronically-Horrid

The Chronically-Horrid stands in the way of the Atlantic Provinces' progress and development and is dedicated to the maintenance of the ignorance of the people that no good cause shall thrive unopposed and that wrong shall not lack a champion.

Thursday, Almost April 1, 1983

Digby, glorious Digby

Sir:

I have always maintained that one of the most lovely places to be at this time of the year is the beautiful and talented town of Digby, Nova Scotia.

Whenever I've been in Digby, where I've never been, I've always been impressed by the distinctly blue colour of the skies surrounding the area. I have also noted the water-like qualities of the ocean surrounding the land on which the rock of the foundation of the solid core of the uppercrust of Digby was founded on. In Digby, I know where I am, which is Digby. That suits me just fine, thanks.

The peole there are also one of the reasons the lovely area comes into my mind at this point in time. Where else would you find such people? You would probably have to go a very far way — at least outside of Digby — in order to find people the likes of which are to be found in Digby.

Yes, I like Digby, but not wanting to be redundant, maybe I should tell you many more reasons why Digby is at the tip of my tongue now (not literally, though). Digby is in a wonderful area. Immediately surrounded by the outskirts of Digby, the small town is set comfortably in ga landscape htting to the pace of the town.

What pace might that be, you may very well ask? Yes, you may very well ask.

There are also flowers in Digby, but that happens later in the year. They have them other places, too, so I guess that's nothing much to brag about.

In this age of trauma, there are few good pretenses anyone can give towards passive objectivity, and that includes the Editorial staff of the Chronically-Horrid. Some say our civilization is in a state of decline, and they just might be right. At any rate, there is no more space left for the fence-sitters and uncommitted souls of the world.

Newspapers such as the Chronically Horrid have a unique power and responsibility in our society, and it may be true that we should use this power, but only judiciously and prudently. Our stringent screening process for editorials ensures that nothing we write is written unawares to us. You should be glad of this. We sure are.

So it has come to be accepted as fact that we can adopt controversial views such as these expressed in this editorial with hardly any fear of repercussons. We don't care who we outrage — it's for a good cause

remember that. I can't.

Zabrieskie Point

by Harold Cliché - Lackey-in-chief

Well, they're at it again. Who are they? The usual. What's "it"? Attacking the economic welfare of this province, and of this paper's publisher, in the interests of socialism and stupidity.

I'm a simple man.

But I don't pull my punches.

Just because I don't know what a
paragraph is doesn't mean I can't

paragraph is doesn't mean I can't express my opinions in the pages of this paper, even if nobody else can.

We've got a simple choice: use the

We've got a simple choice: use the budworm spray or lose our chance at a new steel mill.

Make your choice, or you'll soon find that in the world of modern economic forces the choice, which is no choice at all, is but the will of an oil sheik and the dirty unfairness of a world gone sour and the values are not those of the, as can surely be seen.

This is clear.

But other things are not so self-evident (such as why I got this job). One of these not-so-self-evident-things is the connection between the environmentalist kooks and the business concerns of Upper Canada, the promoters of the National (central) policy.

I don't know for sure yet what it is, but I know it's there and I'm working on it.

You'll be the first to know.

They kept us from getting the Concorde, they sabotaged heavy water, they attacked McCains. But all that's not enough. Now they're out to destroy the economy of this province and send us all into the arms of the commies. How, ask you? Simple, answer I. By stopping the budworm spray.

Will they do it?
Yes, if they have their way. Will they have it?

have it? NO WAY! We've had enough, and we won't take any more. It's time to make a stand. So what if the spray stands a good chance of killing children? So what if it turns your hair green and makes you think you're the son of the devil? So what if it doesn't work anyway?

I say you have to face the facts. Number one:....

Well, what's the good of getting bogged down by facts. Let's face it; When you see the jerks who oppose the spray, you've just got to support it! The hell with the kids. It'll do them good. Toughens them up. If it works on their minds long enough, they might even grow to like me.

And write in short sentences.
And be illiterate.

Maybe the spray will fix my

It seems to be stuck on indent.

Vice of the people

Jolly good jolly goo

To the Editor:

Prime Minister Trueau's recent Asian tour has highlighted four Monarchies — Brunei (an absolute monarchy); Malaysia; Thailand; and Japan (consti-

Queen Elizabeth told Quebeckers in 1964 that "The role of a constitutional monarchy is to personify the Democratic State." Our Constitution distinguishes between a head of state who is above partisan politics and a head of government who is at best the successful leader of a party. Mr. Trudeau, of course, could never be accused of being involved with politics.

Also constitutionalized is the role of the Governor-General, who represents the Queen but is chosen by the Prime Minister and only approved by the Queen. Mr. Robert Borden referred to the Governor as "an elected president."

Because we still share our sovereign with the United Kingdom, some Canadians think that our maple crown is somehow "colonial." Mr. Jules Leger noted that, on the contrary, "Down through the centuries ... a system under the crown ... has enabled us to develop as a free people, despite our vast territory and cultural diversity." It is a shame Mr. Leger is also dead.

If Canadians can no longer be content with a Sovereign who comes here only at the Prime Minister's invitation, then either annual visits for the Queen could be recommended or the Royal Family could be asked to reside here to

Minister of Fisheries and their servant.

Canadians would continue to respect

Elizabeth II as head of the Commonwealth and

wealth and
Which brings me to the point of this letter.

Ron Kerwell
[Name withheld by request]

Coke adds life

To the Editor:

Sir: - last year I had the great fortune to visit this fair province and have found the fair citizens to be extremely fair in their dealings with my fine wife and I. They were extremely forthcoming as well, especially when coming forth with information about interesting places to visit and score some shit. In fact, after consulting with my (and my fine wife's) attorney, I am considering moving here to set up a small plant in the next 10-15 years.

John DeLorean 80003049, Sung Sung, New York

Nyet nyet Alexa

Sir: I am writing this letter to inform the people of Nova Scotia of the great travesty that is taking palce right under their very noses. They laughed at me when I exposed the "communist element" in the NDP, but now they're forced to see the light.

For those who don't know it, the leader of the New Democratic Party, Ms. McDonough just got back from Havanna, Cuba from what she called "her vacation" but I saw threw her verbal vomiting — that damn Communist went to Castro's Havanna Hideaway to plot the overthrow of the free world as we know it.

Perhaps now Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Cameron, you'll understand why I didn't laugh along with you when she

Legislature last week — this is a very serious matter.

When she arrives smoking a Havanna Cigar, run for your life — the New Democratic Pinkos are coming!

Paul McSewer

Leader of the

Cape Breton Labour Party

Taxpayers' money wasted

To the Editor:
I am writing

I am writing you to express my concern about the flagrant waste of money spent on our public school systems.

Yesterday, being a nice spring day, I decided to take a motor trip to beautiful Digby Pines. To my chagrin I saw an ugly yellow school bus, with lights aflashing to trigger an epileptic fit. Several school children were running about, I guess on one of their so-called nature hikes, bags of muck in their grubby paws and a few harried adults trying to keep them in line.

First off, the school board used valuable taxpayer's money to pay those damn busdrivers far more than they're worth. They should have been left to starve without work to teach them the

walue of an honest day's wages.

My second complaint is having those children romping around, undisciplined and learning nothing of value. What kind of citizenry are we creating, one without spine and fortitude?

Why dont' the provincial government and the school boards go back to the same system they had when I was a child, with a good hard teacher, with hard books, and a birch switch to instill a sense of discipline into soft minds. And more religion must be taught in the schools. The moral fibre of this community is seriously threatened.

If the schools have money to so waste ton these day trip frivolities, then school boards should trim the budgets even more, and put the money they save to some more worthwhile purpose.

I urge the people of Nova Scotia to reconsider their position and right this miscarriage of justice against tax, payers.

George Putnam Purcell's Cove Road Halifax, Nova Scotia

The Lighter Side

So I got to write another column. So what? So I'm supposed to write this column on apathy. So what? I mean who really cares about apathy? What really burns me is all those smart-ass, ultra-liberals who rant on about apathy as if anybody actually gave a damn. It's like beating a dead horse after he's left the barn and closed the door behind him.

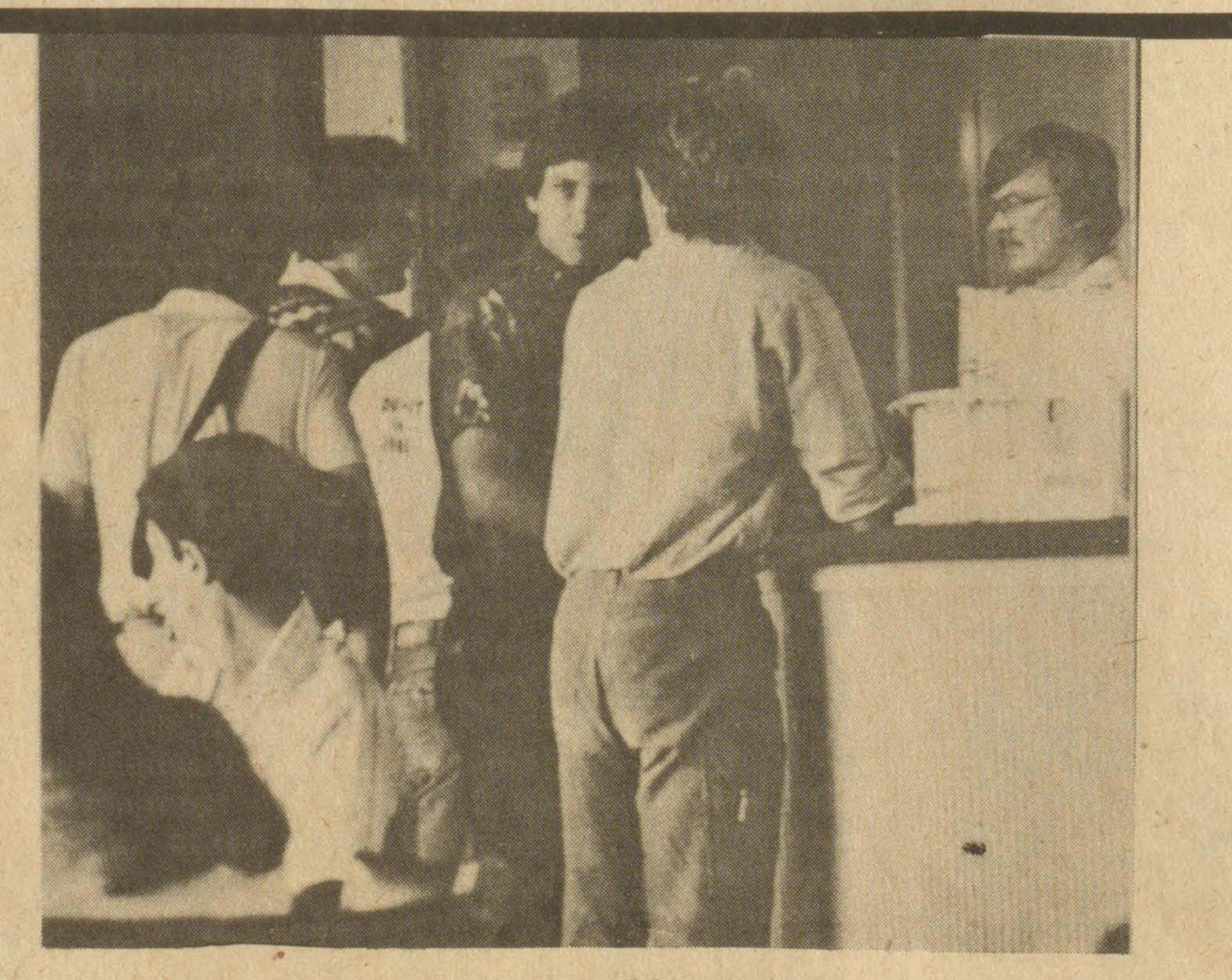
Right thinkers like you and me know that apathy is as Canadian as Maple Syrup. Where would we be without apathy. We'd be like the Japanese with all that extra gov't revenue to fund UIC programs and

nobody to give it to. I say so what. So what if the gov't drags us into the jaws of the Red Manace? So what if the amount of the copper in a 1980 penny is worth more than the dollar? So what? I think that if you really care about something then you're a communist. Like I don't care about this column. Right? That's the way it should be. As an example to all those ultraliberal types who might be cruising through the paper looking for subliminal messages from Karl Marx;

just to teach them a lesson I'm

gonna stop.

Who cares? - ed.



The Management & Staff of THE GRAWOOD wishes everyone Good Luck in exams. To the Graduates - CONGRATULATIONS. We'll see everyone else next year

Entertainment

Horrid masterwork collected

by Dazzle Peaking

There are events numerous in the inverse extreme — that is to say a word like infrequent, except type it — that command the attention of one's mind and soul, even body, the way an Editorial by our paper's fine editor-in-chief, Harold Cliché does. The man's prose is like a fine wine, to be savoured and rolled about the palate before spitting out one's insides on the sidewalk.

Now, you, or I, even may ask what has Mr. Cliché gone and done to occasion such a meritorious mention from a literary piece such as myself? The only possible — and correct, as it turns out — answer to such a well-placed rhetorical question is that Mr. Cliché has finally seen fit to publish in published form a collection of the best of his collected editorial works from the Chronically-Horrid over the ages.

Words come to mind when thinking of Cliché's magnum opus. What can one say about an editorial as pungently joyful and exuberant as his "Tragedy of pollution controls" missive from the March 23, 1980 Horrid edition? For describing the trauma of industrialists faced with ever-tightening guidelines on deadly pollution, Cliché is to be commended highly, both for content and style. In its lean, classical style it is second only, in my considerable opinion, to his "Flogging - an idea for today" column of the previous year.

Throughout the 800-odd pages of the work, it is above all his humanism which predominately shines forth. 'Sixty reasons why I like Rollie Thornswill' (Aug. 3/81) is a compassionate look at a swell guy with a noted aversion to corruption of most kinds. "Stun the poor" (Dec. 24/79) faces head-on with a blunt instrument the problem of Canada's swelling ranks of the idle poor. And of course his "Automobile crashes kill" (Feb. 14/82) takes a tough stance on a complex social issue, unafraid to call a spade

square, and vice versa.

Cliches forceful prose is as unique as the man behind the work. His frequent "um ..."'s, "duh"'s, and "Is this my head?" interjections throughout give the pieces a slightly nostalgic tinge of yesterear, perhaps back to before Cliches last operation. His adventuresome "Tory blue" period is marked by an almost avante-garde lack of punctuation, due perhaps to the fact that Cliche temporarily forgot what periods and commas were used for during the summer of '80.

It is fitting, then, to end on a note of Harold Cliche's creation. I leave with you this passage from his "Abortion — how to spell the word" piece of June 18, 1980:

piece of June 18, 1980:

It is then possible to ask, "Where do we go from here?" and I sure wish somebody would. Just remember, there are commie pinkos out there, and you're probably one of them. God, it's cold in this

"The Site" - an exciting new place to eat

by Elmo Whose

It's the first day of spring and seagulls are taking the air at the one and only seagull park and restaurant in Halifax — the City Landfill site. The fine weather brought out many seagulls and their families and friends to enjoy the great weather and the even

finer pickings at the "Site".

There were large crowds on the "Site" in the sun, soaking up the atmosphere and fresh scents of spring flowers. Some of the gulls were venturing to the newly placed accessibles and were seen calling and dancing to one another about the fantastic finds to be found on the ever growing mounds. A few gulls ventured to the most fresh areas and were heard to say that this year has been the "best yet" to their knowledge

their knowledge.

The facilities at the grounds are

laid out as to give the holidayers
the best view of the beach, not
always easy to see from the road.
The area is surrounded by trees
and shrubbery, in order to hide
their hideaway from the eyes of
pesky reporters and humans in
general.

Not only were there gulls by the hundreds, but also curious black-birds, crows and others not invited but when it comes to a free for all in the dinner-time industry, the eats are for all who dare take a chance with the victuals that are available. However the uninvited were put out because they had not received a formal invite from the Gulls Board of Community Services, the ones responsible for picking out sites to have annual picnics and the like during the year. The Soiree at the "Site" as it is affec-

criminating of the gull population lasted a whole day and then of course it is normally an ongoing pastime of all gulls to make at least one weekly stop there to pick up items from the gourmet shop just recently opened by one of the founding fathers of the Gull population, Monsieur Black foot White back, of Halifax Harbour.

There are some permanent resi-

tionately called by the most dis-

dences to be found in the area quite close to the "Site", in reality some of the most affluent nests in all of Atlantic Gulfdom. Nest prices soar every year and just in time for spring nesting rituals.

There is also a year-round carryhome in operation for any bird who would like to take advantage of the specials waiting to be picked up at bargain prices, any day of the year.

Sports



These players are worried about lapsing ito the unchic after Gretzky's shoelace style shocker.

Superstar suceeds in tightening

Edmonton (PC)

An unconfirmed rumour, from a source who wished to remain anaonymous, inferred yesterday Edmonton Oilers' star centre Wayne Gretzky was seen tying his shoelace on March 30.

"I might be wrong, but I thought I saw a glimpse of it," the unidentified source didn't say.

Name of the unscheduled shoelace-tying has caused a hotbed of rumour to erupt in both locker room and press room.

Sports analysts from all over the continent are attempting to assess the incident's possible impact on Gretzky's chances for another Hart trophy. Red Fishnet, sports editor for the Dalhousie Gazette, thinks the tying could jump Gretzky over Boston netminder Pete Peeters in the scorecards of the experts. "It shows he's human, kinda," said Fishnet "Especially since he tied a granny knot."

Oilers owner Peter Pucklington interpreted the event as an affirma-

tion of free enterprise and a boost towards his gaining the PC party national leadership. "In fact," beamed Pucklington, "I bought several shoelace factories yesterday as a result." Pucklington would neither confirm nor deny rumours that Gretzky was signed to a multimillion dollar shoelace endorsement deal as well.

"L'socialists." the genial megalon Lniac added.

Gretzky was unable to comment when reached.

A day at the races with Herman

a bogus report on slug racing by Herman the slug as told to Sports editor David the

Let me introduce myself. I'm herman the slug. And the sports editor thought it would be really keen to get a story told from a slug's point of view. So I'm going to embark on this story in an attempt to expand human consciousness, to push back the frontiers of understanding and generally expound on the metaphysical implications of slug racing.

Areal slugfest

by Two Houndsends

In a speech that shocked the boxing world, WBC middle-weight champion Marvin Hagler announced his retirement last night.

It seems that Harold Ballard, worried about his team's improvement over the past few seasons has offered 'Gretzky-like' wags in an attempt to draw the champion to offered Hagler a shopping centre but also the exclusive rights to all hockey cards sold in Canada.

When contacted for comment Ballard was quite unintelligible but a Toronto spokesman said that he had been worried for years by the constant improvement in the Leafs. "When we lost Williams and Glynie everything started to go wrong. We started winning games and ticket sales began to drop off. In 1979 when we made it to the semi-finals Harold blew his cool. He got rid of that bum Sitler and started recruiting some guys who could play real hockey."

Hagler was not an entirely popular choice. Scouts were dubious as to his skating ability but as Ballard is rumoured to have said "Who gives a \$α%?*# about skating?"

Hagler will spend this summer in the Bahamas preparing for the upcoming season at Bobby Orr's "The Legends of Hockey" hockey school. When he is not training he will be listening to Guy Lafleur disco records and watching Peter Dunk roring

Slug racing is almost as old as prostitution although it is not nearly as widespread. It all started in Arabia where pure-bred slugs were a sign of extreme poverty among the sultans. But it wasn't until recent years that slug racing developed as a sport that we know that it is now. Like for instance, in the middle ages more barbaric sports were popular like cockfighting and slug-baiting.

But that is all past history. Now I'll tell exactly what it is like to be a champion slug. I have to rise in the wee hours of the morning to avoid pedestrian traffic and go for a brisk crawl along the floor. Then its back to the showers and a quick snooze. About ten o'clock the trainer will come by and hitch up the harness and lead me and my stable mate Jocko out onto the track. Jocko is a nice slug but he is not intelligent enough to ever be a champion. A tip on slug betting folks. Don't bet on a slug race. Because of the high profits to be gained in professional slug racing the syndicate stepped in and took over years ago. The whole gamut is fixed from smug-

gling illegal slugs into the country to giving slugs psychadelic, mindaltering drugs to encourage them to perform better. If you have any slug-sense you will heed my warnings and not look to make a quick buck but simply go to the races to witness the thrill of victory and the agony of psychadelic mind-altering

Now I know that there are those of you out there who cannot resist the thought of resting a friendly wager on the outcome of the race. So you're a bunch of losers, so what?

Now as for the race itself there is not much to tell. As soon as the gate goes up the slugs just charge right out and go for it. It is a gruelling quarter meter in which every slug must give it his or her all. The race is usually over within about a half hour and the winner is most often the one with the lightest

Well that's about all there is behind the highly demanding sport of professional slug racig. It's not all glamour as some might think but if the truth be told most slugs just do it for the drugs.

Toronto. The wily Ballard not only Halifax to get domed stadium

The Atlantic Mooseheads, Halifax's entry into the Canadian Football League unveiled plans yesterday for a new 60,000 seat domed stadium to be constructed in downtown Dartmouth. Originally the team had intended to build a 35,000 seat uncovered stadium but extra financing and a "real deal" on the roof was enough to change their minds.

"It's going to be just like the Superdome," said an excited director of team operations J.R. Alwett, "only bettah."

In keeping with the team's plan to use only products which are indigenous to the local area such as wood and steel, the new roof will be constructed of polyethylene and feature bright and colourful logos. The roof will have no internal supports but will be held up with hot air, "something this outfit has got plenty of," noted J.R.

The original stadium was to have nost \$6 000 000 and with the

by Steve MacClod new roof and seats total cost will run approximately \$6,000,055. When queried how the team had come up with such a deal and the unusual logos on the roof, J.R. would only say that "we have shopped around a bit."

The team director of operations is confident that the team will have no problems filling the additional 25,000 seats. "We're not just planning to have people coming from Dartmouth and Halifax but every population centre in the Maritimes from Glace Bay to Buctouche. Once they see the brand of football we play they'll be breaking down

Alwett categorized allegations that the team's name had anything to do with kickbacks from a local brewery as "outrageous." "Who in the hell ever would name any team after a beer?" demanded J.R.

The team is scheduled to begin play in the fall of 1984 and with plans like this there appears to be nothing ahead but "smooth Sail ing" for the Mooseheads.

Ace Faulty

by Ace Faulty

hood Wishy Durane died tragically yesterday outside the Bank of Montreal building in Downtown Halifax, the top of which he had just jumped from. The loss of Wishy will be deeply felt in Metro boxing circles, for the story of Wishy Durane is in large part (the crooked part) the story of organized fisticuffs in this area. I know, because I was there along with Wishy.

Wishy, whose real name was Lucky, was born to poor but dishonest parents in the back of the

Broken Bottle Tavern. Legend has Local fight promoter, bookie and it that as Wishy was being delivered, the Doc got into a fight with one of the patrons, leaving his small charge on the floor. Upon surveying the scene, Wishy uttered his first words: "I'll lay three to one on the Doc!" He never looked back.

Wishy brought professional boxing (and the Mob) to Halifax, and he did it on his own and the hard way - with threats and bribes. It's been said that Wishy arranged for more dives than any parachute club, but Wishy never let the rumours bother him. I remember one reporter questioning Wishy in this

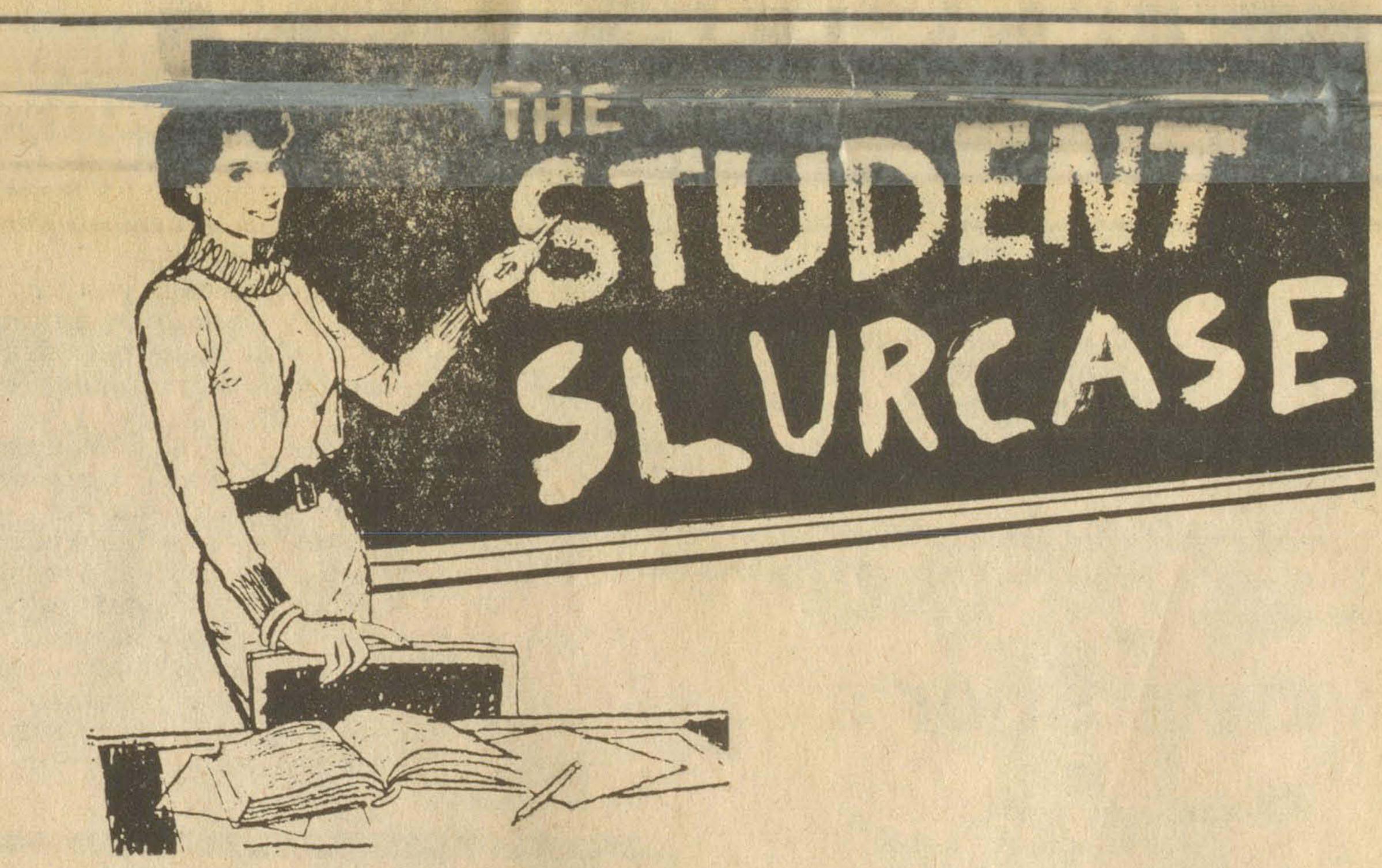
way, and Wishy responding with his famous, if earthy, wit: "Say that again, f**kf**e, and it'll be the last f***ing thing you'll ever say!" I laughed till my sides hurt.

But now Wishy is gone. Ironically he died doing what he used to pay others for - taking a dive. Whether he fell or was pushed (the police are as yet undecided), it would seem that ol' Wishy made a fitting departure from this world.

Good luck, Wishy; I just hope you can bribe your way into the big fixed fight in the sky.



The Chronically-Horrid's carrier of the week is Kyle "Whaddya mean I'm late?" Kapitalist, a fourth-year business student at St. Marion's junior high in Halifax. Kyle, shown here on collection day, is enthusiastic about the tips he shakes down from his 54 customers. Says Kyle, "When I smell blood, the rest is easy."

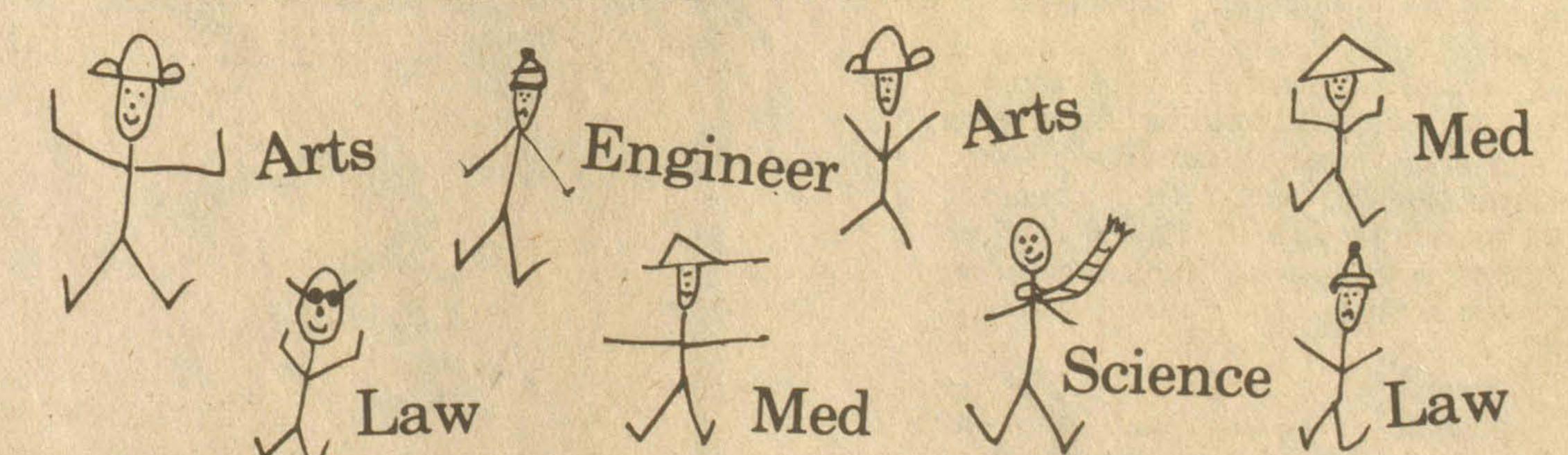


Featuring the students of:

Dalhousie University What do you like about university?

/ like neechie he is really meat

Match students who are the same.



Count the Alligators.



NEXT WEEK: St. Marion's Elementary

Socialist life)



Two enthusiastic readers of Harold Cliché's collected editorials are shown here meditating on the heavy messages contained within.



The Wafer Dentist family are relieved to announce the pending marriage of their son (SIC), Sandy Graham Wafer Dentist (R.) to noted comedienne and entertainer Lily Tomlin. Invitations to the wedding, which will occur in African Safari Park, Shubenacedie at High Noon on April 1, will be awarded on the basis of patronage only.



Publisher-in-training Billy Joe Jim-Bob Wafer Dentist (no relation to Graham) practises for the fun task of editing a big-time city newspaper.

Movie Shorts

Porky's XII - the next half-century — (PIG) — Director Book Cluck follows the whole Porky's gang through the next fifty laff riot years of misogyny, masturbation and male menopause. Its running time of just over 18 hours is a tad wearing at times, but Cluck throws in enough witty footage of girlies in showers to make the wait worthwhile. Bore Derrick's special appearance in a see-though muumuu is a highlight.

Kill, Scorch, Maim, Amputate, and Pull Hair — (UG— — Gronk Uurguph biff Smack Whallop Charles Bronson. Ka-powww slam gouge hit Lee Van Cleef. Bambambambambambam splotch Sam Peckinpah. Aaaaaaahgh slash tear disembowel Noel Coward (from an idea by Frederick Neitschze).

Love Me, Love my Disease — (WEP) — This heart-rending saga of a man with terminal nosebleeds (Dudley Moore) and his ill-fated relationship with a Circus bearded woman (Dustin Hoffman) is excellent from start to finish, whichever comes first.

Kermit does Dallas — (XXX) — Kermit 'n' Miss Piggy and the whole muppet gang meet lots of other sweet and adorable characters, some of them human, and do all kinds of sweet and adorable things — not for the diabetic.

Tatesie (CFS) — This self-indulgent in-joke was concocted by Albanian strong-man Enver Hoxha about a researcher for a left-wing national student organization who is actually a young PC and part-time Pocklington campaign worker. Hoxha's performance in the lead is appalling, as is Peter Ran's appearance as a student council President striving to maintain respectability.

Entertainment

Teabags add life - so squeeze those leaves

by Elmo Watts [Dartmouth Cooking Bureau]

As you are probably aware, one hopes and prays, a good cup of tea starts with hot, "HOT" water and a pre-warmed pot. That is just fine, but one must be careful to squish the bag for all its worth to get the maximum flavour from it.

As a group of teabag experts we can assure one that it doesn't matter what type of tea one uses, just make sure it is a gauze bag (repeat "GAUZE" bag). Paper is not for tea afficiendos. Gauze is perfect for pulverizing and the subsequent release of leaf taste and aroma.

release of leaf taste and aroma.

Here are the full instructions for

Astrological Fivecast

by Sydney C.B. Omarer

Scorpio can be Adolf Hitler, Attila the Hun, just as Shirley Temple, Donny Osmond and Bill Smith are Aries. People do act like their signs. Could Richard Nixon be anything but a Cancer? And the wheel continues to spin and when it stops at your sign, what do we have?

Aries (March 21 on) Your scenario is pleasant.

Taurus (April 20 on) It's your lucky day - you score. People tell you that you are full of chicken; this will

shock you.

Gemini (May 21 on) You have the distinct feeling of deja vu. You have the distinct feeling of deja vu.

Cancer (June 21 on) Today will start off bad but it will grow on you

like fungus. Scenario: Promising.

Leo (July 23 on) You find out that
you are related to the Queen and
therefore commit suicide. Scenario:
Bleak.

Virgo (August 23 on) A man offers you some candy and you lose your virginity.

Libra (September 23 on) You meet the mayor and get sick. Scenario: Technicolour.

Scorpio (People under this sign are too dull to bother with.)
Sagittarius (See Scorpio for reveal-

Sagittarius (See Scorpio for reveing message.)

Capricorn (December 22 on) You may grow up to be the son of God even if you are female. Scenario: Merry.

Aquarius (January 20 on) Be sympathetic, even generous; subtle yet but quiet, pretentious yet cute, etc. but etc. ... You are a wine.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20) You're a sucker if you read this far fishface. Scenario: Wet.

If January 20 is your birthday, you are not attractive to the opposite sex but moles may find you appealing. You were probably born at an early age and your chart indicates you will probably die in the next hundred years or so. Cancer people play a very important role in your life which just goes to show how dull your life is. Humour is spotlighted - a pigeon drops something on your head. Give full play to imagination but go to confession afterwards. Your cycle is apt to be high; Freddy the freak pays you a visit.

an absolutely wondrous cuppa. Have at the ready:

— 1 hot pot (for 2 cups of water at least)

- 1 gauze tea bag

1 cup or mug, urn, bowl or whatever you have on hand
Lots of boiling water

Milk to taste, skim or goat
Lemon if one is crabby (it makes

the drinker sour)

— Sugar (if one is not sweet enough)

Pre-warm the tea pot or cup with boiling water, empty it out before putting in the tea bag.
Put bag into pot or cup, although

one can use a beer stein in a pinch

— Pour boiling water over the bag,
let it sit for a while, the darker the
water the stronger the taste.

— If using a pot, pour the tea without the gauze bag into a (whatever one chooses to drink out of).

- Put bag if from a cup on a saucer or in a shot glass. Experts use a shot glass to hold their bag while drinking their first cup of tea. Oh yes, don't forget to put in the milk and sugar and/or lemon at this point if one wishes.

You have to be economical these days so when you want your next cup of tea, simply follow the instructions given before but use the same bag. Pour boiling water over the bag in the cup, let sit at least 10 minutes and without burning your fingers lift the bag out of the water and with it still in the cup squeeze the little sucker for all it's worth into the cup. This way one gets all that good flavour that we all pay so much for.

One may get some of those itsy bitsy bits of leaf in the cup, but what the gosh, you are paying good money and so you might as well get one's money worth. You can squeeze the gauze bag with a garlic press, two spoons, or your fist, whichever one chooses you are doing a service to tea lovers everywhere, are using the teabag to its maximum. One must be an admirable tea user to be a true drinker of

the stuff.

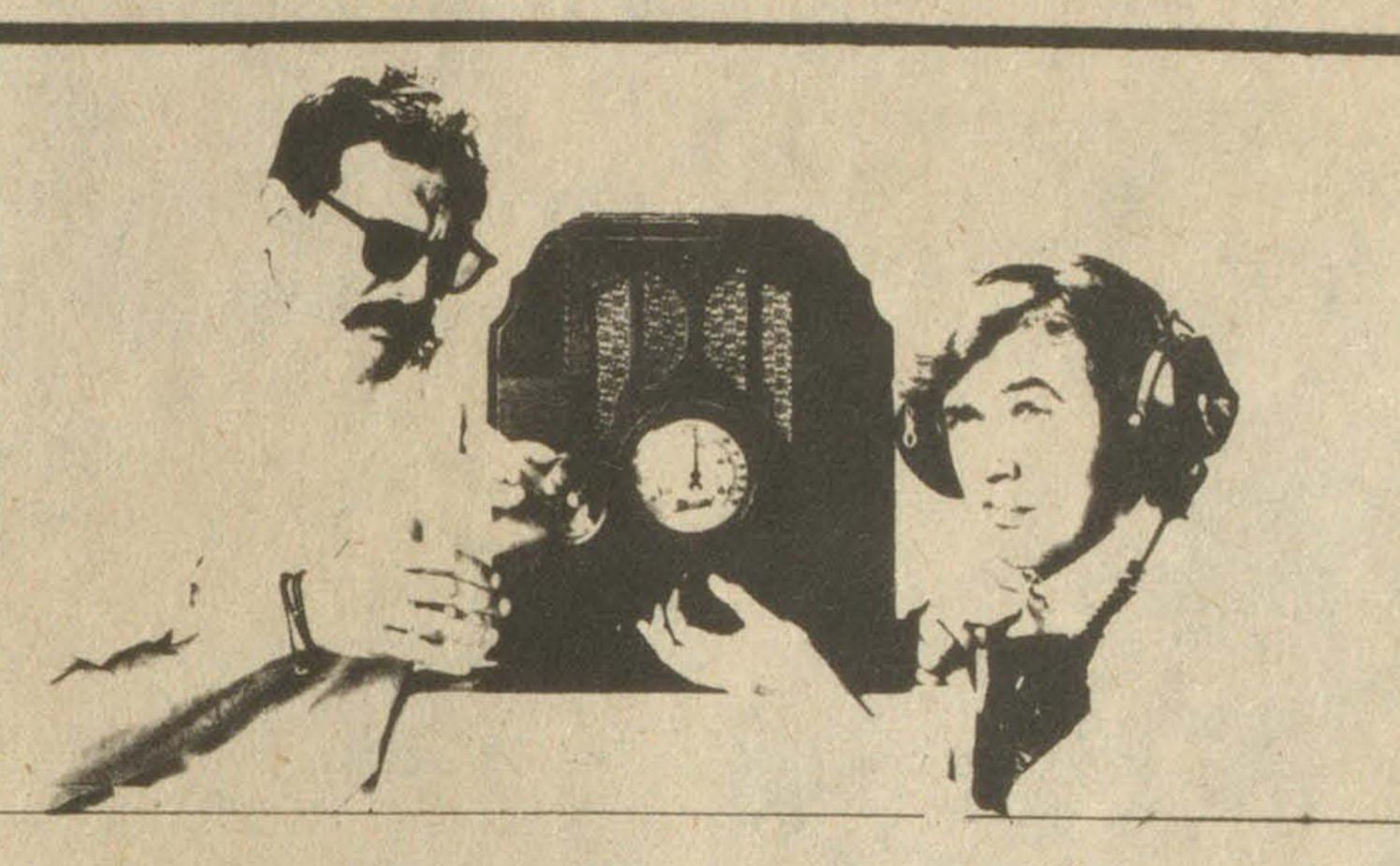
You may like to try the "total" approach to use of tea bags, that entails use of grinders, blenders, rolling pins on boards, and egg beaters and everything else used to ravage food in its preparation. All the aforementioned gadgets are ideal for getting the "lead" of the

bag and into your cup where it

belongs. Good taste belongs in ones' various utensils and not wasted as is so commonly seen in better restaurants everywhere.

Tea bags are even good if used twice and then put through the mill for a third or even fourth time. In fact, the more trips the better.

Well have a good time pulverizing the little sods, although after a while they may become a bit mouldy and grungy. However it is not the brand of tea that counts, it is how one uses it. So if one feels just a bit piqued after using antique bag, change brands of tea, don't lame this column, please!



Canada's Up and Coming Comedy Duo Bob YOUNG and Bob Rich tune in their favorite Radio Program A SHOW NAMED BOB every Sunday nite at 10:30 on C100 fm. Ask for their smash debut album A RECORD NAMED BOB at your favorite Record Store! Better still, SEND \$10 (for record, button, poster and postcards) to: Doug Barron, IGNORANCE THRU RESEARCH, 6068 Cherry St. #2, Hfx., N.S. B3H 2K3

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Dalhousie University Bookstore Wednesday - Friday April 13, 14, 15

Class of 83

GRADUATION WEEK

TUES. MAY 10

Baccalaureatte Service 6:30 p.m. King's Chapel

Presidents Reception 8:00 p.m. Presidents Residence

WED. MAY 11

Tree Planting Ceremony 3:00 p.m. A&A

Bon Voyage Bar-B-Q 3:30 p.m.
Behind the SUB
All you can eat | \$2.50

Hawaiian Boat Cruise 6:00 and 8:00 p.m.
Historic Properties/\$5.50

Dal Downtown 8:00 p.m.
Watch for the Agenda
Wear your Grad Button!

THURS. MAY 12

High Society Night
Check with your society for events.

Grad Night at the Grawood 9:00 p.m. Live Entertainment/Free admission

FRI. MAY 13

Graduation Ball 10:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m.

- Music by John Alphonse

- Full course dinner served at 2:00 a.m.

Two Complimentary Graduation Wine Glasses

TICKETS

Sales start Wed. April 6 in the SUB Lobby 11:30 to 1:30 weekdays.