

# My Apology, Again

by Gordon Stone  
Herald Staff

At this point, I can not help but wonder about my CQM management system. CQM was implemented here from Day One, to avoid problems. Yet problems are all we have! We are not producing a decent newspaper and we argue about everything.

And now here I am, offering a second public apology to Mayor Schwartzman. A second apology because my first,

in the last issue, was not very good. It was poor.

So now I apologise as sincerely as I can manage to Mayor Schwartzman for any pain my articles have inflicted on him. The articles were unfair. After all, I have no proof that the Mayor has ever been drunk, in public.



I started my brave experiment, *The Herald*, with two goals. One was to create a decent community newspaper. The other was to demonstrate I have the skills of a top manager.

Yet despite following CQM from Day One, the project has gone wrong.

*Please see Brain Dead, Inside 1*

FREE

FREE

## The Winnipeg Weekly Herald

All the news that fits in six small pages

Issue 4, November 29, 1999

Paranoia is a bona fide occupational requirement

# My Dan, Unconscious!

by Ruth Schwartzman  
Herald Staff

Last week *The Herald* carried this reporter's story about the accident which put her ex-husband, Dan Weston, Executive Director of Harvest Bank, into a coma. He was crushed by 5 tonnes of turkeys in what police theorize was no accident, but a suicide attempt.



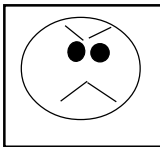
This reporter does not believe it was a suicide try. Nor does she believe it was a simple accident. This world has few accidents.

*This journalist must stress that her concerns have nothing to do with any guilt she feels over having written the article which depressed Dan.*

We were married five years. Yes, we had many problems, including his not knowing how to keep his organ in its proper place. But he was not a person who would kill himself, and if he was, he sure as hell would not do it by the absurd method of having

*Please see she's too hard on herself, Inside 2*

# My



Phillips Meathead:  
Artist's conception

by Phillips Slothead  
Herald Staff

Dan's coma is tragic and certainly taking up a lot of space in this newspaper. But there are other issues.

For example, now my apartment has been burglarized.

# Place, Trashed!

I came home two nights ago to discover the door forced open. Inside, or what was left of the inside, all the furniture was slashed, all the books on the floor. My computer was gone.

I went from room to room, well two and a half rooms in all. Same story each time.

Anything that could be trashed was trashed.

I called the police and explained about AAA and maybe got a little angry when they asked me to stop shouting, so I reminded them about that nasty piece I wrote about racist cops,

*Please see Phillips Shoots Himself in Foot, Inside 1*

## Brain Dead

*continued*

I must face up to the truth: *CQM* has failed. The newspaper is *not* excellent. Maybe we *do* spend too much time in meetings. Maybe my co-workers feel no need to change because they have guaranteed contracts for three

years. The solution is clear: *I must imple-ment a better management system!*

I will stick this through, in fact I can not afford to quit. Thank goodness Terry has been so supportive and helpful in these difficult times!

**Stay tuned next week for  
Apology Number Three  
to Mayor Schwartzman!**

## Foot Shooter

*continued*

which may not have been great timing because they left.

My tires were slashed (*twice*). My home trashed. I have become a prisoner in my own apartment, only safe when I am at *The Herald*.

But I want *The Herald* and my public to know that T.S. will continue to stand up for his right to call it the way it is. And the way I call it, "bring 'em on!"

Yes, The Slothead will now

bow to this pressure. There are articles to write, no matter who writes them.

Mike has it wrong. The Slot-head does not duck responsibility. The Slothead says, bring 'em on!

However, there still are not any AAA articles coming down the pipeline. Sources in AAA's Bada Bing strip club still will not talk to him after the tragic death of Chauncey Witherspoon.

### Classified Ads

#### Unemployed??

*Jobs are available! Don't give up hope! All you have to do is be willing to travel to another country, learn another language, not be Jewish or a woman, and give up any sense of personal freedom! Write Mr. Fixit, Box 33, Overseas Jobs, The Herald.*

#### Need a Light?

*Ever since I began to glow blue, I've been able to see by the light from myself, and save on electrical bills. Will rent myself to you, cheaper than Hydro! Write Box 1313, The Herald.*

#### Garage Sail

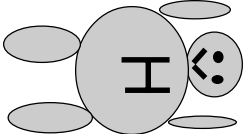
*Large sail, fits average garage. Contact Marcus Wunzinger at Box 1945, The Herald.*



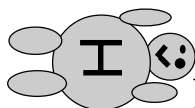
**Clip artist's  
conception of break-in**

## The Adventures of Super Herald Man by Mike Hanchuk

*Super Herald Man pretends he is a Collective co-worker.*



**What Collective problems will he solve today?**



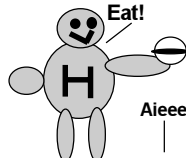
**Car crash!  
Ambulance!**

**Emergency!  
Quicksand! Help! I'm on fire!**

**Aha!  
I know what problem a co-worker would solve!**

### **BURGERS**

**Mmm! Hungry!  
Eat!**



**Aaagh!**

**Eeek**

**Ohmigod!**

**Aieeee!**

# Inside 2

five tonnes of frozen turkeys fall on his head.

Since the police are now convinced it was attempted suicide, it has fallen on this reporter to uncover the truth.

Police base their suicide theory on three facts.

**First**, the supports for the turkey palette were partly sawed through. Judging from saw marks and the wood, the damage was probably done within forty-eight hours prior

kill *yourself*, would *you* do it by standing under five tonnes of turkeys and hoping it would fall on you?

The police say there is no one outside or inside Harvest Bank who would want to hurt Dan Weston.

**Sixth**: what about AAA Acme? What about Dan Weston telling Tony Soprano he knew the donated turkeys were covered with toxic waste? Rather than spend

## Self doubt

*continued*

to the collapse of the palette.

**Second**, Dan stood under the palette, as if waiting for it to collapse.

**Third**, he had financial problems and a substantial life insurance policy.

This reporter now has some questions for the police:

**First**: when did Dan cut the supports? Co-workers report he was in staff meetings all morning, and was out most of the previous day.

**Second**: Dan is not stupid. The saw marks were obvious, not hidden. Dan would have known his life insurance benefits would be refused. So much for motive. Anyway, what good will the money do him if he's gone?

**Third**: The damage was so crudely done that whoever sawed the supports *must have known* it would be discovered. What does that mean?

**Fourth**: Although Dan often found life difficult and frustrating, he would not have abandoned his children.

**Fifth**: If *you* were going to

the money to dispose of the turkeys properly, AAA donated them to Harvest Bank.

I spoke with the worker who took in the turkey shipment, Johanne Cayer, who told me, "The turkeys were part of the AAA Acme train wreck. AAA donated the turkeys to us because they couldn't sell them. We did not know at the time they were from the train wreck, that came after Dan took a closer look when they were delivered. AAA assured us the turkeys were safe to eat."

Questions:

Did AAA Acme have anything to do with Dan Weston's "accident"? Was the collapse of the palette directed at anyone in particular (seems hard to believe, the timing of a collapse would be impossible to predict accurately)? Or was there another motive? Did someone want to damage the food bank itself? And what *is* the mysterious blue glowing substance covering the turkeys?

This reporter intends to find the answers!

## Dan Quayle's Rear End and me

*I hereby give notice that I may not be doing Dan Quayle's Rear End any longer!*

*Doing Dan's Rear End has always been difficult for me. I always got behind. The designs are complex, the work almost anal. And when I complain, he tells me to butt out.*

*But it is not simply the extra work. My concern really is about Dan using The Herald to raise money to pay his gambling debts. There, I said it, it is out!*

*The Collective must come to grips with Dan and his not-so-hidden agenda. We have all signed contracts. We are all committed to working together for three more years. No one can be fired. We can not ignore this problem.*

*We must all work together, but to date Date has refused any suggestion of help. And I have made them.*

*Being in a collective is like therapy. But while I sympathize with Dan's problems, I am not a therapist.*

*I demand that the Collective do something about Dan, and do it soon!*

*--Mike*

# Inside 3

## Romance Video of the Weak



Heads up?

Dedicated to Gordon Stone

by Terry Bird  
Herald Staff

Welcome to a special edition of my culturale column. For no special reason--*maybe because there's a little romance in the air!*--today we'll look at some of the gray (and not so grate) romantic videos. Such movies are often called **date movies** because they encourage a couple to cuddle.

Of course, some of the greatest romantic films are not actually grate. For example, *Love Story*. Need I say more?

Or how about *The Way They Were*? Was anybody *ever* that way? Are there many Barbras and Roberts out there? I sure haven't seen any hanging around my neighborhood lately--though one G. Stone does look dashing!

Or how about *Sleepless In Seattle*? A cute film--until you realize it proposes there's this perfect person out there for you. And what exactly are you supposed to do if you're not a reporter with private detectives and an expense account? What *Sleepless* really proposes is a romanticised vision of love, there being someone

you are destined to meet.

Well, Destiny my butt. How many relationships are like that? Certainly none yours truly has ever been involved in! My relationships were more work than my day job! Poor poor poor Nora Ephron: *how come you didn't learn better after Carl Bernstein?*

But I know how Ephron would respond: hey, lighten up, it's an entertainment, a fantasy realized.

Okay. But can't the fantasy be more real? Of course, were movie fantasies *ever* real?

How about *An Affair To Remember*? Now there's a classic romance. Certainly the movie matches its two leads well: two shallow airheads, a gigolo playboy and a woman who rents herself out. The movie is incredibly fortunate to have Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr as the leads, because otherwise an audience would see through this tripe in a second.

And don't even mention *Romeo and Juliet*! Great romance? Everyone croaks!

And it's teen sex time tooo, thank God they don't live because it would only be children having children, just like what happened to me. My parents managed to live together for about ten seconds before my dad hopped a motorcycle and took off for parts unknown, leaving my mom to welfare until she could find a job. Real romantic, eh?

By now I suppose you are saying well for goodness sake, what about *Brief Encounter*? Duh!: anal Britons whose emotions are buried so deep they'd need a jackhammer to free them. Talk about impacted!

*Dr. Zhivago*? *Sommersby*? *Message in a Bottle*? Why do so many romances involve someone dying?

Maybe there aren't *that* many great romantick videos, but life is hard and it can be bitter, and let me tell you, when you find someone you even *thinke* you can love, someone clouse like a co-worker, well honey you go after him or her like a great big bat out of hell before it's too late!

**Note to Readers:** When I read the proofs, I insisted on typing this note--and on typing it myself! My original copy does not have all these typergraphical errors! Also, I note there are no typos in anyone else's stories! This is cheap revenge!

# Inside 4

## *The Winnipeg Weakly Herald* Workers' Collective

Minutes, November 27, 1999  
by Mike Hanchuk



**1. Agenda.** Complaints about how I do the minutes, editorial comments I insert without Agreement, blah blah. Gordo wants a review of when co-workers use the office, so he can get some sleep upstairs. Phillips wants immediate discussion on being terrorized in general. Poor Ruth's off looking after family business in general, brooding. I complain about Terry's culture column, which was the right size the first issue (i.e., no column at all), but since has taken over a whole page. And her column only deals with movies. Isn't there an art form she can write about? And how about these late night meetings between Gordo and her? Then there's Dan Quayle and his puzzle page.

**2. My editing.** Everyone complains about how I've cut their copy, or arranged it to embarrass them. In each case, it came down to them handing in overlength copy and leaving it to me to fix. As far as my editorial comments go, everyone else has articles, so I figure I have the minutes and bits and pieces throughout the paper.

*They vote to continue the discussion next week.*

**3. Gordo** complains about the overuse of the house. He originally planned that the co-workers would be here 10 - 4:30. That way, it would be quiet in the evenings. Unfortunately, we all work different hours. There is someone working on the ground floor all the time. Lots of discussion, but it is finally agreed to limit working hours to 10 pm. I almost keeled over. We actually made a decision! Mother!

**4. Phillips Slothead.** Organized crime is out to get him because of his AAA Acme articles. He wants to move out of his apartment, where he feels he is a marked man. He wants to live *here*. This comes up, of course, after the entire privacy discussion, where we finally decided something! Gordo nixes him sleeping here. My apartment has no space, and even if I did, would I want him sleeping with me?--ugh! Ruth is out of the question, she has two kids. Terry is making goo-goo eyes at Gordo when we look at her. Dan? No one knows where he lives. *Deci-*

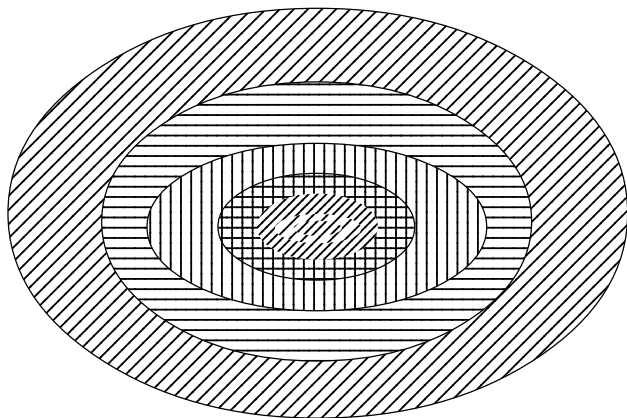
*sion: Phillips stays where he is.*

**5. Dan Quayle.** Extended discussion about Danny boy. All we really know about him is that he was fired from a Donut Shop, turned up at *The Herald* and sold Gordo on producing the best newspaper puzzles in the city. Best? Ha! The crossword puzzle, word search and maze have only one puzzle to solve: how to get Danno more cash. The Collective recognizes everyone has a personal agenda, but what do we do about someone like Dan? *After extended discussion, Dan promises to tone down the contest and money angles.*

**6. I move** we discuss the quality of writing, which varies wildly, that we bring a focus to our articles and a purpose to our newspaper. That we plan out what stories we cover. But by then it is 4:30 and they decide they've had enough. No one wants to stay and talk about the actual newspaper itself. They want to go home and watch tv.

Good night, *Herald*, and good luck!

# Rear End The World's Greatest Hypnotic Eye



**Hold The Hypnotic Eye six inches from eyes.**  
**Rotate in a slow, regular circular motion,**  
**over and over**  
**until you enter the**  
**Dan Quayle Contest Club**



## *Letters For The Collective*

Dear *Herald*:

In the first issue of *The Herald*, I published this little ad. I had comics to sell. I paid Dan Quayle.

He took my money and the ad got printed. But before the ad was published he asked to look at my comics, and he asked if he could buy some himself, so I said sure, and he took a long look and picked out about thirty comics. I said I thought those were worth a lot of money, because some were my dad's from forty years ago. He said maybe they were worth a little money. Then my mom had to go out of the room for a few minutes and Dan started talking real fast and I sold him the comics for \$100. Only Dan said he didn't have the money. He said he would have it, and not to worry.

Well, it's been three weeks and I still don't have my money. I call and call and leave lots of messages. I've gotten to know Mike, she's nice. But Dan no longer returns my calls. I need the money back cause otherwise my dad will dock my allowance for the next ten years.

Jimmy Benson

*Dan replies:*

*I definitely bought the comics he mentions for the price he mentions, except I did not give him any actual money. Unfortunately, I sold the comics and used the money to pay off many of my debts. I am speaking with a bank about a loan, to to pay Jimmy back. I will pay him back/ I am very sorry. I am less desperate now, but what I did with Jimmy haunts me.*

Dear *Herald*:

What happened to the Sports column? I accuse the Collective of cultural elitism!

In the second *Herald*, there was a delightful, oddball little piece about sports. It was written by Rich Ludwick, who played tight end for many years with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. It was the only sports piece in the paper.

I want sports and your readers want sports, so get your elitist hands messy and bring back the sports column!

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Rich Ludwick

*The Winnipeg Weekly Herald*  
by Victor Schwartzman  
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