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Elect Mrs. C. A. Grant Institute President

Mrs. C. A. Grant was elected president of the Women's Institute last week when members met at the home of Mrs. Lydia DeVries for their annual meeting. It followed a hot lunch supper with fourteen members answering roll call by paying back fees.

Mrs. Grant succeeds Mrs. Fred Armstrong, who resigned because of extra activity in her leadership of the 4-H Girls Club. Mrs. DeVries, who has been secretary-treasurer also resigned because of activity she is engaged in with the horticultural society and the new office holder is Mrs. Bob Lawson.

Other officers elected are: Mrs. Bob Harris, 1st vice-president; Mrs. Walter Lawson, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Fred Armstrong, district director; Mrs. Mary Bally, pianist; Mrs. Bob Harris and Mrs. W. Humphreys, auditors.

Conveners were also chosen for the various departments. These are: Mrs. L. DeVries, agriculture and Canadian industries; Mrs. C. A. Grant, citizenship and education; Mrs. W. Humphreys, community activities and public relations; Mrs. Walter Lawson, historical research; Mrs. Bob Lawson, home economics and health; Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. W. Humphreys, flowers and cards; Mrs. C. A. Grant, refreshments; Mrs. Mary Bally, press reporter.

Reports of conveners were presented at the meeting and also a report of the district directors' meeting. Mrs. DeVries gave the financial report. Thanks to the hostess for her hospitality was expressed by Mrs. Walter Lawson.

Sugar and Spice

Presented by BILL BAILEY of the Wharfedale

I see where the government is thinking of letting municipalities fluoridate their drinking water, if they so wish. As I was present when the anti-fluoridation forces received their deathblow, I thought you might like to hear about it.

For years, there have been two violent factions involved in this fluoridation business. Each has accused the other of fanaticism, homicidal mania, and the like. In my own unsolicited opinion, both sides are ridiculed by cracks and self-appointed do-gooders.

Personally, I lean slightly toward the anti-fluoridation side, for no logical reason except that I'm tired of people telling me cigarettes are ridding my lungs with cancer, alcohol is shrivelling my liver to a sad little speck, and my skull is beginning to show on top because I don't brush my hair a hundred strokes morning and night.

I feel the same way about my teeth as I do about my lungs, liver and scalp. If I want to let them rot, that's my business. I know, I know, what about my children's teeth? Well, if they want to let them rot, that's their business, too. They've been told often enough that they wouldn't have a tooth left in their heads if they didn't stop eating candy. Their immediate reaction is an interested look, then they start making faces at each other, pretending they have no teeth, then they ask for a nickel to get some candy, so their teeth will fall out, as soon as possible.

Somehow I don't think our children will add anything special to the culture of the ages just because they can all go around flashing a big mouthful of perfect teeth at each other, twenty years from now. I refuse to believe that, because they will have choppers that can snap through a steel bar, they will enjoy their meals any more, or be more intelligent, honest, or brave.

However, I drift. The anti-fluoridation group committed harakiri in the Legislature last week, with a Mr. Grossman, M.L.A. for a Toronto riding, wielding honourable knife.

I was visiting the local member, and he had fixed me up with a seat in the gallery, to hear the debates. He was poised on the edge of his seat, ready to leap up with a piercing question that would

shower a cabinet minister. I was sitting on the edge of my seat, pencil poised, ready to take some notes of the clash and din, the cut and thrust of parliamentary debate, to the readers in the home riding. His fellow party members were on the edges of their seats, ready to applaud him to the rafters.

So Mr. Grossman craftily sought, and got, the permission of the Speaker, and the forbearance of the members, while he spoke a few words on fluoridation. That was fine. I was rather interested. It would only take a few minutes, and then the fireworks would begin.

Mr. Grossman was against fluoridation of drinking water. Oh, how he was against it! He was against it for one hour and forty minutes. He was against it through stages of sweet reasonableness, throbbing sincerity, defiant martyrdom, solemn warning and, in his peroration, flaming heroism as he stood on the ramparts of the rights of man and hurled back the barbarian hordes who wanted to add one part of fluoride to one million parts of water.

He passed on to take triumphant gulps of unfluoridated water. His fellow-members listened in progressive stages of polite distaste, crashing boredom, utter hopelessness, and writhing rage as he plodded through innumerable articles and editorials, reading them verbatim. He read well.

By the time he neared the end, the Assembly bore some similarity to Union Station, what with the pageboys dashing about like red-caps, as they fetched water and daily papers the Members slumped in their seats like soldiers trying to sleep between trains, other Members wandering in and out of the lavatories, or for a smoke, and Mr. Grossman bellowing data with the monotony of a stationmaster calling the stops of the 4.35 train.

Mr. Grossman meant well. He was sincere. He had gone to a lot of trouble getting all that stuff together. He should have gone to the movies instead.

He finally stopped beating a dead horse, and ended with a fervent appeal for support, something along the line of throwing the torch from faltering hands, be yours to hold it high. The torch, practically in midair, turned into a boomerang.

M.L.A. Harold Fishleigh, who delights in being termed "irrepressible" by the press, rose and said that in his office four people were for fluoridation, four against, and those who were for it all had false teeth.

"What," snapped the exhausted Mr. Grossman, "does that prove?" Undaunted by the fact that he had no answer, Mr. Fishleigh resorted to a retort worthy of a witty nine-year-old. "It proves that you are all wet," at which brilliant sally the House broke into a gale of laughter, showing how debilitated was its natural discernment, through sheer weariness.

And that's the inside story of how the anti-fluoridation cause had its back broken in the Legislature. And if someone will just put a drop of something, and I don't mean fluoride, in my water, I will gladly change the subject.

FARM NEWS

U.S. HOG MARKETS IN FEBRUARY

J. E. W. U.S. hog markets in February, while still comparing quite favorably with the very low prices prevailing a year ago, showed their sharpest February break in the past nine years. At Chicago, last month's average hog price was \$16.90. When one realizes that the \$16.90 liveweight is equivalent to only \$22.50 dressed, it is not surprising that exports of Canadian pork products have had a stiff hurdle to jump during January and February. Coupled with increased Canadian marketings was a 44% drop in pork exports for the first seven weeks of the year.

January Meat Disappearance Disappearance of pork into Canadian domestic pipelines during January dropped to the equivalent of 97,000 hogs per week from 102,000 a year ago — in short a 5% decrease. Pork was the only red meat which showed a decline, according to Marketing Service calculations. Beef disappearance rose by 12% to a level equivalent to 38,000 cattle weekly. Beef exports were down 24%.

IN KELOWNA, B.C. Employed by the Wells Organisation, Ernie Barnes, Ballinacred, is now in Kelowna, B.C., where he will organize a financial campaign for the Anglican diocese. Mr. Barnes has recently completed a similar campaign for an Anglican church in Scarborough.

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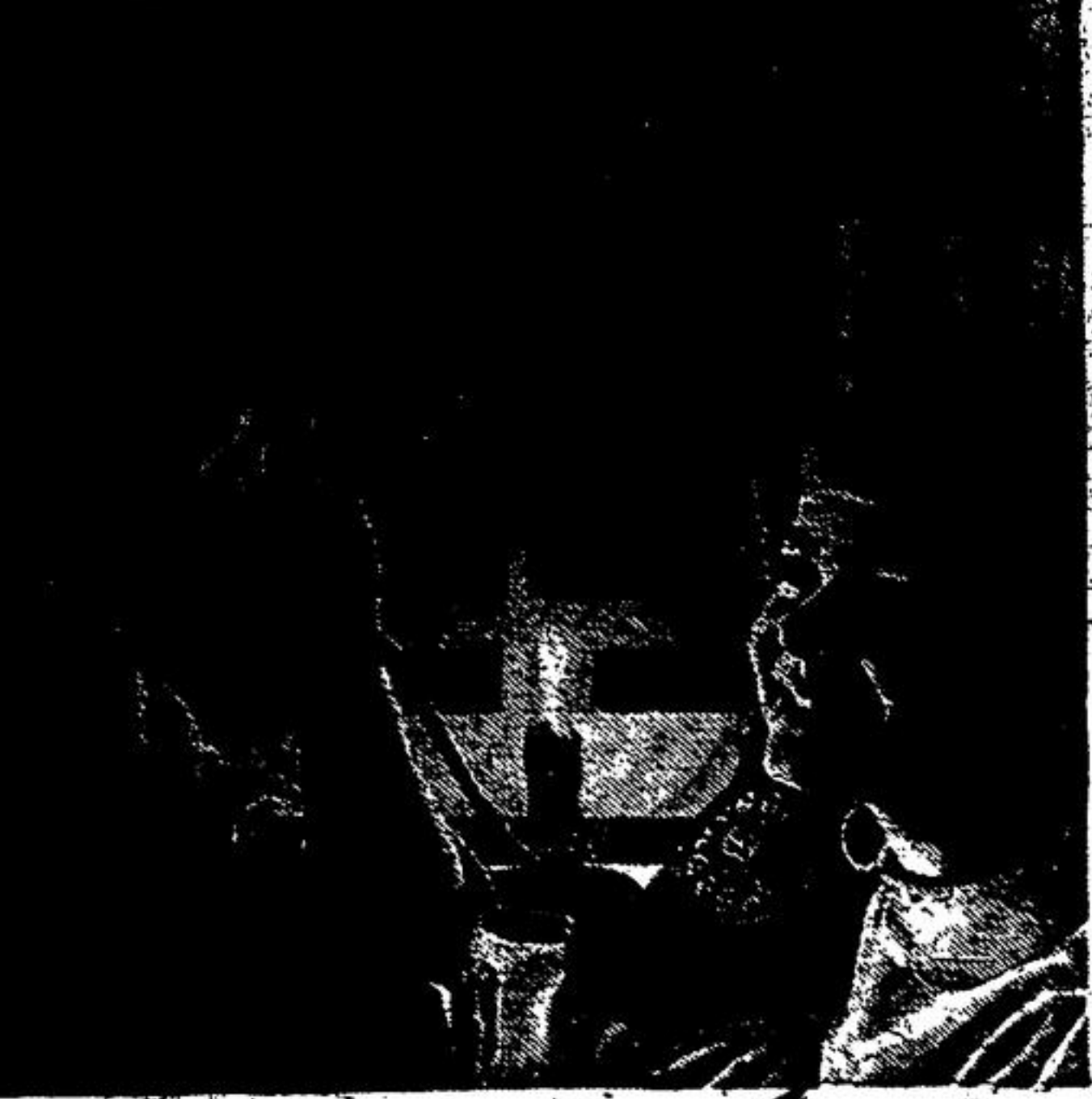
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