

## Study a waste

A bloody great waste of money. The announcement last week that Judy LaMarsh has been hired by provincial taxpayers to study violence in the media tends to make our blood boil for no other reason than it really is none of the province's business.

The outcome of the entire study is already predictable. After financing Miss LaMarsh's in-depth study for a reasonable amount of time at a very sizable cost, a report will be issued.

The report, will, no doubt, provide a moment of glory for Miss LaMarsh as it will predictably admit that the media does, by fact, have a sizable effect upon impressionable young minds.

At that point the entire study, and its findings, will come to an abrupt end, for the Ontario commission will have no power whatsoever to enforce or carry out any actions which it might consider necessary to combat the social problems.

That power very plainly lies with the federally appointed Canadian Radio-Television Commission which rules—with a very light hand we

might add—over communications in Canada.

If the CRTC deems the LaMarsh study important enough to warrant further examination that examination will take the form of a further study.

If we need an example to point to in making these statements it would be the "Royal Commission on Certain Sectors of the Building Industry", a very informative study of the practices of the construction trade in Ontario. It made great reading but had very little overall effect upon the industry.

Violence through the media and its effects upon society was a very commendable windmill for the province to tilt with. It has, no doubt, made some concerned parents and media critics extremely pleased and, in this year of a probable provincial election, that in itself could be an important concern.

However could it not have been done at a much lower price? Or could not that money be somehow passed along to the federal government to carry out a much wider and more relevant study? A study that would have some purpose to it, beyond just taking place?

## Communications gap

Councillor Pat McKenzie touched upon a fairly serious problem at a recent meeting of town council: Halton's communications gap.

For instance, how does a Halton Hills citizen experiencing problems with his water sewage system, get a works crew out to handle the problem? Whose responsibility is it? How do you get in touch with them? With a great deal of difficulty, that's how.

With regional government has come a proliferation of departments and commissions. To cut through that maze an ordinary citizen, not used to handling such problems but nevertheless requiring immediate solutions, needs help.

Somehow information dealing with areas of responsibility of various departments be they municipal or regional where they are located and how they can be contacted must be made available to all residents of the region. A brochure included with the tax bills would reach a large percentage of Halton Hills' residents but not all. The remainder might be informed that they are available at a central location.

Probably 90 percent of the public receiving such information may never use it. But, in consideration of that other 10 percent, it would be a worthwhile project for either the town or the region to think about.

## Viewpoint

### Wives and pies

By Gerry Landsborough

It's time again for potpourri, a regular feature of this column, where we look at some of the unusual, the rib-tickling, the sad, and the down-right peculiar things that seem to keep on happening in this wonderful, wacky world around us.

It seems while Henry Schaber of Edmonston was slicing a loaf of bread something rather unusual caught his eye. He sliced out a diamond ring valued at \$700. He's trying hard to find the owner. I'm trying hard to find the bakery.

Staying with the gem department, Chris Brower of the Grizzly Bear Pizza Parlour, found a bag of gems left by a gem company courier, valued at \$280,000. Chris, who is 19, turned them in to the manager. This, by the way, happened down in Burley Idaho and probably could have happened down in Burley. Who says honesty isn't alive and well?

One of my all time favorite fads, has turned up in New York, and is quickly sweeping North America. The name of the New York operation is Pie-Kill Unlimited. For a mere \$40 you can hire out a contract on anyone, and sometime, somewhere, somehow, someone will get "hit" with a cream pie—your choice of course. Pie-Kill's motto is "Have Pie - Will Travel". The client contacts Pie-Kill by mail, and they send out an agent to arrange the details of the "hit". Pie-Kill, has successfully completed 25 contracts since June of last year. To that I



can only add it's better than bullets, and I don't think a "hit" by lemon meringue would ever stand up in court.

Here's one to keep you smiling. Away across the sea in King's Lynn, England, Alexander Mitchell laughed so hard, and so long, at his favorite TV show that after 25 minutes he died. Here's the kicker, his wife is sending her thanks to the creators of the program. "I'm writing to thank them for making Alex's last minutes so happy." Now that's funny!

Here's a hot flash off the news wire from Israel, where they are training pigeons to spy on the Arabs. This is for real. They are starving the birds, then showing them movies of airports, and gun emplacements and natural objects. When the bird pecks at the correct object he gets fed.

I can personally guarantee that spying is not all those birds are going to do on the Arabs. Another first for the military minds of the world.

Last year was our last chance to bring the great Harry Houdini, back from beyond the grave. For those of you who may not have heard, the great Houdini was able to escape anything, he even felt he could escape the bondage of death. A U.S. psychologist Robert Ornstein says he has the answer to all of Houdini's fantastic escapes. He believes he learned "autonomic control", the ability to control all of the various body functions, for instance the rate of heart beat.

Houdini died 50 years ago and, according to Dr. Ornstein swallowed the keys then vomited them back at will. Well Harry's not around to prove or disprove the theory, but I wonder if Dr. Ornstein has ever seen the size of some of the trunk keys Houdini used.

Recently I came across an article that claims that how you name your pets reveals hidden feelings. When it comes to hidden feelings any article would no longer surprise me, even one on how clipping your toe nails reveals deep-seated emotional problems. Meanwhile back to the pets.

According to Dr. Boris Levinson, another top psychologist, people who choose names like King, Duke, Prince etc. are saying that they are as good as anyone else. If you name your pet after a famous person like Lincoln or Tarzan (someone should tell Dr. Levinson that Tarzan only lived in a book) it means you are well-adjusted, and you don't care what people think of you. Secretly aggressive people choose names such as Savage, or Killer. Pretty secretive huh?

Well folks my menagerie has a Stormy, a Mr. Wiskers, a Max and a Charlie (whose formal names were Maximilian and Charlemagne) and a Troubles (the latest cat), a Goldie, a Sam and two fish who are no longer with us but supplied an early morning snack for one of maybe two of the above. Regarding my hidden feelings, your guess is as good as mine?

Down in Toronto a newly formed Toronto Wages for Housework Committee, will hold its first rally at city hall, on May 2 at noon. The committee contends that women are "House Workers" and should be paid for the work that they do. I don't dispute that women work at home, or the need to give status to the role, which, by the way, usually coincides with money. What I want to know is who is going to pay the salary? The government is in over its head already, mind you we could cut out some of the committees studying committees to form committees. That might save a dollar or two.

To end my little potpourri I give you my favorite Doug Sneyd cartoon - who by the way I think is one of the best cartoonists going. He has an adoption agency presenting some white and black and possibly Indian children with this caption, "Perhaps we could get you adopted if you fibbed and said you came from Vietnam." Here! Here!



## For sale: Johnston's Folly

You've no doubt seen the ads. "The Freedom Machine." "The Open Road Calls You." They all have the same theme, the same product and they all come out at the same time of year.

The message is "Buy a Motorcycle."

The truth is "Think twice before you do it!" For most of you motorcycling will probably be just what the

ads claim: a free-wheeling, fun-filled sport. For some of us, however, it can mean disaster.

Take it from an expert; a real-life owner of a "GT 250 Hustler", better known to my friends as "Johnson's Folly." That's right, that quiet, unassuming, good looking chap whose picture appears somewhere in the midst of this column (hopefully in a fittingly prominent place) is a BIKER! Hard to believe isn't it?

I find it hard to believe too. As a matter of fact I find it so hard I'm trying to become an ex-biker.

It started two years ago just about this time of year. A friend of mine and I were sitting around talking one Friday afternoon when he mentioned that he owned a bike. With very little prompting from me my friend began to give a pitch on the joys of biking that would have put the original Mr. Suzuki to shame.

A couple of hours later I (for reasons I still can't explain) found myself signing a sales slip for a bike which, the salesman proudly pointed out, had front disc brakes, turn signals, an extra-large tank, a ram air cooling system and six gears. He had to point them out because I barely knew where the front and rear tires on the monster were.

The truth was I had never been on a motorcycle in my life.

Thus began two years of driving disasters which eventually involved the Satan's Choice, the Port Hope Volunteer Fire Department and a girl named Pam McMahon.

It would really make a great

movie, a comedy of course. They could call it "Menace of the Road" or "How to scare yourself to death in five easy lessons."

There was the time I had been out for a leisurely Sunday afternoon drive (freezing to death, dodging monstrous June bugs). I was approaching town when I saw, in my rearview mirror (\$15 each), the local chapter of "The Choice" approaching. (For those of you who aren't aware of such things, "The Choice" is a motorcycle gang.)

Well, up they cruised. Not wanting to do anything foolish I decided I had better cruise along with



By Bill Johnston

producing a rather loud "roar."

Then there was Pam McMahon. She was, to say the least, attractive. I had, again, been out on a trip. Pulling into my parking spot I saw Pam sitting across the street. Ahah! Here, as Snoopy would say, is the world famous bike rider coming in after a day on the roads.

I cruised to a smooth halt. Shut the bike off and put my left foot down to rest the bike while, nonchalantly, taking off gloves and helmet. Unfortunately my left foot, somewhere along the way, had fallen asleep.

Bill, bike and ego all took a bad fall. Then, to top it all off, I couldn't get the 360-pound bike off my leg. I wonder if Evel Knievel had this problem?

I guess the top story that would go into the movie would be the time I out-thrilled Evel Knievel while nearly killing half the Port Hope Volunteer Fire Department.

I kept my bike in the bottom garage of the plant I was working in in Port Hope. One Saturday night a couple of kids decided to set fire to the plant.

I was at the scene of the fire for about two hours before I suddenly realized that my bike was still inside. Two thoughts raced through my mind. First was the picture of that flaming building, somewhere in the midst of which was my bike. The other picture was that of the equally red and brilliant face of my bank manager when I told him I lost "our bike" in a fire. I decided I had better get it out.

So, with a fireman leading the way with a hose, I picked my way into the basement. Wasting little time to get the thing started I kicked her into action. I hit the accelerator at the same time I hit the wrong gear. And away we went.

Friends of mine tell me it was quite a sight. Out of a cloud of smoke I came flying going about 40 mph. I might have made quite a name for myself if it had not been for a fire truck parked directly in my way. In a quick decision between hitting the fire truck or hitting the ground I decided to hit the ground. End of act.

The capper in this story of embarrassment after embarrassment came the next time I saw my friend who had talked me into getting the bike. I asked him if he wanted to take a tour the next weekend. To which he replied, "Afraid not, I sold my bike last month."

Speaking of selling...

## Who cares!

So you think you've got problems. Just listen in on this conversation between two men on a commuter train...

Man One: I don't know what's wrong with me lately. I just don't seem to be interested in anything.

Man Two: Who cares.

Man One: I have this terrible feeling that nothing is permanent.

Man Two: I get the same feeling but it never lasts.

Man One: I'm so depressed all the time.

Man Two: Why don't you go see a psychiatrist?

Man One: I am a psychiatrist.

Man Two: Oh.

Man One: I haven't really been right since my wife left me last year. It's tough to lose your wife.

Man Two: Tough? It's nearly impossible.

Man One: You're married. Any kids?

Man Two: Hey, I got two of the greatest kids in the world.

Man One: You're fortunate.

Man Two: —and seven others. Not to mention my wife's uncle Frank who lives with us. Oh, what a miserable character. All he keeps telling me is what a failure I am, what a bad provider. I've been hearing that from him for 15 years.

Man One: Why don't you just tell him to leave?

Man Two: I can't. It's his house.

Man One: Well at least you've got a family. I have no one. My wife just left me.

Man Two: You said your wife left you last year.

Man One: I am remarried.

Man Two: Congratulations.

Man One: Thank you. I just can't seem to hang onto a wife. People seem to take an instantaneous dislike to me.

Conductor: Westcott, Grover's Falls next.

Man One: Westcott, Grover's Falls. It's so depressing.

Man Two: What's so depressing?

Man One: I'm on the wrong train.

Man Two: You think that's depressing. I'm on the right one.

(From the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario's quarterly "Addictions" that, in turn, borrowed it from a skit titled "Feeling Good.")

## Happy birthday breathalyzer

From The Files of the Herald:

5 YEARS AGO

Constable Arnold Vanclef is now one of the 400 police officers in Ontario qualified to operate the new Borkenstein Breathalyzer. The 14-pound instrument measures the blood-alcohol level of drivers suspected of being impaired.

Mrs. Dora Sutherland was elected president of the Local Council of Women. Other elected officials include Flora Dowdell, Ruth Jones, Zetta Hayes and Anne Pritchard.

Sargent Road residents presented a petition outlining the conditions of the roadway after 14 years of promises of action. All members of the street signed the petition in hopes of having the street finally curbed and paved.

Harold Bennet, a veteran with 15 years of service with the Georgetown Volunteer Fire Department has retired. Bill Weir will replace Harold who wants to relax and enjoy tending his small herd of cattle and driving a school bus, all in addition to his regular job.

10 YEARS AGO  
John D. Ord, Q.C. a provincial

magistrate and Georgetown resident has added his voice to those in favor of the erection of traffic lights at John and Mill Streets. Since an accident last month which killed a six-year-old Georgetown boy, concern for the safety at the intersection has increased.

Over 150 Georgetown District High School students will take part in "Showcase '65" at the high school. Students' skits and poems will be presented in addition to student directed material. Ivan Long will direct the school band as part of the evenings entertainment.

The Georgetown Midgets and the Georgetown Peewees went all the way to win the "A Minor" Ontario Championships. Fire trucks were victory wagons for the teams as the whole town was informed of the win for Georgetown.

15 YEARS AGO  
Rev. Morgan McFarlane will become minister of Tabernacle United Church in Belleville at the end of June. Rev. McFarlane has been minister here for six years.

Miss Judy McCumber flew to Calgary for an Easter holiday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Pasichney.