

One more rotten egg

Isn't it nice to know that the government is doing someone a favor?

That by letting the producer-run Canadian Egg Marketing Agency set their own price for Grade A large eggs these same producers will be able to earn a living wage?

Doesn't it give you an uplifting feeling to know that everybody's playing fair with everybody else?

That the producers weren't getting enough for their eggs and they weren't happy, so the government just snapped its collective fingers and rectified the situation? Slammed the door shut on U.S. eggs which were keeping the price down on domestic ones, and then told the agency to go ahead and set a fair price.

Nobody has yet asked the customer whether or not he believes it's a fair price but then, who asks the customer anything these days? So you'll be paying \$1 a dozen for Grade A large. So you should be happy and grateful and pleased that a thoughtful government is allowing you to even get the eggs in the first place. Remember last year's rotten egg fiasco?

Of course, it's rather handy that the agency members which set the prices are in effect, setting their own salaries, but to point that out is just

nit-picking isn't it?

Nobody bothers to ask whatever happened to the law of supply and demand, which seems to have been changed these days to a law of making the consumer pay through the nose, in spite of supply and demand.

If the supply is too great, just arbitrarily cut it off, and with millions of eggs destroyed last year, we all know just how that works.

There's little the man in the street or in this case, the man who eats breakfast can do about the price of eggs. Except point out to somebody concerned, that to allow people to set their own salaries only works honestly in science fiction novels.

The only effective protest the consumer has is a boycott and consumers have proven they just aren't interested enough to boycott.

And just to add another note of depressing news to breakfast, coffee prices will probably skyrocket at the end of the summer, due to another modern twist to marketing. With frost destroying much of the Brazilian coffee crop, prices will rise in spite of even bumper crops in Colombia or other coffee-producing nations, thanks to world marketing agency which controls the price of coffee.

And like unions, there's nothing you can do about it.

(From The Daily Times)

NORVAL
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SCHOOL
FOR RENT

HALTON BOARD
OF EDUCATION
RENTALS
WE RENT ANYTHING

RENT A
1975 FORD
SCHOOL DESK



Viewpoint

Smile at your dentist, he really needs it

By
Gerry Landsborough

It's time again for potpourri, a regular feature of this column where we take a quick, tongue-in-cheek look at some of the recent happenings in this wonderful, wacky world of ours.

First we're off to Jordan Hill College in Glasgow, where Findlay McKay—a student—regularly spends some of his evenings in the quiet of the music room of the Mitchell Library. Checking for a book, in one of the quieter corners of the library, he was surprised upon lifting it down from the shelf to find half a bottle of vodka behind it. A few books over another bottle was to be found, and so it continued until quite a collection turned up.

Mr. McKay started a watch of that

particular section and, sure enough a little old man who had been coming to the library for years was found to be checking for his private cocktail cabinet.

His library drinking days are over however; the vodka is confiscated. Imagine this dear little old man, who for years, had done nothing wilder than going off to the local library.

That's what I call real, real sneaky.

While we're in Britain we might take a look at the theory of Dr. Richard MacKarness, a British psychiatrist. Dr. MacKarness believes allergies to certain foods in some people cause depression instead of the usual allergic reaction. Frequently if a person is allergic to a certain food he is also addicted to them. According to Dr. MacKarness some patients suffered from depression, bone

weary fatigue, chronic stomach pains or headaches instead of the usual rash or other common symptoms. Foods such as eggs, white bread, coffee, cheese, cereals or sugar were found to be the cause.

There may well be truth in the good doctor's theory. However I'm inclined to believe that whatever you do, eat, or drink, or smoke will be named responsible for something, sooner or later.

A report from the American Society for Preventive Dentistry tells us that dentists have higher suicide rates than any other profession. The reason, according to a psychologist speaking at their recent convention, is that dentists encounter more fear and hate from their patients. "Dentists go out to work and find out people hate dentists."

Next time you check in with your friendly dentist, remember that, and be kind. After

all, dentists need love too, and your fear of the drill might be giving your dentist a complex.

Off to Colombia now where Jaime Restrepo was taken to hospital after a fight with a ranch hand. The unusual thing here was the fact that he had 34 bullet and 14 knife wounds and, despite this, he still lived. Sort of makes you think twice about "fate", doesn't it?

This bit of humor comes to us from Chicago where five Continental Airline stewardesses are objecting to Continental's slogan "We really move our tail for you". They're suing the airline charging the slogan is "humiliating" and has caused them to be subjected to numerous insults. I personally didn't believe there were any people left that took advertising word for word—just goes to show you.

According to the F.B.I., bank robbing is

going to pot, all amateurs. One would be bank robber handed the teller a note, then, while she was getting the money, he fainted. Another group of potential robbers became confused when they left the bank and couldn't remember where they parked the getaway car.

Two chaps in Los Angeles ordered everyone to lie down on the floor with the help of their sawed-off shot guns. Then they discovered they didn't have anyone to put the money in bags so they hesitated, then fled. The F.B.I. claim they capture 70 to 80 percent of all bank robbers. It's enough to turn a crook straight. There's just no money in it anymore.

Back to England for a moment where a coffee bar had to ban all 188 members of the local old folks home. It seems the teenage customers complained that the old folks were

too rowdy and swore too much. It's hard to believe folks, but it really happened.

For those of you who are getting fed up with the price of gas, we have a new invention from Paris, France. Jean Chambrin has invented a car that runs on water and alcohol. If it works out it might be fine until someone in the family runs out and uses your favourite bottle of Scotch.

The last word comes from Newfoundland where a witness replied to questions asked by Magistrate Hugh O'Neil as "That's right, me old trout." Court officials warned the witness not to refer to "His Honor" as an "old trout." Newfie expressions die hard however as the final reply was, "That's right Your Honor, me old trout."

Well, "me old trout", that's all till next week. Keep smiling.

Hornby show brings back some painful memories

By Bill Johnston

That's the trouble with covering some of these assignments, they bring back painful memories.

Oh there's no problem covering all the council meetings, planning boards or committee meetings. Besides the flies that seem to find

some strange attraction at town council meetings, the worst problem you can run into is a sore neck watching all the developers, planners and their assistants come forward.

No, the type of assignment I'm grumbling about this time is the kind I gave myself a couple of weeks ago:

the Grand Prix of Hornby.

I thought I had gotten over my problems but, as I tenderly sit down these days, or lurch along doing a pretty good imitation of Roy Rogers doing an imitation of Charlie Chaplin, I'm discovering that I haven't managed yet to rub out a particular, past painful experience.

Just the thought of horses I've discovered brings a warm spot to a particular part of my anatomy. (Because the Herald is a family paper and not some poor imitation of the Toronto Sun, I'm afraid that I can't go into much greater detail.)

However, considering I have this tremendously big hole to fill on the editorial page this week, I can tell you how I got it.

It was during my two summer stints as a ranch hand in Alberta. All the while I was there everyone kept kidding me about "The Roundup" they have every fall which, in my honor, they had decided to move up a few weeks so I could get a taste of what real cowboy life is all about. They needn't have bothered.

Perhaps at this point I should mention that my experience with horses was two-fold. Only once I had ever ridden on one. That was a two-minute ride in some park in BC when I was five years old.

The only other connection between horses and yours truly are a number of parimutuel tickets that litter race track garbage cans from Winnipeg to Saint John, New Brunswick. In other words I am not a big lover of thoroughbreds, standardbreds or even plain breeds. And the feeling is mutual.

Thus I was not too thrilled when someone pointed to a horse that

morning in Alberta and said "That's yours."

Give me credit, folks, I mounted the beast in true Hopalong Cassidy style, but that's where any similarity ended.

"Show him you're boss," someone yelled. How do you show a horse you're the boss?

"Kick him in the side," another person yelled and, just to show how it's done, he kicked his horse in the side. His horse began to trot slowly off in the right direction.

I kicked my horse in the side. My horse responded by turning around and trying to take a nasty chunk out of



my leg.

He must have got the message eventually because off we flew, totally out of control. Now this horse was not too much of a bucker. He had much more devious ways of dismounting his rider. Like heading into the bush at full tilt.

Eventually we got things straightened out. I wasn't the boss, but at least he wasn't either.

Everything was going along fantastically well until my horse took

an interest in another horse. There being male horses and female horses I guess this sort of thing isn't all that unusual.

It was creating a problem however as the two horses became totally inseparable. I didn't mind all that much, after all it was keeping my horse happy and as long as he was happy so was I; but it was beginning to bug the rider of the other horse. Everytime he turned around there we were, trotting along right behind.

The happy relationship was soon broken up. I was given the assignment of chaperoning one particularly troublesome bull back to the home range. The bull actually had quite a nice disposition, but there was one

slight problem: he was blind.

"As long as that's all that's wrong with him we'll keep him," the boss told me. So there we were, the three of us—a blind bull, a displeased horse, and a rookie ranch hand.

For two days we plodded along, bringing up the rear of the herd. I don't know how many trees that stupid bull walked into or how many times the horse decided that he had had enough and tried to go courting.

I hadn't realized what two days on a saddle could do to the circulation in one's legs. Finally reaching the corral I was so glad to end the ordeal I quickly hopped off the horse. And collapsed.

Thus ending the great "Round Up."

Poor display by local coach

To the Editor of the Herald:

Last Monday (July 14) my wife and I visited a friend in Georgetown and, as he lives quite close to the park, we decided to walk over and watch one of the ball games going on. The first game we happened upon was being contested by boys who appeared to be about 12 years of age. The Georgetown team was obviously quite superior to their visitors from Waterdown, so much so that the umpire called the game before it had gone its scheduled length.

Following the formality of shaking hands, one of the Waterdown players who had wanted the game to continue, approached the Georgetown coach to protest. In so doing, he included a bit of swearing. This is when the trouble began. The Georgetown coach—a

grown man—started to shout at this kid and included a great deal more swearing and volume in his speech. He continued his disgusting performance by walking over to the Waterdown bench and informing the coach and a couple of parents that he did not have to take that from a 12-year-old kid.

Returning to his own side of the field he said with a certain swagger, "What do you do with a little bastard like that? You can't hit him."

I am not condoning the bit of swearing by the Waterdown player but boys who have just been badly beaten in a game will probably always do a bit of that and he was protesting the early conclusion of the game (there was lots of daylight left), not the loss.

However, what kind of adult

is it that loudly swears back at a 12-year-old? Is such behaviour likely to help develop a sense of sportsmanship in that youngster or the others looking on? What kind of behaviour model does he present to his own players? Is this the type of man you would want coaching your son?

Volunteer coaches as a group do a great job and generally do not receive nearly enough praise and support for their time and effort. We need more of them. However, even if there is a shortage, do we, or more importantly, do the kids need men like this in such a position? I must believe that the answer is no.

Yours Sincerely
Don Payne
Mississauga