



Castor Earl

Dang blasted parrot

You all know how much I adore birds. I worship the air they fly in. Whenever I see a bird, I just wanna hug it to pieces.

You mind how I told you all before, you faithful readers out there, that I set up a feeder in the winter and try to get the delightful little critters to come in and hog up.

But the lowdown, no good, ungrateful skaliwags never take me up on my dadblamed offer. Well, my motto has always been that if you can't lure them with sweetness, kidnap the little devils.

I'm goin' to take me a bird prisoner. But not a parrot. No sir-ree, not on your life.

It's not really as bad as it sounds. They've already snagged a whole bunch and they're in cages at the pet shop and I'm just goin' to buy one, bring it home, and force it to love me or wring its scrawny neck.

When I told the missus I wanted to buy a cage, set 'er all up, and

bring a bird home, she dang near hit the roof. Anyhow, she told me I'd never be able to afford it out of my allowance.

But Castor Earl ain't a man to be easily discouraged. I stood right up to 'er.

"Lulu," I says. "I wanna bird and that's all there is to it."

"Earl," she retorts (that's a fancy-pants word that means she said right back at me). "If a bird moves in, I move out."

Well, since I couldn't right imagine a bird cookin', cleanin', and doin' the shoppin', I let it go. All I could think of a bird doin' the same as the missus is squawk.

But one day, I went into town with a neighbor lady just to see what kind of feathered friends the pet shop had to offer.

That's when I met the parrot. We walk through the door and right off I hear this loud, surly voice.

"Hey jerk," it says, and I look around. "Ya, you. Short, fat, and ugly. What do you think you're doin' in here. Beat it. Scram. Go on. get out."

Well I'll tell you I'm some upset. I march over to the clerk 'cause he's the only one in the place and grab him by the lapels.

"Say fella," I says in my toughest tone. "Where do you get off insultin' customers like that".

The clerk brushes my hands away and points to the corner. There's a big cage there holdin' one of the ugliest birds I ever saw. It's a parrot and he's at it again.

"Har, har, har," he laughs. "When God was handin' out the looks, I guess you were out to lunch. It looks like you still are. Har, har."

I go stormin' over to the cage with the neighbor lady tryin' to hold me back.

"Oh ya, smart alec, come on out here and say that." The neighbor lady reminds me it's only a bird, but I'm mad.

Before I know it, he's usin' his beak to open the cage door. He steps out on the rim and before I can back off, he slaps me in the face with a wing.

Well I ain't about to let no par-

Backtrack



Russellites mark July 12 1912, at the old North Russell Orange Lodge. Russell Dempsey is the man before the flag. (Photo courtesy James Dempsey, Mississauga).

rot make me look like a bird brain. I give him a shove. The cage goes over and he's lyin' on his back screamin' things which would put a drunken sailor to shame. I was blushin' and I was once a drunken sailor.

Next thing I know, he's flyin' at me. He wraps his wings around my legs tryin' to trip me up. I go over and we're rollin' around on the floor knockin' over cages, and aquariums, and the fish are floppin' on the floor, and the hamsters are lose, and the feathers are flyin'...what a mess.

Then the cops are in the store and the clerk's pointin' at me and so is the parrot.

"It was this way officer," I says. "That bird came out of its cage and attacked me." The parrot just stands there and looks forlorn. He ain't sayin' a word.

"Sure mister," one cop says. "I suppose the bird should pay the damages."

"That's right," I says. But the cops just look one at the other and shake their heads.

I look at the parrot and I swear it was grinnin'. And I know you might not believe it, but I'm sure the parrot and the clerk winked at each other.

Nope. No parrot for me. I'd rather climb into the ring with Mohammock Alley.

HORSE BITS

With Lola Wood

When a Horse Has Heaves

I had a call the other night from a friend with a horse who appeared to have "heaves" (emphysema). He had the double respiration common to the disease. My first reaction of course was "call the vet". You must have an accurate diagnosis before you can begin treatment. If there is an infection you must clear that up and quickly because it can very easily become chronic.

Horses are particularly susceptible to respiratory problems. This is why prevention is so important. Your stable must be well ventilated but not drafty. Your feed must be clean and free of dust and mould. I stick my nose into every bale of hay as I open it. Great for hay fever but we horsemen don't let our personal comfort interfere with the care of our animals, do we? Not only should the hay we're feeding be clean and weed free but any hay that might be stored overhead could drop mould spores into the air they breath.

If horses do become ill and the vet has given you the necessary medication, you must then begin thinking of a new lifestyle for them. First of all they need fresh air. I don't mean sticking them out in all kinds of weather. I mean a good fan and proper ventilation. They need a different diet. Too much bulk can complicate things because it can cut down in lung space. Dust again must be avoided. A complete feed in cube form is the answer. The cost is not prohibitive and the assets are many. Besides you want to save your horse's life don't you? Another source of irritation could be the bedding. I recommend shavings.

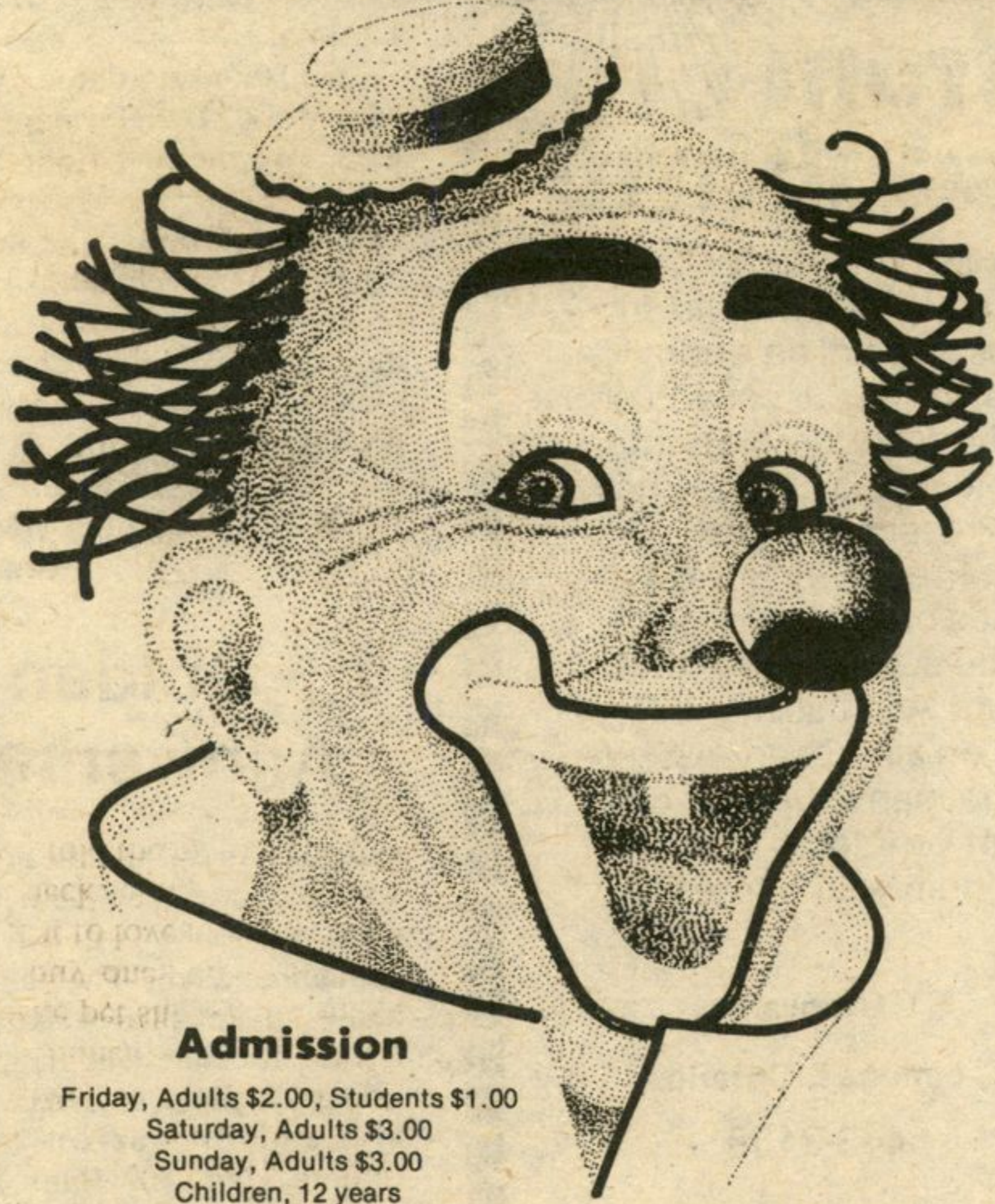
All this may seem very complicated but it soon becomes routine and it does work. If you doubt me come and see Johnny MacAdoo go over a jump course. He was considered a hopeless case a few years ago and I was told I should destroy him!

Zane Thorpe, who did our column last month, has agreed to give a reining clinic this fall. Steve Riddell who did a previous column on dressage and is now operating his own stables will be doing a jumping clinic in September. Again pupils will be notified.

The first meeting of the Russell Reinsmen Horse Club will be October 7 at the agricultural building in Embrun.

124th Annual Metcalfe Agricultural Society Fair

METCALFE



FAIR

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

MIDWAY

by Carnival Canada Rides - Games - Bingo

Cattle Shows

Black & White Show, Ayrshire Show on Friday, Guernsey Show on Sunday, Beef Classes on Saturday

Western Horse Show

Thursday, Oct. 2 - 8:00 p.m. Open to the public
Metcalfe Community Centre
(Sponsored by Shilo Riding Club)

October 3, 4, 5

DAILY HIGHLIGHTS

FRIDAY, OCT. 3

- 10:00 a.m. - 4-H Junior Agricultural Show
- 12:00 noon - Friday Afternoon Horse Show, Mutt and Pet Show
- 1:00 p.m. - 4-H Sheep Show
- 2:00 p.m. - Judging to commence on 4-H Horse Club Show
- 7:00 p.m. - Judging of Black and White Show; Ayrshire Show and Best Udder Class
- 7:30 p.m. - Amateur Talent Show in Community Centre. Admission is \$2.00 adults & \$1.00 for children 12 years & under.

SATURDAY, OCT. 4

- 10:00 a.m. - Judging of Heavy Horses
- 11:00 a.m. - Judging to Commence on Sheep
- 12:00 noon - Light Horse Judging Commences
- 12:30 p.m. - 4-H Championship Show
- 1:00 p.m. - Judging of Beef Classes
- 7:30 p.m. - Horse Show in Community Centre
- 9:00 p.m. - Dance in Community Centre. Admission \$2.50 each.

SUNDAY, OCT. 5

- 9:00 a.m. - Quarter Horse Show
- 1:00 p.m. - Guernsey Show
- 1:00 p.m. - Judging to Commence on Swine
- 1:30 p.m. - Heavy Horse Pulling Contest
- 1:30 p.m. - Fashion Show
- Sunday Evening - Chicken Barbecue

Heavy Horse Pull

Sunday, Oct. 5 - 1.30 pm.

Ladies' Exhibits & CRAFT SHOW

ON DISPLAY - Friday 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Saturday 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.,
Sunday 12 noon to 4 p.m.

Judging Of Hall Exhibits

Thursday, Oct. 2 - not open to the public

FREE PARKING

Meals: Porteous Brothers, Vernon
Barbecue: A.J.'s Food Service