

South Bay Coming Events for 2003

Anniversary Supper - Wednesday, May 28th

Anniversary Service - Sunday, June 1st

Strawberry Social - Saturday, June 21st

Fish Fry - Wednesday, August 13th

Christmas Tea & Craft Sale - Sat. Nov. 29th

Watch the Marysburgh Mirror
for further information

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A LITTLE FURTHER TO GO... BUT WORTH THE DRIVE

The Killing Floor - Continued from page 5

slumber. Not known as a marksman, he figured he would stand directly in front of the animal and fire with deadly accuracy. Actually, he thought he was accurate with his shot, but the bullet glanced off the skull, leaving Mr. Steer with a headache and a sudden change in demeanour. From a placid, tractable kind of dumb beast, he was transformed instantly into a bewildered, frightened and damned angry El Toro. He bellowed loudly, and bolted straight forward through the pole corral, dislocating the shoulder of the assassin trying to take his life. My friend said had the tractor been in the path of the terrified animal, he would have tipped it over. Picking himself up from the muck and manure of the corral, he watched as the bellowing steer ran for the cedar swamp, where it took up permanent residence. Toro was lured out by hunger and hay weeks later, but by then the part-time farmer had come to his senses and decided to leave the job to experts.

I'd like one day to experience Kobe beef. These animals are fed a carefully prepared mash of grain washed down with beer. Human minions massage them every day. This produces the most expensive beef in the world, with an ideal distribution marbled fat and unparalleled tenderness. Sounds like a pretty good, albeit short, life for the steer. In fact, the thought of a delicious meal each day, washed down with good beer and followed by a relaxing massage makes me almost ready to volunteer. The short life

is a disincentive, though.

I used accompany my Dad when he went duck hunting. He let me clean the ducks if he was successful. I'm easily duped, and it didn't occur to me that I had inherited the most unpalatable part of the duck hunting experience. It's a smelly job, and part way through you must accept that, if you have an itch on your face, it has to be endured until the job is completed or you'll end up streaked with feathers and duck guts. The parallel here is rubbing your eyes or picking your nose while dicing chili peppers. One of his hunting pals appeared one Sunday with two completely cleaned small ducks, represented as teal. This was a rare experience because Dad's pals might drop off a few ducks, but why would they clean them first? He never questioned his good fortune. After my mother roasted them, fighting through an unusual odour to place them on his plate, and after my Dad reluctantly picked at them, his friend called to inform him that he had just dined on two crows. Dad apparently passed the "easily duped" trait gene to his son.

I have a backlog of disgusting food stories, many too yucky to present in a family newspaper, even one that isn't read. Funny, though, I've never been tempted in the slightest way to turn toward food regimes that avoid meat and are supposed to be good for me. And you know what? I'm still alive.

- George Underhill