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One phrase that we all know the meaning of that is frequently used by politicians who may never have played any team sports is 'a level playing field'. Give me a break, This is used so often that it makes me want to barf.. I can honestly say I have never used it, preferring instead to talk of fairness but until someone comes up with a replacement we'll have to continue to hear "We must have a level playing field" spouted by the linguistically challenged.

Which brings me to a positive thing that recently happened where the phrase was used ad-nauseam locally - The Smoking Bylaw. I'm very happy council did not hold the County up to ridicule by amending the bylaw. Special kudos to Monica for the stand she took.

I guess it goes to show that bad phases do not always lead to bad decisions - eh!!

I feel my depression easing.....

- John A. Jackson

Letters to the editor are welcome.

**Express an opinion,
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thanks, etc.**

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Committee had soundly thrashed me. A week later, the US Executive Committee approved our proposal, and I received a letter from it's chairman with further inquiries about my health. Maybe we got the order because they were afraid of a lawsuit.

I once took a St. Johns Ambulance course sponsored by my employer. My kids were young and I theorized I had better learn a little bit about basic first aid techniques. The course was given at night in a spare classroom, and I found the room full of youthful nubile secretaries. Yours Truly was the sole male student in the room. At first this would appear to be good news, but when you're equipped and ready to make a fool of yourself in front of people, the advantages diminish. The first part of the filmed tape was "Drowning", and I handled it pretty well. The instructor informed us that these snippets of life (and death) presented during the course were performances by actors, that the blood was not real, but in spite of this if we were to feel a little woozy, we were to raise our hand and place our head between our legs so the instructor could help us. Fat chance of the only guy in the room doing that.

The next snippet was "Wounds", and featured a guy operating a circular saw. I knew he was going to put his arm in the way of the blade. I knew blood would spurt from a nasty gash, maybe he'd even cut his arm off. I shut me eyes. I felt increasingly woozy. I tried not to concentrate on the dialogue. I became hot. Perspired. Then it was over. I had survived the tape.

The next section began almost immediately. "Wounds with Imbedded Objects". Thump! I fainted and performed a graceful face plant on the desk top. The instructor revived me, took my arm and escorted me from the room. I hazily glimpsed a thousand beautiful simpering females giggling and gabbling as they laughed at this big boob staggering out. I still hate remembering that.

I embarrass myself so frequently that, while it still bothers me greatly, I have become inured to it, like someone with a major disfigurement. I'm still writing these articles, and that proves it.

- George Underhill