('Tonsorial' continued from page 4)

or a flat top. Fortunately, Bernie was on my side, maybe because no self respecting Italian would consent to having most of his hair chopped off, so he would cut my hair like I wanted it. Any style but a 'whiffle'.

Just before the deer hunt three years ago, I noticed a hair colouring tube on the barber's shelf in bright orange. I asked if it was possible to have my hair dyed a bright orange for the hunt, and she obliged me. Picton barbers are very obliging. When she was finished, I asked how much the additional fee for the dye job would be. She stepped back, looked at me with her face all screwed up, and said, "Oh, I don't think there will be any charge for that."

On the drive up to Manitoulin Island where I hunt, it's necessary to stop a few times. People would look at me, look away, then look back at me again. They were wondering, I think, if I had a rare disease or was an escapee from an institution. Nobody said I looked stupid to my face except my hunting friends.

That year, I shot a very nice buck on opening day, then several of my companion hunters dyed their hair, too. I believe they thought it made them (and me) look less human, and thus made the deer curious and unafraid.

A friend of mine had a huge fishing lure, a Pikey Minnow, with three enormous treble hooks that whapped him in the head while casting it out. It was securely attached to the side of his face and he was forced to get a companion to drive him to the hospital. He was in a strange town, and didn't know where the hospital was and so was forced to ask for directions a few times. When he stuck his head out the window with this monster lure affixed to his face, he received looks that I believe mirrored the ones I got with blaze orange hair. He opines they thought it was the last word in facial piercing.

Speaking of haircuts, the somewhat crazed dictator of North Korea, Kim Jong Un, is grooming his chubby son, Kim II Sung, to replace him. The son sports a weird coiffure that precisely emulates that of his aging father, and it is now popular in North Korea wherever a male has enough money to afford a hair stylist. Thank God I didn't have to emulate the styling of my father, a slicked back, semi-balding look, and I'm sure most of the males in the readership would choose to look different than their Dads.

So there it is, the last word in haircutting.



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