

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Nothing trivial this week. I'm going to ask, and answer, some questions about the more profound aspects of life. If you don't like the answers, supply your own.

When is a politician, during an election campaign, going to promise the populace the moon, and then remind us out loud that it is we, not some other-worldly essence called The Government, who will have to pay for it

Answer: When we find out, which may be any day now, that the moon really is made of green cheese, after all.

Why are teen-agers so often so unbearable? Because, like babies, they have learned quickly that the best means of getting attention is to raise a stink, literally and figuratively.

What happens to my socks? Every time my wife washes, I lose one sock. Never a pair; always singles. Just checked my drawer, and I have nine single socks, no two matching. They're about as useful as antlers on a rabbit.

Answer: There is a little man with a bizarre taste in socks built in to these new-fangled automatic washers or dryers. It never happened with the old upright and the clothes-line. At least the dealer could tell you, before you bought the machine.

Solution? Buy all my socks the same color. But this would spoil my image. I've always been noted for my dashing socks: gray, light-gray, dark-gray, dark-blue or black.

Where did this vile canard begin that men are babies when they are sick? They're supposed to be whining, querulous, demanding sympathy. This is poppycock, at least in our family. Hugh and I want only to be left alone when we're ill. It's the females who talk endlessly about how they feel, discuss every twinge, demand fresh tea every half-hour and complain about the slowness and sloppiness of the service. After three weeks of it, I know.

Why do black people loot during riots? For the same reason white people do: partly to

get something for nothing; partly for the sheer hell of it.

What has Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who is older and has even less hair, got that I haven't? Not much, really. Except a million dollars, a brilliant mind, bags of charm, no family shackles, and a couple of million females who would like to be his mother, wife or in a pinch, sister.

Why are so many draft-dodgers coming to Canada? First, because they don't want to defend the U.S. and rot or be shot 10,000 miles away in a jungle. Second, it's too hot in Mexico and they don't know the language.

Why is it warm and sunny all week, cold and rainy on weekends? Because the weekend is the only time you have a chance to golf or fish, that's why.

Why all the fuss and admiration about the teen-agers marching for money on May 4th? They had a ball. Try to sponsor one into marching around behind a lawnmower, with proceeds going to the underprivileged of the world, and see what response you get.

When are the clots in this country going to stop cutting down avenues of beautiful trees in towns and cities in order to widen roads and create speedways? Never, unless we non-clots start a holy war about it.

When are governments going to get rid of that vast, strangling afterbirth of a bureaucracy? **Answer: When there are only 300 people left in the country who are not working for the government.**

How many people would stop smoking if weeds went up to \$2 a pack, or drinking if booze went to \$12 a crock? About as many as a one-armed man with a wooden leg could count on his toes and fingers.

Why is teaching school like washing dishes? There's always another stack coming along, unless you want to stop eating.

Any more questions? No? Well, I guess that clears up a lot of things that have been bothering you.

THE SPORTS BEAT

By Glen May



Beginning of the end

It is indeed fortunate (patriotically speaking) the Montreal Canadiens triumphed over the St. Louis Blues in the annual pre-summer stag known as the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Fortunate in that this could well be one of the final times the battered basin rests in Canada. Right now the National Hockey League consists of 12 teams, ten of which, are stationed south of the undefended border.

Hockey is a major corporation today. It is big business. And with economics being what they are, Canada's chances of survival are about as good as Mao Tse Tung being elected chairman of Blind Bat Corner's senior citizen's committee.

In a recent syndicated column, Jim Coleman hit the proverbial nail with a few thunderous, but painfully true blows.

Coleman said: "The day is coming when Canada will disappear from major league professional hockey."

He also paragraphed: "The important thing is that Canada is permitting itself to lose its precarious hold on major professional hockey, just as certainly as Canadians indolently permitted Russia and European countries to usurp control of amateur hockey.

"When the owners of the Toronto Maple Leafs and Montreal Canadiens smugly count their 1968 profits they are ignoring the grim probability that their days are numbered. The handwriting already is on the wall.

"Already the United States is dictating league policies.

"Let's not kid ourselves. The recent Stanley Cup playoffs were conducted at the convenience of an American television network, the Columbia Broadcasting System. The CBS calmly "ordered" the NHL to

schedule the Stanley Cup games at times when the American network found it convenient to provide television facilities.

"All interested parties in Canada caved in when the CBS issued its orders. The NHL obediently complied by scheduling a Saturday afternoon game in Montreal. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation — the instrument of the Government of Canada — obsequiously re-scheduled its programs to suit the convenience of the U.S. network.

"Canada is becoming a third-rate hockey country.

"Patriotism has become a dirty word in Canada. You are regarded as hopelessly old-fashioned if you take pride in your country. It's time, though, that a few interested Canadians got off their prats and did something about the hockey situation.

"Let's not permit any more of our good hockey players to escape to the United States. Let's raise enough money in this country to provide salaries which would attract the Orrs, the Hulls and the Mahovlichs to play for a Canadian National Team.

"We're losing our tiny claim on the National Hockey League. Let's do something about regaining the 'world hockey title' in competition with the Russians, Czechs, the Swedes and those other very good teams on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Goodbye, Montreal Canadiens. Goodbye, Toronto Maple Leafs. The U.S. interests may permit you to survive for a few more years, but ultimately, the word will be 'goodbye . . .'"

A lot of people have been hinting at it, but J. Coleman has been the first one to say it, and how well he penned it.

Unfortunately, it may have been too late.

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