

# More amazing medical miracles

I bring to you today news of two recent medical discoveries that will shock you like no other advancement in the sciences has shocked you since famed South African heart transplant surgeon, Christian Bernard left his wife for a woman a quarter of his age.

These biological breakthroughs are more startling even than last month's public warning from the medical profession that coffee causes heart attacks, more sensational than this month's bulletin from medical researchers that coffee prevents heart attacks, more amazing than tomorrow's headline in the New England Journal of Medicine that coffee can, in sufficient doses, keep you awake at night and even more incredible than my own prognosis that when people dunk their

William J. Thomas

## All The World's A Circus

donuts in coffee, I want to vomit in their vest pocket.

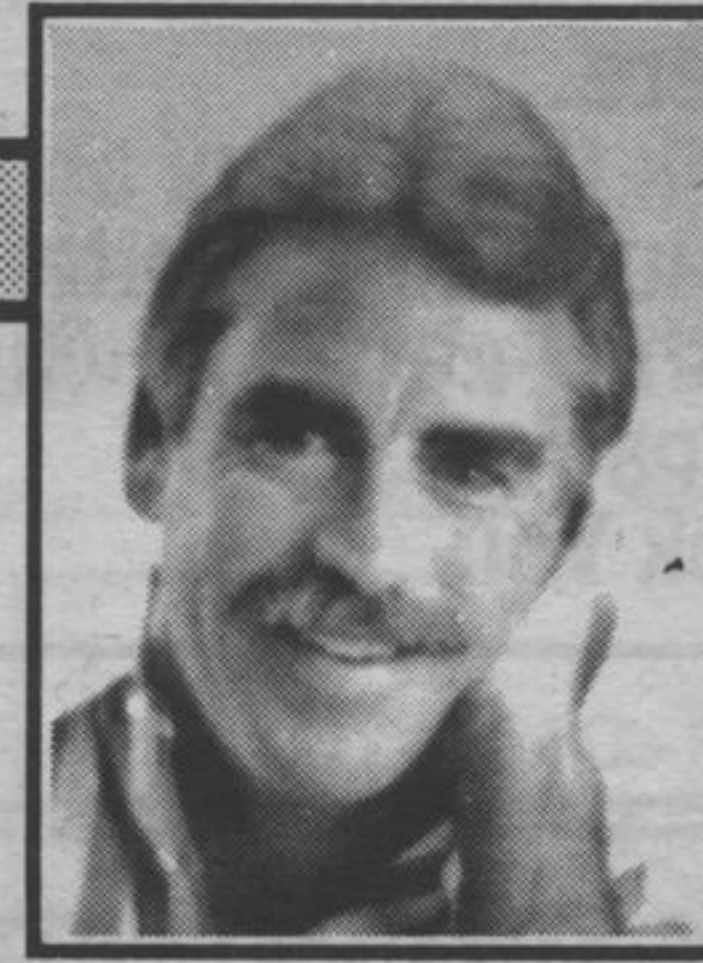
Biological Breakthrough #1 - Two medical doctors, one in Canada and one in the United States, have simultaneously and without any apparent connection to one another as far as shared laboratory research or taking a cruise together, have discovered a physical connection between the auricle receptor and the mammary gland.

Actually their female patients are credited with discovering this heretofore missing biological link, when upon complaining about ear infections to their doc-

tors, they were told to remove their clothing and given thorough breast examinations.

Absolutely unbelievable. Until now doctors have focused their search for causes and cures of the common ear infection primarily in the vicinity of the common ear.

I mean who knew? Who among the pioneers of physiology dared to go where no Ears, Nose and Throat Specialist has ever gone before? What disciple of Hippocrates even gave it so much as a second, sober though to relentlessly track bacteria to that area commonly referred to on the



Benny Hill Show as "a lovely bunch of coconuts?"

Both doctors have been charged by police and further frustrating the ongoing experiments of the Canadian doctor is the fact that one of his female patients was the police.

Upon hearing of the break-

through, a University of Western Ontario behaviorist has launched a study into the perceptive racial differences between white, black and Oriental ear infections on a pair of average "hooters."

But does history teach us nothing of the persecution of explorers by society's narrow mind of morality?

I mean wasn't Albert Einstein put in jail when he introduced his theory of relativity to a disbelieving world of "flat earth faithfuls".

Or was that Alfred Armstrong who was put in jail for playing nude co-ed croquet with a blood relative? I just forget.

Biological Breakthrough #2 - Last month Fred Allen of Chesapeake, Virginia, invented the process of intestinal distilla-

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# Who can you believe or trust

There was a saying going around there for a while among the Flower Children of the Sixties and the Seventies which said in so many words, "Don't trust anybody over thirty."

Well, the Flower Kids of Haight-Ashbury grew into their own thirties, and over, (much to their dismay) discovered the world didn't owe them a living after all, and that they would have to give up the flowers, love beads, peasant skirts and torn denims, and settle down to being 'good, contributing citizens' if they expected to hump it like the rest of us.

Question was, having put the saying into motion with their own flapping mouths, who now was going to trust them?????? Big problem.

Question still around today is, *Who* does anyone trust? If not over thirty, then who? The tire-some twenties, the twerpy teens, babbling babes? When they changed it to "Only trust anybody over thirty" for the sake of their own egos, that left the flaky for-

Olga Landiak

## Life, According to Baba

ties, the frenzied fifties or the senile sixties! After that (by their thinking), you were either dead or so far out of it, you didn't count as a human being.

So went the catechism of the very young and the very ignorant and very naive. Until they reached each of these age categories themselves, and then they discovered something quite horrendous.

You couldn't trust, nor believe, NOBODY, NOHOW, NOWHERE.

Cynical? I'll tell the world. But after you've got stung real good once, or twice, by a misplaced trust and belief in somebody who seemed to be the embodiment of good guy or good gal, only to have them turn on you like the veritable snake in the grass, well, you learn, brother/sister, you sure learn. You learn to take everything you read or hear

with a large lump of salt, and question and query the veracity of whatever line it is that's being fed you.

Take religion for instance. Which of the hundreds of sects, divisions or main-liners has got the real honest-to-God truth of things spiritual? Whose version of the Bible, Koran, Bhagavad-Gita, Tablets of Gold, or whatever, is one to believe as being the true word of God, Allah, Buddha or Ground of Being? Which one to trust with one's spiritual well-being?

Take P.R. persons. We all know they are dedicated to pulling the wool over our collective eyes re the merits of a certain product or person. It's a lot puffed-up baloney from the very first word, so no use believing a one of them, let alone putting your trust in what they have to sell. In the market place, you just



have to take your Russian-Roulette chances that the stuff they're flogging is neither going to kill or maim you somewhere along the line.

Take press people. Who ever believed anything they ever wrote or said? If you believe it just because it's in print or coming out of the mouth of a perfectly groomed and barbered news reader, then more fool you. The flim flam that goes on in the media is worthy of the most superb con artist playing the old pea-under-the-shell game. Mind you, some of them do try to be objectively

honest, but they are few and far between.

Take politicians. Yeah, take 'em - far, far away to another planet maybe. Now there's a crowd you couldn't believe or trust if they swore on their mother's graves, crossed themselves umpteen million times, or spit into the wind. Trust a pol.? Not on your life. They're only there for the power and the glory, AND the exorbitant salaries and retirement pensions eating like acid rain into our taxpayers' pockets. Initial idealism (if it was ever these) seems to get swallowed up most rapidly by the Great Ogre, "Party Line".

So, who's left? Family? Friends? If they've proven themselves to be believable and trustworthy, then you're one of the lucky ones. Otherwise, keep a cynical eye on this sad, mad, mad world and the sad, mad, bad people in it, and try not to get suckered in by a smooth line and a nice looking face. You'll save yourself a lot of grief and heartache no matter whether you're under thirty or over.

# Spicer's missing northern spice

Mulroney's resonant bass voice sounded more somber than usual in the House of Commons, when he announced the latest exercise in Canadian soul-searching, a 12-member panel to hold a "forum on Canada's future".

"Canada is running the risk of fracturing along the linguistic and regional fault lines that have run deep throughout our history," Mulroney told the Commons. "It is time we all did some real soul-searching".

The 12 members of the panel specifically exclude federal or provincial politicians - taking us away from the "11 men in a closed room" approach to Canada-building. Keith Spicer, Canada's first Commissioner of Official Languages, will take a leave of absence from the Canadian-Radio Television Commission to head the panel. Spicer, already described by national commentators as "marriage counsellor for Canada", will have notables, such as retired Vancouver broadcaster Jack Webster, fiery Newfoundland



## NORTHERN INSIGHTS

by Larry Sanders



union leader Richard Cashin, a native woman band manager (Carol Corcoran), and the publisher of the Quebec City newspaper *Le Soleil* (Robert Normand) on his marriage counselling team.

In reviewing the membership of this panel, I was personally disappointed not to read the name of Dennis Young, President of the Canadian Association of Single-Industry Towns, on the list of appointments. Dennis, along with people like Bob Axford from Red Lake, formed the Association in 1984. Young is now a bitter, nearly bankrupt man living in Saskatoon. In a recent speech in Ottawa to the "Rural Reality Conference", Young said, "In

1984, when I started my fight for a better future for single-industry towns in Canada, I had \$8,000 in the bank. Today I'm \$30,000 in debt. Two days ago a native businessman called me from northern Saskatchewan saying he needed \$10,000 to proceed with his business plans. I signed over my house as collateral so he could raise the money. I tell you these things to show you how committed I am to development of our rural and remote regions. Many other people would say this demonstrates clear evidence that I should be committed."

Young went on in that speech to castigate the academics and bureaucrats at the conference for

failing to recognize what he calls the "national crisis in rural Canada". According to statistics gathered by Young, Canada's 4,000 single-industry towns are suffering from population decline, and the complete absence of regional development policy in this country. Instead, rural and remote communities face a blizzard of 17 federal departments, and up to 20 departments at the provincial level, mostly uncoordinated. In the absence of policy, Young says rural development policy is "program driven", providing a "blank cheque for empire building and protecting turf" by "gloating bureaucrats".

Young concluded that Ottawa

speech by throwing up his hands. "I am deeply disappointed. I feel I have wasted six years of my life. I am a beaten man. I give up!" Perhaps that ending is why Mulroney didn't add Young's name to the Spicer "marriage counselling" team. Nonetheless, Young would add a necessary dose of reality to a national exercise even Spicer admits has "a very high potential for fiasco".

Young, I must admit, has his detractors and critics-people who complain about Young's intolerance for dissent, and his massive ego. In addition, Young's central program for assisting single-industry towns from the bottom up, "*Community Crossroads*", has been criticized as great only in theory, but too expensive and philosophical for most small towns, given its up-front entry price of \$5,000, and its heavy reliance on a new lexicon of complex jargon which participants must learn, before any town-hall meetings are held to write a community's vision statement.

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