

## Break up the Post Office

The Canadian Post Office Corporation should be privatized. Competition is just what is needed to cure the problems of this lethargic dinosaur of a quasi-government corporation.

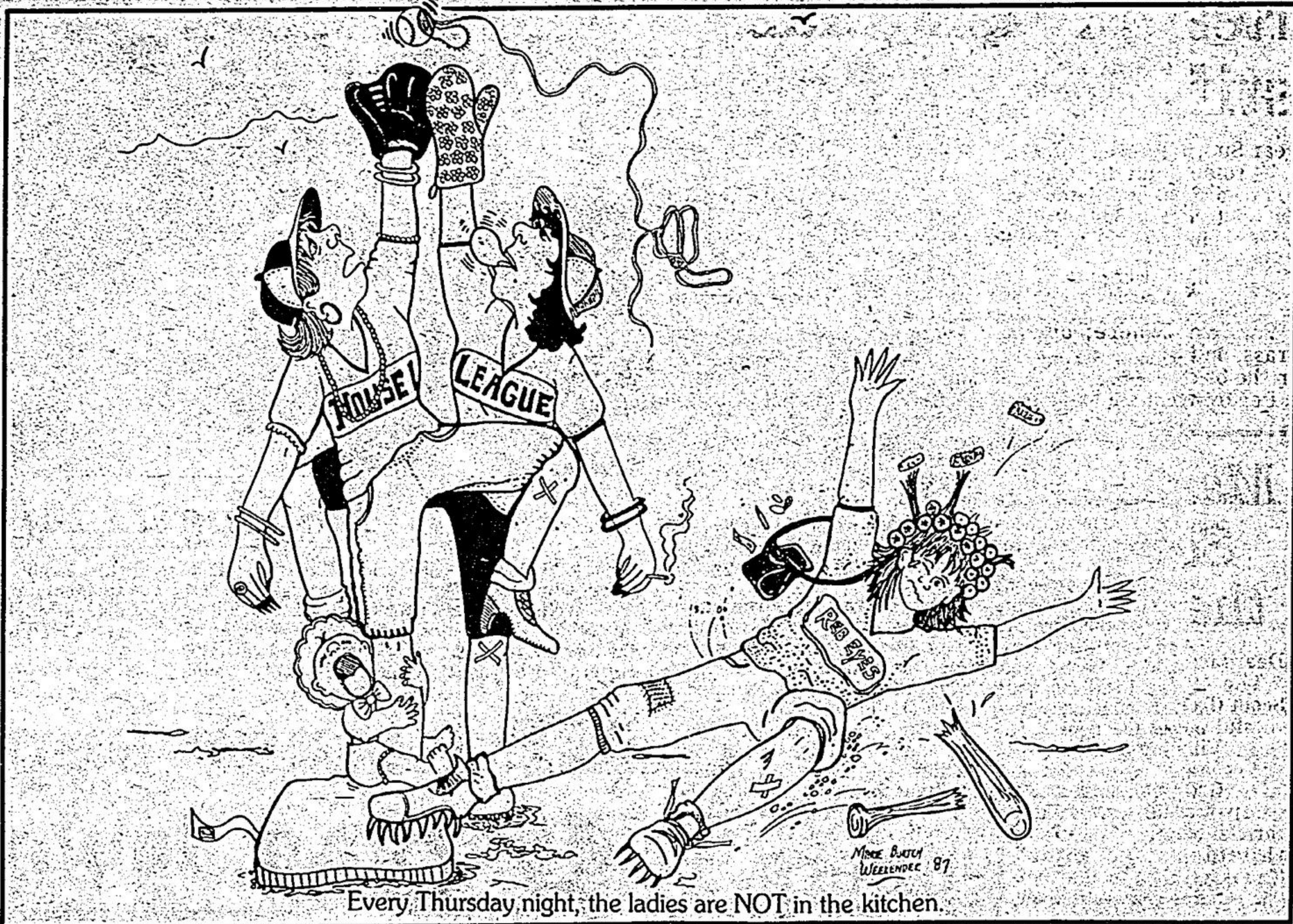
The current drive by new Markham area residents for home delivery points to this in most dramatic fashion. Right now, new residents of the area must use so-called super mailboxes because there is a freeze on adding new mail walks.

Thus people in new subdivisions can't get home delivery — something they should expect as a matter of course in an urban residential area. A pressure group RAM has been formed to fight this decision.

If Canada Post was a private corporation, it would have been out of business long ago. Instead, its entrenched unions still want the best of both worlds — high wages and job security.

The best way then is to shut down Canada Post because the problems there are just too difficult to fix and start over again with the private sector.

— Don Bernard



## Some people just attract trouble

Some of us just seem to attract trouble. Not serious trouble, just the social faux pas, foot in the mouth, "did I do that?" type of trouble that is usually the result of honest to goodness absent mindedness, and a touch of naivete.

My friends are all quite familiar with my red faced look of embarrassment. I used to think it strange that they all suffered from the same affliction, a tendency to shake their heads repeatedly from side to side. Until I came to realize that it was a reaction to my off the wall behavior.

Personally, I prefer to call myself honest, rather than eccentric. We all like to rationalize, although I suppose there is a certain amount of wisdom to the contention that on some occasions, full disclosure of the truth can cause greater problems than if you had held back in the best interests of discretion.

For instance, we joined a church, several years back, that



believes that "spirit" should pertain only to the three part deity, and not to beverages consumed. We had long considered a glass of good French wine to be a welcome addition to a special meal. Granted, I would be the first to agree that the drinking of some of the insipid "plunk" on the market today does constitute sin, in that it reveals one's complete lack of taste.

Anyway, I refuse to adopt the habits of those who go out of town to patronize the "in" and "out" store, so as not to be seen by those who would pass judgment. And this has led to some rather heated

discussions and the inevitable head shakes when I insist that we should be less concerned with the so called "delusion" of people who see no harm in a glass of wine with dinner, and more concerned with the way people hurt themselves and others through the self delusion that goes with such things as infidelity.

But what has found me in the biggest pickle of all is the subject of gambling. Now I don't gamble, as a rule, and I can't even remember the last time I bought a lottery ticket. Quite simply, I don't like to throw money away.

Several years ago, however, I

took part in the local Lions Club's "Trip of the Month" fund raiser. I figured that it was a good way to contribute money towards the new recreation complex and the proposed hospital project. And being a "down south" freak, I liked the odds afforded by the fact of there being only 200 tickets sold.

When my number was pulled, I gleefully shared the news with all who were within earshot only to find that, once again, I had offended the sensitivities of the good folks at the new church. After a sleepless night trying to figure out which charity to give my prize to, I decided to let my kids have it. So they got to go to Puerta Vallarta with us.

Draws are one thing. But when it comes to betting, I am the first to admit to the improperness of this practice. Granted, in days gone by, I would occasionally bet on a World Series game, but it was usually done as a ploy to guarantee that my team would win. I'd

bet against them, and sure enough, my uncanny record of never having won a sports bet would remain intact. It was worth the sacrifice so that my squad could be assured of winning the big one.

Well, it would appear that I've now got a major dilemma on my hands. Sensing the demise of the Maple Leafs last weekend, I took it upon myself to try and stem the Detroit tide. I agreed to wager \$10 on the deciding game, on Detroit, so that my perfect record of losing sports bets would make winners of the Leafs.

I now have ten bucks in my possession that I don't know what to do with. Suggestions would be appreciated. But at least I've finally got the monkey off my back. I know that while I may never win the coin toss that decides who gets to be the home team in baseball, it is possible for me to win a bet.

And you can bet I'll never place another wager.

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## Weekender

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