

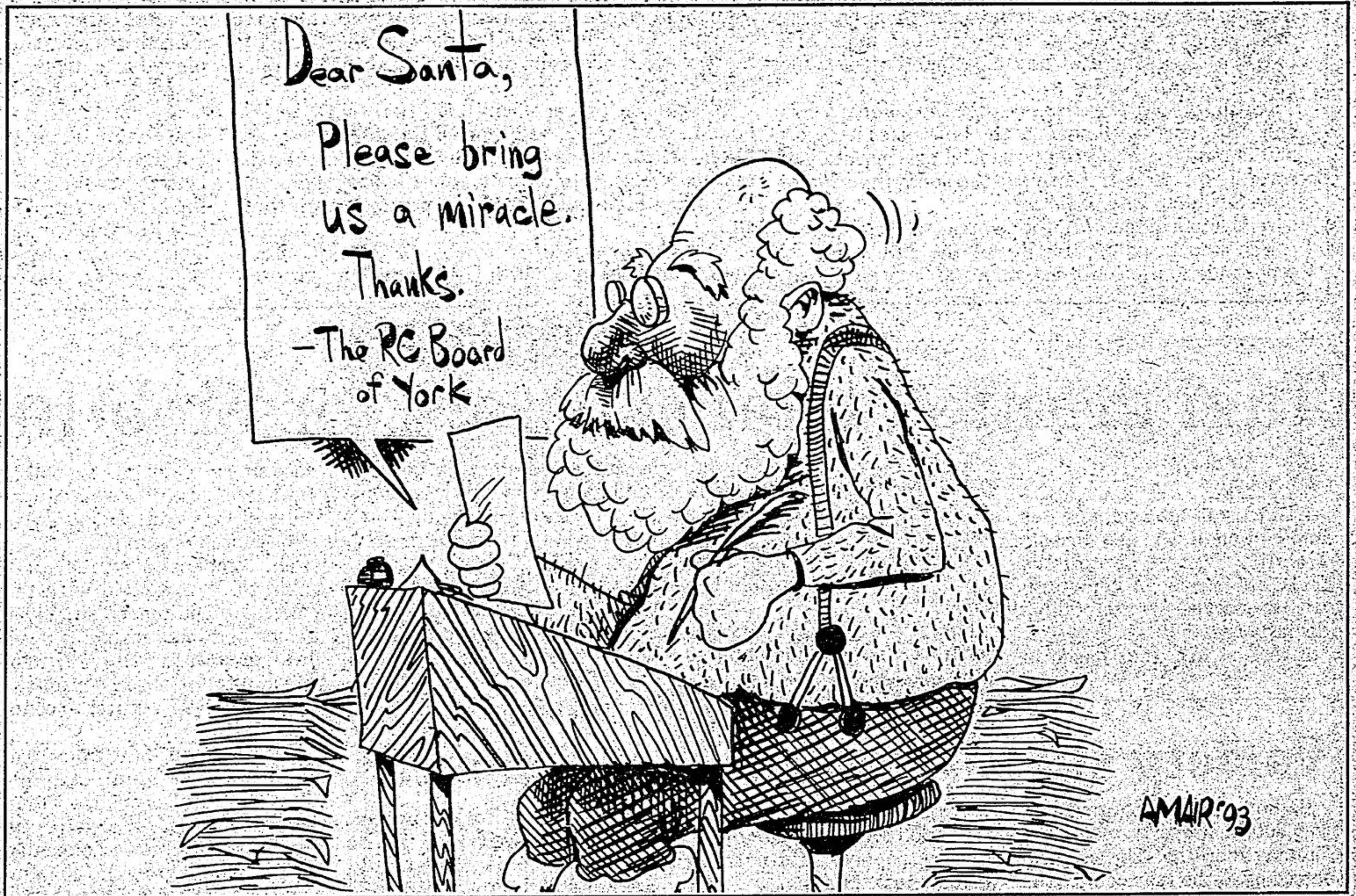
stouffville comment

Big Brother alive and well and he's NDP

Do you feel threatened? Maybe you should. Two pieces of legislation were marched through Queen's Park this week, and they could profoundly affect your life.

Employment equity is by far the most insidious piece of legislation to come down in law since prohibition. The government wants to legislate to private enterprise its hiring practices, and while the motives are noble; granting further opportunities to the disadvantaged, it is actually an Orwellian nightmare of the first order. If you are a white male, particularly, you will rue this day.

The other piece of law is the photo radar system. Truly, Big Brother is watching us. And more and more he is entering our lives.



Lemmy really knows how to throw a line

Everyone knows someone who can toss a line of bull. But none can do it better than Lemmy Remillard. I went to school with Lemmy, and had I not been there to see him graduate, I wouldn't have believed it. I couldn't. I have never believed anything this man has ever said.

Lemmy is a compulsive fib-teller. Even when it comes to his name, he lies.

Lemmy says his name is short for Lemming, because when he was born, he fell off the end of the birthing table.

His sister told me it is actually an abbreviation of Lemont.

I caught up with Lemmy last week at a house-warming party for mutual friends. It

seems Lemmy is now living in St. Catharines, where (he says) he is self-employed on a contract-licking stamps for the government. In his spare time, he works on unusual projects.

Like the time last summer when he built a metal barrel out of old beer kegs.

His plan, of course, was to pull another lemming-like stunt by throwing himself over Niagara Falls.

Lemmy tells me he had the barrel surreptitiously stashed in some reeds several hundred yards up river one night; testing the waters, so to speak, when he accidentally untied the mooring line.

He said he was loading pillows and bits of foam rubber



for the bumpy ride, and thought he had simply untied one of the crates of foam chips he had brought down to the launch site.

"I just had enough time to sit down, close the hatch and put on my crash helmet," he tells me. "Then over I went."

Being somewhat skeptical, naturally, I asked why no one had seen him do the deed.

"It was dark by that time," he answered, looking at me like I had pickles in my ears.

Lemmy's tall tales are not limited to feats of daring. He will also regale you with stories of his skills as a marksman.

When he was 25, he shot two moose. He bragged he had shot the first in the neck, the bullet passing the first moose, striking and killing the second.

He even went so far as to tell the paper I worked at all about it. We took a photo, ran a story (based on his account) and two days later, Lemmy was paid a visit by Ministry of Natural Resources personnel.

There was a draw on that

year, and Lemmy had bagged one moose too many.

He pleaded his case about being a single-shooter, and since he had already cut up the evidence, they had to let him go.

No, I've never been able to believe a word Lemmy says. Not since Grade 3.

Even at that tender age, I figured something was up, when he said he and his father were actually in Whoville that year when the Grinch rode through town and stole Christmas.

I might have been persuaded to believe him if he hadn't boasted he could actually be seen in the cartoon.

Kates' all-time 10 worst songs

You have to wonder what the world's coming to when you see people line dancing to Achy Breaky Heart at the office party.

I'm going to make myself scarce for a while after this column comes out, because I have a controversial observation to make. Achy Breaky Heart is a song which I believe would have been better left not only unsung, but unwritten.

It's all over the place like a rash, despite the fact it's relatively old. Even some of my closest friends, whose taste in things cultural I generally admire, are smitten.

They could be forgiven for believing I agreed with them because whenever I hear it, which is approximately every 39 minutes, I am condemned to sing along and to continue singing even after Billy Ray has ceased and desisted. Achy Breaky Heart is as dear to me as Itsy, Bitsy, Teeny,



Weeny, Yellow Polka Dot Bikini, Volare (luckily most of you are too young to have heard this excruciating ditty), any rap song and I Will Always Love You, which I strongly suspect was recorded in an abattoir.

Perhaps the most appalling appalling songs are those which deal with death and disaster. Remember Teen Angel and the immortal line, 'I'll never kiss your lips again, they buried you today?' And what about the classic lament, Ebony Eyes? My ebony eyes was coming to me, from out of the skies on flight 1203. It will come as scant surprise to the cynic

to learn that she was permanently delayed owing to a nasty mid-air collision.

Of the more upbeat dirges, the Dixie Cups' Chapel of Love springs to mind as one of those insidious little numbers that keeps coming back to haunt you, especially now that the entire radio network has been infiltrated by the classic hits virus.

Duke of Earl has a special place in my heart as a true gem among my bottom 10 of all-time bombs.

The lyrics, which consist chiefly of 'Dook, Dook, Dook, Dook of Earl, Dook, Dook, Dook of Earl, Dook, Dook, Dook of Earl,' have a certain mindless symmetry and, like the tune, require little practice to perfect.

Last but not least, there's The Sound of Music. Any suggestions from readers to augment this classic collection of chronic compositions would be warmly welcomed.

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