

Caledon Citizen

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Editorial

Common sense is good, but not always right

A tip of the hat is owing to Councillor Allan Thompson for standing up for common sense.

He brought the issue up himself at last Tuesday's Town council meeting, as he and his colleagues were dealing with a request from the Ontario Medical Association (OMA) to call on the province to ban smoking in cars carrying children.

Common sense has rightly told Thompson that parents who really love and care about their children are not going to expose them to a hazardous substance, such as second-hand smoke. We agree, especially since there is more evidence these days that it's dangerous than was the case 20 or 30 years ago.

But there's a big problem with common sense, and it's a problem that Thompson ran into at the council table. Common sense is only effective when everyone else is using theirs. And the sad reality is there are a lot of people out there who don't.

Many people smoke in cars with children; enough to prompt OMA to send out letters appealing for support; enough to prompt Sault Ste. Marie MPP David Oraziotti put forth a private members' bill at Queen's Park last month, calling for such a ban.

Common sense should be telling these people not to do it, but they do it anyway. Unfortunately, Thompson's sound appeal to common sense falls on deaf ears, when it comes to people like this.

Too many people have the tendency to do extraordinarily dumb things. Councillor Richard Whitehead cited a couple of examples, such as people who don't wear seatbelts, or who talk on cell phones when driving. There are lots of others, such as people who drive while impaired. In fact, council devoted a substantial amount of time at last week's meeting addressing ways to combat some of the stupid things people do on the roads, such as speeding through Caledon East, or driving inappropriately around trucks.

If everyone used their common sense, the way they should, there wouldn't be as much need for medical practitioners, police officers firemen or paramedics. Municipal councils probably wouldn't have as much to do either. A lot of people in essential services are essential because other people are stupid.

Thompson made one other suggestion, which had some merit because it again involves common sense. He said the best way to deal with this issue is to have a ban on cigarettes. That makes a lot of sense to us, and many advocates for the rights of non-smokers would probably cheer.

And as has been pointed out many times, cigarettes are about the one product on the market that can do you harm if used as directed.

But the problem is we're not likely to see a ban like that happen.

Maybe it makes too much sense?

Our Readers Write

Open letter to Mark Pavilons

The Citizen has been an integral part of our lives in Caledon during the past several years.

We need and benefit from the connection between the tiny hamlets in the west and the town in the east (and all others in between). The newspaper keeps us in touch with each other.

Mark Pavilons has provided us with the warmth of humanity; something to be cherished indeed.

Mark, I miss you already, and will continue to miss your gift of words; sometimes sad, sometimes touching, sometimes joyous, but always sensitive in content. Hearing about family love and cohesiveness is always beautiful to me. I felt your column was fair and unbiased. For years you showed support for the events in our community, and we acknowledge your interest and concerns.

We miss your smiling face at the forefront of your column each week and we wish you every success in whatever you have chosen for the future.

Betty Burgoyne,
Belfountain



AND NOW FOR THE
LEAST WONDERFUL
TIME OF THE YEAR.

A pleasant Saturday afternoon with the ladies

Men have spent centuries, if not longer, lamenting on their inability to understand the opposite sex.

Much literature has been devoted to this topic. I don't think there are many men who have graduated from their teens who would be unable to add to the pile of documentation, and that includes me.

I will grant that my success with women over the years has not been outstanding, although it has improved, and I have a happy marriage of almost 10 years as proof of that. But with that and a couple of other limited exceptions, there haven't been many women I have been able to charm.

Indeed, I have even had trouble with four-legged females, such as our cat, not to mention my brother-in-law's cows.

Saturday was the latest edition of a tradition into which I married almost 10 years ago, in which my wife Beth enlists my assistance in helping her dairy farmer brother Paul vaccinate his herd against something called Bovine Viral Diarrhea.

These annual events usually take place in January (I'm told Paul times them to coincide with his birthday) so there I was Saturday afternoon, on duty in the barn, pulling my weight worth of uncooperative Holsteins.

There were other helpers as well.

Beth enlisted my services for this task the first January we were married. She had



Bill Rea

approached me about a week in advance, and I agreed to be on hand. In the intervening days leading up to it, I had casually mentioned the plans for the coming Saturday to my brother Michael, and he was intrigued enough to offer up his services as well.

Thus it has unfolded that these two city boys are annually introduced to life in a barn, guiding the ladies into their stalls, and then guiding them outside after Paul has rammed the needle into their behind regions (Paul always gets the fun part of the job, since they are his cows).

I make it a habit of preparing myself for this annual ritual, making sure my schedule is as clear as I can make it (not terribly difficult in January) and dressing down as much as possible. I also dig out my old pair of construction boots, because cows are known to stomp on toes if their bovine dander gets aroused. The boots are a souvenir of a summer job I had about 30 years ago, building clay tennis courts. The truth is, how-

ever, these boots have been exposed over the years to a lot more cow poo than HAR-TRU.

The three of us were all ready to go Saturday, with Beth and her mother Ethel also on deck in the barn. Paul's son Jacob was there too for a while, sort of supervising things in that pushy fashion that only a four-year-old could get away with. Such, alas, could not be said for the ladies who were the object of the exercise, or at least not all of them. Most of the girls were fairly co-operative, entering the barn without much fuss, but there were three very stubborn ones who preferred to stay outside. It was quite a scene trying to convince them to come in.

Now it is generally known that cows are not ferocious, or overly aggressive. But they are large animals, and if there's some place they would rather not go to, the average able-bodied man is somewhat limited in what he can do about it. As well, the ground in the barn yard was not in the best condition for three middle-aged men to go running about in. Paul lamented a couple of times that a bit of frost might have made things a bit easier. Alas, with the recent mild temperatures, the ground outside was a gooey and gloppy wet mixture of mud and that other stuff associated with cows that I probably need not describe further. It was ideal for cows who were trying to be evasive, and rough

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