

Hard working volunteers the heart of many programmes

A column last week by one of our columnists has unfortunately rubbed a number of people totally the wrong way.

Yes, the article was humorous and yes, the article was about Brownies, but no, the article was not making fun of Brownies nor, most definitely their leaders.

We have nothing but the utmost esteem for anyone who volunteers his or her services and time for a job that is going to produce nothing but work and more work.

The reward? Very little. In fact most people who care enough to get involved will tell you that their lone reward has been a slap on the wrist from a person or persons whose sole

contribution was the effort to complain or criticize.

No, our columnist, who herself is a sort who loves to get involved, was simply telling a story of one of "those moments" in her role as a mother of a Brownie, past and present. It was a humorous moment which she, like all of us, likes to share with others in hopes of offering a little enjoyment to others.

Show us a leader of a Brownie or Cub Pack, Scout or Guide troop, or hockey team, or soccer team or any other of the many, many organizations volunteers are offering Halton Hills' youth, who doesn't have a similar share of humorous stories and we'll eat our Boy Scout symbol.



On The Home Front

It's not easy living with a sex symbol

by Susan De Facendis

If a recent newspaper article is to be believed, I must face up to the fact that I am married to a sex symbol.

According to a survey done on a large cross-section of people, aided by a series of photographic slides, middle-aged men won out as the most interesting, attractive and sexy age group.

Now presuming they were not using Peter O'Toole as the standard model, I can only surmise that the average men being photographed for the survey must have ruffled their hairs and heaved their manly chests up - a position far removed from the normal nestling point of mid-waist level.

Hearing the burst of hysterical laughter with which I greeted the article, my husband demanded to know what I was reading. If I had been blessed with a greater intelligence, I would have immediately destroyed this evil, subversive literature but unfortunately he got his hands on it - and life has never been quite the same since.

Overnight the words "middle-aged", usually taboo when mentioned in relation to

my husband, suddenly acquired all the glory of a badge of honour. There's no holding him back.

At the first glimmer of sunshine on an overcast day, off comes his shirt and even on the coldest days the top four buttons are left provocatively undone.

I can't even trust sending him to the stores any more. Supposing the sweet young girl on the check-out counter was one of those people surveyed? - and what would happen to my frozen foods while she does unto a trace at the sight of this symbol of male splendour? When he leaves for work in the morning, I am left with the uneasy feeling that maybe it is not his know-how they're after, but his body.

I am fully expecting him to start dragging me out on a nightly round of disco's - and he will probably buy hi-buggers with a 6" belt and T-shirts bearing suggestive slogans. I assume he will now have to be suitably coiffed by a hair stylist, instead of a barber.

After all the time spent day-dreaming over Tom Jones and Tony Bennett, I am now

having to live with the realization that I have an equally excited being sharing my roof and, after 15 years of marriage, this is not easy to accept.

I had always believed that we would grow old gracefully together, but obviously this is not going to be the case. I'm the one expected to go into the graceful act, while he becomes a swinger.

I now have to shop for a new wardrobe in order to hold his interest and wear eye makeup upon retiring for the night. Keeping in mind the fact that he is Italian, split-second decisions have to be made, such as whether to douse myself with Chanel No. 5 in order to be alluring, or use blueberry muffin essence to remind him of his ties to hearth, home and bambino.

Mind you, I've discovered there is only so long one can live with this kind of daily pressure and, out of sheer self-defence, I've completed an evaluation study of my own. The very next time he reminds me that he is the new Six Million Dollar Man, I'll offer him the going market rate based upon my survey...\$6.50.

Queen's Park Commentary

McMurtry the publicity freak?

by Don O'Hearn
Queen's Park Bureau
Of The Herald

TORONTO--Attorney General Roy McMurtry has been getting a reputation as a publicity freak.

The main attention of Mr. McMurtry in his month of office seems to have been directed to hockey violence, drunken driving and pornography.

And all three being flashy issues he has been getting reams of publicity.

Which causes a bit of wonder about the latest McMurtry move.

He personally is going before the Supreme Court of Canada to present the province's case in the challenge to the propriety of its action in putting itself under the anti-inflation controls.

It is very rare for an attorney-general to go into court personally to handle an action.

Beyond this Mr. McMurtry has no outstanding background in civil law.

There is logical ground for suspicion that he is making a grandstand play - or you might say that the boy who owns the bat is running the ball game.

The point to be argued before the Supreme Court is a highly important one. The whole question of the power of the cabinet is at issue - a power which was given a setback just a few weeks ago by division court in the hospital closings.

The very best legal talent available is called for to present the province's case.

Presumably the attorney-general will retain some as associate counsel.

Incidentally, while talking of law, the whole core fault in the hospital closings was bad legal advice.

The government's lawyers advised it that it had powers which it didn't - at least in the opinion of the division court.

Open Information?

A highlight of the PC meeting was stress on more freedom of information in government. Delegates generally appeared to favor a proposal that would have government documents open to the public.

This has been a matter of contention in the legislature for years, with opposition parties complaining that they can't see documents which they should have access to. Actually there has been a dramatic improvement in the general situation regarding documents.

At one time the government would release practically nothing except commission or public inquiry reports.


Anything else was declared to be "internal" and "privileged."

This position, of course, was based on the fear that internal studies, inquiries, etc., could possibly be used as political ammunition against the government.

But in the past few years there has been a distinct change.

When the opposition asks for a document it usually gets it and the attitude of the government is much more open.

Donate blood Monday



Out of the darkness, into the light, From operating room, to a bed so white. I opened my eyes, and there I could see, The life-giving blood that flowed into me. And "Thanks" filled my soul, As I thought of the "One" Who had heard of the Clinic, And took time to come. My prayers will be with them, Whoever they are. May "God" and good fortune, Carry them far.

On Parliament Hill

Orion would have cost Canadians 20,000 new homes

by Stewart MacLeod
Ottawa Bureau
Of The Herald

OTTAWA--As this is being written, the government's plan to buy 18 long-range patrol airplanes from the Lockheed Corporation appears to be delightfully dead. And, hopefully, there won't be any resurrection.

Downstairs, in the national press conference theatre, military officers are removing models of the plane that were to be displayed at a background briefing when the deal was to be sealed. At a Liberal caucus, Defense Minister James Richardson is explaining what went wrong. At defense headquarters, officials look depressed. And executives of Lockheed are walking around Ottawa in stunned silence.

All had an enormous stake in the proposed \$1 billion deal and their anguish is understandable. But we, as taxpayers, also had an enormous stake in the deal - like \$50 for each man, woman and child in Canada - and I

think we are entitled to breath a small sigh of relief.

And it would be nice if we could pay tribute to the government for changing its collective mind and saving us this money - but that's not what happened. The deal fell through because of incredible financial bawling. The Conservatives don't deserve any particular tribute either because while they criticized details of the proposed purchase, there was no sustained attack against the over-all expenditure.

Conservative Leader Joe Clark referred to the deal as a "Marx Brothers comedy" as the government made a last-ditch attempt to drum up financing for the scandal-struck Lockheed Corporation. But eight hours after the cancellation was announced, Mr. Clark appeared unaware of this latest development.

Little Attention
Somehow, this proposed \$1 billion expenditure never got the attention it deserved. And, as mentioned earlier, perhaps it's

because few of us can identify with such an enormous sum.

But it would allow us to build 20,000 homes, each costing 50,000. And remember the outrage that developed over the government spending \$46 million on Ottawa's magnificent National Arts Centre. Well, the \$1 billion the government was prepared to spend on 18 propeller-driven planes could provide 21 such centres. It's a staggering figure.

There is no doubt that the armed forces need new patrol aircraft to replace the humpbacked old Argus planes that now look for enemy submarines, enemy fishing boats and lost seamen. But there never was a satisfactory explanation regarding the incredible cost of the electronic equipment for these planes. Australia bought the same basic plane at less than half the price Canada was going to pay and that country takes a serious view of its coastal patrols.

The military officials have argued that

the Canadian electronic equipment would be far more advanced than anything in the Australian planes, but it's hard to see how these advances could amount to more than \$25 million per plane.

Even more difficult to understand is why the government continued to pursue the deal with Lockheed, long after that company had admitted paying some \$24 million in bribes around the world, and long after American banks refused to extend any more credit to the debt-ridden firm.

Financial Mess

And no one has been able to figure out the incredible bungling that resulted in Lockheed making an unsuccessful attempt to raise \$550 million from Canadian banks to start the project. The company had apparently thought the government was going to advance the sum, and Mr. Richardson said he thought the company would provide it.

He called it a "misunderstanding." If there was an award for understatement, Mr. Richardson would win hands down.

Viewpoint

Potpourri

by Gerry Landsborough

Time again for potpourri, a regular feature of this column. Here we travel the globe to bring you the latest in life's happenings, spiced with tongue-in-cheek humour, all part of this wonderful, wacky world we live in.

First we're off to Glenn Elynn, Ill. where a young woman learned the hard way that it doesn't pay to remove one's girdle while driving. An officer on duty watched the car swerve and sway down a country road finally hitting a mailbox. The officer determined that the aforementioned "girdle" became stuck between the brake pedal and the accelerator. Truly a classic case of "oh my girdle's killing me," or in this case making a darn good try.

Away to Pleasanton, Calif. now where firemen in training accidentally burned the wrong building, destroying a 123-year-old landmark. The house burned by mistake was built by one of the area's first settlers. It stood near some ramshackled buildings given the Fire Training Academy for a training exercise.

The traditional red trucks helped hide a lot of untraditional red faces as one was overheard to say, "Gee mom I can't believe we burnt the whole thing."

Here's a real goodie from Ottawa for you in the latest of stupidity surveys. A study of

One Parent Families showed that "divorce is sexually liberating for most men and women." Obviously a trick question. Now I wonder who took the time, effort, and money to figure that one out?

Off to the Appalachian Mountains now where two enterprising Wesleyan College students found a new way to hitch-hike. On a sharp curve motorists found a neat sign which read: Drive with Caution and Care. As the motorists slowed down for the turn they were met with two bright, smiling faces carrying signs reading "I'm Caution" I'm Care." Clever people out at Wesleyan College.

If the tacky and bizarre is your cup of tea Elmo Williams of Chicago is the man to see. Mr. Williams is a tombstone carver. His truck says "Before you go - Call Elmo." "Tombstones carved while you wait." Elmo claims this service is for people who want to see what's on top of their grave before they die.

For mine something like "In the yellow pages while I was around, now you'll find me underground. P.S. Please don't let your fingers do the walking." Now that just might be appropriate. R.S.V.P. or is it R.I.P.?

Off to Italy now where the reputation of Latin lovers will never be the same. Francois Caletti, author of the 400-page study of "Sexual Behaviour of Italians"

called down his countrymen with "basically they are bluffs." Professor Caletti blamed the sexual discontent he found on the Italian male, calling it a "national defect." Tisk, tisk, tisk. Imagine that. Eat your heart out Deano.

Toronto's our next port of call where foolish people still pay fortunes to fortune tellers. Mrs. Nemland was defrauded of \$725 after Sister Venessa, otherwise known as Mrs. Butch, told her to bring \$1,500 or else "evil spirits inside her would rot her bones and cause cancer." When will people learn that fortune in life is only what you make it? Most times the only fortune is the one being piled up at the bank by the fraudulent old fortune teller.

Sister Venessa's husband returned the money and our fortune telling friend was fined \$500. And one day in jail. Now she's all ready to go try it again on some other poor soul searching for elusive answers. So much for justice.

Now, before we leave you for this week the Marashi Sometimes Yogi has some word of wisdom to enlighten us with.

"Remember that the world of Mr. Trudeau will not give you more. You will still have only nothing, but share it equally."

Really Marashi, sounds like more good old fuddle duddle to me. Till next week, keep on smiling.

...My Thoughts...

We, the Herald Angels issue a challenge

by George Evaschuk

It wasn't until I had left reckless youth behind that I came to like the game of baseball. Not as a player mind you but as a spectator.

Way back in those days, when I shaved only twice a week, spending an afternoon watching a baseball game unfold seemed a dull way to spend an afternoon. At the time there were so many other exciting things to do although at the moment I can't for the life of me remember what they were.

However as time passed I grew and more and more that sitting in the stands watching the play was not a bad way to spend a winter afternoon. With a congenial company and a few drinks to boot the atmosphere, the excitement of the game and the thrill of the victory all added up to a very enjoyable experience. I'm sure you can call it a game, but the excitement of the game, the thrill of the victory, the excitement of the game, the thrill of the victory, the excitement of the game, the thrill of the victory.

a great spectator sport.

Then one day, it all changed. With another of his ideas, my editor said, we'll form a ball club. Challenge all the local teams. Wait a minute, I said. I can't playball. Can you? And when's the last time you played? He confessed that, like me, he couldn't remember the last time he had played. What position do you play I asked. I was trying to kill the idea with a thousand questions. He said he had no particular position. When I asked him if he owned a baseball, not to mention a glove and bat, he said he didn't and I thought that was the end of it.

Then I made a mistake. A good name for the club would be the Herald Angels, I said. He agreed. I wished I had kept my mouth shut. This he said that he wanted my obvious interest and enthusiasm to be the coach and manager. Me? Coach and manager? Just watching a couple of ball

games does not a coach and manager make, I reminded him, but to no avail.

So one day I moved aside the beverage glasses and one a scrap of paper came up with a roster of everyone on the staff and the correspondents as well. I came to more than nine and we were in business. We still don't have a baseball or a bat or gloves or caps or T-shirts emblazoned with the name of our club or anything, but nevertheless we're a ball club. It may be that any ball club we play will be on the understanding that they provide the essentials of game. We'll see what happens.

So if any team of town councillors, or ministers, or bank managers or kids or whatever thinks they can whip the Herald Angels, they are welcome to try; time and place to be announced. Get in touch with me at the office.

How do I keep getting into these things?