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BOOK REVIEW

Artistic masterpiece? It's a political sparkle

By ANNE MONTAGNES
The one novel that everybody lately has asked me if I've read is *Two Women*, by Doris Anderson (Macmillan; 242 pages; \$9.95). Generally they've added some such comments as: "Well, at least she can fall back on her stupendous reputation for editing *Chateleine* and all her Boards and Commissions."

Now that I've read the book, I see the problem. People are measuring *Two Women* by the literary standards they'd use for *Bear* or *The Diviners*, and that's not Anderson's point. *Two Women* isn't trying to be an artistic masterpiece. It's an illustrated political tract like the old temperance thriller, *The Shadow Of The Battle*, or some of British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli's kind novels. As a political tract, *Two Women* sparkles.

Anderson's platform is "liberation," but none of your bra-burning, man-baiting shrillness for her two heroines, Julia, a big humored, clever book editor - the kind of woman whom other women, but not girls or ladies, will love - wants career recognition, Hillary, a socialite wife and Julia's "best friend," wants recognition for doing well what everybody - mother, husband, children, "the girls" - has expected her to do for the past 45 years.

MELDRAMA
The plot is absurd. Julia gets pregnant by Hillary's husband, Howard, who is shortly thereafter killed by a misfiring

suicide attempt on Hillary's part. After Hillary's nervous breakdown, she and Julia - who has finally stood her ground and got her promotion, as well as deciding to keep the baby - take off for a spa where they fondly consider who will not be hampered by the trails they had to go through.

Doris Anderson moves with great good wit and warmth through this melodrama. Women will find themselves and all the other women and situations they know here, and a lot of the men too. At some point - when Julia reveals a male rival's duplicity, when a sister confronts a brother - every woman will cheer.

Men should not read this book. It's full of in-jokes they won't understand, they will think it fatuous.

The author portrays women with compassion and loving encouragement, but her men, except for Howard (whom she kills off before he can contribute anything much beyond paternity) are duds.

This is a pity. There's a point where Howard offers to explore with Julia the nature and possibility of love, but she, out of conventional political loyalty to Hillary, spurns him. Suppose she hadn't? Suppose Anderson had let Julia proceed with heart as well as head, hand in hand, instead of leading her around at the end of a political theory. Suppose she'd let Howard grow up too. Now that would have been a novel!

TWO'S A CROWD
But meanwhile *Two Women* become a feminine multitude. There's the wife and mother who one day rebels against being saddled with two children of whom the son is more grown up than the father.

There's the grandmother who, through deaths, marriage break-ups, poverty and illegitimacies, cheerfully goes on cleaning up after the rest of us.

There's the career woman who discusses politics, keeps her temper in the face of sexist injustice and amuses herself by mentally undressing the men around the table at a boring dinner party.

There's a daughter who makes herself ugly and runs off to a primal therapy commune, until her dormat mother finally takes a stand against her father's neglect, infidelities and insensitivity.

There's a career woman of an earlier generation, a grey-haired pioneer for whom the struggle to get any professional recognition was so all encompassing, that Julia's desire to have a baby too is incomprehensible.

There are farm wives, women who make their living keeping other people's houses, distressed gentlewomen selling ladies' dresses, blondes flayed by their beauty, drinkers, coeds - all of us.

These women, plus Anderson's eye and ear, make a gripping, topical page-turner. *Two Women* is an Ontario-based writer and critic. - Thomson News Service.



MARRIAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reed, R.R. 2 Brampton, are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter, Alexandra, to Bruce Theune, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Theune, of Hollywood, Florida, formerly of Streetville. Miss Reed is a graduate of Western University. Mr. Theune, having served four years in the American Navy, is currently studying at Western University. The wedding took place Saturday April 29 at Old Mill Chapel.

Terra Cotta WI

By MRS. OWENS
MacDONALD
The annual meeting of the Terra Cotta WI was held on April 12 to install new officers for 1978-79. The luncheon planned by Mrs. Fred Sharpe, assisted by Mrs. Owens Macdonald took place at Wings Cafe, Brampton, where a delicious meal was enjoyed by 16 ladies.

Miss Eleanor Macdonald, president opened the meeting with the Institute Grace followed by the luncheon. The business meeting was opened by the reading of the March institute minutes and the correspondence by Mrs. Art Dowds secretary.

The delegates were chosen for the District Annual May 17th at Bolton - Mrs. Fred Sharpe, Mrs. Norm News, Mrs. George Frazer, Alternates - Mrs. Art McKane and Mrs. C. G. Bishop.

The roll call was answered by sing or say and your fees by 15 members - which proved to be very interesting. Reports of standing committees were received giving a review of the work of the branch for the past year.

The minutes of the 1977 annual meeting were read and Mrs. Art McKane presided for the election and installed the new officers for 1977-78.

President, Miss Eleanor Macdonald, 1st Vice President, Mrs. Norm News, Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Art Dowds, Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Clarence Anderson, District Director, Mrs. Norm News; Alternate District Director, Mrs. Art McKane, Branch Directors, Mrs. Stanley Faulkner; Mrs. Wilfrid Leslie, Pianist, Mrs. Mary Stewart Collett.

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ON THE HOME FRONT

Live theatre

By SUSAN De FACENDIS
Ah, the smell of the greasepaint, the roar of the crowd - who can resist them?

Live theatre has always played a large part in my life, beginning at a tender age when I would accompany either my parents to very suitable children's shows such as pantomimes, or my widowed grandmother to what were probably quite unsuitable shows.

However, I survived and thrived on it all and still nothing today can ever quite compare to that throbbing hush that prevades an audience as the lights dim, the orchestra strikes up the opening bars to the overture and the curtain slowly rises to reveal all the glorious magic of a make-believe world.

Thus it was, with this proclivity towards live theatre plus the enquiring mind of a frustrated journalist, that I recently found myself well-bitten between an artificial pine tree and a gently swaying safe curtain, in the furthest corner of the state of my daughter's school, in order to see for myself what goes into putting on a school musical.

Along with the majority of you, I have sat through many school concerts. I have wildly applauded every type of production from the time my children were in grade one, at an age where they were far more interested in locating mom and dad in the audience and flashing a toothless grin, than they ever were in the wild, despairing exhortations of their teacher-producer, who sweated bullets attempting to keep her young casts mounds on their well-rehearsed roles.

So, with just a little mild groveling at the feet of Louisiana's teacher, I found myself in a semi-lotus position under the afore-mentioned pine tree, hoping to be mistaken for a squirrel should any eagle-eyed member of the audience spot me and, with sharp pencil in hand, prepared to write an expose on the luridous truth that lies behind the glittering facade of a school musical production.

I initially made myself useful in the girls dressing room by buttoning up an antique dress with 5000 tiny buttons down the back, braiding one long pigtail, and advising an excited 13 year old to blend her rouge beyond the brilliant 50 cent sized blots on either downy cheek.

As the hands of the clock moved slowly and surely toward 7:30 the tension mounted. Would any audience even show up?

Having become comfortably ensconced beneath my tree at an early hour, someone then closed the stage curtains. I was plunged into total darkness, lost my pencil and panic temporarily reigned supreme in my makeshift pressbox.

Actually, everything ran surprisingly smoothly. Only once did the over-zealous young stage manager whip the curtains open at the wrong moment, causing the relaxed onstage scenery-movers to freeze in surprised terror at finding themselves exposed to a living, breathing audience.

It is true that an evergreen was felled amid much giggling during intermission (fortunately not the one I was sheltering under) and the audience may have been a little taken back when, halfway through the following scene, a long 14 year old male arm slowly reached from behind the shelter of a curtain, in a long drawn-out effort to right the fallen tree.

I shall never know what goes on in the reading, writing, and rhythmic departments of our various schools, but once a year the music teachers and their volunteer teacher-helpers put it "all up front" for the world to see - and all I can say is "congratulations."

ANN LANDERS

Laws

Dear Ann: I was intrigued by your recent column of "Laws" - and would like to share my collection with your readers if you judge it worthy - Benton Harbor Ben

Dear Ben: I like your collection (especially since I made it). Here it is:

- Lippmann's Law: When all think alike, no one is thinking - very much. - Walter Lippmann
- Lander's Law: Insanity is hereditary - you can get it from your children. - Ann Landers
- Munnecke's Law: If you don't say it they can't repeat it. - Wilbur C. Munnecke
- Wright-Watcher's Law: Better to throw it OUT - than throw it in. - Skinny Mitchell
- Everyman's Law: The other line is moving faster. - All of Us
- Brinkley's Law: As soon as you replace a lost article, you will find it. - David Brinkley
- Symington's Law: For every credibility gap there is a gullibility gap. - Stuart Symington
- Annenberg's Law: No good deed will go unpunished. - Walter Annenberg
- Cooldidge's Law: When large numbers of people are out of work it can lead to unemployment. - Calvin Cooldidge
- Levenson's Law: No matter how well a toupee blends in the back, it always looks like hell in front. - Sam Levenson
- Lasker's Law: Three people can keep a secret - if one of them is dead. - Mrs. Albert Lasker
- Mondale's Law: If you are sure you understand everything that is going on - you are hopelessly confused. - Vice President Walter Mondale
- Ransom's Law: The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet. - Damon Ransom
- Bok's Law: If you think education is expensive - try ignorance. - Derek Bok (Pres. Harvard University)
- Huck Private - World War II: If it's there paint it, if it moves salute it, and never volunteer for anything. - GI Joe

Dear Ann Landers: I cannot sign my name to this letter and when you read it you will understand why. Please don't mention the city.

I am writing about sex among the elderly. You have written a great deal about the lack of response and how damaging it can be. Have you considered the other angle? I refer to the elderly man who can't perform but still entertains the idea of sex - in his head.

A woman, in her later years, can lose all desire for sex but physically she can perform because nothing is required except her presence. When a man has sex in his head but lacks the ability to perform, it can be a real problem for both. How can a wife endure this trial without battering the male's ego? - Zero Here

Dear Zero Here: Many elderly people derive a great deal of satisfaction out of fondling, caressing, touching and just being close.

It is not essential that the sex act be consummated. If you let your husband know you are satisfied and pleased by the closeness - and that nothing more is expected or needed - you can enjoy one another as long as you both live.

Parents, what should you do if your teenager is having sexual relations? Ann Landers' new booklet, "High School Sex and How to Deal With It - A Guide for Teens and Their Parents," gives no-nonsense advice on how to handle this delicate situation. For each booklet, send 50 cents in coin plus a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Landers, P.O. Box 11995, Chicago, Illinois 60611. COPYRIGHT 1978 FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC.

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YOUR WEEK AHEAD By DAMIS

- ARIES** Mar. 21-Apr. 19
Speculative ventures should be studied thoroughly. Carry out the responsibilities entrusted to you. Make financial adjustment when necessary.
- TAURUS** Apr. 20-May 20
A restrictive atmosphere at home is best handled by keeping on balance and attending to each task conscientiously.
- GEMINI** May 21-June 20
Your mental and manual skills are brought into play. Put them to good use. Fratric behavior invites criticism from those around you.
- MOONCHILD** June 21-July 22
Take care in use of credit. A family situation could bring about a change in property management.
- LEO** July 23-Aug. 22
You are an attention-getter this week. Your suggestions are welcomed. Keep a realistic perspective.
- VIRGO** Aug. 23-Sept. 22
An opportunity comes up for a little extra income. Keep emotions on an even keel. There's no time for moodiness.
- LIBRA** Sept. 23-Oct. 22
Plans are shaping up for a trip before too long. Make sure the car is in good working condition.
- SCORPIO** Oct. 23-Nov. 21
Career responsibilities seem heavy, but prestige mounts as a result of your excellent service. Make time for some fun.
- SAGITTARIUS** Nov. 22-Dec. 21
Insight into some of your philosophical thoughts helps you to shape up plans along better lines.
- CAPRICORN** Dec. 22-Jan. 19
Someone at a distance would be happy for a visit from you. Do not get involved in another's financial affairs.
- AQUARIUS** Jan. 20-Feb. 18
Pay attention to details. An older person could prove to be rather domineering and emotions run wild.
- PISCES** Feb. 19-Mar. 20
A quick decision concerning a co-worker could create an inharmonious atmosphere on the employment front.

Personality Profile For your Sun sign, Aries, send the day, month, year and place of birth to: P.O. Box 11995, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$2.00 per copy. Postage and handling to: Dr. Damis, P.O. Box 526, Millville, N.J. 08261.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1 Carry on
- 5 Daisy-like flower
- 10 Greek athletic contest
- 11 Examine cursorily
- 12 Put to sea
- 13 UFO flyers?
- 14 Bolivian export
- 15 Used to be
- 16 Cambodia's Angkor -
- 17 Do a printing job
- 19 Devoured
- 20 First-rate
- 21 Colored
- 22 Town map
- 23 Conn.'s neighbor
- 24 Mexican laborer
- 25 "Fence Me In"
- 26 Sea eagle
- 27 Swamp fever
- 30 Urge (on)
- 31 Undivided
- 32 Wide receiver
- 33 Like some gowns (2 wds.)
- 35 Kind of poker
- 36 "Astolat" maid
- 37 Israeli port
- 38 Emulated, as beams

DOWN

- 1 Wilderness
- 2 Another time
- 3 Making grant studies
- 4 wds. (4 wds.)
- 6 Photo-lab abbr.
- 8 Originated
- 9 Cry
- 10 Girdle
- 13 wds. (13 wds.)
- 14 -of-the Realm
- 15 Took a breather
- 18 Teepee tenant
- 15 Lack
- 18 Horse
- 21 Actress
- 22 Wynter walk
- 23 Burrowing beast
- 24 Bobby, in Blighty
- 25 Alghieri
- 27 Tom
- 28 Seaver's territory
- 29 Habituate
- 29 Snake
- 34 Business concern (Fr. abbr.)
- 35 - and Fox

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