

# Citizen comment

## Cry of Seventies: "Power Power"

If the cry of the Sixties was "People Power" then the cry of the Seventies surely must be "Power Power".

That granite-walled labyrinth which is the federal government has gotten out of hand like some gigantic dinosaur eating everything in sight whether it needs it or not.

The man in charge, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, trends the halls of power as a tightrope walker moves along the cable on a windy day.

Carefully.

He has every reason to be careful. From all sides come the hordes of attacking enemies who are very adept at spotting an ailing victim.

Today, the man who promised us the New Society is on the run and his undoing has come from the very men in whom he placed the greatest trust.

In a television interview Sunday night Jean Marchand, Trudeau's closest confidant, head of the Quebec wing of the Liberal Party of Canada, and a convicted criminal while transport minister, took it upon himself to defend the verbal bombardment the government has been under in recent months.

Did he defend the government by saying that patronage and graft does not exist?

No.

Did he defend the government by saying it does exist but that there would be a stop put to it?

No.

What the environment minister did say

was that patronage was part of government, always would be and that there should not be the fuss that has been created by both the Opposition and the press.

It was difficult to believe one's own ears. Could a man in his position really be saying that on nation-wide television?

About the celebrated Sky Shops affair he declined comment because the issue is before the courts but he did comment that the press and the Opposition would shout, "Scandal!" if someone even stole a pencil.

It would take many more than a few pencils to match some of the patronage being discussed in the scandals which have come to light recently.

A judicial inquiry, of course, could well leave Trudeau minus half of his cabinet by the time all the stories were aired in public. Therefore, no inquiry.

His other major problem is in controlling an absolutely monstrous federal government which is growing more and more each day and threatens to swallow the very House of Commons it serves.

The prime minister has no choice but to come clean with the Canadian people who put him where he sits today.

If he is to restore the faith of the voters in democracy, he must:

- allow a judicial inquiry into any of the scandals which touch his cabinet and threaten to topple his government;
- rid his cabinet of the ministers involved in such scandals;
- begin to cut back the size of the overpopulated civil service.

## Sugar and Spice

The Human Spirit

by Bill Smiley

Could you write a pungent, telling essay on The Human Spirit?

No? Well, that's what my senior students tell me, too. But I know they are wrong, and I think you are wrong also. I'll bet you could write a dandy, especially if you have lived a lot.

I gave my students instructions for an essay, and most of them went into a state of mild shock. They shouldn't have. They are dealing with the human spirit, their own and others, every minute of their young lives.

However, students, like most of us, prefer things to be spelled out. But how can you spell out the human spirit?

You can't touch it, taste it, smell it, weigh or measure it. You can't peer through someone's navel and shout "Tallyho! There it is! Your spirit!"

From the beginnings of thought, our great writers and thinkers have explored the human creature in an effort to pin down this elusive thing.

Some philosophers have believed they had put their finger on the slippery little devil only to find that it has squirted away.

Clerics are more apt to call it the soul. Psychologists pin nasty names like id and ego and libido on various aspects of it.

Writers give examples of it. Artists try to depict its highest aspirations.

The human spirit exists in all of us. It, along with the power to reason, is what raises us above the level of the beasts.

Its presence is allied to all that is good and great in human kind: loyalty, integrity, compassion, honor, courage, dignity.

Its absence represents all that is bad in the human race: greed, cruelty, prejudice, indifference, treachery.

Given the right fertilizer, the human spirit reaches out to other human spirits, and mankind moves another inch toward the stars.

Without proper nourishment, the human spirit shrivels or warps, turns in on itself,

rots, and spreads like a cancer.

In certain periods, the undernourished spirit produces the great psychopaths like Attila the Hun, Napoleon, Hitler, and we are led into darkness.

But after each of these sombre intervals, the resurgent human spirit roars back, fanning the embers into a blaze of glory, and once more man is on the march.

This is all very inspiring, I'm sure, but it's pretty abstract, and I prefer the concrete. Let's see if we can find some examples of the human spirit in action.

When a two-year-old child, normally good and obedient, sticks out his lip and flatly refuses to do something reasonable, and defies threats of spankings, he is not just being stubborn. He is exhibiting, to the world, his sense of self, of independence. That is the human spirit.

When an 80 year old man, or woman, prefers to pig it alone in poverty and discomfort, rather than be shuttled off to a cosy senior citizen's home, he or she is doing the same.

When a man or woman has enough guts to say "No!" at a time when all about are saying "Yes!" that's the human spirit at work.

But let's get down to an example we can all understand. When a man gets up after his old lady has knocked him down five times, and advances on her, arms outstretched, and says: "Darling, let me explain just once more," that is the human spirit at its best.

Don't get this human spirit thing all mixed up with sentimentality: the cooing of a baby, which might be just a gas pain, the radiant smile of a bride, which might be just vanity. Or gloating. No, let's keep it on a high plain.

Here are the instructions I gave my students. See how they grab you.

"This essay is to be an examination of the human spirit (soul, self) as it acts and reacts under stress, in inter-play with other human spirits, in conflict with society.

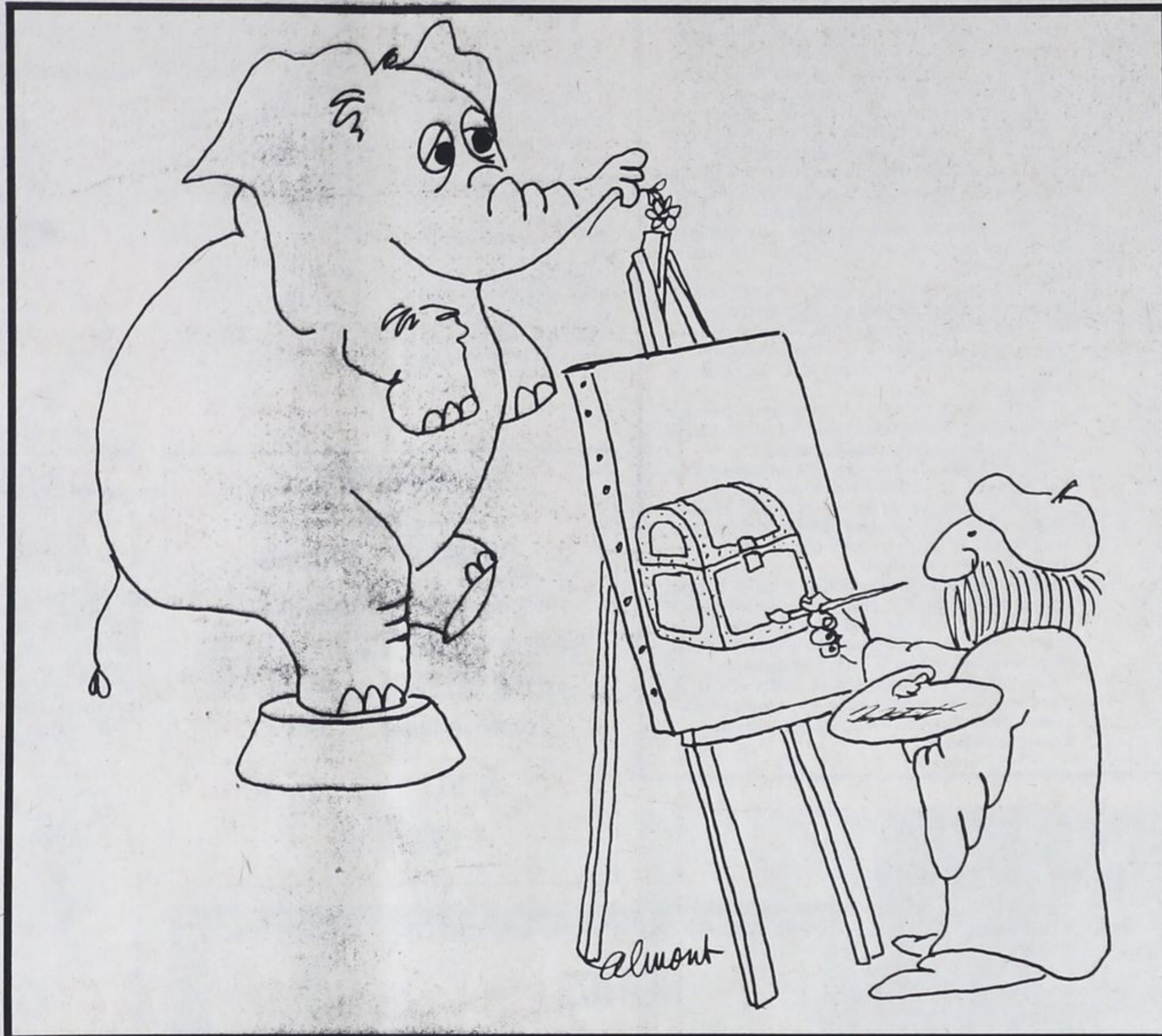
"The essay should reveal something of what the student has learned this year from exposure to the ideas of first-class writers concerning the human spirit.

"Ideas expressed should not be merely emotional clap-trap or mystic foofawaw. Nor should they be a mere recording of examples of the human spirit in action, taken from the books read. They should rather represent the student's own human spirit reacting to the stimulus of what has been read and pondered.

"Any reasonable — and even some unreasonable — approaches to the topic will be encouraged.

"Students may choose one of the following exhortations from their glorious leader:

- "Good Luck"
  - "or
  - "Eat Your Heart Out."
- Aren't you glad you don't take English from me?



## Queen's Park Report

Arthur Evans, M.P.P. Simcoe Centre

As I mentioned in last week's report, the federal authorities stubbornly persisted in proposing that the price of energy must "realistically" reflect international prices. I compared their stubbornness to Napoleon's role at the Battle of Waterloo.

While Napoleon recognized the size of the armies united against his own forces, he was sufficiently realistic to understand that he would not win the day. Ottawa does not recognize the damage which its so-called national energy policy is causing to the present and future performance of the Canadian economy. Ottawa plunges merrily ahead, making unilateral decisions on future energy pricing after a superficial consultation with the provinces.

That is the outcome of the federal-provincial meeting held in Ottawa on May 6. Because the Provincial Premiers were unable to agree with the Trudeau government on the extent of the price increase for crude oil per barrel and thereby the price of natural gas, Ottawa will impose its policy of increasing crude oil to at least \$9 per barrel and possibly \$9.50.

How does that translate into practical costs for you the commuter, the retired couple living on a fixed income, the young person trying to find his or her first job or the young married couple hoping to buy their first home in our riding? Quite frankly, it will hurt many people needlessly.

The impact of such a price hike hurts the employer of a small business and the export manufacturers. These people find it increasingly tougher to compete in export markets. That means the possible loss of jobs to employees in these industries. Not a pleasant prospect.

And what we need for Ontario and Canada are more jobs — not fewer ones. Higher energy prices, at this time, help to cancel out the job creating proposals found in the budgets of many provincial governments.

That explains Ontario's proposal for a blended price and the reasons for Premier William Davis speaking so strongly at the May 6 meeting. Premier Davis found the

Ottawa position less than reasonable when placed in the context of the federal anti-inflation program. He pointed out that if you restrain by law the income of individuals and at the same time increase household expenditures such as energy costs, how do you reasonably explain these conflicting trends to the same individuals? In the long run, you simply hurt any possible success for the economic controls — any real chance to beat inflation.

That has to be the number one priority of all governments in Canada. The Trudeau government seems to be working overtime to ensure its failure by such a massive increase for oil and natural gas.

By the vigorous presentation of Premier Davis' idea, the only hope for Canadians is that the price may be kept to about a \$1.50 increase. That means gasoline per gallon increasing by about 5 cents instead of about 8 cents.

Nothing really to sing about but it could still be worse.

Before proceeding to Ottawa, your Ontario government had hoped for support from the two opposition parties. That was not to be.

The NDP proposed its classic solution as it does for every problem: another government takeover of a large oil corporation. In this case, Imperial Oil. At least the NDP was predictable.

You really had to look for the Liberal position. The Liberals wanted no more money for either the oil companies or for the producing provinces. As if oil springs out of the ground by itself. The Ontario Liberals end up with a massive increase for Ontario consumers.

Your Ontario government will continue in its efforts to present constructive and reasonable proposals to resolve our energy pricing problem. We simply will not surrender because we did not completely succeed.

At the very least, the public record confirms what political party is working hardest for the long term solution of public issues in the interests of all Canadians. Ottawa should be carrying out this leadership role instead of ignoring it.

## Love and tennis — there's deuce to pay



by Shirley Whittington

When a friend asked me last week if I played tennis, I said sure. I didn't tell her that my most frequent partner was the back wall of the old A and P store, where I used to repair after hours to knock a few balls around.

Nor did I bother telling her that the store nearly always won. That particular A and P closed a few years ago, and only I know the reason why. All their roof top ducts and pipes were plugged with my tennis balls.

Why, you may ask, did I choose to play tennis with a store? The truth is that nobody else would play with me. This was easy to accept because all my life I've been the last one to be chosen for team sports. "She's left

over. You'll have to take her," could serve as a running commentary on my sports career.

Anyway, I said sure I play tennis, because I didn't want her to think I lacked class. Tennis is for some reason surrounded with an upper class aura. Those who play it are straight of tooth and limb and give the impression that they learned to play in between riding lessons and afternoons at the yacht club.

Noel Coward has something to do with this. He broke tedious scenes in his drawing room comedies by having somebody burst through a door, who said in fruity tones, "Tennis, anyone?"

If that character had been given a line like, "Any you guys wanna shoot a little pool?" billiards would have become respectable long before it did.

My tennis racquet is a little battered because the Squire uses it for his nightly battles with the bats in our bedroom but would some tape around the handle to cover the notches with which he's tallied his nocturnal victories, and off we went, my friend and I, to pick up some class at the tennis court.

We knew right away that we were in the presence of experts.

It's easy to pick out good tennis players. They hit the ball with the string part of the racquet, not the wood.

G.T.P.'s do not wear \$2.98 running shoes and are not chosen for team sports. "She's left

over. You'll have to take her," could serve as a running commentary on my sports career.

G.T.P.'s when they are playing doubles, do not yell "I'll get it!" and then bash each other over the head in a spectacular mid-court collision, while the ball bounces saucily some feet behind them.

G.T.P.'s serve with a devastating overhead drive. There's none of this tossing the ball up past the nose, and then swatting at it nervously as if it were a bothersome horse fly.

G.T.P.'s know their balls by name, and they like to get their own back. "Are you playing with Slazenger?" one G.T.P. asked me. "No," I replied uncomprehendingly, "I'm playing with my friend here."

The G.T.P.'s continued on their busy way smashing and serving and calling "set" and "deuce" at each other, and happily paid little attention to the two neophyte stumblebums. At the same time, we learned a fundamental tennis truth.

In tennis, as in marriage, partners should be evenly matched. We were. I had my A and P background and she confessed that she had spent many hours knocking balls around against the wall of a nearby school.

We stumbled around for an hour, and then formulated the following rules for middle aged ladies who are new at the game.

Beginners whose joints are a little rusty would do well to start with mini-tennis, which uses only half the court. This minimizes the

running and huffing and you're not so likely to knock every other ball over the fence.

Since the sight of two stumblebums monopolizing a whole court but only using half of it rouses the ire of pros who have driven up from downtown to get a set in on their noon hour, we use the courts only when nobody else is. You may see us out there in November, at midnight, but we'll get furred lined gloves and a phosphorescent ball, and bash away.

As well as learning to hit the ball, beginners should learn to throw it accurately. We both like to be helpful and when a ball strays in from a neighbouring court, we throw it back to its owner. Unfortunately neither one of us is very good at throwing, and the ball ends up, not in its owner's hands, but in a puddle in the parking lot.

You have to learn tennis logic. When your partner hollers "Love!" it doesn't mean he's made for your body, and "doubles" refers to people not scotch-on-the-rocks.

If you're a beginner, forget that nonsense about bounding scissor-legged over the net when it's time to change ends. You may do yourself an irreparable mischief.

Above all, if somebody asks you if you play tennis, be honest. Say "Yes, very well," or "Only by ear."

In tennis, as in marriage, love must be equally shared. Otherwise there's the deuce to pay.

## Letters, comment, opinion

The Citizen is your local community newspaper and we strive to serve your needs and interests. We always welcome your views and contributions. If for good reason, you would prefer to have your name withheld we will do so, however all letters sent to the editor must include the writer's name, address, and telephone number so that we may verify the correspondence with you. We do of course reserve the right to edit for libel, good taste, grammar and excessive length. Please send letters to the Editor, The Penetanguishene Citizen, P.O. Box 429, Penetanguishene, Ontario.



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## Pages torn from the editor's notebook



by Kevin Scanlon

The one sided adventure of Bare Wabbit

When we last saw Bare Wabbit (that awfully strange and crazy rabbit) he was on his way to the airport with Johnny Spike and Foxy Freddy in a 1956 Chevy to see the Big Bunny.

They made it to the airport in good time and raced for the elevator. The trip down was uneventful.

Big Bunny.

The man looked puzzled by the question. "You know," Wabbit said excitedly, "the big black DC-9 with the white bunny head on the tail."

"Oh yeah," the man replied, "I remember that plane but it's different now."

Wabbit was stunned. "Different?"

"Yeah. Ployboy sold it to the McAwful hamburger people but it's here now if you want to see it."

Wabbit contained his disappointment and nodded. The trio followed the man through a door, then another door, down a long hallway, across a room, through another door to the tarmac.

There stood the renovated Big Bunny in all its glory.

Now called the Big Mac, the DC-9 was painted relish green and a gigantic yellow M was emblazoned on the tail.

"Can we go inside?" Wabbit asked, hoping to see some sample of the giant plane's former self.

"Sure. Just follow me."

Inside, the stewardesses (all wearing Ronald McAwful clown suits) raced this way and that serving drinks in paper cups complete with lids and straws.

left the plane and noticed that the chief stewardess was wearing the latest in exotic perfumes, Essence of Onion Ring.

He was in shock and wondered out loud to his new-found friends how Hugh Hedonist could possibly have done such a thing. Hedonist was the previous owner of the plane which he had redecorated in keeping with his extravagant lifestyle as publisher of Ployboy Magazine, a monthly publication which featured photographs of nude women and one woman every time had a scar just north of her navel which looked just like a staple.

Wabbit thought that finding 12 women every year with identical scars in the same place must be the worst part of the job as publisher.

And he was right.

The trio went into the Bon Voyage Bar where passengers were busily priming themselves before facing the serious drinking during their flights.

"What will you do now?" Spike asked.

"I don't know," Wabbit replied.

The waitress (they called them hostesses in the Bon Voyage Bar) brought their drinks. Her name was Barbie Bunnie and it was written on a small badge which read: "Hello, I'm....."

"What do you think I should do?" Wabbit asked her. "Stay here in the city, go back to Perkintang, or run off to Peterburrow or someplace like that?"

"Go home young rabbit," she said.

So he did.

When he got back to Perkintang he found everything just the same as when he had left it and the big hill was still over there. He

went first to the lettuce factory to see all those who had doubted him when he left and he told them all the stories of his high and low life in the city.

Most of the stories were lies but that didn't matter to the rest of the rabbits because they would never see the other side of the big hill anyway and even lies about someplace you have never been are better than nothing at all.

When they asked him about the Big Bunny he just smiled and they all knew that he had seen it and been inside.

And they were proud to know such a brave and adventurous rabbit if only for a moment.

His adventure over, Wabbit settled down and went back to work in the lettuce factory but things were different.

He no longer said things against the company but invented phrases such as: "What you don't see can't hurt you but what you do see only makes you want to see more."

It was not surprising then that he left again in a few months to travel once again over the big hill over there.

And this time he didn't come back.

It would be nice to say that Bare Wabbit moved to another place and found true happiness but that would be a lie.

Bare Wabbit was run over by a truck four months later just outside Halthosis, Nova Scotia.

The police said the driver had no chance to stop the truck and the victim was drunk at the time of the fatal accident. Oh yes, there was one other point. It was a Mack truck.