

Broken promises

Things aren't coming up roses at the Huronia airport.

Prompted by complaints from users of the local airport, commissioners solidly rapped the knuckles of LemAir representative Frank Lembo at Monday night's commission meeting.

The Huronia airport, owned jointly by the towns of Midland and Penetanguishene and the township of Tiny, is operated under a management lease agreement by LemAir Limited.

Although the wording of the agreement could be more specific, LemAir is violating the terms of the contract.

It isn't the first time that LemAir's performance at the airport has been called into question.

A special meeting of the commission was called less than a month ago, when the resignation of former airport manager Peter Crampton began to cast doubts on the entire operation.

But LemAir president Tom Lembo reassured the commission that problems were being ironed out and that he had hired two men as instructor pilots.

That hasn't happened. Very little has. From the complaints registered with commissioners, phone checks made to the airport, and repeated visits, it is evident that the new manager isn't around too often either. The sign "gone flying" has become something of a permanent fixture on the locked office door at the airport.

Posing problems for LemAir is the fact that the airport runway may be resurfaced during the next month — a project that may necessitate the partial closing of the facility. For that reason, LemAir did not hire a second man.

But the commissioners' complaints go beyond that question.

LemAir has not produced a report on operation as requested.

Nor has the company produced a budget as requested. Nor has the company produced a financial statement, nor has the company responded to a letter from the airport commission's solicitor as requested.

Broken promises do not help LemAir's case. Since the meeting a month ago, several commissioners have been keeping tabs on the operation, with a little help from users of the airport. All round, the reports are negative.

But despite its crumbling faith in LemAir's ability to manage the airport as defined under contract and in spite of mounting evidence that things are not as they should be, the commission is waffling.

Commissioners have agreed to look at the matter again when the questions surrounding the resurfacing project are answered.

Commissioners should be actively seeking alternative solutions. And without rushing in headlong to another arrangement, members must have performance guaranteed.

LemAir has failed to live up to its guarantee.

Excerpts from

Convocation address Sr. Angeline Moureau

Le bilinguisme...sujet de controverse — accepté par quelques-uns...rejeté par d'autres...

Pourtant, pour vivre en harmonie avec tous, dans un pays beau, riche comme le nôtre, il faut que cette question devienne de plus en plus populaire. Il faut qu'on comprenne que ce terme "bilinguisme" est interprété de différentes manières. Pour l'anglophone, cela signifie acquiescer une deuxième langue alors qu'il se sent parfaitement sûr dans un pays où l'anglais domine — lui donnant ainsi un prestige qui vient s'ajouter à sa sécurité. Pour le francophone, la langue maternelle demeure toujours la langue de la minorité. Il sent sa langue et sa culture menacées par ce milieu imbibé d'une certaine domination et d'indépendance. Ainsi, le francophone se trouve toujours en état d'alerte pour sauvegarder ses droits. Cette pression s'accroît au fur et à mesure qu'il pénètre dans un milieu moins sympathique ou c'est le contraire qui se produit...il abandonne!

Pour l'anglophone, la langue anglaise équivaut à force, tandis que pour le francophone, elle est l'équivalent d'autorité. En a-t-il toujours été ainsi? Un plongeon dans l'histoire nous le confirme.

You will say, times have changed...yes, in 1927, the Regulation 17, after completing its unforgettable term, was repealed. Yet its effects still last today. Clash of personalities, conflicts of all sorts, wounds to be healed and attitudes to be transformed and so on...

The first major step towards this change of attitude was no doubt the decision taken by the Federal Government to adopt the Official Language Act ensuring equal status and rights to both English and French vis-a-vis Parliament and Governmental institutions in Canada.

Also in Ontario, now that Bill 140-141 has authorized French as the language of instruction in the High Schools, we are slowly going back to the open-mindedness existing before the 1840's. This is evident in the newspapers. Due to many interesting factors, remarkable strides are taking place in English Canada. Financial assistance is starting to be distributed more justly in order to support our educational system. The monetary factor plays a major role in the promotion of such an endeavour.

For the past few years, we have been witnessing a new trend of tolerance and awareness towards the French culture. The francophones are beginning to breathe in French in a province predominantly English-speaking, but the situation is a long way from being ideal...some voices still refuse to harmonize...

Further steps must be taken to help our young francophone to rediscover his identity and help him grow as a Canadian within his own culture, without having to struggle continuously against the flood of

assimilation. Youth may believe that bilingualism is mainly a response to economic self-interest but it is above all, an expression of the growing spirit of a true Canadian. He must discover that the co-existence of French & English cultures is one of Canada's most distinctive features on which to build a strong national unity.

During the last two years, in Penetanguishene, the francophones opened a "Centre d'activités françaises". The work of unity it has realized is tremendous! Nevertheless it is still weak from lack of financial support. With some initial help it could become self-supporting in a few years.

One of its principle activities has been to conduct a French day-care centre. However, because of the complexity in obtaining grants, it is a difficult task to keep it in operation. This Junior Kindergarten is of utmost importance in an area such as ours, if we are to introduce bilingualism at an early age.

Last October, the Association Canadienne Française de l'Ontario provided us with a very competent 'animateur' whose accomplishments have greatly contributed to the promotion of the French culture.

The Community School Programme offers both French and English activities to the local residents...thanks to the Simcoe County Board of Education. Registrations are many and results are astounding.

University courses are also made available through Glendon University College and non credit courses are offered by Georgian College. Both are offering French courses.

I would like to state that in the last three years approximately 150 University credits have been granted to our population. However, permit me to point out that the important factor here is that the general public is now able to upgrade their qualifications in French as well as in English without having to travel long distances...Is this not a worthwhile cause?...Can this not lead to a totally bilingual education?...a wealth to be envied by many observers...

En tant que Canadienne, je souhaite que non seulement dans notre province, mais que d'un océan à l'autre, on travaille ensemble, de quelque origine qu'on soit, à bâtir un Canada uni dans le respect des personnes et aussi dans le respect des deux langues officielles. D'autres pays le font, serions-nous moins intelligents qu'eux? Certes, comme l'a dit déjà Keith Spicer, Commissaire des langues officielles au Canada, dans l'un de ses rapports... "De part et d'autre, il reste encore des batailles à gagner même au niveau de bilinguisme institutionnel et les autorités, ajoute-t-il, devront avoir le courage, le sensibilité et l'audace de montrer aux anglophones qu'ils ont intérêt à tirer profit de l'héritage du Canada français". Droit, 1973.

Recently, we watched the Emmy awards, presented from Hollywood by the television industry. It was a crashing bore, right in the midst of a television season that is stultifyingly dull.

Despite the opportunity to show what a fascinating medium television can be, the show, which seemed to go on interminably, had almost nothing to display aside from elegant costumes and fancy coiffures.

Can you think of anything less exciting than platoons of writers or directors, or sound men, or whatever, trotting up to a stage, receiving a shiny trinket, and speaking, every one of them into a microphone with the deepest sincerity, thanking their wives, their children, their mothers, and eighteen guys named Max and Hymie for the fantastic honor they were receiving?

In an era of women's liberation, it was significant that in this showcase for the biggest entertainment industry in the world, very few women won awards.

At least when the film industry presents its Oscar awards, amidst the stream of inanity, one can count on two or three witty masters (or mistresses) of ceremonies. How would you like to be a Mistress of Ceremony, gentle

reader? It sounds sinfully delicious. But the television industry was content to hire two of the biggest grins in the business, John Denver and Mary Tyler Moore. They looked beautiful, and they grinned and grinned and grinned, but the entire evening had about as much wit and sparkle to it as a convention of undertakers: probably less.

Only attempt at humor during the evening was a feeble one, with a tired stand-up comedian telling the same old tired gags.

There were one or two attempts at dignified speeches amid the tawdriness and the "Gee, Mom! I won!" atmosphere, but they were quickly drowned in the molasses as various personalities lined up to pat each other on the back and burble. "I'd just like to say this was a real team effort, and everyone pulled together, and I just want to thank my director, my producer, my network, our wonderful camera crew, our sound people, our writer for a fantastic script, our tremendous cast," and so on and on.

Some of them thanked everyone but their dog, their dentist and their hairdresser, who probably had more to do with the award than any other factors.

It was pretty hard to take just a week after the Stanley Cup playoffs, when we heard the

same sort of sentimental mawk from coaches, players and sportswriters, until such as us, including yours truly, wanted to vomit.

And maybe that's what's wrong with television today. Don't tell me there's nothing wrong with it.

What's your special pleasure tonight, for example? Will it be a re-run of All in the Family or a re-run of Bob Newhart or a re-run of Cannon or a re-run of Dr. Marcus Welby?

Or perhaps you'd prefer a re-run of a re-run of Adam 12 or Gunsmoke? Or maybe you'd like to see that great movie, Flying Tigers (1942)? For the fourth time.

In this country we have the CBC, for which I once had a good deal of respect. It produced, first, excellent radio. When television came along, it was right in there with good comedy, drama, and variety. The brightest writers and talent in the country were sought out. No they're all in Hollywood, and all the good, gray Corporation can come up with, despite its frequent resounding promises, are exhausted antiques such as Front Page Challenge and This Is the Law.

I won't mention such crackers as the Tommy Hunter Show, and Hockey Night in

Canada, because I don't want to lose three-quarters of my readers, but surely, surely, just because a show went well ten years ago doesn't mean it couldn't be improved.

Nope. The CBC has turned chicken. It's afraid of parliament, ratings, and controversy.

As for the garbage that pours in over the border, and is so often grabbed by Canadian networks and advertisers, words do not suffice to describe the dreariness of most of it.

Is it too late for television to be saved, or to save itself? In my opinion, yes. Why? Because it has built up, in the past couple of decades, starting with children, a mindless audience which will turn on the tube, let its jaw drop slack, and watch any garbage shoved in front of it. As long as it's in color.

I don't give a rip, personally. I'd rather read a good book any time. But my heart bleeds for the hundreds of thousands of old people for whom it is the only bit of life they have, and the hundreds of thousands of children who will make it part of their lives. They are being treated as morons.

As I said, I don't care. But one more "spin-off" from the Mary Tyler Moore show and I'm going to take an axe to the set.

Sister, doctor, principal, or Angeline Moreau

by Ray Baker

You have a choice here, to call her either Sister, Doctor, Principal or Angeline Moreau. This column describes her as a teacher, as a person, from a religious point of view, and (most importantly to me) as a friend. Let's take it in that order.

As A Teacher Her proficiency as a teacher and principal of 'St. Joe's' I'll leave to others more qualified than I, suffice to say that she has been awarded her doctorate for work in the

educational field. That speaks for itself. One thing for sure, I can never imagine her losing her temper at a child, or being angry.

Firm maybe, fair indefinitely, but she does not lose her cool. And in the field of education nowadays the art of communication with children of all ages whilst keeping your cool, is worth more than a wall full of diplomas with no empathy towards the kids.

As A Person Well I'll tell you, Angeline is around five foot two or three and as chirpy as a sparrow. The funny thing is that having left her you never think of her as being small. Must be

her personality — it just doesn't project small. Her community involvement is played low profile, no publicity. She simply notices a need and does something about it. Both in children's areas and in the 'grewed up' world.

I've never seen her dressed in her habit. This mode of dress is optional nowadays and in keeping with the times, she chooses not to wear one in public. I'm not sure I would recognize her (if I may borrow from Adam-12) in a black and white, rather than an unmarked car.

Nearly two years ago I was knocking doors

in the local Council elections, calling at the nun's residence I asked for their vote just like anywhere else. They asked for my views and insisted I join them for supper.

So there I was, at the head of a table full of bright intelligent women quietly discussing local issues. The food was excellent, the conversation stimulating, the atmosphere so tranquil you could have put it in bags and sold it. They even provided an ashtray so I could indulge in my filthy habit during coffee. I thought it was a quiet place until they showed me their chapel. And I realized what peace was all about. They remember their departed Sisters just as if it were yesterday. A feeling of security and continuity comes through loud and clear.

This then, is the home environment of Sister Angeline. From this quiet oasis she marches out each morning clothed in a business suit to meet the challenges of a new day. The contrast is enormous, from the absolute peace overnight (getting your batteries recharged) to the noise and bustle of the workaday world.

From A Religious View Not being a Catholic who am I to pass comments? I'm one of Al Farthings Penetanguishene Presbyterian flock. And a lost sheep at that. But this I do know. The '76 image of a nun working in the community in ordinary clothes has to be a winner. Wearing the formal habit of yesteryear an air of reserve or restraint must have been felt by both the good ladies and the public. These Nuns are not only in Holy orders but are administrators, business women, and trained social workers rolled into one. The proof of the pudding has to be in the eating.

On her tour of the Middle East, imagine Angeline drinking wine in Jerusalem dressed in the usual tourist garb of shorts and blouse, getting to know people and, the real feel of the area rather than dressed in a hot habit and going on conducted tours.

As A Friend Now this is a whole new ball game. I'm probably the only one who gets away with calling her 'Angie' that's the way it goes. A mutual friend of ours Jim Park was formerly Managing Editor in the area with the Markle chain, now transferred to Thunder Bay as publisher with the same group. Well 'Jim used to have these dinner parties and maybe I'd tell an 'after dinner' joke and suddenly realize that Angie was there. "Don't worry Ray, when you've attended as many board meetings in Barrie as I have, you get used to anything."

One day Jim was in the local laundrymat (before he got married) and hearing a fire siren and being a born newspaperman he dropped everything and ran off in pursuit. On returning, all his laundry had disappeared. Never to be seen again (at least not by him). The word went around, but that's another story.

That same evening a knock came to his door. There stood Angie dressed in a smart suit and white gloves and carrying a parcel, addressed to Jim.

On opening it he found socks, underwear, shirt, etc. straight from the store. Then she left, no fuss, no bother. That's the sort of friend to have, especially if you rush out chasing sirens. Or get ripped off in a laundrymat.

So having seen her at home, at school, on various committees and socially, all I can say in conclusion is 'Carry on Doctor'.

And let's hope that her Mother House doesn't read my column, or boy, is she in trouble.



A brave one . . . brrr, it's cold

Household heads roll for stats Canada

by Shirley Whittington

As I was filling out our census form last week, one of the kids asked me if I had to do it. I said I wasn't sure, but that if people didn't fill them out, statistics Canada wouldn't have any numbers to play with. Those who prepare press releases and official reports and make new population signs would have nothing to do. Unemployment would soar.

Anyway, I said, the government gave me this nice sharp pencil and it's about as easy to fill out the form as it would be to mail the pencil back to M. Trudeau or whoever sharpened it.

But even as I spoke, I knew that somewhere some nut would refuse to fill the thing out, and his or her name would appear in the papers, although the millions of Canadians who complied would remain unthralled.

My premonition was right. Laura Sabia, (described as "an ardent feminist") not only got her name in the papers, she got her picture too, with her mouth open. The photograph was taken one presumes, shortly after she took her foot out.

"Somebody has to take a stand," says Mrs. Sabia. "I'll probably go to jail. I need a rest. It'll be fun."

"Fun? Jail?"

Given a choice of a sun-drenched weekend on my own patio and a couple of days in the slammer, I'll take the patio anytime even if it means filling out a census form. If that makes me into a blindly obedient, passive, comfort-oriented Canadian, that's fine. I'll save my protest for something important, or until the jail cells of our country get room service — whichever comes first.

Filling out the census form wasn't hard for anybody with a solid background in colouring books. Responses were indicated with little blank circles (balloons? Oreos cookies?) which one was asked to colour in,

presumably with Pierre's pencil. With the ghost of my grade one teacher standing over my shoulder admonishing me to stay inside the lines, I stuck my tongue out, pinched the pencil tip with bloodless concentration, and coloured in the balls.

Mrs. Sabia, (who probably doesn't approve of colouring books either) objected in part to the fact that the census form demanded recognition of somebody as head of the household. "I'm not head of the household," she said. "It's a fifty-fifty partnership."

It's fifty-fifty around here most of the time too, but there are times when I'm happy to resign headship. Twice within the last twenty-four hours, I cheerfully surrendered my voting stock to the Squire, and let him cope.

The first was when I backed out of our driveway and crunched into a little yellow Toyota that was sitting on the other side of the road, minding its own business. I went through the insurance courtesies with the correct combination of sincere regret and mature responsibility. Then it appeared that

the damage was in excess of two hundred dollars, and the police were called.

That was when I whimpered for the head of the household. Feminists will scorn my weakness, but if I have to face a policeman I'd rather do it with the head of the household beside me, holding my hand.

The very next day, there was a catastrophic row at our house involving two kids, an unyielding bathtub. A beautiful, shapely and mature front tooth was chipped in the scuffle. The chipper was hysterical with remorse. The chippee was also loudly unstrung. With everybody in disarray, I yelled for the head of the household. He calmly found out who started it, and meted out reproof and sympathy accordingly.

There emphatically is a head in this household, and although it's nominally a fifty-fifty arrangement when the crunch (or the chip) comes, I'm happy to resign my half and let him take over. And I don't mind telling the census people so.

Anyway, I don't want to go to jail. That would only be fun if I could take the head of the household with me.

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