

More French schools

The area three committee of the Simcoe County Board of Education is at present considering its recommendation to the Board concerning the possible extension of buses to allow children in Port McNicoll and Midland Bay to attend St. Joseph's School in Penetanguishene.

It faces a difficult problem. It would be a wonderful thing if everyone who wished to could be educated in the French language. The French Language Advisory Committee to the Board of Education, at its meeting last Thursday evening, discussed a quote from the late Wilder Penfield, which appeared recently in Maclean's magazine, in which he stated that children who spoke more than one language had better minds than those who spoke only one language. That, coupled with the fact that Canada is supposed to be a bi-lingual country, makes a compelling argument in favour of education in the official language of each student's choice.

The reality of the situation, however, is that St. Joseph's School is limited in the number of students it can accommodate. Even if there were more buses covering a larger area of the county, there is no guarantee that St. Joseph's could handle the extra students involved. The proposal before the committee at the moment involves only a small number of children, but if these children are given transportation to the school, still more will apply for buses next year.

It would seem that what the area needs is not more buses, but more French schools. If the Area Three Committee sees fit to recommend to the Board that it extend the bus routes servicing St. Joseph's out of town students it should be seen as a temporary measure curing a symptom of a problem which will remain. The final answer is not better transportation to the existing facilities. It is the creation of the new facilities necessary to accommodate the growing demand for education in the French language.

Queen's Park report

by Arthur Evans

A significant first

Back in March of this year, Your Ontario Government committed itself to a workable and practical farm income stabilization plan. Last week in the Legislature, Agriculture and Food Minister, Bill Newman, made that commitment a reality when first reading of the new legislation was given.

The major purpose of this Act is to remove the peaks and valleys in income suffered by farmers for many years as a result of unpredictable prices set in the market place for farm products. Too often in the past farmers would have an excellent income year followed by a poor income year. Yet, the cost side of the farm operation kept going up and up for all equipment, repairs and services, fertilizers, feed and whatever other factors make a farm enterprise a successful one.

The essence of the new package means that the Ontario plan will dovetail with the federal farm income stabilization plan and will help every farm of every farm commodity in protecting that farmer against very low market prices.

The provincial program will cover all commodities for which no federal support is available, except in those cases where prices established by marketing boards are higher than the stabilization support level. The Ontario plan must not interfere with the collective bargaining process already under way between producers and processors of those farm products.

On the cost level, the Ontario Plan calls for support at a level equal to 90 per cent of the average market price for the previous 5 years, with any adjustments for production cost changes in the current year as compared to the 5 year average. Ontario's plan will work out so as to prevent negative effects on the marketing schemes of other provinces.

Ontario's plan provides for a Farm Income Stabilization Commission to operate the income stabilization scheme and be well represented by all segments of the farming community. The new Commission will work with marketing boards, farm organizations and various groups of producers to develop the most appropriate marketing strategy for a given commodity.

The existing Beef Calf program will continue to function on an independent basis until 1980, at which time government contracts with producers run out.

I believe that it was about a year ago in one of these reports, I explained Ontario's reluctance to establish our own stabilization scheme. At that time, we preferred to see a national plan in operation which would form the basis of an effective three way part-

nership of farmers and the two senior levels of government. Your Ontario government has not introduced a plan which is large scale because provincial plans by themselves, could encourage even greater fragmentation of the food industry. To some extent, British Columbia and Quebec have experienced directly the problems of going it alone, particularly in terms of costs.

Since federal-provincial talks on farm income stability started in 1973 and since the introduction of the federal Bill C-50 last year, Ontario has consistently stated our reservations about that Bill. Ontario has always felt that the establishment of production controls were unacceptable to most farmers because they interfered excessively in the normal operation of the market place. As well, Ottawa would establish arbitrarily production costs for a given commodity.

These two specific reservations have been overcome to some extent. Ontario wants a national farm income protection plan which works well for the farmers and does not lead to senseless competition where all producers are penalized for good efficient production.

The Ontario scheme for the first year of its operation costs about five to six million dollars and covers commodities such as turnips, cabbage, other market garden vegetables and, possibly, winter wheat. (Winter wheat may end up being covered by a marketing plan). Regardless, Ontario is not aiming at covering those farm products already covered by the federal income plan.

Above all else, the Ontario plan fits in well with the present provincial restraint program, complements our means and our needs and helps in an important way to remove the "roller coaster" aspects of farm income.

The Ontario plan is the best way of helping our agricultural community to produce the quality of food which we all enjoy today instead of telling that same farmer that he must have his best productive land frozen in the best interests of society — as the NDP favours so adamantly.

A postscript on this situation looks like the Liberal Party will cause the defeat of the Farm Income Bill on the grounds that it does not provide sufficient funding for the type of plan which they have in mind. Your government's plan has always been considered a supplementary scheme to the federal one and not a fullblown farm income scheme costing about \$100 million. Quite a difference in approach.

How do the Liberals regard their proposal as an exercise in restraint?

Sugar and Spice

Come fly with me

by Bill Smiley

I'm trying to figure out some way to go and see my son in Paraguay this summer. Maybe my faithful readers can help.

There's nothing whatever to stop me from just buying a plane ticket and going. Nothing whatever except that I can't afford it. There's a pile of miles between here and there. And the way my wife's been throwing money around lately—new carpeting, new wallpaper, new sewing machine—we'll be lucky if we get through the summer with enough left over to pay admission to the Fall Fair. So, I'll just have to use my native ingenuity, which is also present in very tiny amounts.

Why bother, you say. Why not let the kid come home for a visit? Well, his monthly income is probably around forty bucks, so he has the same problem I have.

He's been there over a year now, and for some reason, he doesn't get our letters, though we receive his. And he is my only son. And he must be lonely. He managed a long-distance call to his mother in February, on her birthday, from Argentina. But he just has no contact with home, and we can't phone him. Just as well. If we could, the old lady would probably be calling him every Sunday night, at about \$30 a rattle.

Besides, I love to travel, and I've never

been to South America. His mother flatly won't go. She's afraid of being trampled by an elephant or squeezed by a boa constrictor or pinched on the bum by a South American sheik or something.

Slowly, a plan is emerging. There are a few blank spots, but my itinerary is taking shape.

I think I could rake up the price of a bus ticket to New York. From there it's a short hop to Bermuda. On that beautiful island lives a Faithful Reader, a subscriber to the Kincardine News, who has sent back word with a mutual acquaintance that she'd be delighted to show me the island. She'd probably put us up and feed us for a day or two.

Next stop, Jamaica. My nephew has a house and servant there. I have fed that boy (of 26) his bottle and changed his diaper in years gone by. He owes me.

Then a zig across the Caribbean to Mexico City, where a friend of a friend lives. A bed and board and a couple of days among the Aztec ruins would be a nice change.

After that, we hop to Guyana, first stop in South America. (It used to be Dutch Guiana). My brother worked there for a couple of years and has influential friends in the capital, Paramaribo. I should be able to

doss down with one of them for a couple of nights while I get acclimatized.

It's the next stop that worries me. Once I get to Rio de Janeiro, I'm home free. I have an old girl friend there, Sylvia. She was a knockout when I knew her in college, and we used to neck under the trees in Queen's Park until I was so weak I couldn't have gone one round with Carmen Miranda. She might not recognize the wreck confronting her, but all I'd have to do is say: "It's Beel. Yo chamo", and she'd throw open the door. She'd recognize immediately that Canadian pronunciation of "Eu t'amo" (I love you) which she taught me from the Portuguese.

One big problem. Between Paramaribo, on the north coast of S.A., and Rio, down around the middle of the continent, lie about 1,500 miles of jungle, mountains, jaguars (not the car) and cannibals. Enough stuff to give any man the twitch.

So here's your chance to help, gentle reader. If you happen to have an uncle or brother working in the tin mines of La Paz, high in the Andes, we could zig over there and let him put us up for the night.

This would mean a jungle jump of only about 500 miles, a mere bagatelle, though the Andes are a bit dicey. From La Paz, in Bolivia, to Asuncion, Paraguay, is a mere

half day's hop.

Then it's just a day's ride by bus up into the Chaco (or Green Hell, as it is known) and it's a casual, "Hi, Hugh. Thought I'd drop down and say hello." I can just see his face. And hear his first remark, "Where's Mom?"

As you can see, the trip would be a piece of cake, once we sorted out a few rough spots, like that jungle bit. On the way home, we could go around by Sao Paulo, where I know a couple of nurses. Or did 30 years ago a problem.

All it needs is a little co-operation from my readers. If you know anyone who could put us up for the night in Peru or Chile or Buenos Aires, feel free to drop a line. We'll shack up with anyone, even missionaries.

Oh. There's one other thing. You may have noticed that I've been using "we" all along, and that my wife isn't going. There's no paradox involved.

I'm quite certain that some Faithful Reader has a light aircraft, a pilot's license, and the summer off. Preferably male, though if the Women's Lib raises a stink, I'll take anybody.

I'll be perfectly willing to split the cost of the gas. No guarantees, of course, except lots of southern hospitality, and home by Christmas, d.v.

Body bars in — if you're under The Dome



by Ray Baker

with you. But some commercials, like the "liquid whasit", either the manufacturers don't care, or the money for the film is written off to advertising as a tax loss and the producer is told "spend it as you wish".

If we all had the money, and just bought one each of the advertised products for a week it would certainly help out the economy, think what you'd have.

No soap for a start, that's out, and body bars are in. Seventeen toothpastes all mandatory to fight the ongoing cavities. Followed by a mouthwash, either nasty tasting or not (state second choice). Then you go around bad-mouthing people, but not to worry. Here comes Clorets which as we all know don't simply mask the taste, or smell as the less expensive ones do.

Then you need a deodorant. Now the competition really starts. You can stand under the Dome, or stay as fresh as a Spring Morn. The most action packed one is to have a vigorous workout at Karate. Think pick up a deodorant stick which you wipe methodically

on the palm of your left hand, then you can go dancing all night.

You would also accumulate in the same week at least seventeen used cars. All in top shape, all low mileage, and each one at an incredibly low price. Your cup runneth over as you also acquire a complete range of new cars, each one giving better and better mileage.

The whole lot are shining, having been sprayed with Endust, followed by Lemon Oil applied by Mrs. Sarniki (who knows). Whole warehouses of latest fashion clothes appear, but no sweat (no pun intended against the Dome) they all fit right into the latest special on portable garden sheds along with the snow machines and campers that have started arriving.

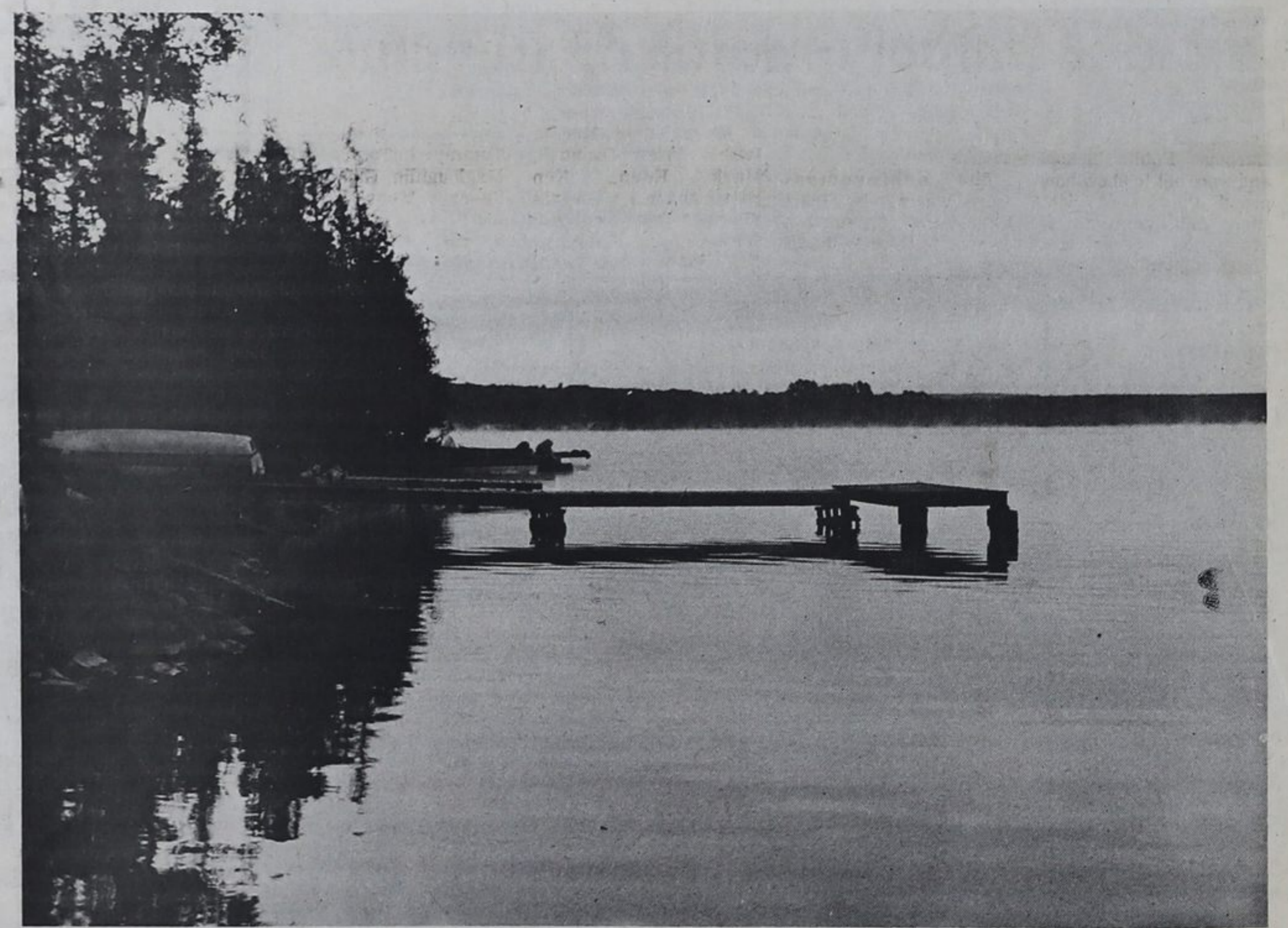
A lady consumer researcher also points out that whilst brand 'X' does in fact get your dishes 'squeaky clean' so do ninety-nine other brands. So you sit back and watch some more. The set assures us that 'there are monsters everywhere'. Meanwhile the kids

are happily playing with their 'mini-jims' as you still have one doorknob left. The younger ones are filling their eternally empty bellies with a combination of Liptons Cup-O-Soup from the magic kettle, MacDonald's Supermacs, Sunkist and Jello. Mum is hoping that Bill Bailey will come home for the bank, and Dad, with a flick of his Bic, is studying the difference in resistance drag on two razors (sorry shaving systems) and so on.

The one that really worries me is the Maxwell House Coffee ad, have you noticed that whether the jar is exchanged for a week with an "inferior" brand or not, whatever the format is, it always ends on a mystery note.

"Good to the Last Drop" that's what it says, and then what? Why not the last drop. That's what I want to know. What's wrong with the last drop?

Ray Baker is a manager at Midland's RCA plant and a freelance writer for Markle Community Newspapers. He and his family live in Penetanguishene.



Misty sunrise over Georgian Bay

Our letters policy

The editorial page of this newspaper is open to any reader who may wish to express a thought or opinion on any subject in or of the news. We'd especially like to see letter or articles dealing with local issues and concerns.

Our only limitation is space. If necessary, letters or articles may be edited at the discretion of the Editor, for good taste or legal reasons. Material may be of any length, and if possible, typed or hand-written clearly so no mistakes will be made.

We will not print any letter sent anonymously to the paper. We ask that writers include his name, address, and phone number in the letter or contribution so that we may verify the authorship.

We can no longer publish a letter whose author has requested that his name be withheld. We feel that a person willing to voice his/her opinion on our editorial page should also be willing to sign his name to it.

Summer vacations threaten family's existence



by Shirley Whittington

and takes your phone messages for you.)

No doubt you are all looking forward to another blissful sunlit vacation, fraught with unexpected pleasures. This little note is meant to remove the element of the unexpected from my life, which for the last ten months has been reasonably serene because you've all been institutionalized for the best part of each day.

The peaceful routine fell apart last week when your father began coming home for lunch. He bestowed this announcement on me like a gift at breakfast, before I was fully awake. "I'll be home at noon today," he said magnanimously, and seemed surprised that I didn't collapse in a heap of quivering gratitude.

I know that I complain a lot about making lunches every night but honestly—the next day at noon when you are all miles away, choking back your peanut butter sandwiches, making lunches seems the most sensible idea since somebody decided to investigate the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

For ten months of the year, I have the house to myself and if I decide to lunch on a pig's foot and a bottle of beer, that's nobody's business but my own.

Now your father, buoyed by the spring sunshine, has decided to eat at home. The rest of you, freed from final exams and noon

hour basketball practices, have followed suit and today we had a living re-enactment of the Last Supper right in our own kitchen.

And while I was rushing about lading out soup, mopping up spilled milk, dodging the cat and answering the phone, it came to me that this was but a taste of what was in store for me in July and August.

(Don't tell your father, but after he left, I stuck pins in his half of our wedding picture.)

Now that school's almost over, I'm wondering if it would be all right with you if I continued to pack lunches for you throughout the summer. Then each of you could retrieve his own little brown bag and go far, far away to eat it.

Summer vacation threatens another aspect of my daily routine which up until now, I've been able to keep secret. Perhaps you've wondered why Mummy's so cheerful, efficient and energetic when you all tumble in from school.

The reason is simple, kids. Mummy usually has a little nap after lunch. It's not what you'd call a serious sleep. I just kind of doze off, with the cat on my knee and my glasses at half mast.

With all of you home for the summer, I can see that it's going to be tough fitting that nap in with the Bay City Rollers, the back yard arguments about whose fault it was that the

basketball landed on the tomato plants, and the continuously ringing telephone.

So when you've finished your paper bag lunches down at the pool room or up at the penny arcade or wherever you elect to eat them, would you mind just staying there quietly until about half past one?

As far as the evening meal is concerned I see no reason why we can't continue to enjoy it together, as we have always done. The big difference will be that we are going to follow the advice of the home magazines, and have casually elegant patio suppers every night or shine. There's an umbrella out there and I'm sure there's room for all of you to huddle under it in bad weather.

Outdoor eating, say the home magazines, is fun, fun fun. It also cuts down on the mess in the house, so please try to be good sports about it.

In conclusion I remind all of you that there is one word which irritates me even more than the whine of a mosquito or the cacophony of your favourite rock-and-roll radio station. That word is "bor-ing" and if I hear it once during the next two months, I'll punch the offender.

It will then be up to you to decide whether you're punched or bored, or both.

As ever,
Your loving mum.

The Penetanguishene Citizen

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