

Happy New Year

Well, here it is, issue number 52, the final one of the year, and for the staff at Markle Community Newspapers it has been a good one.

There have been times in 1976 when we felt we had blown it, and there were other times we felt we did a good job. As we shut the door on the old year, we make one resolution. We will continue to try our hardest to serve in the

best interests of our community.

Have a good New Year's Eve, wherever you choose to spend it, and remember to take a taxi home if you feel you've celebrated a little too zealously.

We hope 1976 has been good to all of you, and we hope 1977 will be even better.

From the team at Markle Community Newspapers, Happy New Year.

Post Christmas wind-down

Well, here we are, looking back over Christmas, trying to survive long enough to make it through to the New Year's blast!

Can't find the wasteline, because the body has gained 10 of the 20 pounds the turkey weighed. Nerves all jangled, from the confusion of kids, relatives, and last minute shopping. Still finding gifts hidden away from that shopping trip in October.

The Christmas tree, once so beautiful, is now dry and the fire department is issuing warnings, calling it a fire hazard. No one can get near enough to water it, because the gifts are still piled around the tree in case some other relatives drop by to see what Santa brought. Probably they just want to compare the loot.

The kids are still hyper, running from one toy to another, not knowing which one to play with first. Mom and Dad are saying the

children received too many toys, and are promising each other they will cut back next year, knowing it will never happen.

No one wants to go near the household budget. They know it will be declared a disaster area.

And of course there are the perfect gifts that didn't fit, were the wrong colour or had a flaw. And now they must be exchanged, if the clerk can be convinced they were purchased in their store, since the proof of purchase was thrown out when the cupboard was cleaned during the pre-Christmas house cleaning bee.

Oh! Why did Santa's right-hand-elf put two right hand hockey gloves in the package?

Despite the topsy-turvy condition of everyone during the few days after Christmas, when asked if they had a good Christmas, the face lights up and the eyes sparkle and everyone says—just great!!

Letters to the Editor

Archie Bunker lives ... in Midland

Dear Sir:

I am writing in response to your front page article of December 8th, 1976 with reference to the new Midland Arena Complex. I find it completely incredible that the architect and an employee of a consulting firm should have made the statements attributed to them by your reporter, with reference to the theatre part of the complex. I can only assume that they are misinformed.

In the first instance at no time did Huronia Players suggest that the theatre should be a "home" for them. In fact they took it upon themselves to act as spokesman for that part of the Midland community who have an interest in seeing live entertainment here whether it be the Huronia Symphony, Huronia Players, the Town Band, the Barber Shoppers or Stompin' Tom Connors. They pointed out, as they have been doing consistently for the past eight years by means of submissions to council and letters to the newspapers, that there are currently no suitable facilities in the Town of Midland for presentations of the type mentioned above. Should such facilities become available logically Huronia Players would be one of the users, but only one of a number of possible users.

These two gentlemen then apparently proceeded to insert their feet into their collective mouth even deeper by adding that "the type of people watching theatre

wouldn't be interested in hockey and the two rubbing shoulders might present a problem."

Presumably in the minds of these gentlemen there is a fear that some sweaty hockey player might accidentally soil the tuxedo of a theatre-goer. Is it possible that two professional persons should perpetuate the Victorian myth that sports are for the peasants and theatre for the "upper class"? I was under the impression that such class distinctions had disappeared in Canada. It should be pointed out that on the very same page of the newspaper there is a photograph of the singer Sweet Charity Brown, a potential user of such a facility, who was hired by none other than the Midget Hockey team. How embarrassing that these hockey players and their supporters should be forced to sink so low as to hire a "performer" to help them get to Sweden.

Perhaps these gentlemen are falling prey to another myth, namely that anybody involved in the theatre is either homosexual or perverted and they are afraid that such people might just corrupt our clean living-right-thinking Canadian youth. I thought Archie Bunker was only a television program but it seems his spirit is alive and well and designing an arena complex for Midland - complete with a hypothetical theatre.

Yours sincerely,
Raymond J. Holt
Bay St., Midland

Saint Ancio???

To the editor:

I find the letter from Mr. Hamilton praising Mr. Ancio as having high ideals, fair play and honourable standards very funny. During the election campaign, Mr. Ancio proved to me that he had very few of these attributes, so let's cut out the baloney and get

down to facts, which I can only assume, by reading this crap in your paper, you know nothing about.

All we need now is for some nut to name him Saint Ancio.

Ed Slanisky
Dominion Ave., Midland

IGA deserves praise

Dear editor:

The blue jays are having a merry Christmas thanks to the butcher at the IGA in Penetang.

Last year and again today, he provided me with large pieces of fat. These are tied to a tree near the house so I can watch the birds feed. The fat lasts most of the winter.

The blue jays are being fed and I enjoy watching them. The policy of the store and the meat manager deserve a word of praise, I think for their kindness to our feathered friends.

Yours truly
Joan Dusome

The Penetanguishene Citizen

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by Ray Baker

Well we're off into a brand New Year again.

Let's take a fast look at the Old one and see what we recall from it. Winter disappeared last March and came back with a vengeance three weeks later, do you remember? But finally like death and taxes we got the summer.

The arena burned down after being condemned as in need of a new roof. So maybe in the future, like a Phoenix rising from its own

Survival in the frozen affluent north



by Shirley Whittington

People keep asking me if I survived Christmas. I did, but I didn't win that trip to Jamaica, which makes me a little doleful.

I really expected that this column would be written from the shores of that sunny island. Our local merchants sponsored a free week

there, as a pre-Christmas promotion, and I filled out six - maybe seven ballots. It only takes one to win, and I had the feeling that this was my year to be lucky.

So - while the rest of the family coped with the turkey carcass and the Christmas cards which keep falling off the mantel, I really expected to be comatose under a beach umbrella, sipping a rum punch.

There was a horrible mistake. Someone else's name was pulled from the ballot box. I didn't get the free trip, and now I'll never get to meet Doris Mothersill, the handsome Jamaican woman whose face smiled out at me from all the promotion posters.

Still, I survived Christmas. We've got most of the mess cleaned up from Christmas morning. Funny that those lavish wrappings that we painstakingly taped and decorated should, in an instant on Christmas morning, become junk.

We burned a king's ransom in gift wrap in our fireplace and as I watched the coloured flames, I found myself thinking about Caribbean schools, where I understand sometimes they have a problem supplying the kids with paper to practice their multiplication tables on.

Part of the pattern of Christmas survival

around here is getting the presents put away. Our daughter, for instance, got so many new clothes that there is scarcely room for them in her closet. Santa brought our oldest boy a large brass cymbal, which cost as much as two week's groceries. We gave the Kid a new pair of skis. He could have used his brother's cast - offs, I suppose, but hand-me-downs are a drag, aren't they?

I wonder if Doris Mothersill has any children? I wonder what sort of Christmas presents they got?

After we opened our presents, we had our Christmas dinner. It took a certain amount of gastronomic dedication, not to say fortitude, to force-feed ourselves with the turkey, the hot buttered vegetables, the salads, the home made rolls and the mince pies. By the time we struggled through the nuts, and the mints, we were so stuffed that the candy canes on the Christmas tree went untouched for almost half an hour.

I wondered, as I scraped some of the juicier scraps into the cat's dish, what the Mothersills had for Christmas dinner.

Christmas day was cold and windy in our part of the country and it was hard to leave the warmth of the house, but I had to. I'd promised to go up the hospital to take a

picture of this year's Christmas baby. People like to see that picture in the paper. They reflect on our wonderful new hospital with its broadloomed corridors, and coordinated pastel plumbing, and the modern automated laundry equipment. We jokingly refer to it as the Huronia Hilton.

I know they have luxury hotels in Jamaica. I wonder what the hospitals are like?

I could hardly wait to get home to play with my new toy - a stereo system that will shatter your bi-focals if you stand too close to it. Our old stereo was adequate, I guess, but it just didn't deliver the highs and lows as faithfully as we wished.

Doris Mothersill looks as if she enjoys music. Does she listen to it on a solid state system with a couple of Pioneer HPM-40 speakers? I wonder.

Yeah - we survived Christmas, even without that trip to Jamaica. Full stomachs, a warm house, lots of toys to supplement the ones that kept us from being bored last year, boxes of new clothing to replace the perfectly serviceable ones we're tired of - we survived just fine.

Of course, I wasn't lucky when they chose that winning ballot for the free trip.

But in a lot of other ways, I'm very lucky.

by Arthur Evans M.P.P.

Queen's Park report

Arthur Evans, M.P.P.,
Simcoe Centre

After some very thorough investigation on the part of the all-party Select Committee on Highway Safety, Transportation and Communications Minister James Snow recently announced that the wearing of helmets by moped drivers will become mandatory on January 1, 1977.

When Members of the Select Committee examined a number of excellent safety features in West European countries, they found that governments of these nations had already made the wearing of helmets for moped drivers compulsory.

Such a legislative change should help to reduce even further the number of fatalities and accidents. In 1976, there has been a 50 per cent decrease in deaths and a 53 per cent

Moped helmets will reduce injuries

decrease in injuries since 1975.

The major reason for not putting into effect this provision earlier stems from the Ministry's continuing search to find a moped helmet that lived up to the Ministry's safety specifications and was comfortable for the individual rider. After looking at several designs and materials, Transportation and Communications people settled on the safety helmet worn by motorcycle riders.

The snows are falling gently, changing the landscape to a beautiful white and-crystal setting. The Christmas lights brighten our homes and businesses. Mothers are busily engaged in preparing the Christmas dinner for large family homecomings. Shoppers proceed merrily forth with the intention of purchasing all their relatives and friends the best Christmas gift ever.

More and more people are entertaining their friends in pre-Christmas get togethers. Many communities have held their annual Christmas parades. Our churches are decorated with candles and logs. All the traditional signs of Christmas activity are increasingly evident.

While all this external activity produces a festive mood, we must never really forget the true purpose of the Christmas Season. Christmas is a time of reflection, a time when we can join in spiritual union and fellowship to celebrate the birth of Jesus.

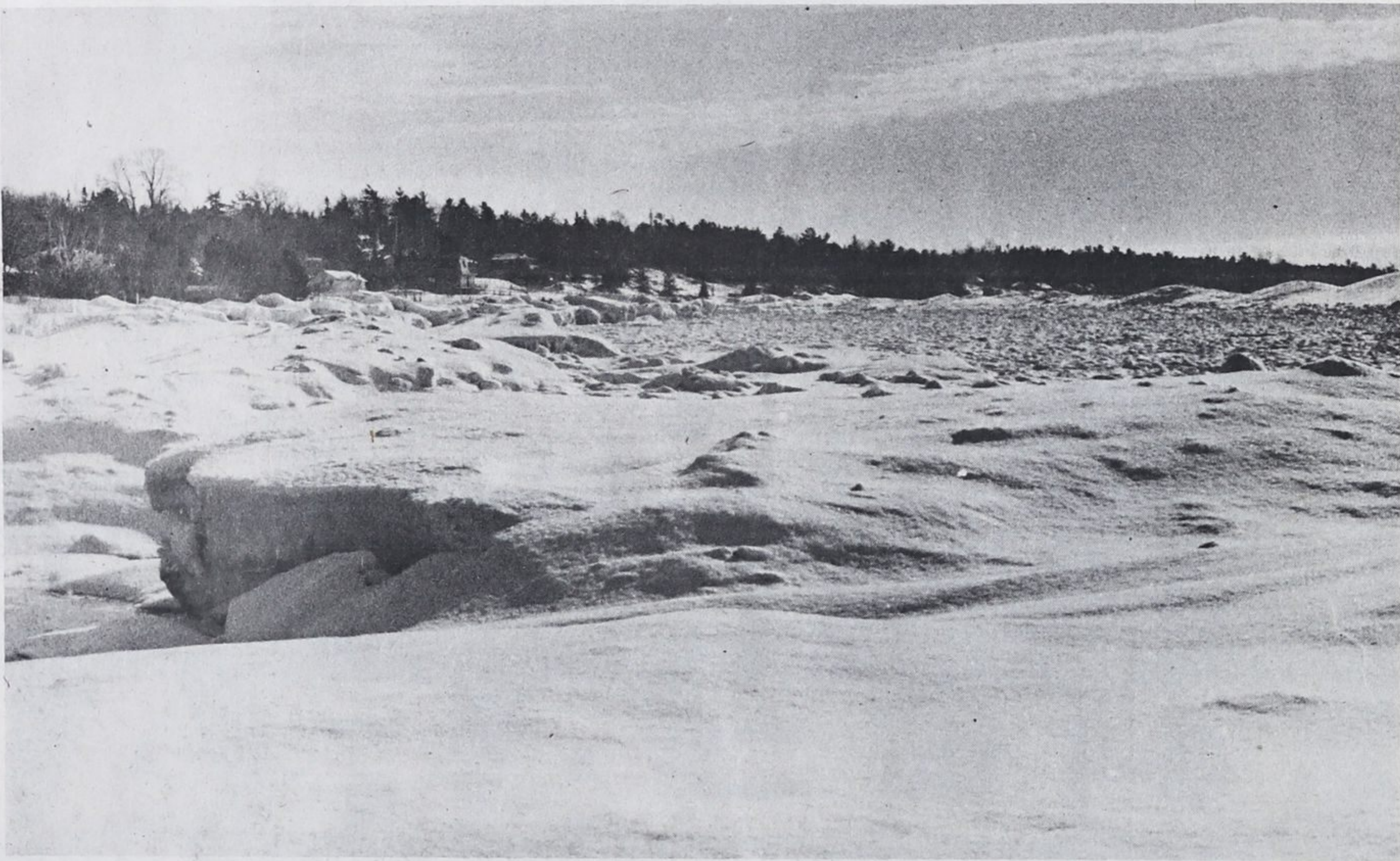
Christmas is a time of promoting goodwill, a time of sharing not just material things but inner joy and peace with our fellow man.

The world does have its full share of disease and hunger. Yet we in Canada can truly count our blessings and good fortune at

this time of year. The Good Lord has blessed us with abundance. We must ensure that the fruits of our labour are shared with people who do not enjoy our standard of living. This practical application of sharing our wealth serves as a good measure of the sincerity of our fellowship.

It has been a busy and productive year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for keeping in touch with me as your representative in the Ontario Legislature. Your many letters and telephone calls have been appreciated and are of great assistance to me in knowing your views on various concerns.

My family, my wife Audrey and I wish you a Very Happy and Peaceful Christmas and a Prosperous and Healthy 1977.



A far cry from the sandy Balm Beach we swam at last summer

A fond look at the past year

ashes, we may yet get a better one.

The New Hospital opened with all the attendant pomp and circumstance and we now have a brand new, up to date facility. I understand that it's almost a pleasure to be sick nowadays.

The Olympic games took the world's headlines most of the summer with its deficits, its will-they-won't-they appear (The Taiwanese) they didn't. Something to do with not being allowed to represent the eighteen billions of China or whatever the head count was then. It's doubled by now I would think. Then we had the Olympic Gold medalist streaker. Mustn't forget him (or was it her, my eyesight is not as good as it was).

National

On the National scene we saw cabinet ministers popping in and out like a fiddler's elbow. They resigned so fast that the media had a hard time. Not in getting interviews you understand, that was the easy part. The hard part was to get the interview into circulation before the Minister resigned.

The Lockheed-Orion deal went through with only a few resignations and some hard words. The death penalty was abolished in Canada after much debate. And do you remember that veteran T.V. commentator Lloyd Robertson left C.B.C. to join the opposition C.T.V. in September?

There were, at one time, no less than eleven total candidates for the P.C. leadership. It must be a good job. The Royal

Bank, and later the Bank of Nova Scotia both announced that after careful searching they could not find a suitable woman to fill top notch positions in the banking world. Frankly I don't believe them. They never asked my wife who could teach them a thing or two about spending money wisely. And she's been doing it for over twenty years.

Our national newspapers reported that genuine copies of billionaire Howard Hughes' will were up for sale by mail order from a company in L.A. (that's Los Angeles not Lafontaine). There are only 26 contestants to date. Get your order in quickly.

International

In far-away Rhodesia Henry Kissinger with his own unique brand of politics will bring about the independence of that country in less than two years. Britain and South Africa are unwilling partners.

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was in disgrace in another Lockheed scandal following a world wide expose. A peanut farmer from Georgia was elected President of the United States of America.

An uneasy Mid-East truce still exists, but the powder keg is so unstable that even as I type this, it could be erupting into another war.

Gasoline prices resulting from the last go round I won't even mention. We are still very lucky in Canada compared to some other countries and as our kids grow up they won't know any difference, but we remember the

good old days of .43c a gallon-and not too long ago either.

Inflation is finally an accepted word not connected with air mattresses in any way...ah well. And then there's the anti-inflation board and wages and price controls.

Meanwhile back in our own area, we saw accusations of conflict of interest, of secrecy, and all kinds of name calling and possible legal suits. All this led up to the best turn-out ever at the Local municipal elections in Midland where a brave new council mayor take office within the next week.

So overall, with unrest and upheaval, with un-everything including the biggest of all time 'Un-Cola' it's been business as normal. Perhaps we've learned something, who knows. Only time will tell. But here we have the Old man with a grey beard, a scythe over his shoulder and the hour glass with the sands of time running out.

And here we have the symbolic baby...the infant New Year with all the challenges that a New Year brings. And we're all a year older (sorry ladies).

But we are lucky in this beautiful area of ours and have a lot to be thankful for...Let's give '77 our best shot.

A very Happy New Year from Ray and Barb Baker and family.

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...