

Government book on bilingualism should be well used in Penetanguishene

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the Department of the Secretary of State are in the process of sending out a booklet entitled *Thirty-six ways to put bilingualism to work for you to businesses in areas* "where there are a significant number of Canadians of both official language groups".

The 34-page booklet contains suggestions for businesses in these bilingual areas, to help them cater more effectively to members of both language groups.

As a partly francophone community, Penetanguishene is one of 136 in Ontario which is slated to be flooded with the booklets.

They should get some consideration here. Although businesses in Penetanguishene have proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that they can survive using only English, there isn't really much reason why they couldn't make a little effort to put themselves in a position of being able to serve a customer in either of Canada's two languages. Although many businesses would find it both unnecessary and difficult to have a bilingual person available at all times to serve customers in French, there is little reason why most of the businesses in town could not at least give the appearance of being bilingual.

We believe that no-one has a "right" to be served in any particular language. If

someone came to town wanting to open a store in which only Italian, or Ukrainian, or Russian would be spoken we believe it should be his business alone. He might well go bankrupt in a hurry, but that should be up to him.

However, we also believe that although the businesses in this area have found they can get by just fine in English, they should give serious consideration to having bilingual signs, letterheads, business cards, and other printed material. The cost would be fairly minor if businesses didn't rush out to get new materials printed, but merely replaced them with bilingual ones as they ran out.

Even such a minor gesture would do a few things. It would enable those few people in the area who speak no English to function more easily.

But, what is more important, it would show that the idea of bilingualism is something the business community takes seriously. In a town such as Penetanguishene there is no reason why a person shouldn't be able to live at least partially in French. We don't expect everyone in town who doesn't speak both languages to take crash courses in whichever language it is they don't speak. But, we do think common courtesy would dictate that signs, advertisements and promotional material should reflect the bilingual nature of both our country and our community.

Letters to the editor

Make questionnaire count local woman says

Chers Canadiens-français de chez nous, Je suis certaine qu'il y a parmi nous plusieurs Canadiens-français qui se rendent compte d'avoir perdu leur belle langue et culture françaises. Pour moi-même j'ai toujours été fière d'être française, mais malgré tous mes efforts j'ai souvent des difficultés à m'exprimer correctement.

Dans mon cas, j'ai jamais senti que savoir le français était un désavantage. Au contraire, je pense qu'une personne qui sait deux langues a la valeur de deux personnes.

Bientôt il y aura un questionnaire à propos de la possibilité d'avoir un enseignement français plus complet dans notre région. C'est dommage que ceci sera trop tard pour moi et pour mes enfants.

Des gens comme vous et moi ne voient peut-être pas la raison de répondre à ce

questionnaire mais y répondre c'est peut-être notre chance de contribuer à l'héritage français que nous voulons laisser à nos petits-enfants (futurs!).

Si vous avez des difficultés à comprendre le côté français du questionnaire, lisez le côté anglais mais s'il-vous-plaît laissez-leur savoir que vous êtes canadiens-français. Beaucoup d'anglais apprennent notre langue; il faudrait que nous soyons assez fiers pour parler notre langue, même avec des fautes, et aussi assez fiers pour essayer de la laisser à nos descendants.

Si vous voulez de l'aide pur remplir le questionnaire appelez-moi à 549-8594 de 9h00 à 12h00 ou de 1h00 à 5h00. Je connais des gens ici qui se feront un grand plaisir de vous aider.

Jean Forget

French education is important — and possible

A l'éditeur

Mercrredi le 26 octobre 1977, plusieurs parents et professeurs se sont rassemblés à l'école Ste-Croix de Lafontaine pour entendre un panel composé d'un représentant du Ministère de l'Éducation (M. Giroux); du principal de l'école secondaire française de Rayside, (près de Sudbury), M. Ménard; du principal de l'école secondaire française de Rockland, M. Pelland; du président du CCLF de North York, M. Charette; du représentant de la Fédération des Professeurs de l'Ontario (OSSTF), M. L'Ecuyer; ainsi que M. Houle, en charge de l'orientation à l'école Rayside et aussi en charge de l'assemblée même.

Qu'avaient-ils tous à dire à cette salle pleine de monde (près de 150 personnes de Perkinsfield, Lafontaine et Penetanguishene)? Ils sont simplement venus nous parler de leurs écoles secondaires françaises et de la possibilité d'en avoir une ici même à Penetanguishene. M. Giroux, du Ministère, nous a parlé des taxes et de subventions du gouvernement provincial et du gouvernement fédéral.

La salle, dans sa grande majorité, en est venue à la conclusion qu'il n'y avait pas de

quoi avoir peur. A North York, les taxes n'ont pas monté. Mais, même si elles montent un peu, c'est pour l'éducation de vos enfants et de toute façon, tout le monde en dépense autant en niaiseries. Comme le disait M.R. Marchand à cette réunion: "C'est de l'éducation de vos enfants qu'on parle. Qu'est-ce qui est plus important? Vos enfants ou la bière?"

Les gens étaient aussi un peu inquiets quand au choix de cours offerts. Surtout en ce qui concerne les ateliers ("shops"). M. Pelland en a rassuré plusieurs en parlant de son école qui offre un choix de cours complet (quoique moins comparé à une école de 1,200 élèves) en plus d'offrir plusieurs ateliers ("shops").

Et son école n'a que 370 élèves!!

Alors, étudiants de P.S.S., n'écoutez plus les ragots et les peurs qu'on vous fait en classe à propos de l'école secondaire française. Non, le grand méchant loup ne vous mangera pas. Non, vous n'attraperez pas toutes sortes de maladies. Non, vous ne deviendrez pas des robineux ("winos")!

Affectueuxment,
Claudette Paquin

The Penetanguishene Citizen

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The mystery of the vacant house — part 2

This is the second part of a two part story written by Hugh Ranaldi.

In the first two chapters, which ran in last week's paper a part-time reporter-photographer working for a Toronto newspaper, Mark Manion, was sent to do a story for halloween on a vacant house. Manion is also a private investigator.

The plot began to thicken when Manion discovered the body of a man in the basement of the house, during a routine inspection of the building.

Manion himself faced certain death when an intruder fired several shots at Manion in his apartment. The quick action of the local police force saved the private investigator's life.

It is at this point that we pick up the final half of the story.

Chapter 3

After hearing my gun the two policemen peeked in. When they saw intruder on the floor they put their guns away and came in.

Behind the officers was Chief Bleeker, asking for details.

"Well," I said, "I think the man thought I had recognized him and so I was a danger to him."

"You were lucky."

"Maybe." "I'll see you later."

"Where are you going?"

"Out."

"Why, what the...?" but I was out the door before he could finish.

I climbed into my jeep and started the engine. After letting it warm up I backed out onto the street and headed towards the newspaper office. When I arrived I saw my editor's car. He came to the door and let me in.

"What are you doing Harry?" I asked.

"The chief called me. I thought you might come here."

"Okay, I want to check something up in the morgue."

"You're looking for a dead person?" hje

asked incredibly.

"No, I mean the filing area where we keep newspaper clippings," I replied with exasperation.

"Oh," he said.

As we walked in I said that I wanted to know if the people killed in the old house had been connected with the investigation of last year's gold heist. As we checked the files my hopes rose. When we were finished my hopes were just about in orbit.

"Now that you know, what do you plan to do about it at 1:00 a.m. in the morning?"

"Catch the crooks and recover the gold," I said simply.

At that he let out a hearty laugh. "Oh sure," he said.

"This is what I want you to do," I said as I told him my plan.

The I got into my jeep and once again headed for 416 Tretheway Drive. As I was going down Keele Street I remembered that my gun was back at the house. "Oh well, it's too late to get it now," I thought as I turned in the driveway. Then I went into the old house. "I must be crazy," I thought to myself. Suddenly a man stepped out from behind a curtain.

"Ah, Mr. Manion I presume," he said with an accent.

"Yes, would you like some coffee," I said as I held out a thermos.

"No thank you," he replied, "why are you acting like this?"

"Do you think I came alone?" I questioned.

"Of course, no one else is here."

"There will be in about two minutes, my editor called the police."

"Well, you'll make a good hostage," he said.

"Since I'm going to be a hostage, I'd like to know your nationality. You sound German."

"No, I'm Austrian."

"Oh well, you can't win them all." Suddenly a siren wailed outside for the second time that night. Footsteps pounded up the old porch. The man turned around to face the door.

"Come in and I'll shoot Manion," he yelled.

"Don't move," I said to him. "Although this may sound like a James Bond trick it's the truth. I have a pen full of sleeping gas under pressure. One move and you're out cold. Just throw your gun behind you."

With hesitation, he followed my orders and I quickly picked up his discarded gun. "Come on in chief," I yelled.

The chief barged in with three officers. The man was handcuffed and then taken down to the station. I told the chief what happened. He had only one thing to say. That was "are you trying to get killed?" Then he sent me home while he and his men started a search for the gold.

Chapter 4

The next morning I went out to the old house and found the chief sitting down on a broken chair.

"Find the gold?" I said.

"Not yet," he answered glumly.

"I know where it is," I said.

"Where?" he asked.

"Come with me," I said and I went towards the officer in charge of the search. "Did you try upstairs?" I asked him.

"There isn't an upstairs," he replied.

"Anyone got a ladder?" I asked.

"Sure, but why?"

"Just set it up against the side of the house."

"Mark what is going on here?" exploded the chief.

"Just a minute, I want to go outside."

When we were outside, I asked him, "see anything strange about the roof?"

"Nope."

"Boy are you dense," I muttered. "Come on over to the ladder." I started to climb up it.

"Manion, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Showing you where the gold is hidden," I replied. I looked at the ground and could see my editor taking pictures and making notes. "The tip of the roof slides off," I told the people below. I grabbed a piece of the roof and slid it off so that it fell to the ground below. "can you see rust on it," I yelled.

"No," came the answer.

Then I reached in and grabbed a gold ingot. I pulled it out of the roof and let it drop to the ground. When I saw it hit the ground I started to make my retreat down the ladder.

As I jumped to the ground a dozen questions flooded my eardrums.

"Quiet," I yelled. "I'll tell you all later. Meanwhile the chief and I are going to talk in his office. And talk we did. When I got to his office it was 12:00 noon and when I left it was 4:00 p.m. Then I gave my story to my editor to be set for publication the following day, which was the 31st October. Below is the clipping from the headline: "Private investigator recovers 2.5 million in stolen gold."

Epilogue

If you are wondering how the police knew my telephone line was cut the answer is simple. At the telephone office there is a meter for every house. When my line was cut an alarm went off.

The way I found out that the gold was in the roof was also simple. On the outside the roof should have been rusted and corroded but it wasn't. Someone had, for a reason, put new tin on it. Also, the inside of the ceiling had been patched up with new wood concealing an entrance which prevented the gang from attracting attention when they hid the gold. The rest of the gold thieves have been captured by the police and are safely in prison.

And so ends the "Halloween Mystery" on October 21, at 5:35 p.m.

About the author

Hugh Ranaldi, the author of this mystery, wrote his story last year during his seventh year of elementary education as a student at St. Patrick's School in Phippsburg.

Hugh lives with his family in Anten Mills and has won awards for public speaking during the past year.

When asked where he came up with the idea for his mystery story, Hugh explained he saw a rusted tin roof on a house near his school and took the plot from there. He obviously has a great imagination and has planned his story well.

According to Hugh's mother, he always has his head buried in a book. Besides reading the young author enjoys chemistry experiments and crafts. His favourite reading matter are mystery stories, science fiction and science books. Hugh is a top student in his studies and was 13 years old when he wrote his story. He claims he has written several other short stories, which his teacher says are very good.



But they still do the job

Columnist confesses-- she's a punaholic

by Shirley Whittington

Every time I'm asked out for dinner, I pray that the hostess may fall backwards into the table so that I can shout, "Look out! You'll burn your end at both candles!"

Some day, I hope I meet a sculptor as I'm strolling down the street, so that I can say to him, "Hi, you old chiseler. Still taking things for granite?"

If the local zoo ever organizes a race for African Antelopes, I want to be there, so that I may observe, "At last—all the Gnus that's fit to sprint."

Whenever I meet a photographer socially, I ask him to step into the darkroom with me to see what develops. (The answer is always in the negative.)

Would some local acid heads please drop their hoard of LSD into our harbour, where all the seagulls are? This would leave no tern unstoned.

I would purposely buy a pair of ill-fitting sandals so that when they broke, I could point to my feet and sing, "The thong is ended, but the malady lingers on."

That's the way life is for a pun-a-holic. The trouble with puns is that most of them are so corny and contrived that you have to explain them. This interrupts the conversation and alienates people.

"Our cat," you may say, "is so smart that he eats cheese, before breathing down a mousehole—with baited breath. Get it?"

Nobody does, and you have to explain the difference between "baited" and "bated", and your listener wanders away to talk to somebody sane.

If you inflict a pun on someone, you'll be told that it's the lowest form of humour, and the last refuge of the formerly nimble-witted. People will accuse you of ignoring the content of a conversation, because you are lying in wait for key words like "goat", (No kidding?) or "cat" (Purr-fect.)

And yet, the pun is honourable. Shakespeare used them, and I am not Avon you on. Check Romeo and Juliet, where a pessimist says, "Ask for me tomorrow, and you will find me a grave man."

Business and commerce is not above using

the pun to make a point. We've all heard about the dairy that advertises, "You can whip our cream, but you can't beat our milk." And how about the New York fish store that calls itself "Wholly Mackerel!"

There are some puns so perfect, so gemlike, that one smites one's brow, and groans, "Why didn't I think of that?"

How about, "Sticks float. They wood." by Mark Stillman?

Or "Eve was nigh Adam. Adam was naive," by Mark Neville.

Or, "One man's Mede is another man's Persian."

My favourite Christmas card came from a chap called David Knight and was fronted with a picture of himself, in armour, with his mouth taped shut. I won't risk your friendship by explaining that one, but it's a triumph—a wordless pun.

Now, comes news of the great Punathon. John S. Crosbie and General Publishing of Toronto are offering prizes for the best pun sent to them by November 25.

From the sound of the examples they've

quoted, in their letter of invitation to participate, the competition isn't too keen.

The first one is: "Have you heard about the nymphomaniac who was known as the vice in the old village choir?" To this I can only reply that I hear she covered all the basses.

The second example is "Did you know that if you planned to open an Indian restaurant, the thing you'd need most is a good Sioux chef?" I don't even think that's funny. Anyway choice of chef would depend which side of the ocean Huron.

I'm steering clear of competitive punning. If I have to sit down and think them up, puns just don't come.

It's only when somebody says something like, "Did you know that in the Middle Ages, people with the plague were required to warn others to keep away, by wearing a bell around their necks?" that the dreadful compulsion surfaces. I can't help myself. I have to say "Ring around the choler!"

Meanwhile, I keep thinking about that hypothetical Indian restaurant. I wonder how they feel about reservations?

There's lots to be thankful for...

by Bill Smiley

It's a pretty good idea to stop once in a while and give thanks. It doesn't have to be Thanksgiving Day, but it's as good a time as any. It's a day to take stock, look around, be glad you're alive, and if you have anything at all to be thankful about, perhaps mutter "Thank God."

There are a few — a very few — who haven't one single thing in the world to be thankful about, and my heart goes out to them. But most of us, if we are honest, can find all sorts of things if we dig around in the detritus of our lives.

For example, my wife is inclined to get bags under her eyes on the slightest provocation. I never get them, which makes her furious, because she is five years younger than I and infinitely better looking.

"Why do you never get bags?" she snarks at me.

"Because I have a pure heart and a clean mind," I retort, which doubles her fury.

She is the one who does Yoga exercises and goes on diets. And gains weight. I am the one who never does anything more strenuous than take the cap off a bottle of beer, eats anything in sight, and has a waist like a wasp.

You see, there's lots to be thankful for. Just

being alive is one thing. Millions of people aren't. And while things may be pretty groovy in heaven, and pretty gruesome in hell, I doubt seriously that either has as much to offer as being a human on this rotten old earth.

I have bursitis in my shoulder, arthritis in my foot, disintegrating discs in my spine, and a tooth that falls out every time I bite anything more substantial than a banana.

But on the other hand, I don't have cancer, a bum heart, high blood pressure, diabetes, or the crud. I can still hobble around 18 holes of golf, catch a fish, and stay up till four o'clock in the morning and put in a good day's work. Boy, am I thankful.

I'm happy to be a Canadian, although it gets a little harder each year, what with inflation, unemployment, pollution, separatism and a Liberal government that is trying to get every nickel out of me before I die so I can't take it with me.

But even the government can't destroy our delight in a Canadian fall.

I've been in England, Belgium, Holland and Germany in the autumn. And believe you me, baby, none of them is within 1,000 light years of our wild and glorious October, when the Mad Artist starts throwing the colours on His palette.

I am delighted to have two grandsons,

although I would be enchanted with a granddaughter, and have spoken seriously to my daughter about this. And I am deeply grateful that the littler one, who went into hospital with Meningitis last spring, suffered no lasting effects and is about as sturdy as a Sherman tank.

I am quite thankful that only three of the shutters are missing from my house. Instead of three, they could all have been blown off in those terrible storms last winter. And I expect to have the three back on any year now.

This year, I am thankful to have a Grade Nine class to teach. What a pleasure their bright minds and faces are after coping with the blase apathy of senior students for several years.

The boys are naive and eager. The girls haven't yet decided to become sexpots. They haven't really formed yet the masks they will present to society in a year or so.

In fact, I'm exceedingly thankful to have a job I like. Many, many persons don't have a job at all, or hate the one they're doing.

I can take keen young minds, and within a year or two have them writing and spelling like this: "The squirrel wick was in the tree leaped onto the fence were he seen several aykorns redy to be ate." It's fascinating, how one can mold young minds.

Another thing to be extremely thankful for

is the ability to sleep. My wife has insomnia. A lot of my friends have it. I can lie down after any kind of a hellish day and flake out like an old rubber boot, to rise, fresh and dewey-eyed (no bags, remember), for the next day's fray.

I'm glad I'm not ugly. I am far from handsome, but I don't scare little children. Hell, if I had my teeth capped, dyed my hair and had a face-lift, I could pass for 58, which I will be next June.

I'm thankful that I have a few friends, and doubly thankful that they are all in worse shape than I.

My nose has been broken so often I can't smell a thing. This detracts a little from enjoyment of food. But it also means I can't smell onion breath, whiskey breath, body odor or dead mice between the walls. That's the good old silver lining.

I'm a little resentful that my wife is so young and vibrant. But at the same time, I'm thankful. When I get old and miserable, and start dribbling down my front, I'll have a built-in nurse. Provided she doesn't run off with the mailman. If he isn't on strike.

Finally, I'm sincerely thankful that: our cat has bugged off for greener pastures; my garage hasn't fallen down; my wife tolerates me; and I have nearly finished this column. Thank You, God.