

Interest seems lacking

The fact that only 17 people showed up last Wednesday night to hear Irving Harris speak on the Cooperative Evaluation of the Penetanguishene family of schools is either a very promising sign, or a very discouraging sign.

It could mean that everyone in Penetanguishene has been reading all about the study, and already knows everything there is to know about it. It could be that they are all just waiting for the questionnaire to be delivered to them, fully intending to fill it out and return it immediately.

However it could also mean that not many people in town are very concerned about the whole thing. We think that's a little more likely. But it's a little surprising, because it seems everyone has an opinion on the "French-English debate".

Although the study is not primarily intended to be a means of deciding whether a French high school should be built in Penetanguishene, that question has become

a factor. Those on both sides of the issue should want to know as much as possible about study, and should want to fill in a questionnaire, to make their views on the situation known.

Education is a very important aspect of life. It is all too seldom that the residents of a community get a chance to have direct input into the educational system, without going to the trouble of running for a position on the school board or even attending the board meetings. Now, when a golden opportunity presents itself, it looks as though most people won't take advantage of it.

We hope the turnout at St. Joseph's school last week was not an indication of things to come, when the questionnaires are actually distributed, and we hope more people will take advantage of the opportunity to find out first hand about the study when Mr. Harris visits Corpus Christi School tomorrow night to answer questions on the study.

Letters to the editor

Thanks for the help

Dear Editor,

Over the past several years the Markle Community Newspaper group has done much to help promote the summer programmes at Sainte-Marie among the Hurons and the Historic Naval and Military Establishments. Now that our 1977 season is officially closed let me add our thanks and appreciation for another year to you, your

present staff and to those staff members who have moved on to other things.

Without your interest and assistance our season could not have been nearly as successful.

Barbara McConnell
Manager of Public Information
Huron Historical Parks

Learn about questionnaire

Dear Sir:

Within the next few weeks, a questionnaire will be sent to each area home to evaluate the needs in this area in regards to the Education requirements of our students in the choice of languages.

In order to fully understand the importance

of this questionnaire, you are urged to attend the meeting at Corpus Christi School Thurs. Nov. 10 at 7:30 p.m. to hear Mr. Irving Harris explain the meaning of this survey.

Thank you
John St. Amant
former P.S.S. Student

One side of the issue...

Dear Mr. Editor:

For the past year I have been reading how a few very emphatic French-speaking people in this area have voiced their anxiety as to how we have deprived them of their rights as French-Canadians to cultivate their culture and language.

Now since Mr. Levesque has declared Quebec a French state and is urging French people everywhere to demand their rights, this group in the Penetang area, full of patriotic zeal, are doing their utmost to create prejudice among our town people.

They are now demanding their own separate French High School — after the Board of Education made options available in our present High School for French students to further their studies in the French language.

A new High School for just this purpose at a time when the economic situation is critical — and when our taxes are already high

enough for a householder, who is not sure of a job with which to pay his present taxes, let alone staff another school in this area when it is not necessary!

Next in their demands will be the hiring of only bilingual or Francophones in our institutions and businesses and English speaking Canadians will be in the same situation as our counterparts in Quebec. It puzzles me therefore, to wonder why these extremists do not live in La Belle Province if it is so perfect!

It appears we taxpayers are not taking these demands too seriously as there are seldom any answering comments from concerned citizens.

Now surely it is time to be less complacent and voice our opinions more strongly.

Sincerely,
P. Babando

...and the other side

Dear Editor:

On Wednesday, November 2, 1977, Sr Moreau, principal of St-Joseph school, responding to a request from a certain number of parents, organized an evening meeting with Mr. Harris, chairman of the internal evaluation committee of the study presently taking place to evaluate education in the schools of this area. Unfortunately, the gym, which was set to greet 200 people, did greet only 16 of them.

Like Mr. David Moore said: "If the amount of people here tonight is any indication of the amount of people who will answer the questionnaire, we must not count on a high percentage of response."

If we take into account the fact that only 4 children out of 70 registered this year in kindergarten were french-speaking in this school (St-Joseph), we can come to the conclusion that the majority (not all, of course) of households are english-speaking

(even if one of the parents is french-canadian). In view of that fact, it is unfortunate that these parents who come from english-speaking households are not more interested in their children's education.

A study of that nature will never be conducted again. Maybe that is why so many Canadian parents turned out at the Lafontaine meeting on October 26, 1977.

Maybe all those concerned (french or english) should start to shake a bit the parents from english-speaking households in order to get them concerned (if not involved) in the bilingual aspect of their children's education which is, after all, the reason why they send their children to St-Joseph school.

Devant cet état de fait, il n'est pas étonnant de voir la frustration de certains canadiens-français qui se dévouent pour essayer d'améliorer les choses.

Claudette Paquin

Flashback photos



Fern shoe factory in 1953...



...and again in 1957

But darling — I haven't a thing to wear

by Shirley Whittington



Men, it appears, are becoming more and more clothes-conscious, although you couldn't prove it by the Squire. He has three suits - his good one, the other one and the sombre number reserved for weddings and funerals.

He has but one hat - a red toque I knit for him when we were expecting a child, a dozen years ago. Moths have invaded it, but he feels

sentimental about that hat, and won't part with it.

Actually, the Squire leans more to casual slacks and cosy cardigans, which is fine by me. I've always thought men looked more huggable in sweaters than they do in shirts, ties, corset-like vests and severely tailored suits.

Alas - the Squire is not in the mainstream of sartorial thought. According to a recent newspaper article, a Toronto sports writer owns 47 hats (all costing upwards of \$50 apiece), plus a wide assortment of suits, jackets, capes and walking sticks.

The same story tells me that a well known baseball player has "six or eight suits I like, maybe 20 sports jackets.... I figure I spend at least \$1,000 or maybe \$1,500 a year on clothes."

He's niggardly, compared to a football player who is quoted as saying he spends \$2500 yearly for his threads.

Such preoccupation with clothes must surely be hard on a marriage. The closet space problem alone, I should think, would fuel countless arguments.

If this fascination with wardrobes continues, and more and more men become obsessed with what they wear, can we expect dialogue like the following in the middle class households of North America?

She: Almost ready, dear? We're supposed to be there in ten minutes.

He: Oh - I'm so angry I could spit. I've just torn a button off my camel hair jacket, and now I have to change my whole outfit.

She: Why don't you just put on your Harris tweed?

He: Are you kidding? I wore that to Snarf's cocktail party last week, and did you hear what Don Snarf said when I walked in? He said, "George, I've always loved that jacket." It wasn't what he said. It was the way he said it. I could just scratch his eyes out.

She: What about your double breasted grey?

He: That old thing? I bought that on sale years ago, and anyway, it makes me look fat. Listen Arlene - do you think it's too late in the season to wear the beige pin-stripe?

She: Oh for goodness' sake - it doesn't matter. Please stop standing there, staring into the closet. We're going to be late.

He: You just don't care, do you, if your husband looks like the side of a barn. Well I care. I'm not going to have people say I've let myself go just because I'm middle-aged. By the way - is this a buffet dinner, or is it a sit-down affair?

She: How would I know? What difference does that make?

He: You know perfectly well that if it's a sit-down dinner, everyone stares at your chest. Now I don't know whether to wear a tie, or an open necked shirt with my Birk's medallion. If it's a stand-up affair, I think I'll wear those brown boots with the little lift to the heel.

She: I thought they hurt your feet.

He: Oh, they're excruciating, but they do give me a little height. Sometimes, I feel so dumpy and ugly. Tell me honestly, Arlene - do you think I'm ugly?

She: Honey - you're gorgeous. You really are, and we're going to be late. Now why don't you put on the brown three piece suit - the one that matches your eyes, and I'll go and warm up the car.

He: Okay, but if Charlie Pinch has his brown three piece on, I'll die. We both showed up like the Bobsey Twins at the Rotary Club lunch last week. By the way, Honey, would you mind driving tonight?

She: Of course not, why?

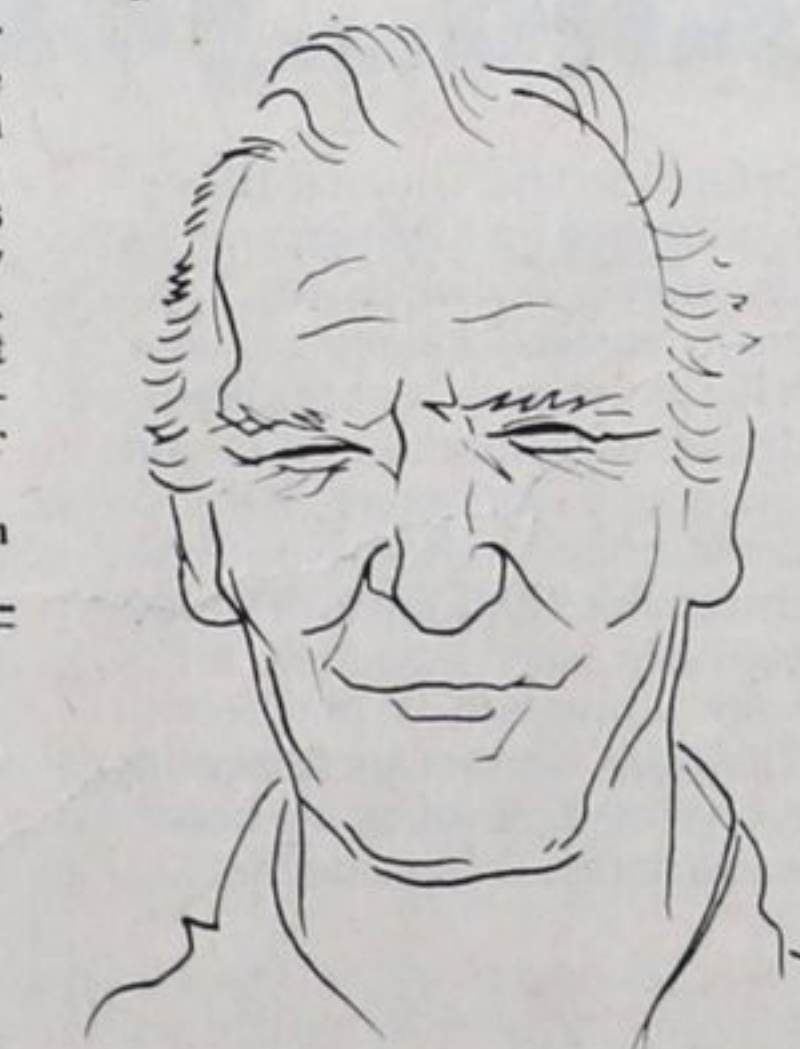
He: I just had my chamomile gloves cleaned, and if there's the slightest bit of dirt on the steering wheel.... Arlene! Arlene! She's not even listening to me. Oh (sob) sometimes I feel so lonely and misunderstood....

Clothes maketh man? Perhaps.

But if men get as silly about clothes as some women are, they'll make trouble.

I'm for conscription — give the young discipline

by Bill Smiley



A While ago, Defense Minister Danson sent up a trial balloon suggesting he would not be averse to conscripting young Canadians into the armed forces.

I thought it wasn't a bad idea. Guys my age always think it isn't a bad idea to conscript the young. "Give 'em a bit of discipline. Put some backbone in them," we huff.

Many other nations have conscription schemes under which young men must serve from one year to two in the armed forces, then are listed in the reserve, and go back once every couple of years for a few weeks for a refresher course.

That's not quite what Barney Danson and I had in mind. I wouldn't mind seeing a modest form of conscription in which everyone was called up, except of course, your sons and daughters, and mine.

What I'd like to see would be more like the Dutch conscription system, in which the troops can have long hair and beards, belong to a union, elect their own NCOs and wear civvies when not on duty.

Conscripts would be well paid—about \$100 a week—would get one week off for every three weeks in service, and armed forces kitchens would have the best food in the world, outside of fourstar restaurants.

The usual perks, of course, would remain: free dental and medical service, duty-free

Switzerland is the classic example. It has a cracking good army and a large, well-trained reserve, although it has never been in a war, as a nation. It doesn't have much use for a navy, for some reason.

In Britain, used for many years to a small regular army of professionals, and swarms of volunteers in time of war, the National Service, as it was called, was introduced after World War II and was very unpopular. It has since been cancelled, as the need for bodies in the services shrank with the shrinking of the Empire.

It was pretty well the same in the States. That infamous thing called The Draft was suffered in war time, but when it was used to train young men to go and kill people in a senseless war thousands of miles from home, for no logical reason, it met with calumny, chicanery, and plain draft-dodging, along with a desertion rate that was a national scandal.

smokes and booze, free travel on leave.

One more thing I would introduce. I would get rid of the arrant sexism that exists in our present armed forces. Women would share the same jobs, the same pay, the same privileges, and the same barracks, as the men.

Women would have the same number of senior officers, based on the proportion of females in the service, just as the French Canadians have now.

Women would be given maternity leave, with no blight on the old escutcheon, just as lady school teachers are now. With one difference. They would have a built-in baby sitter when they went from the swaddling clothes phase back into uniform.

Just to make it fair, men would be given paternity leave, although possibly not the six months granted women. Free day-care services would be provided for the children of parents who were both in the forces.

Medicals would be a little more lenient. I'd admit anybody who: could see his or her hand before his/her face; did not have venereal disease; was missing no more than two limbs. This would absorb about 94 per cent of our young unemployed.

But this would cost millions, you will exclaim.

Of course it would. Billions in fact. But what's a billion these days? How many billions are we now throwing off the end of the dock to these same people, in the form of unemployment insurance, welfare cheques, reform schools, jails, psychiatric treatment, and education?

I guarantee you we'd break even. And look what we'd gain. We could close up two-thirds

of our institutions of higher learning, which would be no great loss. We could cut unemployment payments to the bone. We could trim the fat off the obese, and bolster the health of the badly nourished, with good service grub. We could absorb all those dentists and doctors who now have to make \$100,000 a year to survive.

In five years, we could have an armed force that would make Guatemala quiver in its boots. At the present, the only nation we could lick is Iceland. Without Greenland.

But I am never one to try to foist my opinions, however brilliant, without some solid backing. That's why I did an informal survey with some of my senior classes. They thought it was right on, after I'd outlined my ideas.

"Wow!" was the reaction of Elvira, back in Grade 12 after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a career in waitressing. "You mean we'd all live together in them there—whadda ya call them, sir—barracks?"

"Ya mean I'd get a hundred bucks a week just for drivin' around in a tank or goin' for a cruise on one of them big ships?" queried Joe Muffraw, who is 20 years old and has never been away from home or held in his hand more than a 10-dollar bill in his life.

"Who gets to be officers, and how much do they make, and are they fed better?" asked Christopher, the class whiz. "Sure sounds easier than four years of college and no job."

That's just a sampling. I asked for a show of hands from those who were unalterably opposed. Not a hand was raised. But of course, they were not sure what unalterably meant.

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