

# CITIZEN COMMENT

## Rejeanne Guy-Galbraith—the courage of conviction

The case of Rejeanne Guy-Galbraith has become a national news item, and it all began here in Penetanguishene. It would seem a sad commentary on our society, when a person has to go to extremes to make the news. At any rate, major media sources such as the illustrious CBC didn't waste any time jumping on the bandwagon.

Penetanguishene, oddly enough, has been relatively quiet about the case of Rejeanne Guy-Galbraith. At least there hasn't been much public discussion.

I've heard but two conversations involving the case, and both of those took place at the arena—during a hockey game of course.

One of the conversations ended rather abruptly with both parties deciding that Ms. Guy-Galbraith was a radical at heart, and that little else could be expected from a radical.

It seems an over-simplified conclusion, but everyone is entitled to their opinion.

The other conversation made a lot more sense. It concluded with one party saying there isn't anything wrong with French, and it should be taught in schools, but Ms. Guy-Galbraith has gone "too far" with her protest.

Whether or not Ms. Guy-Galbraith is right

or wrong is a matter that must be decided by the courts.

It should be remembered, however, that whether or not she is a radical is irrelevant. Ms. Guy-Galbraith is standing up for something that she believes is rightfully hers—that is her right to stand trial in her native tongue.

She has made her case, and she refuses to back down. And that is a quality that all too few people possess in our society.

Whatever else Rejeanne Guy-Galbraith is, she is a person who has the courage of her convictions.

If the courts rule against her demand to have her trial in French, she will pay the price of her convictions. If they rule in favour of Ms. Guy-Galbraith, it will establish a true state of bilingualism in provincial courts.

And what is a true state of bilingualism?

A policy of bilingualism does not mean that everyone must speak two languages. It means that a citizen can use either French or English when dealing with the state, and that, whenever numbers make it practical, he can educate his children in either language. (A statement made by Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau during an address to the Liberal Convention in Ottawa, April 5, 1968.)



This picture of McEvala's school house in Tiny Township was taken around 1898.

## Andrews Sisters make quiet, clean house pets

by Shirley Whittington



Anybody out there want to buy a house? Ours is so disorderly and cluttered there that I'd rather sell it than clean it. Visitors don't say "Hello" any more. They say "What time does the rummage sale start?" The problem is that we are all so busy

going in and out that we never seem to have time to put the things away that we go in and out for. What have we been doing lately? Our front hall will tell you. It's like a diary, with daily entries of ski boots, trombones, newspapers, library books, clothes that must be taken to the cleaners and clothes that have just come from the cleaners.

Gradually all this clutter has spread through the house until now one needs a police escort to get through to the kitchen.

As if that weren't enough to depress me, the Andrews Sisters are pleading mutely for tank-cleaning.

The Andrews Sisters are the three goldfish we brought in from our outdoor pond when the weather got cool. We called them after Maxine, LaVerne and Patti because if they stood upon their tails with those pouty little mouths wide open, they'd look just like a female vocal ensemble, in tacky gold lamé.

When the ice began to form on their pond, we brought them indoors and installed them in a large tank on the top of the refrigerator where the cat couldn't get them. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but now whenever we have visitors, they wonder why we keep a tank of murk and slime on top of the refrigerator.

On the whole, fish are unsatisfactory pets. You can't hug them. They won't do tricks for company. You can't tuck your toes under them to keep warm on a cold night and fish don't bark when the mailman comes.

In fact, they are rather goopy creatures. Our house could be burning down, or a burglar could be making off with my collection of discount coupons, but would those fish care? Would they flap their fins in alarm and thump the sides of their tank to awaken the household? Never.

On the other hand, they don't eat much or dig holes in the lawn or make messes on the carpet.

In fact, one becomes quite attached to them. When our son went away to college, he missed the Andrews Sisters so much that he bought himself a pair of tiny goldfish, installed them in a giant wine bottle and christened them Szeks and Zardi.

The Squire likes the Andrews Sisters so much that he makes a point of visiting the refrigerator several times an evening, just to say hello to them.

Once we had a pair of giant goldfish, and the Squire enjoyed them so much that he decided to do them a favour. He bought an enormous brush, rolled up his sleeves and

scrubbed their tank until it glistened.

The next morning, both fish were floating belly-up, as dead as mackerels, or as goldfish who had reacted unhappily to whatever chemical was in the bristles of that scrubbing brush.

We all felt terrible about their demise, and in fact we kept their golden corpses in the freezer. They were too beautiful to throw away. They stayed there until a weekend guest unearthed them one night, in a search for some ice cubes.

Now every time the Squire complains about the debris in the front hall, I remind him of those two fish, victims of housecleaning overkill. I remind him also that we will not all fit in the freezer.

Still, those ghostly forms flitting about in the murk on top of the refrigerator are starting to bother me, and I guess I'm going to have to do something about it.

But after I get the thing cleaned, I'm going to drop in a couple of tiny sponges and a fish ladder or two. Maybe the Andrews Sisters will get the hint.

Creatures who live in glass houses should do their own house-cleaning, and if that turns the Andrews Sisters into fishwives, sq be it.

## Anxious to support chamber: reader

Dear Sir:

We have your circular letter dated January 1978 inviting us to become a member of the Penetanguishene Chamber of Commerce and to support it financially.

We have been a member of the "Chamber" for as long as we can remember. For many years the undersigned burned the midnight oil as a director of the "Chamber". Over the years, the "Chamber" had developed a policy to encourage the business community to show a true image of the bilingual nature of the community it serves. For two consecutive years now, we have continued to support the "Chamber" while voicing strong objections to what seemed to be a change in the "Chamber's" policy regarding the French linguistic group in the community. Your letter once more raises that question.

Your letter makes a point of holding up the example of the two major cultures working together. I would invite the directors to examine the facts.

Is the "Chamber" really encouraging the community to show the bilingual nature of its composition? By asking the members of the "Chamber" to choose if they want an English or French membership decal instead of the bilingual decal which the "Chamber" had distributed to its members for many years until two years ago, we believe that the "Chamber" is defeating the very thing it professes to espouse.

Is the business community of

Penetanguishene doing anything to attract the French speaking consumer to this community? If so, what is it offering which is better than that which is offered in the communities of Midland and Barrie? Is the business community afraid of a backlash from the rest of the community if it were to cease treating the French-speaking consumer as a second class citizen?

The "Chamber" is emphasizing the need to promote tourism. Instead of merely paying lip service to the "two major cultures working together" in Penetanguishene, why not make a concentrated effort to encourage both the municipality and the business community to advertise openly that the two founding languages and cultures are here for the rest of Canada to visit.

We do not agree that our bilingual community is unique in Ontario, however the rate of assimilation in Penetanguishene is fast becoming unique as one of the bilingual communities in Ontario's melting pot society.

We are most anxious to support the "Chamber" if it will adapt a more realistic attitude toward the two linguistic groups it professes to serve.

We are most anxious to hear your views in this regard.

Yours truly,  
R.J. Asselin  
R.J. Asselin Insurance Agency Ltd.

## Queen's Park report

George Taylor M.P.P.

## Commitment evident in daycare expansion

The Ontario Government's commitment to ensure that those in greatest need receive priority in services is evident in the Ministry of Community and Social Services' expansion of day care facilities in recent years. Priority consideration has been given to increasing the number of day care places for handicapped children, native children and children from low-income families.

Since 1971, two major capital expansion programs have channelled some \$25 million into renovations and construction of day care centres. The total result of the expansion program has meant an increase of about 6,200 spaces, thus bringing the total to 52,000 spaces available in licensed day care nurseries in Ontario, including services provided for the handicapped and subsidized private home day care programs.

In Simcoe Centre, there are day care centres (full day programs) and half-day nurseries (half-day programs) operating in many communities. Barrie, for instance, has 4 day care centres offering 178 places, with one centre carrying out an am-pm program for 20 handicapped children. There is also a francophone day care centre with 15 spaces, 7 nursery schools offering am-pm programs to 213 children, and a half-day nursery for mentally retarded children offering am-pm programs for 30 children.

In Bradford, there is one half-day nursery with 30 places. Vespra has 2 half-day nurseries with 42 places. Tiny, including Penetanguishene, has four francophone half-day nurseries with over 50 places; and

Christian Island has a day care centre with 30 spaces. The Private Home Day Care Program has 12 units operating in the riding as well. If you require specific information on the day care program in your community, call the Ministry of Community and Social Services, day care program, at 705-737-1311. For the Private Home Day Care Program, call Simcoe County Social Services at 705-726-9300.

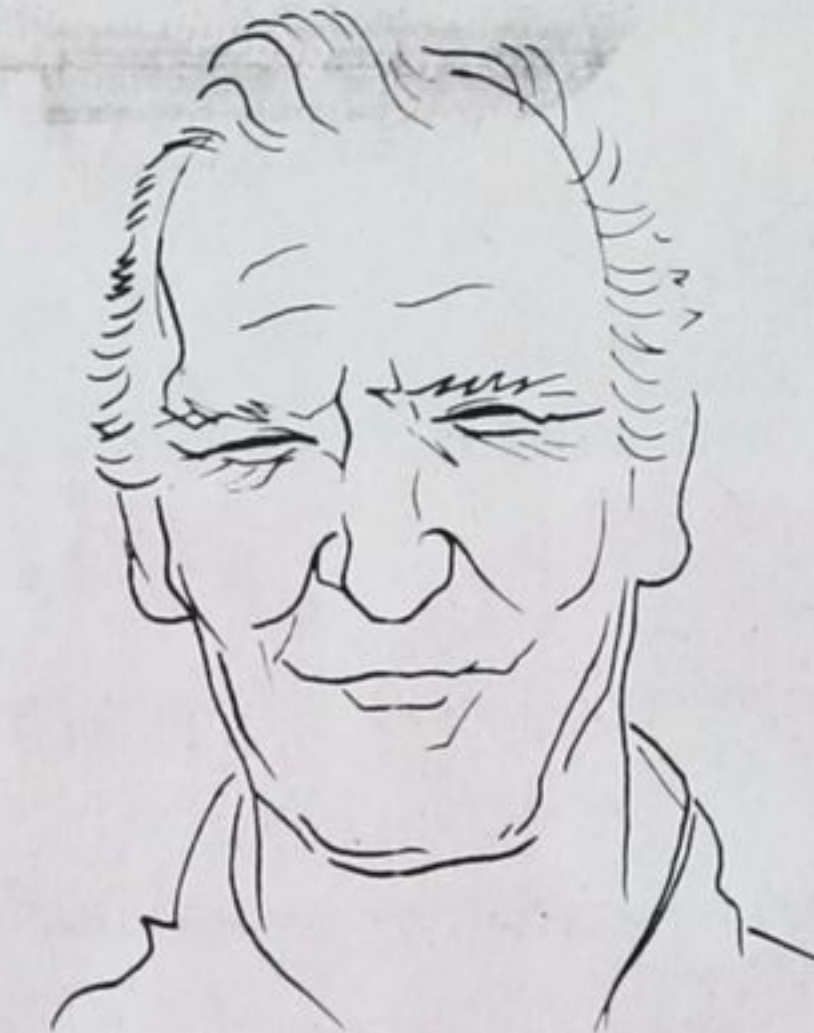
In addition to supporting day care centres with integrated programs for handicapped children, the Ministry of Community and Social Services is developing in-home support services to supplement the training provided in day care centres for handicapped

The Ministry of Community and Social Services is also exploring the possibility of using day care counsellors in local communities. Their function would be to provide assistance to parents in locating appropriate day care services for their children, either in private homes or licensed group care centres. Such a service would help to maximize the use of existing facilities and could be carried out with relatively modest cost.

It is the government's aim to assure that people in need can remain in their own homes and communities by placing greater emphasis upon the utilization and development of existing community facilities and resources. In this way, those in need benefit and the cost to the taxpayer does not increase substantially.

## Holidays contribute to moral delinquency

by Bill Smiley



One of the most pleasant experiences in the world, for those of us who, if not over the hill, are at least sitting at the top contemplating with a mixture of dismay and scared exhilaration the slippery slope we have climbed, and the greasy one we are about to descend, is getting back to normal after lurching through the "joys" of the holidays that end the year.

And if one of my students gave me a sentence like that last one on composition, I'd probably tear it to ribbons for lack of coherence and unity.

I recently had a rediscovery, and mercifully it was one of the former.

My rediscovery was not exactly one of those profound and important ones that historians see as Crucial Turning Points. It didn't have the nobleness that is attributed to rediscovering the virtues of chivalry, for example, or realizing that after all these years of doubt, the ontological argument is right.

No, it was on a slightly lower plateau. I rediscovered late night AM radio.

My rediscovery was not without its causes. It had, like many other things, to do with my parents. Four years ago, they saw me, pure and innocent, off to university. Four months ago they saw me return to their midst, the proud possessor of certain bad habits only a university student can learn. One of them was smoking.

My parents have displayed real courage in tolerating all but this one of my bad habits. When I want to replenish the nicotine content of metabolism, I have to go outside. Being sent outside to smoke in the summer is not too bad.

Being sent outside to smoke in the winter is hell. Consequently, whenever it's time for a butt, I head straight for my car.

That's where I rediscovered AM radio. When it's 20 below zero, and you're sitting shivering for the sake of the Du Maurier company, you start to look for things to distract you from the discomfort, and really, the humility of the whole scene. AM radio has done that for me. I now quite enjoy trekking out through the snow for a cigarette. My car, my habit, and my radio, make a nice, comfortable cocoon on these cold, black winter nights.

I rediscovered the radio on one dark and frigid evening a couple of weeks ago. I was fooling around with the dial, trying to find at least one station that didn't have four others coming in on top of it. I eventually found such a frequency, and the station turned out to be from West Virginia. It's call letters were WBCW—the latter two, of course, denoting Country and Western. The show that I had tuned to was a live broadcast of a local music hero, whose voice led one to think that if they put the clothespins on any tighter, his nose would fall off.

Anyway, as I sat there giving thanks for my good fortune, I started feeling like a lost, forgotten friend had just sat down beside me. The more I listened and got interested in the program, the farther away from my frigid circumstances I felt.

But perhaps those very things—coherence and unity—are the things so lacking in the holiday season, and to which we return with a sigh of relief in the short cold days and long cold nights of January.

We had a rather bleak Christmas this year. Our hearts weren't in the right place, but my teeth weren't. Several of them had joined that little limbo where your teeth go when they decide to leave you to your own devices, otherwise known as gums.

I put a good face on it, as it were, trying to conceal from my wife, with her flashing white teeth, my mental, spiritual and physical humiliation at having to exist on pea soup, soft-boiled eggs and medicinal brandy.

But it didn't work. We had the usual fight about the tree, finally getting it up after four hours of recriminations, tears and explosions of rage and frustration.

This year we put it in a bucket of wet sand, after years of trying to set it up in pails of coal, in various tree stands, and on a flat board nailed to the trunk. As usual, it toppled heavily in all directions but the right one, and we had to tie it to the wall with string.

Every year my wife says other people get their tree to stand without using string. And every year I defy her to show me one tree in town that isn't trussed to the wall in some way.

For Christmas dinner, I'd bought a fat duck. But the old lady didn't feel like eating an entire duck by herself. So we sat around rather vacantly and stared at the huge pile of parcels under the tree, which could not be opened, of course, because 90 per cent of

them were for "the boys," and the boys weren't expected till the day after Boxing Day.

So the day they did arrive, noses running freely, we cooked the duck and a roast of beef, and a happy time was had by all, trying to put front-end-loaders and fire trucks and other plastic monstrosities together.

You know, there was something to be said for those old days during the Depression, when kids got a pair of mitts or socks and maybe a 15-cent bubble pipe.

At least the adults didn't have to spend hours trying to find parts for Tinker Toys and Leggo and Sesame St. scattered all over the living room. They didn't have to try to get together stuff that would have taxed Leonardo da Vinci.

However, the boys were a roaring delight, as always, and their Gran spoiled them silly, and their mother told me what was wrong with my entire attitude to teaching (she's been at it three months and has all the questions and most of the answers), and their father drowsed quietly during the piano concert that followed, and yours truly ran out every hour to scrape 10 inches of snow off the car.

But this is not normalcy. How joyous it is to get back to the old, humdrum routine. To hear that thrilling, drilling sound of the alarm clock at 7.15, totter to the bathroom with arthritic joints giving out cracks like maple trees in a deep frost, and to emerge in three-quarters of an hour, smelling of shaving cream, toothpaste and honest soap, another chapter of a novel read.

How very pleasant it is to wade out to the garage in the barely lighted morning, snow flying in all directions, scratch the ice off the inside of your windshield with your fingernails, and try to start the old beast, which emits a couple of grunts like a lady moose in labor, and falls totally, unforgivably silent.

How thrilling to get back to work, the salvation of many a man and woman, and exchange witty repartee about losing your boots at the New Year's Eve party, and whose snowmobile broke down, and why Jack's nose is swollen with grog-blossoms, and how much white guck there is in the driveway.

And then there's the delight of getting home after work, and sitting down for one of those intimate chats with your wife, who tells you, at interminable length, how to place a "dart" in a pattern for sewing, when all you know about darts is that it's played in a pub.

And to discover that for dinner you're having hamburger and onions, which you had in the cafeteria for lunch. And that the bill for the furnace repairs came to \$48, and that the man wants 50 bucks to clean the ice off the roof, and the paper boy claims you owe him for six weeks.

I don't know about you, but I can't stand too many of these holidays: the slothful lying-in in the morning, the staying up until three to watch a late movie, the one-hour coffee breaks morning and afternoon.

Its debilitating. It contributes to moral delinquency. Far better the comfortable horror of the regular routine of a Canadian winter.



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