

# CITIZEN COMMENT

## Winterama '78 was great

Just like the month of March, Winterama 1978 came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb. Now that it's over, it is fitting to give credit where it's due for a successful weekend.

The Penetanguishene Chamber of Commerce did a great job of organizing the various events, and special credit must go to a number of people who spent their weekend on the "firing line".

Giles Ouellette, Glen Bryant, Ruth Rose and the rest of the Chamber gave up most of their weekend for what proved to be a most enjoyable few days.

Commendations also to all the merchants, restaurant staff and owners, and of course the people at both local hotels.

It is a significant matter when the people of a town extend their hospitality to thousands of visitors and residents. Hopefully all the work and confusion will pay off when people who visited the town over the weekend

spread the word about what a friendly place Penetanguishene is.

We spoke to a number of people who came to town to enjoy all the festivities, and their reaction was very positive.

One person - who was slightly under the weather at the time - claimed that he'd been to every winter carnival in the county, including those in Barrie, Collingwood and Midland. None of those compared to Winterama, he said.

The man's condition at the time, definitely vouched for the fact that he was indeed enjoying himself.

Another person felt that Penetanguishene should have another weekend celebration, during the summer months. Doesn't sound like a bad idea.

In any case, Winterama has come and gone, and many people will spend the week recuperating from a hectic but exciting weekend.



Winter shapes

## Don't need new school

Dear Editor:

This letter is in reference to the campaign being conducted by various groups for a French language secondary school. The Internal Evaluation Team, under the chairmanship of Mr. I. Harris, recently solicited briefs from the general public as to the type of instruction services they feel should be available to the Francophones.

The briefs were presented and only one lone individual seemed to represent the general public, the rest represented various groups. There was an association of Francophone teachers with a vested interest in creating more jobs. They advocated discrimination in the hiring of teachers in that no Anglophones be selected even if bilingual. The Roman Catholic church was ably represented and strongly urged religious instruction be offered as a credit course. The other two groups were the usual who I feel represented an elite rather than the rank and file Francophone.

Most of the speakers professed a belief that a French language secondary school was a dire necessity and highly desired, they also felt it was necessary to prevent assimilation by the English. Lets look at some of the facts, of the 4222 questionnaires sent out to the general public on this subject only 1688 (40 per cent) were returned, despite wide publicity and aid in completing them. These are the questionnaires that really count, these went to the people who pay the tax bills, the students who had a return percentage of 94 per cent (I would assume these were filled out at school and handed in), not the teachers who need jobs and not the F.L.A.C. with their nine questionnaires (eight returned). I would say that a return rate of 40 per cent from the people who really count does not indicate an overwhelming desire for a new high school. We do not at this time know the results from

the 1,688 returned questionnaires form the general public. It seems we must wait until June for them.

More hard, cold, facts, this area is severely depressed with much unemployment and welfare. Who can stand another raise in taxes? My own assessment rate rose 40 per cent from last year without a new school. People are moving away to find work, industry is leaving, layoffs are rampant. Families are smaller today meaning fewer students. The enrolment in high school is steadily declining. There is at present a perfectly good secondary school offering most courses in French if desired. Apparently the students don't desire, of 900 enrolled only 332 take French courses. There is no way a case can be made for a new French language high school on practical or economic grounds. The only real grounds are emotional and that is not enough reason to saddle people with an added tax burden.

Preserving the French language is not the responsibility of the general taxpayer. If Quebec with its millions of French has to legislate against teaching English for fear of being assimilated, what chance has a community of 5,500. Language is preserved by the people wanting to speak it and doing so in the face of adversity. A new school will change nothing.

Let us say for the sake of argument that a person receives all his elementary education in French. What then? He has preserved his language, but will that help him materially, will it help in an English university, will it help in the U.S., in nine other provinces, or other countries where the universal language is English, will it help in business. It is quite possible given our present society that outside of two places it could hinder rather than help.

Roy Bonner, Midland

## In praise of high school

Dear Editor,

I think it's time the praises were sung. Of the school I attend in Penetang. We have some really good sporting teams. We find good friends to share our dreams. And of course one of our schools best features. We have some of the world's great teachers. There's Mr. Beatty head of our school. We can tell you, he's no ones fool. Our Mr. Alberts when he gives you a look. You quickly bury your head in a book. Mr. Quilty his patience with us is a mystery. There's no one we'd rather have talking of history. Then Mr. Niclin in the auto shop. Boy he makes those old tires pop. When Mr. Lichtenberg gets down in the gym. There's no one like him for vigor and vim. No one can teach English like Mrs. Cadieux. When you're out of class we really miss you. Mr. Hanmove will teach you well, how to draft. You won't get a credit by offering him graft. In math you will find our great Mr. Bruneau. Try doing poor work, he'll tell you where to go.

Our Miss Maurice, boy, she looks really fine. But will soon cut you off, if you give her a line. Mr. Pidgeon will train you, occupations for boys. Proves tools are useful and not merely toys. Mr. Thomson in physics, well he's really the most. When he gives top marks you have something to boast. Mr. Connels the best when it comes to dissection. With an old bunch of bones he'll make the connection. We are proud of the trophies displayed in our hall. Good nourishing meals are served in our cafe. It's also a great place for having a laugh. So let's sing the praises of good old PSS. Without you to learn in, we'd be in a mess. Long may you flourish, long may you stand. From one of your students who thinks you are grand.

P. Raschewski

## Turning point in party

Dear Editor:

The election of Jack Ramsay as the Liberal candidate in Simcoe North could be a turning point in the fortunes of the party or it could be an interlude. He and his friends did show great organizational ability by persuading several hundred people within a few days to become card-carrying Liberals and to support him. His success was in no way engineered by the local Executive. Dick Platt who nominated John Atkinson belongs to the Simcoe North (Federal) Executive and McGill Maltby, Atkinson's seconder is a member of the Simcoe East (Provincial) Executive.

The old-line Liberals are a most dedicated

group but have been lacking in numbers. If Jack Ramsay can recruit new voters as well as he obtained new members (and he will try hard), if he wins the next election, and if the new members remain dedicated workers, the Simcoe North Liberal Association has been blessed indeed. But if he loses and then withdraws into his former political obscurity and if the new members fade away with him, the Liberals are back in square one and may even have lost some of the ground gained by Janice Laking four years ago. Unplanned gambles are the essence of politics.

Sincerely, Ken McPherson.

**The Penetanguishene Citizen**

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## Spanky and our Gang in the Commons

by Shirley

Whittington



Do your children, in spite of your careful nagging about good manners, interrupt when others are talking?

Do they sometimes bang their fists on the table, or burst into derisive laughter when you are explaining something?

While you're talking, do they scratch themselves, yawn, and then walk out of the room before you've finished your sentence?

Don't despair. When they grow up, they can be parliamentarians.

I've always thought of MPs as fairly straight and respectable citizens who took their hats off in elevators, kept their fingernails clean and raised their voices only when they were hailing taxis or making speeches.

I always knew they speechified a lot. Occasional reading of Hansard indicated that they went on to some considerable length, in dignified, unparaphrased prose. Sometimes, a few of them would grow restless or disgruntled, and their reactions were recorded thus, in Hansard: "Some Hon. Members: Oh, oh."

Now that the television cameras have gone into the House of Commons, a different and unsettling picture has surfaced. Those Honourable Members behave with the decorum of Spanky and Our Gang at a Saturday afternoon matinee.

Now I know why they call that place the

House of Commons. Frequently, MPs carry on like your common suburban six-year-old, at a birthday party.

That mysterious "Oh, oh" in Hansard always puzzled me. I always imagined that it was uttered in the same regretful tone one uses when one - say - drops one's wallet in the toilet. "Uh-oh!"

It turns out that "Oh, oh" is just a cover-up for "Hogwash!" "Balderdash!" "Nonsense!" and other similar outbursts.

So it appears that there are three official languages in the Canadian House of Commons—French, English and rude.

Sometimes the chap who is addressing the Speaker speaks so loudly you can't make out what the hecklers are saying in the background, but the sound and the fury are

there. What with all the bellowing and shouting, a stranger who tunes in on the question period for the first time might be forgiven for assuming that Canada conducts its parliament in a room adjacent to the one where they hold the cattle auction.

And that's not all. While one of their parliamentary peers is giving his oratorical all for the Alaska pipeline or the Canadian dollar, an MP may read, yawn, chat with the fellow at the next desk or simply get up and walk out.

Last night, while the leader of the opposition was speaking, a member sitting behind him, beamed squarely into the camera, winked slowly and pulled his left ear lobe, just like Carol Burnett. This was obviously a signal to somebody out there in TV-

## Election leaves voters with dubious choice

Well, who are you going to vote for when they call the election? The youthful, righteous, quivering jowls, or the aging but still elegant shrug?

What a choice! One of the guys is so hungry for the big job that he looks as though he can already taste it. The other is so mesmerized by failed bilingualism and his personal feud with Rene Levesque that he wouldn't know an ordinary taxpayer if he climbed into bed with one. Of either sex.

If Joe Stalin were alive and well and living, say, in Moosejaw, he'd probably garner more votes than the other two put together.

That other Joe was chosen leader of the Tories by a handful of votes. Approximately 49 per cent of the convention delegates didn't want him. Since then, one of the latter has become a Liberal cabinet minister, another, his Quebec "lieutenant," has faded into the woodwork.

His opponent, the ubiquitous Pierre, bedeviled by domestic troubles, a sagging economy, high unemployment, a feeble dollar, and an apparent lack of touch with reality, looks and acts every one of his nearly 60 years.

What's a million? This famous line, spoken by the arrogant but extremely competent C.D. Howe, builder of Canada's industry, almost toppled a government a couple of decades ago, when he uttered it in the famous Pipeline Debate.

Red-blooded Canadians across the land shuddered in horror at this scornful attitude toward that magic figure.

Today, a politician could stand up in

by Bill Smiley



Ottawa and say: "What's a billion?" without raising a ripple.

A minor example: the government people in charge of unemployment insurance have launched a \$1 million advertising campaign to warn cheaters of the system of the dire consequences should they be caught. What a farce!

The system is so full of holes that it is being ripped off—legally it must be added—to the tune of millions, and we all know it.

It's a nice commission for the advertising agency handling the account, but they are the only bodies who will get anything out of it. Who is going to read the ads?

Certainly not the people who are cheating. They already know all the loopholes and fine print. Only the very stupid are caught.

Certainly not the employers who also cheat, "laying off" skilled workmen when things are a bit slack, with a tacit agreement that he go on unemployment insurance until things pick up, when he will be "re-hired."

Certainly not the millions of people like me who a) pay into the fund and b) will never get a nickel back from it.

That leaves, as readers, the guys who drew up the ad, the civil servants who authorized it, and a scattering of pensioners who can afford a newspaper and read everything in it, for want of something better to do.

But what's a million, if it keeps some advertising types and civil servants happy, and makes the blood of a few pensioners boil?

Unfortunately, those ads and that million, along with many more squandered on such pettifoggish piffles, don't mean a thing to the man or woman in Glace Bay or Sudbury or Chilliwack who has been out of work for a year, and has no prospect of being in it in the near or distant future.

Clark carps and Pierre pontificates and Broadbent issues broadsides. And factories close because Canada's prices are too high because Canada's wages are too high and because Canada's production is too low.

## Another aging institution gives way to the '70s

by Dave Wilson



All good things, so we are told, must come to an end.

Either they cease to be good any longer, and persist out of some stubborn reluctance to die as painful living reminders of something that was once good, or like a falling star they appear, are appreciated, and vanish.

Certainly the good things which follow the latter course are the best. Like a pair of strong arms, good things of this type embrace you for a moment, and when they disappear release you completely satisfied.

Good things of the former variety are the ones that exploit human fallibility. They outlive their goodness, and become tarnished monuments to themselves that are worshipped because people just don't want to accept the fact that they are no longer good.

Last week, a monument of this sort crumbled. Muhammad Ali, who was without doubt the greatest boxer in the history of pugilistics, lost his world heavyweight title to brash 24-year-old Leon Spinks, a kid from the slums of St. Louis. In a way, there was dramatic irony in the defeat of the aging champion. Like Ali had done 14 years ago to an aging Sonny Liston, Spinks defied all the so-called fight experts and odds makers and emerged a clear victor. Again, not unlike Ali in his early days, the only exposure the public had had to the new champion was in his thrilling light heavyweight victories at the Montreal Olympics. And again, as Ali had done in 1964 to Liston, the admirable confidence of a kid from the slums rightfully usurped the king of boxing from his,

literally, golden throne.

Although most certainly Ali's loss signals the end of an era in boxing, his defeat has a much larger significance. What it represents is the final death gasp of the 1960's.

And it's about time. For too long too much blind faith has been put into personalities and images whose refusal to die with the rest of the sixties reflects a fundamental unwillingness on the part of too many people to face up to the cold, hard realities of the 1970's. For too long have people institutionalized remnants of the sixties, with the hope that by doing so, the remnants, and perhaps the people themselves, can be preserved, like frogs in a high school laboratory.

The latter seventies have seen a gradual and unpleasant decaying of these institutions. In politics, it has seen the likes of Tom Hayden, once a darling of the student left, attempt to institutionalize himself and his anachronistic ideology into the American senate, and fail miserably. In Canada, we

have seen types like David DePoe and Pierre Vallieres become enconced in the ranks of the civil service - and become the type of bureaucrats they both at one point wanted to do away with.

Culturally, we have seen underground publications such as Rolling Stone and the Village Voice become so slick and commercialized that it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish them from Time magazine and Playboy on the newsstands.

Last summer we saw Elvis die. The wave of obscene national mourning that followed his death seemed not to bother with the fact that he hadn't recorded a decent rock and roll song since 1960, and had become fat and the possessor of several bizarre fetishes.

The sad part about all these eroding institutions is that they all were good in the days before we attempted to immortalize them. In their own time and place they served useful and sometimes wonderful functions.

But times change and so do contexts, and

land, and a matter for the R C M Peckers. You will have noticed that I speak here of Honourable Gentlemen. Lady members don't seem to go in for this impromptu hollering. Certainly none of the voices in the background brouhaha is feminine.

Through all this, the Speaker remains remarkably calm. Once in a while he cries "Order! Order!" but nobody seems to pay much attention to him. Everyone's too busy thinking up insults.

As one who has had experience with unruly boys, I have some advice for the Speaker of the House. The next time things get out of hand, you might try one of the following:

You could serve notice that the parliamentary cafeteria will not serve desserts until the offending MPs say they are sorry and promise to be good.

You could send the noisy boys to their rooms.

You could try a sing song, or a game of Simon Says.

You could telephone their mothers and tell them to come and take their boys home. And don't let them back in without a note.

In the meantime, I can't help wondering if the Honourable Gentlemen behave at home the way they do in the House. Do they bang their fists on the table and holler rude things when other people are speaking? No wonder Margaret left.

Many people—mostly young people—rejoice at our release from slavery of the "work ethic," even though they don't really know what it means. To my generation it merely meant doing an honest day's work for a day's pay.

Today's generation ranks the work ethic with slavery, racism and having a bath Saturday night, whether you need it or not, all the trappings of a vicious, misguided past. So be it. It's their funeral, not mine. They are the ones who will be paying the horrendous taxes for welfare, medicare, unemployment insurance and indexed pensions for civil servants when I am sporting about in the Elysium fields with a couple or three nymphs.

What with the half-hour coffee break twice a day, the calling in sick when you have a hangover, the sneaking off at noon Friday for the weekend, and various other little games, which you know about as well as I, we are turning into a nation of layabouts. And we're already beginning to pay the price.

Add to this incipient separatism and the stranglehold of the mandarins on the wafflers at Peking-on-the-Rideau Canal, and you can see why I, and many other honest Canadian, look forward to another federal election with a certain lugubriousness. It seems to be a question of "turn the rascals out" or "turn the turkeys in."

Nuff said. Don't think me a gloom-pot. It's 2 a.m., and I've just put No. 2 grandson to bed. For the fourth time. He loves those late movies.

there comes a point where these good things no longer have the qualities to be enjoyed unconsciously. With the good things from the 1960's it seems that we have adopted a collective will to refuse to admit that they have outlived their goodness, and which conspires to inject them with qualities they no longer have.

In its own way, this tendency is frightening. Especially among young people who either were old enough to experience the 1960's, or who absorbed some of the ideals from the periphery, there is an almost senile desire to conduct their lives as if time had stopped ten years ago. The net effect of this is that the problems facing the 1970's, arguable more acute than those facing the sixties, are not dealt with.

And now Ali has been beaten. The boxer who embraced an ultra radical black power movement and who refused military service on moral grounds has been dethroned by a young man who was 11-years-old when first renounced his Christian name and refused to take the American oath of allegiance.

It is appropriate that Ali lost his title to a man of Spinks' age. Spinks is a 1970's boxer who showed, if anything, that aging institutions are vulnerable.

Let's hope that Ali accepts that fact and retires gracefully from the sport which has done him, and millions of followers so well. Let's hope that he doesn't follow the course of other 1960's institutions and fade away miserably.

He's too good for that.