



A picture from Penetanguishene's past

Here's a memory-maker that dates back to Nov. 1, 1950. It shows the troupe who took part in Marv's Pageant at St. Joseph's Public

(Annex) School in Penetanguishene. The school formerly known as Sainte Croix Public

School attracted a large crowd the day this pageant was put on. Have a photo flashback

you'd like us to publish? All pictures will be returned once they appear in this paper.

Living by the rule...at our home

Shirley Whittington

In our father's house are many sanctions. If it were not so, I would not have a column.

Last one in turns off the lights and no taking a bath after midnight, says the Squire.

Also, don't take his socks, and put his screwdrivers back where they belong on the basement workbench.

I too have rules. No open milk cartons on the dining room table. No booted feet on the chesterfield. No TV while we are eating.

There is also a host of delicately worded rules regarding in-house activities with members of the opposite sex, and the use of certain designated non-food substances on the premises.

If you have kids (or indeed, if you are a kid,) you know what I mean. There's hardly a

parent who hasn't at one time or another thundered, "This is my house and these are the rules and while you live under my roof you will obey those rules!"

The young people who live here cooperate for the most part. They would rather comply than trigger another fortissimo "This is my house..." etcetera.

But I know the kids are plotting, and nemesis awaits. Some day the Squire and I may be living - albeit temporarily - under roofs which belong to them. Will we totter in with our bird cage, and our rope-trussed suitcases to be greeted this way?

"Hi. Mum and Dad. Just park the car over there on the lawn, where we've sown the

grass seed.

Come on in and I'll put your coats up here, on the piano. Dinner will be a little late, but the pizza and fries should be ready in time for Fantasy Island."

And although the Squire and I will try to be agreeable guests, I know those kids will have to remind us constantly that we are guests in their home and that as long as we are staying under their roof we will be expected to obey their rules.

As: "Geez, Mum. How many times do I have to tell you? We don't wash the plates until we run out. And will you, for Pete's sake, stop rinsing them? How are they going to get all crusted up with dried food if you keep rinsing them?"

Or: "If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times. Put your feet on the coffee table."

Or: "Whadda ya mean - you made your bed? You can just march up there and tear it

apart, and while you're at it, mess up your room. And hang something weird out the window. The neighbours really like that."

We'll adjust. We'll learn to lie on the floor with our feet against the wallpaper, while we conduct 60 minute telephone conversations.

We'll try to remember when we borrow their car to cram twelve other oldsters into it before we park it in a restricted area and then leave it in the driveway with an empty gas tank

We'll try to remember to play the stereo after midnight, with the windows open.

But it will be hard and there will be days when we'll make mistakes. We'll take out the garbage. We'll clean the bathtub after we use it. We'll get in before midnight, and we'll lock the door and turn off the porch light.

Ah well - nobody's perfect. That's what the kids keep telling us anyway.

Let's be Soreheads together!

Bill Smiley

Hello, out dere! Are you as sick as I am of the whole foofawraw concerning our unpatriated constitution?

Are you fed up with the daily battle in Parliament: the finger-pointing, the jowls-shaking, the threats of coercion by the Liberals, the howls of defiance of the Tories, the velps of frustration of the NDP?

And all over a piece of paper that has been residing quietly in Westminster, London, England, for more years than most of us are old.

Are you becoming a mite nauseated by having your tax dollars used to bolster infirm corporations like Chrysler and Massey-Ferguson, that could not hack it in the market place?

Or the same tax dollars (yours), used to buy up oil companies, paying about 30 per cent more than the shares are worth on the stock exchange?

Are you tired to the teeth with the constant bickering among the provinces, and the constant squabbling between them and Ottawa?

Are you totally ticked off with the constant threats of separation from the Wealthy West, the Querulous Quebecois, and recently, of all things, the New-O'l Newfies?

Are you thoroughly disgusted with unions

who serve the public - postal, hospital, transit - thumbing their collective noses at the law?

There you are. A lot of rhetorical questions. It's exactly like the questions for alcoholics.

If you answer "no" to one of them, you are an alcoholic, trying to hide in the closet. If you answer yes to all of them, you are also an alcoholic.

If all my readers are as angry as I am, or even half as angry, with all this raucous shouting, all these cries of "Gimme," or "Me, too," there must be a long, slow burn, like a dynamite fuse, creeping across this country.

My kid brother, who spent 35 years in the uniform of his country, and not at any desk job, retired recently, with the Distinguished Flying Cross, among many other decorations.

He was a full colonel in our armed forces. He has a pretty good pension, and is young enough to undertake a second career.

One would think he'd settle down to write his memoirs, or perhaps run for parliament, or at least resign himself to writing caustic letters-to-the-editor, signed "Col., Ret'd.," from his comfortable home somewhere in Canada.

One would be wrong. He picked up stakes, turned his back on his own country, and retired to Florida. He had "had" Canada up to the ears. And I don't blame him.

Let's go back to the constitution. What a lot of poppycock! If the government had quietly asked the opposition parties to agree to requesting the British government to send the silly thing to Canada, there would have been no problem. The Brits are used to it. Nobody is against motherhood or a constitution coming home.

But now that we don't build statues of public figures, Pierre Trudeau wants one built of paper, that will find its place in the history books.

As a result, he and his centurions are bulldozing their way through Parliament, alienating the provinces, and radiating an arrogance that hasn't been seen since the days of C. D. Howe, and his demand for closure, because Parliament was getting in his way, back in the Fifties.

And the Tories, stung bitterly by being turfed out of office after only a few months wandering the corridors of power, are equally intransigent in their opposition.

They won't give an inch, even should the Liberals offer one.

On the sidelines, the NDP runs around in circles, trying to attract some attention. They supported the Liberals on the Constitution only because they hate them less than they do the Tories.

How about those tax dollars used, without so much as a by-your-leave, to prop up near-defunct manufacturers?

Sure, some would go bankrupt. Some jobs would be lost. But couldn't more jobs be

created by using those hundreds of millions positively, than by handing crutches to foreign-owned corporations?

What in the world was accomplished by using money out of our back pocket to buy Petro-Fina at a ridiculous price?

True, we have more Canadian-owned gas stations. But this company will not put one more litre of gas into our energy programme. And if the new acquisition is as well-run as the Post Office, Lord help us all.

And, as I have always said, if anybody wants to separate, let them go to it, I, for one, would not fight to hold Canada together, to force an erring son or daughter, to stay home against his/her will.

If Newfoundland wants to go, let her (it?) go.

With all that oil, and all that fish, along with some spuds from P.E.I., the natives could live like kings on fish 'n chips forever.

The country would be bigger than Iceland, and a lot better off financially.

But if she goes, let the government stop reaching into my wallet for welfare and baby bonuses and coast-guard protection, and new air-strips for Newfie.

I've run out of space, and haven't even begun. If you are as sore as I am about the way this country is falling apart, under an onslaught of sheer, unadulterated crap, sound off.

Let's hear you. Shout it from the housetops. If you are as sore as I am, welcome, Sorehead.

Let's be Soreheads together.