



A picture from Honey Harbour's past

Here's a photo flashback that dates back to the turn of the century. It shows a section of Honey Harbour with the Royal Hotel in the

left upper portion of this picture. A popular summer haven over the years, this photo should provide some real memories for our

older readers. Do you have a picture you'd like us to run in this section? We'd like to hear

from you. Please contact the editor at 526-2283

The old gray hair, it ain't what it used to be

Shirley Whittington

Gray, says the dictionary, is dark, gloomy, elderly or old.

Gray, says Nancy White is okay — as far as hair is concerned anyway.

White is an American gray activist. "People always say men look distinguished with gray hair, while women just look older," says White. "Now that women are being taken seriously maybe some of that distinction will rub off on us."

While I applaud Ms. White's pronouncement, I deplore her motivations. Many women I know are aggressively cheerful about their gray hair, but not because they hope someone might mistake them for a distinguished man.

They are content and confident and happily gray-headed.

They know that life without constant trips to the colourist is simpler and more fun.

Many women are tired of being

manipulated into believing that gray hair signals a gray life. One hair colouring manufacturer has made a fortune with advertising copy that reads: "My gray looked so awful, it made me look older than my husband...now all I do is wash away the gray and I look like me again."

Lordy. Since when did me-ness depend on the colour of one's hair? Is it so awful to be older than one's mate?

Other ads detail case histories of women who, tired of cleaning the oven all day, lose 10 pounds, colour their hair, and land jobs that are wildly fulfilling — or at least more exciting than washing all the little doodlies on the dining room chandelier.

One newspaper survey reports that 30 million women of all ages use hair colouring regularly. Now — if you translate that into dollars, you can see why Clairol is as good an

investment as Imperial Oil.

The campaign to lure men into eternal darkness as far as their hair is concerned has been less successful, I think.

In spite of TV ads that show ageing hockey players surreptitiously combing dye through their hair, a lot of men elect to remain silver sideburned. Certainly the most interesting men I know are confident enough to wear their laurels — their grey hairs — proudly.

In the old days, they were more honest about hair colouring. They called it dye. And what mixtures they used! Dr. Chase in 1862, told his readers to dress their graying locks with a mixture of silver nitrate, ammonia, gum arabic and soft water.

Another mixture popular at the time contained lead sulphate and pulverised copper — which suggests new dimensions for the word dye. One wonders how many glossy-haired beauties succumbed to lead poisoning.

What pushes women toward the bottle when the silver threads begin their subtle infiltration? One psychologist suggests that gray hairs signal an end to baby-making

capabilities, and therefore an end to useful life. Other experts remind us that some men prefer nymphets for public appearances, lest onlookers think they are dating their mothers. Another behaviour analyst postulates that gray hair represents mature momdom — a status that hasn't always enjoyed a reputation for flexibility spontaneity or creativity.

But gray is out of the closet now, and soon will be madly chic. Why?

As the baby bulge moves through life's passages it creates its own nadir of chic. In their teens, the baby boomers seduced us all into jeans and doing our own thing. When the boomers were 20, they despised anyone over 30. When they hit 30, they re-thought things and decided that was when life began. Now, as many of them approach 40, magazines bloom with articles on how wonderful life is after the big four-oh.

And when the whole bunch goes gray, gray will replace gay as far as high urban chic is concerned.

It's nice to be a pioneer.

Political meetings: my cup of tea?

Bill Smiley

Went to a political meeting recently, first in years.

It was a nomination meeting to select a Tory to run in the next election. And, despite my rather jaundiced view of politics and politicians, I was able to muster a little ripple of the old feeling that politics is exciting, and the democratic process is far from perfect, but better than most systems devised by civilized man.

As an old weekly editor, this was nothing new to me. I published a weekly paper in a rural riding, and had to go to the dang things.

Often had to drive fifty miles, sit through a smoke-filled nominating convention, drive home, arriving about 2 a.m., and have to write the story for next morning's paper. But I enjoyed every minute of it, even when my man lost, which he frequently did, because I lived on the water, and the farm vote would almost always lick us.

Farmers are thicker than thieves, when it comes to politics.

If it's a Liberal riding, they vote a solid Liberal. If it's Tory, they go Tory. If it's NDP, they're crazy and must live in the West, according to Liberals and Tories.

As a newspaper editor and quondam writer, I have been wooed by all parties. And, as a human being, I like to be wooed, whether it's by cats, grandchildren, beautiful women, or

politicians.

As a result of this personality weakness, I have worked, and written, politically, for all three major parties in Canada. I felt rather badly that the Social Credits did not woo me.

I have written speeches, radio scripts, advertisements, and many "news releases," a euphemism for political plugs the editors just might run for free, for all parties.

I never felt that I was prostituting myself, even though I didn't intend to vote for the guy I was simply using a skill for someone, usually a friend, who'd asked me, because he didn't have the talent or the time to do it himself.

There's another reason I didn't feel like a prostitute. My total reward for all this was one bottle of Crown Royal, and fifty dollars, deductible for the candidate.

And in every case, I voted against the guy I was promoting, which made me feel sort of virginal.

Well, you don't want to read about my devious path as a political fink. Let's get back to that convention I went to the other night.

It was a typical Canadian nomination convention, I figured, as I wandered off into the winter night with some young neophytes who had never been to one.

Cigar smoke, a lot of red-nosed guys

whispering to another lot of guys with whiskey on their breath. A series of boring speeches, in which every candidate pledged virtually the same thing, and invoked that big name in the sky, the provincial leader. And assurance that we must all pull together for the party, no matter who won.

But what's this, when I walk in? A rock group whacking out some deafening stuff. Banners, signs on sticks, silk scarves denoting your voting preference. A kilted band warming up in the wings.

Holy Old Nelly, I thought, what is the sober Canadian voter coming to?

And when I took a look at the size of the crowd, I was shaken. I was used to two or three hundred of the old party flacks, the people who handed out jobs in the liquor store, gave the nod to the contractors of the right persuasion for construction work — a post office here, a new dock there.

But I needn't have worried too much. Despite the effect of American political conventions on TV, we Canadians behaved with decent decorum.

There were no demonstrations. No fights, no marching around the hall, fiercely cheering their candidate, except for a few teenagers who embarrassed everybody.

Those honest Canadians wiggled their banners a bit, even held them up. A few uninhibited souls, with no sense of decency or decorum, actually shouted aloud the name of the man they were going to vote for, but were careful to shout it only when others were doing the same, so that they wouldn't be

singled out or humiliated by sounding emotional.

There were no women candidates, naturally. A women's place is in the home, or out rounding up candidates (male), or providing the lunch.

There were seven candidates, only two of them with a hope of winning. Some of them might have seen themselves as Joe Clarkes, winning on the fifth ballot, after the big shots have knocked each other out.

This doesn't happen on a riding level. There is no cornering of delegates, last-minute deals and promises. The candidates all stand up near the front, smiling desperately.

The wives of the turkeys who ran without a hope are whispering harshly in their husbands' ears about all the money down the drain. But their husbands are euphoric in the knowledge that they can some day say they ran, and were narrowly defeated, for parliament.

The candidates all said the same thing, in different words. My man made the best speech, came second on the first ballot and staved second until the last ballot, when he soared to second. It was all over.

We elected a possible back-bencher instead of a potential cabinet minister.

But it was democracy at work. You can't beat them there farmers, when they get together.

Why don't they do it more often? Because they are stubborn individualists, that's why. And good for them.