



## McGibbon Park is the official name

At its last meeting Penetanguishene council approved a bylaw that gives the parks in the town official names. McGibbon Park, between Water Street and the bay, is named for

Charles McGibbon, the owner of the lumber company that at one time used that area. The land has often been referred to locally as

McGibbon Point. History is on the side of McGibbon Park, but Fisherman's Park would be in keeping with the almost constant use of

the point from dawn to dusk by fishermen. The above photograph was taken shortly before 7 a.m. on May 23.

# The return of the British army

## Shirley Whittington

Another of our children is preparing to leave home and ancient rituals are being observed.

She's casting speculative eyes over our chairs and tables and the old sewing machine.

We are thinking up ways of using her empty bedroom after she's gone and we're dreaming of a diminished energy bill next winter.

She has haunted sales and good-natured grandmas and has amassed an impressive hoard of pots and pans and towels.

We are organizing the logistics of a truck rental which will cover two loot-gathering trips to grandmothers 100 miles apart, and the final big haul to the new apartment.

Part of the leaving-home ritual is cleaning out glory holes.

Every bedroom has at least one in the back of a closet or a bottom drawer somewhere. In Jane's case, it's the wooden box beside the window where she keeps her plant family.

We'd all forgotten who lived in the box, under the ivy and philodendron. Superman

and Spiderman were down there, and a soldier of the British Colonial period and bevy of dancing ladies.

The old wooden box used to be the dress-up box. When the kids put away childish things they stored the swirl of crinolines, the tatty fur collar with the matching muff, the bits of sparkly jewellery and all the funny straw hats.

Everything went into the big wooden box in Jane's room. The lid went down, and the plants moved in.

You can imagine what a fine nostalgic time we had as we pawed through the contents of the old dress-up box.

The stuff had lain there, for a decade, as undisturbed as Tut's tomb. It was a voyage into childhood.

We consider that box one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on the Whittington family.

The contents came originally from a friend who was not only a super-imaginative mum, but also an excellent seamstress. Her four

kids were neighbourhood standouts every Hallowe'en. She used to make splendid costumes for them, with linings and shiny buttons and zippers and gold braid.

And because she was a mother she also reinforced the seams and made sure everything was washable.

Her masterpiece was the British soldier costume. White pants, black boots, red jacket with gold braid...it was a work of art.

I still remember the turn it gave us when we opened the door to be confronted by a small, musket bearing soldier who piped gently, "Shell out? Please?"

Those children grew up and the creative mother gave the glorious dress-up things to us. For a number of years our kids were the best dressed every Hallowe'en.

Those costumes, with our kids inside them, marched in several fall fair parades. One kid one year won two dollars for best costume--a staggering sum for an eight-year-old.

For a time, I think the children found more fun in the dress-up box than they did in the idiot box.

With their friends, they'd spend a day devising a grand entertainment -- a play or a stage show. Then, hatted and spangled and painted, they'd perform for parents and pals.

Many a Saturday afternoon was brightened by that box of goodies. Before we partitioned our attic, it served as a studio for the Sixth Street mini-ballerinas.

Crinolined, they twirled and leapt in the dusty light. If our house is to be haunted, I hope it's by the ghosts of those long-ago little gigglers.

We've cleaned the whole box out. Some things were literally played out, and had to be discarded.

We added a few goodies like a genuine phony glass diamond ring as big as an alley and a cape that streams out from your shoulders when you run really fast.

Tonight we're taking the stuff over to the two little girls who live across the road.

They're pretty busy with their bikes and swings and doll squadrons, but one day there may be a rainy Saturday and the dress-up box will brighten it.

I'm sure the kids will have a ball with the petticoats and funny hats and the clown suit with the floppy legs. I won't be surprised, however, if Mom looks a little dismayed when we present her with a bag of full of junk.

She just had a garage sale last weekend.

# Changing time to double daylight time

## Bill Smiley

LIFE IS often confusing, occasionally amusing.

If you can't cope with the confusion and enjoy the amusement, you're in bad shape.

A couple of weeks ago, when we had to change the clocks, I managed to confuse and amuse myself at the same time.

On the Sunday night, I dutifully moved the clocks ahead an hour, following that old aphorism about changing from Daylight to Standard and vice versa.

I'll give it to my faithful readers, especially those who turn the hands in the wrong direction and arrive at church an hour early or at work an hour late.

It is: "Spring forward; fall back." And that has saved me many a muddle since the days when I used to do what I've described above.

Well, that's what I did. At least I thought I did.

On the Sunday night, I set my alarm clock an hour ahead, and was on time for work, with my usual four seconds to spare.

But the next night, Monday, got confusing. I fell asleep after dinner, as us seniles so often do. I woke up. My wife had gone to bed, probably in disgust.

I checked the clocks in the house.

First call was my alarm clock. It had stopped at twelve noon, and it was pitch dark outside, so I knew that was wrong. I don't have a watch, so I couldn't check that.

Then I checked the two electric clocks, one up, one downstairs. They were the same.

A horrible suspicion lurked in my mind. Had I really moved those two ahead on Sunday night? Had my wife expected me to do it, and not done it herself, which she should have done?

I could have wakened her and asked her. She also has a watch. Does one waken a sleeping crocodile, even if it has a watch, to ask the true time and have it say, "Hold out your wrist!"

I decided to use that great gift of mankind--reason. I switched on the TV set, and there was Knowlton Nash blatting away about something or other. Mr. Nash, as you may remember, delivers the CBC News every night at eleven. Except in Newfoundland.

Bang on. Reason had, once more prevailed over panic. I knew it was between 11 p.m. and 11:20, when they seem to run out of news.

Easy in my mind, rather proud of my logic, I set all the clocks for 11:15 p.m., which

seemed safe, and went to bed.

When my alarm went off, it seemed rather dark out. "Oh, well, one of those gloomy days," I reckoned.

Had my breakfast; read the paper. But something seemed strange and out of kilter. Checked my neighbours. No lights showing, and they're early risers. Checked the street outside. No cars streaming by, no reluctant students plodding off to school.

Began to have a horrible inkling, whatever an inkling is. A few cars began to appear.

Finally a school bus, either very early or very late. Still no students stolidly marching up that hill to the Big School at the Top.

When it was 8:30 by my clocks, I decided to make a move. Put out the garbage. Not another garbage-putter-out in sight. Got out the car and drove to work. Nobody in sight. Either I was an hour late for work, or an hour early.

I'm just terrified of losing my job, as you can imagine, so finally I arrived at the school. Three cars there, instead of 300. The night watchman let me in. It was five minutes to eight in the a.m.

It was only then that I realized my inkling had been bang on. I had put myself on double-Daylight time. All the clocks were two hours ahead of what they'd been last Sunday.

It wasn't so bad. Now I know what freaks those people are who get up early and get to work half an hour ahead of time.

My assistant department head walked in at 8:30 and fainted dead away when she saw me sitting there, perfectly groomed, chafing to get started, indeed, already gawning a bit.

By 4 p.m. the seat of my pants was dragging on the ground, I could have used a cane, there was a special meeting I couldn't avoid, and they carried me out to an ambulance at 5:30.

By the time I got home, my chest was heaving rhythmically, my eyes were tightly shut and I was sucking my thumb and searching around with the other hand for my security blanket.

My wife was all out of kilter, because she, too, had been on super-Daylight Saving Time. She'd had lunch at 11 a.m., dinner at 5 p.m., wondering where I'd got to, and was ready for evening snack at 7 p.m.

The only thing that really disturbed me was that some, in the general confusion, realized it was Column Day.

They had to give me amphetamines to wake me up, hoist me into a chair with a block and tackle to write this, prop my eyelids open with broken toothpicks, and then give me the Great News.

"Tonight is the night we do the income tax, dear, because tomorrow is one day too late."

I think I'll move the clocks one more hour ahead and do the income tax return tomorrow, commencing at 5 a.m.

And I'm going to strangle Knowlton Nash for appearing on a 10 p.m. show.