

## Shirley Whittington



"You are a god...you are a god."

According to the courtroom testimony of a disgruntled psychic, western scion Peter Pocklington was in the habit of uttering those words to his mirrored reflection daily. Whether or not Mr. P. ever actually commended thus with his bathroom mirror, the concept makes good sense.

In fact, if I had to choose an incantation I would pick "You are a god" over "Have a nice day," every time.

Who among us at 7 a.m. B.C. (Before Coffee) looks in the bathroom mirror and says, "You are a god?" Honestly now; do you? Of course not. You say "Good morning, Ugly," or "Argh-h-h!"

I long for the self-confidence that would allow me to look myself squarely in the bleary eye, and say "You are a god." The method certainly worked for Polkington. Aside from the occasion contretemps like the present medium rare court case, he's done well for one so young. How many 45 year-olds do you know who own a whole hockey team?

Saying "You are a god" to your mirror shows your bathroom mirror who is boss. Most of us are afraid of mirrors. Remember Snow White's father's second wife? She was

so insecure she got a talking mirror that always gave the right answer to her nervous "Who is the fairest of them all?"

It is a little known fact that mirrors in department stores are specially treated to make anyone who glances into them—even in a sidelong way—look awful. I have actually strolled through the Eaton centre and wondered who the grubby eccentric wearing a raincoat like mine was, and then discovered it was me.

You want exquisite torture? Go into one of those Barbie Doll sized cubicles laughingly called fitting rooms, and take a look in the mirror. It is also treated to make you look like what they found on the floor after the Goodwill clearance sale. These mirrors are illumined with bulbs normally used for CIA interrogations. They are merciless. Every bump, dewlap, wrinkle and coarse hair is stunningly evident.

It is no fun at all being trapped in one of these vertical coffins with a stranger who looks like you and is wearing your tattered underwear. There is nothing to do but to take everything off, order the salesgirl to burn the lot, and then refit yourself completely.

## Here's looking at you

tell you anything you want to hear:

You are a god.  
You are Ronald MacDonald.  
You are Groucho Marx.  
You are still asleep.  
Anything.

My invention will be softly lit, and the mirror's surface will be gently frosted. That soft-focus reflection will make you feel good about yourself. Then, after coffee and flossing, you can turn the dial up to Sear-chlight, apply your blusher and face the world.

This whole proposition is based on the assumption that the divine Mr. P. did indeed address his mirror in theistic terms. But nagging doubts linger. Perhaps the miffed mystic made the whole thing up. Perhaps the press got it wrong.

Maybe Peter Picklington didn't look in the mirror and say "You are a god."

Maybe he lurched into the bathroom, gripped the sink with both hands, squinted unbelievably into the mirror and said, in a broken voice, "Oh...my...God."

Maybe he is mortal, just like the rest of us.

## Bill Smiley



T.S. Eliot said, in one of his poems that, "April is the cruellest month." I won't go into the symbolism of the whole thing, but I can imagine the fastidious, old-maidenly banker, sitting by a blazing fire in his London lodgings, looking out at the rain, and writing lines like that, full of hidden allusions that drive teachers and students crazy.

It's certainly true of Canada, where he never lived, the old hypocrite. April in this country can be the cruellest month of the year, when you get a snowstorm just after planting your begonias, or whatever you plant.

But for Canadians, I would like to paraphrase the quotation, and suggest that October "is the coolest month." And I don't mean in the sense of temperature. I mean, like, you know, dig, in the language of the Sixties, October is like, well, you know, I mean, real cool.

If it behaves itself. If it does, it can be a golden benison on the fruits of our labors, the yellow sun slanting through the foliage of an artist gone mad, the hackneyed nip in the air that makes you hustle through washing under your arms.

If it doesn't behave itself, it can be a dreary, sodden introduction to November, which should be dropped from the calendar, as far as I'm concerned, except for Remembrance

Day. It's a holiday.

I'm writing this in the hope that springs eternal that this October will be one of the golden ones.

Days of sun and blue sky. Nights drawing in to give a feeling of snug comfort without a blizzard howling around the eaves.

It's a month that, I think, accords more closely with the Canadian psyche than any other. A strange time of rest after labor and girding of the loins for what's to come.

In the Annapolis Valley in N.S., in the orchards of Ontario, in the prime land of B.C., the apples are either gathered or being eaten, the rich spurt of juice flying over one's shoulder at the first crisp bite.

In the prairies, there's a great sigh of relief or groan of despair, as harvesting ends and the farmer tots up the endless hours of labor, and makes the decision whether to go south for the winter, or go bankrupt.

It's a time for that final attempt to break eighty on the golf course, to shoot a duck (just one this year, please, Lord), or to catch a rainbow trout (same refrain).

For old people, it's a time of mists and mellow fruitfulness, of a little walk in the last of the lingering sun, combined with a tinge of fear for the coming ordeal.

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For adolescents, it's a romantic interlude between the madness of summer, and the madness of winter. It's a time for falling in love, last year's infatuation obliterated by this year's anticipation. A time of holding hands, and bunting, like calves, on the street-corner before the girl heads for home and dreary parents and dreadful siblings.

For little kids, it's a great month. School hasn't yet become boring, there's still some light to play in the leaves after supper, and winter, though farthest from their thoughts, is no grim enemy.

What about the rest of us? Well, there are such diverse joys as fall fairs, auction sales, putting on the storm windows, starting again the silly social life that picks up in the fall, raking the blasted leaves, wondering if the old furnace will hold out for another year, and viewing all the horrible new "premeers" of TV shows, while we deplore the cancelling of our old favorites.

It's certainly no time for falling in love. Many marriages almost founder in October, as the wife worries and nags and the husband keeps sneaking off to fish or hunt or golf and neglecting the caulking, the wood to be split for the fireplace, the leaves to be raked, the bills to be paid.

But a pretty good month, as a rule. I wonder

what it will be like this October, in Canada. Not so good, I would think, for a great many people.

We're into a depression, and call it what you like, it's a fact. A hell of a lot of men and women are out of jobs, and facing a bleak winter. And more will be. You can count on that. The shrivelling and the panic of the moneymen are just like that of the Great Depression of the Thirties. They're tucking up their skirts and running scared.

The great difference between this depression and the Great is that inflation has not only not been wrestled to the ground, it is bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, eager for another round.

Another big difference this time is that taxes and interest and mortgage rates are cruelly punitive, so that those who lose their jobs are caught between a stone and a hard place.

Despite the Liberals desperate measure of the six-and-five, in order to remain in power, there are tough times ahead.

But don't let it get you down. All the ineffectiveness of the politicians, the growing impersonality of society, where the computer is king, can't lick that odd indescribable—the human spirit. We shall not only endure, we shall prevail. And we may even have some fun, however grim, in doing so. Happy October, all.

## Travel news, views



BY CAROL MERKLEY

Sun, Sand and something cold and rum-based to sip. You could be anywhere in the Caribbean depending on your budget, tastes, priorities and your tour operator.

In terms of accessibility (and therefore price) the area falls into two categories: islands with direct air service from Canada and those which require connections in New York, Miami or within the Caribbean. Montserrat, the British Virgins, St. Maarten, Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Kitts, Nevis and Bonaire are in the second category, and though they may be more difficult to reach such isolation has its advantages—the islands tend to be less spoiled and more exclusive.

This is not to suggest that the more popular destinations are without charm and there is much to be said for ease of access, modern facilities and more developed tourism on a short vacation. This winter's offerings largely feature the tried and true.

### FEATURED DESTINATIONS

Barbados is expected to make a comeback this season after a few years of diminishing visits by Canadians—it was simply too expensive and losing customers to other destinations, especially Jamaica and Mexico. This year, however, it's featured along with neighbor St. Lucia in many tour operators' brochures, with improved prices and some innovative ventures, such as club concept

resorts and meal plans.

Cuba and Jamaica are available in a variety of prices, according to the hotel. Cuba's beaches and excellent value make up for its less-than-luxury accommodation. Jamaica has several exclusive resorts by Caribbean standards. Also popular is Couples, which only accept twosomes. Cost for a couple in high season is \$3,000 a week but this buys all meals, liquor, cigarettes, tennis, riding and other facilities, including air fare.

A second Couples opened last year in St. Lucia while Club Med, Couples' mentor, has three resorts on the French territories of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Aruba, in the Dutch Antilles, is popular for its seven-mile beach, casinos and duty-free shopping, while

Antigua relies heavily on its high-priced and top quality hotels. Trinidad and Tobago attract a segment of the Canadian market, with Tobago's quieter, old-world charm scooping the lion's share. Excellent diving is also available.

The island in the sun receiving increased attention is the Dominican Republic, which hopes to welcome 20,000-25,000 Canadians this year, vs. only 7,000 in 1982. The island has a resort to suit every taste. Those seeking seclusion can find it at Samana, which has its own private island. Pick up some brochures from the Caribbean.

I'm sure you will find a holiday suitable for your budget.

## Island hopping in the sun

# Church in Coldwater to mark key occasion

by Lorne Letherby  
Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Coldwater, celebrates its 85th anniversary, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 11 a.m.

## 85th anniversary

The guest minister will be Rev. Ivan Dambrowitz, B.A., M. Div., of London, Ont. He was born at Matheson, Ont., and grew up there. Mr. Dambrowitz qualified as a teacher

and librarian.

He answered the call to the ministry and was appointed student minister for Hillsdale and Craighurst in September 1977.

In 1980 he graduated

from Knox College, Toronto, and was appointed ordained missionary to Hillsdale-Craighurst. Mr. Dambrowitz was called to serve as Minister of Chalmers Presbyterian Church, London, Ont., in May, 1982.

The choir of St. Andrew's Church will provide music for the Oct. 16th service. The present minister

of St. Andrew's, Rev. Charles H. Carter, B.A., B.D., has served the village church since 1951.

St. Andrew's Ladies' Aid members are also observing their 85th anniversary. They have arranged for a lunch to be served during a Fellowship period after the service and Lloyd Dunlop of Moonstone will show slides.

Although St. Andrew's marks 85 years, Presbyterianism began in the district 50 years or more earlier. For some years before the church was built,

Coldwater Presbyterians used the facilities of both the Methodist and Anglican churches.

In June, 1898, it was decided to erect a church building at the

corner of Gray and John streets in Coldwater. The new church was opened on Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899, with Rev. George Arnold as minister.

"Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine."

"Eighty is wonderful...especially if you are ninety."

"By the time a man gets to greener pastures he can hardly climb the fence."

## Thinking Out Loud