

# Snow upon the roof and envy in the bleachers

The young, exasperated by adults who wear leather, drive bikes, like Duran Duran, smoke dope, play space games and try to sneak into The Rocky Horror Picture Show disguised as drag queens have finally taken decisive action.

They have invented something which adults are incapable of imitating, unless they are double-jointed and married to chiropractors. It is called break-dancing.

The only grown up people who can do anything remotely like break-dancing are Russian Cossack dancers who squat down wearing fur hats, fold their arms and fling their legs out in front of them at an alarming rate of speed.

Break-dancing used to happen at evangelical revival meetings, only then it was called holy rolling. Folks would get all fired up with the holy spirit, twitch and jerk around a bit, then fling themselves to the turf where they'd writhe in religious ecstasy. Today if you do that on a street corner, people throw money at you.

The K-Tel people have launched a do-it-yourself break-dance record, with instructions on how to spin on your head, or your shoulder or whatever, and that distant thumping you hear at this moment may well be your twelve year-old secretly practising in

## Shirley Whittington



her bedroom. It is only a matter of time before the whole population of Canada - under thirty anyway - will be break-dancing with a sweet vengeance born of the knowledge that no matter how hard Mum and Dad try, they will never be able to master the latest fad.

Well, so what? Those of us over thirty - and beyond - are currently attracted by a different vogue. A silver light is shining on the horizon for those of mature years. It is John Turner's hair.

Many Canadian Prime Ministers have left a mark if not on government, at least on fashion. Mr. St. Laurent's double-breasted pin-striped suit became a uniform for those respectable and wise. Mr. Pearson's polka-dot bow tie bespoke a jauntiness Canadians haven't really felt since. The debonaire Pierre unconsciously endorsed sandals, leather coats and roses in the lapel.

The tenor of John Turner's tenure may well be silver-haired dignity. Don't buy any shares in Lady Clairrol, unless it's for that Silk 'n' Silver stuff.

Nobody knows why John Turner's hair is white. It may be that the silver spoon in his mouth just kind of worked its way up through his scalp. Or perhaps the day Mr. Trudeau's Turnerless government decreed wage and price controls, the present PM's hair went allwhite at once, just like in a fairy tale.

It doesn't matter. That silver that sets him apart and I think you'll soon be able to buy John Turner wigs at Creed's and other novelty shops.

Let Mr. Reagan dope his pompadour up with lampblack. Our new PM is as elegant as a silver-headed walking stick and I can't wait

to see Nancy Reagan's reaction when she comes under the spell of Mr. T's baby blues and pearly locks.

Mr. Turner isn't the only trend setter. Iona Campagnolo, the willowy knockout who leads the national Liberals, has a stylishly cul head of pewter hair that will in the fullness of time attain the patina of a 1935 silver dollar. We have already heaped praises upon the lovely silver head of our new Governor General.

If you saw the Liberal leadership convention on TV you must have seen the enigmatic shots of Mr. Trudeau looking lonely and wistful at odd moments throughout the proceedings. We all know what he was thinking. He was thinking the thoughts of a balding has-been watching the coronation of his hirsute successor.

John Turner, the Glad Garbageman of Liberalism has brought dead hair pigmentation mechanisms into high fashion. See how that polished casque of silver catches the television lights? That head will never be mistaken for one belonging to John Roberts, Don Johnston or John Munro. Turner is one with Lochinvar, Galahad, and Merv Griffin.

And Eugene Whalen continues to wear a cowboy hat, indoors and out. Is there, under that green Stetson, a silver lining?

# Let's stop grumbling, and get back to a spartan life.

IS your life a cultural wasteland? Do you do the same old things, talk to the same old people on the same old subjects all the time? Are you scared to take a risk, smile at someone you've never seen before, do something the neighbours will mutter about? Do you want a decent tombstone, not flashy, but dignified?

Of course you do. You're a good Canadian. You believe in personal decorum, censorship, the family as a unit, and capital punishment.

On the other hand. Do you go for a swim at midnight, sing a song at dawn, smoke marijuana, drink fairly heavily, march in protest parades, live in sin, abhor censorship and capital punishment, and contrive to do something that will offend friends and neighbours?

Of course you do. You're a good Canadian. You believe in individual liberty, acid rain, dirty movies and sexual irresponsibility.

It doesn't matter which group you belong to, or whether you're somewhere in between, you all have much in common.

You despise the government, but won't elect an alternative, since you despise it even more. You are caught by inflation and high interest rates, whether you are a 60-year-old farmer trying to keep the place going, or a 20-year-old punk trying to maintain his habit.

You are basically anti-American, though if you were asked why, you couldn't give an answer that was articulate.

You feel frustrated, in this land of weed and water, not to mention nuclear power, because, if you are getting on in years, you see everything eroding around you, and if you

## Bill Smiley



are short in years, you see nothing but a stone wall between you and your aspirations.

You wonder vaguely, if you're old enough, what became of the Canadian dream: "The twentieth century belongs to Canada." And if you read the papers and analyze the news, you realize that, while Canada still has a high standard of living, we are very low on the totem pole when it comes to production, strikes, economic stability, peace, happiness and goodwill toward men.

If you're very young, you don't give a diddle. There's lots to eat, warm clothes, and the old man will kick in a decent allowance so you can feed the video machines with their war games.

But if you're a young adult, just about ready to launch into "real" life, you're so bewildered about unemployment, and escalating university fees, and the increasing shadow of the computer, and the wealth of choices of a future (all lacking in security) that you can become so depressed you drop out, or dive into a stream, and fight against the current.

This isn't a doom and gloom column. It's merely a look at our nation today. It is so rife

with suspicion, fear of nothing much, anger over nothing much, that we are becoming paranoid.

From the Prime Minister, through the head of the Bank of Canada, right down to your local alderman, you have lost trust, and feel that the ship is heading for the reef with nobody at the helm.

This is nonsense, of course. Canada has been going through this miasma ever since 1867, and before. Maybe the guy at the helm is blindfolded, and maybe we have scraped a few rocks, but the ship's bottom is still sound, and we haven't hit the big reef yet. If we do, we can always scramble into the boats, and become the new Boat People of North America.

We've had the French-Canadian separatism thing with us for generations, John A. MacDonald almost put the country on the rocks, financially and politically, but he dared to take a chance, and had vision. We survived a terrible depression, and came out smelling of roses (and the stench of our dead young men), in two world wars.

Cheer up, you dour, gloomy Canucks. When you have to settle for one meal of ground

wheat a day, and have to huddle around a charcoal brazier to keep warm, then you can whine, though few will listen, just as few of us listen to the people of the world who are doing just that, right now.

Forget about the Yanks. If you don't like their culture invading us, turn off your TV set and get out your Eskimo carvings. The Yanks won't invade us physically. Unless they have to, and there's not much we could do about that.

If you can't afford your mortgage increase, you were probably over-extended in the first place. Get rid of that monster, with its swimming pool and rec' room and pitch a tent. Preferably in the local cemetery, to suit your mood.

Pull in your belts. Dump that extra car, the boat and the cottage. If you look at it objectively, they're just a big pain in the arm anyway.

Walk to work. Take a bus to the city instead of your gas-gobler plus parking fees. Learn to do your own elementary plumbing and electric work at night school.

Ladies. Get the knitting needles out and make lots of shawls, sweaters, scarves and wool socks. You did it for the troops overseas. And god-awful itchy and ill-fitting some of them were, but they kept us warm.

Stop spoiling your children with allowances. Let them earn their own money through odd jobs, or do without.

Let's stop grumbling, and get back to a spartan, rewarding life, where ideas are more important than physical comfort. After you, he said.

## Letters

### 'You will not make many friends'

Dear Editor:

I had the "pleasure" to read your "Fuddle Duddle".

It is tasteless!!!

I am afraid, that you will not make many friends with such writing about an international well known genius and Statesman.

Yours  
- A.H. Kloosterman  
463 King Str Apt. 202  
Midland Canada  
Ontario L4R 3N4

### Let's not lose our Sundays

Dear Editor:

It has been brought to our attention that there is going to be a bylaw proposed in the Town of Midland to allow for a Sunday opening the day after Pope John-Paul's visit in September.

On behalf of The Salvation Army I am writing in opposition to this legislation.

We feel that it is very ironical that this kind of a proposal would be brought forth to take place immediately following the visit of one of the world's Christian leaders.

Sunday is the Lord's Day, it is an unique day, it is a day for Worship, it is a day for families. It is not a day for shopping at the five and dime store!

I would encourage the other leaders in the Christian community to express their concerns. I

would encourage all the employees who would be affected by this to express their concerns.

I would encourage the members of the Midland Town Council to reject this proposed legislature swiftly and forthrightly.

My dear friends, allowing this for one "special day" would be the beginning of a landslide and the tip of the iceberg.

Passing it once would make it easier to pass it again. This could and probably would, eventually lead to a seven day shopping week in our Town.

I would encourage everyone who is concerned to write, phone and talk to your councillors.

Let us have some definite action on this matter. Let us do it quickly. The law could be passed before we know it. "WHO CARES ABOUT SUNDAY? WE DO" Sunday? Let's not lose it!

Sincerely yours,  
- Raymond Braddock

### MSS invitation

Dear Editor:

On Saturday, June 23, fellow teachers and members of the Midland Community are holding a reception for two retiring teachers, Mr. Perrie Rintoul and Mr. Bill Smiley (columnist) who have made great contributions to their profession and their community.

Friends, associates, previous students are welcome. The reception will be held at Midland Secondary School, 865 Hugel Avenue, Midland from 2 p.m. until 4 p.m. Saturday, June 23.

Yours sincerely,  
- Dave Chambers  
Principal

### Waub. praised

Dear Editor:

Envoy Jean Brown would like to thank the people of Waubashene District for their splendid support of the Red Shield Appeal.

The amount raised was one thousand sixty seven dollars and sixty seven cents.

Special thanks to team captain Ivy Amor and her very active workers for their wonderful support.

It makes us all feel good, when we do it, as unto the Lord. Did he not say, rescue the perishing, care for the dying, lift up the fallen, weep o're the erring one, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, for as much as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me.

- Envoy Jean Brown of  
Salvation Army  
Waubashene, Ont.

### Ont. championships

Dear Editor:

The Mistral Class Organization is proud to announce the Ontario Championship will be held at the Muskoka Sands Inn in Gravenhurst on July 7 & 8.

This is the inaugural year for the Mistral Class Organization activities in Canada. Air Canada is the official sponsor for all five Provincial Championships as well as the Canadian Championships to be held in Picton, Ontario September 14-16. The expected attendance should be approximately 50 racers.

There will be two separate events held including the traditional Olympic course racing and the more contemporary and exciting funboard course racing.

The funboard event will create tremendous spectator enthusiasm.

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John Furber

### New baby

The Elliot family on Concession six, Elmvale has a new visitor. When Gary Elliot was out in his field, he came across a baby fawn left for safe keeping in a pile of hay. Elliot moved the fawn so he could go about his business and ended with a permanent member of the family.

Since the baby was touched by human hands, its mother deserted it.

### Two-car collision

Elmvale OPP is continuing its investigation into a two-car crash Saturday on Queen Street, Elmvale.

Vehicles driven by Alfred Houghton of Orillia and Deborah Lalonde of Hillsdale were involved in the mishap.

No injuries occurred. There was \$600 total damage.