

When the boss is away, do the underlings play?

For those who make a living through the rental of red carpets, portable toilets, glossy limousines and large tents, 1984 has been a bonanza year. Between his Holiness and her Highness, they must be making a tidy little sum.

Canada is on the must-see list for international figures this year and I hear journalism schools in this country now give mandatory courses on, on how to sleep on a bus.

As a nation, we appear to dote upon celebrities and official visits. Will we ever tire of the spectacle of the huge lowering plane? The windy welcome speeches on the bleak tarmac? The breathless moment when the star VIP emerges in the open maw of the plane, then begins the descent to the mortals waiting below? The motorcades bordered with cheering faces and waving hands? The flashing batteries of photographers? The grave and courteous handshakes of civic officials? The plainsong of television commentators as they fill dead air with reminiscences, suppositions and projections? The rapidly seconded experts with lapel mikes who interpret events for dozing viewers at home? The TV specials, the souvenirs, the flood of commemorative supplements and books? The weekly newspapers with their local angles? "SPARK PLUGS ON POPEMOBILE PRODUCED IN LOCAL FACTORY".

I think not.
Here in the true north strong and in-

Shirley Whittington



creasingly expensive, we dote upon celebrity and all its trappings. As the world shrinks, more of us see public figures up close, and private observations of the famous become the stuff of coffee break conversations. Queen Elizabeth, we hear, looks tinier and more tired than we imagined. The Pope, says the girl in the front office, is much shorter than she thought he would be. A neighbour has seen Pierre Elliott Trudeau and confides that he is really quite slight. Joseph Clark on the other hand is rather tall. Lady Diana is even more radiant than her photographs; her husband does indeed have enormous ears. Why didn't the Queen get them fixed? Too tired, perhaps.

One area that remains private is what goes on at home when the VIPs are travelling. Do the aides and underlings play while the boss is away?

Imagine this scene at an airport in - say - Rome. A leading religious figure is due to return after a grueling 12-day trip to an increasingly emerging nation. Two aides stand in the VIP Arrivals Lounge:

Aide One: Here comes the plane. Right on time too. You got supper ready?

Aide Two: No way, Brother. I've learned my lesson. Every time I do a pot roast, it dries out in the oven while he kisses an extra baby. No--this time I'll wait till he touches down. Then I'll send out.

Aide One: He's been away almost two weeks. Did you miss him?

Aide Two: Well you know how it is. You get to sleep in an extra hour. There's one less to cook for. But sure, I missed him. You wouldn't believe how the mail and the phone messages pile up.

Aide One (with a wink): And I hear you had a little get-together with the cardinals last week. You get everything cleaned up okay?

Aide Two: Listen. You keep mum about that and I won't say a word about certain people joyriding in the Popemobile. Okay?

Aide One: Agreed. One thing about when he's away is it gives us a chance to get some work done in the Papal apartments. Air the

drapes; touch up the woodwork; turn the mattress. Hey - the plane's touched down.

Aide Two: Thank God for his safe return. But Mama mia! Look at that pile of luggage!

Aide One: It's mostly dirty laundry. Again and again I suggest that a long white coat is just not practical for overseas business trips. But what can you do? The people expect it. Also the long coat is warm. Those Canadians were running a contest to see who could build the highest, windiest altar. Anyway, cleanliness is next to...

Aide Two: I know, I know. But you'll be lucky if you get everything back from the dry cleaners before he takes off again. I wonder if he brought us anything?

Aide One: I wonder. Don't you love it when he unpacks and we get to see all the official gifts?

Aide Two: It's okay. I can't help wishing some of the stuff was more personal. Like those plastic things you shake and it snows and inside there's a moutie on a horse.

Aide One: Those little flag pins with the maple leaf in the middle are sort of cute. Well, there he is. All night on a plane and fresh as a daisy. I don't know how he does it.

Aide Two: I guess it's the stimulation of travel. Here's some lira. Go phone the pizzeria and order three family size with pineapple and green pepper.

Aide One: And a side order of cabbage rolls. We want him to know we're really glad he's home.

Good luck Mila, we'll be watching you from sidelines

Thank heaven the election's over and we can get down to serious things.

As predicted by all the pundits, we have a new Prime Minister, not that we haven't had a new one lately. Alias John Turner.

But, shades of Dief the Chief, Billie King, and other assorted ghosts, we now have, with the greatest number of seats ever--Ta Da--Prime Minister Mila Mulrooney.

What's that you say? It's Brian Mulrooney? Nonsense. Oh, I know. He gets the title. She lets him read the speeches, which he does quite well, with her hand on his back: "Is that a dagger that I can see behind me?"

Canada, despite Indira Ghandi of India, Golda Meir of Israel and Maggie Thatcher of Great (once upon a time) Britain, is not yet ripe for a woman P.M. That's why they must have a consort who can read the speeches and keep his mouth absolutely shut about everything except the weather.

Maureen McTeer almost made it, but her consort kept trying to ram both feet in his mouth at once, and stubbornly refused to discuss the weather.

But Mrs. Mulrooney (sounds like someone from the wrong side of the tracks, but isn't) made it. I shudder to think what it will cost us to re-decorate the P.M.'s house on Sussex St. in the capital city, Bytown.

You think I'm joking? Didn't you have enough stamina to stay up and watch the last appearances of the party leaders on election

Bill Smiley



day?

A tired Turner gave up gracefully and dedicated himself to something resembling the re-building of the Great Wall of China.

A beaming, belligerent Broadbent reiterated for the umpteenth time that he was going to look after the ordinary people of Canada, and warned Mrs. Mulrooney, though he had grace enough to call her Mr. Mulrooney, that if she he did not use every plank they had lifted from the NDP platform, she he was in dire straits.

Mila, our Prime Minister-elect, was much less inhibited, as she should have been. She jiggled and jogged and waved for the cameras, drinking in the applause, grinning broadly (she doesn't have a jaw problem), and soaking up the cheers.

She pointed with abandon and a wide grin at various members of the congregation who will expect to be senators next week, and punched her consort in the ribs until he too pointed and bared his teeth.

She didn't retire gracefully into the background during the victory speech, but stood so close to her consort that she could read it and make sure he didn't make any boos. She put her hand, lovingly behind his back while he was speaking: "This is a dagger that I feel behind me."

In short, it is not Caesar, but Caesar's wife, who is, and must be seen to be, beyond reproach. I think she'll make a dandy Prime Minister.

Not that Mila doesn't have her faults. She doesn't have a strong jaw, like Flora Macdonald, Maureen McTeer, and her consort. But because of that, she has an impish grin, which none of the others can achieve, and which turns people on, if they are turned on by impish grins.

She speaks too many languages, at least three, which is anathema to those ordinary Canadians Ed B. is always talking about. One is enough for them, two is suspicious, and three is down-right dangerous.

She is not exactly a great "built" as we used to say. But that's in her favor, in these days of feminism, when a sweater is something to keep you warm, rather than reveal.

Another thing going against her is the size of the majority. Huge majorities are more dangerous for the winner than small minorities.

About a third of Canadians who voted Tory are going to be shouting in the pubs: "Wat-taya talkin' about. Mila kissed me, an' the uddaguy shook hands with me. I'm a cinch for the Royal Commission on Highways. I got the boys warmin' up the machines right now."

One more thing that may hurt her, about 1998, is her femininity. She's good-looking, intelligent, and sophisticated. As long as there is a secret ballot in Canada, I can see, in the future, vast hordes of Canadian men voting against her, out of sheer frustration and envy.

However, she's got a lot going for her. She has guts which don't hang over her belt, as most politicians do. She has brains, proven by the fact that she chose a blarney for her consort, instead of a true and tried politician. She's a great if slightly elderly cheer-leader, as witness her very visible handclapping every time her consort stopped for a breath.

Good luck, Mila. I'm positive unemployment, inflation, and women's rights will disappear under your reign.

Town council meets

next Mon. at 7:30 p.m.

Midland council's next meeting is to be held at town hall this coming Monday evening at 7:30 p.m. It will be chaired by Mayor Al Roach.

It's official, we're into a brand new season

Fall officially arrived without fanfare last Saturday. Here in the very Heart of Huronia leaves have already started to turn colour.

Memories are made of this at famed Martyrs' Shrine

A small "museum" is being set up these days in the church basement at Martyrs' Shrine. It will feature some of the memorabilia, etc. which was available prior and during this month's visit to Huronia of Pope John Paul II.

Co-chairmen picked for CNIB campaign

Don Ferguson - district rehabilitation teacher and case worker of the Barrie Office of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind was in Midland recently to announce, Chuck Piercy (manager), Toronto-Dominion Bank, Penetanguishene and (Mike) Fleurie (manager), Toronto-Dominion Bank, Midland, will be co-chairmen of the Huronia Association of the CNIB Annual 1984-85 Fund

Raising Campaign.

This year the CNIB has an objective of \$19,000 to provide the special services necessary for the care of 99 blind and visual impaired persons in our area.

Cross your fingers... no snow here YET!

Snow has already made its appearance felt in parts of western Canada as a result of sub-zero temperatures and wet weather.

Last winter, here in Huronia, a total of 107.87 inches (274 centimetres) of snow blanketed our part of the province.

North Simcoe Newsbriefs

CNIB officials say 'share your insight'

Huron District Association for the CNIB is conducting its Annual Fund Raising Campaign during the month of October.

The campaign goal of this district for 1984 is \$19,000. This amount will be required to provide service aids, counselling and assistance to the 99 blind and visually impaired persons in Huronia. This year, as in the recent past, CNIB will send

donors a letter through the mail. CNIB will not be knocking on your door.

Through SHARING we will all be better. Help those with, INSIGHT to assist the visually impaired and handicapped to fill their roll in today's society.

OPP probe two-car collision

Midland OPP charged a 40-year-old Midland woman, late Friday afternoon, with failing to yield to through traffic, following a two-car collision on Sunnyside Drive at Bayview Drive in Tay Township.

Vehicles operated by Linda Banks, 40, of Sunnyside and Gloria Curtin, 40, of Midland were involved in the crash which caused a total of \$2,700 damage.

Curtin was charged following police investigation of the collision.

\$2,500 damage after car rolls over

A single-car roll over on Sandy Bay Road, Sunday at 4 p.m., resulted in \$2,500 damage to the vehicle involved and a charge of careless driver laid against the vehicles driver, Edward H. Saunders, 17, Main Street, Penetanguishene.

The crash is said to have occurred one kilometre east of Curry Road after a westbound car on Sandy Bay Road failed to negotiate a left curve, entered the north ditch and commenced to roll over.

No injuries were received by either the operator of the vehicle or two other male occupants in his car.

Traffic mishaps number 13 in area

During the week ending Sept. 24, Midland OPP personnel investigated a total of 13 traffic accidents.

Three of the mishaps involved personal injuries to a number of people involved in the collisions.

Where's the beef?

Local Tories, Doug Lewis, MP for Simcoe North, and Allan McLean, MPP for Simcoe East, are holding the fifth annual P.C. Beef Barbeque and Dance Saturday, Sept. 29 at the Roller Skating Place at the Orillia Fairgrounds, Orillia. Everyone is invited to attend. Tickets are \$4 per person.

The Simcoe North PCs are looking at the barbeque as an sort of victory celebration coming as it does after the Sept. 4 federal election, while the provincial Tories are looking at it as a kick-off to a provincial election.

Tickets can be obtained from Vic Dowling in Penetanguishene at 549-3200, and in Midland from Jim McCready at 526-9912 or 526-5418, and from Stu Gervan at 526-9106 or 526-9345.