

Something for everyone from the Royal purse

For one brief moment recently, the Royal purse was more than a fine leather lunch pail slung across Queen Elizabeth's wrist. In Sudbury, the Queen of England pursed her lips. She was getting set to say goodbye to Prince Philip who was returning to London to burp the new grandbaby. Her Royal Highness was to remain in the land of the Maple Leaf for another stupefying week of speeches, dinners, floral tributes, walkabouts and official openings.

That much-photographed Royal kiss was almost perfunctory in its coolness. The Queen continued to hug her umbrella. The Prince avoided smearing her make-up.

Restrained though it was, such openly human behaviour in Royals is rare. Everybody knows the Queen and her family do not kiss, blow their noses, bleed, get pimples or smell odd. Ever.

On the other hand, we common mortals in the Dominion have adopted public kissing as a mark of our ever-advancing civilisation. You can see this on any talk show. The hand-shake, the bicep squeeze and the flighty kiss are the ritualized prelude to mindless nightly natterings.

Talk show kissie-kissie is child's play compared to the carnivorous kisses one sees in current movies. Here, the kisser and the kissee appear to be simultaneously chewing on a shared wad of Double Bubble. This gum-grinding indicates the kissers are into a

Shirley Whittington



Serious Relationship. On the other hand, talk show kissing is as silly as confetti and means nothing more than a mutually shared desire for infectious mononucleosis.

The grainy imprint of lipstick on a cheek or chin is the cliché trademark of a kiss. Sometimes that telltale print speaks volumes. I'm thinking of a thick little kid in one of the first classes I ever taught. Sullen, with dull eyes placed close together, he seemed to me unloveable. Yet one day he returned to school after lunch with a lip-print of Wild Strawberry on his sallow cheek. That loving smear changed the way I thought about him. Somebody loved him, and showed it.

People kiss babies a lot. Their cheeks are so sweet and soft, their heads so warmly downy that few adults can resist imprinting them with a zillion bacteria.

(Imagine for a moment that you are a baby. You are lying in your perambulator, minding your own business. Suddenly the light is blotted out by a huge adult head which looms ever closer, with pursed lips, vile breath and

gooey nonsense syllables. You cannot escape. Is it any wonder babies cry?)

It is hard to find any rules about kissing. I looked in my 1952 book of etiquette and found the following: "It is usual to (briefly) kiss our relatives or close friends in public ... Senseless public kissing should be discouraged ... If a man does greet a woman in public with a kiss, he must remove his hat entirely."

Never mind the hat. What about the glasses? It's really embarrassing when your bi-focals get all tangled up with someone else's. Last week an old and dear friend came to see us and whooped, "Take off your glasses, Shirl, and let's have a real kiss!" Now there's a practical man.

As a nation we need some definitive resource material on kissing. Here you are then. Let's start with a lexicon.

Kiss: (1) A touch or press with the lips. (2) A sweetmeat made of beaten egg whites and sugar. (Put me down for number one.)

Osculation: A word that means kissing but is no longer used because doesn't rhyme with

miss. It is also a rotten name for a rock group.

Peck: A pre-metric word for kiss. Peck perfectly describes the dry salutations indulged in by aunts wearing hats. Pecks are passionless.

Buss: A kiss given or received just before or after a journey. Students get school busses; travellers get airport busses. (A blunderbuss is a kiss in the dark.)

Smooch: An odious word usually employed by people who think it is cute when their dog kisses them on the mouth.

The rules for kissing in Canada are too complex for this essay, but these short notes may help.

Nobody should have to kiss anybody he or she doesn't want to. This is especially true for little kids and fourteen-year-old boys.

Those who are prone to press kisses upon defenseless babies would do well to transfer their affections to older, more spirited individuals.

When in doubt about whether to kiss or not to kiss, pucker up anyway. If the potential kissee looks wary, you can start to whistle and the pucker won't be wasted.

If a hatted aunt approaches with a peck, KISS her.

I hope the Queen of Canada (and all the other pink parts of the world map) carries on kissing. As far as Prince Philip is concerned, I can't see how she can resist. I always thought he was adorable.

September: everything came together

DESPITE the lousy weather, it was a great September for Canadian males.

That is, if you happened to be a rocking-chair jock, a Monday morning quarter-back, or an armchair analyst of sports.

Everything came together, to the dismay of the ladies who happen to like game shows, soap operas, or good, old-fashioned movies that make you laugh and cry to the point where you don't know which you are doing with the tears running down.

It was the epitome of excellence for us old athletes who didn't make the big-time and the big money because we skated on our ankles, couldn't throw a wobbly pass twenty feet, and whiffed at the plate with the count three and two and the winning run on third base.

CFL heading for the Grey Cup. World Series in the offing. Canada Cup in hockey, with many a muttered curse about cheap penalties against the Russians.

And sandwiched in between, some great tennis, golf, Grand Prix races with guys doing cartwheels in their dinky toy cars, American football, which I abhor because of the histrionics of the guys who score a touchdown because of their histrionics.

And then, of course, Pope-watching. After watching the Pope in action, it's going to be difficult to get up for the Queen's visit.

The general result of all this sports activities, for the chap with his gut hanging over his belt, but fire within it, is a plethora of

Bill Smiley



unctured lawns, also unraked, undone chores, unattended business, and unshaved whiskers.

Wives became hewers of hamburg and drawers of beer, in the good, old Canadian tradition. Never mind that your favorite team lost practically everything. You still felt your heart thumping, almost dangerously, when the Canadian team was tied by the Americans, swamped by the Swedes, and ruined by the Russkies. They were still "our boys", and we still believe in miracles, which is not a bad thing for a nation.

In our favor, we ignored the facts that the Blue Jays couldn't have caught the Yankees with a lasso and a couple of highly-bred quarter horses, that our hockey team, with no less than twelve Grey-Cuppers on it, would be lucky to tie Italy, that the local Pee-wee team lost 18-4 in their final game, we were right there with them, cheering every booboo, waxing wild with every hit, pass or goal.

One thing you must say about Canadians. We're good losers. We've learned to be.

I remember talking to a charming chap from Montreal about eight years ago, on a trip to Europe. "How come", I asked, "that Montreal has a good football team (Les Allouettes), a good baseball team (Expos) and a great hockey team (Les Canadiens, in their glory days), and Toronto has the worst football team (Argos), worst baseball team (Blue Jays) and almost worst hockey team (Maple Leafs)?"

He assured me that it was only a matter of time. He was right. Thanks to massive injections of Americans, the Blue Jays and Arogs are respectable, the Maple Leafs still fourth-rate.

That's enough about sports. I'm sure my lady readers are bored silly. They are much more interested in the real things of life: who had a baby, who died and why and how, when is that grump going to get out of that chair and stop watching that box, what'll I give him (that's portable) for supper?

But then, thank goodness, came along Pope-watching. This is almost as good as watching the Queen, and a lot more important

to many people than watching the Queen. Also a lot more important to many people than watching football or whatever.

I could have been in the front row, if I'd wanted to exaggerate my arthritic foot, get some crutches, don some dark glasses and hire a seeing-eye-dog. But I thought that would be a bit much.

I could have gone to the big mass by driving four miles from town and taken a shuttle bus, and arrived the night before if I wanted standing room. I thought that, too, would be a bit much. Especially because it promised rain. I can go there any day in the rain.

Heck with it. I'll watch it on TV, provided there isn't an especially exciting game on TV, which there won't be because the Papal Visit seemed to have cornered the market on the tube.

And no wonder. He is a man of terrific presence, with a great sense of the dramatic, as befits a one-time actor, a dedication that allows for no questions, and a feeling for the poor and underprivileged that makes one, for a few moments, at least, feel like a fat, overprivileged slob.

At least the sports and the Pope crowded politics off the front pages. A matter of deep, almost religious thanks.

Only thing I fault the Pope for is that he didn't offer a special prayer for Team Canada against the atheistic Russians. That would have been a nice gesture, and he'd probably have doubled his Canadian fold.

Fair draw results

The Elmvale and District Horticultural Society has announced the winners of draws held during the Elmvale Fall Fair.

George Elrick of Elmvale won the daffodil bulbs, Cathy Beacock of RR 2, Orillia, won the tulip bulbs, and Faye Robertson of Phelpston won the lily bulbs.

Contact Kevin Haley for tulips which are still left, by telephoning 322-1675.

Very busy week for OPP

During the week ending Oct. 9, Midland OPP investigated a total of 128 general occurrences. During the same period they probed a total of 17 motor-vehicle accidents.

As a result of several of the crashes, four persons involved in the mishaps suffered a variety of injuries.

PUC brass meet Oct. 16

Next meeting of the Midland PUC has been slated for Tuesday evening, Oct. 16, at 7:30 p.m. in the commission's board room.

Full-scale meeting

of council on Oct. 22

Midland councillors meet next for a full-scale public meeting on the evening of Monday, Oct. 22, at 7:30 p.m.

The meeting will be chaired by Mayor Al Roach.

Toy run this Saturday

The Concerned Riders of Huronia will be holding a toy run this Saturday.

Motorcycle owners are invited to appear at Mountainview Mall at 1 p.m. with a toy strapped to their motorcycle. After a tour of the area the toys will be donated to the Salvation Army.

Toy run organizer Len Dubeau expects a minimum of 20 motorcyclists and hopes that as many as 50 will participate.

North Simcoe Newsbriefs

Midland resident wins

A Midland resident has become a Wintario Mystery bonus prize winner in the Sept. 27 draw.

Ron French of Sheridan Street claimed an AMC Eagle Wagon as part of Wintario's special bonus feature.

The draw offered six AMC Eagle Wagons as Mystery Bonus prizes in addition to a top prize of \$200,000 and thousands of other prizes ranging from five free tickets to \$100,000.

Prizes for the Mystery Bonus Draw, funded from unclaimed prize money, are in addition to the regular Wintario prize structure which offers more than \$3 million to players each week.

This is one event seniors in the county won't want to miss on Oct. 31

County of Simcoe Recreation Department, in cooperation with the County of Simcoe Senior Citizens' Advisory Committee, is sponsoring the 16th Annual Senior Citizens' Recreation Conference and Luncheon on Wednesday, Oct. 31.

The conference, open to all county seniors, will be held at the Sunnisdale Community Centre in Barrie. Check in time is at 9:30 a.m. with closing remarks at 2:45 p.m.

Six workshops will be offered including, The Library, Communication Skills, Senior Fitness, Line Dancing, Walk Through the Museum and Good Money Management in Retirement Years.

Registration fee of \$5 each includes lunch, resource materials, morning and afternoon coffee breaks, plus entertainment.

Since the centre can only accommodate 125 participants, pre-registration is necessary by Oct. 24.

Seniors can request a registration form by phoning the County of Simcoe Recreation Department at 526-2261.

Heliports are ready for their 1st customers

Neither heliport, now fully operational at both Huronia District Hospital and Penetanguishene General Hospital, have been initiated since they were constructed last month and given operational status.

In the news

GEORGE W. TAYLOR, Q.C., M.P.P. Simcoe Centre Solicitor General

Recently, Minister of Agriculture and Food Dennis Timbrell appointed the Agriculture Council of Ontario to develop independent appraisals of important agriculture issues, provide policy advice and conduct research.

At its initial project, the Council will be doing a comprehensive study of farm family incomes.

For some time, the subject of farm income in Ontario has been quite controversial. Quite simply, people can't seem to agree about the level of income of farm families and the income distribution within the farm population.

Work will begin on the study in November and we can expect to see the results by May 31, 1985.