

Editorials

Letters

Local blood donors, attention

Dear Editor:

The following letter is drawn to the attention of donors of the recent Rotary Club of Midland Auction.

The 1986 Auction was very successful raising close to \$14,000 which will be used to fund community projects in the area.

Without your support, there would be no auction. The members of the Midland Rotary Club, in-

deed, all members of the community thank you for your valued donation, your continued interest and your generosity.

Please accept our best wishes for your continued success and again, our thanks for contributing so generously to the success of "The Auction".

Yours sincerely,
Midland Rotary Club

Jam-packed information

Dear Editor:

I really appreciate the letter you sent me and the information, too. It was jam-packed with information I needed for my report. I enjoyed the interview and I'm very happy I had a chance to get this interview. I find your paper very well put together. Unlike ours your paper covers more

local happenings than ours.

Michelle, I do not know how to thank you for the information you sent me. I really appreciate your time and effort.

Thank you very much,
Mickey Kritzell

Thanks for trying

Dear Editor:

We read your news story about the recycling race. You called us garbage collectors and we don't like it a bit! We are collecting clean stuff, not smelly stuff.

Only one Waubaushene school is competing and that is St. John's. We are Fesserton and the

Waubashene part of our school is not taking part. We are doing it ourselves. But thanks for trying.

Yours truly
Bobby-Jo Gratix
Sandee Sibley
Chris Richardson



Winged scavenger

Canada geese have been a problem in Midland's Little Lake Park in recent summers. An even more common sight in the park is the seagull. This

specimen, and his brethren, were flocking around the park store on Sunday, hoping to pick up some leftover, or dropped, French fries.

'Experts' give Baker a choice

Ray Baker

Continuing last week's saga on the badly folded, out of centre-crease in the Toronto Star newspaper which still persists, and buries the print.

The cause anxious to fine tune my technical skills in the folding of newspapers, I had a meaningful conference with the experts in the hallowed sanctum of Markle Community Newspapers in Midland.

At least two editors, two office staff and a key executive from head office were pressed into service for an instant think tank. After careful deliberation based on their collective experience it came down to two possible answers:

It's the whatsit in the machine that does it. Or, it's the press-person setting up the machine that's doing it wrong.

Apparently, the newsprint is printed both sides

at once so it does four pages at once. All the press person (actually the word pressmen was used) has to do is ensure a couple of things. That the crease or fold runs top to bottom, in the middle facing the correct way, at the correct intervals.

Otherwise the pages are mixed, you lose a column, it's diamond shaped, or opens the wrong way.

So far so good. But machines do go wrong, go wrong, go wrong, and it does a double crease or goes off centre.

Then comes the scrap allowance.

The pressman/woman has a certain scrap allowance after which they are all good! By a deduction that would do credit to Sherlock Holmes the last three month's scrap has been sent to Simcoe County. But it has been spotted and chronicled and investigated.

I am now listing some of the dangers in double

creasing. You lay the newspaper on the stair threads to paint the hallway. The double crease does not conform to the step and you slip on it.

You lay the newspaper on the kitchen table for your son's finger painting. You now find absorbing (no pun intended) the article you passed last week. The print is hidden in the bad fold! Paper aeroplanes do not fly straight. The list is endless.

As everyone knows, if you see something in the newspaper, it's Gospel truth, right? Your unquestionable answer to any query is, "It must be true, I read it in the paper" and at that point silence reigns.

The only exception is the letters to the editor section and, of course, the editorial column, done by the editor him/herself, which is never true.

So, in order to eliminate this three month scourge to the area with consistent miss folds in the news section of the Toronto Star, with special

emphasis on Section A page 10, here is what I will do on behalf of you long suffering readers from Wasaga Beach to Penetang, from Stayner to Victoria Harbour.

As soon as this column is in print I'll send both last week's and this week's to the Star, Attention Circulation Department. It will show the problem, investigation, technical input and probably cause. I'll take it as a person challenge to set the record straight, or at least the crease.

And if that fails, I'll send it to Star Probe. That should do it.

THIS WEEK'S QUOTE: "A good deed never goes unpunished". McGiver - T.V. series.

Ray Baker is a freelance writer. He and his family live in Penetanguishene where the Star is borne.

It's scary that anyone can be PM Carey Nieuwhof

by Carey Nieuwhof

Why is it that 98 per cent of all jobs in this country have certain hiring requirements? Yet the most important job in the country has none? Is this a question that has plagued you for years? Likely not, but if you really think about it, it will likely trouble you for at least a few hours.

If you wish to become a lawyer, you must pass your bar admissions course. A doctor has to fly through medical school before flying through any hospital corridor. If you want to work in a car factory, you must be able to run the equipment. Yet all you have to do to become prime minister or president is get elected. That, my friends, is a scary concept.

Let us turn to some musty old history pages to focus on this frightening concept. We look Stateside in the year 1840. Within a year, a man by the name of John Tyler will become the 10th president of the United States.

Tyler had been dabbling in Virginia politics as a Democrat. He shows up at a Whig (the Republican party's predecessor) presidential nomination convention for interest's sake, and to help his friend, Henry Clay, win the Whig

presidential nomination. Clay loses. William H. Harrison wins. Harrison is the Presidential nominee.

The Harrison cronies look for a suitable vice-presidential nominee - someone to serve as Harrison's running mate. About five candidates get turned down. An idea strikes someone. How about throwing old John Tyler on the ticket as the V-P contender? The convention agrees. The Whig nominees for president and vice-president are Harrison and Tyler.

Tyler is not too thrilled about being put up for the nation's second highest office, but he accepted because he needed the \$25,000 a year he would get as vice-president. "After all," he says, "as vice-president I'll sit at home in Virginia and read books anyway. The vice-president has no official duties (back then anyway), so it'll be a great salary and some good leisure."

He and Harrison won the election, and one month after their inauguration as president and VP, Harrison died. Early one morning, Tyler got a knock on his door. The message came in: "Congratulations man, you're President!"

Talk about irony of ironies. The man showed up

at the convention out of interest and to help a friend, and less than nine months later, he is the president of the U.S. Moreover, he is not even really a Whig, he is a Democrat. Even worse, he really didn't even want to be president.

Now tell me that doesn't make you glad you weren't an American in 1841. In my books, Tyler wasn't such a bad president after all, but how he got to that office has the potential to terrify.

In Canada, things aren't much different. We don't really have any horror stories like Tyler's up here, but the process of choosing a prime minister does not forbid such an event from happening.

Look at our present head honcho, Brian Mulroney. He went to law school (something which qualified him for one career), practiced corporate law in Quebec, later became president of a huge company, and then turned his eyes toward politics. In 1976, he ran for the Tory leadership and lost to Joe Clark. Then in 1983 he ran against Joe Clark and won.

The following year, the Liberals self-destructed, and Mulroney sauntered through the rubble to claim first prize. Today, he is on the way

to Tokyo to help determine the fate of western Canadian farmers.

Never did he pass an exam to see if he was qualified for the prime ministership of this dominion. He won the 1983 leadership convention because Joe Clark lost the government in 1979. He won the election of 1984 because he had a good looking wife, and because we Canadians were sick of Pierre Trudeau and his buddies. Simple as that.

One wonders if anyone has ever given any thought as to how power is attained in this western world we live in. Does anyone care that you can win this high office with one half of your brain missing? All you have to do is fool a leadership convention and the electorate in general, and you have run of this land for five years.

You may be scared now, finally realizing that we have no guarantee that our leaders are competent or sane. Do not lose any sleep over it. I was always taught that if you didn't like something, you were to conquer it. So, lose no sleep. Drive to Ottawa and start hanging around leadership conventions. Some day, you too can be our leader.

Letters

The Penetanguishene Citizen welcomes Letters to the Editor. They must be legible, signed (by hand), and carry the writer's address and telephone number for verification. Pen names are not allowed and anonymous letters will not be published. Letters published by this newspaper do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this newspaper, its publisher or editor.

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