

# Mulroney and the fish hook

An international incident was narrowly averted when President George Bush was hooked in the ear while fishing off Kennebunkport, Maine last week with his son Jeb and Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

This actually happened and camera crew members following in a press boat said Mulroney appeared to be the one who cast the lure that snagged the President's ear lobe. A doctor was summoned and he then removed the hook.

I've always been uneasy about the Bush and Mulroney families cavorting on the coast of Maine like the Brady Bunch high on fresh air and Bosco.

Our prime minister is not exactly the rugged outdoorsy type. Brian spent a good part of

William J. Thomas

## All The World's A Circus

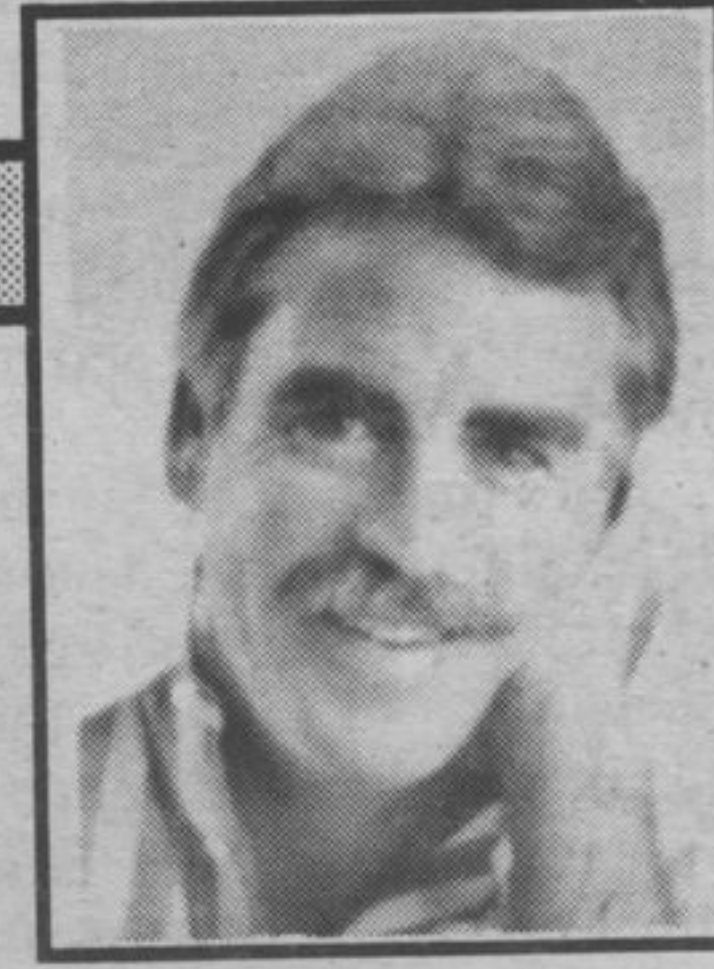
his childhood and most of his adult life just trying to look good in a sweater and slacks.

In his never ending quest to ingratiate himself with the American president I'm worried that Brian is going to pop a hernia trying to throw a ringer with a horse-shoe that the horse is still wearing. Or that he'll show up at the Kennebunkport Golf and Country Club with a masked Mohawk caddy and semi-automatic weapons in his bag thinking all golf courses are played this way. The only thing that Bush and Mulroney have in common is that George jogs and three

months ago Brian began an intensive daily program of running from Canada's problems.

The Reagans and the Mulroneys were such a more natural double date. I imagine they used to cruise through the countryside of Palm Springs in separate limos playing SPOT THE HOMELESS PERSON and once in a while their limousines would pull up alongside one another, power windows would drop and Brian would say: "Pardon me, but do you have any Gray Poupon?"

And then Ronnie would tell a show biz anecdote about how he



and Ronald Coleman used to disguise Charlie Chaplin as an olive at R.K.O. Studios and put him in Spencer Tracey's martini causing Audrey Hepburn to almost wet her pants laughing when Tracey would order another without noticing.

And they'd drive off together

to a \$10,000-a-plate dinner at which Nancy would make a toast thanking Richard Nixon for opening up China but scolding Pat for shipping all hers.

But back to the hook in the "Huh? I can't hear questions from the press - I got a hook in my ear!" incident. Mulroney denied it was he who cast the cursed lure. To the Canadian reporters, familiar with the prime minister's style, this confirmed beyond a shadow of a doubt that he did it.

But then later at a news conference in front of their seaside home, Barbara Bush commanded son Jeb to fess up and tell reporters who actually had hooked his father's ear.

And according to the A.P. wire

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# ringing our national identity

Overheard some comments on a radio programme from our Ambassador to the United States where he stated that Americans view us as, quote, "sour, melancholy, dour people incapable of celebrating our own identity." Unquote.

Well, gosh, o-golly, gee. I ask you, how can anybody be proud of an identity which has an orange-buck-toothed paddle-tailed rodent for its national emblem, a dollar coin called 'looney', and a maple leaf with 'sappy' connotations? And a two-dollar bill.

When some long-ago bright soul in our Treasury Department came up with that bright idea, hadn't he heard of the phrase, 'as phoney as a two-dollar bill'? I know, I know, it's a Yankeeism but, darn it all, we're the ones who got stuck with the actuality. So no wonder, between our two dollar bills and our new dollar looney, the Amurricans shake

Olga Landiak

## Life, According to Baba

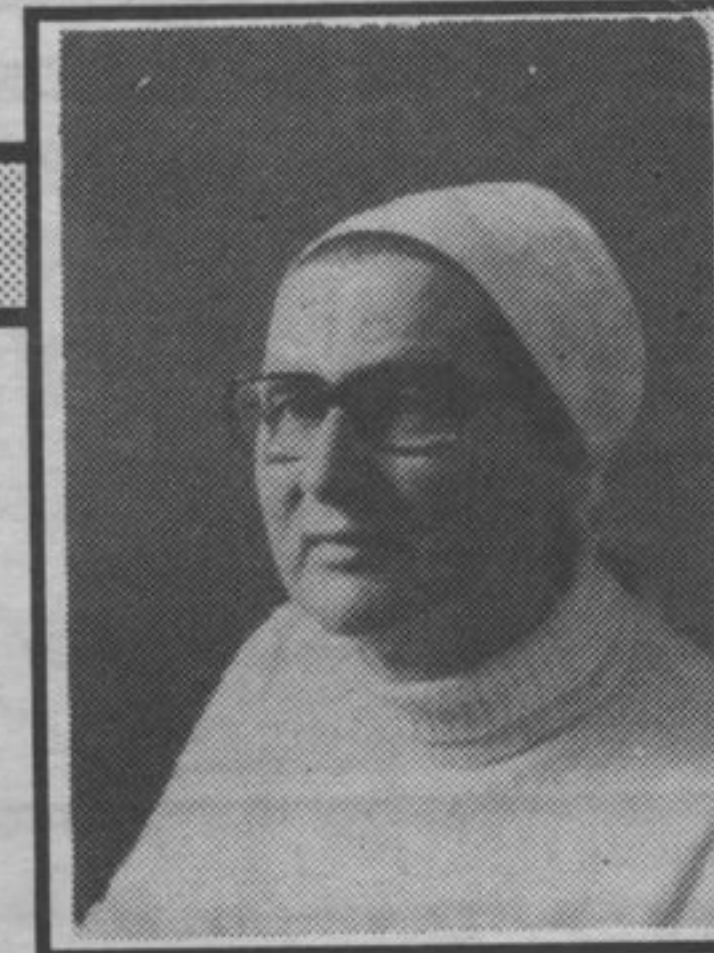
their heads and look at us out of the corner of the eyes.

So what's next on the Funny-Identity-Canadianna agenda? More beer bottles and toques and don't forget to say 'eh' at the ends of our sentences? Or more mukluks, snowshoes, Hudson Bay parkas and blankets, and maybe igloos? Or how about wigwams, beaded moccasins and fringed jackets? How about something which either doesn't confuse us with the Yanks when we go touring abroad, or makes us immediately identifiable so they aren't saying, "Canada? Canada? Oh yeah, that's that uninhabitable chunk of real estate north of the You-Ess-of-Hay where the polar bears roam around all day on the ice and snow. You come from there? Thought only Injuns and

Eskeemos lived there and you sure don't look like one!"

Now, come on, we've just got to smarten up. Before yer ole Baba quits this Vale of Tears and Sorrow, we've just got to get this National Identity thing straightened out once and for all. How about a new anthem for starts? "O Canada" is okay, I guess-simple words and simple tune for simple folks-but it just ain't got no pizzaz. No stirring, ringing something-or-other to set the ole Canadian heart a-thumping and the ole Canadian pride a-swellling. Some of the renditions I've heard over the years have sounded like gatherings of kindergarten kids hardly able to get going for full bladders getting in the way. Pathetic!

So, okay, maybe we're stuck



with 'O Canada' for the time being until somebody comes up with something better, but Old Bucky Beaver has just got to go. We need something more regal, strong and impressive looking. Like, well, how about an eagle? Oh, that's Amurrican, isn't it? Well, than how about a bison or a polar bear? They're pretty impressive critters and just as industrious as the ole rodent. Or, maybe, since we're so addicted to strikes for higher pay and less

work, maybe a good old sloth would be more appropriate. Hmmmmmm?

And how about a mighty oak leaf instead of the maple? Oh, that's associated with the British, isn't it? "Hearts of oak are our men," and all that jazz. Well, then what about a fig leaf to go with our modest, unassuming, conservative, puritan image. That should get a few laughs on the world stage and make us out to be less 'sour and melancholy'.

Don't like any of my suggestions? Well, okay you think of something. But hurry up. Time's a-fleeting and us old geezers of the Golden Years are already on the other side of the Mountain of Life. What do you want us to do? Come back and haunt you about this National identity thing? Maybe ole St. Peter won't even let us in beyond the Pearly Gates since we don't appear to have one.

# Plea for a new partnership

If you met Jim Hillsinger on the street, you wouldn't give him a second look. He usually wears slacks that look like they need dry cleaning, a rumbled striped shirt, and not-so-new running shoes. He has "half-glasses", for reading, hanging on a string around his neck. Most of the time, he has a very long sharp yellow pencil behind his right ear. But despite his unassuming appearance, this Sault Ste Marie businessman is not only worth listening to. he seems determined to shake things up, wherever he goes.

I've heard him speak twice now - once last January to an economic development conference in Thunder Bay. The second time was the last week of August, when he made a presentation to the timber management hearings in Sault Ste. Marie.

Hillsinger owns the classiest looking hotel in Sault Ste. Marie, if not all of northern Ontario - the Water Tower Inn. The hotel exudes Hillsinger's sense of what is best in life, and best for tourists. Expensive art decorates every hallway. A small sign beside the elevator button suggests that, for the good of your



health, you should use the stairs instead. Hillsinger is a militant non-smoker, reserving two floors for non-smokers, and half of the rest. Poetry hangs in the non-smoking rooms, praising the non-smoker as a valued guest. The cigarette machine has a sign on it, announcing that "All proceeds from this machine will be donated to the Algoma Cancer Society, and the Ontario Lung Association."

The hotel surrounds a massive garden court yard, with hump-backed wooden bridges over running streams, and ponds with real goldfish. In the garden courtyard, you'll find an outdoor whirlpool. Inside, there's a large kidney-shaped pool, and a massive whirlpool that's five feet deep. A towering artificial waterfall runs

## NORTHERN INSIGHTS

by Larry Sanders



off the overhang at the back entrance. The staff are obviously well-trained, and seem to love their work. The classic decor, modern conveniences, and friendly staff add up to an intangible feeling of simple hospitality - treating you like a guest in a private home, not a wallet crying out to be emptied.

Hillsinger is also involved with other investors in developing a ski resort just north of the Sault, called Searchmount. He's led fund-raising efforts to add a CAT-scanner to the Sault's inventory of medical equipment, and spoken out against the city council's decision to declare the Sault "English-only". He's not a hero in his home town. But he clearly has a vision, and seems determined to get others to share that vision.

His idea of the north's economic future does not start and end with tourism, as his critics have suggested. Rather, Hillsinger is calling for a new partnership among those who want to develop or exploit the north for immediate economic gain, and those, like himself, who just want to leave the rocks water and trees standing, to look at and admire. Hillsinger told the hearings in the Sault, "Let's face it - trees, rocks, and water are central of the quality of the north, to what we identify the north with. And it's hard to say whether there's greater value in trees whether they're standing or (whether) they grace the beauty of the resort walls."

Hillsinger asked the Environmental Assessment

Board, that's conducting the timber management hearings, to stop thinking only about the short-term value of the north's resources, especially our land. "Land in northern Ontario is absolutely invaluable. We have no idea, sitting as ordinary people at this point in 1990, how important that land is going to be in the year 2025. I think that's the way we have to project our thinking. We can't sit here thinking whether some element of our evaluations are important today. Because the value in the year 2025, as land becomes scarce in this world, as populations explode, as our borders are assaulted by people who want to find a place to live is going to be extremely important. And therein lies a lot of the economic opportunity for northern Ontario, and in fact for the whole of Canada."

The economic opportunity Hillsinger is pointing to is a new style of resource management. That style now goes under various buzzwords - "sustainable development", "integrated resource management", etc.

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