

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

by George Barry

To begin with, I would like to inform you as to my intent in writing this drivel. I will, via this column, be giving my opinions on whatever issues, events or people that happen to interest me. As for you, dear reader, I could not possibly care less. This is my own personal little soapbox and if you want your own insignificant opinions heard write a letter to the Editor or get your own space in this paper to shoot-off, like I did. But do not write, phone, make obscene gestures to or in any way threaten me because, frankly moron, I don't give a damn.

So there you have it amigo. These are my opinions; not those of this paper, of God, of Angus MacLean or of your Aunt Fanny. They're mine, mine, mine!

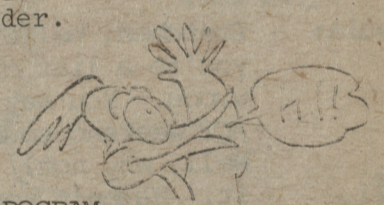
OK, now that that's all crystal clear I'll get around to my topic for today. Now what could be a better subject for examination in my kick-off column than the man from High River himself, the highest politician in the land, the one, the only, the inimitable Joe Clark! I mean, what can I say about a man who is known to his intimates as the Gerald Ford of Canadian politics. I'm not saying the man is bland or dull but I understand that he has some of his most stimulating conversations with inanimate objects. And I'm not saying he's dumb but I am told that he once flagged down a passing motorist and asked "Can I have a match"? I think my gas tank is empty."

But Hell, the thing of it is, I voted for this guy. And what's worse is that given the selection at hand, my decision seemed quite justifiable. Pierre Trudeau, witty, bright, intelligent man that he is, simply started to piss me off. For me, a common ordinary schlep Pierre Trudeau was about as real as the Man from Glad. He was Mr. Perfect. He had a deep knowledge of everything that was important, except for reality. I don't know if this is a just criticism, but it's the way that I felt as I watched the election campaign unfold. There was Trudeau in his gunslinger pose, wrapping himself in the flag. My God, it looked like he was going to deliver the Sermon on the Mount, part 2.. But all that he came up with was a mixture of the usual slippery Trudeau cleverness and rhetoric. And then you had poor old Joe, bumbling along so that you could almost give him your vote out of pity. It might be the only break he'd ever get. And then there's Ed.

Well there you have it. Sure my judgements are unfair but we human beings are a notoriously unfair species, so I'm just following my genetic orders. Anyway, this is a democracy right, so we can throw Joe out if he screws up too badly. Hey, but maybe his monumental asininity is just a front. Perhaps there lurks behind that simple exterior one of the most vibrant, dynamic and versatile minds of our time. And perhaps some day I will be ravished by a marauding group of Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders.

But the bottom line, fellow space travellers, is that the essential joke is not on Pierre

Trudeau or Ed Broadbent or even Joe himself, it's on all of us. On me, on you, on each and every citizen of this alleged nation. In the stark cold reality of the economic world, Canada is just a branch plant of the foreign powers-that-be. So gang, don't lose too much sleep over Quebec Separatism or any of that jive because a country has to exist before it can be broken up. And so it is that Joe can do whatever he likes cause no matter how badly his government screws us, we Canadians have already been thoroughly raped by foreign interests, primarily our good neighbours, those money-grubbing, egotistical cretins south of the border.



ANNOUNCING GENESIS II PROGRAM

Vincent Dwyer has used his insights into human relations, psychology and theology to develop a multi-media program called Genesis II. The program, widely acclaimed in Canada and the United States, uses films and audio-cassettes to facilitate participation. It strives to enable each participant to search out ways to fulfill their potential and aspirations in relation to themselves, each other and their God.

The following are comments made by participants after the program: "Genesis II taught me that I have to know and love myself before I can really know and love anyone else."

"It helped find the real me."

"It was a great experience as it made me feel better about myself, to open up more freely with others, to listen to what others have to say - not just myself."

The initial session will be held Thursday, September 20th, 1979, 6:30 p.m. at the Chaplaincy Centre, U.P.E.I. Everyone is welcome! Challenge yourself and come and see what it's about!



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