

MAN ABOUT TOWN
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Keep wives away from Savannah at Pano

If only either of the two honourable Prime Ministers we have so far been blessed with, had listened to me Carnival would have been far more enjoyable.

But no. Each resisted my attempts to have the portly and arrogant Prince Cumberland removed from the island during the season and placed at the disposal of the Soviet Union to develop Carnival in Vladivostok or Esthonia.

As you may be aware, the penalty for bungling nationally important matters within the realm of the USSR is quite severe, and had I been listened to, Prince, by now, would have been helping about a million dissidents and never do wells in the massive Soviet drive to recover oil manually from the southern polar regions.

So now it's Panorama weekend. South/Central preliminaries today and a large amount of marriages on the rocks over yesterday's North Zone activities at the Grand Strand and, worse, at home afterwards.

All this need never have happened, as

everyone born with a love of liberty and its concomitant, a deep-seated resentment of martial bonds, will tell you.

I still retain copies of petitions I arranged, bearing countless signatures, entreating national leaders to have Panorama preliminary laws more restrictive

INNOCENT HUSBAND

Wives, we have repeatedly urged, should not be allowed near the Queen's Park Savannah. Even if it takes 3,500 policemen (not policewomen) to enforce the laws concerning this.

The remaining half of the police service can carry on as usual in other parts of the country, this means avoiding getting involved with crimes and ignoring criminals seen in the act.

Married women have long acquired notoriety for their habit of getting in the way of all the fun at the prelims. They have also been known to demonstrate a great degree of aggression during what should be totally enjoyable days going

into nights.

In fact, about the only reason I can think of for government allowance of this canning of soft drinks lies in the once normal procedure of enraged married women marring the festivities by cracking about a thousand bottles over the heads of almost innocent husbands who were being carried away by the pan music and some sweet young lady just after dusk.

As one man, unfortunate enough to be married, was telling me only yesterday over a bitter gin, the worst in wives are drawn out and seen with the naked eye when these shows come around.

Women who refuse, despite all pleas, to prepare a decent meal for 11 and a half months in the year, suddenly display hidden talents. On the morning of the event, when arrangements have been made otherwise, with other persons and long in advance, they whisk up a gourmet's delight.

They are packed, dressed and ready to be taken to Panorama before the morn-

ing cock crows. What can you do in a case like that?

As my friend said, he himself was never aware of his wife's enormous emotional feeling towards pan until she told him about it last week. She disclosed this feeling shortly after he told her of his plans to go with a mixed group from the office. He recalls distinctly that last year, before they were wed, she had slept through most of Carnival and up to now hasn't got a clue about "Unknown Band" and Catelli, to her, is synonymous with macaroni only.

LUSCIOUS CREATURES

They have this annoying habit of preventing you from getting tight, the stage, you know, when all the beauty of pan surrounds you. And getting involved in an argument with some stranger over who playing better than who loses all its excitement when some wife is around.

All this is quite unfair to the single woman, it is also against the very grain

of Carnival. Starting in such a hamstrung fashion, the married man, says my friend, is prone to apathy even in the teeth of an inviting smile from some luscious creature of mysterious background and tremendous legs on Carnival Monday.

On Tuesday, when there are 75 per cent women in the big bands, half return home, lonely and with the feeling that Carnival has been a waste of effort — all because married women hung on to the arms of their men and made life almost impossible to endure, freedom of movement similar to that in Golden Grove.

It is a great pity that I had no thought of it before and made this year's mas the greatest. I should have remembered that the road march, the size o bands ... most of Carnival is in fact controlled by women.

For the sake of the thwart thousands of single girls who will find the Carnival and today's Panorama a complete bore, I will have a chat on the behalf with the Young Women's Christis Association or some such group.