

Citizen comment

Good planning is good business

Change is a fact of life. The Huronia area is growing and for Penetanguishene our official plan calls for 11,000 people within 20 years — a doubling of the town's population.

A larger population means more roads, more services, more parks, more homes, and more stores.

More stores. For the average person talk of official plans, of the Simcoe-Georgian Task Force, of the outlines of Huronia 10, 20, 30, or 100 years from now, is something hazy, undefined, distant, and irrelevant.

But more stores, in the form of the planned High Point Mall, that's something people can relate to.

Ten months from now, in November, the High Point Mall will open its doors replacing the Poyntz Plaza.

And it probably is the best thing that could happen to downtown Penetanguishene.

The location of the mall fits in with the town's official plan for commercial development along Poyntz Street.

And when shoppers drive their cars to the new mall with 450 parking spaces, in easy reach of 28 stores, they'll begin to sense the benefits of planning.

Obviously, the mall will go a long way towards solving Penetanguishene's downtown parking problem.

But it will do more.

It will revitalize downtown Penetanguishene by making it a more attractive place to shop.

When the mall is completely occupied it will offer 28 different stores for shoppers to pick and choose articles under one roof, in a climate controlled setting.

No one seems to know for sure but estimates from some local merchants, the mall builders, and others, indicate that Penetanguishene merchants lose 50 per cent of their potential customers because there simply are not enough stores in town. As a result shoppers go to Midland, the Zellers-Dominion Centre or the Huronia Mall on Highway 27, Barrie, or even Toronto where they can select from a greater range of products and a greater number of stores.

That's not to say the products offered by Penetanguishene's present merchants are inferior to those outside the town. It does say that from the customers' point of view the shopping market in Penetanguishene is limited compared to the markets of nearby centres.

But the mall along with the facelift program designed to improve existing downtown store fronts should make Penetanguishene one of the most attractive shopping areas in Huronia.

The shape of downtown Penetanguishene is changing for the better. In the case of the High Point Mall the change is according to plan.

And the planning is good.

Looking back

In the January 22, 1969 issue of the Citizen: Arnold Vanise was elected Warden of Simcoe County.

Reverend R. T. C. Dwelly, rector of the Anglican Parish in our town for many years died in Toronto.

Robert Cascagnette saved two children from drowning in the icy waters at Balm Beach.

Penetanguishene General Hospital Women's Auxiliary planned to set up a Memorial Fund at the Hospital.

In the February 4, 1970 issue of the Citizen: The Huronia Nursing Home, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Lalonde, officially opened.

Midland-Penetanguishene St. Johns Ambulance Brigade received their charter. Police committee chairman Lionel Dion stated that the reporting of the Free Press and CKMP had been both offensive and demoralizing to town police.

Thirty girls entered the Winterama Queen Contest.

In the January 20, 1971 issue of the Citizen: John Dubeau and Jack Martin, math teachers at PSS, received a Hilroy Fellowship grant of \$900 for their efforts in producing video tapes on mathematics programs. The money was used to purchase more equipment.

Art Evans, MPP, Simcoe Centre, announced that he would retire from politics at the time of the next election.

Some 93 employees of Evangeline Shoe Co. Ltd. received their eight week notice that the plant would be closing down.

In the January 26, 1972 issue of the Citizen: Trinity Church in Penetanguishene closed.

Photo corner



Faces against a window

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Sugar and spice

There are a lot of questions floating around in the murky depths of my mind, and occasionally one floats to the surface. It is usually slapped down by someone (my wife?), or just given a good shot of Raid, and lies over on its side and expires.

But recently, the questions have been boiling up like bubbles in a thunder-mug. I felt I should share them with my long-suffering readers, and among the six of us, we might be able to come up with some answers. (By the way, if you don't know what a thundermug is, ask your Mum. Your Dad would be too shy to explain.)

They are not exactly burning questions, but they do create a small smoulder, from time to time.

Why are so many men addicted to hairy appendages to their craniums these days? I can understand any chap growing a beard to hide a weak chin. I can understand any young man trying to grow a beard. It's part of growing up.

But why all these Fu Manchu moustaches? They add nothing whatever to a face that has no character, and they detract from one that does.

I'm glad I'm not a girl. It must be revolting to kiss a young man and wind up with a mouthful of hair.

When I got back to England from prison camp, I had a beautiful handlebar job which had taken me nine months of constant up-

sweeping to achieve. It came off 20 minutes after I'd looked up my first old girl friend. She said it was like kissing a cow's ear. Blunt but honest, she was.

And why do all those older guys, who are skin-bald for the first two-thirds of their skulls, insist on growing those long, greasy, forlorn ringlets at the backs of their heads, falling down over their collars? They fool nobody. It doesn't make them look scruffy, and silly.

They remind me of the guys who used to comb carefully across a completely naked pate eight strands of long hair from their sideburns. Why not face it, chaps? If you have a big belly, stick it out and pat it. If

you're a baldy, you're a baldy, and you wash your hair with a face-cloth.

It doesn't seem to bother the ladies. Yul Brynner has been a sex symbol for years. And that Telly Savalas, or whatever his name is, that mean-looking guy on TV (Rojack? Hojak? Wojak?) seems to be on every second program, bald as an egg, and about the same shape.

I remember an elderish lady whose chief delight was putting a needle into people. She was as bald as a billiard ball on top, but, by a clever contrivance of buns and piling-up, she managed to cover it. Or so she thought.

In her joky way, one day, while I had my head bent over a book, in my usual scholarly fashion, she scratched my crown and chortled, "My you're getting a little thin on top."

It didn't bother me. I was. If it had, I could have said something cruel. Like, "O.K., Rapunzel, let down your hair and we'll climb up and have a look at what you've been hiding all these years."

I couldn't. But I didn't like the old bat, and it was some time someone blunted her needle. So, I stood up, walked around her twice, my eyes glued to her bum, which looked like the east end of a cow going west, smiled, and said gently, "Yes, my dear, but perhaps it's better to get a little thin on top than gargantuanly thick on the bottom."

She scuttled to the coffee urn, eyes aflutter to see if anyone had heard, and shut her mouth for three whole days. I think it was the word 'gargantuanly' that flung her.

This started out as a question period, and is turning out to be a piece about hair. Sorry. I've nothing against hair, as such.

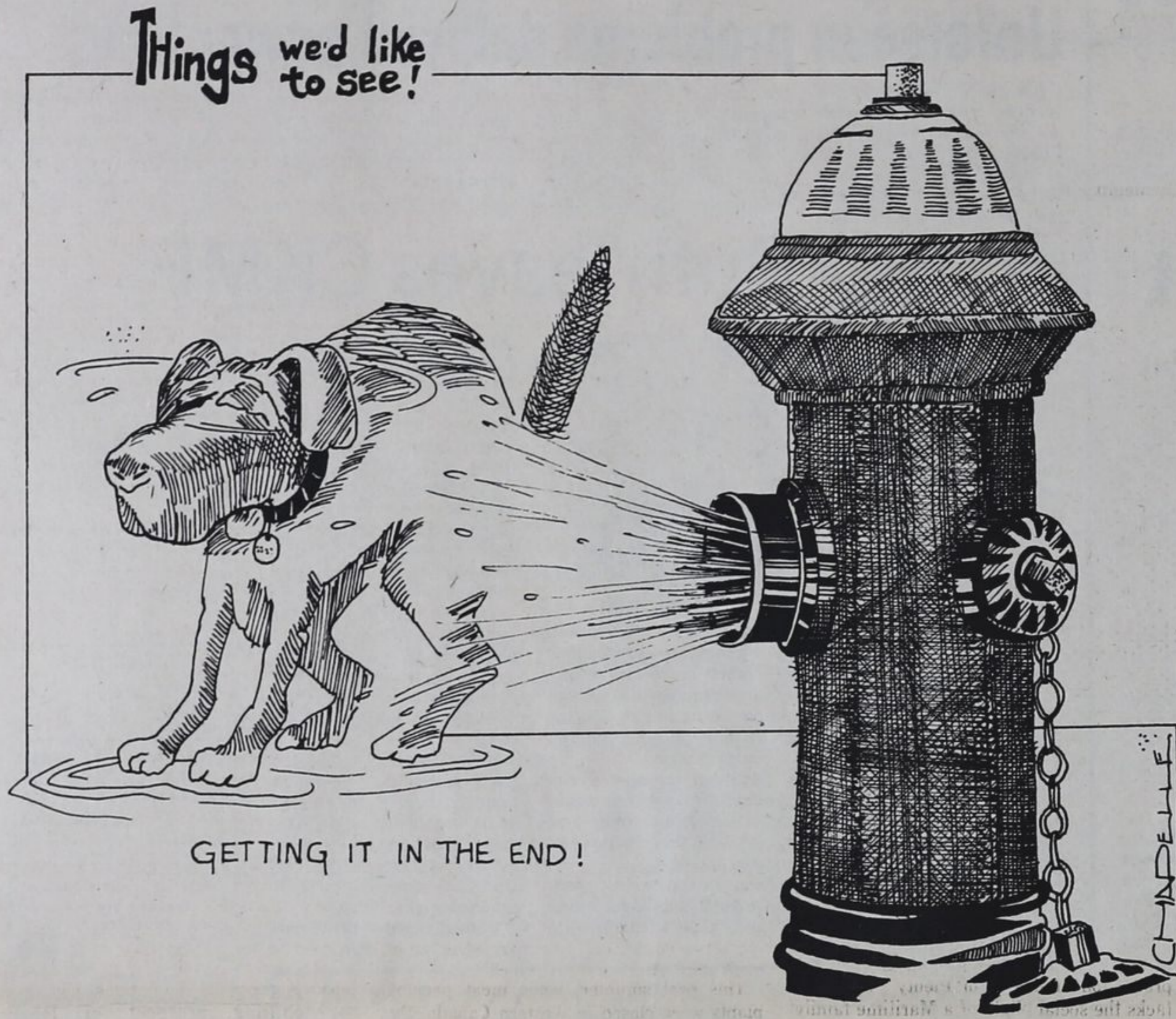
I'm not one of those back-to-the-brushcut people. Lordy, if someone made all my students (male) cut their hair, I'd have to learn their names all over again, and it's already taken me three months to identify the shaggy dogs.

In fact, I rather enjoy the modern novels, which state that, "She ran her hands through his long, silken hair," just as much as I enjoyed the old novels which stated that, "He ran his hands through her long silken hair." Men's Lib. If you can find some silken hair, which is a lot scarcer than you think, grab onto it and run your hands through it.

One group I do feel sorry for during this fad is the old-fashioned barber. There's no such thing as a young barber. The young ones are all hair stylists. For the old-timers, business is pretty sketchy. Some of them are cutting so little hair these days — the odd gray lock here, another there — that they don't even need a broom to sweep the floor. They just use a garden rake.

I'm sorry. This started out as a column of questions about the energy mess, politicians who need a 33 per cent raise in pay and other such, and it wound up as nothing but another of my hairy columns.

No wonder my life is such a mess. I can't keep to the trail. I'm like a finely trained deerhound who goes haring off after a hare when he should be pursuing a buck.



Down by the Marsh

be 8 and then 4 in order for me to win. It was kind of difficult to assume that 7 would suddenly revert to third place just for me.

The "PHOTO" sign was removed and it was announced that number 7 had won the race. It was at this point that I committed the error that plagues the race track. In a disgusted fit, I tore up my ticket. As I held it in the air, savouring the two dollars I had wasted, I noticed from the corner of my eye, another sign proclaiming "OBJECTION".

For just a moment I was inclined to agree. I objected to wasting the two dollars. Then the announcer told everyone that the winning horse had ruffled someone's pin feather in the stretch and therefore would be placed last. The board now read 8 and 4 just like my ticket. Or should I say just like my ticket used to read! It was in a thousand pieces.

I rushed to the cashier with my hand clutching this little pile of ticket. A moment ago it was worthless, but had suddenly in-

flated to the tune of \$37.80. I showed it to a very disgusted cashier and she directed me to a special wicket at the top of the building. Kind of like being sent to the corner, or being in the special class or something.

The gentleman that I met at this wicket was about as understanding as a trapped wolverine. I imagine he had better things to do than paste a ticket back together for someone who had deliberately ripped it into the smallest pieces possible.

I thought the best way to handle the situation would be to add a little levity to the moment. I tried a few cute sayings to ease his mind like, "there must be a better way to construct these tickets", or "Have you ever thought of taking up surgery." He was truly the most humourless man I had ever met. Through all those he just sat there, straining his eyes, and I think, trying very hard not to laugh!

Well, he got it fixed up after an hour or two,

and then he looked me straight in the eyes. With a very earnest voice he said "next time, try to wait until the race is over, okay!"

I turned sheepishly and I was about to hurry away certain that the entire race track was watching me. Like a message from above, a gentleman stood in my path wearing a worried expression not unlike my own. In his hands he held the remains of what appeared to be a ticket.

For a moment I thought, here I am, embarrassed in front of the whole crowd and someone comes along that is in the same boat. I thought that I was not alone anymore, that someone else had the courage to come up here with a ripped ticket as well. I couldn't let this man away without having at least a word with him.

I clasped his shoulders in earnest and said "Next time, try to wait until the race is over, okay!"

Remembering the past... Canada House

The existing shortage of downtown parking spaces in Penetanguishene would be more acute if not for an accident of history.

Years ago the Canada House occupied what is now the post office parking lot before a fire levelled the hotel.

According to our local historian by hobby and insurance agent by profession, Marcel Bellehumeur, hotels are the only buildings in his memory which have been lost on Main Street.

The Palmer House went up in smoke around 1916, followed by the Georgian Bay Hotel around 1918, and the Canada House.

In 1917 when a Midland photographer J.W. Bald snapped this picture as one of a series of Penetanguishene post cards for a British card company the town had a gravel Main Street bordered by a narrow strip of green grass.

Mr. Jeffery who had earlier built the Globe Tavern in 1833 (sometimes known as the Jeffery Tavern) later built the Commercial Hotel which became known as the Canada House.

E. Tessier was the owner of the Canada House when the first Orange celebration and banquet was held in Penetanguishene in 1859.

The Canada House was a popular bar although not in the sense of the modern term "night spot".

In the early 1900's bars were for men only, they were open nights but live entertainment by rock group or a country singer was something unheard of. Bars were bars where men went to drink, tell stories, talk over their troubles, and get into the occasional fight.

Thanks to Joe Lorette for submitting this picture, the last one we have of a series of shots of buildings on Penetanguishene's Main Street.

Correction
In last week's "Remembering the past" we unintentionally distorted a statement by one of our main sources.

Referring to the Northern House we reported that "despite an advanced age it had not been ravaged by fire". We then quoted Marcel Bellehumeur as saying "that is truly remarkable."

While the quote is correct it was incomplete and thereby distorted Bellehumeur's meaning. What he meant by the comment was that numerous towns have been ravaged by main street fires and only "due to a good fire department, the care on the part of merchants, and good luck" was Penetanguishene's Main Street able to escape a similar fate.

Our apologies to Marcel Bellehumeur for any misinterpretations which may have occurred because of last week's article.

