

# Citizen comment

## Support our planning board

"I don't want to see this area (Penetanguishene) become a bedroom to Toronto" Penetanguishene's Mary Rogers can always be counted on to come up with a colourful quote even in the most technical of discussions.

Compared to the usual administrative reliability; whereas, hitherto, herewithin, do hereby, etc., etc., her words are a breath of spring air in a world of officially sanctioned verbal garbage.

Sometimes they provide only colour, but in the case of Monday night's - let our bedrooms be our own - Rogers was right on.

In speaking of bedrooms she was speaking of planning, not family planning between a husband and a wife, but planning for Penetanguishene's future. Planning for answers to questions about what size this area should grow to, what kind of growth should be permitted, where growth should go, and what features in our area should be preserved.

To plan effectively, local input is a must. The best planning agency in our area is the Tiny-Tay Peninsula Planning Board representing Midland, Penetanguishene, Victoria Harbour, Port McNicoll, Tiny and

Tay Townships.

It's effective because it allows for local input from these six area municipalities. In fact some would probably say it allows for too much because of sharp and bitter conflicts which have marked its brief history - conflicts over the shape of development within the Tiny-Tay area in the next 20 to 50 years.

But despite conflicts the TTPPB has produced results through co-operative efforts. The environmental protection areas, the public questionnaire on development, the Heritage Drive study, these are only a few examples of the work achieved through the TTPPB's efforts.

Penetanguishene's town council is being asked to increase its yearly contribution to the TTPPB by 8.5 per cent. That's an increase of roughly \$600, which would bring Penetanguishene's contribution to \$7,123.90. To borrow an old adage, in an inflationary age, such an increase is justified.

Whatever form development in this area takes, has to be determined largely by the people who live in it. If we want to have a say in that development, then we need a body to represent us. That's where the Tiny-Tay Peninsula Planning Board comes in.



Trails in the snow

Photo by Harvey Markle

## Why Kevin got the most valentines

Heart of my hearts, how I love thee. Be mine, be my valentine. Cards, only paper cards with bulging red hearts but in grade two they meant something.

That was the time everyone in a class borrowed a handful of nickles and dimes from mom or dad, in some cases both, and headed down to the corner variety store to buy a package of valentines for their classmates.

To Mary, To Sue, To Bobby, To Nancy, To Tommy, To Joey, To Eddy, To... To... You signed them all, brought them to class and gave them to teacher.

Then at the end of the day it came. The time when the teacher handed out the cards. Then Mary, Sue, Bobby, Nancy, Tommy, Joey, Eddy - they all received valentine cards from you and you received some from

them.

Mary was called up to get hers. Then Sue, Bobby, Joey, Tommy, Nancy, Billy, Sue again, Sammy, Bobby again, and on and on it went, on and on.

Everyone was happy, everyone was smiling, everyone that is except for Kevin. He buried his head in his hands and sitting at his desk cried because almost all the valentines were gone and everyone had forgotten to send him one.

The teacher noticed, talked to a couple of us, and we quickly rubbed out some names and pencilled in Kevin's.

In the end Kevin got more cards than any one else.

In grade two everyone received a valentine.

## Sparing the rib

This newspaper has a ribbing department. Not spare ribs, Adam's ribs, or for that matter Eve's ribs but typewriter-key-ribs. They're designed to poke fun at dragons in the sky some real, some imagined, some of paper, some of iron and steel, and others ranging from all textures between.

So it was that an inhabitant of Dorval Quebec sent us a note asking the Citizen to poke a little "not-too-gentle ribbing" at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce for misspelling Penetanguishene (one of his favourite Ontario towns) in one of its ads in the New York Times (January, 15, 1975 issue).

There's nothing we'd like better to do if a gentle prodding was due. Not that we have anything against the Commerce, it's just that a little ribbing is good for anyone. Wears the excess fat away.

It is in that spirit that we inform our friend from Duval we suspect he did not grasp the reasoning behind the add.

The headline read "Pick Penetaneuishene for the plant site" Penetanguishene of course, is not spelled correctly in the headline, but beneath the headline, scratched in pen beside a picture of a businessman looking at a map of Canada was the question "How do you spell it?" The spelling mistake was deliberately done to attract attention.

The ad was designed to encourage American businesses thinking of expanding, to locate in Canada.

Penetanguishene with its appealing name and physical assets must have been a natural place for the Commerce to suggest as a location for expansion minded American businesses.

We believe the Commerce's ad department deliberately misspelled our town's name. For the purposes of their ad we forgive them.

To our friend from Quebec, who kindly brought the article to our attention, thanks, but in this case we'll have to spare the rib and pat the Commerce on the back.

## Looking Back

In the February 12, 1969 issue of the Citizen: The C. Beach Company plant closed its operations.

Wilfred Tessier retired after serving with the public works department of Penetanguishene for 20 years.

The first elimination round of the Winterama Queen Contest had already taken place.

In the February 11, 1970 issue of the Citizen: Penetanguishene council planned a special public meeting to discuss the firing of Constable W. Murphy from the town police force. The Sundowner Club opened officially. Fire caused considerable damage to a

building under construction at the Mental Health Centre.

Twenty-one girls were left to vie for the crown in the Winterama Queen Contest.

In the February 10, 1971 issue of the Citizen: Sheldon Ego, mayor of Penetanguishene in the early part of this century, died in Orillia.

Staff and students at PSS raised funds which they sent to Sister E. Racine, former English teacher at PSS now teaching in Pakistan, to help those who suffered from a cyclone in that country.

Simcoe County crown attorney John Murphy spoke to a gathering sponsored by Huronia Council Knights of Columbus.

75 Main Street  
TELEPHONE 549-2012

Andrew Markle  
Publisher

Victor Wilson  
General Manager

Tom Grand  
Editor

Member of the Ontario  
Weekly Newspaper Association

Mail Subscription  
\$7.50 yearly in Canada

\$9.00 in USA

Audit Bureau of Circulations regulations  
require that subscriptions be  
paid in advance.

Second Class Mail  
Registration Number 2327

**The  
Penetanguishene  
Citizen**

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations

Page 4, Wednesday, February 12, 1975

## Sugar and spice

With beef the price it is, most of us don't see much of it on the table these days. However, there's one type of beef that is as cheap as ever. If you can't afford the real thing, have a good beef about something that annoys you. It's not as tasty as the genuine article, but it's good for your blood pressure, even though there isn't much protein in it.

I haven't had a good beef about anything for a while, so here goes.

First of all, supermarkets. Many of them are becoming more impersonal, more inefficient, and more sleazy, from day to day. The change has been most noticeable in the past couple of years.

Until then, there was a crackling efficiency in most of the big chain stores. The manager and staff would bust their necks to help you find what you wanted. The girls on the cash registers nearly always had a smile and a greeting. Packaging boys bagged your groceries and would carry them to your car if you wished. As a result, the stores were pleasant places to shop.

What a change! The only time you see the manager is on a television ad. Try to find a clerk, during busy hours, to tell you where the unsalted peanuts or the salted crackers are, and you might as well be in the Sahara, with an empty water canteen, looking for a nice, fresh spring.

The girls on cash don't smile enough, and are obviously overworked. The packaging boys seem to be an extinct species, and when there is one around, he's just going for his coffee break. And he wouldn't think of carrying out your parcels.

It must be that management is deliberately cutting back on staff and service. Why? To increase profits?



I had occasion to purchase a quart of paint, recently, and my eyes were suddenly opened to a whole new realm of merchandising!

In the not too distant past, one was able to enter a hardware and simply ask for a quart of paint. Upon hearing the request, the owner would proceed to a very utilitarian shelf and gaze upon two or three basic kinds of paint. From these two or three varieties would come the quart desired.

Since I am not in the market for paint on a regular basis, it has been quite some time since I browsed through a hardware in search of this particular commodity. The first problem that I encountered was that of finding a hardware store.

You may sit there smugly and think that there are dozens of hardware stores, and there are dozens. The point is that most of the hardware stores today, are not hardware stores but rather gift shops! I was forced to enter quite a few before I found one that sold paint, and it was at considerable expense! From these other hardware stores I gleaned a revolutionary new can opener, a space age record selector, and a nifty little device for removing hair from peaches. Alas, still no quart of paint!

I had almost given up hope when my eyes fell upon a neon sign that defied any lack of electric energy by proclaiming "HARDWARE" in huge green letters. It was a new store and had just managed to change their basic merchandising design to one of self service.

The store had huge wide aisles and a vast number of products that lured one from shelf to shelf eager to buy. I looked for, and found, the paint department, and I was shocked. They had enough paint on the shelves in that store to be able to give one good coat to Jean Drapeau's ego! Now that's a lot of paint!

I wandered through the rows of paint looking for a rather simple brand. I didn't need latex paint, or stipple paint, or water base paint, or wood grain paint. I merely needed a quart of oil base paint. Some refer to it as interior semi-gloss, which means it's not quite as expensive as the better quality gloss paint.

I could not find the semi-gloss section to save my life. I spent a rather pleasant time in latex and moved through water base to lustre, but I did not come across semi-gloss

Yesterday, I went into a supermarket to pick up a few groceries. About \$10 worth, or one bag. I did my shopping in five minutes, and spent 20 minutes waiting in line to pay for it. Of six checkout counters, two were open. One girl was frantically punching buttons and bagging groceries. No packaging boys in sight. The other counter open was the Express counter (8 items or less).

And there's another thing that makes my hair stand on end and my temples throb with outrage. The Express counter.

The very name is a laugh. They should be re-named the Snail counter. They are supposed to be for the people who pick up a can of beans, a loaf of bread and some bologna. They are supposed to zip you through smartly. They don't.

I stood in line for about eight minutes, wondering what the holdup was, as there were only two or three ahead of me. When I was close enough to see, I realized what was going on. Two places ahead of me was an old gal with a nearly full shopping cart, about 30 bucks worth of grub. I started to burn. Eight items is supposed to be the limit in that line-up.

When she finally got finished, and muddled around having a cheque endorsed, another woman took her place, and started unloading her cart. After she had placed eight items on the counter, I began counting. Aloud, in a clear, penetrating voice. Do you know how many items that old biddie had? Thirty-six!

I remarked, loud and clear, to the cashier: "I thought this was the Express counter, eight items or fewer." She had the grace to blush. I half expected the old bat to turn and pulverize me with a salami, but she kept eyes front and her ears were red.

## Beef I've stewed on

I have a feeling there is room right now for some old-fashioned neighbourhood groceries, where you get personal service and your purchases are delivered, if you want to phone in an order. The big supermarket must be hell for the little old ladies with arthritis who have to walk blocks with a couple of heavy bags of grub. Speaking of which, why do the baggers at supermarkets always put all the canned goods in one bag, and the kleenex, toilet paper and rice in the other, so that the customer goes out the door with a list like the Titanic going down?

Another sore point with me - and it's sore where it really hurts, in the hip pocket - is the ripoff at big city hotels.

It was necessary that I spend a few days in one recently, and the prices nearly drove me into bankruptcy, a home for paupers, and insanity.

Single room, \$31.00 a day plus \$2.50 tax. Parking \$2.50. That's thirty-six simoleons before you lay your head on the pillow. I was slightly stunned, to say the least, but my fault, I hadn't checked the rates.

"Oh, well," I thought. "It's only once in a blue moon, and I'll enjoy the luxury and the terrific service." It is to laugh.

Luxury? It was a hotel room, like 50,000 others. Except that this one was so draughty you had to turn the thermostat up to 80 to keep from shivering.

Service? Oh, the service was great. Especially room service. Tired and frazzled, I decided I didn't want to seek out a dining room and eat alone. Thought I'd stay in my room, have a sandwich, read the paper, watch the news on TV.

That news was the only thing for which they didn't extract blood.

## by Bill Smiley

Country boy, without consulting the menu, I ordered one martini, one roast beef sandwich, one small pot of coffee (three cups).

When I went to sign the bill, you could have knocked me over with a leaden wink. A third-rate martini, unchilled, \$1.05. Beef sandwich, with a dill pickle, coleslaw and a muck of cheese, \$4.35. Small thermos of coffee, \$1.35. Surcharge for any order under \$10.00, one buck. (That really gripes.) And the waiter, with his hand out for a fat tip. That comes to \$8.25, without the tip.

I almost turned out my pockets and shouted: "Here! Take it all."

Once bitten, twice shy, you say. Not me. I have to be hit over the head several times before anything sinks in.

Ordered breakfast. Room Service. Thought: "Well, at least you can't be raped at breakfast." Wrong. You can.

Scrambled eggs, cold and watery, on a cold plate. Toast, limp, wet and cold, on a cold plate. The coffee was OK. Bill, about \$5.80, plus surtax and tip. A great way to start the day. Rather exorbitant for three cups of coffee, the only thing fit to imitate, don't you think?

Sure, it's a luxury hotel. But who wants to swim in January? Who needs a massage at \$7.00 a rattle? Who needs a haircut at \$3.50 or a shoeshine at half a buck? Who needs to pay over 40 cents for a cup of coffee?

Surely there is a place in Canadian society for homey, comfortable hotels, like those in England, where you might pay \$30.00 a day for two, with a huge, hot and hearty breakfast thrown in.

Being skinned alive is an uncomfortable way to go.

## Down by the Marsh

through all my travels.

I have already mentioned that the store had recently changed to a self service venue. They took the self service part quite literally. There was not an employee to be found. I find it very difficult to understand how a store that employs between sixty and seventy people, can keep all of them busy at some other location in the store, and a location that is not easily discernable from the paint department!

After what seemed to be hours I was rapidly approaching a fit of desperation. It involves looking quite frantic to passers by, and trying to convince them that you are stealing something of immense value. This is a clever ruse that I use to coerce them into informing the management of my whereabouts. In some stores it is the only way to find out for sure if the place does indeed have employees!

The ruse worked. It wasn't long until a rather snippish looking woman approached me at what I would term a very determined gallop.

She threw the usual "May I help you" at me in the most vehement tone, thereby ex-

plaining that the last thing she wanted to do was offer aid. In any case, I explained my simple desires, and she viewed me with even more contempt. Hardly possible, but from the depths of her training, she managed.

The whole reason for this contempt was that I was quite naturally standing in front of what I wanted and what I had failed to see, was a new paint improvement. Semi-gloss no longer exists, but semi-lustre will match quite well. Besides, the semi-lustre is a much superior paint to the old semi-gloss.

After arguing that perhaps the only improvement lay in the design of the label on the can, I followed her to the paint mixing centre. I say that I followed, when actually I watched for items that trembled in the aisles and thereby knew that she had passed that way.

In keeping with the new and improved store and merchandising methods, the mixing centre resembled my minds eye view of an IBM computer during a gall bladder operation. I hadn't seen so many diagrams and ridiculous patterns since my last income tax form!

You have to appreciate that when I entered

the store, I merely wanted a can of beige paint. I had already suffered through finding the paint and listening to a store employee berate my parentage, but this store was not through with me yet.

You see, I had yet to select a paint tint. I did not realize that beige came in 47 different varieties of every primary colour in the spectrum. In fact, I hadn't even realized that there were 62 primary colours. I was so far behind that I still thought we only had three. I guess I hadn't considered the seasonally adjusted rate of inflation!

I discovered that it is quite difficult to remember a particular shade of beige paint when one is confronted with so many from which to choose.

Again, in desperation, I tried my fit trick. She was not amused, but waited for me to finish by neatly folding the paint cans and piling them in front of her. Somehow, I could tell she was rather impatient!

Eventually I bought the paint and returned home to do the enjoyable little handyman project I had started. I don't really have to tell you if the paint matched or not, but if you hear of a sale on pre-finished panelling, let me know!

## Remembering the past . . . . . strangers

There they stand in an age when pictures were not the everyday occurrences of our times. Somewhere in Lafontaine in the early 1900's this group of two elderly men and women posed for a picture and that's all we know.

The rest remains a mystery. But we can make some guesses. Herb Duquette, the man who submitted our mystery photo thinks the leaves in the lower right hand corner may be those of a tobacco plant. Farmers used to grow their own tobacco in the Lafontaine area.

Joan Kay, the Citizen's secretary, and in residence fashion expert provided us with another historical tidbit. She claims that boots went out of style for women in the early 1900's giving way to the latest rage - buckle shoes. Take a good look at the shoes worn by the two women in this picture. They've got buckles. That's how we dated the picture. Never question an in residence fashion expert.

Note the condition of the two men's suits. The wrinkles indicate they received a lot of

wear. According to Duquette men often wore suits like these throughout the working day. That explains the wrinkles.

Whoever our four mystery guests are this week they are interesting.

Remembering the past

The long beard, the not exactly tailored to fit suits, the simple black dresses and the honest, straight forward look of a simple people, a proud people, who gathered

together for this picture in times forgotten.

If anyone can provide any more information about this picture please contact the Citizen at 549-2012.

Old photos  
Readers of "Remembering the past" are invited to submit suitable photos for publication in this space. All photos will be returned intact, with thanks, after publication.

