

# Citizen comment

## Enter centennial contest, Streak needs the work

Deep within the confines of the Citizen office a solitary figure works away, typing memos to the editor, taking down ads, answering the phone, sorting out the mail, digging up news for the sports calendar balancing the unbalanceable Citizen books, and arranging for the speedy and efficient (if the mail allows it) delivery of your Citizen every week.

We call her Streak, not for a tendency to play Lady Godiva, but for her hair which adopts new and dazzling colour tones after every appointment at her hairdresser.

Lately Streak has been demonstrating that her name matches her work capabilities. Having outlasted two previous editors, she has more or less become the one permanent fixture in this office, and in time her chores have become routine. She now can do in one day what it would take a normal secretary two days to complete. She usually does a full week's workload in three days and sits around in the office wondering what she's going to do to kill time.

That's why we invented the contest called "Centenaire-Pentanguishene-Centenary". As noted in greater detail in a front page story the contest offers a total of \$150 in prize money, dinner for two at the Watergate Steak House and a bundle of complimentary passes to the Pen Theatre.

All you have to do to enter the contest is submit a short story, a poem, a painting or a

sketch drawing, and / or a photograph on one of three themes on Penetanguishene.

As implied in the front page article, the contest is designed to involve you in celebrating Penetanguishene's 100 years as an incorporated municipality. Officially that's the reason for the contest but there was another reason, to give Streak more work.

It's for her own good. The more Streak fretted about what to do in her spare time the more often she'd decide to make an appointment at the hairdresser. Soon she was going to the hairdresser at double her normal rate and turning her curls and locks into a rainbow of colours.

Enter the Citizen's "Centenaire-Pentanguishene-Centenary" Contest and you can help yourself by qualifying for one of the prizes, you'll be participating in the town's centennial celebrations, and you'll be giving Streak more work.

All the entries will be handled through the Citizen office, which is to say they'll be processed by Streak. Take our word for it — she's more than ready for anything you throw at her.

So let's start to see those entries flow into our Main Street office. Keep those short stories, poems, pictures and photographs coming.

It's good for Penetanguishene and it's good for Streak. For her hairdresser, well...we're not so sure.

## Phooey on Celsius

Canada's a cold country, something we still remember even as spring peeks around the corner, and we can use a little bit of help the powers that be devise to make us feel warm.

So what happens? Effective yesterday, April 1, we are suddenly told that we have been converted to Celsius — that our temperature readings in newspapers, on television or by radio, will be given in a different scale from the old Fahrenheit that has served us through generations.

Now, we are not ones to quibble with progress, but boys, was this change really necessary?

You see, under the Celsius readings 32 degrees is 0, at 40 degrees you'll need a swim to cool off from the heat. Waking up yesterday to snow on the ground was bad enough. But to have the announcer on CKMP inform us over the first cup of coffee that it was zero degrees outside was enough to send us, shaking, to put on woolies.

April 1, and 0? He had to be kidding. Then he explained that the conversion to Celsius was taking place immediately, and implied that it was illegal, from now on, to give the old Fahrenheit temperature over the air waves.

What threat to freedom is this? As the Globe and Mail pointed out yesterday morning, experts estimate that anybody over the current age of 10 will have trouble adjusting to the change — and with the present ruckus over the fact that kids aren't being taught to read and write properly, we doubt even they will understand it.

So, sir, whatever powers you be, we protest!

As we look out our window as this is written, the old-fashioned, friendly thermometer reads just over 32 degrees. That sounds a lot better to us than "a few degrees above zero."

So phooey, gentlemen, on your April foolishness.

## April fools on men in blue

Old man March certainly played an April fools joke on the town police this year. The grizzly, grumpy veteran of 31 days roared out like a lion chasing the lamb off the calendar at the end of the month. He chased the lamb well into April so far in fact that Penetanguishene was greeted by two to four inches of freshly fallen snow on April fools day.

Which by the way caught our respected police force off guard. All \$5 winter snow removal bylaw parking tickets became inoperative as of April 1, meaning that any self respecting citizen could park his or her car on the street without fear of a parking fine. Which we guess is nature's way of saying April fools to the men in blue.

## Sugar and Spice

To ski or not to ski

by Bill Smiley

This may seem an odd time of year for it, but I'm being torn between two old adages. That is better than being torn between two old harridans, but not much.

At my age, of course, the chances of being torn between two young harridans is rather slight. As a matter of fact, there hasn't even been much of a line-up of old harridans lately, so I guess I'll have to settle for those two old adages.

One of them goes thus: "There's no fool like an old fool." As adages go, it fills the bill. It is short, blunt, and, if you happen to be an old fool, brutal. I don't like that one much.

The other one says: "There's many a good tune played on an old fiddle." This is also

short and to the point. It is usually delivered with a wink and a leer by some old fool of either sex, speaking of which, that is what it usually refers to. I like that one better than the first, though I am not given to leering or winking. Not for years.

Anyway, to get to the heart of the matter, I've taken up cross-country skiing and those ancient adages ride with me, one on each ski. They are heavy, as well as old.

When I state that I have taken up cross-country skiing, I must confess that it is not a reciprocal deal. I have taken it up only once, and it has taken me down more times than I care to contemplate.

But that's beside the point. Cross-country

skiing is not for everybody, though you'd never know it on a Sunday afternoon.

No, it's really a sport for us romantics, the few of us left who are loners, who have a fierce, overwhelming urge to pit our muscles and will against a fierce and alien Nature.

Even before I strapped on the skis, I knew I would love it. Pictures rolled through my mind like a film, with me in the major role. Gliding, swift and silent, along a lonely winter trail. Slipping through the stilly woods like a wraith. Stopping on a peak for a belt of brandy and a munch of bread and cheese, before plunging, eager-eyed, into the terrible, hurtling danger below.

It's a tough world for us romantics. For

some reason, the picture seldom lives up to the advance notices.

I didn't exactly glide, not at first. I sort of shuffled, rather like an old man with a double case of gout. Nor was the trail really lonely. Not if you count dogs, little children, and old ladies who came up from behind, shouting, "Track!" and went by me as though I were standing still. Which I was, a good deal of the time.

Stopping on a peak for a bracing, solitary brandy is also a little difficult, when the only peak for miles around is about eight feet high, and is already populated by eleven-seven of your friends, every last one of whom loves brandy, but doesn't have any with him.

Not to mention those woods. It's hard to keep them stilly, when every time you get anywhere near a tree, everyone in sight shouts, "Timber-r-r-r!"

I have taken up other sports, like golf and curling, and have learned that unless he is extremely vigilant, the beginner may develop some bad habits which are hard to shake.

I was determined that this would not happen with skiing. On my very first time out, I thought I was developing a bad habit. My left ski seemed to want to veer to the left, and my right ski to the right. This seems logical enough, but it was not conducive to skimming along the trail, especially when the skis took turns falling off the boots.

Quickly, I checked the harness. Sure enough, the chap from whom I'd bought the outfit had put it on cockeyed. My toes fitted into it, but my heels didn't even touch the skis. They were dragging in the snow. Right there, I decided to Raise Cain with the installer.

Fortunately, a friend came along. When he noticed that my skis seemed to want to go in opposite directions, he suggested that I had them on the wrong feet. This was patently ridiculous. A ski is a ski and a foot is a foot. But he persevered. Sure enough, the ski I'd had on my right foot was marked with a large L, for Left, and vice versa.

Once that bad habit was resolved, I was skimming along like a bird. Dodo? I had a couple of other bad habits, but I solved them swiftly. One was jabbing my ski pole into my ski instead of into the snow. This tended to throw me off my stride, not to mention off my feet. I put a stop to this by wrapping the sharp tips of the poles in wads of foam rubber. They're not much good in snow, but it's a lot easier on the skis.

Another was a habit of making the sign of the cross with my skis. This seemed to bring about a precipitation, or downfall. I solved this by cutting of my skis right in front of my boots. I hardly ever get them crossed any more.

Some people have trouble getting up hills. I don't. I use the Doppelganger method (hands and knees).

All in all, it's a fine, bracing sport. Here and now, in public print, I am ready to take on anybody over a 50-metre course. Anyone under four or over 80.

There are only a couple of things I don't like about it. One is my wife. When I get 200 yards behind her, she stops and waits for me. When I get to where she is, on my last breath, she's had a five-minute rest, and takes off.

Another thing, more embarrassing than otherwise, occurs when I get off the trail and hide behind a tree, trying to get the blood out of my eyes and my heart out of my ears.

A couple of young punks sail by, and I overhear, "Jeez, it used to be stilly in these woods, but nowadays there seem to be great, noisy gusts of wind." Little do they know it's only old Smiler trying to get his breath back.

I've come to a decision. Either I quit smoking or I quit skiing.

Anybody interested in a pair of almost brand-new cross-country skis?



I'm not saying that the mail is slow ... but I ordered seeds!

## Looking back

In the April 9, 1969 issue of the Citizen: In 1928 the Town of Penetanguishene's total spending was less than 1969 education levy requested by the Simcoe County Board of Education.

M.K. Hamelin was named Penetanguishene Chairman for the 1969 campaign for funds being conducted by Midland District Unit Canadian Cancer Society.

In the April 8, 1970 issue of the Citizen: A special meeting was held to explain the new building by-laws to the ratepayers of Penetanguishene.

Paul Robillard was named most valuable player at the Streetsville Tyke Tournament. Doug Dubeau resigned as chairman of Winterama.

James McMahan resigned as vice president of the Penetanguishene Ratepayers Association.

In the April 12, 1972 issue of the Citizen: Gary Laurin became head of the audio-visual centre at MSS.

Tiny bought land for a Woodland Beach park.

Peter Trilesbeck and Maurice Laurin, two Grade 12 students at PSS, competed in the Chrysler Trouble Shooting Contest.

The directors of the Penetanguishene

Chamber of Commerce decided to press for an opening of the Royal Navy and Military Establishments this year.

In the April 11, 1973 issue of the Citizen: Dr. Peter Brasher urged that a snowmobile trail system be set up for Tiny Township.

PSS entered the Ring of General Macias in the Ontario Collegiate Drama Festival in Lindsay.

Tiny council pressed to have CN tracks on the 6th and 8th concession of Tiny Township removed.

A general face-lifting of store fronts was discussed in length at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. Another important item discussed was the making of Main Street one way going north.

In the April 10, 1974 issue of the Citizen: The Poyntz Plaza was being sold to a group of Ontario men, and if the deal goes through plans call for extensive expansion to the 6-acre site, including apartment units and an elaborate enclosed mall.

The Ministry of Transportation and Communications had launched a review of its policy regarding bilingual road signs, following publication of a story and editorial in this newspaper that a Ministry official from London, Ontario had called them illegal.



## Remembering the past .....volunteer firefighters 1952

Most of the men in this photograph are still living and working in Penetanguishene today. Some have changed jobs, a few have died, the rest have grown a little older through the passing years. But if you see them on the streets today you'll probably recognize them from this picture of Penetanguishene's volunteer firemen taken in 1952 in Stanford during a competition involving firefighters across Ontario. In the front row from left to right are: Ed

Paradis, Alvert Reynolds (deceased), Mr. O'Sullivan (former representative of the Ontario Fire Marshall's Office, deceased), Bob Stewart (then and now the town's firechief), Jumbo Dubeau, Eugene Quesnelle, Mark Picotte (deceased), Len Maheu (presently manager of Richardson and Beauieu Ltd.) and Jack Arbour (presently a security police officer). In the second row from left to right are: Francis (Punny) Dumais and Art Dumais.

Standing in the back row from left to right are: Lomer Dubeau (deceased), Roy Patenaude (deceased), Jerry Kaus (presently a foreman at the Penetanguishene Water and Light Commission), Murray Dubeau, Art Lizzotte (presently a member of the Penetanguishene police force) and Laval Dubeau. All the Dubeaus in this picture, who are still alive, are working at the Pen-Mid Coach Lines.

Len Maheu was not a member of this

volunteer fire fighting group. At the time of this picture he was a bus driver for the Pen-Mid coach lines.

Thanks to Ted Light for submitting this photo for use as a "Remembering the Past" feature.

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



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