

# Citizen comment

## Kids need summer help

Hockey season has finally ended in North Simcoe, and in Penetanguishene it did so with quite a bang last Sunday (see stories page 13).

Almost 500 youngsters from the town and surrounding area played organized hockey, and countless other youths and adults enjoyed public skating, ringette, figure skating and a host of other activities at the Penetanguishene Arena.

When a reporter commented Monday to arena manager and the town's recreation coordinator Ron Marchildon that everyone involved Sunday had nothing but praise for the arena staff, he tossed of some quip about "tell it to the people who pay me."

He laughed it off, but it is a story worth telling.

Marchildon is in his first full year as arena manager, and his second with the recreation assignment, and the range of activities and services he and his staff provide far outdistances that of many other communities twice the size — Midland being one notable example.

He has, with a limited budget, organized recreation programs for residents of almost all age groups — from toddlers to seniors.

He managed to keep the arena open and functioning well, weeks longer than Midland officials. The arena, with backing from town council and the amalgamated arena, parks and recreation board, had a facelift over the summer, with better dressingroom facilities, washrooms, new paint and general repairs that make it a more comfortable, pleasant place to be either as a participant or an observer.

And Marchildon is not alone, of course, for in this community there is a core of people prepared to devote countless hours to ensuring that the community's youth have productive outlets for their energies, at least during the winter months.

Hockey here, as evidenced by the strong showing of our young hockey teams in provincial and international competitions such as the Silver Stick tourney in Michigan, is well organized and worthwhile.

Not only do the youngsters have a chance to play, they have an opportunity to develop their talents to a solid degree if they choose to do so.

Hockey is a prime focus in this community because the kids are interested, and because the adults, acting as coaches, chauffeurs, managers, statisticians, gatekeepers and behind-the-scenes organizers, give them support.

So in one sense, Marchildon's job, while hectic, can be rewarding and easy during the winter months.

But what about the summer?

Most of the hockey youngsters are still around, and with less to do once school is out. That creates, sometimes, boredom, frustration — the kind of things that lead to vandalism and stupidity.

Last year, there was no organized minor baseball in town because nobody was prepared to help set it up — except for Marchildon himself.

Certainly there are some programs, but not on the same scale as during the winter.

The easiest thing, of course, is to look again to those who set up hockey and other winter activities for added effort. But that is fair neither to the youngsters nor the adults concerned.

The fact is that while there is a core of interested parents and others in town, there is a vast group which sits on its collective hands year-round — glad to have something for their kids to do, but unprepared to do anything more than criticize if anything appears not exactly right.

That's not good enough.

It's not good enough for the kids, and it's not good enough for the community as a whole.

Ron Marchildon is trying, again, to organize baseball.

Is there anyone out there — aside from the same group, tired after a winter of hockey — prepared to help organize summer activities for our town's children?

Let's hope so.

## Sugar and Spice

This seems to be a good week to clean up some loose ends, so, if you happen to have a loose end, join me.

Me and the Old Battleaxe spent a couple of days in the city during our winter break holiday. And "spent" is the word. It would have been cheaper to fly to Mexico and pick up Montezuma's curse, as the call it there, or the dire rear, as we call it here. This remark has no connection with the opening sentence of this column.

We went out shopping to buy a "little something" for Pokey, the grandson. Just a little shirt, or a toy, or some other trifle. Fifty dollars later, I staggered out of the department store, toting two large toys, six little shirts, four pairs of overalls, a full-dress suit for the kid, and a plastic shell windbreaker with a lining and a hood to "keep him warm when he comes out from swimming." At 15

months, he's going to be doing a lot of swimming, you see.

Then, of course, we had to deliver the stuff. So we invited ourselves to dinner with daughter and told her not to fuss, that we'd bring along an old chunk of meat or something. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, she agreed with alacrity.

My wife's idea of a couple of items to help out with dinner turned out to be five dollars worth of steak, the equivalent in pies and stuff, and assorted groceries running to another 10, my daughter supplying the potatoes and water for the coffee.

However, it was worth it. We each got to hold the baby for about 10 minutes, in one-minute snatches, between bouts of trying out his toys and having clothes tried on him by the women.

After many years, I finally realize why I

hate trying on new clothes for my wife's surveillance. The baby despised every minute of the clothes-modelling session, and bellowed lusty protests as his mother and gran pulled his limbs to all sorts of gymnastics, trying to stuff him into his new pants and shirts.

It probably happens to all males in childhood, and they resent it ever after.

Next day was worse, financially. My wife was determined to buy a rug, beadspread and drapes to match some new wallpaper in a room she'd decorated. As any woman knows — and most husbands, too — this is a three-month, not a three-hour quest. It's usually about as easy as looking for the Lost Child.

Consequently, the old girl went off with leaden step, sagging mien and built-in frustration. She looked so depressed my

## My trip to the city by Bill Smiley

heart went out to her, and in a moment of madness, I offered to accompany her. Unfortunately, she was in the bathroom with the door closed and the water running, and I was so emotional that I was whispering, so she didn't hear me.

To my astonishment, she burst into the hotel room two hours later, eyes shining, looking like a girl on her first date, and radiating joy. She had hit the jackpot in her shopping. Everything matched some shade of off-yellow.

Since I had expected to greet a worn-out woman, full of recriminations, weary, dispirited and empty-handed, I got carried away.

"Hey! This must be your day. Why don't you buy a little something for yourself in that women's store? It will give you a lift."

"Well, as you know, I haven't bought a stitch of anything new since I don't know when. Maybe I'll pick up a new spring blouse or something."

Not to be an old fogey, I decided that, by George, I'd get a new tie, myself.

Well, I guess I got a little carried away. I walked out of that men's shop with two ties and two turtle-neck sweaters. I am not exactly the turtle-neck type, but in a devil-may-care moment, I tried one on. It was white, made in Italy, and I swear I looked just like Fred Astaire, just in from Acapulco. Fred's a good-looking 72.

These sweaters had extra-high turtles. They conceal your wattles and push your dewlaps out so that you look jolly, rather than just hang-dog.

Fifty bucks lighter, I left the shop with a red plastic bag containing my goodies. I felt guilty but jaunty.

I lost both my guilt and my jaunt when I went to the ladies shop to meet my wife. Yes, she had picked up a new spring blouse. And a new spring suit. And another suit. And a casual outfit. And some more blouses. She was snatching things off the racks like a two-year-old opening Christmas presents.

Ah, well, what the hell. You can't take it with you. Especially if there's nothing to take.

Next day, back home, she modelled all her array for me. It was then that I learned none of her shoes or purses "went with" the new clothes. The rest is history.

Two good things did come out of that holiday, however. My wife told me she wanted to see me in one of my turtle-neck sweaters. I fought it, but finally gave in with bad grace.

"Where are they? They're in a red plastic bag. Where did you put it?"

"It's with the rest of the stuff", she retorted. It wasn't. It wasn't anywhere.

After going back over the day before, we agreed that I'd taken it into the dining-room, put it beside my chair, and had walked out without it. Of all the stupid...

Phoned the hotel, long-distance. No, Lost-and-Found had no trace of it, but, learning my name, the lady there said she read my column in the Blenheim paper and we had a nice chat.

Well, there goes fifty bucks, plus a L.D. call. Went out morosely to put some empties in the car trunk. There was the little old red devil plastic bag. With sweaters and tie.

The other good thing was gypping the hotel on breakfast. We ordered breakfast for one. I drank the orange juice, she ate the dark-wheat cakes, I ate the toast and jam, and we shared the coffee. Two breakfasts for the price of one. I'll bet they haven't caught on yet. I saved \$1.80 on breakfast, two days in a row.

A profitable trip taken all round.

## It should be automatic

For the past few years, French-speaking residents of North Simcoe, particularly those in Penetanguishene and Tiny Township, have enjoyed the beginnings of a cultural rebirth.

Le Centre d'Activités Françaises on Simcoe Street, French pre-schools, French films and the continued strengthening of Ecole St-Joseph have all been parts of that rebirth.

For this community, historically, has enjoyed a cultural duality that remains strong today.

Maintaining that duality rests on large things — such as the mutual respect and understanding that is basically sound in Penetanguishene — and on little things — symbols that strengthen and reinforce the

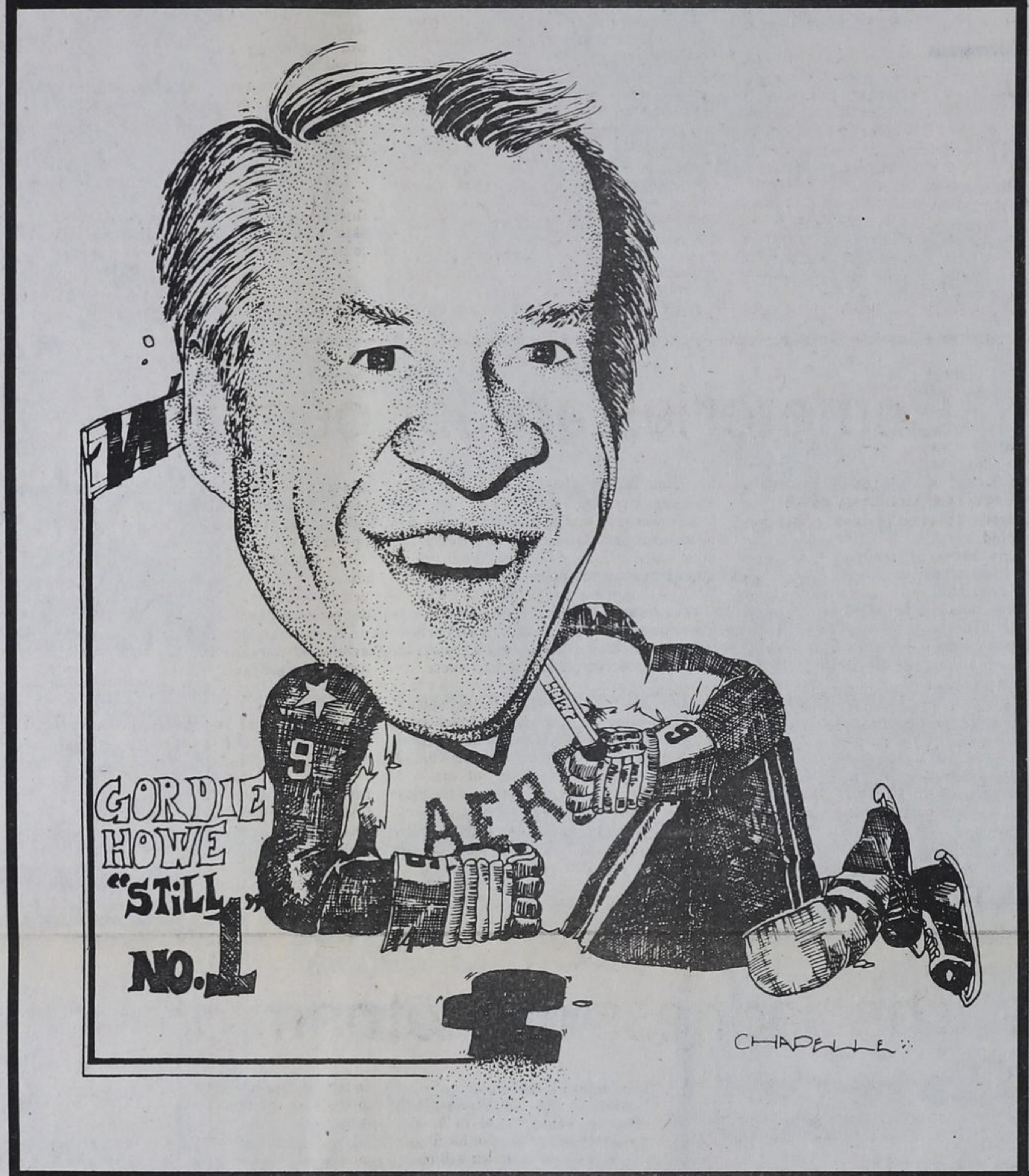
character of the area simply because they recognize that that character exists.

At the southern entrance to Penetanguishene, two months ago, a sign was erected inviting people to the town's centennial celebrations the weekend of June 28.

That sign, near the Angels that symbolize Ontario and Quebec, is in English only.

It's a little thing and probably an oversight. But it is not appropriate that the centenary of a bilingual community to be promoted bilingually?

We think so. And besides, signs are easy to put up and not even very expensive. A French mate to the one that stands now should be put up automatically.



## Looking back

In the April 30, 1969 issue of the Citizen: The Ontario Housing Corporation received the green light to build senior citizens' apartments in Penetanguishene.

Medore DeVillers was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of councillor Jack Wark on Penetanguishene council.

A report by the Ontario Housing Corporation concluded that Penetanguishene residents were not in need of the Ontario Home Plan (Home Ownership Made Easy).

In the April 29, 1970 issue of the Citizen: M. Fitzgerald Real Estate was the first real estate office to open in Penetanguishene.

The annual Club Camaraderie cabane a sucre bash was held at the sugar bush camp Anatole Charlebois.

Penetanguishene's planning board proposed to ban all overhanging signs on Main Street by the end of 1970.

Brother Charles J. Marchand, son of Mr. and Mrs. Celestin Marchand, was awarded the \$5,000 Rose Cassin Memorial Scholarship.

In the May 5, 1971 issue of the Citizen: Penetanguishene General Hospital held its 60th anniversary banquet celebration.

Mike Dusome and Ernie Dubeau were Penetanguishene Secondary School's representatives in the Chrysler trouble shooting contest.

The occupations department at PSS was just beginning to construct a new music portable.

The Penetanguishene Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion received new branch colours.

In the May 3, 1972 issue of the Citizen: Dr. Gus Mitges became Grey-Simcoe's MP in the federal election.

Simcoe County engineer, Leighton Clark accused Tiny Council of supporting area discontent regarding the plowing of roads in Lafontaine.

Woodland Beach Association wanted to buy the Ship-Ahoy dance hall for use as a community hall.

The education levy for Penetanguishene decreased by 21.71.

In the May 9, 1973 issue of the Citizen: PSS held its annual student government day.

The Tiny-Tay Peninsula Planning Board requested that \$95 per day be paid by any municipality wishing the assistance of their area planner.

Jim Martin was the chairman of the Penetanguishene branch of the Red Shield campaign.

In the May 1, 1974 issue of the Citizen: Ontario Hydro was planning to close its inspection office in Penetanguishene and have all inspectors work out of a regional office in Barrie.

"The David Richard", a cruise boat owned by Gil Robillard and his two partners in Argee Boat Cruises Ltd. was to go into operation.

A petition seeking public benches for Main Street was making the rounds in Penetanguishene. A brainchild of Dave Trottier and his wife Charlotte, who run the family business of Marc's Billiards, they feel that what is needed is "a place to sit and rap."

## We must plan our own development, ourselves

Dear Sir: Much talk has taken place recently regarding growth or no growth, some of it in relation to the Simcoe-Georgian Task Force. One has to realize that the state of well being that existed last year in the area was due to a steady industrial growth.

Not so many years ago, many of the young people from this area had to leave if they wanted to fulfill their economic potential. Not that many years ago, wages in this area were well below the provincial average, and family income was among the lowest in ten economic regions of our province.

The steady growth that has occurred in the last ten years has remedied many of these discrepancies.

To provide opportunities for fair wages and employment for young people, an area or city does not have to be big, but must be growing regularly. A growth rate of 5 per cent each

year would provide ample opportunity to achieve these goals for our area. A 5 per cent yearly growth rate would mean a growth rate of 165 per cent in 20 years. Or in other words, the population in our area should, under these circumstances, go from 29,000 to approximately 77,000 in 20 years (or approximately 98,000 by the year 2000).

Too often in a discussion on growth, the two extremes, no growth (stagnation) is contrasted to unbridled growth. Obviously both extremes are undesirable and unacceptable. If there must be growth (and it is believed that to maintain our economic position in the province we must have growth), then it should be controlled.

Proper area planning, giving serious consideration to the quality of living, must exist and must have sufficient teeth to insure compliance with the planning concepts.

One further prerequisite for industrial

growth is an environment that can absorb the new industries. Our area fortunately is well situated with ample water, good soil conditions and a good reputation for its labour.

The restrictions on growth are the inadequate transportation facilities. It should be pointed out that better roads, more harbour facilities (the harbours are there!), a paved airport, proper supply of gas and electricity must be available if industry will be attracted to our area. Sufficient housing (and we have land for it) must also be made available.

If the province would endorse such a growth plan, the transportation requirements could be phased in. With possibly some industrial as well as residential land banking, proper growth, at reasonable prices, could be assured.

Perhaps we who live in this area, and love it, look at it differently than those who see it

only as a summer resort. Summer, or any recreational resorts, have generally resulted in much below average annual incomes for the native population.

No doubt we see our own area differently from those who consider their own growth more important than ours and would like to use our labour force in their area. Computing is expensive and quite often the 'outside worker' is considered as fill-in, highly in demand when labour is scarce, but laid off in favour of locals, when supply is ample. What may best suit our temporary, seasonal, residents, or our neighbours, may not always be best for us.

The question remains; who will decide our destiny? If we do not think, talk and act, then by default, someone else will make the decision for us.

Yours sincerely,  
An Economist.

## Good luck to new animal control officer

Dear Sir: I don't "read" your paper but I do "use" it, after everyone else has read it, of course.

I am fortunate to have a very loving family who adopted me when I was just eight weeks old. They took me to a doctor in Elmvale for shots and once they had to leave me there overnight — a small operation — they call it spaying I think. It costs quite a bit but is well worth it. Keeps the boys from bothering me, and is in keeping with the current concern about the population explosion. Don't let my name fool you though, I'm still very much

female. It's just that my mistress is a Bogart fan.

You see, my family loves me and takes me for walks and everything, but they are quite busy and sometimes don't have time for me, and that's where your paper comes in handy. What bothers me is my neighbourhood brothers and sisters who don't seem to have anyone to walk them and they use my front lawn. Also I'm very excitable and fun loving, and just adore running with my friends, but there is this law which says I must be walked

on a leash.

Now, I respect that law and so does my master. He is trying to teach me manners — you know — sit pretty, stay, come, fetch and heel, but it is very difficult when all my friends are just running and having a ball.

I see in your paper that we are getting a new policeman to enforce that law. I sure hope he does a good job. I'm not a pure breed, or exceptionally bright — but I am cute and smart enough to know that the law is there for my own good. I'm really sure of that

because once I tried running by myself and a car hit me. Luckily it just stunned me and gave me a few bruises, but I think I learned my lesson. Please print my letter so others may learn. I really enjoy your paper and hope you will soon have a column about us.

Your best friend,  
Sam

P.S. I also have a 10-year-old feline sister. She doesn't use your paper, she has a box of funny stuff in the basement that she likes to scratch around in.

## Ontario budget will strengthen economy

by Arthur Evans, MPP Simcoe-Centre The provincial budget which was introduced last week by Treasurer Darcy McKeough presents solid and concrete proposals which will be instrumental "in restoring Ontario to its accustomed prosperity and in ensuring that all of our people share in that prosperity."

For some time now, Canada, like other major economies, has experienced high rates of inflation and weakened economic growth. The time has come for all governments to take strong and decisive action. This budget

reflects Ontario's pledge to provide effective leadership through which we should see an economic upturn for our province in the latter half of 1975.

The measures proposed will stimulate the economy immediately and will work to increase investment and productivity. In this way, longer term inflationary pressures will be relieved.

All of us as consumers have felt the effects of inflation on our purchasing power. As a result, we have seen a significant slowdown in such areas as automobile sales, and sales

of major appliances and home furnishings. To stimulate consumer spending, the basic retail sales tax will be reduced from 7 per cent to 5 per cent effective until December 31, 1975.

Initially, this action will stimulate spending on cars, stoves, televisions, etc. With increased spending activity, there will be more production and thus more jobs.

Additional measures have been proposed in order to encourage investment and strengthen the productivity of the Ontario economy.



Sam at rest

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