



Cooling off

Saturday afternoon the sunworshippers flocked to Balm Beach to pay tribute to the bringer of summer warmth. They stretched their browning bodies out in an attempt to forget that the cold wind and snow which

blanketed that spot only a few months ago is really only a figment of their imagination and that it will only too soon return. In the meantime, sandcastles, bikinis, and blankets are the order of the day.



by Ray Baker

Or if you prefer a four letter word - CASH... The recent publicity given to Midland Council on the issue of who earns what and what for, has been given a good airing in the last few weeks.

We have not heard the last of it I'm sure. It appears to be subdivided into many segments. Among them are:

1. Should the amount of money paid to full time town employees be made public. Followed by if not, why not.
2. Then comes the crunch. What is 'made public'?
3. Then the legal pros and cons are bandied about with everyone knowing that their own interpretation of the Municipal Act (as amended) is correct. And they could all be right.

Meanwhile, the poor old layman, or, in the interests of equal rights - layperson, is caught in the middle, between the Bureaucratic Quagmire, the Diligent Media, and a trail of Red Herrings that would do justice to an Agatha Christie novel.

And to make things even worse I've got my two cents worth in now.

Let's try and uncloud the issues. Should salaries be made public? Well they have been, but I've had

Money, money, money ... pay what staff is worth

feedback both ways from the man on the street (and man embraces woman). "Yes they should because I want to know what I'm paying for". That's ok for starters, but what then. What do you compare it to. Is it too little or too much in comparison to what.

It goes without saying that, as in the case of the human cannonball, you need a man of the right calibre. You pay comparable rates commensurate with industry and commerce.

There is no cut price way to run a town

Try it and what happens. Your administrative officials will gain experience here, look for more money, leave, and give the new Municipality the benefit of what you paid them to learn in the first place. Then starting from scratch you employ someone else. Who loses, we all do. So you can't underpay for long.

But you can overpay. This leads into another school of thought, "I voted Council in to run the town, that's their job" so the ratepayer is giving a mandate to Council, here is my tax dollar, spend it wisely, but I don't necessarily want to know all the nitty gritty details.

Which leads into the second issue 'made public'. What does it mean... In the old days the town crier would have been announced that Joe Blow get six pence a year for dog catching or whatever. An original application form for the 'Mounties' in Ottawa says 'must be able to read and write'. But the old days are gone and we now have instant public communication via the media.

So what did the legislators really mean when they drew up the Municipal Act. 'Make public' by instantaneous capsule report on TV or radio, or community newspaper.

Or display in a public place, like Town Hall - Post Office - Library, by letter of request, or telephone call.

But capsule comments are not enough. To put the thing in true context the public should know two things. The rate and the job.

The two are inseparable. To be told only that X job

costs \$10,000 per annum is meaningless, unless you have a yardstick. If it involves phone calls at 4 a.m. like the volunteer firefighters for example, you won't see a line up for the job.

Does it involve unstated inter-departmental coordination, or homework, evening attendance. Is it a fixed salary whether you work 40 or 80 hours a week, or weekends. The list is endless. So to be scrupulously fair the question is not just 'what does the job pay' but also 'what is the job' with all its qualifications and background.

Which gets back to council.

They have all the minute data and ramifications before they fix a salary range or an increase. Does the public simply need the end result, how much I would say No, until both sides of the coin are shown, through media and Council, the issues will not be put to bed.

It's time for a humorous note to close this week's column. I was defeated by 29 votes at the last Council election, so maybe next time. But when I was out knocking doors during election the subject of money came up time and time again. Finally I worked it out.

In Penetanguishene where the action took place, Councillors were paid \$2000 per annum (now \$2200) WHOOP PEE...

But dividing it by numbers of hours in Council, plus Committees, and Boards plus presentations, judgments, phone calls, reading reports and just plain talking shop to people, guess what.

For Council it works out to .18 cents an hour, for mayor, .22 cent an hour. Honestly... So even if Midland Council are overpaid and underworked by comparison, that put's em in the .44 cent an hour bracket. In the most of the money controversy I had to make the point. The money is only half the story. The job is the other.

Ray Baker is a Manager of Midland's R.C.A. plant and a freelance writer for Markle Community Newspapers. He and his family live in Penetanguishene.

Huronian Community Calendar

Monday, June 30 to Saturday, August 23
— Registration for Happy Time Day Camp. Come to Old Fort Road Community Playground or phone 526-8311. For children 4 to 14 years.

July 1 to July 5
— Arts and Crafts Festival Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Thursday and Friday 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. St. Paul's United Church, Midland.

Wednesday, July 2
— Open House, bazaar and tea at Georgian Manor, Penetanguishene, from 1:30 to 4 p.m. Sale of crafts, baking and candy. Tour of the Manor. Everyone welcome.

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— Strawberry tea — T. James Church Hall, Penetanguishene, from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Wednesday, July 2
— You are invited to attend a general meeting to help elect an executive for the newly formed Tiny Beaches Recreational Association, at 8 p.m. at Jackie and Jim Townes' home, Balm Beach. (Turn left at Balm Beach. Follow main road for 1 1/2 miles south. Turn left at Griffin's Upholstery sign. Drive two blocks to Townes' residence - 361-1706.)

Friday, July 4
— The Historic Naval and Military Establishments is holding Open House, from 7 to 10 p.m., with tours beginning at 7:15 p.m. Invitations are extended to all Penetanguishene and Midland residents.

Saturday, July 5
— The area Baha'i Community invites you to investigate the Baha'i faith all day Saturday at the CNR park (bottom of Main Street), Penetanguishene. Everyone welcome.

Saturday, July 5
— Georgian Shores Swimming Seniors are holding a Strawberry Festival from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. at The Surf, Balm Beach.

Saturday, July 5
— The Kinsmen Club of Midland are sponsoring a Monster Bingo at 8 p.m. in Midland Arena Gardens.

Sunday, July 6
— Investigate the Baha'i faith at 299 Queen Street, Midland, 8:00 p.m. Everyone welcome.

Sunday, July 6
— The Women's Auxiliary, Penetanguishene General Hospital are holding a tea, from 3 to 5 p.m. for all staff and associates.

Saturday, July 12
— Bazaar and bake sale at the Ship-A-Hoy, Woodland Beach, sponsored by the Bayshore Senior Citizens' Club.

July 15, 16 and 17
— Summer Antique Market. Country Mill, on Balm Beach Road, Midland. Opens at 7 p.m. Sponsored by St. Andrews Hospital Auxiliary, Midland.

Sunday, July 27
— Horse show in Coldwater fairgrounds, starting at 10 a.m. Sponsored by the Georgian Bay Riding Club.

— Organizers are invited to publicize their upcoming events free of charge in the Times Community Calendar. Please call the community calendar editor at 526-9369 or drop your message into The Midland Times office at 289 King Street (upstairs).



by Ron Jones

To clarify its position in society Ontario's largest farm organization, the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, a few years ago adopted the motto, "As responsible as possible, as militant as necessary."

Militancy then was a new word in the vocabulary of most Ontario farmers. Militant action was something enemy countries engaged in. Labour of course was known to be militant but striking, withholding, picketing and mass protests were actions repugnant to most of the individualistic people engaged in food production in Ontario.

Individualism as well as being the strength of Ontario agriculture is also its weakness. Absolute authority over the individual that allows labour unions to harass the rest of society at the whim of its leaders is not acceptable to farmers who so far reserve the right to reason the appropriateness of any course of action recommended by their elected leaders.

This independence is often used against the farm people, as governments note the lack of unanimity in thought, and easily excuse themselves from action on

Strong organization is farmers' best insurance

that basis, and have even on occasion, been accused of encouraging disunity among farmers. As a result farm leaders have often thrown up their hands in dismay as their grass roots ride off in all directions and they are left with no firm mandate to deal with the rest of society.

The result, too often, has been stagnant ineffective farm organizations with the type of leadership that reflects inactivity.

Farm organizations have traditionally been a spectator sport. But most farmers today at least pay lip service to the need for stronger, more cohesive organizations while only a few still preach the doctrine of free enterprise or "let every man root for himself". The Darwinian "free enterprisers" concept does allow them to pocket various cash incentives that organized farmers have won from government but basically their stand is to go it alone, serenely unaware of the consumers laughing all the way home from the supermarket.

Outside of numerous commodity organizations in Ontario agriculture there are three general farm organizations claiming province wide involvement:

The O.F.A. with about 25,000 voluntary members: The Christian Farmers Federation which claim about 500 Canadian members and the National Farmers' Union which does not release membership figures as a matter of policy.

The O.F.A. by the very size of its membership represents a good cross section of farm thinking in the

province. The C.F.F. claim to be guided at all times by high Christian principles but are often seen as are other groups professing superior Christian insight as a means of gaining stature that otherwise would not be theirs. The N.F.U. are generally considered the radicals of the farm organizations often pursuing policies of confrontation for which their limited numbers then ill-equipped to cope.

The problem of getting aggressive, capable people to accept leadership roles has plagued farm organizations for years. The distasteful task of peeling off layers of decaying, complacent organization hierarchy and dodging the carelessly flung darts commonly directed at anyone suspected of wanting power has effectively dissuaded most potential farm leaders. Others noting the medias' silence on farm organization achievements choose to offer their talents to urban organizations or partisan political activities.

Not so long ago a local farmer called on a neighbour in support of one specific organization endeavor and was told flatly that farm organizations have never done the farmers any good. The neighbour was always too busy to attend meetings and no doubt was convinced all farm leaders were self serving.

Most farm people see a connection between the instability of farm income and the limited commitment people in the industry make to organization goals.

Young people beginning in agriculture business can expect few of their years to be free of debt. It is obvious the best mortgage insurance they can buy is their participation in responsible and/or militant farm organizations.

There's no better place than the warm circle of your kin



by Dave McCausland

Everyone at one time or another likes to talk about themselves, and I am no exception. My advantage is this little square of

newsprint and these little dabs of ink. To take up the typewriter and tell a-story with it is a wonderful opportunity.

One might title this The Story of a Reporter, Part 1, if one was being noble. But since I lay only a passing claim to nobility I have called it how I ken my kin. Besides, that use of ken reflects a little of my Scottish ancestry.

Grandparents are a good place to begin a life story and if I want to make any claim to royal blood I'll have to start with my Mother's father. He was a founding. That means he was found by someone and taken to the authorities and brought up. My grandfather was a small baby when he was found under a blackthorn bush with no identification or indication of who he was. This was quite a common occurrence then and still happens today, though fortunately with less frequency. Because he was found under

a blackthorn bush he was given the surname of Blackthorn. If you hear of anyone with that name they're probably some relation.

But it was that anonymity which prompted his gentle jest that he had royal blood. So if my grandfather can claim it so can I.

My grandfather met my grandmother, (at least I hope he did or have I got problems!) and they decided to marry and raise a family. After several years, he concluded that Canada was the land of opportunity and emigrated. He came to Cobalt, Ontario where his skill in stone cutting gave him some background for work in the silver mines. It was an exciting time, with fortunes being won and lost in the fever of the silver boom. After a while he sent for the family and the circle was complete.

Today the town of Cobalt is only a memory of its former self. Gone is the Stock Exchange. Gone too the street cars, the

Eaton's store on three floors and the other insignia of a bustling town. All that remains are empty, haunted buildings that mark long unused shafts, some homes and memories.

But the families that started life there live on. My parents met in Cobalt and though they left when they married Cobalt lived on in summer vacations and letters home. Going to Grandma's was the highlight of my childhood. Even today the whiff of wood smoke brings those summer days alive as if I were back there again.

Some years ago, I arrived on the scene at 2:30 on a spring afternoon in Toronto. I remember the event poorly but those that were there tell me it was quite an occasion. Celebrations galore, I'm sure, must have marked such a wonderful event.

My father had come out from Scotland as a young man to join the rest of his brothers and sister who were already here. After finishing

his schooling he went to work in the bank and stayed in that profession until he retired some forty years later.

I was their only child and I arrived after a long wait. He taught me to love God and serve him faithfully. He showed me with his life an example of thrift and industry and a dedication to care for his own. It is an example that I will never forget. My only regret is that I failed to realize the value of his example as early as I might have. If I do half as well at parenting as my parents have done I shall be content.

But what of my kin? I discovered when we came to Midland, in fact only a little while ago, that we have relatives here. Relatives of a distant variety certainly, a cousin of a cousin's husband or some such thing, but relatives nonetheless. Somehow knowing that makes a difference.

And then of course there's my rich uncle in

New Jersey. I've never met him and nobody has ever told me his name but there is a tale that somewhere in New Jersey is someone who is related to us who is rich. How many times that shadowy relation enlivened my childish fantasies with his future visits laden like Spanish galleons of old. He never came, and I wasn't even sure where New Jersey was, but it was wonderful to think of his coming someday.

"Ken" is a Scottish word meaning "know". To ken your kin is a wonderful thing. To know that you are part of a whole that will help and protect you, that insulates you from the harsh cold world of a bachelor apartment and an unlisted phone. In a world marked by the breakdown of family ties, to hold on to one's family is to hold on to life itself. To be truly yourself you must be able to love. And to learn to love there is no better place than the warm circle of your kin.

The Great Mellowing of an adolescent arrogance



by David Wilson

This past week has been one of reminiscence for me. With high school graduation exercises approaching and many of my friends preparing now to head to in-

stitutions of post-secondary education, my thoughts have frequently returned to those days when it was I who, in a couple of months, was going to have to leave home and journey into that immense heart of darkness known as university.

I remember in the final days of high school shrugging the whole business off, boisterously claiming that I couldn't wait until I could get outa here, and that "yeah, I think I'll get my Ph.D too".

In short, I was ready to leave high school behind, like a spoiled child heartlessly dropping a faithful, friendly old rag doll in favour of a life-sized plastic creation with fiberglass hair, that wets, burps and cries, but breaks three weeks after it's bought. In this case my Chatty Cathy was the image I had created of the ivy-walled fortress of learning that I thought to be university.

Let me reassure you, this naive conception did not last long. But it did last long enough for me to devise such self indulgent plans as vowing to make face to face comments about

teaching ability to instructors whom, in my wordy opinion, I had deemed to be less than adequate. Also, I had plans to attend graduation exercises dressed in beat up old street clothes and, as an act of ultimate defiance, inform the audience that any prize money that I might receive would be directed into the coffers of the farthest left political movement I could find.

Well, so much for those pipedreams. I ended up shaking the hand of the teacher I had judged to be the most incompetent, promising to visit him if I ever passed by again. Concerning graduation, I bowed to my mother's demands and purchased a new jacket. Upon receiving awards, I was so shocked, and afraid of stumbling on stage that I forgot my former plans, covered like a scared dog, and accepted them with a meek "thank you sir".

That was just the beginning of the Great Mellowing. After failing to complete university application forms successfully on my own (I ended up enlisting the services of

my dad to fill them out for me) I started to doubt whether or not I could make it when I actually got there.

Then I got a pile of literature from the school I had chosen to attend. I emerged from a perusing of this with a dry mouth and sweaty hands looking like a shell shocked soldier. University was beginning to loom on the horizon of my consciousness like some great prehistoric carnivore, ready to snatch up innocent, wandering freshmen into its gaping jaws. In retrospect, I can see the genius behind these packages of literature. For the most part, they are absolutely useless; their real worth however, lies in their ability to cause arrogant recruits such as myself to lose a bit of the heady self-confidence one tends to assume upon finishing high school.

After a summer of increasing doubt, the day came when I had to face Goliath. He seemed five times as big as I thought he'd be, and ten times as mean. Too petrified for emotion, I whispered a hoarse goodbye to my

parents and set out to lose myself in what was beginning to look like a denizen of malevolence. I imagined grotesque trolls lurking in shady corners, ready to pounce upon me and devour my freshman flesh.

But I didn't find any. All I noticed was a bunch of lost looking people, walking around, gazing cautiously at the cement formations that were to become their homes in the next eight months. The whole business reminded me of the scene in "2001" where the monkeys are examining the great monolith they have discovered.

I took comfort in the fact that all these people were just as lost and frightened as I. As I became more accustomed to my surroundings, and the faces that went with them, I became more self-assured. Gradually a little of the arrogance I had lost started to creep back into my behaviour. Soon I was talking like the smug high-school graduate I had been three months previously.

But there are forces in nature over which

we have no control. The last stage in the Great Mellowing took place late in the first week of school. I had just taken a tour of the Library, and had been introduced to the electronic detection system they have to guard against stolen books. On the tour, I had figured out a way to completely destroy this system.

I had to go into town for some reason, so I thumbed a ride from a car leaving the university grounds. I started talking to the chap who was driving, and gradually the conversation directed itself towards the Library and its new detection system. I started expounding upon my destruction theory, impressed by my own ingenuity.

Presently I came to my destination and as I was getting out of the car, the driver said something like "see you around?"

"Oh, you work at the university?"
"Yes."
"What do you do?"
He answered with a wry smirk. "I'm the President."
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