

Citizen comment

The centennial aftermath: Let's not lie still

What now? That's the question we have to face following "Old Home Week." Undoubtedly there will be a period of rest during the next week or two for the organizers and everyone else who participated in our centennial celebrations. But what are we to do, now that it's over?

If any of us are still making the rounds by the time our next municipal centennial rolls around (2075) it's unlikely we'll be actively involved in the festivities. In 1981 we can celebrate the 100th birthday of this municipality as a town but who wants to wait six years? The time is now and the question is: "What are we going to do with it?"

Although it has been a touch and go proposition on a number of occasions this town has held an annual winter carnival since the late 1940's. Perhaps after the success of our recent "Old Home Week" celebrations we should seriously consider adding a summerama.

One of the comments voiced most frequently during "Old Home Week" was, "it sure beats Winterama," and frankly, without diminishing the winter festival or the work of those involved in organizing it, "Old Home Week" was better, mainly because of the

unbeatable summer weather. (Something about 80 to 90 degree fahrenheit...in celcius terms, 25 to 30 degree...weather, sandy beaches, warm lake water and plenty of sunshine, seems to attract people.)

Beautiful Huronia summers combined with special activities like those held during "Old Home Week" will attract a large number of people in this area. Special events, such as, swimming races across Penetanguishene Bay, horse shoes, beer gardens, auctions, big band dances, square dances and outdoor concerts, properly scheduled, could maintain enough momentum to make Penetanguishene the "good time" place to visit all summer long. A fun place to come to, is a place which draws a large number of people and that means good business for the merchants and indirectly for the whole population of this town.

Our Old Home Week celebrations should serve as a good kickoff to a summer of special celebrations. We may need a week or two to recover from the seven days of concentrated activities marking our 100th municipal birthday. But don't let things lapse any longer.

It's the summer of 75 and now's the time to celebrate it.

A pat on the back for us all

"There was a lot doing. Everybody was happy. It showed great community spirit." Those were some of the hurried comments centennial committee chairman, Doug Dubeau, made during a brief stop at the Citizen Office, Monday, as he quickly made the rounds, tying up loose strings left over from our centennial week. There were bills to pay, prizes to give out, people to thank, borrowed items to return and other odds and ends, which will probably take our centennial committee chairman the greater part of a week to straighten out. But Dubeau will do it, and he'll do it well, given the tremendous backing the centennial committee and the town as a whole offered for our 100th birthday party.

The biggest night of the centennial week celebrations, according to Dubeau, occurred last Tuesday during the waterski and fireworks show. The whole Waterfront area was jammed full of cars. Recalling the night, Dubeau said, "It shows the need for a Waterfront Community Park."

That comment about the need for a waterfront community park is worth noting. Others in Dubeau's position would be content to reflect on past successes especially something so recent as our centennial week celebrations. But instead of talking only of the past, our centennial committee chairman looked to the future.

There was a lot going on during centennial week. The celebrations did make people happy. Together, we showed great community spirit. But above all we showed that an admittedly small town of between five and six thousand people can accomplish a lot.

We have things (like completing the Waterfront Community Park) to do in the future. Our municipal centennial celebrations prove we can do it. With the help of people like Doug Dubeau, the members of our centennial committee and everyone else who participated in our "Old Home Week" celebrations this town can accomplish anything it sets out to do.

Comment by Dave Wilson

The summer of 75

If the so-called summer of '75 is to be remembered for anything, for students it is sure to become known as the summer the jobs ran out. In Toronto alone an estimated 11,000 students are available for, but out of work. Anyone who has visited the local Student Manpower office recently can attest to the shortage of jobs in this area.

Looking for summer employment under such conditions can be a tiring and frustrating experience. There comes a point where, after having been turned down countless times, one throws up one's hands in defeat. From that point on the whole situation assumes a strangely humorous aspect.

Like the time I went into the personnel office of one of the local factories. Armed with what I thought to be an impressive list of credentials, among whose number included the fact that I was an English major at school, I sat down and proceeded to fill out an application form. I made a small error on my first attempt so I asked the girl in the office if I could have another. This time I managed to get a little further. However, when I got to the part that requested me to spell my name, I made another perhaps Freudian error. My name came out as David Wilsin. Well, that's probably true given the opportunity, but for the purposes of the application form, such information was not really appropriate. I asked for another. The girl gave me a, "What kind of a jerk is this?" stare, and handed me a new one. On this one I gave my mother's name for father's, and my father's for my mother's. With an incredulous gape the girl handed me form number four. This time I got the spaces for sex and my phone number mixed up. The girl winked at me as she gave me number five, which, I am proud to say, I succeeded in completing.

I didn't get the job I applied for, which by the way was in the quality control department.

Then there was the time last year in the Student Manpower office. I marched in the office doing my best to look like a young man who was full of the qualities any employer

would be impressed with. I had cut my hair, shaved, put on a tie, squirmed into a pair of old dress pants and even got my mother to give her opinion.

Upon entering the office I was met by one of the most attractive Manpower people I have ever seen. I remember her to this day. I started talking to her and, as I hoped, the conversation quickly turned away from thoughts of employment. I figured I was doing okay when she asked me to sit down. In the usual fashion I plopped myself into a chair in front of her desk, my descent being accompanied by a sickening tearing sound from my backside. I quickly looked up at the ceiling, as if searching for a noisy spider or something. She seemed not to notice anything and went on talking. We must have talked for close to half an hour, during which time I became so infatuated with the young lady that I completely forgot about my predicament in the aftersection.

Failing to have come up with a job, but charmed out of my wits, I got up to leave a rather long and impatient line of people had formed in the office. Halfway between the girl's desk and the door, the strange ease with which I was walking suddenly brought my thoughts down from the clouds to less lofty regions.

I quickened my pace through the office, walking politician-style with my hands behind my back. However, the motherly grin on the girl's face as I stole one last look at her was indication enough that the damage had been done.

Just a few remarks before I close. When I was pondering the student employment situation, trying to find something at least a little on the light side to write about, I thought maybe I'd make up some humorous suggestions for O.F.Y. projects. However, a list of actual projects appeared in the Toronto paper recently, and I admit defeat. I could never hope to match the comic ability of individuals who have conceived the ideas for some of the projects this summer — nor those governmental employees who accepted them.

Sugar and Spice

Much about nothing

by Bill Smiley

Recently, I listed some of the things I disliked in our society. When I'd finished, I thought to myself, "Boy, you are a nasty old piece of work. Do you realize you've barely scratched the surface?"

For a week or two, I went around thinking, in 10 or 20 second spurts, every three or four days, that I was a Curmudgeon.

Some of my younger readers will not know

what a curmudgeon is. Well, it comes from the root word "mud."

We all know what mud is. It is dirty. It is cool under the toes, unless it is in the form of a mud pack, which is good for the wrinkles. If your name is Mudd, you are either in the doghouse, or you are a loser. I hope that is clear.

To the root word "mud" (unless we want to root around in the mud a bit longer), we

attach the prefix "cur."

A cur, as everyone knows, is a cad with teeth, and sometimes a moustache, who plays the villain in old-fashioned melodrama.

In new-fashioned melodrama, he also has teeth, but in addition he has a big belly or a bald head, and he has become the hero, as in Cannon or Kojak.

Still with me? We now have "curmud",

signifying a mean guy who is cool under the toes, has wrinkles, or is a loser. Sometimes all three.

Now we come to the suffix, "geon", which is of more obscure vintage.

It is of Hungarian antecedent, and it seems to have meant, originally, something we might call colloquially "a dummy that makes a lot of silly and unnecessary noise without getting anywhere," which is rather a contradiction in terms, come to think of it.

There are many perversions of the original, of course. We find the suffix in such words as "Injun," "engine" and "john."

But the original meaning is in there somewhere. An Injun, for example, is one of the original "In" people, who rides around in ever-diminishing circles, emitting war-whoops, until he is shot off his horse.

Think of your car. The engine makes a lot of silly and unnecessary noise, at least mine does, and gets nowhere. Occasionally, the car gets somewhere, but the engine remains exactly where it started, in the car.

And, of course, there is the colloquial word "john," meaning a toilet. Or water closer or backhouse, if toilet offends you. This item of hardware indulges in a great deal of unnecessary noise, whether receiving or transmitting, and is usually going nowhere, except on trains, buses or airplanes, when it is so active it has to put up a "busy" sign most of the time.

On ships, of course, with their innate sense of superiority, the "john" is called a "head."

This came about when one of the head men in the British Navy, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, affectionately known to his jolly tars as "dud," once went looking for the "john" and discovered a lot of Common Seamen, and a very common lot they were, lined up with one of the symptoms of scurvy known as "dirt rear." In the interests of clarity, this has nothing to do with the term "rear admiral."

Understandably, Sir Dud flew into a high rage, the only type allowed to senior officers, and uttered a good deal of silly and unnecessary noise, or "geon," when he had to wait his turn for the "john."

As naval tradition has it, this led to the wedding of "dud" and "geon", meaning a john that isn't working, or a senior officer with a red face, or a towering rage, whichever you choose. That's one of the beauties of the English language. You can take your pick. And you know what you can do with it.

If you have followed me carefully through this brief but enlightening exploration into semantics, I am sure you have come to the conclusion, as I have, that I am not a curmudgeon at all.

I am not a mean guy. I haven't hit a little kid since mine grew up.

I am not cool under the toes. My feet heat something terrible in this weather.

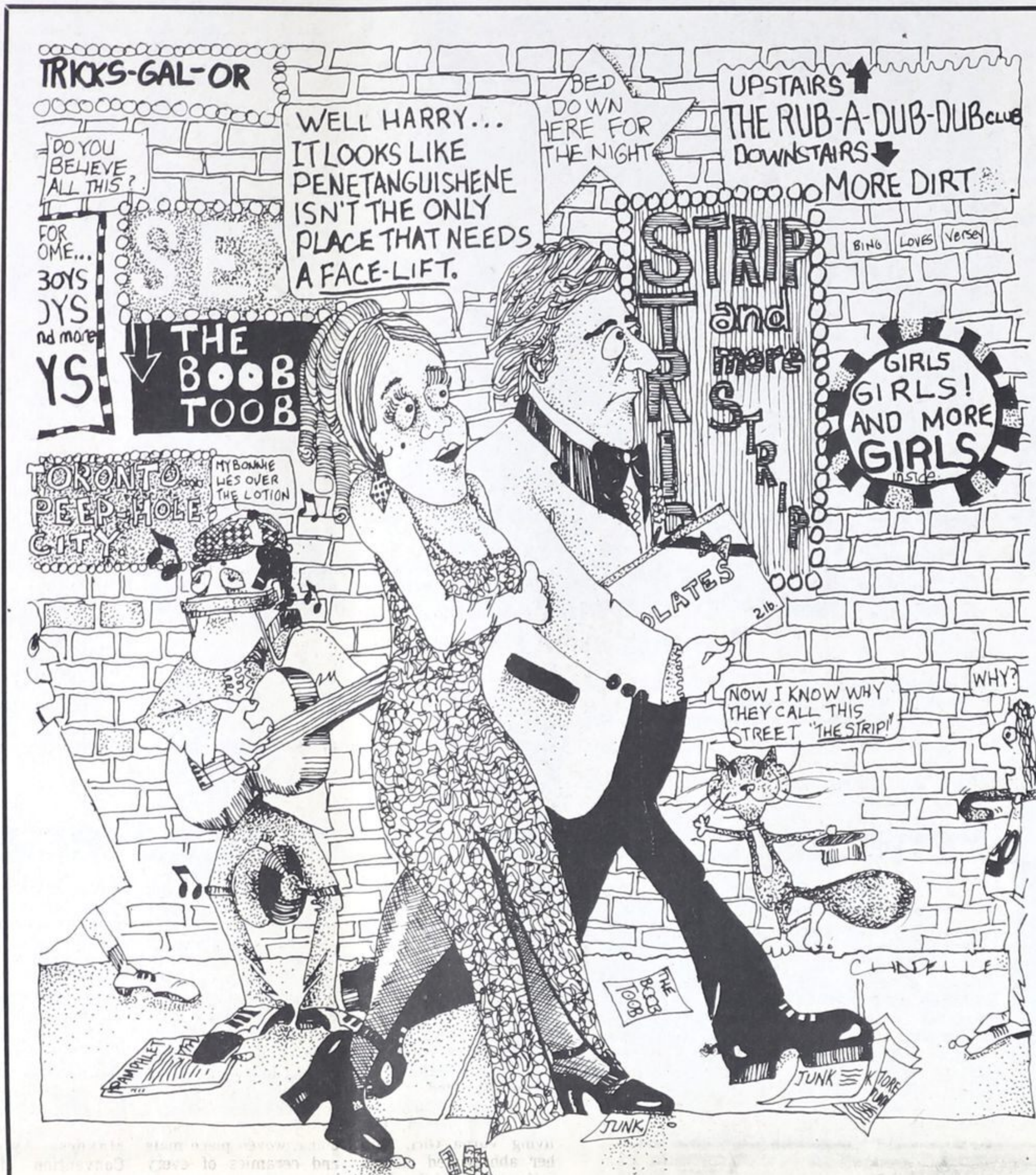
I am not a loser. How can you know you're a loser when you don't know what is to be a winner?

I do not go around making silly and unnecessary noises, except when it is absolutely necessary.

And finally, I feel that I am definitely getting somewhere. Older?

I'd like to end with a little poem, dedicated to those keen students of the vagaries of our vocabulary who have followed me down this pit-fallen trail.

That Smiley
While he
Is often in high dudgeon
Is no curmudgeon,
But wily.



THE YONGE STREET STRIP: GET THE MESSAGE?



Remembering the past belles of long ago

The setting of this picture taken around the turn of the century, is unknown, but the fair maidens in it would in later years marry many of the prominent men in Penetanguishene. According to Mrs. Napdault of Sawlog Bay, who submitted this picture, most of the women in it became members of Penetanguishene's socially active middle class.

In the front row (maiden names in brackets) from left to right are: Mrs. Mable Leveigne (Lefaive), Mrs. J.E. Desroches, Mrs. Louis Gignac (and unknown), Mrs. Mable Leveigne was at one time considered the most beautiful woman in Penetanguishene. J.E. Desroches used to own an electrical store in Penetanguishene. The husband of Mrs. Louis Gignac served as mayor of the town. Son Jerome followed in his footsteps.

In the second row from left to right are: Mrs. M. Maurice, Mrs. Levesque, Mrs. Leon Desroches (Alma Robillard) and Mrs. Antoine Charlebois, Antoine Charlebois was a town employee and for many years served on the volunteer fire department.

In the back row from left to right are: Mrs. Brunelle, Mrs. McIntaggart, Mrs. O. Byrnes, Mrs. Lefaive and Mrs. Ellamae Lefaive. Jack McIntaggart, the son of Mrs.

McIntaggart was postmaster for the town for many years. O. Byrnes was one of the original founders of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company. The son of Mrs. Ellamae Lefaive was also involved in founding the Penetanguishene Coca-Cola Bottling Company.

Thanks to Mrs. Napdault for the information and the picture.



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