

Local voters will get a choice

All the names are in. The candidates for the December 6 municipal elections have all declared themselves, and the die is cast. While it is gratifying to see that no-one will be acclaimed in Penetanguishene, it is somewhat saddening to know that a number of good people will be lost to the town as a result of the elections. The two men contesting the top spot have both proven themselves capable of a great deal over the past few years. Unfortunately, both cannot be elected, and unlike the federal system, where the defeated leader takes his spot in the opposition, the loser in this election will not have any spot on council. In a world where most voters seem to be

stumped by the problem of which candidate represents the lesser evil, Penetanguishene's situation is certainly refreshing, even if the choice is still just as difficult. The situation is much the same in the case of the other positions being contested in the election. The choice of which candidate to vote for for council seats will not be made on the basis of which candidates the voter does not want to see on council, but on the basis of which candidate the voter actually wants to see sitting on the municipal body. Penetanguishene voters will have their work cut out for them on December 6, and the choice they make will not be an easy one.

Quebec election could affect area

The results of the election held Monday in Quebec have been of great interest to all Canadians, regardless of what part of the country they live in. However, they should be of particular interest to those French Canadian living outside Quebec. While most people feel the government of Rene Levesque will not be able to muster the support necessary to have Quebec declare its independence from Canada, the ramifications of such a move would certainly be felt in those largely francophone communities, such as Penetanguishene and Lafontaine, which exist outside the borders of La Belle Province. There exists a great danger that not with the constant pressure being exerted on behalf of all francophones in Canada by the province of Quebec, the French culture

which exists in these pockets could easily become completely engulfed in English Canada. The advances made in the federal government towards a bilingual civil service, and towards complete language rights for all French Canadians across the country, could easily be lost without this pressure from Quebec. If Quebec ever separates, which at the moment admittedly seems unlikely, the possibility exists that instead of the bilingual Canada which is being slowly but surely built now, there would exist two separate countries, one completely French, and the other completely English. It is sad to say, but such an occurrence, designed to get a better deal for French speaking Quebecers, could easily increase the difficulties faced by Canadians trying to retain their French heritage outside Quebec.

The "doers" held up by the regulators

Just about the only interesting thing to come out of Monday evening's meeting of the Penetanguishene Planning Board, was a confrontation, if it could be called that, between the Board and Ray Marchand, a local builder and developer who wants to build a number of residences on the triangle bounded by Robert Street East, Lorne Street, and Burke Street. Marchand has approached the board before with plans for a small sub-division on the property, and has been told, as he was told Monday night, that further study would have to be done on all the surrounding area before a decision could be reached on his proposals. The board pointed out that such a study could not be done at the moment, as the town's planning advisor, Paul Hodgins, was extremely busy preparing for an OMB hearing in December, and working on the town's housing policy. Marchand complained, quite rightly, that although he could see the town had its priorities, he has his own priorities, and he cannot wait forever for an answer. He even

volunteered to prepare any extra plans or studies which might be required himself. The phenomenon is not unique to Penetanguishene. The "doers" in this country are moving faster than the regulators, and there will come a time when they will stop waiting. We hear the regulators say they are catching up to development, and in a year or two they will be ahead of the game. They say they are in the process of coming up with policies which will make it easy to decide whether or not a given proposal will fit in with the overall plan for the town. While there is no reason to disbelieve this, one must wonder whether regulating bodies will ever really catch up to the innovators of the world. Although no one really argues that building and developing should be allowed to go ahead completely unchecked and unplanned, one wonders how long it will be before the doers in any given place will give up altogether and move some place else, leaving us with elaborate plans, and no one to implement them for us.

One man's gift to local culture

It seems appropriate to mention in the editorial column the great contribution made by one man last week to the cultural and educational life of the area. Dr. William But, a retired Professor of Medicine at the University of Toronto, has donated 13 acres of prime land to the Pen-Glen Corporation, which is in the process of trying to establish a branch campus of Glendon College in Penetanguishene. The gift will be appreciated by all those who will receive degrees from the college

here in the Midland-Penetanguishene area. It will also be appreciated by those who will use the site as a recreational and cultural centre for the area. It came as a pleasant surprise to the members of the corporation, and will make their task immeasurably easier, although there is still a way to go yet before the building opens its doors. Dr. But is to be thanked and applauded by everyone in the area who has any interest at all in culture or education.

Sugar and Spice

Double standards

by Bill Smiley

There is one type among the species Man that puzzles and saddens me. In an age that congratulates itself on its openness, its honesty, its "Let it all hang out" attitude, the hypocrite is still very much with us. Some people might think the 19th century was the golden age of hypocrisy. Certainly, it set some high standards in this line. There were the manufacturers who preached enlightenment and progress on the one hand, and on the other worked children 60 hours a week in their factories. There were the men who brayed of chastity as one of the prime virtues, and dallied with prostitutes. There were the men who spoke glowingly of a gentler way of life, and set savage fighting dogs on one another. The list is endless. And the women! Oh, but weren't they the hypocrites, too? Just as tough and voracious as any woman of today, they hid these traits behind a facade of gentility, humility, helplessness and fainting fits. It was an era in which the public mouthing of the Christian virtues was only exceeded by the private materialism, corruption, and sometimes downright viciousness of the middle and upper classes. Well, then, have we got rid of this par-

ticularly obnoxious type, well into the second half of the 20th century? Not bloody likely! Perhaps we're not quite as hypocritical as the Victorians, but I wouldn't want to bet on it. All that's changed is the terms of reference. No manufacturer today could get away with hiring children. But don't think they're any less heartless than their forebears. At least, in the 19th century, you knew the boss was a bastard. Today, a company can "reorganize," and turn half a dozen middle-aged men into the street by an "executive decision." Many men in today's society still practise a double standard, one for themselves, one for their wives. A man who gets drunk has had "a few too many." A woman who gets drunk is "disgusting." A man can go to a business convention and have a little fling with a call girl. If his wife kisses a couple of guys at the New Year's Eve party a bit too warmly, she's a sex maniac. We have politicians who spout of peace and plan for war, doctors who preach against drugs and tell their cigarettes will kill you, even as they puff their 50th coffin nail of the day and pop a couple of beensies to keep going.

We have pillars of the church whom you wouldn't trust as far as you could bounce a bowling ball in a swamp. We have all kinds of characters who will cheat on their income tax, and then be-rate people on welfare for "ripping off the government." We have teachers who "Can't understand the attitude of young people today," completely forgetting that they themselves were insolent, lazy, and not even that bright when they were young people. We have mothers who got in the family way at 19, and had a shot-gun marriage, bewailing the "sexual licence" of their daughters. We have fathers who deplore at length the slothfulness of their sons, conveniently ignoring that they had to have a good boot in the tail from their own fathers before they'd even carry out the ashes. We have school trustees who will double over in an agony of glee after hearing a filthy joke, but in public sternly deplore the "pornography" children are being exposed to in their school literature. They are the type who will respond with chuckles and even belly laughs to the sexual leers of Norman Lear in Maude and All in the Family, but thunder fulminatingly against a

fine novel like The Diviners by Margaret Laurence. They are the type who don't want anything racier than "The Bobbsey Twins" taught in school, but will shout with ribald laughter at smut on television and take in every restricted movie in town, laughing when there is bloodshed on the screen, and nudging heavily when a couple of naked bodies start squirming on the celluloid strip. What about today's women? Are they less hypocritical than their great-grandmothers? On the whole, I'd say yes. They're just as blasted irritating as ever, but they're more honest. They still cry for no apparent reason, but they know there's no percentage in pulling a faint. They'd probably just get a glass of water in the face. But even the women are a long way from being out of the woods, when it comes to hypocrisy. And many of the biggest hypocrites are "surface" feminists. They want all the perks of the new freedom, and all the treats of the old "essence of woman." Oh, well, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." I'm certainly not talking about me and thee, gentle reader. But aren't you a little sick of them — all those hypocrites?

Making do without the old tube



by Ray Baker

discussion on the third Ming Dynasty. Later we found out that the word Doydoy is from the Bulgarian, meaning 'Grandmother'. He has more brains than we gave him credit for, even though he does not have a Bulgarian grandmother. No. 2 son was sub-consciously humming the theme music from 'The Odd Couple' which would have been on in that time slot. Meanwhile the other 'Odd Couple' me and Mom, were looking at each other and thinking "What did we used to do before we had a TV in the house. We couldn't remember. We did remember playing cards and games, and enjoying each others company. By this time No. 3 was definitely missing his favourite show. Well its not really a show its the A and W showing the Great Root Bear going down the road. He also identifies with the music. We all tried singing it but it wasn't the same.

No news is Good News

We all adapted to a long boxless weekend in our own way. With No. 3 happily doy-doying. Mom began to darn socks. After only twenty nine pairs she regained some of her old skills. It was not a popular, move, as the boys have no more excuses now for not changing their socks. No. 1, in the final stages of boredom went downstairs to the workshop and just about stripped an eight horse power engine for his go-cart project. Displaying matsh he never shows at school he worked out the maximum speed as 119.764 miles per hour. No. 2 finally (I mean finally) went and filled up his fish tank. The tropical fish were puzzled with their new medium at first, having by now adapted to crawling about in the mud. But they looked grateful. Especially now he began feeding them as well. As for yours truly, he had a field day, or a field weekend. I got to play my favourite records on the Hi-Fi. Which in turn led to rewiring the two speakers and relocating them at the far corners of the room either side of the curtain pelmet. Bagging wet leaves, cleaning out the garage, and other light chores kept me going until I sank into a well deserved sound sleep. You know when the long weekend was over and I put in the two new tubes it leaped into action and we were off to the races again. We sank into the usual after supper hypnosis until we realized what we could be doing. Well, not all of us were hypnotized. I had the job of finding all my tools missing from the attack on the go-cart engine, and cleaning up. It only took a week and we had caught up. The next time it goes on the bum I'm going to leave it for a couple of weeks. Must go now, the Great Root Bear is making its appearance.



Here today and gone tomorrow

The T.V. is on the Blink

Sitting down quickly and stealing a shot of the babies orange juice, neat, I assessed the situation. The TV was on the blink and it was a long weekend. All the family denied touching it and Mom was so desperate she let me actually take the back off. A thing I've not been allowed to do since I 'fixed' it the last time and made it worse. This time it needed the logic of an electronic genius. So I called him up and got an answer. It was a solid state type apart from a couple of tubes and guess what, it needed the couple of tubes replacing. The high voltage whatsit and the dampthingy. It was long weekend and the stores were closed. Who needs an old TV anyway, we said. The black and white on in the "rec" room downstairs, is OK, and people survived before TV came along. So we settled down with the air of martyrs.

The good old Days

After supper we started off as normal, watching a blank screen this time, except No. 3. He crawled around in ever diminished circles gurgling. In between times he was saying "Doy-Doy" we thought at first it was a remnant from Channel 19, the educational channel, an expression from a

Making sense from nonsense - by Ms. Frenzy



by Shirley Whittington

An aging housewife, mother and part-time pretzel tester for Sadistics Canada, Mrs. Ina Frenzy, is the key figure in Canada's latest hostage drama. Desperate and unrepentant, Mrs. Frenzy held the Commissioner of Penitentiary

Services in the ladies' washroom of an inner-city Grey Coach terminal. "I was hoping to snatch somebody more fluential," said Mrs. Frenzy, "like Morris the Cat or Juliette, but this guy came along, so I figured what the heck." Mrs. Frenzy is keeping her hostage on a diet of frozen pop tarts and crunchy peanut butter. So far, she had not harmed him physically aside from forcing him to listen constantly to her daughter's Patty Prayer Doll, for which she has several sets of replacement batteries. The Commissioner's nerves are said to be shaky. Friends and other busybodies describe Mrs. Frenzy's behaviour as "odd and looney" for the past several weeks. "First she stopped talking to her children," said one. "Then she stopped talking to her husband. Toward the end, she wouldn't even talk to her plants." "She didn't seem any different to me," commented her husband. "We liked it when Mummy didn't yell at us no more," said her children. The plants are wilted, and unavailable for comment. For a time, Mrs. Frenzy wandered about the house with sandwich bags on her feet, carrying a dinner plate in which she kept

looking for her reflection. "She didn't seem any different to me," said her husband. Police were called in when the Avon Lady reported that Mrs. Frenzy hadn't been around for a few days. "I didn't notice anything different," said her husband, "but I thought it was kind of funny that I didn't have any clean socks." The children were talking on the telephone and watching Happy Days, and could not be reached for comment except for the youngest who nosily mourned the sudden disappearance of her Patty Prayer Doll. Mrs. Frenzy left a list of demands which she had written in the grease build-up on her picture window, with her index finger. They include the following: The teen-aged daughter to give back her gold chain, lighted make-up mirror and two skinny rib sweaters. Also, the fur coat which said daughter has been wearing as an antique fun fur, but which up till now, has been a staple in Mrs. F's winter wardrobe. Husband never to ask the following questions: —Well, Honey, what did you do all day? —Where the hell does all the money go? —How can I lose weight if you put butter on everything?

—Did you put any beer in the fridge? I told them you'd be glad to bring two apple pies and a casserole. Okay? The children never to utter the following phrases: —Is it ever boring around here. —He (she) started it. —Mary's mother lets her. The teacher wanted to know how many mothers worked and I said you didn't. Included in the list of demands were several unrelated to the domestic scene. Reverend Sincere of the Wholly Untied Church has forwarded them to appropriate authorities. They involve garbage trucks which come at a different time each week; the eight-item only express check-out at the supermarket; being asked who she is every time she phones anybody with a secretary and people laughing when she tells them she has joined the Drama of Beauty Club. The drama continues. Mrs. Frenzy has refused to make additional comment to the press, whom she says never gets anything straight anyway. The Commissioner of Penitentiaries was heard to remark: "Why me? This doesn't make any sense." "Does anything?" asked Mrs. Frenzy.

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