

Citizen comment

Find out who's running - then vote

At this point in time, it is customary for newspapers to come out in favour of, or against, candidates running in the upcoming election.

However a problem arises when one has been in town only six months. One sees only what has been done over the last six months, and is forced to speculate on what went on before. For this reason, the Citizen is somewhat reluctant to endorse or criticise most of the candidates whose names will appear on the ballot on December 6.

There is one person in the running for the position of councillor, though, whose performance over the last six months makes her a stand out choice.

Frances St. Amant displayed organizational talent and hard work enough to do the job of at least two councillors last summer as she successfully ran the fund raising campaign which would up with the installation of the excellent lighting we now have in McGuire Park.

During that time, she worked unselfishly at

a pace which would have had most people ready to quit after a couple of weeks.

The work she did was certainly not required of her in her position as councillor, but was what might be called service above and beyond the call of duty.

This newspaper suggests that whoever else you choose to support on December 6, Frances St. Amant deserves your vote.

As for the rest of the names on the ballot, we suggest you make a point of attending the "meet the candidates" night which will be held next Tuesday at Penetanguishene Secondary School.

The field of candidates is a good one. This newspaper does not feel there is a single bad candidate on the ballot. But the choice must be made. And in order to make that choice, it is essential that every voter knows who each candidate is, what his record is, what he stands for, and what he plans to do once elected. The best way to get this information is to attend the all candidates meeting. And having done that, vote...please.

Queen's Park report

Arthur Evans M.P.P.

Alternatives to freeze

Back in the summer I wrote two reports about the disadvantages of an overall land freeze to preserve our best quality farmlands to grow food for future generations. I suggested at that time it was like using a cannon to kill a flea.

In saying that, I wasn't playing down some very legitimate concerns which many people have about overall land-use in Ontario. I was merely trying to point out that, before taking drastic action, such as land freeze, let's look at other ways of reaching the goal.

My colleague and good friend, George McCague, M.P.P. for Dufferin-Simcoe, has introduced a Private Member's Bill—the Foodlands Protection Act, 1976. George McCague issued a questionnaire on this matter about three months ago, soliciting his constituents' viewpoints on land-use trends, on provincial taxation of farm operations and municipal planning controls for retention of foodlands. The response was phenomenal and helped him tremendously in developing this bill.

The purpose of the bill is to provide greater depth of the designation of "agricultural land". The planning board of every municipality would have to survey and classify all farm land within the planning area based on studies and maps made and prepared under the Agricultural and Rural Development Act of Canada. This essentially means Classes 1, 2, 3 and 4 of agricultural land would be defined as foodlands as well as any specialty crop lands.

Upon completion of such a proposal, the planning board would recommend its adoption to Council. Then the local Council would have to adopt the amendment to the official plan by local by-law.

The local planning board would also be responsible for developing planning criteria not only to protect foodland but to permit non-agricultural use where justified.

Obviously, many of the smaller rural municipalities do not have the resources to conduct such studies or to carry out research programs without provincial help.

What is important is that the role of the local planning board and municipal council would have a great influence in determining the use of lands in their respective jurisdictions. It is equally significant that a flexible approach to this vital concern would

be adopted.

Quite unlike the NDP's position on this issue, in that all farmland would be frozen for food production and such an edict would be engraved in stone—unable to be changed for an eternity.

I believe that George McCague's bill reflects a fresh outlook for dealing with a most complex concern of farmers and consumers. It reflects as well, George McCague's continuing search and experience as a farmer to find practical answers which can contribute to reasonable solutions for protecting foodlands.

Tourist development plays an important part in our local economy both in terms of tourist jobs and in improving the profit picture for many of our retail merchants. In order to attract more tourists and ensure the return of repeat business, the Ontario Government is responsible for providing an efficient and effective transportation system.

Generally that commitment has been realized. Still, you constantly work to improve things. In that regard I have been holding discussions with a number of interested parties to plan a Mid-Ontario Tourist Highway (MOTH) to connect Highway 89 with West Willimbury Township and Highway 7 east of Lake Simcoe.

Naturally such a route connection would prove of tremendous help to other industries and residents who would be affected by such a development. Such a proposal is still some distance down the road before it becomes a reality.

During the past month I have enjoyed welcoming the Grade 6, 7 and 8 students of Burkevale School in Penetanguishene, accompanied by Mrs. Piotrowski, to the Ontario Legislature. In addition, Grade 7 and 8 students from Johnson Public School in Barrie, accompanied by Mr. D. Loyst, visited the Legislative Buildings. They learned first-hand about the operations and traditions of our parliamentary democracy.

Audrey and I were guests at the Banquet and Dance hosted by Warden Hughes and Simcoe County Council on November 19th. The event was held at the Army, Navy and Air Force Club. An enjoyable evening of renewing old friendships was had by all who attended.

Sugar and Spice

New Canadians

by Bill Smiley

I got talking to a chap at the curling club the other evening. He seemed a pleasant, straight-forward, friendly sort of bloke and we bought each other a drink.

"My name's Jake, Jake Sloan," he introduced himself. I reciprocated. Somehow the conversation got around to Canada's immigration policy, which seems to be disturbing a good many people these days. I asked him what he thought of it all.

"Oh, I got nothing against immigrants," he said, expansively. "The country needs them." I asked him why.

"Well, we gotta have Chinese and Greeks to run the restaurants," he opened, "for one thing."

"Yes?"

"and we need the Japanese for market gardeners, and the Etyetians for construction work and running the fruit stores."

"Is that all?"

"Well, we need a lotta hunkies for the heavy work, like you know, mines and longshoremen and all that."

"You have no prejudices then, about allowing people into this country?" I queried.

"Absolutely none," he replied firmly. "We gotta have them West Indians so as people in Toronto can have domestic servants, and there'll be somebody to do the dirty work."

"How about Indians?" I asked.

"Well, I kinda feel sorry for them. They were here first, but now they're all drunk or on welfare or both."

"Actually, I meant people from India. And Pakistan."

"Oh, them. Well, I'll tell ya. A little bitta them goes a long ways. They're all too well educated. They come here with nothing, and first thing you know, they're doctors and teachers and all like that, and taking jobs from our own people, and thinking they're as good as we are."

"How do you feel about Europeans?"

"Waddaya mean?"

"Well, you know, French, Hungarians, Poles, Czechs, Yugo-Slavs..."

"Oh, now, wait a minute. We got enough frogs already in this country. And them others, they're too smart. They come out here on a shoe-string, and before you know it, they own 200 acres of prime tobacco land, or they turn into architects, or they own a shoe factory and boss a whole lot of real Canadians around."

"You haven't mentioned the Germans. We have a lot of them."

"Ya, the Krauts are O.K. They're clean and they're good workers. But you know what happens, eh? They save their money and first thing you know, they've bought a summer cottage and live like kings, just like

they won the war, or something."

"I presume that you'd have no objections, then to a steady flow of immigrants from the U.K., English, Welsh, Scots, Irish?"

"Well, I wooden go that far. The Limeys are sorta hoity-toity, like they got a plum in their mouth. The Welsh can sing, but they're crazy. The Micks are either Catholics or drunks or both. And the Jocks are pushy peasannts with an accent that would curdle your blood. And most of them are skilled tradesmen, stealing the bread out of an honest Canadian's mouth."

"How about the Portuguese?" I asked rather desperately, "or the Arabs?"

"Well, now, the Portuguese tend to crowd together in the cities. They'd be O.K. if we had a sardine industry, or lotsa olive trees. But we ain't. A few a them Arabs might be alright, if they brought some of their oil money with them. I wooden mine being an Arab, you know," here punching me jovially with an elbow. "Three or four wives, an I hear all ya gotta do to get a divorce is clap your hands three times an say 'I divorce you!' Priddy neat, eh?"

I agreed it was priddy neat.

"You certainly seem to have an open mind about immigration," I suggested. "But if you were to become Minister of Immigration, to whom would you really open your arms?"

South Americans, perhaps?"

"No way. Them spics are always having revolutions and such. And half them can't speak any English. No, I'd like to see us thrown wide open to Australians. They're pretty mouthy but they're good drinkers, like Canadians. And besides, they're so far away we wooden get many of them."

I shuddered.

"Next," he said, showing that he was in touch with world affairs, "I'd welcome whole slew of them Rhodesians, if they hafta get outa their own country. They're white, good workers, and they know how to keep the blacks in their place. Just to make sure they didn't take a lot of good Canadian jobs," he chortled. "we could send them up to the Mackenzie River area to sort out the Indians and Eskimoes."

It was getting on. I asked Jake, from a combination of curiosity and politeness, what his own ethnic background was, as I couldn't even imagine it.

"Oh, I'm a pure Canadian. My grandfather was Polish, and he married my grandmother, who was half Scotch-half Indian. My ole man changed our name from Slovinski to Sloan. We're third-generation Canadian."

I went home and washed out my brain with soap and water, and wondered, for not the first time, at my fellow Canadians.



Remember when snow was more fun than bother?

Letters to the editor

We must conserve energy

Dear Sir:

Despite the prominence given to the Conservation of Energy by the news media recently, very few people seem to take it seriously.

It is time that we realized that with the increasing costs and diminishing reserves of all forms of energy we must continue to practice and promote the conservation theme.

For example, we should check to see if our homes require additional insulation added to the ceilings and whether additional caulking around the windows and door frames will eliminate drafts and help reduce our heating costs. And what about hot water? That convenience alone represents about 30 per cent of the energy used in the home today.

The important thing is that there must be individual initiative to conserve and the wise use of electricity should be a goal for all of us. We have been told that with our present rate of use, increasing at 7 per cent per year in Ontario, we will be facing shortages in 1980. If we can reduce this increase to 6 per cent per year, Ontario Hydro's load forecasters believe that we can control the problem.

A little thought towards eliminating wasteful usage of electrical energy will not only cost us less, but assure us of continuing electrical power - a service to which we are accustomed.

Yours sincerely,
H.D. Hamilton, P. Eng.
1st Vice President
O.M.E.A.

Marriage Progressive Conservative style



by Shirley Whittington

The Ontario Government has more visions than Bernadette.

Down in the golden minarets of power, the mandarins stare into their coffee cups and come up with idealistic commandments that make Moses look like Mickey Mouse, standing on a molehill.

They are determined to make Tory Ontario into the most progressive province in Canada - what's left of it.

A decade ago, they divined that most kids

thought school was boring. They accordingly devised a fun-filled non-curriculum which omitted spelling, grammar and arithmetic.

Currently they're re-thinking the whole thing. They are tired of secretaries who can't spell Saskatchewan, and who think a multiplication table is some kind of birth control.

Once, on the eve of an election, they had another vision. They simultaneously lowered the drinking and voting ages to eighteen.

Not long after, they began clucking about the appalling growth increase in teen aged alcoholism, and the carnage caused by pie-eyed young drivers.

Currently, they're messing around with marriage.

Sensing that the Marriage Act was in need of reform, they sent the Ontario Law Reform Commission into the highways and byways to collect public input.

My morning paper tells me that 3,600 questionnaires, titled *A Woman's Name* were sent out to "women's groups, to those in business and finance, the communications media, professional associations, community groups and libraries, religious organizations and agencies of all three levels of government."

Ms. Ontario, it appears, wants the following startling changes:

A husband should be able to take his wife's surname upon marriage if he wishes. Children could be given either surname or a hyphenated combination thereof, and either

spouse should be able to change back easily after marriage to a maiden name, an earlier name, or a hyphenated name.

Well guys, I didn't get my questionnaire although I go to church every Sunday, read a lot, am associated with the communications media and have a non-checking account of \$14.35 in one of Canada's largest banks. I can only presume that your request for my input went astray in the mail, which, thank heaven is a Federal responsibility.

Still, I have as much input to offer as the next person so I've taken the liberty of imagining how the questionnaire would go, and writing in my answers, in case you think they're relevant or if you want my vote - whichever comes first.

Q. Would you wish to take your husband's name upon marriage?

A. Sure. I take great pleasure in signing the Squire's name to all the checks I leave floating around town. Anyway, when I'm arrested for "indecent exposure of pallid drive" in the columns of weekly newspapers (a suggestion recently and hotly espoused by an indignant reader) it'll be the old man's name that gets dragged through the courts, not mine.

Q. Would you wish your husband to adopt your surname?

A. No. He was christened Dick Whittington. Would you trade that for anything?

Q. Would you wish your children to bear your surname, and or your husband's surname?

A. As a mother who has often had to pause in mid-yell to recall the full name of the child at whom she is yelling, I would say no.

Q. Would you wish your child to bear a hyphenated combination of your surname and your husband's?

A. This would be okay for the first generation. But Geraldine Mai-Flaime-Vent might marry Charlie Hought-Last-Knight. Their children would be burdened with something cumbersome like Ricky Mai-Flaime-Vent-Hought-Last-Knight. They'd be the laughing stock of the voters' list.

Q. Do you think that either spouse should be able to switch back to a maiden name after marriage?

A. Is maidenhood retroactive? What an interesting idea.

Q. Use this space for comments that you think might be useful.

A. I don't think anybody should have to go through life sounding like a legal firm. Also, hyphenated names and patri-lineal or matri-lineal variations would play hob with the family Bibles, the monogrammed towels, the telephone book and the little lettered ID bracelets they issue to newborn babes.

Frankly my good Conservative gentlemen, I think this whole vision came about while you were staring into the limpid oracular eyes of that comely Conservative consort - Maureen What's her name.

We get our weather from the West and lately that gives us headaches enough.

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