

The election turned out as expected

Despite the excitement and tension Monday night in the council chambers, the results of the municipal election were actually quite predictable.

As many people expected, all the incumbents were re-elected. Vince Moreau hung on to the mayor's chair, while Ken Tannahill, Mary Rogers, Frances St. Amant, Ron Bellisle and Hubert Charlebois all hung on to their seats on council. The positions of reeve and deputy reeve were both taken by insiders moving upwards in the hierarchy. Before the election the only real question some observers had was who would take the spot on council vacated when Clarence Lomas decided to move up to the deputy reeve spot.

The surprises were not in who was elected, but in the margins. The race for reeve was closer than many people expected with Armand Charlebois taking two polls in the west end where he has been serving as the people's representative on the Neighbourhood Improvement Program steering committee. Baker's election was not much of a surprise. Considering the amount of campaigning he did, it is perhaps surprising

he did not come in higher in the standings.

So by and large, it was known quantities who scored the most points with the voters. Those who have had the experience of being on council before obviously had the advantage.

The only disappointing thing about the results was that the highly qualified people who lost out will not have any input into the council.

Another area of disappointment lies not in the results, but in the number of people who turned out to vote. Although the voter turnout ran to about 56.5 percent, 10 percent up from last time, it does not seem right that a council which will administer the town, was elected by just over half of those who were eligible to vote. It is higher than in a lot of other municipalities, but it is still a disappointingly low figure.

This newspaper wishes to congratulate all those who were elected, to offer condolences to those who lost out, and to commend those people who ran the election. They did a great job, getting the ballots counted, and they got the results out quickly and efficiently.

Most Canadians are pretty long-suffering. We seldom take to the barricades, set fire to the flat, or hurl bricks at the police.

Canadian men put up with nagging wives for years, and accept it, on the whole with meekness. Nowadays wives not only nag, but they are, many of them, the cruelest of materialists and the most militant of women's libbers. The husbands still go along without much more than an occasional snarl, "All right, then. You can put the bloody garbage out."

Canadian women put up with undemocratic, insensitive louts of husbands for years, chaps who were knowledgeable about beer and hockey and poker, but wary of emotion and callous about the finer things in life. Nowadays, most husbands are still louts, but quite a few have escaped into the esoteric world of macrame, needlepoint, going to the ballet, and having their hair "done" every two weeks. And the wives haven't complained much, except for the occasional venomous, "I remember when you were always trying to drag me into the bedroom."

In fact, we are such non-complainers that everybody walks all over us. We shudder and whimper under a punitive bomb for the tax collector.

We get royally and regularly screwed by

everybody from mechanics to merchants, from supermarkets to surgeons, from restaurants to repairmen, and we grumble a bit, but almost enjoy it, as Confucius advised about rape, when it seems inevitable.

We put up with dumb insolence from postal clerks, and stupidity from sales clerks, and bad manners from beer slingers and lip from hotel flunkies. And we pay up, mutter a bit, and fade into the woodwork.

We accept shoddy workmanship from Canadian manufacturers, and go back for more. We eat fifth-rate meals in highway restaurants, vow we'll never go back, and stop at the same place next time, hoping for a miracle, only to be served the greasy, badly-cooked food and watery coffee we got last time.

We are humble and contrite when some jumped-up pip-squeak of a civil servant, or some ulcerous creature in an employment office, tells us we haven't filled out the form properly.

Maybe we deserve it. Maybe it's time we reared up on our hind legs and started bitching about all the second-rate goods and third-rate service that are shoved at us.

Maybe it's time we started yelling, and causing public scenes, and demanding

proper service, and shouting for the general manager or the head waiter, and complaining bitterly and heatedly when we encounter stupidity and insolence and slipshodness.

We weren't always like this, you know. A couple of generations ago, Canadians weren't such patsies for the greedy. My mother was on good terms with the local merchants. But they had to produce, and they had to compete, and if they didn't, they were in trouble. She trusted people about as far as she could throw them up in the air, and she was five feet two. She had a set of scales in the house, and she weighed every sack of flour or sugar that came in. If it was underweight, she'd skin the supplier alive, with her tongue.

And I wasn't always such a dumb, complaisant member of the flock myself. I remember one incident. It was about two years after the war. I had spent a year in a sanatorium, and was on pension, but I was going to school, and working at hard labor during vacations, to support a wife and kid.

I had quite a lot of visits to the Department of Veterans' Affairs. There I was treated, by one guy, a civil servant, like something that had crawled out from under a stone. This guy would say, "Take a seat," and ignore you for one, two, three hours. He had lost an arm in

the war, and flaunted it, with his sleeve neatly pinned up. To him, I guess, secure with his pension, and his forever job doing nothing, we were scum, whose only purpose was to irritate him, and force him to do a little paperwork.

One day, my flashpoint occurred. I'd taken an afternoon off work, lost half a day's precious pay, to see a senior official at DVA concerning grants for advanced studies. One Arm waved me to a seat, and stood around shooting the breeze and drinking coffee for an hour — an hour and a half. I blew.

"Listen, you one-armed bastard! I've got one lung, and I think I've seen as much service as you have. If I don't get to see Mr. X in five minutes, I'm coming over the counter!"

He could have cleaned me, even with his one arm, but he turned pale, bustled about, and in three minutes I was talking to the boss. It was that old civil servant's panic about getting a bad report.

It was cruel, but I've never regretted it. That jerk needed straightening out.

Isn't it time we started straightening out all the jerks? If anybody treats me civilly, I'll respond in kind. But from now on, if he doesn't I'll holler. Who's with me?

Queen's Park report

by Arthur Evans M.P.P.

Working women are becoming common

Some of my municipal friends who campaigned both in urban and rural areas of Ontario have remarked to me at the number of homes they canvassed that had nobody answering the door. They are surprised at the number of women who have now joined the labour force and still remain homemakers.

Recent statistics which have come across my desk indicate that my municipal friends shouldn't express so much surprise. In 1970, Ontario licensed 715 day care centres. By 1976, the total number of day care centres had risen to more than 1,300 providing space for more than 50,000 pre-school children. That is an amazing increase over the first six years, reflecting the desire of many women to work in other careers and jobs. It also reflects the necessity in many instances for a second income to overcome the impact of inflation.

People can debate endlessly about whether this trend is good or bad. One thing for sure: it is happening with ever-increasing frequency.

The Community and Social Services Ministry will provide about \$34 million in operating grants and \$6 million in capital grants for day nurseries. Obviously, these funds do not cover all needs, but then in a time of restraint, your Ontario Government is concentrating on helping those people with the greatest need: low-income families and single working mothers.

In 1974-75, 4,000 families received such help. In 1975-76, the figure increased to nearly 5,000. Many low-income families use private nurseries which are financed partially by public funds.

In addition to day nurseries, five more special development centres are now available to help handicapped children. As well, the number of day care centres for native people have increased from 7 in 1973 to 23 in 1976.

The biggest challenge facing Ontario is to increase the number of day care spaces and

yet restrain public spending. If every child were placed in a day care setting, it would cost \$250 million or \$5,000 x 50,000 children. The demand can be met in part through private home day care and parent-operated day care facilities. Another way of realizing both goals is to find alternate uses for schools with declining enrolments. Day care could be one of those alternate uses, thus preventing the construction of new buildings.

Ontario has been the object of much ill-informed criticism about its policy on day care. Yet the Canadian Social Development Council concluded in a detailed 1972 study that Ontario had the best day care program in Canada. Not a bad rating from such an independent body!

Ontario has come a long way and still has many miles to go in this facet of social policy. But then, Rome was not built in a day!

A lot of people claim that redistribution of wealth is an essential function of modern government. Such redistribution assumes many forms, including day care services, pension plans, GAINS and other services.

Still, in this argument, too many people forget about an important fact: that it is useless to argue about redistribution of wealth if the size of the wealth or pie decreased dramatically every year.

Social services, like any other government service, depends directly upon the ability of the private enterprise system to create new wealth. With no new wealth being created, the share of the national pie gets smaller.

As Premier Davis has stated frequently, economic growth within reasonable limits and safe-guards provides new jobs and helps thousands of people to become contributing members of society. Provincial Treasurer Darcy McKeough has made similar comments.

Even British Prime Minister James Callaghan - at the Labour Party's Conference - admitted that companies must be allowed to make a profit; otherwise we all end up as losers!



by Ray Baker

Sometimes people suggest a column to me, like the steady defoliation of Midland as the 100 year old trees are removed in ten minutes in the interests of progress. Or the story is a 'natural' as the Royal Bank says it can't find a suitable woman to put on its Board of Directors. Other columns have to be done like the sad death of a young motorcyclist at the Angels last year.

But tragic or humorous, winter or summer I try to diversify. And very occasionally something really turns me on and I have to get it down. Mom groans, reads it and says "huh it's as dray as an old bone, nobody will enjoy it."

This is one of them

It's about one of our basic needs. A roof over our head. It's a serious intense look at a recent housing policy. It touches everyone of us, it starts in the street goes right to the Bureaucratic Quagmire, Queens Park, and back to us again. It has all the reading enjoyment of a Lithuanian Dictionary at bedtime, and will never make the best seller list...but it needs to be looked at, and hard.

Twenty of us sat in Council Chambers on a Tuesday evening, Council, planning board builder and developers. The professional consultant and his three assistants, a screen, and the previously studied housing policy. Two hours of graphs, figures, charts and statistics later we had an open discussion. Then we went home. Some of it forgotten.

But some of it stuck

Yes some of it stuck. My first shock came as the 15-19 age group were described as "new family formations" within the next five years. That includes two of my three sons.

To face the ongoing demand for senior citizen or homes for the aged, a new concept. Rather than insist on a one year residency clause before allocation of a place to live, you take all-comers. Justify the need and location for a new housing concept for them and go ahead. Then bill back the 7 per cent or whatever to the municipality where the old lady or gentleman came from.

We all know each other at the political level. It can be done. It is humane approach

and has worked well with ten Municipalities in the Parry Sound area.

The workers

By this I mean anyone not a retired millionaire. We all are part of the work force. With 10 per cent here and 15 per cent there, from babies to retired people there seemed to be nobody left to pay the taxes and support the economy. What about a roof over our heads. Well I'll tell you of at least two Government Depts. not talking to each other. One (O.H.M.C.) says to the builder "build so many apartments, charge low rents, and allow five per cent profit margin" that leaves only 'X' dollars left for land. End result...140 people per acre or 51 units per acre.

The second dept. (O.M.B.) says "Your goal, with minor variation is around twenty people per acre or 21 units per acre" as per the official plan. End result...the apartment is turned down, too much density and no room for negotiations. There are no winners. Only losers...

A roof over Your Head

Ownership versus rental is a key issue also. You must provide a suitable mix, for people who are saving for a home. For the "new family formations" the ones who don't want

a house, and the couples whose families have left town to set up their own nest for the first time. (Described as an out-migration). The frightening thing to Mr. and Mrs. Average is now the jargon. Like C.M.H.C. or H.O.M.E. or A.H.O.P. M.I.P. and TRAP and NIP and RRAP the last two being reasonably well known and working; very well. But what about land banking and the condominium concept.

One brave and honest builder stood up and was counted when he said "in desperation the cities are turning to condominiums. But for a small Community the Condominium benefits only the builder." Bless you sir.

Each man wants his ponderosa

But in these times of restraint and inflation it's not always possible. But at all levels of planning and council, things can be done. New thinking can take place.

Lower the specifications of a new home. Not the standards, just the specs. Cut out the unnecessary frills.

Extend the payments and lower the deposits. Let's think about these for a minute.

To lower specs, not the standards, you mean smaller lot size and a smaller sized



Flashback photo

This photograph was taken at a get-together in Victoria Harbour in 1908. In the back row, from left to right, are Thomas Asselin, Octave Pilon, Michael Asselin Sr., Michael Asselin Jr. (now 92 and living in Perkinsfield), Peter St. Amant with son Lawrence, Eugene

Marion, and Mrs. Michael Asselin Sr. In the second row, seated, are Mrs. Eugene Marion, Mrs. Octave Pilon, Mrs. Thomas Asselin, Mrs. Michael Asselin Jr., and Mrs. Peter St. Amant. In the front row are Dora Marion (now Mrs. Albert Tessier of Oshawa), Arthur

Pilon, Albertine Asselin (now Mrs. Edmond Dubeau of Penetanguishene), Albert Asselin (now living in Wahnekeewing Beach), and Bertha St. Amant. The photograph was loaned to the Citizen by Mrs. Edmond Dubeau.

Our letters policy

The editorial page of this newspaper is open to any reader who may wish to express a thought or opinion on any subject in or of the news. We'd especially like to see letters or articles dealing with local issues and concerns.

Our only limitation is space. If necessary, letters or articles may be edited at the discretion of the Editor, for good taste or legal reasons. Material may be of any length, and if possible, typed or hand-written clearly so no mistakes will be made.

We will not print any letter sent anonymously to the paper. We ask that writers include his name, address, and phone number in the letter or contribution so that we may verify the authorship.

We can no longer publish a letter whose author has requested that his name be withheld. We feel that a person willing to voice his or her opinion on our editorial page should also be willing to sign his name to it.

Beecher's Better House and Garden



by Shirley Whittington

"There seems," said the Squire amiably enough, "to be a lot of dust on top of the piano."

I glared at him, and suggested several things he could do with the dust, and the piano too, if he could manage it.

He looked hurt, and no wonder. How could he know that I was up to here with

suggestions on how to keep the house looking good?

I'd spent part of the afternoon buried in an ancient biography of Henry Ward Beecher, an American Congregationalist preacher. His daughter wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin, with her toe, I was always told.

(Another of his children eventually became Isabella Beecher Hooker, but that is another story.)

Beecher's main causes were emancipation and colonial freedom from British rule, but he found time between lectures and sermons to discourse on the art of homemaking.

If you think you have troubles because your vacuum cleaner hose is too short to reach all the way up the stair carpet, be glad you weren't keeping house in Colonial America.

Beecher's treatise on household management is ominously titled "Shiftless Tricks" and begins with a frightening tale of a young lady at a boarding house who "excited some fear among her friends by foaming at the mouth. In eating a stew she found herself blessed with a mouthful of hard soap which only lathered the more, the more she washed at it."

How did the soap get in the stew? Beecher suggests that the cook was careless. I prefer to think she was merely being prudent. Many a boarding house shelters a young lady whose mouth needs to be washed out with soap if the

preacher's coming to dinner.

Beecher is determined that bed and board be kept well apart. "It's a filthy thing to put trunks, boxes, baskets and sundry other utensils under the bed where you keep the cake for company. We have seen a dextrous housewife whip the bed-spread aside and bring forth a loaf cake."

(Had that cake been actually upon the bed, would it then be have been a loafing cake? Or a layer cake?)

Readers are warned against even more horrifying "shiftless tricks". "It is a dirty trick to wash children's eyes in the pudding dish; to wipe dishes and spoons on a hand towel; to wrap warm bread in a dirty tablecloth; and to use dirty table cloths for sheets, a practice of which we have had experiential knowledge at least once in our lives."

"It is not altogether cleanly," he continues with dignified melancholy, "to use one's knife to scrape boots and then to cut apples which other people are to eat. Or to pick one's teeth at table with a fork or jack knife. Or to put your hat upon the dinner table among the dishes, or to spit generously into the fire while the hearth is set with food to warm."

And there are a few words for the little woman as she climbs out from between the tablecloths and greets her family at breakfast. "It is a filthy thing to comb one's hair in

a small kitchen in the intervals of cooking the breakfast, to use the bread trough for a cradle - a thing which we have undoubtedly seen, to filter the horse medicine through the milk strainer."

"Then for comic relief, I suppose, he adds, "It is an unthrifty trick to bring in eggs from the barn in one's pocket and then to sit down on them."

I imagine all it would take to break the boarding house crowd up completely would be a lady at one end of the table, foaming at the mouth, and a gent at the other end, squirming uneasily in a messy nest of broken shells and shattered yolks.

I would have put Preacher Beecher down as a bit of a nag if I hadn't read this paragraph, which marks him as a man after my own heart.

"To borrow a choice book, to read it with unwashed hands that have been used in the charcoal bin, and finally to return it daubed on every leaf with nose-blood spots, tobacco spatter and dirty finger marks - this is a vile trick!"

Not shiftless, or dirty, but vile. Right on, Rev. Books are precious and essential, and that's why there's dust on my piano.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but when there are books around, cleanliness is next to impossible.

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