Gitizen comment

Co-operation wouldn't hurt

It seems an impass has been reached by the Penetanguishene Planning Board and local builder Ray Marchand.

Marchand wants to build a home for himself on a strip of land in the south end of town, and he is considering building a subdivision on an adjoining piece of land. He does not want the two projects to be tied together in any way, and maintains that although the subdivision would be built by his company, Avignon Homes, his own house will be built by himself, for himself.

The planning board, on the other hand, does not want to see "piece-meal" development, and wants to see proposals for the whole parcel of land before approving an application for a rezoning which would allow Marchand to build his own house.

In the past this newspaper has tried to support Ray Marchand in his quest to get this town needs, and which he has been willing to build.

But on Monday night, the board came out with a positive forward step. It was willing to commit itself to rezoning a parcel of land which Marchand does not even own at the present time. Had Marchand accepted the board's proposal, he would have had some assurance that he could go ahead and buy the land he does not already own, and it would be rezoned in future to suit his needs. It would have meant though, that he could not go ahead with his own home until he acquired all the other land he wants, and submitted a plan of subdivision.

It is understandable that Marchand was a little reluctant to leave a meeting of the board without a definite answer on the land he already owns, but in view of the circumstances, it would probably have been to his advantage to accept the board's proposal

The problem seems to be one of comaround what has often seemed to be an munication. It is to be hoped that in the future unending mess of red-tape, in order to get on the board, and Mr. Marchand can work with his business. At times it has seemed like together a little more closely, in order that he would never get to build the housing which much needed housing can be built in Penetanguishene, for the betterment of all involved.

Sugar and Spice

its people in a referendum.

I'm sure many another old sweat of my

the deshabille of a stripper in a burlesque show, let along stripping a machine gun.

completing a route march from, say, Kingston to Cornwall, to repell an invasion strike from La Belle Province. Personall, I am puffing like a grampus after scraping a bit of ice off my windshield. I have to lie down for five minutes after carrying out the

If the feds re-enlisted a brigade or two of

Civil war?

by Bill Smiley

I was glad to hear, in his end-of-year news conference, that Prime Minister Trudeau had no plans for keeping Quebec within the Dominion of Canada by force, should separation of that province be approved by

vintage who is still on the reserve list also breathed a sigh of relief. One of the many things we old vets don't need is a civil war. One war in one lifetime is enough for any

Most of us would have trouble completing

And I think we might have a little trouble

Can any of you guys of my vintage imagine being sent out on a night patrol, probably on skis, to take a few prisoners? What we'd probably have to do is dump the skis, hail a cab, head for a bilingual bar across the border, and bring back a couple of go-go girls. Might be fun at that, if they'd let us use some common sense, which, of course, the military will never allow.

old kriegies (prisoners-of-war) they'd have would be in the Legion halls, each night after their hands full. First of all, the kriegies would steal, just out of habit, everything that was not nailed or bolted down. Secondly, kriegies are trained to escape and head west. Stick two brigades of them on the Quebec border and in a couple of weeks, after stealing a train or two, they'd wind up in

Ancient naval persons might be better off tonight?" in a civil war. They don't have to walk to work. They could charge up and down the Ottawa River, firing broadsides of bilingual propaganda into the streets of Hull.

Ex-airmen wouldn't be of much use. Most so on." of them are so portly they wouldn't be able to get through the escape hatch if their aircraft were hit. Perhaps they could be reorganized as a special low-flying force, equipped with right? snowmobiles, and sent out to harass the enemy by driving all over his farmers' fields on the snow, thus ruining his crops for the including a few Germans who fought on the

Former paratroopers wouldn't be of much Canadians use, either. Most of them have grown so heavy that they'd plummet like bricks, and the screams of arthritic agony when they hit the ground would destroy any element of

reservists, would certainly be comical, but not too dangerous. Most of the casualties the "fighting" was over.

And speaking of the Legion halls, a civil war would certainly add a little spice to the rather dreary dialogue that is the norm. Instead of monotonous mutterings about the last bingo game or the next shuffleboard tournament, you'd hear stuff like this:

"Ja hear what Quebec Cora said on the TV "Ya. She said the frogs captured a whole

battalion of the Canadian Army today an there wuzzen a man in it below the rank of sergeant. Eighty-five colonels, 150 majors an

"Right. And 50 per cent of the officers was French-Canadian. "It figures. But she's a good lookin broad,

If it does come to civil war, you can include me out. And that goes for all my old friends, other side in WW II and are now happy

But that doesn't mean we wouldn't make our contribution, our sacrifices, if needs

My contribution would be to over-all strategy, which has always been my strong Thinking it over, we must conclude that a point. You should see me plotting to get civil war in Canada, using nothing but someone else to mow my lawn, put on my storm windows, shovel my walk.

Hereby some suggestions. First, if the feds

want a short, swift victory. Muster every aircraft in the country, load them with every scrap of paper in Ottawa, man them with civil servants under the command of Otto obliterated for a generation.

Lang, and bomb. Not only the separatists, but the entire province of Quebec, would be An alternative to this would be to build a fence right around the province, constructed of all the red tape in Ottawa. It would take the

Quebecois 10 years to cut their way out, and they'd have forgotten referendums and such. If these methods of an easy solution are not

dramatic enough for you, here's my final

Muster all the politicians, lawyers and Women's Libbers in the rest of Canada. Fly them to a remote section of Newfoundland. Muster all the politicians, lawyers and Anglophobes in Quebec. Fly them to the same place. No conventional weapons for either side.

Then let them beat each other to death with unveiled innuendoes, deliberate misinformation, absolute ambiguities, legal torts, trail balloons, and shrill cries of "French male chauvinist pigs," and "Maudites Anglais abortionistes.

It would be lovely and peaceful in the rest of the country. And the bleeding, battered winners could have Newfy, where the locals would hunt them down for sport, as they did the Beothuk Indians.

Feathered friends or belligerent free-loaders?

Winter driving can be hazardous

Letters to the editor

Letter gets results

Recently I wrote you expressing my which are not being done because of inap-

overly optimistic that one letter would make problems will be remedied. This will make it

congratulate Mayor Moreau, the town time in responding to my complaint.

Thanks for coverage

Why is it that people are willing to literally throw themselves into danger, to take lifeendangering risks at times when they are most likely to suffer painful, perhaps deadly consequences?

at the best of times. The unusually heavy snowfall, the sub-zero temperatures have reduced roads to the level of skating rinks. High walls of snow at intersections have shovelling him or herself out made joining the mainstream of traffic a

when your turn is next. Despite the tricky driving conditions, motorists persist in pulling out in front of oncoming traffic; many's the time this editor

dissatisfaction with the way the sidewalks

were plowed. I must admit that I was not

been taken. Consequently I would like to

councillors and staff. Most of the sidewalks

are being plowed now which is great for those

The Simcoe County District Board of

Health and all the staff would like to extend

their appreciation for the coverage and co-

operation which was given to the Health Unit

during the Swine Flu Program.

I am glad to note though, that action has and freedom.

Dear Editor:

Dear Sir:

has had to do a quick bit of down-shift and brake work to avoid a classic "rear-ender." Midland and Penetang drivers also seem oblivious to the theory that it is better to proceed with caution at an intersection. Stop Winter driving is dangerous and hazardous sign? What stop sign they must be thinking as they ignore the blares of an irate driver who has veered into the nearest snowbank and can count on spending the next half hour

The winter of 1977 is trying enough for game of Russian roulette. You never can tell drivers without the added worry that an accident could be lurking around the next corner. Watch out for the next guy - but make sure you're watching your own driving habits as well.

of us who walk. There are still some however

propriate equipment. I have been told

however, by good authority, that these

possible for walkers then to move with ease

Thank-you very much for your efforts and

You have done a great job, which again,

was much appreciated.

Yours truly.

Yours truly,

Berald Skipwith,

Business Administrator.

D. Roszmann

by Shirley Whittington

This country is going to the birds. I heard the other day about a duck that was arrested for assault. This confirms my suspicions that the world's bird population

having been protected, fed out-of-season and otherwise pampered, is getting uppity. I've been nervous about birds ever since a friend was attacked by starlings in her swimming pool last summer. The starlings were not available for comment, but I would judge that they probably wondered what inthe dickens she was doing in their bird bath. (My friend says that an attack in the

bird's the aggressor.) Yesterday, the day of the Big Snow, swimming pools and aggressive starlings were the last things on my mind as I went through the motions of a snowbound ur-

I shovelled. I cleared the glut of snow from the storm door so it would close properly. I muffled up and strode nobly down to the office to do my little stint. And mindful of broadcast warnings that the storm might continue for several days, I stocked up on essentials like bread and milk and cigarettes, and back-packed about fifteen pounds of groceries up the hill and home.

Panting, I flung myself into a kitchen chair. To celebrate my victory over the elements, I made a cup of coffee, which lately I've begun to think of as gold dust.

I was sitting there, as cosy as a baked apple when I became aware of eyes boring through my back. I turned, and on the kitchen window sill sat a massive jay, glaring. Big? He was so big my mouth watered. I could visualise him, belly-up on a platter,

streaming with gravy. "So okay," he seemed to be saying. "Where's my grub?"

I'm tough. No feathered heavy weight is going to push me around. But soon he was joined by a steely-eyed accomplice. Everywhere I moved, four beady, demanding eyes followed me.

I surrendered, struggled into my coat and boots and replenished the feeding tray. And they didn't even say thank-you.

The birds in this neighbourhood are a wellfed lot. There's not a gaunt cheek or a slack belly in the bunch.

Whenever they feel peckish, they do the feeder circuit. It's like a progressive dinner party - a few peanuts here, some bread crusts there, a main course of sunflower seeds, and suet pudding for dessert.

From the look of the trade we get, I'd say

our place was the McDonald's of bird-dom. We get the itinerant proletariat - jays and sparrows and chick-a-dees. Aristocrats like finches and grosbeaks go to a four-star place down the street.

Once we had a cardinal, but the cat was outside that day, and we haven't seen His Eminence since.

Feeding the birds is generally regarded as uplifting and noble, like knitting afghans for lepers or being a Brown Owl. But I'm warning you. Birds are getting bigger and sassier, and pretty soon they'll want the vote. Already, I hear that their's are the

brains behind a lot of political decisions. Next thing you know they'll be agitating for better housing, and organizing a program against cats. They'll be holding Sunflower

Seeds Anonymous meetings in your back yard, and bang - there goes the neighbourhood.

It's not that I don't like birds. All I ask is a little gratitude. A liquid cascade of birdsong on a summer's eve? A bright flutter of irridescent wings against an azure sky? These may be rewards enough for your average bird lover.

But I'm a coffee addict, and my habit's getting expensive. I'd consider the account squared if each bird that migrates to the sunny south when the going gets tough around here would bring back a couple of coffee beans in the spring, and put them on my window sill.

The way things are going, that's my last hope for a cheep cup of coffee.



Swimming anyone?

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

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. necessary, letters or articles may be

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.

Penetanguishene

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Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations Member of the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association Subscription Rates: Home Delivery: 20c Weekly, \$10.40 Year

Mail Subscription \$9.50 yearly in Canada \$24.00 USA or foreign Audit Bureau of Circulations regulations require that mail subscriptions be paid in advance Second Class Mail **Registration Number 2327**



by Ray Baker

I'm happy to report the successful conclusion of a running battle with the Columbia Record Club. There were no casualties, and face was saved on each confrontation. Very important this question of face, ask any oriental. You'd look sick with some of your face lost anyway.

Let's start at the beginning with 'Detente' when I was introduced to Columbia by a well

Off the record... at last! intentioned but misguided friend. The year

was 1974. Did I want some records, yes, was I willing to buy eighteen in a eighteen month span, yes sir. Sign here, I did, and the deed was done. Choice of the Month

Each month I received a catalogue

showing the selection. I had chosen 'Classical' no problem. As a matter of fact the Club was responsible for introducing No. 2 son into the classical scene with a rendition of 'Switched on Bach' played on a 'Moog Synthesizer' which put him 'in the moog' so to speak.

So month by month I accumulated my collection. I even took advantage of the special members' offer and purchased from them a new stereo, twin speakers, plastic dome, the whole works. No. 1 promptly acquired the 'old' one and pulled it in bits "to see how it used to work". So we all gained, I

My cup was indeed running over...until the day my collection was complete and I tried to cancel my membership. Without success. My cup continued to run over.

Music Charms The Savage Breast

My breast was now getting a little savage. In early '76 I was a satisfied customer. My stereo outfit and record library were in good form. I had only one problem...I couldn't turn off the tap.

On the pre-printed form each month is said "accept cancel substitute return etc. and each month regular as clockwork I filled out the cancel bit and returned it with a thank you note. To no avail. The updated catalogue and the months selection came along as usual, followed by the record and then the

Beating the record

The records I sent back by return mail. The cancel slips and the bills to a separate address. Then came the 300 day war.

During the first six months I was addressed as 'valued customer' this dropped down to 'Dear Sir' and finally 'Dear Sir, unless' but I was simply corresponding with a machine. The machine advised me that I had to pay the non-existent bill...then I had been granted a reprieve until better times, finally a communications breakthrough: The Great Mail Strike.

After the strike two records arrived with six slips inside "we regret these were sent in error please return with these slips for a full refund". Filling in all six my account read zero, except eleven dollars interest on the non-existent non-account which I refused to

Enter Mr. Zed

There must be a long line of desks at Columbia from A to Z. Mr. 'Abel' means no

problem, Mrs. 'Brown' a small problem, etc. I now got a letter (hand typed) from a real live human being, Mrs. Divine, that a 'Mr. Eldon' would be writing. He did. To inform me that if I didn't pay the eleven non-existent dollars they would not send me any more records...hurray. I had lost the war and won the peace.

As for Mr. Zed, his services were not required. He could sit at the end desk playing with the leather muzzle of his Doberman-Pincher, waiting for the next 'non payer'. So I only made it from A to E, and it only took a year to get through.

Just for the Record Don't get me wrong I wouldn't have misse it for the world. I sit here with a wendeserved drink listening from Bach to Wagner, and Bach again, and think of the fascinating correspondence I had with a

I got a letter from them yesterday... signed by a rubber stamp. "Dear Member. Just a reminder that if you introduce a new member into the Club you will receive your choice of two LP's or a tape.

I think their record is stuck somewhere, stuck somewhere, stuck somewhere...

machine.

Ray Baker is a Manager at Midland's RCA plant and a freelance writer for Markle Community Newspapers. He and his family live in Penetanguishene...