

Planning board is making progress

The Penetanguishene Planning Board, at its meeting Monday night, was presented with five design concepts for the triangle bounded by Robert, Lorne and Burke Streets.

What those concepts advocated is not in itself that important; what is important is that they are before the board for its consideration.

The problem of what to do with the area was encountered by the board last year when local builder Ray Marchand asked for part of the area to be rezoned so he could build on a piece of property he owns in the middle of the triangle.

At that time the board told Mr. Marchand that it could not consider his application until it had a better idea of what the whole area should eventually look like.

The application came at a bad time for the board, as it was in the midst of preparing for the Ontario Municipal Board hearing on the town's zoning bylaw.

However it now appears that, with the OMB hearing out of the way, the board is making headway on the problem.

The problem will not end with the settlement of the problem in "the devil's triangle", as some of the board members are now calling it. More builders will ask for zoning changes in the future, and the board will have to do this exercise over and over again.

The process may appear slow to builders and to the general public, but it is definitely moving in a forward direction.

The board does a lot of work for a bunch of guys who are not paid anything for their time, and this newspaper is confident that progress is being made on the monumental task of making sure the town grows in an orderly fashion and of making sure the end result of the inevitable growth will be acceptable to the people of the town.

Town shouldn't be a profit maker

The Arena, Parks and Recreation Board did right in not raising the dockage fees at the town dock for this summer.

In a time of restraint and anti-inflation controls, the move, had it gone through, would have been a little hard to swallow.

The dock operation was run at a profit last year, with dockage fees as they were; there is no reason it should not make a profit again this year. The town is not a charitable organization, but neither should it be a big money maker. The fact that

Penetanguishene's rates are the lowest in the area is certainly nothing to worry about. It's just another indication that the town is a good place to live and to play, and that the administration of Penetanguishene is interested in providing the best services possible at the best price possible.

If other municipalities in the area feel the need or the desire to charge more than Penetanguishene for the same services, that is their problem, not ours, and it is certainly no reason for us to up our rates.

Queen's Park report

by Arthur Evans M.P.P.

Bringing Canadians together

In a January report I mentioned that most people were concerned with their future personal security and prosperity. They were less concerned about the abstract issues of bringing home the British North America Act from Great Britain. That was two months ago.

Evidently I was both partially right and partially wrong. People are not so concerned or wrought up over return of the BNA Act, but they are terribly worried about the future of their country and whether, as Canadians, we will be able to stay together. Linked to this unity concern is what is happening to our economy.

When we think about a United Canada, we think about all the regions of our nation and not just one. The election of the new Quebec government has naturally awakened in us the alarming possibility that new government is most seriously committed in making Quebec the third new independent state on the North American continent.

The possible separation of Quebec from Canada has shaken us in our very boots. I know that some people are tired of the whole thing and even say: "If Quebec wants to go, let them go their own way."

I can understand why, to some extent. The problem of keeping Canada united always ends up on the possible separation of Quebec, but the people carrying the debate, or the media reporting this debate, never seem to consider what the impact would be on the rest of Canada! We become too bound in by the Quebec situation, and fail to move our horizons to the other regions of Canada - the Prairies, Newfoundland, and Atlantic Canada!

It's time we did, for our failure to do so here in Ontario tells us quite a bit about how we see Canada in terms of our own identity.

The other major thing which bothers me a great deal is the too easy acceptance of Quebec just breaking away as a result of a referendum. (I may be a guilty party to such an easy assumption in the preceding paragraphs.) Confederation is like a marriage - easily entered into, but not so easily severed as the national unity debate evolves.

I think that Jack Horner, the veteran federal Member of Parliament for Crowfoot, Alberta, hit the nail on the head just recently - he said that for Quebec to separate is

legally impossible. If a lawyer looks at the BNA, he will find there is no means to do so - which does not mean that it is totally impossible to carry out, nor should it lessen our concerns about Canada's future!

The Horner viewpoint simply reflects more common sense and realism than is admitted by many other people. Mr. Horner foresees long and protracted negotiations over boundaries - access by the rest of Canada to the St. Lawrence Seaway - the ownership of federal structures in Quebec or any other province. A vote of people in one province will not mean the end of Canada in itself!

Like life, it is a much more complicated and difficult process than the glib assumption that a vote of the people of any province can sever these strong sea-to-sea connections.

The sooner we all come to this conclusion, the sooner we can develop new beginnings for Canada, as Premier William Davis suggested.

The Premier was addressing a business group in Toronto recently and stated:

Never before in Canada have we, collectively needed a new beginning, a beginning of the spirit and a beginning of the heart."

I don't think that it could have been said more eloquently nor frankly. Instead of concentrating constantly on the negatives, we need to start emphasizing the positives of Canada - despite all our problems.

Above all else, Premier Davis pinpointed an attitude which is too prevalent in some Canadians:

"No political party, no level of government, has any monopoly in speaking for or in support of the common values that unite Canadians."

Rather we all have a personal stake in Canada's survival as a nation. No group of politicians or legislators, or a special group, has control over all the wisdom or knowledge needed to keep us together.

That is why Premier Davis has called for a national conference for a Forum on Canadian Destiny to be held in June at York University. All sorts of people and groups would be able to speak up on where we should be going as a nation.

I think that bringing Canadians together would be a truly productive and imaginative exercise.

Sugar and Spice

All for love

by Bill Smiley

There's nothing more frustrating than being loved for all the wrong reasons. This has been happening to me all my life.

My wife fell in love with me because I was the first live one she'd met in three years at university. I was just home from overseas, cocky as a young black bass. Until then, the only college men she'd met were flat-foots or four-eyes, whose idea of a hot date was to ask her out, dutch-treat, for a coffee, and breathe heavily over their own passion for Wordsworth's poetry.

She was a good, sweet girl who believed in God, university regulations, and the sanctity of Great Writers. I soon cured her of that. I introduced her into a small society of skeptics and slungulions like myself, who were more interested in beer than Browning, sex than saintliness. We didn't want to go to college; we wanted to go to Mexico. We didn't want to marry and have children and grow old together; we wanted to have 18 illicit affairs and die young of sheer depravity.

It was all a facade, of course, but she was fascinated. And for the next 30 years, I had to continue the pretence that I was a dashing rake instead of a dull hoe. It's been hard. Underneath, I'm a cowardly conformist, not a revolutionary romantic; a solid free-

enterpriser, not an idealistic socialist. I'm not a leader; I'm a follower, even though sometimes I appear to be going sideways or backwards.

Final blow came the other day when she caught me trying to figure out how much pension I'd get if I retired in three years. It sank in at last that she had married, not the Scarlet Pimpernel, but Elmer Fudd.

Same thing with my kids. They seemed to love me, but for all the wrong reasons. When I was a weekly editor, they thought I was the most important man in town. Don't know where they got the idea. They never saw me cringing behind the receiver when some old lady had called me up and was wiping me out over the phone because I'd either left one call bearer out, or put in one too many, in the writup of her old man's funeral.

The kids thought I was a great father because I took them on the Ferris wheel and roller coaster when they were little. They didn't realize I was a quivering jelly inside. From their bedtime stories, they knew I had won't the war practically single-handed, but thought I was just a peacemaker when I backed up smartly in any argument with their mother.

Same story all over again with my

colleagues. Love me for all the wrong reasons. They seem to think that just because I'm an outstanding shuffleboard player, a superb Russian billiards shot, an extraordinarily acute poker player, a snappy dresser who never wears the same shirt more than three days in a row, and a bon vivant who can get through the cafeteria's shepherd's pie with the best of them, I should be an object of adoration, if not veneration.

They don't see beneath that dazzling surface at all. They utterly fail to recognize the gentleness, the sweetness, the academic brilliance, and the humility that make up the real me.

I have the same trouble with my students. I won't say they worship me. I won't go that far. But it's not unusual to walk into my classroom and find candles burning in front of the portrait one of our art teachers had painted of me.

Once again, it's for the wrong reasons. They love me because they think I love teaching, love teenagers, tell sparkling jokes, and readily buy their raffle tickets.

In fact, the only reason I teach is the long summer holiday; teenagers are difficult to love, even your own; not one of my jokes is less than eight years old; and I buy their

blasted tickets because I don't want my tires slashed.

Why don't they love me for my unquenchable optimism: that some day I'll hit three good blows in a row on the golf course; that some day I'll spend most of the time on the trail upright on my skis, rather than down right on my fanny?

Yes. It's disconcerting to be constantly loved for the wrong reasons. That's why Quebec is so disconcerted these days. Suddenly, millions of Canadians, who never gave her a look or a thought before, love La Belle Province.

But do they love her for the right reasons? Do they love her because she is toujours gai, aussi charmante, full of élan, and a hell of a gourmet cook? Nope. Do they love her because she is much more bilingual than the rest of us, and because she is bursting with creativity? Nope.

They love her because the sulky bad-tempered magnificently-endowed daughter threatens to leave home, with her dowry under her arm.

After years of being loved for all the wrong reasons, I know just how you feel, Rene Levesque.

Water may be hazardous to your health



by Shirley Whittington

These days I can hardly wait to get my morning paper to read the latest good news from the World Health Organization, or from some other medical - scientific watchdog.

So far, research has ruined the pleasures of cigarettes, coffee, tea, chocolate, white sugar, bacon, eggs, butter, and anything tinted with red food colouring. Saccharin is the latest villain to be unmasked, and if there's any sweetness left in life folks are going to have to find it in emotional involvements - pending further reports on long term effects of the Pill.

I now feel as if I'm playing Russian Roulette every time I dine or sup, and I wasn't surprised when my loony friend Dr. I. Scarem (a medico with eminently disreputable credentials) threw another scare into me last week.

He shook a gnarled fist at me and issued the following warning. "Water," he said, "may be the biggest hazard to human health since they took the cocaine out of Coca Cola."

I asked him to explain. "You ever notice how many people drown every year?" he said. "And what do they drown in? Water! What causes Spring floods? What cancels picnics and baseball games? Water, cleverly disguised as rain. How about the water moccasin? Deadly poison, right? And tell me - what was the biggest political scandal in recent American history?"

"Watergate," I said, hating myself for taking the bait.

"Right," he said. "Yet, in spite of the evidence," people continue to drink water. They swill it down, heedless of the danger. Never mind that they're drowning their tonsils, flooding their stomachs, rusting their thingamajigs."

I said I thought he was jumping to conclusions.

"Listen," he said. "I've done tests. I force-fed some rats three gallons of water each, in a twelve hour period. They all got bloated, and threw up, and nearly went crazy trying

to find the men's room." He added that he'd also done research with fruit flies. "Had a devil of a time getting the little beggars to drink the stuff. Finally I just filled up their cage with water. And you know what happened? They got all squishy, and died."

"But," I protested, "people aren't rats or fruit flies. What do you know about human beings?"

"Plenty. In the days before the College cancelled my license, I used to see dozens of patients with blistered skin and temperature elevations. Why? They'd been lying in the sand, beside the water."

"That was sunburn, you idiot," I said testily.

He replied with characteristic dry wit. "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me. Water - now that's a different cup of poison."

He continued that parents ought to be warned about early signs of water addiction in children. "A child who wakens in the night asking for a drink is beginning on a dangerous course. The parents should give him a swat and tell him to go back to sleep. But no - they give in. Then society makes it easy for a craving to develop into a full blown addiction. Waitresses put a glass of water on the table, right along with the menu. There are water fountains in our schools, and our public parks. Grandmothers give kids water pistols for Christmas. No wonder so many people are hooked on the stuff."

The result, said Scarem, was millions of man hours lost every year in trips to the bathroom, and a lot of dirty glasses in the sink.

"But," I cried in exasperation. "What about the millions of thirsty people in the

world? Coffee and tea will keep them awake. Chocolate will make them fat. Soft drinks bore holes in the teeth if they're sweetened with sugar, and saccharin can cause cancer of the bladder."

"Exactly!" cried Scarem. "But if people ceased drinking water, the bladder might become a useless vestige, like the appendix. I'm not saying that people shouldn't drink water at all. A little social water now and then doesn't hurt anybody. Too much, and we'll have to form Rusty People Anonymous."

And off he tottered down the street, raving about how he was going to write his MP and the WHO to get a ban on the unsupervised sale and consumption of water.

The last I heard, he was trying to buy Lake Winnipeg. The man's no doctor, but he knows a good potential black market when he sees one.



A spring scene in Penetanguishene?

Wunderbars, Big Macs or pillow thumping?



by Ray Baker

Am I in a depressed minority group? I don't suffer from 'Big Mac Attacks'. The immunity began last fall when I was inoculated against 'Swine Flu'. The correlation between the two has not been worked out yet.

The Midland Branch has served over twenty billion people I see since opening, plus a few hamburgers also. Seriously though, even if I'm immune to the attacks I still have a liking for the cheeseburgers, and rubbing shoulders with the people in suits of armor

with concrete shoes and arriving in Jumbo jets which the good box assures us is true, it's bound to be contagious.

No. 3 son loves their french fries and high chairs, he's starting at the bottom and working up. I think it's the seven secret herbs and spices (sorry wrong advert).

Wunderbar is another good ad, and I like em', the power of suggestion is very strong. Take the latest one on 'Oh Henry' complete with music 'chew it, chew it, chew it till your satisfied'. It must have impact, why only last week six of us sat down to seriously discuss Public works budget and throughout the entire meeting the Town Clerk, Yvon Gagne, was surreptitiously chewing on an 'Oh Henry' bar.

The chewing wasn't so bad but it was the crinkly paper and the smacking of the lips that really threw us. At last estimate it cost us two streets to repave and a new motor for the old greaser. We are seriously considering passing legislation forbidding him to eat 'Oh Henry's during meetings. But it won't do any good. He'll switch to Wunderbar.

The power of suggestion

The T.V. ads for food, puddings, and candies are so well thought out that they must be in league with the diet food people. This way they get you both ways. First you eat, then you join 'weight watchers' or the new one 'Counter weight' which sounds more like a butcher shop description of a lump of meat 'Counter weight'. Anyway it's a serious business and my hat is off to any of you Gentle Readers that are on a diet, and really sticking to it.

I don't mean the ones in the ads, in say the 'Enquirer' like 'I was 395 lbs. and my husband wouldn't come near me (probably couldn't get near her) until I lost 260 lbs. overnight using the new 'magic mush' now I'm down to a shapely 123 lbs. and happy again."

No. I mean the Mr. and Mrs. average looking for 15 to 20 lbs. off. Well a pocket sized Dell Book No. 4668 at 35c will help. It's called 'How to stay on any diet. 101 ways to strengthen your will power (Y. Gagne please note).

Diet tips and hints

Page 25. How to handle diet 'anger'. When utter frustration sets in you go to your bedroom and lock the door. Lie down and punch away at your pillow, shouting 'censored censored diet foods'. Then you come out and resume.

You eat meals leisurely. Don't clean your plate down to the pattern and don't cook more than you are allowed to actually eat. The ladies should wear clothes that make you look slimmer (cheating) and high heels. Don't tell your friends you are dieting or they will watch you. Surprise them.

"Tell the waiter to bring your steak without gravy and your salad without dressing (unless it's dressed in clothes that make it look slimmer). Then comes 'the flesh test' gnipping flesh between forefinger and thumb, or more than one inch is allowed at the back of the neck, upper arms and buttocks.

cream will make them go away." Your fridge should be full of instant broth or bouillon, celery sticks and raw carrots, cans of waterchestnuts and a pitcher of iced tea, with small tins of tuna on the side. So you always have a satisfying tidbit when you want it. You appear to live better on a diet than you normally do, I guess that's the name of the game.

Will power plays a vital role in all this. Page 50 "Imagine your favourite foods rotting or crawling with worms, maggots, or bugs," whatever turns you on, I mean off. Your subconscious works against you. You become a 'midnight raider', chocolate cake at midnight and willing to swear you slept right through. So beware.

It's not all hardship and deprivation though. There are rewards. If you've been a good boy or girl you should buy yourself a present each month. Like a new scarf or a brooch. The girls can buy their own things. Don't celebrate by going to a restaurant though. For reasons that would become obvious. In other words 'eat your heart out ... but don't.

And that's it for diets, all for 35c, gee, typing this column has made me peckish. Think I'll just have a glass of chocolate milk and a Wunderbar. On second thoughts I'll go upstairs and thump the pillow.

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