

Citizen comment

Brule Heights problem must be solved soon

The town certainly is in a fix. It has a moral obligation to Romeo Asselin, and possibly a legal obligation, to allow him to develop the Brule Heights area in a certain way.

It also has a moral obligation to the ratepayers to see that they end up with a reasonable facsimile of the type of subdivision they were led to believe would be built in the area.

The ratepayers want to lay the blame at the feet of the town, but perhaps the blame can be shifted to a certain extent to the province, without whose intervention the whole problem might not have occurred in the first place.

But no matter who is responsible for the fiasco, it has to be solved, and the developer is patiently awaiting the outcome so he can begin to get his money back out of the land.

Despite the contention voiced by the ratepayers that the town is allowing the province to do its planning, it would appear that the OMB is the only body which can cope with the problem. The problem is that the OMB can not offer positive suggestions

regarding the problem, it can only say yes or no to a given proposal. And there is no telling how many times the town could go back to the OMB with proposals which are turned down before the issue is settled.

What the town should do is to sit down and decide, on its own, what the correct zoning for the area is. It should then make that decision known to Romeo Asselin and to the ratepayers and ask them if there are any minor changes which they would wish to see and which could be accommodated by the town. Then they should submit it to the OMB.

Both sides in the dispute have presented their bottom lines, their final offer beyond which they are not prepared to go. The town should pick a point somewhere in between those two stances, draft a bylaw, and submit it. If the OMB approves it, fine. If it doesn't, then it's back to the drawing board.

But as long as the two sides to the dispute cannot agree, the town should not try to please both, because that would be futile. Planning board must make a decision, which will probably not please either party, and go ahead with it.

Queen's Park report

by Arthur Evans M.P.P.

What does government do?

When any level of government faces a continuing issue which has good arguments on both sides, which side does an elected representative assume if all the information is not available?

That is exactly the problem facing your Ontario Government currently on the matter of aluminum wiring. As you probably already know, a class action has been launched against Ontario and Quebec Hydro, the Canadian Standards Association, building suppliers and contractors. A class action refers to a court suit launched in the name of thousands of other people who have the same common problem. In this case: aluminum wiring. One person's name or several names are entered as being representative of all the other people with the same problem.

From my general understanding, the class action contends that aluminum wiring is unsafe and hazardous if badly connected to outlet boxes and switches. Aluminum wiring expands and contracts, developing a build-up of oxide on the bare wire. This oxide generates a greater resistance to electricity and develops heat.

The Canadian Standards Association has since 1975 advocated a new receptacle named CO/LAR which is clearly stamped on the metal mounting strap. This is insufficient for the people launching this class action.

With such an issue, what does a government do? Ignore the situation entirely or clear the air. Consumer and Commercial Relations Minister Sidney Handelman has appointed Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, a noted

Canadian geophysicist, formerly from the University of Toronto and presently Director-General of the Ontario Science Centre, to conduct a one-man inquiry into the safety and reliability of copper wired circuits and aluminum wired electrical circuits. Dr. Wilson will hold public hearings and listen to the various groups, citizens and industry on this issue.

It is called "getting to the bottom of the issue" and clearing the air of confusion and real anxiety in the minds of some people. The report by Dr. Wilson should prove most interesting and challenging.

Now that the Ontario Farm Income Stabilization Commission is a legally recognized body, Agriculture and Food Minister Bill Newman has appointed the five commissioners.

Each appointee brings to his position a wealth of farming experience on both practical and policy making grounds. George McLaughlin of Beaverton is former Chairman of the Ontario Milk Marketing Board. Arden Baker of Brockville is both a dairy and beef farmer. Hilbert Van Ankom of Wroxeter is a cash crop and beef farmer and represents the Christian Farmers' Federation. From the National Farmers' Union comes dairy farmer Ellard Powers of Beachburg. Albin Kormaz of Vanessa represents the Ontario Federation of Agriculture. He is a corn and tobacco grower. Jules Debrabandere is a dairy farmer from St. Mary's.

The Chairman of the Stabilization Commission is Henry Eliger who is also Chairman of the Crop Insurance Commission.

Letter to the editor

Both languages beautiful and useful

I was astounded to read the caption, as well as the letter written by Dr. Germain Gauthier, to your paper, on Wednesday, March 16, 1977. He praises bilingualism, yet a short time ago, under his sponsorship, and I understand, on his own property, a club for senior citizens was started, where one of the rules is that the language used at the meetings shall be French. This, to me, is in contradiction to what he said in his letter. Please doctor, practise what you preach.

Personally, I love and practise bilingualism, because there are so many beautiful and useful things in either

language. I learned both French and English the hard way, not on university desks, but by reading all my life. I have read books dealing with the French problem and books written by English authors who sympathized with us. On certain occasions, when someone made unsavory remarks, even if I was the only French Canadian, I stood up and confronted these men with facts they were not aware of. I was approved and supported in open meetings, notably by Stephen Leacock, who chastized a certain meeting for its intolerance toward the French.

Sincerely,
Michael Asselin

Sugar and Spice

Someone cares

by Bill Smiley

There's no question about it. Somebody-up There does look after us poor, forked creatures here below. I have proof.

When I left you last week, I was in the throes of ferocious agony in the back. Neither the doctor nor I knew whether it was a slithering disc, a boulder in my kidneys trying to escape, or leprosy of the liver.

A week later, we still don't know. X-rays were taken, but the doc hasn't received them yet. Of course, it's a whole mile from the hospital, where they were taken, to his office, so that's explainable. They probably sent them by mail.

But the pain has eased off to a dull grind, and that's the reason for my opening statement. There does seem to be a Great Plan, and maybe Somebody does see us little sparrows fall.

Because just as my back was emerging from the acute stage, I succumbed to that gross, disgusting, shuddering, juddering, ailing, gripping, embarrassing, exhausting ailment known euphemistically, even when it occurs in March, as the "summer flu." Or, in less lady-like circles, "The dire rear."

Now, I know perfectly well that had the two concurred, the bad back that made me scream when I lifted a sheet of paper, and the exigencies of my other ailment, this would be an obituary column. Doesn't that prove that the meek shall inherit the earth? Or something.

You may think that is a bit simple-minded, or a coincidence. But the process, once begun, went right on.

My wife had decided to redecorate the

living room. She bought the paint, made a contract with the painter, and the work began, while I lay around shivering and wondering which end of my candle was going to burn next.

Horrors. The paint was all wrong. Instead of a delicate, cool green, it went on the wall as a cold whitey-blue, about the shade you'd find on the walls of a penitentiary cell.

After one day's painting, she was near tears. Didn't sleep a wink. But, and here's where good old Abounding Grace comes in, came a solution. The special deity that looks after poor, downcast, middle-aged people who are either plunging into the Depths of Despair, or sea sickly navigating Dire Straits, came to the rescue.

Since I was too weak, she had to put out the garbage. While she was doing so, she came across an old color chart for paint that had exactly the shade she wanted on the walls.

Shrieks of joy. Off to the hardware, hammering on the door before they were open. Back home, before the painter arrived, with another \$50 worth of paint. Perfect! Joy reigns supreme in the Smiley psychiatric ward.

Perhaps you're still skeptical. Maybe you don't believe that a Higher Power is looking after you-know-who.

Consider these facts. My wife informed me and I had to agree, because I was too shaky to argue, that she had actually saved money on the deal. This may seem silly, as we had doubled the paint requirements for a room thirty feet long, eighteen feet side, and eleven

feet high. Not so. If we'd stuck with the first paint, we'd have had to throw out the old drapes, and spend about \$250 on new ones, because the old ones didn't go with the new paint, if you're still with me. We save vast sums like this all the time.

Maybe you begin to see the pattern now. But that's not all. Because I was too sick and weak and shaky to write a column or mark exam papers, I cleaned out my drawers. Please. This had nothing to do with the dire rear previously mentioned. I'm referring to the drawers in my desk. It's all I was fit for, physically, mentally, or emotionally.

And I found some tremendous stuff in there. Hundreds of letter, unanswered. Two requests from publishers to put my column into book form. Five requests to be guest speaker at something or other. A padlock for a school locker. Ancient, paid-off mortgages. Eighteen paper clips and twelve rubber bands and seven pencils. A copy of my will, unsigned. Two insurance policies I didn't know I had. Two hundred old columns. Fifteen addresses I'd been looking for for years. A copy of a great editorial I once wrote, entitled, "Sex and the Editor."

A letter from my daughter, aged ten, at camp, wanting to come home at once. A letter from same daughter, aged eighteen, saying insouciantly, from Montreal, "If you ever want to see me again, send some bread as I have one cent." We sent.

Old stock certificates, impressively printed, total value three dollars as wallpaper. Letters from my son from Alaska, Halifax, Mexico City, Jerusalem, Paraguay,

New Orleans.

Letters from nice old ladies who scold me gently for my vulgarity. Letters from vulgar old men who scold me roundly for not "letting 'er rip."

Letters from former students (mostly girls), who perhaps used me as a surrogate father or older brother or uncle, who tell me all their troubles, and who have now quite forgotten me, alas.

I won't go on. It was a combination of Aladdin's cave and Pandora's box.

But I do want you to get the theme. If I hadn't had a sore back, I'd never have had that better so that I could survive the dire rear.

If I hadn't had the dire rear, we'd have the wrong paint on the living room, and I'd never have cleaned out my drawers.

And if those two hadn't occurred, we wouldn't be having a sale of whitey-blue paint, and a large bonfire, simultaneously, on the first day the backyard dries up.

Don't talk to me about evolution, Darwin, survival of the fittest. It's perfectly obvious, as I have shown, that there is a Grand Plan for the universe, and that there is Someone, or Something, in charge of it.

Now, I don't want to get into a religious squabble, or a fight with women's lib. We won't call that Someone either God or Buddha or the Geist or the Supreme Being, or The Master.

Since He-She looks after all us turkeys without reference to sex, color or creed, let's just call it the Turkey-Person. OK?

The M.H.M.H. Junkie

My kitchen floor is carpeted. Heartsick, I vowed to kick the habit. I bit the bullet, and quit Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. Cold turkey.

Those of you with a grain of self-respect and intelligence will need to be told that Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman is a late night soap opera. Normally, I'm not a soapy freak, but MH promised satire and black humour. I started with a little fifteen minute segment here, a fifteen minute segment there, and suddenly I was horribly hooked.

I found myself really caring about those loonies in Fernwood. I began to think they were real people. Each night I'd make some excuse about doing a little ironing, or cleaning that cat's litter box, and then I'd sneak down to the basement family room to get my fix.

Sometimes, (and I blush in the telling) I'd watch it twice-first on the local station, then

in snowy obscurity on a distant American channel.

If the kids came in late, and caught me in the act, I'd leap to my feet and start changing channels. "Just shopping around for some late news," I say, with a transparently guilty grin.

One night I left a dinner party to watch it. It wouldn't have been so bad, but the party was at our house.

That's all behind me now. I gave MH up the night Kathy had her illegitimate baby in Mary's kitchen while the woman who was going to buy the baby from her died in front of the refrigerator in a final spasm of false labour. Overcome with self-loathing, I turned the set off. I haven't watched Mary Hartman since.

Today I'm a different person. I go to bed when the Squire does. I have time to spend with my children - to nag and criticize them

the way I used to. Now, when I call my mother, I ask her how she's feeling before I demand a favour from here.

And when the old longing strikes - when I wonder if Fernwood's Mayor Jeeter is cheating on his lovely wife, if Mary's husband found a job, if Mary's neighbour Loretta has returned to her husband or if Mary's father has been deprogrammed from that odd religious sect - I just reach for a copy of Chatelaine.

Furiously, I read about how to make a jump suit out of last year's pantsuit, how to grow big tomatoes, or how to banish my double chin with diet and exercise.

In short, I am learning again to be the kind of superwoman Chatelaine would have me be. Go ahead and renew my subscription, Susan. And thank you for calling me a "valued customer."

I'll try to live up to that.



by Shirley Whittington

I got a letter yesterday from Susan Gilmour at Chatelaine Magazine, and she says she's frankly puzzled because I haven't renewed my subscription. "Is there anything wrong?" she wants to know, and those words are urgently underlined. I can imagine how overwrought Susan is.

Is there anything wrong? Not now, Susan, but for a while there, I didn't like myself much.

It's not a pretty story. I was in the grip of a hopeless addiction. So single-minded was I about my habit, that my Chatelaines have been lying, unread, on the radiator in the living room, along with that ominous brown envelope from the Income Tax people.

They say a habit becomes a dangerous addiction when it interferes with your home life. One bleak March morning, I woke up and realized that the monkey on my back had taken over. My habit had enslaved me. I knew I could never be the woman you folks down there at Chatelaine want me to be.

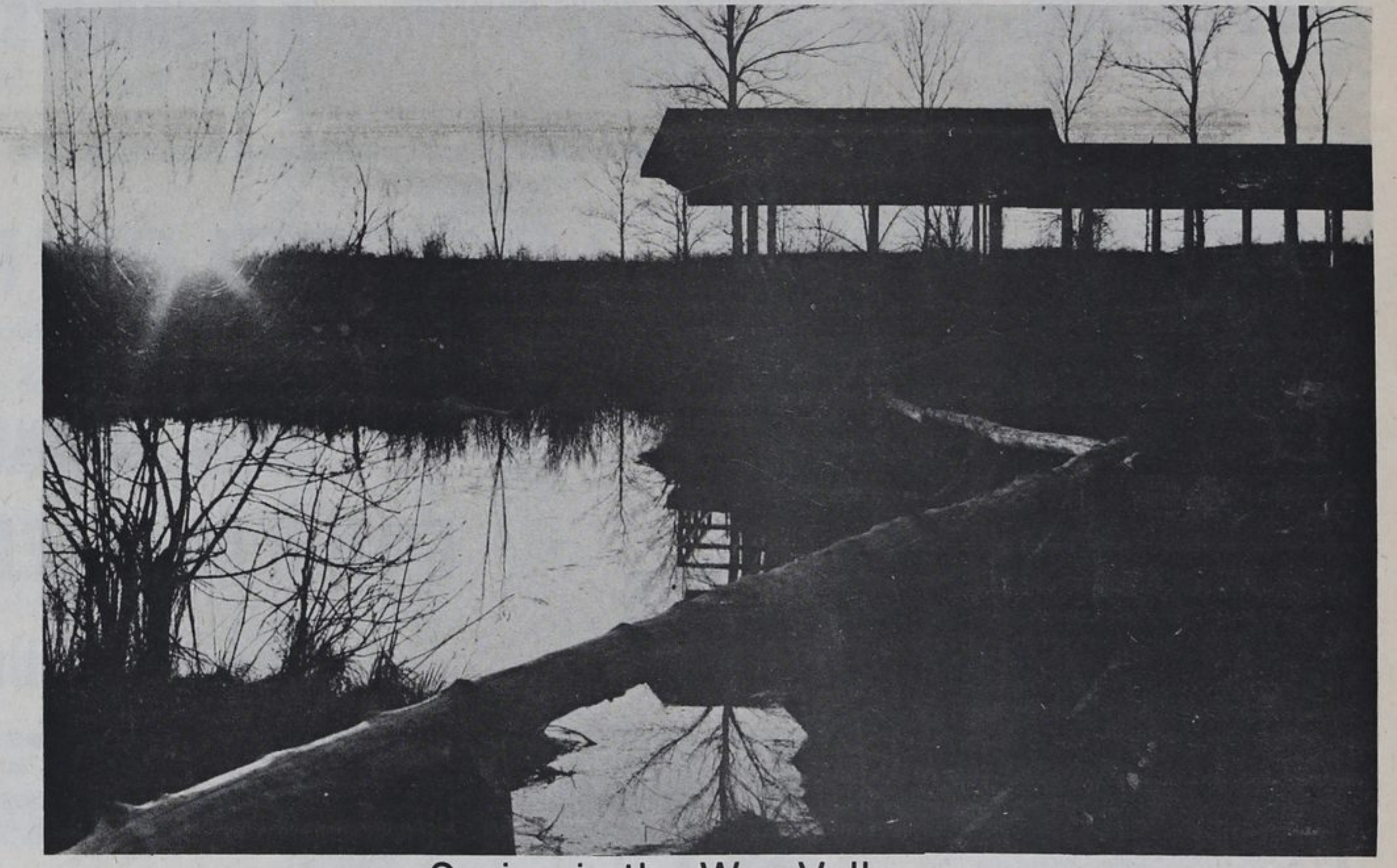
My husband was going to bed each night, alone. Where was I? Down in the cellar, secretly feeding my habit.

My children were drifting away from me. I was too tired in the morning to make their school lunches, or even their breakfasts. The boys, desperate for clean socks, painted their feet.

I behaved unreasonably toward my mother, telephoning her only when I wanted her to do something for me.

Gradually, my personality began to change. My voice became nasal and whiny. I bought a pinafore.

I knew I'd hit the bottom when I started looking for wax build-up on my kitchen floor.



Spring in the Wye Valley

We all win with more industrialization



by Ray Baker

I said if elected I would keep you informed, so this is number three in the series of general information. It covers everyone in the six municipalities of Tiny, Tay, Port McNicoll, Victoria Harbour, Midland and Penetanguishene. Whatever your job (or lack of) of young and old, male or female, it can affect your lifestyle and that of your children.

Fact...All six municipalities sat down together for 10 hours straight at the Sandy Bay Inn recently, with the ministry of in-

dustry and tourism.

Fact...When all the speeches, discussion groups, and dinner was over, we all agreed unanimously. This has to be a first.

The title was 'An Industrial Workshop' but we were saying really that this area needs more jobs, needs a more secure industrial base. So having given you the meeting, and the fears that brought us all together, I give you the resolution that we unanimously passed (inlaymans English, without the therefores and whereass's)

1. To set up an area Industrial Commission to take inventory of our existing industrial land.
2. Appoint a commissioner to spearhead the project and work out a budget to be shared by the six. (like the area planning board)
3. Go and market our area as a place to live and work. Bring in new industry and all that goes with it. Like a better tax base, more support jobs, payroll, and most important. More work.

Well that says it all. You can stop now if you like. The rest of the column is about how the decisions were made. What led up to them and how we all win.

The film show

After introductory speeches by the mayors of Penetanguishene and Midland we watched a film show, called "They are putting us off the map" - about an Ontario town that resisted change. No new industry came in there for over forty years. The kids all left town. They had to, there was no hope, and no

future for them there.

Then we listened to an industry 'go-getter' from Tilsonburg Ont. who had been out and brought back twenty three new firms to town in the last nine years. His formula "it's highly competitive. But it's there. You have to go and find it". So somewhere between the extremes of no industry, and jobs coming out of your ears, there is a compromise for this area. For us all. We formed four separate workshop groups and hammered away at the problem and possible solutions. The groups comprising mayors, reeves, councillors, aldermen (and women) planners, industry, consultants, and a sprinkling of 'The Province'. Our findings were basically the same. We need jobs in this area. We have to unite and go out and find them and bring them back. Some interesting facts came out during the day.

Future shock

Allowing for approx. 100 graduates going on to higher education, allowing say 100 who will marry early and or leave the area because that's how life is we still need around 350 new jobs per year to keep pace with our kids who would really like to stick around here. If they had, or were given, a choice.

\$50,000 per year might be a realistic operating budget to be shared by the six municipalities for a commissioner (salary, plus mileage plus expenses, and publicity, totalled up).

The provincial government has already designated this area of ours as a growth area through its 'Simcoe Georgian Task Force

Report'. So the province must help also with finances and or steering new industry this way. The fact that six municipalities can speak with one voice gives any project more political 'clout' than any single member or members.

It matters little where the new industry will locate. We all benefit. The labour force is gathered from a fifteen miles radius and the sale of any commodity comes from the common payroll. But we need the jobs first.

So we have to look at our school leavers and our existing labour force. Also our existing industry who should be given top priority help in anything they need to either stay as they are, or expand.

And so to bed

After three other presentations Moreland Lynn and myself gave a mutual, shared, presentation of our findings. It proved really that our municipalities could and should work together toward a common goal. The crux of it was this.

"If any industry makes overtures to any of the six municipalities don't let go. One of us somewhere can accommodate it. We have a lot to offer in this area of ours. We need to get organized, to go out and do a selling job. After all, both our childrens and our own futures may depend on it. If we work together there can be no losers. Everybody wins."

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....

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