

Citizen comment

Joint meeting shows promise of achievement

It is particularly encouraging to see the most recent development in the ongoing moves towards greater cooperation between area municipalities in the field of planning.

The Township of Tiny has invited both the councils and the planning boards of Midland, Penetanguishene and the Township of Tay, to attend a meeting tomorrow night at the Tiny Township offices.

The meeting is being held to discuss the planning of the Highway 27 strip between Highway 12 and the Penetanguishene town limits, and problems associated with the watershed draining into Midland's Little Lake.

This meeting must be particularly gratifying to the Tiny-Tay Peninsula Planning Board, which has been advocating joint planning studies of areas in rural municipalities bordering on urban municipalities, for some months now.

There isn't really much reason why Tiny could not have gone ahead with a plan for the areas in question without consulting the other three municipalities; the areas in question are within its boundaries. But what happens in these areas will ultimately have an effect on the other municipalities.

For instance, if Tiny decides to allow the Highway 27 strip to become built up, the way it has been built up just outside Barrie, the township would no doubt benefit, in terms of increased assessment. But the problems which would occur, such as traffic congestion, would directly affect the populations of Penetanguishene, Midland

and Tay, who use the highway to commute between towns. The problem of what happens to the rainwater which falls on parking lots and buildings in the township is not a huge problem for Tiny, but it is a problem for Midland, because most of that water runs into Little Lake, carrying who knows what amount of pollutants.

In the not too distant past, planning by municipalities in isolation was practical, although even then it did cause problems which are just beginning to surface now. But in this day and age, the overall picture is much more important. Municipalities have realized for some time now that they cannot "spot plan" areas within their own borders. To do so causes enormous problems, and leaves the municipality looking like a patchwork quilt.

Now that principle is beginning to be applied in an even larger context, with the result being joint planning efforts involving more than one municipality.

One has to wonder how workable a meeting involving as many people at tomorrow's will be. But in the interests of the whole area, it is to be hoped that some sort of ground work can be laid for productive meetings in the future.

And let's also hope that the joint planning studies which will come out of this and future meetings will provide an example, and will lead to joint planning of other areas, just as the area planning board has been advocating in the recent past.

Enjoy Queen's Jubilee

One has to be a little bit surprised, and somewhat pleased with the enthusiasm being shown by this town in celebrating the Queen's Silver Jubilee this weekend.

In a town which is predominately French, in background if not in language, one might expect that the prospect of celebrating the anniversary of the British monarch would evoke shrugs if not outright hostility.

The monarchy has been somewhat of a bogeyman among, not only French Canadians, but nearly all Canadians who are not of Anglo-Saxon origin.

Poor Elizabeth II had come in for more than her share of criticism, even in England. Whether or not Canada needs a monarch, whether it needs a monarch who lives in a foreign country, and whether the monarchy is a divisive or unifying force in Canada, are all questions open to debate. The monarchy may or may not be out-dated, redundant, or unnecessary.

But Elizabeth herself is a gracious lady, who has done much in the way of public relations work throughout this country.

She offers a heritage which gives Canadians, or English Canadians anyway, something to distinguish them from Americans. She reminds us of our history, which for a long time was closely intertwined with that of Great Britain.

Undoubtedly the debate on the value of the monarchy will continue, with greater or lesser vigour depending on the state of the nation, and the prevailing political climate. But who can argue that it is not better to have a head of state who is separate from the government, and therefore above scandals such as the ones involving the American head of state a few years ago.

Anyway, it certainly is nice to see Canadians setting aside their arguments regarding the institution of the monarchy to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Elizabeth's ascension to the throne. Very few Canadians can have any complaints regarding her as a person, regardless of their feelings about the institution. And, as things stand now anyway, she is our Queen!



Sunset on the bay

Hair apparent, or bald will one day be beautiful

by Shirley Whittington

Hair is a pain in the neck, or maybe the head. Babies are born virtually bald, which is why they spend a lot of their time grinning and drooling with pleasure.

Then their mothers stoke them up with pablum and strained spinach and pretty soon those round little domes are thoroughly thatched, which is why parenthood is a hair-raising experience.

From the cradle to the grave, hair is a continuous worry. More heated words are exchanged over the length and disposition of juveniles' hair than on any other trivial subject on this earth.

The Squire's mother wept to see her son's curly locks mowed into a brush cut. That bristly boy grew into a father who gloomily watched his son's manes engulf their eyebrows, their ears and eventually their shoulders.

These days the Squire has no personal hair worries at all. Most of his hair left, with no

forwarding address, some time ago, and he's blessed with a smooth and sensible pate, except for the fringes at the edges. I like it. It's clean and neat and it doesn't take him long to get ready to go to a party.

He's always downstairs, rattling the car keys and clearing his throat, while I'm still up in the bathroom rebuilding my hair.

Ever since I can remember, my hair has been my despair, and I'm not unique. I don't know a single woman who wakes up each morning with glad cries of "Gee I love the way my hair looks today!"

It's either too long or too short, too dark or too light, too thin or too thick, too straight or too curly. My hairdresser reports that women often come into his salon as beautifully coiffed as those girls in the Breck advertisements. They flounce into one of the chairs, pout at the reflected perfection and growl, "I can't do a thing with my hair. Gimme the works."

He shampoos them and fixes them up so that they leave looking at least as lovely as they did when they came in. Blown dry and

sprayed, they smile their gratitude, and walk out feeling like Miss Canada.

The problem is that one's hair is so visible. You can shove it under a hat when you're outside, but the only people who wear hats indoors are newspaper reporters on television dramas, and they're usually bald.

Magazine and television advertisements have brain washed us into accepting the fact that unless your hair is silky, thick and radiant, you're a dog. It doesn't matter that you may have a brilliant brain pulsing away under all that Brillo. This is why most young girls spend more time washing their hair than they do on the telephone. Our own daughter washes hers so often I'm surprised it hasn't shrunk to lambswool.

Next to oil stocks, I'd like to get into shampoos. Gallons of shampoo are used at our house each week and each ounce costs four times the price of that Sunlight Soap my mother used to wash my hair with.

I don't know how the kids can make a choice between the dozens of shampoos that line the drug store shelves, but I suspect one

has to be something of a gourmet to make the right decision. Shampoos these days are made with eggs, beer, wheat germ oil and honey, yucca dew and essence of herbs. (That beer shampoo may explain why my son's hair looks half-cut most of the time.)

Nature gave us hair, I suppose, to keep our brains from getting cold, soggy or sunburned. Since the invention of hats, a homegrown thatch seems redundant.

Hair is perhaps a vestigial remnant, like your little toes, and your appendix.

I thought of this the other day when I was looking at an artists conception of what human beings will look like in the next century. They were slender, muscular and hairless.

I don't suppose I'll live to see the day when bald will not only be beautiful, but also universal.

Too bad. If I was bald, like that sensible Squire of mine, I could wash my head with the most logical thing in the world - egg shampoo.



Dr. Wilf Jury at Ste. Marie

Photo courtesy of UWO Alumni, London, Ontario

Wilf Jury — 'just a farmer digging for relics'

by Rick Levick

The following article is re-printed from the University of Western Ontario's 'Alumni Gazette', spring 1977 issue.

Probably one of the most fascinating Ontario history lessons comes not from a textbook, but from a conservation with Dr. Wilfred W. Jury, the founder and honorary curator of Western's Museum of Indian Archaeology and Pioneer Life.

As a self-educated archaeologist and historian, Dr. Jury speaks with equal ease and familiarity of either his own career or the lives of the first white men in the province and the Indians that they encountered. His memory seems to extend much further into the past than the eighty-six years of his lifetime, giving the man a timeless quality.

Although associated with The University of Western Ontario for the last fifty years and with a formidable record of archaeological discoveries to his credit, Dr. Jury remains very modest about his achievements. He readily admits that he quit school at the age of nine to work on his father's farm and therefore has no formal training in archaeology. To the many people who have had contact with this man while at Western, he is just plain Wilf. He delights in describing himself as "just a farmer digging for relics". And of his discoveries he says that "I call

them relics and get hell for it. Apparently they're artifacts".

Born in Lobo township outside of London in 1890, Wilf Jury began collecting his "relics" at the age of seven when he found an Indian arrowhead. His father, Amos Jury, then gave the curious young Wilf his first and most important history lesson. "My father told me that the arrowhead was a message from the past, from the Indians who lived there before the white men came to this continent. He bought me a ten cent scribbler, had me trace the arrowhead, write down where I found it, and list it as number one. I still have it," stated Jury. Later his father gave him an old illustrated copy of "Caplan's North American Indians" which became the budding archaeologist's bible.

From this modest start, Dr. Jury's collection of Indian artifacts has grown into one of the finest in Canada. His passion for collecting has spread to include guns and pioneer tools. While the gun collection is on display at Western's Middlesex College, the hundreds of pioneer implements and hand-made tools are on display at the Pioneer Village, Fanshawe Park just outside of London. Begun in 1957 by the University and the Upper Thames River Conservation Authority, the Pioneer Village is just one of many Jury reconstruction projects.

Other of his excavation and reconstruction

projects include: Ste. Marie-among-the-Hurons near Midland, the naval and military establishment near Penetanguishene, the Jesuit missions of St. Ignace, St. Louis, and St. Joseph, several Huron Indian villages, and the retracing of the military roads between Kempenfeldt Bay and the military depot at Willow Creek near Barrie. In southwestern Ontario, Wilf Jury has conducted excavations at the Southwold earth-works near St. Thomas, the Fairfield Moravian Village near Thamesville, and the Port Frank Indian flint workshops.

In recognition of his work, Dr. Jury has received two honorary doctorates; one from the University of Montreal in 1956 and from The University of Western Ontario in 1970.

Not content to rest on past successes, he is still driven by an unquenchable curiosity. As Jury himself says, "I wish I were forty again because there are still several sites I would like to work on. There is one big challenge left in Huronia that I would like to tackle, the burial site of Etienne Brule." Brule was a courier-de-bois who was the first white man in the Lake Erie region, the discoverer of Niagara Falls, and he was killed and eaten by the Hurons. Speaking as though he witnessed the execution, Dr. Jury states that "I know the village where Brule was boiled and

I would like to find where his bones are buried."

Jury's amazing career was almost cut short by World War I, when he served in the navy aboard a minesweeper stationed in Halifax. On December 6, 1917 he miraculously escaped the largest man-made explosion before Hiroshima, when the Norwegian freighter Iro collided with the French munitions carrier Mont Blanc. He survived only to contract tuberculosis and spend the next seven years recuperating in sanatoriums in Kentville, Nova Scotia and Byron outside of London. During this time he took up wood carving to earn a little money, and today examples of his carving skill are displayed at the entrance to Middlesex College in the form of Indian mask replicas.

A year after his release from the Byron Sanatorium in 1925, he was asked by then Western President W. Sherwood Fox and Fred Landon, Head Librarian, to bring his already notable collection of Indian artifacts and pioneer tools to the University. Wilf Jury was then allotted a small room in the library section of University College. As Jury recalls, "this was a great relief to my mother. Our house was all cluttered up with relics, including skulls."

Continued next week

'Great feelings' that come with writers' clout

by Bill Smiley

One of the deepest satisfactions in writing a column of this kind is the knowledge that you are getting into print the angers and frustrations of a lot of other people, who have no recourse for their resentments, and consequently take them out on the old man or the old lady.

How do you know this? Well, because people write you letters cheering you on to further attacks, and other people come up to you, perfect strangers, shake hands warmly, and say "By the Holy Ole Jumpin' Bill, you really hit the nail on the head."

This can be a little disconcerting, as you are never quite sure which nail they are referring to. If the congratulator is a woman, I smile weakly and change the subject. Because sure as guns, though she thought you were one of nature's noblemen for your assault on male chauvinism last week, she'll turn on you like a snake when she reads tomorrow's paper, with the column exposing female chauvinism.

Speaking recently to a class of potential writers in a creative writing course, I tried to pass along the personal satisfaction one gets from this type of personal journalism.

I emphasized the "personal" satisfaction because there's a lot more of that involved than there is of the other kind, financial satisfaction. Columnists and freelance

writers have no union working for them, nor any professional association, as have doctors, lawyers, teachers.

They have only their own talent and wit and perseverance with which to penetrate the thick heads and thicker skins of editors and publishers.

But it's a great feeling when you vent your wrath, say, about the rapaciousness of mechanics, and you are button-holed six times in the next three days by people with horror stories about mechanics you can scarcely believe.

Trouble is, they all want you to write another column about mechanics, and put some real meat into it. This means, in effect, that they would happily stand in the wings and applaud when you were sued for libel.

Some readers would like you to be constantly attacking whatever it is that they don't like. Capitalist friends are aghast when you refuse to launch an assault on capital gains taxes. Welfareist friends think you are a traitor and a fink when you won't attack the government for not providing colour TV for everyone on the take.

I am not by nature an attacker, and I think there is nothing more boring than a writer of any kind who tries to make a career of being a "hard hitting" journalist.

Once in a while my gently bubbling nature boils over. Throwing caution and syntax to the winds, I let my spleen have a field day

and try to throw some sand in the grease with which many aspects of society are trying to give us a snow job. And that's one of the finest paragraphs I've ever written, if mixed metaphors are your bag.

Fair game for the hardhitter are: garage mechanics, plumbers, postal workers, supermarkets, civil servants, and politicians. Most of them can't hit back, and everybody hates them, except garage mechanics and their wives, plumbers and their wives, etc. etc.

Smaller fry are doctors, lawyers, teachers, used car salesmen. They all squeal like dying rabbits when attacked, but nobody pays much attention to them except doctors and their wives, etc. etc.

There are a few areas that even the hardest-hitters avoid. When have you, lately, read a savage attack on greedy farmers, callous nurses, or unloving mothers? And yet, there are lots of them around.

One of these days, perhaps, one of these hard hitting writers will muster enough guts, after about five brandies, to launch an all-out attack on the audacity of women, thinking they're as good as men. Boy, that fellow will learn what real hard hitting is all about.

Personally, I can't stay mad at anybody long enough to be a voice of the people, or a public watchdog, or any of those obnoxious creatures who try to tell other people how they should feel.

The only constant in my rage is the blatant manipulation of self-seeking politicians who will twist and warp and wriggle and squirm and bribe for self-perpetuation in office. Best example at the moment is the Tory government in Ontario, which has called a totally unnecessary election in that province through sheer hunger for greater power.

Otherwise, I get a great deal more joy from touching the individual life than inflaming the masses. When I get a letter from an old lady in hospital, crippled with arthritis, who has managed to get a chuckle out of my column, it makes me feel good.

Recently, I got a letter from a young Scot who has immigrated to Canada. He says: "I have learned more about Canada and Canadians through reading your column than all the accumulated wisdom from the Canadian newsmagazines, novels and TV programs I have absorbed."

Now there is a man with his head screwed on right. If I, as a newcomer, tried to get my impressions of this country from newsmagazines and TV programs, I'd catch the first boat or plane home.

So, I guess I'll just try to go on talking to people, getting sore, having some fun, bragging about my grandboys, looking for sympathy in the war between the sexes. That's what life is all about, not plumbers and politicians and other horrors of that ilk.

The Penetanguishene Citizen

75 Main Street

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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