

Citizen comment

The shoreline must be preserved for public

The Shoreline Policy Committee of the Tiny-Tay Peninsula Planning Board is, possibly with good reason, expecting a certain amount of flak concerning its report to be presented tomorrow night.

Complaints will no doubt come from property owners along the shoreline of the peninsula, who feel they should be allowed to make their cottages into permanent residences, and who at the same time feel they should be entitled to privacy along their particular stretches of beach.

The idea of a home set in the woods along beautiful Georgian Bay, secluded, and with a small private beach out in front, is certainly an attractive one, and it's fairly easy to see why people would like to hang on to what they have in the area, and to make the area their permanent home.

But what these people forget, if in fact there are such people, is that what is allowed for one must be allowed for all. What might start out as an attractive home with a certain amount of privacy, would soon become just another building in a subdivision along the shore. It is this that the shoreline policy committee is trying to avoid.

The shoreline is a valuable resource, and one which should be publicly owned, and made available to all those who wish to use it.

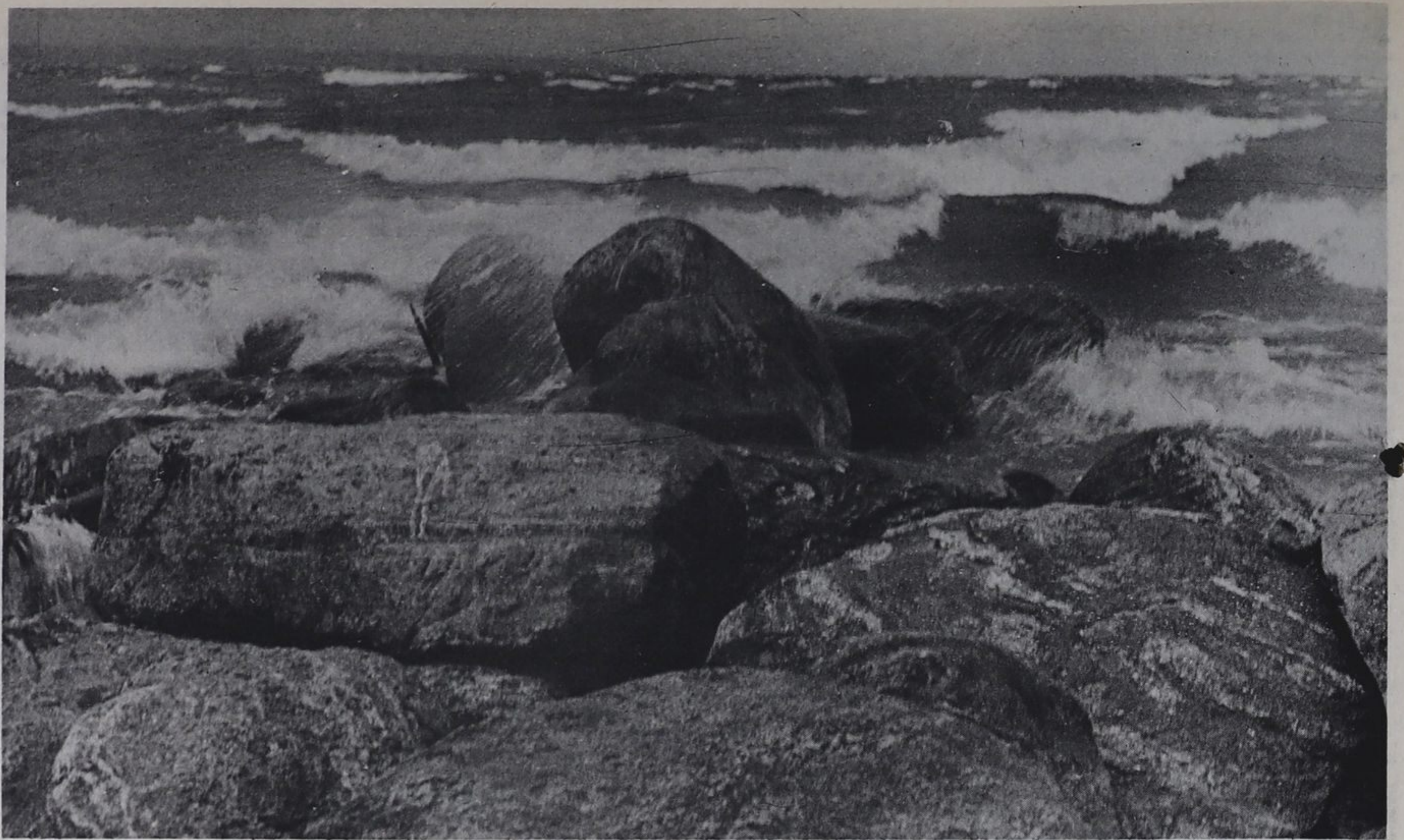
The new shoreline policy will not advocate taking anything away from anyone. What it will do is to offer guidelines to the various municipalities which make up the peninsula, concerning future development along the shore. It will help these municipalities to preserve and maintain, as much as possible,

the shoreline as a recreational area, to be enjoyed, not only by those who live right on the water, but by those who live all over Tiny and Tay, by those who live in Midland, Penetanguishene, Port McNicoll, Victoria Harbour, and as well, by those who come from the larger urban centres to the south, seeking peace and relaxation.

If the shoreline area is allowed to be built up and settled on a year round basis, much of the beauty and usefulness of the area as a recreational playground will be lost. It doesn't seem like much, allowing a few people to move into their cottages on a year round basis, but this would be followed shortly by demands for supermarkets, buses, movie houses: in short, all the things these people originally bought their cottages to get away from.

And this is to say nothing to the cost to the municipality involved. It is one thing to service a subdivision located in one area, but it is quite another thing to service a strip of development only a quarter of a mile wide, and 100 miles long. The cost of installing sewers and plowing roads for such a linear community would be astronomical.

The shoreline policy being unveiled tomorrow may or may not have all the answers to the problems surrounding our use of the shoreline. But people having cottages along the shores will have to accept the fact that such a valuable resource cannot be allowed to be lost to the community as a whole because of the wishes of those who own bits and pieces of it.



Rocky shores of Georgian Bay

Dr. Jury supervised Ste. Marie reconstruction

Last of three parts

In recognition of his work on the Ste. Marie-among-the-Hurons site, Dr. Jury received a citation from the Pope.

Where some men would have been content with their achievements at this point, not so Dr. Jury. In 1953 he raised the 150 year old ship Tecumseh from the bottom of Penetanguishene Bay. Then in 1954, Jury began one of his favourite works, the reconstruction in minute detail of an entire Huron village near Midland. This project was financed and operated by the YMCA with the support of the Ontario Department of Education. The work done on this site has enabled thousands of school children to observe and partake in the everyday life of an Indian village. During this time, Jury discovered the actual site of the Brebeuf and Lalemant martyrdom at St. Ignace.

Then the opportunity of a lifetime came in 1963, when Wilf Jury was asked to supervise the complete reconstruction of Ste. Marie-among-the-Hurons. "When Wilf took over the excavation in 1947, no one ever dreamed of a reconstruction project," said Mrs. Jury.

Jury rebuilt the canal and locks system to operate as it had for the missionaries, fur traders, and visitors coming into the mission.

Today, anyone coming down the Wye River by canoe can paddle through the palisade gate, through the locks system, and step out in the interior of the mission. To ensure that the reconstruction was as authentic as possible, the Jurys made two trips to Europe in the winters of 1964 and 1965. As Jury states "when you are spending \$2.5 million you want to know what you are doing. I believe that the boy is the master of the mind, so I wanted to see where Brebeuf, the other Jesuits, and the French tradesmen had lived as boys. I wanted to see the old buildings and canals in their home towns in France. I wanted to study the architecture and craftsmanship that built them." While the Jurys were in Rome in January 1965 doing research among the Jesuit records, they were granted an audience with the Pope. For a few hours they chatted with the Pope about the work of the Jesuit missionaries and the project at Ste. Marie. At that time, Jury received a reliquary, a medallion, and a blessing from the Pope.

Four years after the reconstruction began, the mission, which the Jesuits abandoned and burned more than three hundred years before, was restored to the same state it was in the day the fleeing priests had put the torch to it.

After twenty-five years of absence, Dr. Jury returned to focus his attention on south-western Ontario in 1972. He had done most of the ground work for the study of the extinct Neutral Indians, which had become the central theme of Western's Archaeology Department. This included work on the Lawson and Southwold sites where the Neutrals once lived in their villages.

When asked what he was working on at the moment, Jury replied that he wanted to keep the Fanshawe Pioneer Village going, which includes building an old jail. He said that he will use the cell fittings and doors of the old Middlesex County Jail in the Fanshawe Jail. In keeping with his desire for authenticity, Jury will construct a gallows. "I guess we have to build a scaffold, not for anyone in particular, but just in case we need it," said Wilf Jury.

Although he was recently offered a position at Trent University to teach a course in building log cabins, Dr. Jury turned it down. He felt that after fifty years at Western he could not run off now. However, he is a bit apprehensive about the future of the Jury Collection, the work of a lifetime. According to Dr. Jury he would like to see Western keep it. He states that, "I want to see Western keep it. I do not want it all torn apart and

mixed up with other collections."

Currently, the project of the Department of Archaeology is to raise the funds to build a proper museum and field study facility on the Lawson site, two miles northeast of the main campus. The Lawson site would be an ideal place to house the Jury collection, as it was the capital site of the Neutral Indians. Gradually, the department would excavate and reconstruct the village, allowing visitors and archaeology students to view the progress of work.

When asked to name the key to his success, Dr. Jury replied that "the secret of being a good archaeologist is simply being able to recognize every variation in the soil and the reactions that might have caused them. The soil is where the Indians left their story." This, however, seems to be Dr. Jury's stock reply to a stock question. One suspects that the key to his success is embodied in Jury himself. He is the key which has unlocked so much of Ontario's past. Like any master, he cannot use words to describe the achievements of his life's work. Instead, he must let Ste. Marie-among-the-Hurons, Fanshawe's Pioneer Village, the Jury Collection, and his many other works speak for him. He is the last of a breed, the last pioneer.



It wasn't all that bad!

Carnivals are supposed to be fun places, but apparently no one told this child, who found that a simple ride can be a terrifying experience when one can't keep both feet firmly

planted on the ground. She survived the ordeal, however, and was soon smiling again as she moved on to bigger and better things. Staff photo

Ratsputin demands some respect

by Shirley Whittington

There I was, riding out the dying minutes of a scorching summer day, on the patio with a glass of something cool and refreshing. Suddenly, in strolls this rat, wearing a three piece suit, and white shoes and a digital watch. Very elegant he was, but something about the whiskers and that long rope-like tail made me nervous.

"Sir," said I, "if you are a rat, remove yourself at once or I'll scream."

"Cheese!" said my visitor. "You bigots are all alike. I work my tail off, stay off the pogy and keep my nose clean, and what does it get me? Rejection. Hatred."

My hand shook, and the ice cubes were doing a flamenco number against the sides of my glass. "Listen," I said. "I hate rats. Everybody hates rats. Scram. Vamoose, or I'll call my cat."

"Cool it, lady," said the rat. "I don't even live here. I'm in town for a convention. We

ratified amendments all day, and the rest of the guys are squeaking it up down at the Ratskeller Lounge. Me? I'm a family man. I figure I'll go for a walk, see the town, pick up some post cards to send home to the wife and kids. So what's it to you if I sit down for a few minutes? Rats have rights too, you know."

"Sure, sure," I said. "Like spreading Bubonic plague and biting babies in their cradles."

The rat removed a handkerchief from his breast pocket and mopped his brow. "We have our small faults," he said, with an injured air. "But we don't drop napalm, and we don't dump mercury into rivers. Tell me - did the rats start the Spanish Inquisition? Two World Wars?"

I told him I thought he was being unreasonable. "Maybe," he replied, "but it's hard to remain rational with all the bad mouthing we get. Rat fink, rat race, you dirty rat - we get worse press than Idi Amin."

He was obviously more upset than I was. I

tried to get his mind off his troubles. "What line of work are you in?"

He brightened immediately. "Rat Sputin's the name; Sanitation's my game," he said smartly. "I'm into the East Forty-ninth Street sewer in New York City in a big way."

I shuddered. I couldn't help it.

"See?" he cried, his voice breaking. "There you go again. Somebody has to work down there. Look, I'm an immigrant, and I started at the bottom, but I did well by my kids - all 2,000 of them. Sent 'em all to college. They're in medical research."

"Incredible," I said.

"Yeah, they were into cyclamates, and saccharine, and Red Dye Number two. And cigarettes. Do you know - my kids never smoked until they went to college?"

"I must make you feel good," I said, "to think that in some small way you're contributing to human betterment."

"Easy for you to say that," said the rat. "You should see the shape my 200 oldest are in. They just got back from Montreal where

they were in some stress study. Guys pinched their tails repeatedly, and then watched to see how they reacted."

"And?"

"Well - of course, they got a little edgy. Wouldn't you? You pinch a guy's tail over and over again, he's going to go bananas. That's worse than getting an electric shock in the kisser every time you push the wrong button for your food."

I was really beginning to feel sorry for him, but suddenly that rope like tail moved, and I got the shudders again. "Look," I said. "It's been great talking to you, but I have to go in now and - um - disinfect the garbage pails."

"Yeah, I know," he said wearily. "Nobody likes a rat. Well, I got to get back to the hotel anyway. See you around."

"Not if I see you first," said I, firmly. "I still hate rats."

"Right," he said. "Well - think of me the next time you don't put saccharine in your coffee."

Why I hate June and its plagues

by Bill Smiley

June is not my favourite month of the year. Maybe it's because on the second day of that month, about 80 years ago, it seems like, I was ushered into the world, somebody gave me a slap on the bum, I started to cry, and I've been a bit jaundiced about June ever since.

It certainly has some advantages over, say, January. There are no ten-foot icicles hanging from the roof. You don't have to fight your way through snowdrifts to get to the car. But it has its own plagues.

As I write, a three-inch caterpillar is working his way across the windowsill to say hello. I know he'll be a beautiful butterfly any day, but last night I stepped on his brother, in my bare feet in the dark, on the way to the bathroom. Ever try to get squashed caterpillar from between your toes?

No, I don't live in a treehouse. The little devils come up from the basement, or through a hole in the screen. And they have friends and relatives. Just as I typed that sentence, a black ant, about the size of a mouse, scuttled across the floor and under a chair. He looked big enough to carry off one of my shoes and masticate it in a quiet corner.

Insolent starlings strut about my back lawn, scaring the decent birds away, when they are not trying to get into my attic

through a hole the squirrels have made, or pooping all over my car, as it sits under a maple tree, which is also making large deposits of gunk and gum on the vehicle.

Wasps and bumble bees are as numerous and noisy and welcome as gatecrashers at a cocktail party, if you dare take a drink into the back yard for a peaceful libation.

If it's humid and stinking hot, as June so often is, it's like courting carnivorousism, whatever that is, to sit out in the evening. The ruddy mosquitoes turn you into a writhing, slapping, squirming bundle of neurotic frustration in ten minutes.

Go up north into cottage country and you wish you were back home with the mosquitoes. The blackflies up there can be heard roaring with laughter as they slurp up that guaranteed fly dope you've plastered yourself with, and come back for more. They'll leave you bloody. And not unbowed.

I have never yet seen, or heard of, a June when the weather was right for the crops. It's either too wet and hot for the hay, or too dry and hot for the strawberries, or too cold for the garden to get a good start.

Only dang thing June is any good for is the grass you have to mow. Stick your head out some evening, with your mosquito net firmly in place, and you can hear the stuff growing.

June is murder for young mothers, trying

to get their infants to go to sleep at their usual hour. What kid of two in his right mind is going to settle down in bed at eight o'clock, with the sun streaming through the drapes, the birds yacking at each other, and the teenagers, who have come alive after a six-month's torpor, squealing their tires at the corner?

For mothers of slightly older kids, it's even worse. On a nice, cold, January night, they can feed the kids and stick them in front of the TV set, or nag them toward their homework. No problem.

On an evening in June, those same kids, from six to sixteen, take off after supper like salmon heading up to spawn, and have to be hollered for, whistled for, and sometimes rounded up physically, with threats, after dark.

In January, even the hardy teenager will hesitate to venture out into the swirling black of a winter night. In June, the same bird will hesitate to venture in from the balmy black of a summer night, where sex is as palpable as the nose on his face, and probably a better shape.

June is a time when the land is infested with not only tent caterpillars and other pests, but an even worse virulence of creeps: politicians, with instant remedies for age-old ills. I'll take a plague of tent caterpillars any day.

June is also the time for another of the institutions that tend to maltreat the inmates: marriage. Why anybody, of either sex, wants to get hitched in sticky old, sweaty old June, with all its concomitants, I'll never know. But they do, end people go around with vacuous looks talking about June brides and such. (No offence to my niece Lynn, who is getting married this month. Boy, that'll cost me.)

June is a month when all the ridiculous organizations with which we surround ourselves have their last meeting before the summer break. It's too hot. The turkeys who always talk too much at meetings seem to go insane because they'll have to shut up for two months, and go on until midnight.

June is a time when people go out of their minds and buy boats and cottages and holidays they can't afford and new cars for the big trip and fancy barbecues that rust in the backyard all winter.

June is the month when I have to sweat in a boiling building through my most unproductive work as a teacher: counting books, stacking books, ordering books, filling marks, planning course outlines, when I could be playing golf or drinking beer or doing something worthwhile.

Lead on July, with some of that hot, dry weather, some big, black bass, lots of fresh vegetables out of the garden, and an end to the vermin of June, human and otherwise.

Letters to the editor

Ziemba is only a political opportunist

Dear Editor:

The closing paragraph of your 'Our Letter Policy' column, immediately beneath your lead editorial in your issue of June 29, 1977, is a direct contradiction of what you hold to be essential in the aforementioned editorial.

I agree that a person wishing to state an opinion through the editor of a newspaper should sign his name to such a letter. I also believe that a person having evidence vital to the fair trial of an accused person should be required to disclose his or her name, in order

that credibility can be established.

As an M.P.P. Ziemba should not be granted any special privileges, most of his legislative colleagues are agreed on this point. He is nothing more than a political opportunist, not a martyr as you have chosen to proclaim him. He is not a common criminal; he is a common man as you and I, and he has been punished as you and I would be under similar circumstances.

Yours truly,
Art Argue

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