

CITIZEN COMMENT

Planning Board must listen: SCAN'ers mean business

Thirty-eight Midlanders have responded to the Times' survey on the future of the Midland Bay shoreline.

Not one of those 38 has supported the planning board's proposal which, with the exceptions of the harbour, and the Peter Pettersen Park are (approx. 750 ft. waterfront), the McCullough Park 'special study' area, says the shoreline should be designated for industrial use.

But 38 residents did come out in favour of preserving what's left of the waterfront today for recreational and/or commercial use. Eighteen of those favoured recreational designation only - and that means no development whatsoever.

These results, when considered in light of the solid support SCAN received at Saturday's public meeting leave little doubt on where Midlanders stand - they want to keep their waterfront for themselves and future generations. And they don't want industry.

It's a position neither council nor planning board can afford to ignore. They may not like Midlander's sudden activism (this much was substantiated by the noticeable absence of all but two planning board members at the Saturday meeting. Only Mayor Lynn and Dick Platt made an appearance). But SCAN and its supporters are not going to disappear, in fact they're likely to become even more vocal. And the planning board, which is supposed to plan with and for the community, has a responsibility to listen, and respond to the wishes of the community. If they're not willing to give, perhaps to work out a compromise, the community has the option to appeal to the Ontario Municipal Board - a costly, in this case unnecessary procedure.

Unfortunately, the Midland Planning Board has thus far adopted a 'father knows best' attitude. They're the ones with the insight, they're the ones who understand what this town needs.

In taking that attitude, they're putting themselves into the role of omniscient politician their experience makes them better judges of the situation. It's this myth that Warner Troyer on Saturday tried to dispel. Political figures, be they volunteers or paid, are only people, with all the failings and frailties inherent in being human. Their experience may have resulted in different priorities but, as Troyer said, these priorities are not always in the best interests of the people. It's high time the residents' interests are taken into account.

Mayor Lynn himself left little room for optimism on Saturday. Planning Board and Midlanders aren't really all that far apart in what they see for the waterfront, he said.

But, one has to ask oneself, how 'close' can two groups, one of which stands for industrialization of the waterfront, the other for recreational development be?

True, some compromise may be possible in the realm of commercial development in that the zoning bylaws could accommodate commercial development. But there is a basic difference in philosophy here: residents want all they can keep of their waterfront for leisure activities. Mayor Lynn may want SCAN to work with, rather than against the planning board. But first there has to be some indication that the board is willing to accommodate the citizen's movement.

Letters to the editor

In support of Ogilvie's 'pilgrimage for betterment of Midland'

Dear Editor:
RE: Deputy Reeve Ogilvie and Midland Council

I would appreciate if you would allow me a small space in your newsworthy publication. During the dethronement of Deputy Reeve Ogilvie, I believe Councillor Platt referred to an individual by the name of Alex as a friend of Mr. Ogilvie; there is little doubt that he meant the writer, A.A. Ingram.

I feel it incumbent upon me to make the statement that I am a friend and supporter of Deputy Reeve Ogilvie, and have been since the commencement of his pilgrimage for the betterment of Midland.

In regard to the expensive efforts of the local Chamber of Commerce and certain municipal politicians to secure industrial facilities sufficient for the next 100 years, I would ask you to bear with me in recalling a true anecdote in this regard. The late Senator W.H. Bennett, a builder of Midland, who has passed on over fifty years ago, made the following proposal in regard to bringing industry to Midland as set out in the following paragraph.

He suggested that the little bay that runs south-westerly of the Midland Simcoe Elevator, where the sailing club is now

situated, be used as a seduction centre for sea gulls, where their feathers could be plucked and used for the manufacturing of pin cushions and feather pillows. I express the thought though, that there may be one drawback to the scheme, and that was to the effect the operators may be too greedy and pluck too many feathers, thus preventing the birds from flying away and thereby cause pollution. In commenting on certain ambitious plans of that day, I could put their feelings into verse as follows:

"What magic this among some people,
That swells a Maypole to a steeple?"
Just one serious note regarding the makeup of Midland Council. Midland has a racial composition made up of over 40 per cent French Canadian and there is not a single member from this group in Council. Not that the present Midland Council is racial conscious, but if such a situation persists, there is always a danger a future Council may become so.

I will close this short letter with the plea that the people of Midland will support Mr. Ogilvie in his attempt to bring back democracy to our municipal affairs.

Yours for the
Town of Midland,
A.A. Ingram, Q.C.

Dropping title of Lt. Gov. rubs reader wrong way

Dear Editor:
This may seem old-fashioned and maybe considered by the young generation as Victorian, but I find it extremely disrespectful to read in large print on the front page of last week's paper, "Record crowds greet McGibbon." On reading the article, in some places the proper titles were given to the Lieutenant Governor, our Queen's personal representative in Ontario, but to see the bare name in headlines without the respect of the honourable offices that Mrs. McGibbon holds, rubs me wrong.

Since I am on this subject of protocol, I have another complaint to make. I enjoy

reading your paper and always find that the reporting is good and the articles well written, but I object to only a surname being used especially when referring to a lady. It does not take up too much space to print: Miss, Ms. or Mrs. and it's a courtesy that I still feel is due to women even in this liberated age.

"The winds of change have buffeted the world" as the Honourable Pauline McGibbon said, but courtesy and some of the old traditions should be held onto in this day of casual living.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs. J.W.) Mary M. Gibson



Home at last

The all purpose movie scenario

by Shirley Whittington

Movies these days are so expensive that you have to take back a lot of empty bottles before you can afford to go to one. There's no such thing any more as a double bill with the Movietone News and a travelogue and a Road Runner cartoon and a piece of china thrown in - all for a buck.

A movie these days is a major investment and yet, if you don't take one once in a while, you can hardly talk to anyone. Last week a couple of my friends were discussing *The Silver Streak* and I thought they were talking about my hair. For a long time I didn't know there was more than one Airport and I still can't believe there is an actor whose name is actually Timothy Bottom.

Movies reflect fads and preoccupations, and if you don't go to one once in a while, you're right out of the mainstream of contemporary thought.

This could be remedied if there were, say, one film a year which combined all the latest fads and interests. I'd gladly pay three or four dollars to see such a film, and then I'd be able to make some sense out of the magazines I read at the hairdresser's.

The ideal scenario would go something like this:

A muscular but compellingly gentle young man and his beautiful but tough and sensitive girlfriend are fleeing Los Angeles, which has just been split asunder by an earthquake. The gaping holes in the landscape have released zillions of giant ants, which are even now stomping out the flames which engulfed L.A. in the quake's wake.

You can tell the fugitives are sensitive and beautiful young people because he is wearing a gold locket and smiles rarely. She has meticulously mussed hair, and her chest sort of flops around under a fifty dollar silk shirt.

Anyway, they are fleeing in this customized van with an eight track and shag carpeting and teardrop windows, when suddenly, the van starts misbehaving. The engine begins to emit foul odours. Hair grows on the dashboard. Unspeakable suggestions, couched in very bad language, vomit through the quadrophonic speakers.

The van, it turns out, is possessed. The pair summon help from their spiritual advisor, a divorced ex-junkie Zen Buddhist monk. "Breaker, breaker - Your Serene Magnificence," they go on their CB. He reads them immediately, and advises them to abandon their vehicle.

They take to the hills, but the van follows them, creating the most exciting chase scene

since *The French Connection*. Bellowing curses, the machine rumbles after them, scattering chickens and startling hillbillies along the way.

Suddenly the pair stumble across a spacecraft, right there in the high bush country. Space-beings approach them. They are slipcovered in Wonderfoil, and they have heads like inverted watering cans. They force the two principal characters aboard their craft, and search them - an opportunity for the mandatory nude scene.

The earthlings are then taken hostage by the spacemen, who issue the following demands to President Carter who just happens to be driving by in a cameo role, with his daughter Amy and her picturesque dog.

No more jokes about little green men and flying saucers.

No more shooting satellites and missiles into the stratosphere. They are creating an interstellar garbage problem.

No more CB radios, because all the Good Buddy jabberwocky is interfering with extraterrestrial reception of *I Love Lucy*.

Our two principal characters request the services of their divorced ex-junkie Zen Buddhist monk as mediator, but he while doing a prayer wheelie in front of the van in

order to exorcise it, has been run over.

The beautiful, tough but sensitive girl in the fifty dollar silk shirt, meanwhile, has achieved meaningful communication with one of the watering can heads, and lo - under all that Wonderfoil, the spacemen turn out to be just folks with feelings and problems, like the rest of us.

Everybody joins hands and skips through a daisy-strewn meadow singing "What The World Needs Now Is Love Sweet Love." Amy Carter's dog barks the chorus.

Everything ends happily. The giant ants starve to death because the city folk are so busy rebuilding their metropolis, they haven't time for picnics. The van is repossessed.

The two principal characters and their all too human captors live happily in peace and love on the Sixty Per Cent Whole Wheat Commune, and Amy Carter comes in once a week to lead a seminar on peanut farming.

Now a film like that would be worth three or four dollars. I'm not sure if you'd call that a disaster movie, or just a disaster, but it would sure fill you in on what's happening. And you wouldn't have to go to another movie for a whole year.

Which is just about the time they'd make a sequel.

Those hypocrites - aren't you sick of them?

by Bill Smiley

There is one type among the species Man that puzzles and saddens me.

In an age that congratulates itself on its openness, its honesty, its "let it all hang out" attitude, the hypocrite is still very much with us.

Some people might think the 19th century was the golden age of hypocrisy. Certainly, it set some high standards in this line.

There were the manufacturers who preached enlightenment and progress on the one hand, and on the other worked children 60 hours a week in their factories.

There were the men who braved of chastity as one of the prime virtues, and dallied with prostitutes. There were the men who spoke glowingly of a gentler way of life, and set savage fighting dogs on one another. The list is endless.

And the women! Oh, but weren't they the hypocrites, too? Just as tough and voracious as any woman of today, they hid these traits behind a facade of gentility, humility, helplessness and fainting fits.

It was an era in which the public mouthing of the Christian virtues was only exceeded by the private materialism, corruption, and sometimes downright viciousness of the

middle and upper classes.

Well, then, have we got rid of this particularly obnoxious type, well into the second half of the 20th century? Not bloody likely!

Perhaps we're not quite as hypocritical as the Victorians, but I wouldn't want to bet on it. All that's changed is the terms of reference.

No manufacturer today could get away with hiring children. But don't think they're any less heartless than their forebearers. At least, in the 19th century, you knew the boss was a bastard. Today, a company can "reorganize," and turn half a dozen middle-aged men into the street by an "executive decision."

Many men in today's society still practice a double standard, one for themselves, one for their wives. A man who gets drunk has had "a few too many." A woman who gets drunk is "disgusting." A man can go to a business convention and have a little fling with a call girl. If his wife kisses a couple of guys at the New Year's Eve party a bit too warmly, she's a sex maniac.

We have politicians who spout of peace and plan for war, doctors who preach against drugs and tell you cigarettes will kill you, even as they butt their 50th coffin nail of the day and pop a couple of bennies to keep

going.

We have pillars of the church whom you wouldn't trust as far as you could bounce a bowling ball in a swamp.

We have all kinds of characters who will cheat on their income tax, and then berate people on welfare for "ripping off the government."

We have teachers who "can't understand the attitude of young people today," completely forgetting that they themselves were insolent, lazy, and not even that bright when they were young people.

We have mothers who got in the family way at 19, and had a shot-gun marriage, bewailing the "sexual licence" of their daughters.

We have fathers who deplore at length the slothfulness of their sons, conveniently ignoring that they had to have a good boot in the tail from their own fathers before they'd even carry out the ashes.

We have school trustees who will double over in an agony of glee after hearing a filthy joke, but in public sternly deplore the "pornography" children are being exposed to in their school literature.

They are the type who will respond with chuckles and even belly laughs to the sexual leers of Norman Lear in *Maude* and *All in the*

Family, but thunder fulminatingly against a fine novel like *The Diviners* by Margaret Laurence.

They are the type who don't want anything racy than "The Bobsey Twins" taught in school, but will shout with ribald laughter at smut on television and take in every restricted movie in town, laughing when there is bloodshed on the screen, and nudging heavily when a couple of naked bodies start squirming on the celluloid strip.

What about today's women? Are they less hypocritical than their great-grandmothers? On the whole, I'd say yes. They're less blasted irritating as ever, but they're more honest. They still cry for no apparent reason, but they know there's no percentage in pulling a faint. They'd probably just get a glass of water in the face.

But even the women are a long way from being out of the woods, when it comes to hypocrisy. And many of the biggest hypocrites are "surface" feminists. They want all the perks of the new freedom, and all the treats of the old "essence of woman."

Oh well, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

I'm certainly not talking about me and thee, gentle reader. But aren't you a little sick of them - all those hypocrites?

The Penetanguishene Citizen

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