

# 'Empire building' is costly

Here we go again folks.

Despite the outbursts of self-righteous indignation by the mayor, reeve and deputy-reeve over higher municipal taxes, Midland Council has unanimously authorized the hiring of another level of bureaucracy.

The proposed new additions to the town staff are an assistant treasurer and a deputy-public works manager.

Considering the fact the Town has spent approximately \$125,000 for the installation

of a computer system that was supposed to 'streamline' and make for a more efficient and labor-saving municipal technical operation, the hiring of two new white-collared functionaries just doesn't make sense.

It is equally illogical to have conducted a purge at Town Hall resulting in the elimination and loss of job classifications on the pretense of a cost-cutting measure, and then commence adding staff to areas of the Town's administration which are already be-

ing adequately served.

Council's notion of improving Midland's municipal government, is not unlike that of former Ontario Liberal premier, Mitch Hepburn.

Mr. Hepburn campaigned on a platform of reform. He promised to abolish Tory opulence and extravagance paid for at the expense of the 'little' taxpayer.

Following Hepburn's smashing election victory of 1934, he got rid of the former conservative government's fleet of chauffeured Lincoln Continentals as a symbolic gesture

of political reform. Unfortunately, Mitch soon forgot about the 'little' taxpayer, and replaced the Lincoln Continentals with a fleet of chauffeured-driven Cadillacs.

Midland taxpayers are making plenty of financial sacrifices and doing without. Bureaucratic empire building is a luxury the town can't afford. Council should re-consider its decision of adding further to the town's financial difficulties by the addition of two more 'assistants'.

Sincerely yours,  
Bill Ogilvie

## Port's woes, our woes

In Midland a five per cent tax increase this year. This is not even to include the services like the Contact Information Centre which had to be reduced or eliminated.

In Penetanguishene another thirteen per cent increase.

In Tiny a 13 per cent increase.

The reason for all this misery? Garbage. Simple garbage.

Last week, the reeve of Port McNicoll, John Moreau, revealed the extent of his exasperation. He didn't know how much longer his village could support the mounting costs of shipping waste to Keele Valley.

He is not alone.

You might hear the same concerns expressed in any council meeting in North Simcoe.

No one is sure how far the municipal budget can be stretched because no one knows how far it will have to be stretched.

The problem is one of uncertainty. We have no guarantee that the Metropolitan Works Department - those who set the tipping fee at the Keele Valley dump - won't increase the price again next month. Rumors to that effect are already beginning to circulate.

Waste has created an atmosphere which is like war hysteria. Uncertainty creates fear and fear in turn promulgates exasperation.

And still we have don't know when the Environmental Assessment Hearings for the North Simcoe Waste Management Association will begin. We don't know if North Simcoe will have a dump site approved by the Ministry of the Environment.

Perhaps when the garbage crisis is felt in Toronto -- really felt, in terms of having to pay outrageous costs for disposing of waste -- perhaps then, the rules for finding a landfill site will have been lessened and finding a dump will become a little less arduous than landing a man on the moon.

## Badminton awards not covered by paper

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you to convey my disappointment at your failure to cover The Midland Senior Badminton Club Annual Awards Banquet. We informed your office of this important event two (2) weeks in advance, and were assured of your coverage.

Several awards were presented, which represents a high calibre of athletic

achievement.

I trust that in future your office will see fit to expand your sports coverage to include events like badminton, in our local area.

Yours truly,  
Jean Rutherford  
Secretary,  
Midland Senior  
Badminton Club

## Artists concerned by C-54

Dear Minister:

The North Simcoe Arts Council, an organization representing 150 individual and group members in Central Ontario, supports in principle the concept of a law to control violent pornography.

However, our board has similar reservations to Bill C-54 to those expressed in a recent letter to you from the Ontario Arts Council.

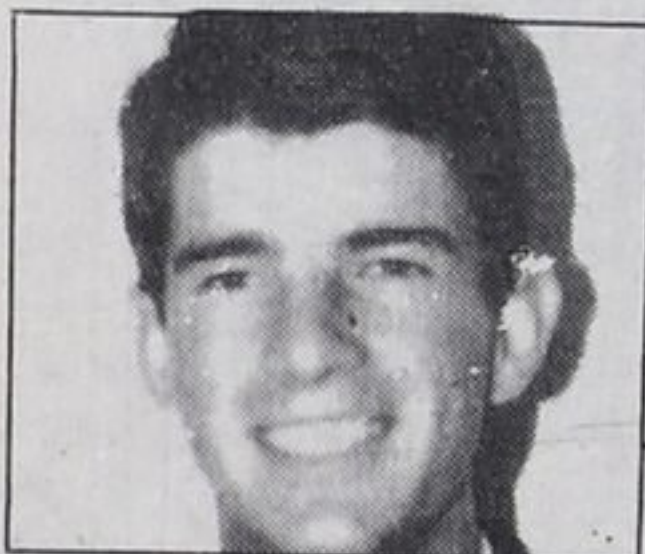
We are concerned that the present bill places too much of an onus on an artist to prove his work is not pornographic. Because each person has a different view of what constitutes pornography, we feel this bill cannot be enforced in a way that is not arbitrary. As well, we feel this section of the bill violates an accused person's right to be considered innocent until guilt is proved by the Crown.

Secondly, we feel artistic intent, rather than artistic merit, should constitute a defence under this bill. Merit is also a personal concept and enforcement of this law most likely

will be arbitrary. The law also appears to invite inconsistency of enforcement in different regions of Canada.

We hope changes are made in this worthwhile piece of legislation. Thank you for your time and consideration of this matter.

Yours truly,  
Robbert Hartog,  
Chairman  
Samuel Dolin,  
Vice Chairman  
Tim Laurin,  
Vice Chairman  
Lina Bennett,  
Treasurer  
Mark Bourrie,  
Corporate Secretary  
John Arpin  
Elizabeth Cook  
Jennifer Johnson  
Paul Kirkup  
Frances St. Amant  
Sandra Wilcox



### As I See It

## When a scribe goes fishing

by David Krayden

Don't let anyone ever tell you that pike are essentially bad tasting. It's not true. I can testify to the contrary because I ate some particularly fine specimens on Sunday night.

There's a guy over at Bayweb, where this paper is printed, who wouldn't agree with me. When I was telling him that I had been out pike fishing the previous weekend, he contorted his face into a ghastly mask and almost began convulsing.

"Have you ever tasted pike," he asked.

I confessed that I hadn't.

"Well," he said, twisting his nose and looking like he had just smelled something unpleasant, "they don't taste very good."

I suppose there is snobbery about fish just like there is snobbery about anything else.

I don't pretend to be a master fisherman.

I went ice fishing once during a winter in Ottawa. It was cold and I remember drinking too much brandy because it was so cold. It was one of those Hemingway ventures which I used to enjoy.

Of course there were the days on the West Coast when I fished for salmon. Lots of fun.

But in my last two outings, I haven't caught anything. My girlfriend catches all the fish and if it wasn't for her I still wouldn't know what pike tastes like.

We went fishing again yesterday. She caught two while I caught a lot of weeds.

If weeds were marketable I would be an entrepreneur. Nobody catches weeds like I do. Forget the small stuff, my ambitions have expanded beyond that.

I find the ones which are five feet long and weigh in excess of five pounds.

I'm also very adept at losing lures. Yesterday I hooked onto something which I was sure must have been the biggest fish I had ever caught. Here I was reeling in with spirited enthusiasm while the rod began to bend like a piece of rubber.

Well not even a Great White could withstand that sort of pressure, and there aren't any Great Whites in the Wye Marsh right?

Right. But there are plenty of lilly pads and that's what I had.

I also had a sore shoulder when I woke up on Monday morning. It must have been from all the paddling we did in that canoe.

Now aside from the limited calisthenics which I do (ie: situps and pushups) I haven't

had any real exercise for a while. I exercise my fingers on this computer terminal every week but that has never qualified as a strenuous workout.

But now that I've broken my shoulder in for the season, I'm ready for more. In fact I'm optimistic that next time I'm going to catch something that doesn't resemble a weed.

I wouldn't say I have any pretensions about being a serious angler. (Hardy har har!!). If I ever become a serious writer I'll think about becoming a serious angler.

But I have never enjoyed fishing so much as I have in the past few weeks.

And I couldn't care less that I haven't caught anything.

## Letters

The Penetanguishene Citizen welcomes letters to the editor. They must be legible, signed (by hand), and carry the writer's address and telephone number for verification purposes. Pen names are not allowed and anonymous letters will not be published, but names will be withheld if circumstances warrant. Letters published by this newspaper do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this newspaper, its publisher or editor.

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