

It's the coolest

Keep your fingers crossed. That's the sign recreation director Ron Marchildon flashed across the lounge jammed full with teenagers at the Friday night teen dance in the Penetanguishene Arena.

The Friday night dance was started up two weeks ago and so far it has been a tremendous success thanks to the efforts of the recreation committee, adult volunteers who

serve as disk-jockeys and chaperons, but most of all thanks to the teenagers themselves.

And if teenagers think they're missing the places where the action is, be it the Commodore Hotel, the Roostertail, or a fancy Toronto nightclub, take it from an unimpeachable source — the arena lounge is one of the coolest places around. And we're not talking about the temperature.

Walk your dog

Penetanguishene's going to the dogs. Literally. A statistical study does not exist, but many people including three members of the town council have complained about the large number of dogs running loose on Penetanguishene's streets.

The Ontario Humane society has been absorbing much of the flack surrounding the strays. Like fleas on a dogs back criticism is hard to take and harder to shake. While the Society may have some bugs in its operation the biggest ones lie elsewhere.

Part of the problem is distance. The closest branch of the Humane Society is in Orillia which for Penetanguishene's purposes is too far away. If a person calls about dogs running loose in the Brule Heights, on Robert Street East, on Peel, or elsewhere, by the time the Society truck gets up here to haul a stray in, the dog could have gulped down a three course gravy train meal, buried a bone for future dietary reference, and skipped over to the other side of town.

The solution to the problem of distance is another shelter to serve the Penetanguishene-Midland area. But it's probably one we can't afford. Things like an addition to our sewage treatment plant, the extension of sewers to unserved areas, a new substation, more parking, sidewalks, etc. rank higher on the list of Penetanguishene's priorities. There's just so much money to go around, even in Midland

where our neighbours town council turned down a request for financial assistance to build a closer shelter.

So what's the answer? Must we wait until a closer shelter is built, if indeed it ever is? In the meantime what about older people and young children who enjoy walking along town streets but are particularly afraid of menacing stray dogs. Not all strays are dangerous but some of them bite, and it only takes one to hurt an innocent person be it an unsuspecting child, a teenager, an adult, or a senior citizen out for a Sunday stroll. Remember a child was killed by a pack of strays in Saskatchewan earlier this year. Another required over 30 stitches following an attack in an Ontario community. It probably won't happen in Penetanguishene but why take chances?

Earlier we said part of the problem with the Humane Society's service for picking up stray dogs in Penetanguishene was distance.

The rest of the problem in a word is people — the owners of unleashed dogs. For this lazy irresponsible breed here are a few words of advice. If you don't have time to walk your dog then give it up. While the dog runs around at large you're probably gorging yourself with food between television commercial breaks. Man's best friend has enough sense to get some exercise. Why can't all dog owners' play copy cat.

Letters:

Calling Ruth's fans

Sir: The people who complained regarding an article J. Mikel Ruth read on C.K.M.P. causing him to resign are terribly wrong. Anyone who listens to CKMP will realize that the majority of commercials are done by J. Mikel and who can replace the calls to the North Pole? Mr. Ruth has his faults (don't we all) but I feel he has the clearest, most natural voice on CKMP in a long time and I liked his show.

Mr. Ruth knows nothing of this letter. I strongly feel that the people who complained are very wrong and that CKMP will be the loser in the long run.

If J. Mikel Ruth has been a disc jockey for your dance or has helped your club or organization in anyway would you please send your name and address to the address below and lets help J. Mikel get his job back. He has helped you. Now it's your turn. Do something nice today. Send me a letter.
Support J. Mikel Ruth,
Box 123, Penetanguishene.
Mrs. S. Dubeau

Editors note:
J. Mikel Ruth was contacted about this letter. He appreciates the writers kind thoughts but adds that he has no intentions of returning to CKMP radio.

Being a somebody

Sir: No doubt you have heard the saying at Speedy you're a somebody! I have lived and grocery shopped in Midland for the last six years, but while in Penetanguishene recently I decided to do some shopping at the IGA supermarket.

Would you believe they cashed my cheque without asking for a special card or making me feel like a criminal? Would you believe

the service was fast, efficient and that a young boy appeared and carried my groceries to the car without me having to ask.

I really felt like a somebody and by gosh the price wasn't bad either. Three large bags for \$16.95!

A somebody from Midland

Looking back

In the February 5, 1969 issue of the Citizen: Tony Antonio, a Georgian Manor resident, marked his 100th birthday.

PSS student's council donated funds to the March of Dimes and the Waterfront park project.

The Winterama Queen contest got underway.

Robert Bosch Canada Ltd. sponsored the Winterama snowmobile races.

Town officials were planning to put together a brochure to attract industry to Penetanguishene.

In the February 3, 1971 issue of the Citizen: Dr. P.B. Rynard was the guest speaker at the dinner meeting of the Penetanguishene Lions Club.

The Township of Tiny prepared to go on the interim billing of taxes. This would allow the municipalities to obtain funds earlier in the year for operation and to pay the quarterly installments due to the school boards.

What was to be Midland's first winter carnival was cancelled because of the pollution problem in Little Lake.

The Winterama Queen Contest was all set to go.

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Sugar and spice

Now I'll point straight, Cliff

by Bill Smiley

* Came across a new party game recently, and thought you might like to try it on your guests.

It all began with some friends of ours who like to play with words and create wild puns. They had a bit of a problem and one said to the other: "We seem to be in dire straits."

The other replied solemnly: "Yes, Dire Straits separate Tierra Del Freakout from the Cape of Good Dope, I believe."

Or something like that. And they were off. They tried it on some of their friends, and the

result was a collection of puns that even Shakespeare would have blushed at.

All you need is a knowledge of geographical terms and a total inability to blush at the atrocious puns you produce.

Some of your friends will undoubtedly try, if I know people, to turn it into a pornographic geographic game. This is almost unavoidable, because there are a lot of people with dirty minds, unlike you and me.

These excrescences on the face of our pure and bland society will come up with filthies

like Sunapha Beach, the State of Nymphomania in which we find a mountain called Mons Pubis and a wood labelled Shewor Forest. Pay no attention to them.

They'll suffer enough in the next world for contriving such monstrosities as Taka Peak, Itsa Butte, Para Buttes and Maka Pass. Oh, they'll suffer.

But not as much as you'll suffer when your guests get into the swing of things, and start producing such items as Melon Coulee and Sherbet Shore.



Down by the Marsh

I left the place with a sore tooth Downby, but at least I still have my life savins. I'll tell you, it's more than some of those people had when they left that fella's office.

They have this here unnatural gas that they clamp on your face as soon as you walk in the door. It's kinda like gettin tipsy on a Saturday night only a whole lot more expensive. It appears to me that once a fella is onto your gas, well there's no tellin just what might happen. The story goes that one fella fell asleep waitin for the wife in the dentists office. He woke up with a sore mouth, a partial plate, and a bill strong enough to warrant a third mortgage on the farm!

Now that kinda thing isn't too uncommon you know. The way I see it, these young fellas get all this learnin drilled into their heads at

your universities. They get the idea that they are healers or somethin like that. Some of them kinda figure that they are doin you a service by lookin into your mouth you know. The way I look at it, is that it kinda resembles that telephone service. Appears the service is pretty costly.

Lately these guys have been gettin a little carried away with themselves. They've been out preachin. That's one of the mandatory courses for becomin one of these service people you know. You have to be able to come across just a little on the plus side now and then.

Anyway, this preachin isn't about your saviour you know, it's about your preventin tooth decay and fillin the water lines with poison to kill the little germs and what not.

That reminds me of a fella that sells gas and then turns around with another gadget to save you money on the same gas. You get the idea that they are killin their own trade now and then. But that isn't the case, least not if you're like the young fella that looked after me.

I'll tell you Downby, I didn't take the advice old Cephus gave me about standin behind a mule, but I do have a question for you. If you ever run across one of these dentist fellas that won't trust another one with his tooth ache. Well, you just tell him to get in touch with me cause I know of a sure fire method to fix his tooth!

Newtrimious Q. Skreet
Elderiah Township.

Letter:

Trapper protests Humane Society action

Sir: Being a reader for a number of years, I was hoping to place this letter in your paper.

Being a trapper of many years, it is getting hard to find a place to trap a fox. The property is mostly owned by people living outside Tiny Township and it is all posted with "Keep Out" signs.

All that is left is the roadway. I set a trap near the road fence, close to a stop sign at three o'clock in the afternoon and caught a fox the first night.

Where this would not happen once in a

thousand times, the first to see the fox in the morning was this man going to work. He phoned the humane society which came, for once right away, and killed the fox, the humane way, by putting a rifle shot in his guts and waiting on him to die. He seized my fox and trap which is the humane way of stealing.

To my way of thinking, the humane society are getting their nose through the fence too far with the association of trappers, 36,000 strong in this province they can put them back to the cats and dogs business in a hurry.

As far as putting the law after them, they all work under the criminal code of Canada. It is useless as they all drink out of the same cup.

I feel sorry for anybody that has to claim any of their furs from the humane society, as I think they are all suffering from the rabies themselves, judging from their manners.

The same week I had \$60 worth of traps stolen which means that if I should find anybody stealing my traps they will be so busy taking the fine shot out of their rear ends that they will leave my traps alone.

A local trapper



Footsteps in the snow

Photo by Harvey Markle