

## Town should remember who its friends are

It's kind of a sad statement when a group of men, professional hockey players, who really have no connection with the town of Penetanguishene, are willing to donate their time for free to help raise money for lights on a ball diamond they will likely never see again, while many of the people of Penetanguishene are reluctant to kick in a few bucks or an hour or two of their time for the project, which many of them will use, or get the benefits from, for many years to come.

There are those who have worked to the point of exhaustion for the fund raising campaign, and there are many who have contributed both time and money. However there are a good many people, many of whom make money from the town's sports programs, or from municipal business in general, who have been unwilling to funnel even a token amount of that money back into the town.

The town has a policy of making most of its purchases from local businessmen. This is done because the town wishes to promote community spirit and prosperity, and for this reason it even passes up bargain prices outside town, on occasion, to keep its business local. Many of the local merchants have reciprocated, and helped out in the town's projects including the light fund. These merchants appreciate the town's efforts to encourage local business.

But many others have not reciprocated. In future, when the town is considering the purchase of things it needs, it should remember which businesses are true members of the community and which ones are merely operating in this geographical location.

If businesses wish to be considered "local" they should make an effort to contribute to the community in consideration of the fact that the community contributes to them in many ways.

Report from Queen's Park

by Arthur Evans, M.P.P.

## Wintario a is a Success

Since its inception in December, 1974, Ontario's Culture and Recreation Ministry headed by the Honourable Robert Welch, has played a key and significant role in the Cultural and Recreational life of this province.

When the Ministry was formed, the emphasis was to bring together a number of programs from other ministries such as the provincial Library Services Branch from the Colleges and Universities Ministry—to name but one example.

The prime purpose of the new ministry was to bring a greater sense of coordination to the various arts, cultural and sports programs offered by your Ontario Government. Particularly is this true with respect to the Sports and Fitness Division whose tasks are to help in improving coaching techniques in all the sports, to help provincial sport governing bodies and to assist in the development of amateur sports. Also, the Ministry has lent Ministry personnel to the Canadian Olympic Association in the organization and preparation of the 21st Olympiad.

More than anything else, the Wintario Lottery operated by the Ontario Lottery Corporation has achieved outstanding support and acceptance from Ontario residents. The Wintario draw offered every two weeks and produced in a different Ontario community has produced funds for recreation and cultural projects beyond the wildest expectations.

For example, the Ministry has sent \$45.6 million to more than 2,395 groups and projects. They have ranged from a few hundred dollars to buy baseball equipment for little league clubs to thousands of dollars to help community groups and service clubs to build swimming pools and tennis courts or to help public libraries in developing new programs.

In Simcoe Centre, the Share Wintario program has assisted groups in practically every community: The Barrie Minor Lacrosse Association, the Bradford Lions Club, the Flos-Elmvale Memorial Community Arena, public libraries in East Gwillimbury, Barrie and Penetanguishene, the Georgian Bay Regional Library System, the Thornton District Minor Hockey Association, the Simcoe County Museum,

Friends of the Firehall, Inc. and choir in Stroud and Barrie to name just a few.

Some criticism has been raised regarding the application of the Wintario funds. Certain groups shouldn't receive these monies because they have not proven their need. To that may I just say that Wintario funds are distributed on a number of guidelines including the ability of an organization to raise matching dollars.

In the case of a group purchasing musical instruments, no total amount is approved but only one-third of the cost of equipment is eligible for funding. The ball game rules for operating and capital grants are clearly set out to all applicants.

My reaction to these criticisms does not suggest that we have reached perfection on the guidelines to distributing these funds. Your ideas and suggestions are always welcomed in order to improve the best use of Wintario funds. At the present moment, the whole purpose of Wintario is to help the cultural and recreational projects and pursuits across Ontario to as many people as possible.

Another practical example is Wintario and your library. Starting in June, every library board, Indian Band Council and community library group is eligible for grants to purchase more Canadian books, magazines and films on things Canadian. These could range from books on French Canadian and multicultural themes to materials about our native people.

Wintario funds are available to communities based on population. Details are available through my office or the Culture and Recreation Ministry at Queen's Park. Just ask for the pamphlet: Wintario and your Library.

What we are trying to achieve is to improve understanding about Canada and Canadians. Wintario and your Library also helps to provide employment for editors in publishing firms to Canadian artists, actors, film makers and authors. Everybody wins with Wintario—you as a reader learn a little more about your country and yourself.

A pretty good bargain for strengthening Canada.

In my mind, Wintario is truly an outstanding success story—thanks to millions of Ontario residents.

Most readers of this column are quite aware of my attitude toward the Montreal Olympic Games. And I am sure that many of them have put me down as a spoil-sport, a wet blanket, a niggling critic of a glorious event.

No so, please. If you have read with care my ferocious attacks on the Games, you'll have noticed that I wasn't knocking them, or the athletes.

I am as red-blooded a Canadian as the next guy, and I groaned when the Canadians came last in the boat race, and I cheered when a Canadian scrambled to a second or third or fourth. And I almost wetted when one of our beautiful little gymnasts tottered and fell off the bar.

What I was smiting was the chauvinism, the hunger for power, the utter immorality that lay behind the acquisition of the Games by Montreal.

Montreal needed those Games about as much as I need an amputation of my right leg. And the results will be somewhat the same. The city will be crippled for half a century because it wanted to hold a two-week party for the whole world. Chauvinism.

Hunger for power? Maybe that's the wrong phrase. More like a hunger for the limelight, or a yearning for some sort of immortality (maybe lasting 30 years?) on the part of the

archpromoter, M. Drapeau.

During the Games, many critics softened up quite a bit on Drapeau. Through no virtue of his, the Games, wallowing in problems, had been scotch-taped together at the last minute by the government of Quebec, and the official opening was magnificent, veiling the fantastic debt His Worship had built up.

Even hard-boiled reporters were suggesting we'd been a bit rough on Drapeau, that after all, he had had the vision, the tenacity, to pursue his dream, and that we were all cashing in on it.

Afraid I don't go for that jazz. That's like saying that Napoleon, who bled France dry, physically and financially, was, after all, not a bad little chap, that he meant well, that he didn't really mean to lose half a million men in the retreat from Moscow, that his wife, Josephine, didn't understand him, and that his family was greedy.

Nuts. He did it for La Gloire. And so did Drapeau. The major difference between them is that Napoleon had to face only the English, the Prussians, the Poles and the Russians. Drapeau had to face the trade unions. Beaucoup formidable!

Well, let's get back to the Games themselves, before I turn purple, which is what I do every time I think of 72,000 people cheering athletes while the raw sewage flows out of Montreal into the St. Lawrence.

All hail to the athletes! We may be greedy when it comes to making a buck—as witness the federal government's knee-jerk to China, with visions of big wheat sales dancing in its puny head.

But when it comes to winning Olympic medals, Canadians are certainly among the least greedy nations in the world. We are so hospitable about letting other countries grab the medals that it is almost embarrassing.

And that's the way it should be. The important thing about international games is & or should be—doing your absolute best. And that's what Canada's young representatives did. My heart, and I'm sure yours, was right in there thumping away with them, whether they were finishing fourth or 14th.

One of the things that really bugged me before and during the Olympics was the crassness of sports writers. Now, admittedly, this is a species not known for its sensitivity, but the crudeness this time was simply too much.

Canadian sports writers, on the whole, are pale imitations of their U.S. counterparts. Most of them are not, as they should be, extremely knowledgeable about the sport they are writing on. They are far more interested in times, statistics and medals than they are in the human drama of the Games. It's no wonder that Canadian athletes

rapidly become disenchanted with the press. When an athlete is "up", even exceeding what he or she has ever done before, jock writers are dreaming about medals. When an athlete has a bad day or a bad race, the jocks subtly suggest that he or she is "let Canada down".

Every single and solitary athlete at the Games, Canadian or otherwise, did the very best he or she could do at that given moment. And that's what it's all about.

After saying all that, I must admit the CBC did a splendid job of covering the Games. Their commentators were no more partisan than human nature would excuse, and they kept the focus on the athletes, where it should be.

How strange to read a TV columnist, who was almost white-lipped with anger because the television commentators were not exhorting Canadian athletes who "did not live up to promise". What a jerk!

Oh, well, it was a great party while it lasted. Now the caterers must be paid. If you are driving along beside the St. Lawrence River next summer, and notice that the water is a rusty brown, rather than blue, don't be alarmed. And don't think it is merely the usual human excrement from Montreal. It is, but added to it is a healthy infusion of the blood of Montreal and Quebec taxpayers.

## The annual adventure part 1



by Ray Baker

We had gone nearly thirty miles before the new tire disintegrated and we lurched to the hard shoulder to sweat in the noonday sun and fit the spare.

The 'we' was yours truly, my wife and three sons, and the brother-in-law from England. The tire was a brand new six ply heavy duty truck tire, just fitted and balanced by our local friendly neighbourhood Canadian Tire Store.

We were embarking on our annual adventure, a three week vacation trip heading South, and off to an interesting start.

On the road once more and camped for the night on the shores of Lake Erie, I discovered that a lot of U.S. Tire Manufacturers were on strike or something, and the choice was poor, but in Pennsylvania the following day we had a new one fitted and left the old 'new' one there, to be collected on the way back. It was road hazard insured and Canadian Tire had never let us down.

No springs, no Indians  
Our second stop was in Maryland at Indian Springs, a pleasant enough interlude even though we never saw any Indians (or cowboys) or any springs of the car, water or bed type, so we pushed on.

Mingling with the zillions of commuters and the endless construction of the Washington bypass we moved steadily South until by early evening we knew we were almost there. The air was warm, spanish moss hung from the trees and along the now quiet country roads the crickets, bullfrogs, and assorted other life was in full song.

With a lightning burst of speed we were through North Carolina and into the South. The land of sweet Magnolia blossom and "Youall come back now yoheah". Just South of Myrtle Beach we set up camp and thought about a meal of corn pone, grits, and fries (youall). The two eldest were straight in the sea with a water temperature of eighty-two, an air temperature in the mid-nineties and a breeze coming in off the gulf stream like a hot air hair dryer.

Forsaking Myrtle Beach (like Wasaga Beach but twenty times bigger) in favour of

Huntingdon, seventeen miles out, we watched the alligators being fed steaks by the Game Warden. Then went back and ate our hamburgers.

Southern Hospitality

The traditions of Southern hospitality long immortalized from the days of "Gone with the Wind" and the Civil War are as strong as ever. Expressions like "I do declare" or "I do so believe" along with the ever faithful "Have a good day and youall come back now yoheah" are common place. The climate reflects the easy going pace of life and the long slow Southern drawl.

Prices were good too, with Mom reporting good bacon at \$1.50 a pound. Dad buying his survival kit noted cigarettes at 20c a pack (\$2 a carton) beer was \$1.99 for six, and gasoline was around 54 a gallon. The 100 proof Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon (for medicinal use of course) deserves a whole column all to itself. But after five days it was time to move on.

The U.S. Air Force

When we were there before, the Vietnam war was at its peak so we could see the nearby jet base being active. It still is, and No. 3 son at six months old didn't like the noise. So out came the maps. Wearing only his 'Pamper', a broad grin and displaying his first tooth, he said goodbye.

The map showed the spot most likely to be isolated. An out island in the Atlantic Gulf stream called Topsail Island. So named because the slavers and pirates of a former age were spotted and the cry went up "Topsail". And there it was, with Surf city (Pop 802) and a road nearly as wide as the island and only local tourists.

With fishing piers where the boys caught everything except Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and beachcombing for sharks teeth in the silver sands, we added a new decal to the camper doors "Topsail Island is for Lovers". One night driving fifty miles off the island to find a laundromat we took the wrong turn

into a Marine Corps base and were given a pass. It said "no photographs, or the vehicle is subject to search and seizure. The only thing we saw was the yellow line on the road. I think we will go back to Topsail.

It's an ill wind

Everything was perfect now, except the wind, or lack of it. We needed more, so out came the maps once again and there it was. Even further into the Atlantic with a guaranteed cross wind. A peninsula of out islands in North Carolina called Cape Hatteras. Phoning ahead, we booked passage on the three hour Ferry and away we went again. Number 3 son to celebrate his dip in the sea each day produced his second tooth. To be concluded in next week's exciting episode.

Ray Baker is a Manager at Midland's RCA plant and a freelance writer for Markle Community Newspapers....He and his family live in Penetanguishene....



Bushed after the long walk

After six days of marching, much of it in rainy weather, the Guard from the Historic Naval and Military Establishments, Penetanguishene, arrived at Fort York,

Toronto on schedule Saturday afternoon. Pausing briefly near the end of the 104 mile trek is guard corporal Jim Bolton. On Sunday Jim lead the Establishments' Guard in

British battle manoeuvres at Fort York's annual Stewart Trophy Day. (Photo by Battrick, Historic Naval and Military Establishments).

## Our letters policy

The editorial page of this newspaper is open to any reader who may wish to express a thought or opinion on any subject in or of the news. We'd especially like to see letter or articles dealing with local issues and concerns.

Our only limitation is space. If necessary, letters or articles may be edited at the discretion of the Editor, for good taste or legal reasons. Material may be of any length, and if possible, typed or hand-written clearly so no mistakes will be made.

We will not print any letter sent anonymously to the paper. We ask that writers include his name, address, and phone number in the letter or contribution so that we may verify the authorship.

We can no longer publish a letter whose author has requested that his name be withheld. We feel that a person willing to voice his/her opinion on our editorial page should also be willing to sign his name to it.

## While the cat's away the mice will relax a little



by Shirley Whittington

Our teen-agers are like yours - occasionally goofy, frequently exasperating, often inscrutable - but at heart responsible young citizens. So it was with few reservations that we left our house in their care while we went holidaying.

The boys are nineteen and almost eighteen. The house is sixty-seven. In the end, it

seemed to me the house would survive. What can you expect if you decide to leave the old homestead in the hands of the young homeworkers?

For one thing, when you get home the place will be very tidy. The kids will live like pigs while you're away, but even as you inch homeward, they'll be washing up, emptying ashtrays and carting the bottles if not out of the house, at least out of the kitchen.

Although the house is tidy, strange bits of flotsam and jetsam will surface for several weeks after your return. There will be crushed and charred beverage tins in the fireplace, anonymous sleeping bags, running shoes and knapsacks scattered here and there.

Try to be optimistic about the circumstances which led to the strange dispersal. In my own case, when I found an elegant tortoise shell comb beside the chesterfield, I immediately concluded that the boys had entertained a senior citizen to tea one afternoon.

Your laundry hamper will be overflowing, mostly with damp towels. Teenagers bathe more frequently than others, and they wash their hair so often it's a wonder their scalps don't rust out. Unsupervised by a zealous resident laundress, they will use towels with wild abandon, and there will be nothing left in your linen closet but spiders.

No matter how much food you may have laid in before you went away, when you return the cupboard will be as lean as Twiggy's thigh. There won't even be an egg for your post-holiday breakfast.

This doesn't mean that your kids have eaten twice their weight in food every day. It means that they have fed a lot of friends and you can be glad they are so compassionate.

This passion for filling the empty and watering the thirsty does not extend to houseplants, however. You can leave all the notes you like suggesting that the African Bunion be watered daily, but when you return it will be sere and dry. The leaves will be withered and the branches frozen in a final waterless spasm.

The kids will tell you that they meant to water it, but something else always came up - like the latest National Lampoon or a two hour telephone call. Anyway, they will say, unreasonably it rained a lot.

For the first few days after your return the telephone will ring at odd hours, and when you answer, the caller will hang up. This is not a burglar trying to find out if the house is empty and ready to be plundered. It's just one of the guys wondering what time the party starts. Since this is a question you can hardly be expected to answer, he'll hang up. The fact that you're home indicates that the party is off anyway.

Your mail will be piled neatly in whatever place you specified. So will the gorgeous glossy post-cards that you spent fifteen minutes picking out, one hot afternoon in Bended-Elbow-by-The-Sea.

They will not, as you may have fondly imagined, be tucked under the pillow of the addressee, or pasted in his memory album. Somewhere around twelve, the average kid loses interest in post cards. The only pictures he is interested in getting from his parents are ones of the Queen, on green, with the numeral 20 printed in the corners.

If you leave the car at home with the kids, you might be surprised right out of your Wallabees when you arrive home. One expects the gas tank to be empty, and the car itself to be full of sub wrappers, sandy towels and sales catalogues from an audio equipment shop in a town 100 miles distant. What may shake you is the re-arrangement of the fenders and/or bumpers.

Try not to carry on about this. Your kids will feel worse about it than you ever could. Have I painted a gloomy picture? I didn't mean to. No matter what happens, it's never as bad as your fevered imaginings because your kids, like mine, are basically pretty sensible.

When the cat's away, the mice may not play, but they relax a little. I did at their age. And so, by golly did you.

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