

# Citizen comment

## Informants, confidants should have right to protection under law

The Freedom of Information movement in this country has a new martyr - Toronto MPP Ed Ziemba.

Right now Ziemba is sitting out a seven day jail term handed down last week when a provincial judge sentenced him for contempt. His 'crime'? He refused to disclose the name of an informant, a man or woman who revealed how a number of medical laboratories which were milking the Ontario OHIP program for millions.

Whether or not the name of that informant is vital to the case is not the issue. Nor should Ziemba be reprimanded for not releasing his information in the house where parliamentary privilege would have protected him from incarceration. Ed Ziemba is but one of thousands of individuals across the country whose very profession provides them access to confidential, often crucial information. They're the federal and provincial members of parliament who might decide to release their information to the press, they're the municipal representatives, the journalists, the investigators who today must be wondering what they would do if they were ever in Ziemba's situation.

Secrecy, trust are crucial to the continued free flow of information. And access to that information can be vital to the continuation of our democratic system. Without that information it would have been difficult to piece together the "Connections" which, according to the CBC, have infiltrated all strata of society. Without that information, the milking of the publicly funded OHIP purse may still not be known. Ziemba has, reports say, saved this province some \$14 million. And for that our judicial system sees

fit to slap him with his first of a possible series of jail terms.

The true danger now lies in the possibility that such important connections, especially with individuals in the underground, can be terminated. Not all officials who have access to volatile information will be as stalwart as Ziemba. Many would think twice about releasing the name of an informant if the option is a criminal record. They could very easily give in to the pressure of the law - and that will, in no time flat, close the essential access to hard to get at information. The informants will refuse to inform - and for that they cannot be blamed.

Then too there is the possibility that those who are in a position to have access to important sources will cease to take advantage of their position. Our very system, which is purported to be based on the public's right to know, has decided we don't have the right to know everything. Or at least we have to pay through the nose for that information.

Ed Ziemba's is a precedent setting case, especially for journalists who must today be questioning the strength of their own convictions. Both the informant and the individual in which he/she has confided have the right to some protection under the law which now does not provide the freedom of information legislation which would make access to much of the information now available through informants 'leaks' a legal right.

Unless informants feel their identity is protected and those they confide in won't be subject to the kind of pressure Ziemba was, we might just find ourselves even less informed than we already are.

## 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 letters 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 or her opinion on our editorial page should also be willing to sign his name to it.

## Times music critic criticized, Beatles defended

To the Editor:  
It's a little disappointing to read Peter Whittington's comment on "that collection of nostalgic nose blow", music recorded live at an early Beatles concert in North America. Peter's stand that "it's simply not very good music" is not going to sit well with those of us who still hear the depth and originality brought to the rock and roll phenomena by those "Liverpool lads".

Their skill was evident even in their earliest recordings and had a profound effect on what remained of the history of popular music. Perhaps Peter should figure out the chord changes in "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "Please Please Me," "Ticket to Ride," or others of those youthful classics before stuffing them all down the tube. Sorry Peter but couldn't let you get away with it.  
Doug Cameron

## Husband's actions defended

Dear Editor:  
In answer to the letter to the editor of June 22:  
I am also a taxpayer in Tay Township and the wife of the former Deputy-Reeve.  
So he lost in the last election - but that is life, some you win, some you lose but that doesn't make him less the good man he is. After 45 years of marriage with him, I know. We do not live in Waubushene but my

husband is top officer in a fraternal lodge in Waubushene, and has to take an interest in the public utilities' facilities of the hall.  
And also, a wife of the former Deputy-Reeve, I can assure you I know what it is all about.  
Interested in what is right and wrong.  
A grandmother of six,  
Alice Hill

## Thanks from Naturalists

Dear Editor:  
On behalf of The Midland-Penatung Field Naturalists' Club, I would like to thank you for the super coverage that your paper gave us over the last year. Through your Community Calendar, our club obtained many new and interested members.  
We feel that our club has much to offer anyone interested in their natural environment. You managed to write several

articles on some of the talks and hikes that our club held over the last season. Thank you for your continuing interest.  
Sincerely,  
Judy Whittam,  
Secretary for  
The Midland-Penatung  
Field Naturalists'  
Club.

**The Penetanguishene Citizen**

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It was all fun and games at Bayfield Park

## Jury organizes Ste. Marie archeology digs

cont'd from last week

A year after his release from the Byron Sanatorium in 1925, he was asked by then Western President W. Sherwood Fox and Fred Landon, Head Librarian, to bring his already notable collection of Indian artifacts and pioneer tools to the University. Wilf Jury was then allotted a small room in the library section of University College. As Jury recalls, "this was a great relief to my mother. Our house was all cluttered up with relics, including skulls."

About the same time, Jury began exhibiting his relic and tool collection at the Western Fair. During the course of the exhibition, he would ask observers if they knew where he could find more items. If anyone answered "yes," Jury would ask for their name and address with the intention of paying them a visit. This was an expansionary period for Wilf Jury as he made the first of many speaking engagements in Windsor for the Women's Institute convention and also began writing articles about his finds for the London Free Press.

From his room in University College, Jury continued his search for the Neutral Indian villages in south western Ontario. With his father, he made a concession by concession

search from Sarnia to the Niagara escarpment in their old Pierce-Arrow. "I guess we put about 300,000 miles on that car," said Jury "I sure wish I had it today."

By 1934 the new Lawson Library had opened and Jury moved his prized collection into the new facilities. During the summers he would work in the field scraping by on a minimum of funds, such as the year he worked a whole summer on three hundred dollars. Today that same amount of work would cost six thousand dollars. However, the winters did not find this man idle, for he would spend these cold months cataloguing and writing about his finds. It was in this way that Dr. Jury began publishing an archaeological bulletin which still reports on the Museum's projects today. Started in 1937, it is the oldest journal of archaeological reports in the province.

In 1942 Wilf Jury met Elsie Macleod Murray, who was also working in the library setting up the Regional Archive Collection. They were married in 1948. Mrs. Jury, who holds an M.A. in Canadian history from Columbia University, has always helped Jury with his research, reports, and accompanies him on his projects. According to Dr. Jury, "we've been a wonderful combination." For her contributions in the archaeological field Mrs. Jury was the recipient of an honorary doctorate from

Western in 1973.

In 1947, the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits), invited Jury to begin excavations on what was to become his masterwork - the mission of St. Marie-among-the-Hurons. Initially, he was commissioned to search for the martyrdom site of Brebeuf and Lalemant. The site had already been explored by amateur and professional archaeologists. However, it took Jury's skill and determination to unlock the true secret of the St. Marie site, the existence of the oldest controlled waterway in North America. His predecessors had ignored the mysterious shallow ditch which ran through the centre of the site. Dr. Jury explained that "one night it struck me that the ditch could have been a canal with locks. This would explain how they were able to bring the tons of stone and lumber needed for construction right to the site. So I set out to prove my theory."

The Summer School of Indian Archaeology was organized by Dr. Jury in 1950 and it was the first school of its kind in Canada. Students interested in archaeology were given an opportunity to work in the field at the Ste. Marie and other sites, while providing Jury with a much needed labour force for his digs. However, according to Jury his best helpers over the years were the nuns at the Ste. Marie site. While he was excavating Ste. Marie, many of the nuns would come to

admire his work. "They would come to me saying 'today is the day I'm living under the influence of Lalemant and Brebeuf.' I told them that if they wanted to live under their influence then why not come down, get a trowel, and dig the ground that was patted hard by their feet. They were apt to get more out of that than they were looking at me."

Jury is grateful to the Jesuits for their financial support which enabled him to carry on his research at a time when there were scarcely any funds for archaeological work. The complete story of the Jurys' work at Ste. Marie is recorded in their book, "Ste. Marie-among-the-Hurons," which was published in 1954.

While working at Ste. Marie, Jury helped to found the Archaeological and Historic Site Board of Ontario, which was formally established in 1953. He had realized for a long time that these sites had to be organized and protected. Until the reorganization of the Board in 1975, Dr. Jury was an active member. During the Ste. Marie work, Jury also began working with the Museum curators and local historians of southern Ontario and workshops on archaeology and museum techniques were held at Western. Through the efforts of this group seven new museums were opened for the public.

cont'd next week

## The twenty-five year Hurdle

by Shirley Whittington

Twenty five years is a long time to be anything, especially married.  
When I was a child, I viewed those who celebrated their silver wedding anniversaries as extremely senior citizens - too frail and ancient to withstand the rigors of prolonged festivities. But then, when you're under twenty, a quarter of a century is more than a lifetime.

We haven't come to the quarter century hurdle yet, but a lot of our friends have. These days, when Christmas card lists must constantly be revised, and almost every day brings news of some fresh matrimonial disaster, staying married to the same person for twenty five years is an achievement. No wonder people hold parties and ceremonies to mark the happy event.

It's seldom openly discussed, but I suggest that after sharing more than nine thousand breakfasts, a couple who celebrates a twenty-fifth anniversary has the following to its credit:  
Being married for twenty-five years is not

being able to get your wedding ring off, even with soap.

After twenty-five years of marriage, you get to know which of your old college friends you can safely ask up for a weekend when your spouse is going to be around, and which are better invited for the weekend when he's planned a fishing trip.

It is only after twenty-five years together that you have enough self confidence to turn down a social invitation for no other reason than that you'd rather stay home and watch the movie of the week.

Being married for twenty-five years is accepting the fact that some people will never learn to like liver, or buttermilk, or cottage cheese with oranges in it.

Being married for twenty five years is to become so habituated to sleeping on one side of the bed that if you're forced to change, you dream left-handed.

Being married for twenty-five years is remembering the birthdays and wedding anniversaries on his side of the family as well as your own.  
Married for twenty-five years means you

can be as flippant as you like about your husband's bald spot or his paunch, but if an outsider comments on either one, he's cruising for a bruising.

Being married for twenty-five years means you can read Ann Landers without wondering if he wrote that revealing letter, and signed himself "Exasperated."

Married for twenty five years means you can look forward to vacations away from each other without feeling guilty.

You have to be married for twenty-five years to know that when he says "Two No Trumps" it's not a demand bid. It just means he has fifteen points.

It takes twenty-five years of marriage to learn that when you say "What's wrong?" and he says, "Nothing," something is.

Being married for twenty five years means being able to have a great blazing row, and realizing afterwards that there isn't anybody you'd rather trade insults with.

These thoughts surfaced the other night, when we attended a party honouring a couple of twenty five year veterans of the double harness.

Veterans they were, but grizzled and scarred they were not. The bride looked as young and slender as a teenager. The groom was tall and square of shoulder, and his eyes twinkled meaningfully. Admittedly, he was a little thin on top, but a girl can only run her fingers through a guy's hair so long before she wears it out altogether.

What do you give to a couple who has been keeping house together for twenty-five years? They already have all the chairs and tables and beds and pots and pans and musical toilet paper holders they can use. The organizers of this particular celebration came up with a sensational idea.

They sent the not-so-newly-weds off on a pre-paid second honeymoon to Niagara Falls, which is where they spent the original one.

There's only one problem. Since that couple looks just as young and fresh as we (and all our contemporaries) do, I'll bet the night clerk won't let them in unless they produce a wedding license.

And after twenty five years of marriage, I'll bet they can't find it.

## The Heat of the Moment

by Bill Smiley

This was supposed to be a probing inquiry into what laws Canadians break most, and why they break them. But it's too dang hot.

What a country! Just a few weeks ago, you could get free ice-cubes from those 10-foot icicles hanging from your roof. Today the refrigerator can't keep up with the demand for them.

That horrible heat wave we've experienced coincided with a visit from The Boys. The combination practically put Gran and I on our knees, and we're just now recovering gingerly from an ordeal that would have put us in our graves, had we been 10 years older.

It's not that we can't stand the heat. And goodness knows, The Boys are a treat. But because you can stand driving doesn't mean you want to drive 800 miles a day. And because you enjoy ice cream doesn't mean you want to eat nothing else for two weeks.

Mother of The Boys, our Kim, was in the process of writing the last of her university essays and thought she'd pop up home, have a visit, get some free baby-sitting and finish her essays. A nice thought.

But The Boys had other ideas. After being cooped up in a city apartment for the winter, they wanted some action, and there's always action at Grandad's at "the big house," as it's known.

Little Balind, the younger, was supposed to be quiet and convalescent after a serious

illness. Little Balind, after about one day, was as quiet and convalescent as a Mack truck with Dr. Jekyll's alter ego at the wheel.

After about three days, he had pulled a lamp over on himself, put a permanent gouge in the coffee table, knocked over the fire screen (twice), fallen off a bed on his face, lost a knob off the TV set, sprinkled a can of talcum powder over the entire upstairs with a triumphant grin, and smashed several dishes by hurling them to the floor from his high chair, his signal that the meal was over.

Of course, after his illness he had practically no appetite, so feeding him was no problem. It only took the three of us adults, one cooking, one shovelling it in, and one cleaning up the debris, to stave off his hunger.

He'd start off with a banana to keep him from perishing while you were cooking his bacon and eggs. Then it was a scramble to get his toast and honey ready while the eggs were vanishing. Licks off the honey, huris toast on the floor, stands up in his high chair and wipes hands on Gran's newly-decorated wall. Then out of the chair and on to Grandad's knee for a few more bites of egg or muffin or whatever. This would go on all day, punctuated by apples, cookies, swigs of apple juice and bits of cheese to keep his stomach from rumbling.

I made the mistake of sticking my little finger in his mouth once. Thought he was getting some more teeth and that I'd give the

gums a little rub to ease the pain. He dam' near took the end right off my finger: That kid is a natural for the wrestling ring or the football field.

No such problem with the other guy, Nikov. He is a dainty eater, can feed himself, and sits up at table, propped on a fat book. No problem at all. Except that he won't eat. Meal time is a game. If he gets wieners and beans, he wants milk on it, then it's too cold. If you're out of eggs, he wants scrambled eggs. If you have apple juice and fresh grapefruit, the only thing he can stomach is orange juice. He can make a half-hour ceremony out of eating one strand of spaghetti.

There's no malice in it. He just enjoys manipulating three fairly intelligent adults, like three puppets, one cajoling, one threatening, and one furious. We took turns. Occasionally whisked off to be without any dinner, he'd be quiet for a few minutes, then piddle downstairs and say he wanted his supper. But he wanted chicken, and you'd had stew.

At first they were a little peeved that Grandad had to go off to work every morning. The old one wanted me to take him to the car wash, one of our favorite excursions. The little one just wanted me to take him and yelled. So I instituted "Kiss Time." I lined the whole gang up, wife, daughter, two grandboys, got them to pucker up and went down the line with a kiss for each. Very

popular routine. You have to be crafty with kids.

For a few days, the weather was cold, and all they could do was make the inside of the house look as though Attila and his Huns had just laid waste a village.

Then the heat wave struck. Their mother is one of those new-fangled ones who think that children should be allowed to express their creative faculties regardless. The Boys poured into the back yard like the Saracens pouring into Spain, and created.

I'll say one thing for them. They didn't set fire to the stoop, or the fence. They couldn't have. They discovered Grandad's hose, and where to turn it on. Everything was so wet after a few minutes, you couldn't have started a fire with gasoline.

I'd come home from work, and there'd be two naked tots, soaking, mud from head to toe, watering each other, their mother, the lawn furniture and any stray animal, human or otherwise, that came in range.

It took only half an hour to clean up. That, along with two hours at feeding time, and about two hours at bath and story time, and an hour to recuperate, took a fair chunk out of the day.

Now they're gone and I miss them terribly. Nobody to run over, jump on my arthritic foot and butt me in the stomach. Nobody to make me read the longest fairy story in the entire book. I can hardly wait to see them again. Maybe Christmas? For a day?