

Toronto the hysterical

"Put murders in their place, six feet under." "Ex-sunshine girl calls for noose." "Witch hunt feared." These are headlines which appeared in the Sunday Sun this week and the accompanying stories tell of how different people in Toronto are planning the revenge of the murder of the 12 year-old Portuguese boy, Emanuel Jacques. Emanuel was drowned in a sink following a brutal sex attack by homosexuals.

While the people of Toronto have every right to ban together and assist the family of the slain boy, they appear to be in a state of hysteria with their cries of death to the men accused of the gross indecency and murder of the boy.

"People who kill need to be killed," this is a frightening statement and causes us to wonder just how sick our society is. Killing these men will not solve the problems of sexual offenders.

Perhaps it is out of guilt, that the people of Toronto are wandering the streets asking for the "sin strip" to be cleaned up. We find it odd that they have lived with this street for many years and only now do they feel threatened by it and are asking to have it torn down. Perhaps if it had been stopped earlier, an incident such as this murder would not have occurred. All of us are guilty of looking the other way and pretending areas like Yonge Street don't concern us. Some even feel the sex shops and pornographic

literature serve a purpose, giving the perverted minds of men and women an outlet.

We can not eliminate all the sick people in the world by returning capital punishment. These are sick people who need help from an understanding society who are willing to devote their time and energy to promoting a healthier society.

If we all run out into the streets collecting emotionally disturbed persons and hang them, we are proving ourselves emotionally unstable and can consider ourselves murderers.

While we should be upset over this brutal sex slaying, this is also a time for cool heads, and to sit down and re-examine our contribution to society as a whole. Asking ourselves, what have we done to contribute to places like Yonge Street? What have we done to eliminate the many problems of our society?

Killing those who do not conform to our way of thinking and living will not solve the problems or remove the guilt from ourselves.

If these men are found guilty in our court of law of murdering Emanuel Jacques, they most certainly should be punished, for they are responsible for their acts, but surely we don't have to be responsible of murder too, by hanging them.

Judy French,
Lance editor



Morning reflections

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.

Absent but not (I hope) forgotten

by Shirley Whittington

These days, when I open my favourite journals, and flip to the pages where my favourite columnists usually appear, I am likely to find naught but a cryptic line of italic type which says simply, "Glib Wiesenheimer is on vacation."

Not - "Glib Wiesenheimer is at the cottage for two weeks with the wife and kids."

Not - "G.W. is fishing in a remote mosquito infested outpost and cannot be reached by any means whatsoever."

There's just that bleak line of type - "Glib Wiesenheimer is on vacation."

Well this bird is flying the coop too. And although you won't find a simple, tastefully arranged line of type stating that "Shirley Whittington is on vacation," she, in fact, is. If it weren't for the fact that it would encourage cat-burglars (I am fond of our cat

and do not wish him stolen) I would have a large sign made up for the front lawn with those five footloose words printed upon it: "S.W. is etcetera..."

For the next two weeks, those folks who phone me with hot news tips about rummage sales and kittens marooned in trees and their Aunt Priscilla who is visiting from St. Catharines, will dial my number in vain. There will be no hard hitting news stories or features forthcoming. For the next two weeks, I do not intend to write anything but postcards.

Fair Librarian - you may telephone me until your finger breaks to tell me that my son has taken out six books on my card and they are now horrendously overdue and will probably have to be replaced at cost. I won't be answering the phone.

Let the town police try to get in touch with

me to relate that our addled eldest took a young thing out for dinner and then walked out absentmindedly without paying the bill. Nobody will be around to bail him out. He will have to work off the \$6.50 debt by folding fortune cookies or something.

When those nice people from Pugwash N.S. - the ones we met a couple of summers ago and urged to look us up if they were ever in our area - when they drive up with their luggage and their voracious slaving dog, they will find their gracious hosts not at home.

When those family members that we have left behind come blindly stumbling down for breakfast and cannot find orange juice, marmalade or milk for their granola, they will have to fend for themselves. The many-armed-goddess has split.

The cat will have to address his mournful howlings to another party. I won't be around

to open his Tender Vittles. You plants - who plead mutely for water and soil proddings; you goldfish - who cast bulbous and hungry eyes through the scum on your pool - plead elsewhere.

Ditto for the homebound family members who pop buttons, break shoelaces, and bring hungry friends home for dinner. Cope on your own.

Are you listening out there - you parasites who constantly caterwaul for Mum to fix, cook, mend, wash, make or invent something? I am gone. On vacation. Not at home. Absent.

I don't care if it rains or freezes. The rest of you can do as you please. Mrs. W.'s on vacation.

You'll survive the amputation. Now - isn't that better than a cold line of cryptic italics?

Queen's Park report

George Taylor M.P.P.

Summer no holiday for Ontario M.P.P.'s

My first session of the legislature has been completed. A number of important pieces of legislation were passed which I shall relate in future columns. The "House" as it is commonly referred to or Legislative Assembly is now in recess. This means the members no longer have to sit in the House to debate legislation but they participate in smaller committees to prepare legislation for the fall session.

The committees do not sit as regularly as the House does so the members return to their ridings to traditionally take care of their constituents, "fence mend", politic or do the many other requirements of a member.

Upon my return from Toronto the most common greeting was "welcome back and aren't you glad to be on holidays." For one, I am excited and pleased to be back to my home town, but I am having trouble with the holidays. Although the House is in recess the members are required to sit on committees which carry out certain legislative functions.

Some committees review in detail the legislation introduced in the last session in preparation for the fall session. Other members are on select committees which may investigate an area of society for the purpose of ascertaining if the laws are adequately serving the people. These committees are made up of members from all parties in ratio to their elected Members in the House.

I have been chosen to sit on the select committee reviewing the second annual 900 page report of the Ombudsman. Naturally the Ombudsman, because it is a new agency of the government is experimenting, searching and testing its new mandate. This select committee is to suggest guidelines, review spending, study management procedures followed by the Ombudsman's staff and recommend to the legislature changes in the laws governing the Ombudsman's office so that he may better serve the public.

The committee sits in Toronto for approximately two days each week to hear from the Ombudsman and the witnesses of his staff or any other witnesses the committee may desire to hear from. The Ombudsman's office has been expanding since its creation two years ago to handle the complaints of citizens with their dealings with the provincial government. Often the problems are initially solved by the work of

the M.P.P., however, there are times when the large investigative staff of the Ombudsman's office can better solve the problem. Further, there are situations which preclude the Ombudsman from acting, but the M.P.P. is better able to function to solve the constituent's problem both hold themselves ready to serve the public.

As the hearings progress I will be keeping my readers informed of the activities of the committee.

The other committee I have been assigned to is the Justice Committee, because somebody told them I was a lawyer. This committee reviews legislation put forward by the Attorney General, the Solicitor General, Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations and the Ministry of Correctional Services. There is a short reprieve for this committee since it won't be starting its deliberations till September. I expect the main portion of this committee's work will be taken up reviewing the Attorney General's family law reform legislation which was introduced to the House in the fall of 1976. The magnitude of the proposed changes in family law prompted the Attorney General to allow for further reports, suggestions, briefs and review of this legislation before bringing it back to the legislature.

One of the enjoyments of writing this column is that it provides for me a method of informing you of your M.P.P.'s activities, however, another benefit is that we both have a chance of learning together the functions of the government, although many of the items I mention may be within the knowledge of many readers, many young students will be receiving by this column their first knowledge of government's workings. Naturally, should there be any questions about government workings I am only too pleased to answer them. Should any teacher be bringing students to the legislative assembly building I will be looking forward to receiving them with home town hospitality.

One of my future activities in the next month or so will be visiting as many provincial government offices within the riding to meet with their staff and to better understand the services they provide for the public.

I remind my readers that if they want to speak with me they can call at 726-6511 in Barrie or 416-965-6454 in Toronto.

It's not what you say - but the way you say it

by Deary Ross

Recently I survived a three-day "Communications Workshop" sponsored by my employer and discovered there can be an exciting new way of dealing with life's problems, large and small. It can be applied in the home as well as in the office. The home, so we were told, makes an excellent proving ground for this fresh approach to inter-personal relationships.

I always had the suspicion I was born a few years too soon. Since this electrifying episode in my life I am sure of it.

To begin with, in order to communicate effectively with your boss and / or offspring you use a new vocabulary. The Resource Team (translated from old word "teacher") told us these new verbal skills would be most useful - for instance, when you have those group discussions around the kitchen table with the kids. What is discussed is "content" and how it is handled is "process". We used to have problems and solved them.

We were also instructed by these experts

that it is essential that one learn "the components of assertive behaviour" if you are going to make this system work. You mustn't be aggressive or passive in your inter-personal relationships but ASSERTIVE. Assertiveness, so we are told, is the name of the game. Acquiring this characteristic will ensure that all the disputes you used to have as to who could have the car, who could stay out till the wee small hours or borrow your last measly dollar will be solved peaceably and in your favour, perhaps.

Apparently eye contact is a good beginning in this behaviour pattern you are going to adopt. This declares you are sincere and the kids had better believe it. (It seems to me all our contacts before this new communication method were eyeball to eyeball).

You also have to make sure your body posture is right. This puts "weight" in your message when you face those antagonistic adolescents and say "NO".

Appropriate gestures should be used to accent your verbal messages; particularly

when it's thumbs down.

Your teachers - pardon me, resource staff - tell you to watch the facial expressions. Don't smile if you really feel like screaming when you have just heard there is another dent in the front fender. Your expression should agree with the message.

The tone of your voice should convince, not intimidate. I have always been aiming for that effect.

You are informed timing is of the essence. Be spontaneous! Don't hesitate when asserting your feelings to your family. Be sure to select the right occasion - maybe a Friday night after a week that shouldn't have happened?

"Content" is the wind up word in the assertive behaviour vocabulary. While you think what you say is important, it ain't always so. It's the way that you say it. Tell it like it is and be prepared to take the fall-out.

There are methods that can be employed to make a real tiger out of you in the inter-personal relationship game. We received all

kinds of advice on how to become assertive by analyzing our style of operation. If I could just sit back, observe my own behaviour, keep track of the times I "blew it", face up to the situations I avoided, I should be able to manipulate everyone in the right direction - mine!

Funny thing, these new techniques have a vague similarity to the old-fashioned method of eye-to-eye, hand-on-hip and pounding of the fist routine I have sometimes employed. Most people smile pleasantly when wanting a favour and keep their voices down when they would rather scream. Speaking for myself, my reactions always have been spontaneous and the occasions always have seemed appropriate. I know only too well that so far as my family is concerned what I have to say is never as important as I think it is.

However, I must say when the Workshop ended I was quite exhilarated from what I had learned. I had been communicating all along.

The burning fever of ball games, young and old

by Bill Smiley

Drove about 200 miles the other night with a couple of other idiots to watch a big-league double-header baseball game: New York Yankees vs. Toronto Blue Jays.

"How can you just sit there for six hours, watching a group of grown men do something we used to do in public school, at recess?" my wife asks, with amusement and not a little scorn.

Well, it's a little difficult to explain, without sounding childish. In the first place, these are not grown men. They are professional ball players. Secondly, they don't do it quite the way we did it at recess. Thirdly, baseball, once you get it in your blood, it's like a low-burning fever, and the only anti-biotic that cools it out is watching a ball game.

Baseball players, like hockey players, are not grown men. They are overgrown boys, who are highly paid for doing something they'd rather do than eat.

And they do it superbly, with a skill and grace and ease that make the game as thrilling as any ballet. There's an extra charge in the knowledge that one of the dancers is going to make a misstep at any time and come up with egg on his face, instead of the baseball.

Finally, I played baseball in a baseball town, from the time I was about eight until I was 16 or so, often for hours a day.

My heroes, in those days, were the members of our local professional team, even though it was Class D ball. They were tall and bronzed and lean, college boys and coal miners from the States, many of them with unpronounceable names that sounded exotic in that small Anglo-Irish-Scottish community.

They weren't great ballplayers; few of them went up to the major leagues; but they were pretty good. To us kids, they were Hercules and Achilles rolled into one. To the girls in town, they were Adonis.

They chewed tobacco, and we imitated them with licorice. They spoke with a variety of Yankee drawls and we tried to copy them, much to the dismay of our mothers. They ambled and slouched, and we did the same.

We couldn't afford the admittance price in those Depression days, but we never missed a game. There were ways: over the fence; through a hole in the fence; carrying in players' equipment; tending the water bucket; shagging pop or beer bottles and turning them in for the refund.

It was always summer, in those summers long ago. It never rained, or blew, or turned cold. The sun always shone, the pop was always ice cold, the pop corn was crisp with real butter, the hot dogs were red hot.

There was no night baseball then. We didn't have lights. But about five o'clock on a

summer evening, the merchants began rolling up their awnings, kids were gulping down their early suppers, and everybody headed for the ball park.

Everybody knew practically everybody on every team in the league. Everybody knew that the umpire, Pete O'Brien, was blind as a bat. Everybody knew that Izzie Mysel, all six-two and 280 pounds of him, would go for the fences every time, and probably strike out four times in a row.

There was no fancy electronic scoreboard, but everybody knew exactly how many balls and strikes there were on the batter, how many strikeouts the pitcher had made, and how many hits each player had.

It wasn't so difficult then. Usually, nine men played the entire game. Pinch-hitters were a rarity, because, naturally, all your best hitters were already playing. When you had, and could only afford, a rotating pitching staff of two, the pitcher was seldom pulled.

There was no artificial turf, with its exact bounce. There were pebbles and tufts of grass that would give a ball a bad hop and put it over the fielder's head, or through his legs, and make a single into a triple.

And - this is one of the grand things about baseball - there was always a chance, even when it was 15-3, for a home team rally in the last of the ninth, with all its wild excitement.

That's where baseball has it over other spectator sports. If the score in hockey is 8-2 with two minutes to go, it's game over. Not even the Lord could score that many in that time. Same in football. Score 30-10 and a minute and a half left, there is no way.

But in baseball, the game is never over until the last player is retired. A real baseball fan never gives up. In those days, you didn't see the fans filing out early if their team was away behind. We sat tight, waiting for the miracle.

Greatest humiliation of my life was taking a called strike with the count three and two and the winning runs on second and third, two out, last of the ninth. And I still swear that ball was low.

And maybe those are the reasons I went to that double-header. Never mind the hours driving. Never mind the horrid traffic. Never mind the rip-off prices and the claustrophobic feeling of being in a mob of 40,000 trying to get out of a stadium.

The game still has some of its old magic, on a mid-summer's eve. The players still boot that crucial ball. The coaches still make all the wrong decisions. The umpires still have myopia. And the music of the crowd and the smells of the food and the sight of that little white pill sailing off into the blue, headed for the fence, make for a great evening of nostalgia.

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