



Little girls' memories

Letters to the editor

Reader responds to 'Toronto, the Hysterical'

Sir:
I wish to answer the comment of Judy French, "Toronto the Hysterical", Aug. 10, 77, Citizen.
Surely, Ms. French must understand the state of these people picketing the Toronto Yonge Street strip. Perhaps I would be doing the same if I lived in Toronto. I believe some Torontonians have been trying to close the strip for some time — unfortunately, this is another case of locking the barn door....
I do not feel these people are in a 'state of hysteria' because they want the death sentence for these "citizens", if found guilty, because of their horrendous crime against Emanuel Jacques. I for one, and I know others, do not feel the repealing of the death sentence to be a good and wonderful thing. Surely anyone who can commit premeditated murder of any kind, to anyone, should be prepared to receive the same — namely

death — in return.
I do not know if Ms. French is married or has children, but I wonder would she feel the same if the victim were one of her own family.
I agree with Ms. French's last paragraph that "if these men are found guilty they should be punished". But how? Surely they deserve something more than a few years in prison, three square meals a day, free cigarettes, latest movies to watch, etc. Do we, the public, have an absolute guarantee that after these men are "re-programmed" and "cured" our children will be safe from danger in later years.
However, I take offense to her insinuation that we would also be responsible for murder if they are found guilty and hanged. As she stated, "they are responsible for their acts."
Mrs. Anne Marie Quesnelle
Penetanguishene

Fund raising set for September for Pen arena

Dear Sirs:
There has been much publicity lately, surrounding the condition of the pipes at the Penetanguishene Arena. The present ammonia system must be converted to a brine system and the pipes replaced as soon as possible. This is necessary to ensure a long life for our arena facility and also to prevent any tragic accidents.
The cost of the work involved will be approximately \$100,000.00. We hope to finance the project as follows:
Town of Penetanguishene (Budget and Reserves)...\$25,000.00; Province of Ontario (Community Centres Grant)...\$25,000.00; Wintario...\$25,000.00; Fund Raising and Private Donations...\$25,000.00. Total...\$100,000.00.
The Town of Penetanguishene and The Arena, Parks and Recreation Board have already set the project in motion. A public meeting was held in July and a Fund Raising Committee established. Many excellent ideas were brought forth from that meeting,

some of which are now in progress, such as the elimination draw for a 1977 automobile. You will no doubt be hearing about other projects in the next while including a door to door canvass of the municipality some time in the fall.
We are once again calling on the generosity of the businesses and industries in the area who were so helpful last year in helping us raise the money for the Softball Lights. All donations will be acknowledged and are tax deductible. A representative of the Fund Raising Committee will be calling on you early in September, however if you so desire, please feel free to forward your donation to the above address.
With the help of the citizens of this community, I feel certain we will raise the money necessary to keep our arena operational.
Thank you for your cooperation.

Yours truly,
Frances St. Amant (Mrs.),
Co-Chairman,
Fund Raising Committee



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Last journey of the day

Quenching a Midsummer Night's thirst

by Shirley Whittington

I like my drop.
I can hear the indignant "tsk tsk" from here, but there are times when a robust cup of coffee or a cool beaded glass of lemonade are just not my cup of tea.
When I'm flying, when I'm on vacation, when I'm dining splendidly - I like a bit of the grape or the grain. And lately, these are the very times when Fate has stepped in, waggled a stern finger at me, and locked up the booze.
My first trans-Atlantic plane flight was one of those times when a little Strengthening Medicine seemed indicated. I wasn't what you'd call nervous, but since I never really understood what keeps the airplane up there in the first place I couldn't help wondering what would happen if whatever held it up suddenly got tired, and let go.
Don't worry, advised my friends. As soon as you go aboard, have a relaxing drink. Put those white knuckles around a glass, and you

may feel apprehensive, but at least you'll enjoy it.
At the airport, we lined up for our boarding passes. "Here you are, luvvies," said the British Airways lady, "and, by the way, we've got a labour stoppage, so this'll be a dry flight. No liquor, no tea, nor coffee, not hot meals."
Since I travelled with a militant non-smoker, and felt obliged to sit with him in transit, this meant I was deprived of all my psychological crutches and pacifiers, in one fell swoop.
Was I glad to land safely on the other side of the Atlantic? Was Lindbergh?
Just the other day we drove many hot and dusty miles to attend a well known Shakespearean festival. At trail's end, we checked into a clean and cheerful guest house, and looked forward to unpacking our luggage, in which reposed a little something to refresh the wary traveller.
Alas, it was not to be uncorked. For there, on the wall of our home away from home was

the following: "Please no alcoholic beverages or smoking in this room."
Okay, we said. We'll have a nice dinner somewhere, and a glass of wine.
Nobody heard Fate rubbing her hands together and cackling with glee as she directed us to a flossy looking joint which had linen and real flowers on the tables, but no licence for that unspeakable vice - drink.
Okay, we said, but we were powerfully thirsty by this time. We asked the waitress if she would put a jug of ice water on our table.
She looked at us as if we had asked her to put her leg on the table. "Listen," she said crossly, "we only have two water jugs in the whole place. We certainly can't let you have one all to yourselves."
Well - there was the Festival Theatre, which, we knew, included a bar among its appointments. We arrived forty minutes before curtain time, with full tummies and a pleasant feeling of anticipation.
Once again, abstemious Fate grabbed us by the throat.

We were travelling with our son. The usher fixed him with his dry eye, and said, "You can't go in there with him."
"But," we said, "he's only twelve. He doesn't drink."
"That's the law," said the usher. "No kids in the lounge."
Well, you can't abandon your youngest child in a strange city while you go up and have a snort, so we wandered down and thirstily admired the waters of the Avon River.
The play - a Midsummer Night's Dream - was a total delight. After it was over, we found a watering hole that admitted children and we all had a snack and a drink.
We returned to our cheerful clean lodgings. The child, as far as we could tell, was not ruinously corrupted, and we all slept soundly, on a high moral plane.
All's well that ends well, as Shakespeare would have said.

Who's afraid of retirement? I'm for quitting!

by Bill Smiley

My wife loathes and despises the idea of my retiring some day. She is firmly convinced that after a busy and useless life, I would be completely at loose ends should I retire, and would just wither away.
And every summer I do my level best to convince her that her fears are unfounded, that I am a master at the art of the trivial, and that retirement would be a breeze, with not enough hours in the day to accomplish all the things I want to do, and avoid all the things I don't want to do.
Here's a typical summer day, and I leave you to judge. I'm up every morning at the crack of nine. This may seem a bit late, but I stay up until 3 a.m. watching the late movie, to make up for it. I can't do either of these things in the other ten months of the year, so I figure I'm entitled.
Carefully wash and shave — never go downstairs with a grizzle of beard, one of the first signs of deterioration. While I'm lathering up, I skim a chapter of the novel on top of the toilet tank. Not a second wasted, you'll note.
Then it's downstairs, pop on the tea kettle, fetch the morning paper from between the doors, open the refrigerator door and think

about breakfast, which I prepare myself. This morning, I was torn between bacon and eggs — fuddle the cholesterol — and fresh strawberries. Settled for the berries and ate about a quart of them in cream and sugar, with lashings of tea, and hot toast dripping with butter and peanut butter.
Judiciously read the morning paper while I'm sludging down the grub. Again, you see, not a moment or a motion wasted.
Am told, in very certain terms, that the strawberries were for making jam. Shrug it off, asking rather pointedly who picked the ruddy things, and suggesting that if I make my own breakfast, the chips, and the berries, must fall where they may.
By 11 a.m. I am convinced that politicians are windbags, that Canada is going to hell in a wheelchair, that I don't really care on this fine morning, and that it's time for some action.
So it's outside, into the backyard, pulsing with life, vitality and strawberries. Me, not the backyard. It is pulsing with life — starlings, long grass, shaggy hedge — but no berries.
Mutterings and recriminations about those strawberries I stole, from the nether regions of the kitchen, where the jars are being boiled for jam. For which we are short one

quart of berries.
So, it's a quick look at the hedge, a quick, firm decision that it would be crazy to clip it in the heat of the day, and off to the farm near town to pick another quart of those lousy strawberries. In the heat of the day.
But it's great, picking berries. Down on your knees is the only way to pick. It's earthy. There's nothing malignant or irritating about strawberries. They're just there, fat, luscious, waiting to be raped.
In the next row, there's an old German lady, at least a grandmother, chirping away happily, knees in the soil, hands busy, mouth smeared with juice. You decide she's a lot more sympathetic than your wife, who's a great picker, but not of berries.
You also discover that you forgot to put on long pants, that shorts are not the ideal wear in the berry patch, and that your knees are turning into two large boils.
Then it's home with the berries, and there's the morning gone. A crafty beer and lunch, then a serious discussion with the chatelaine about when you are going to clean up the basement. You compromise by assuring that it will be the very first day it's too cold and wet to play golf, secretly hoping it will be a long, hot summer.
And then it's off for a game of golf, or a

swim, or both, or a fish with an old buddy, or a ride in somebody's new boat.
And suddenly, it's time for a cool drink under the oaks, perusing the evening paper and waiting for the cook to call out that dinner is ready. And before you know it, it's TV time, or off to the movies, and late, late to bed, warm in the knowledge that it's been a pretty full day, and that you have contributed absolutely nothing to the fate of mankind or your own domestic problems.
Oh, there are lots of variations. Don't think it's as dull as it sounds. Sometimes you go to the bank and josh the girls, all of whom seem to be former students, now married and either pregnant or mothers.
Sometimes you write a letter or stand as much as an hour thinking about the book you didn't quite manage to get written last summer, but will this year for sure.
Sometimes people drop in, ostensibly to visit old friends, but in reality to tell you all the horrible things that are happening to them, no more interested in you than they are in the strawberry festival at Hayfork Centre.
Yes, it's rather a good life. Not exciting, perhaps, but I think my wife's concern about my retirement is a little premature. I think I could hack this life for, perhaps, another three or four hundred years.