

CITIZEN COMMENT

Town should develop local parks further

At the last meeting of Penetanguishene town council, it was decided that the town would regain control of Huronia Park, which is presently leased to operators. The reason for wanting control of the park, according to council, is so that it can be developed to bring it up to standards suggested by the Ministry of Industry and Tourism.

This attempt at recreational development should be applauded. As a resort town, Penetanguishene has very little to offer visitors, be they vacationers or boaters who dock their craft at the town dock. This move to develop a high quality park for local people and tourists is at least a step in the right direction.

Council still seems to have priorities mixed up though. While the development of Huronia Park is a good idea, the money used for that project could be much better spent, developing other areas—such as the Waterfront Park. Penetanguishene is fortunate to own or control more shoreline land than almost any other municipality in the province, and the Waterfront Park is an

example of how that land should be used. It is very unfortunate that the Waterfront Park is so poorly developed. Council should consider using available monies to improve facilities in that park, since it has the potential to draw many more people than Huronia Park.

The Waterfront Park is only one area that should be developed before someplace like Huronia Park. The large portion of dirt located at the end of Main Street, beside the Dock Lunch, is partially owned by the municipality. Another part of that land is owned by the Canadian National Railway, but is being purchased by the town.

Council should consider developing that land, which is at present an eyesore to say the least, and installing facilities that would encourage people to spend more time in Penetanguishene. Right now that land is one large square of dirt, not sodded, not paved. It can only serve to drive people away from Penetanguishene instead of keeping them here.

Queen's Park report

George Taylor M.P.P.

Police officers are more than crime fighters today

A week ago Ontario celebrated "Police Week" and I think it was very fitting that we took this time to pause and consider the great contribution that our police officers make within communities. The theme of this year's police week in Ontario was "Prevent Crime - Working Together".

In today's society, police officers are much more than crime fighters. As well as needing our police for law enforcement, they protect human life, they safeguard property, they help people in need, and they try very hard to prevent crimes before they happen. Yet, all too often we take them for granted - for we fail to support them in their efforts.

During police week, and throughout the year, we ask citizens to consider their personal obligations in helping keep up the high standard of policing we have in Ontario. There are many such responsibilities; among them are to make prompt notification to the police whenever a crime is seen or suspected, the obeying of an officer directing traffic; and giving moral, and sometimes even physical support, to the police in times of crisis.

Government programs for controlling crime are unlikely to succeed all alone. However, informed private citizens, playing a variety of roles, can make a decisive difference in the prevention, detection and prosecution of crime, a fair administration of justice, and where possible, the restoration of offenders to the community.

Crime prevention as each citizen's duty is

not a new idea. In the early days of law enforcement, well over hundreds of years ago, the peace keeping system stressed the concept of mutual responsibility.

As population and specialization increased, people began delegating their personal law enforcement duties by paying others to assume the peace keeping job.

Over the years, some citizens' response to the crime problem has been a demand for greater action by government.

Fortunately, this remote citizen involvement in recent years is yielding to more informed and direct citizen action in crime prevention efforts. People are starting to exert crime prevention leverage through those individuals they know personally and through organization with which they are affiliated, including trade associations, educational institutions, political parties, unions, charities, foundations, professional societies, service clubs, and elected representatives.

Our society is built upon the premise that each person is responsible for himself and for the general welfare of others. Exclusive reliance on a self - or family-oriented approach to crime prevention causes individuals and family units to become isolated from one another. Indeed, with each citizen looking out for himself only, there is no community, no strength in numbers, but a fragmentation that can serve only to embolden criminal elements.

I would like to say to our police department "thank you for a job well done".

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 for legal reasons. Material may be of any length and if possible, typed or hand-written clearly so that no mistakes will be made.

We will not print any letter sent anonymously to this newspaper. We ask that writers include their name, address and

telephone number in the letter or contribution so that we may verify the authorship.

From this point onward we will publish letters to the editor with names withheld—provided the authors of the letters make themselves known to this newspaper, and provided they have a valid reason for wishing their name withheld from publication.

We believe that there are citizens in this community who wish to communicate their opinions on important issues, but because of valid circumstances, may be compromising their position.

We feel those citizens have a right to make their opinions known.



by

Dave Wilson

Help me Rhonda - it's beach time

"She's coming back," I said, gesturing down the beach to the bronze apparition whose departure a few moments ago prompted not only one groan of disappointment.

"Just what I need," muttered my colleague from beneath a towel "I was just getting comfortable."

...A protracted silence...sunsoaked reveries leaving both of us beyond speech.

The from nowhere, my colleague ejaculated, "Oh, great goddess of the beach, take me away, I'm ready." I entirely understood the sentiment. I had a vision of a great bikini-clad bird swooping down from the heavens, grabbing us up and plopping us down light years later on some celestial shore where summer never ends, where the only sounds are of waves gurgling, where the only smells are of seashore garnished lightly with the misty scent of suntan oil.

...So began the beach season of 1978 this past weekend. With temperatures hovering around the braising point, with a couple of hours to kill on an already dead Sunday afternoon, and with memories of beach seasons past lingering fondly in the parts of our cerebrums which weren't freeze dried during the winter, my colleague and I gassed up the car and headed like nomads to the beach.

We both had been waiting for that opportunity to casually suggest, "Hey let's go the beach," for the entire half year we'd been colleagues. In fact my colleague had felt irresistible pull of the surf so badly that a few weeks ago, in a burst unadulterated irresponsibility, announced casually that he had managed to wrangle a week off, and was heading south to Key West. There was no reason whatsoever in his decision to depart the true north strong and free - he did it out of blind compulsion, compulsion which I eventually felt starting to overcome me as I took his column over the phone quite late one night.

From what I could decipher from the ecstatic babble at the other end, Key West was contained somewhere in a half empty tequila bottle, and was shaped roughly like the shrimp cocktail being forced down my colleague's throat by an affectionate motel room guest.

As my colleague and I stepped on to the beach this weekend, all those frustrations dissipated. The sight of the sun glinting off the water, the sounds of people pitching a frisbee back and forth, and the feel of the hot sand beneath my feet quickly evaporated any cool feelings I had about living.

We plopped ourselves down in the sand, and my colleague, who I believe would be tremendously successful as a professional beach bum, doused himself in suntan lotion. I took the more conservative approach and slowly peeled off layers of clothing, fearing that moment when I would have to bare my milk white epidermis to the unrelenting sun ... and to the unrelenting eyes of the sea nymphs about 20 yards away.

It could have been that beach last year, two years ago, or five years ago. Nothing had changed. The sand, liberally salted with beer bottle caps, was still as hot as ever. The bathing suit pieces were still strung in the same strategic locations, and the sunburns still had that hue that foretold so poignantly of agonies to come.

It was a kind of sartorial experience. With my colleague completely out of commission underneath a towel and the sun warming my shoulders like no blanket had been able to do during the winter, I drifted off into a quiet trance.

That's when my colleague, coming up from beneath his towel for air, spotted the bronze apparition. The sight was alarming, to say the least. We both tried to shake our respective - and obvious-fixations off, and when the apparition eventually left, we drifted into our own private worlds again.

After she returned and left for the second time, my colleague and I decided to take a walk along the beach. We trudged for about half a mile in the sand, and finally, after deciding what both our lives needed most was an ice cream bar, struck out in the other direction, towards a beach confectionary.

I enjoyed the walk, having done it several times before, immensely.

To my colleague it was hell. As we moved away from the sand and onto an area of the beach that resembled the geology of the moon, he began grimacing with each step. He started talking about photographs he'd seen of prisoners of war with their feet torn to shreds by incessant marching. As we walked further he started grating like a ballerina on hot coals.

When we finally made it to the confectionary, the first thing my colleague suggested was that we purchase a pair of foam sandals for the return trip. An idea to which I readily consented, as my feet were also beginning to feel like I'd been through a Hindy mystic's training course.

It seemed like a very short while later that we reached my car and packed up to head to our respective domiciles. As we left the beach I was struck with the feeling that I'd done all that had transpired many times before.

Which was completely true, I suppose. One day at the beach is generally like any other spent there. That's where the magic of the whole thing lies - you never expect anything but the expected. And when the expected is so completely pleasurable as a day at the beach, it makes beach bumming a rewarding activity indeed.

Hooray for the hyphen

In our time, the Squire and I have been called crazy optimists, ineffectual dawdlers and middle-aged narrow-minded conformists.

Now we have some new labels to add to our dossier. In the past month we have become junk-pickers, home-wreckers and post-urban neo-ruralists.

The post-urban neo-ruralist label was dropped on us by a friend who reads a lot and says that the Squire and I have joined the crowd of semi-civilized folk who have succumbed to the lure of the land in the hope of finding peace and salvation in a newly-purchased piece of country property.

For a couple of crazy optimists who are also middle-aged conformists, becoming post-urban neo-ruralists was easy. The home-wrecking label was earned more painfully.

There is, on our patch of post-urban neo-ruralist heaven, a rotting and tumble-down cabin which for reasons of post-mortgage payment neo-poverty we decided to renovate ourselves. Basically, all it needs to make it into a cosy homestead is a new roof, a new floor and a couple of new log walls.

But because we are alleged to be ineffectual dawdlers we wisely sought the advice and expertise of a genius in matters of log cabin construction. He has performed miracles.

In order to replace a log with terminal rot, he jacked the whole little house up like a sick car. Replacing the log was equally wondrous. He simply selected a tree, felled, trimmed and barked it, and slotted it in.

He also directed the reconstruction and shingling of the roof, but first he set up bracing poles inside so that the shingles wouldn't plummet through the roof and the

by Shirley

Whittington



floor, in that order. That was when we discovered the nest, tucked up in the rafters—newly constructed and brimming with eggs.

"The nest has to go," said I. "We can't have a bunch of crazy birds flying around inside our post-urban neo-ruralist retreat. Not unless we wear hats all the time."

"I feel just terrible about this," said the Squire, as he carefully removed the nest and set it high in a birch tree some distance from the cabin.

The next day, I was attending to some chinking inside the cabin, when an enormously rotund porcupine headed purposefully out of the bush. It was clear that she was a mother-to-be, and that she was planning on delivering and raising her brood under our cabin floor.

I reacted like any middle-aged narrow-minded conformist. I screamed what was left of the walls down.

"That man-eating monster has to go," I hollered. "I won't have a bunch of baby porcupines scurrying around under my feet, and cutting their teeth on the door jamb."

The Squire is a very family-oriented man. "I really don't like to do this," he said, as he scattered quantities of moth balls into the

space between the cabin floor and the rocks beneath.

The next time I went out, I busied myself with the construction of an outdoor firepit. I dug a hole and ringed it with stones. I lit a fire, and sat down to admire it.

"I hate to tell you this," said the Squire, his eyes streaming. "But you've built your fire pit in the middle of a patch of poison ivy."

As we drove home, itching a bit, I spotted an old-fashioned blue and white enameled dishpan in the garbage beside the Presbyterian church.

"Stop the car," I cried. And I leapt out and grabbed the dishpan which will look grand in our cabin once we get the walls up and the floor in and the roof on and the porcupines out.

"I feel sort of funny about this," said the Squire as we drove away. "We don't even go to the Presbyterian church."

Well—you can see that being post-urban, neo-ruralist home-wrecking, crazy-optimistic, dawdling middle-aged narrow-minded conformist junk-pickers is a heavy load to carry. But we'll muddle through.

Those post-urban neo-ruralist sticks and stones may break our bones, but names will never hurt us.

Tests are a bunch of junk

Do you ever do one of those psychological quizzes in magazines or the Sunday paper? They're kind of fun, especially if you do them with your old man / old lady.

We do one every Sunday, although it's not a psych thing, but a straight quiz of general knowledge. And every Sunday morning, I get between 11 and 13 right out of 15, and the Old Battleaxe gets between six and nine right. There goes the rest of the Sabbath.

I try to be decent and modest about it. "It's only because I know more about politics, read more general news, and am about twice as smart as you, dear."

She responds: "Yes, it's because you are fascinated by those stupid politicians, have time to read the news while I'm doing housework, and are stupid enough to read a lot of stupid articles and watch stupid TV shows, that you beat me." And so it goes.

Licked on quiz
But last Sunday morning, after I'd licked her 12-6 on the information quiz, she dug up another one, in a golf magazine, with little squeaks of delight and potential triumph.

It was a personality probe, and the end result was that you were supposed to discover what sort of person you were, and as a side issue, what sort of golf player this would make you. You had to be absolutely honest in your answers. And if you weren't, there was your spouse, across the way, glowering, and saying: "You aren't a bit like that."

So, with brutal honesty, we did the quiz. We'd have been far better off in church, but there you can answer the questions, hide behind the prayer book, and below the hymns lustily, although you be a very Old Nick underneath, and nobody knows the difference.

No sidestepping
This was real and earnest, with no sidestepping, no hiding, no evasions. And it came out pretty well as we had expected: we are almost total opposites. I've known it for years, but my wife forlornly keeps hoping and saying that we have a lot in common.

Who needs it? The old adage says

by Bill Smiley



"Opposites attract." Maybe that's why we got stuck with each other, and have lived happily ever since.

Oh, we have our little differences, but beyond things like "Drop dead!" or "I'm leaving first thing in the morning," nothing much comes of them.

Well, this quiz really spelled it out. There were 20 questions, each with three categories, and we filled them in religiously. There were three columns. Examples:

1. Dependent—Dominant—Detached.
20. Lets things happen—Makes things happen—Watches things happen.

In both of the above, I was number three, she was number two. And so it went, right down the list.

Both of us had only two or three marked in the first column. In the second and third columns we were almost diametrically opposed, although there were a few overlaps. Here's how we stacked up, if you haven't turned to the comics by now.

Dominant
My old lady is: dominant, assertive, anxious, kind, extrovert of action, has enduring rapport with people, quick-tempered, irascible, talkative, active, energetic, enterprising, precise, needs people when disturbed, puts stress on doing, makes things happen.

Your humble servant, on the other hand, comes out as: detached, relaxed, calm, considerate, introverted, has extensive rapport, is gentle-tempered, reflective,

reserved, cool, inhibited, restrained, needs solitude when disturbed, puts stress on perceiving, watches things happen.

We agreed we were both: even-explosive in temperament; had a love of privacy; were self-assured (in most cases); were suspicious. In four out of 20, we have something in common.

Well, which of those two would you want to be stuck with for 30-odd years? My old lady comes across as a quick-tempered, aggressive, dominating bully. Which she ain't.

And I come across as a cold, bloodless piece of calf's liver, hung over the line to dry. Which I ain't.

Bunch of junk
Like all of those psychological quizzes, it's a bunch of junk. The title of my wife's category is the Triangular Type, or the Muscular Warrior. She is supposed to be a very dominant person on the tee, offer advice, and play only to win. Hell, she can't even bluff me, accepts advice, and plays only to win.

My category is called the Linear Type, or the Loner. I'm supposed to be a solitary, not wanting confrontation, and even want to go out and play twilight golf by myself. Ridiculous. I wouldn't walk across the street to play nine holes of golf by myself. One of us might win.

The only thing we found out from the quiz was that we both should have been in the first column, called the Circular, the happy extrovert who enjoys golf and plays an excellent game.

The Penetanguishene Citizen

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