

CITIZEN COMMENT

Local museum an asset to town

Readers of this newspaper will have noticed a new addition recently, in the form of a submission from Penetanguishene's Centennial Museum. David Dupuis, a student working at the museum for the summer is writing a weekly story about some aspect of Penetanguishene's past. In a town where history is so rich and fascinating, a museum such as the Centennial Museum is a tremendous asset.

In fact, it is our opinion that the museum doesn't get enough publicity. A great deal of time and money is spent publicizing the Historic Naval and Military Establishments, and right so. Since the Establishments are affiliated with Huronia Historical Parks, there is more time and money to be spent on publicity.

Perhaps municipal council should consider investing more tax dollars in the museum. Forming it in Penetanguishene's Centennial year was an excellent idea, but at present the museum doesn't seem very well

known in the area. That situation could easily be remedied with some well organized public relations.

If properly publicized, the Centennial Museum could be a major drawing card for Penetanguishene. Between town council and the Chamber of Commerce, some arrangement should be worked out where the museum is advertised by way of billboard, such as the Establishments are. Perhaps radio, newspaper and even regional television advertising could be considered to promote this important municipal institution.

The summer staff of the museum should be congratulated for their efforts in making the museum a known attraction. Without spending a great deal of money, the municipality should put some emphasis on the museum.

In the long run, the museum could draw many tourists into town, and perhaps aid the somewhat sagging economy.



The Question is... When is it going to end?

by
Rod McDonald

Take me out to the (hic) ball game

It's that time of year again. Summer is here and with it comes the opening of another season of 100-loss baseball for Toronto and Ontario's entry in the American League, the Blue Jays.

And even before the Blue Jays take the field early in April the Toronto media begins flogging the issue of whether you and I will be able to sit with our face down in the suds at Exhibition Stadium this season instead of concentrating on the ball game.

Maybe they feel we shouldn't be permitted to sit through another 100 losing efforts without a stiff drink?

Anyway, by the time its over this summer the sobbing to have been enticed as a regular feature at games will again take on the proportions of a full fledged civil rights campaign.

Even Consumer and Commercial Affairs Minister Larry Grossman has had second thoughts about the issue softening his position on permitting beer at sporting events by saying it will, after September of this year, be up to the particular municipality to decide whether it wains fans too bleary eyed to perform such basic functions as the seventh inning stretch.

There is little doubt that by next season we'll be able to drink during baseball games in Toronto.

And there is little doubt that from next year on I won't be going near Exhibition Stadium. It is unfortunate that in North America we have fostered this image of the athlete and his supporters as swaggering, beer swilling buffoons.

It is unfortunate, but it has become accepted fact. The beer companies delight in relating the tale to us daily through their advertising campaigns.

"Every couple of weeks, Joe and the boys (note the term men is never used) get together for some pick up hockey, or pick their noses for that matter, and have a few bottles...."

The doctrine goes, if you play sports you drink after the game. If you watch sports, especially on television, beer is an absolute must.

And so the great armchair quarterback mentality has spilled over, with help from our American counterparts, into the sports arenas.

When one looks at the situation of beer in the ballpark it is not hard to run up a lot of negative marks.

Nothing tremendously good ever came from 30,000 or so people drinking beer.

Many strange and rather violent things have.

A few years ago New York Yankee Manager Billy Martin and his charges had to take bats in hand to rescue one of their players from Centre field in Cleveland's stadium after beery fans literally took over the ballpark.

During last year's World Series it wouldn't be too hard to imagine all the yo-yos that spillover the outfield fences interrupting the games as having likely had a couple.

And last weekend at Mospport Park came the ultimate.

A hostile crowd which had allegedly gathered to watch the Indy-type car race at Mospport, Sunday stoned police officers as they attempted to do their duty.

In the fracas that followed several cars were burned and beer bottles were broken on the track.

It is obvious in this situation that the mob mentality didn't help.

Likely the same mob mentality that took hold of those baseball fans in Cleveland.

As a spokesman for the Durham Regional Police said after the Mospport incident, "You've got to expect with a crowd this size you're going to have about 50 animals."

Mospport is also to blame for what happened.

The advertising for the Indy weekend on radio made it sound like the track was supplying a ready made orgy.

Little was said about the racing. The people who attend took it from there and made up their own rules.

I'm afraid that no one has proven to my satisfaction that drinking and spectating go hand in hand.

The proof of that for me came last year at a Blue Jays game.

Three people who had obviously had a number of drinks before the game sat two rows behind my family and I.

They were slightly amusing at first saying silly things and staggering to their feet every now and then.

But as the game wore on and the bottle of whiskey they had produced drained away, it was getting increasingly hard to keep one of the men out of a fight with not only people around him but his friends as well.

The reason for his anger was simply that the bottle was empty.

As far as he was concerned that baseball game could have been in the next county.

Why give those "50 other animals" who weren't enterprising enough to bring their own booze the chance to do the same by supplying it at the park?

Power boat races would aid economy

According to a recent newspaper article, the chances of having power boat races in Penetanguishene Harbour seem very good. The Canadian Boating Federation has approached the Chamber of Commerce, and the Chamber has reacted in a positive way.

Having these power boat races in Penetanguishene would be a definite asset to our summer economy. Boating being a very popular sport, people would no doubt flock to the town to see the races.

Assuming it is possible to hold the races on our harbour, perhaps the town should consider making the event a gala affair. Certainly, if the races could somehow be tied in with Summerama, the influx of tourists into Penetanguishene would make a lot of people happy.

We encourage town council and local residents to support the Chamber of Commerce in their bid to hold the boat races on Penetanguishene Harbour.

Exchange program a great experience

In view of recent controversy regarding French and English education, teachers and students at Ecole St. Croix in Lafontaine deserve congratulations for their recent exchange program.

The program was carried out between schools in Guelph and Kitchener and the grade eight students at the Lafontaine school. The visiting students obviously enjoyed themselves, and more importantly they experienced a cultural exchange that will probably benefit them in years to come.

The visiting students are all being taught French in their schools, so they weren't ignorant of French culture or language. None the less, spending the time they did at a school where French is the working language, in a village where French is the predominant language must have been a

tremendous experience for the visiting students.

The program also gave the Guelph-Kitchener children an excellent opportunity to see and experience the historical sites and points of interest in the Penetanguishene-Lafontaine-Midland area.

Most important of all, the exchange program proves that French and English education can go hand in hand. Obviously, there is no reason for conflict when groups of young people can spend time together, comfortably, enjoying and benefitting from a cultural and linguistic exchange.

Programs such as the exchange between Guelph-Kitchener and Lafontaine are extremely valuable if properly organized, and everyone involved in the program should be congratulated.

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.

The frog prince is cheap to keep

Some days when I can't get it together - when concentration flags and the wits grow dim; when my family doesn't appreciate me and my friends don't understand me, when I'm having a personal energy crisis and I'm feeling blue - I go out and talk to my frog.

This may sound like an excessively sentimental Beatrix Potterish exercise - the kind of thing indulged in by cutesy-poo people who talk baby-talk to their cats, and give their cars names like Nellie Bell and Petunia.

Still - I always come away from a conversation with my frog a better person - mainly because I realize that there is more to life than waiting around for a fly to land within striking distance.

In a ditch
This frog - Rawley - is my very own. I personally caught him in a ditch one misty summer morn as the Squire and I were setting out on a fishing expedition.

The Squire used his personal frogs to catch several shining bass. I couldn't bring myself to impale mine. It bothers me to see frogs doing a doomed and frenzied breast stroke, with a fish hook through the upper lip.

(Yes - I guess I'm sort of humane, although I don't mind eating fish caught with somebody else's frogs.)

So, I brought Rawley home, alive and thumping with gratitude, in the bait pail. We put him in the back yard fishpond with Maxine, LaVerne and Patti - the goldfish.

In the fall, we brought the Andrew's Sisters indoors, but Rawley eluded capture. It's just as well. My kitchen is untidy but there are no swampy places in it where a frog could winter over.

This spring we put the girls in the gold lame gowns back in the pool, and there was Rawley sitting on a stone, winking lewdly.

by Shirley
Whittington



Wintering over in a small plastic lined pool hadn't dimmed his spirit. There may have been moss on the roof, but there was still a fire in the furnace.

Pet Status
This was when we conferred pet status on Rawley, and as pets go, he's a jewel. Unlike ponies and poodles, frogs do not require clipping and grooming. You do not have to take them for rabies shots.

In order to keep a single frog, you do not need a licence or a leash or a fenced back yard. Frogs en masse might bother the neighbours. Solo, they don't.

Frogs cost nothing to feed. In fact, I credit Rawley with keeping our patio relatively bug and caterpillar free. I watched him yesterday sitting as benign as a stone while a fuzzy caterpillar inched down the rock behind him. In a flash, Rawley turned, pounced, and the caterpillar disappeared. Then Rawley did a spectacular half-gainer, zapped across the pool, and it was curtains for another fuzzy-wuzzy.

Personality
You may think frogs have no personality. Rawley has. In the evening, he reclines half-

in and half-out of the water, tantalizing the fish with his shapely back legs. The silly creatures gather at his feet, and nibble his toes. Then he does a quick turn and dives like bullet, scattering the fish like so many golden splinters.

What do you say to a frog? Well, I tell him I have a headache, and he says, "So? I haven't even got a head."

I tell him nobody appreciates me, and he says, "Don't tell me about being a small frog in a small pond."

I tell him I feel blue, and he says, "Green ain't so hot either."

Best thing
But the best thing about having a frog for a pet and confidante is that he knows his place. Your dogs and your cats get uppity. They begin to think they are people. They take advantage. They get pushy.

Rawley gets delusions of humanity occasionally. Just last week, he leered at me and said, "Listen - if things are so bad why don't you kiss me, and I'll take you away from all this?"

"Aw - go jump in the lake," I said. And I felt better.

The soul undernourished in schools

Some of the most refreshing thoughts about education I've read in many a day are contained in a recent article in the Toronto Star by W.E. Franke, principal of a new private senior high school in Hogtown.

As he points out, our educational system today consists of people blaming other people for the slipping standards of education. The universities point the dirty finger at the high schools, the high schools at the elementary schools, the elementary schools at the parents. Only the poor bewildered parents don't have anyone to point at. All they know is that their educational tax bill goes up every year and their kids don't seem to be learnin' nuttin'.

Holy war
Mr. Franke would launch a holy war against the present sludgy system, "a war that must be fought for our intellectual, spiritual, and economic survival."

He would make French, English, and mathematics compulsory subjects. Grammar would be an integral part of any language course. The compulsory French would not be for the political reasons now attributed to its study but because we cannot be called "educated" without the knowledge of a foreign language.

How right he is. I can well remember the days when high schools offered Latin, French, German, Spanish. Today, Latin has almost disappeared, French and German are hanging on by their toenails, and it is a very rare school that offers Spanish.

And what does that say about our teachers? I'd be greatly surprised if more than 10 per cent of the teachers in Canada know more than one language.

The man wants a powerful stimulation in the arts from the federal government. He says: "The soul is undernourished in our schools, and the emotions are not addressed." He's not far off.

Only a few
For too many years there has been the attitude that only a talented few have an ability for the arts. Any good teacher of drama, music, dance, and fine arts knows this is a lot of hogwash. There can be a spark of artistic fire in the most unlikely lump of a kid.

He'd push this further and have every province establish schools for the artistic

by Bill Smiley



elite, as they do now for slow learners. The system has swung to the extent that it is now the brightest and best who are neglected, who wither on the vine in frustration and boredom.

Mr. Franke would like to see a return from mediocrity, which is now the standard, back to the excellence which it once was.

But his article is not all just pie in the sky, an airy-fairy repetition of what most progressive educators have been saying. He has some practical suggestions.

One of them is to cut the provincial governing apparatus in half. As he points out, a move of the government, in Ontario at least, "Merely shifted its top civil servants into the newly-created positions of directors and superintendents. Their enormous salaries now come out of the pocket of the local home-owners." That argument has a hole in it, but he's on the right track.

He claims that "a 75 per cent reduction in administrative jobs would not make the slightest dent in the 'quality' of education." And he adds that the wall-to-wall, air-conditioned palaces of these administrators should be rented out to somebody who can afford them. Right on, Franke, baby.

Nuisance
He suggests that boards of education are little more than a nuisance, that they have grown into small empires, that "schools should be run by schools, not by a bombastic outside apparatus." I'll buy that. There's so much paperwork involved that teachers will often give up on a good and valid project rather than wade through it.

He thinks teachers and principals should be carefully examined before they are hired, and should be ruthlessly fired when they

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