

Homosexual lifestyle may be just trend

Dear Editor:

Church members clergy and officials of several religious denominations are watching the painful thrashing of the afflicted United Church with fascination and unease, Depending on what is decided by the General Council in August regarding the controversial resolution proposing the ordination of homosexuals, their own travail may be just over the horizon.

The United Church hierarchy and the editor of its influential publication, The Observer, may not be able to see the woods for the trees, for they seem unable to consider the possibility that the gay community may

be largely a delusion. They appear to be accepting as genuine the wholesale avowal by so many that they are gay or lesbian; but perhaps the relatively sudden proliferation of what most Canadians believe to be a deviation may be something of a mass delusion. Granted, to judge such widespread belief about sexual orientation to be unfounded would make these experts eat humble pie, a meal which lay and clerical pundits would find hard to ingest.

Those of mature years will recall that, in their generation, homosexuality and lesbianism, although there were clearly some

who fell into those categories, were mainly to be found in dictionaries. Most of us had heard of Sappho and some had even read The Well of Loneliness. The former group was claimed to be particularly active in Britain where the "public" school tradition for countless generations had ensured that young boys had beaten younger boys and often molested them.

It has been suggested that lesbianism was not designated as a crime simply because no one could be found who dared to explain the term to Queen Victoria who would have had to sign the legislative documents.

During the Second World War, Canadian authorities were enough aware of homosexuality that males in uniform were not permitted to share train berths while travelling, although no such restrictions applied to females, so presumably the incidence of that persuasion must have been close to minimal.

During my several years of war service, not once were either of these terms heard, not even in a prolonged period in barracks where conversation was completely uninhibited, to say the least, and usually quite explicit. In that atmosphere the slightest whisper of other than heterosexuality could not possibly have escaped prurient notice.

In subsequent years there was a great surge of allegedly emancipated and unconventional encounters. Books, magazines and the new television became increasingly more "liberated" and it seemed that promiscuity was vital to the enjoyment of life, that there was a growing gay life style, Serious medical evidence does show that there must always have been some genuine homosexuals; but myriads of basically immature young people, brainwashed by the hype of trendiness, suddenly began to ask themselves if they might have been born to this new role, helpless to do other than to embrace the "with it" society. Closely paralleling this naiveté was the meteoric rise of the drug culture, now completely out of control.

Is it really logical to believe that the present generation has different and more powerful sexual urges than its predecessors, or the trendy need for "getting high"? Or is it probable that the majority just fecklessly adopted these new life styles to which they do not really belong?

The United Church of Canada may have opened a Pandora's Box with its current recommendations. But should it have done so without first exploring the hypothesis which questions the genuineness of the gay phenomenon, and assisting those who are not truly of it to resume their real natures? Time then to deal with perhaps the small remnant left who deserve the sympathy and understanding of those in this and all other churches.

Stanley R. Redman
Midland

Remember the regional

The Community Advisory Board's plans for the Mental Health Centre's Regional Division are practical, coherent and rational.

We see here a chance to deinstitutionalize mental health care, a trend which, if allowed to continue, will invariably lead to better allocation of funding, more affordable services and more efficient rendering of treatment.

What is so appealing about the plans is the willingness of the hospital to work within the existing structure.

News about Oak Ridge dominates everyone's image of the MHC. That's where the sensational stuff unfolds. That's where the horror stories are told.

We tend to forget the diligence of the Regional and its many programs to meet the needs of everyone from victims of Alzheimer's disease to alcoholism. There is a success story there, one that unfolds slowly but with some certainty. We should remember that a very unique structure exists in Penetanguishene.

May Civitan convention received help

Dear Editor:

The Midland Civitan Club would like to thank the following industries and businesses for the prizes they donated for the Civitan Convention held on May 27, 28 and 29 at the Highland Inn:

Barber & Haskill, Midland Sewing Center, Bay Mills Ltd., Cumming & Nicholson Shoes, Castle Village, Parker's Variety, Courtesy Chrysler, P.D. Murphy Jewellers, Crow's Nest, The Pendulum, Rick Ellesmere, Penetang Bottling Co., Guardian Drugs, Radio Shack, Huronia Office Supplies, Rolfoto Studio, Jeffery's Pro Hardware, Sterling Trust, Johnstone's Music Land, Stoneleigh Motors, Jory's I.D.A. Durg Store, Sunrise Medical, J.R. Enterprises, Tamarack, Keenan's Dept. Store, Tong's T.V., Livingston's Men's Wear, Voorzanger's, Marg's Pottery, Waltec Plastics, Meridis Place, Waltec Sinkware, Marlin Travel, Woolco (F.W. Woolworth's), Midland Buildall, and Midland Flower and Feed.

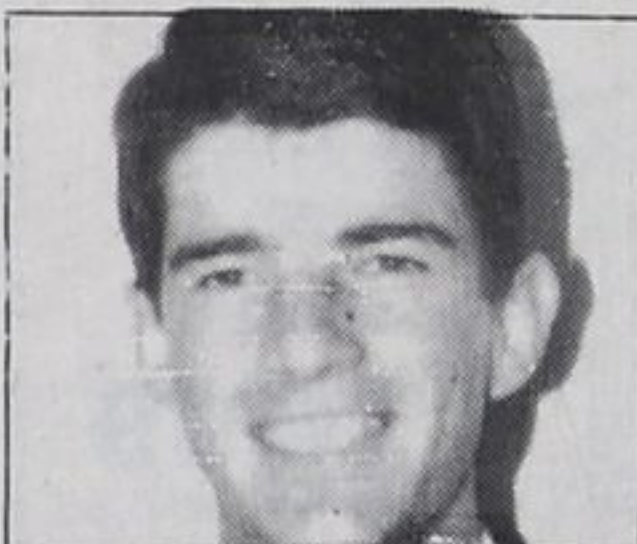
Special thanks to Carol Baker of the Midland Chamber of Commerce, the late Budd Watson, Bill Crips and wife, Len Pro of Tilley, and Guy Kinnear.

Ralph Ladouceur
Midland Civitan Club

As I See It

by David Krayden

It's so nice to go travelin'



I am going on vacation this week. That will probably please some of the churchgoers in this area who are still fuming at me for one of my earlier columns, as well as the other people who love to hate my column. But chin up: I may be away but the column won't be!

Shirley, my girlfriend, is going to Vancouver Island with me. I haven't been there for about almost nine months now and I'm looking forward to it.

I cannot promise to write a mini-epic on the trip when I return though. Ed Pearson, that noted curler, columnist and legionnaire extraordinaire, took a meandering trip out west recently and milked his journey for all it was worth.

I think the Senior Scutterbutt took about as long retelling the story as the actual trip.

But Ed drove all the way to Colorado. I am merely flying and you don't meet as many exciting experiences on the ground as you do in the air.

Not quite.

Though I have flown quite a bit -- in airplanes I mean -- I have gone from Ontario to British Columbia in just about every other conceivable manner: car, bus, train. I'd sail, but there's no water between the two provinces, just the prairies.

I once took a three-day bus trip. It cost \$99 and I think I was overcharged. For three nights I couldn't sleep. Car lights would flash in my face all night and the seats wouldn't tilt back even an inch. You could call it economy class -- except it didn't have any class at all.

My travel companions weren't the most civil either. There was this group of really big kids (late 20s, early 30s) who stayed on the bus with me from Ottawa all the way to Vancouver.

You know the types: large, unshaven louts who invariably refuse to shower more than once a week. They were always trying to smuggle booze onto the bus, sneaking past the driver with bulging jean jackets of Jack

Daniels.

Solid!

It became really obvious that they were drinking all night when one of the boys whooped his cookie all over the floor.

It was a non-smoking bus too and, of course, this caused endless aggravation for the adult toddlers. Every time the bus stopped -- for any reason -- they would stampede off and quickly light up, inhaling deeply and exhaling huge clouds of smoke. Sometimes (giggle, giggle) it wasn't just tobacco either.

Despite all this fun, the bus trip was an educational experience. I learned that I would never again travel across the county in this manner.

I have had adventures in the air too.

Have you ever flown in Mexico or Central America? Now there's an experience!

Where else can you have drinks served before you leave the ground? I remember the stewardess coming around with a rather exquisite selection of liquor -- Cognac, Scotch,

Tequila, etc. -- and asking us to "please have a drink."

In those days, you didn't have to ask me twice.

After gulping down the travel depressant, I asked the accomodating stewardess why they didn't wait 'til we were airborne until the drinks were poured.

She said, "We find it helps prepare the passengers for the trip."

A 40 ounce bottle of Wild Turkey couldn't have prepared me for that trip.

And if you think bus rides are uncomfortable in Canada, try taking a 15 hour voyage in Honduras, where chickens occupy the same space as people.

The chickens were lucky to be less than five feet tall because they weren't constantly knocking their heads against the roof of the vehicle.

But I'm going home this week, in good company. I can't think of anything else I'd want to do: as I see it, anyway.

Letters

The Penetanguishene Citizen welcomes letters to the editor. They must be legible, signed (by hand), and carry the writer's address and telephone number for verification purposes. Pen names are not allowed and anonymous letters will not be published, but names will be withheld if circumstances warrant. Letters published by this newspaper do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this newspaper, its publisher or editor.

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