

Just a happy memory now

Dear Editor:

Say Goodbye to Martin's Valley. As a former resident, in passing occasionally through the town, I am aware of the changes that have taken place since I lived in Penetanguishene from 1916 to 1937.

I have been alternately gladdened and saddened when I view what has taken place in the interim.

But nothing has disturbed me quite as much as when leaving the town recently, I glanced to the right after passing the Angels and saw how far the scoops of the Lediard Sand and Gravel Company had intruded into what was once a green and verdant valley.

Martin's Valley. The name brings back a flood of memories when as a small boy it was the place to toboggan and snowshoe in winter.

In summer to lie in the grass and watch the fleecy clouds sail majestically by gave one the feeling that all was well with the world.

Back then it was owned by Andrew and Bertha Martin who lived on Jeffery Street with their four children. The house is still occupied by their daughter Rosemary and her husband Ken Tannahill.

The valley and nearby Columbus's Hill was a winter wonderland to all the little "gaffers."

We crossed Highway 27, went through Beck's field, down over the flats and after what seemed hours, we arrived and it was down the hill in 10 seconds and a 15 minute drag up.

Never thought anything about it. That's the way it was and that's the way it should be.

No tow bars for us. We went early Saturday morning and arrived home utterly exhausted in the early winter darkness.

I recall so well one particularly savage winter the snow in the valley reached record depths and the wind had formed a snowy overhang at the top and straight down below was a scooped-out trough.

We stared long and hard, wondering if it was possible to shoot off the crest, miss the trough and sail on down the slope.

Minds made up, I asked my brother Doug to give the toboggan a good shove and send us on our way.

The shove wasn't that good either by accident or design (I suspect the latter).

We went straight down, hit the trough, the toboggan buckled in the middle and

shot five children into the air where they cartwheeled into the deep snow while the toboggan righted itself and sped off down the incline.

Unhurt and undaunted we tried again and this time - success.

Penetanguishene was a wonderful place in which to grow up. It was and still is a sports minded community and the number

of people who could play hockey, baseball, softball, lacrosse, badminton, curling, golf, tennis and other athletic endeavours very well was astonishing. It must be the cold, clear, pure drinking water.

If any of the children from that era are still around although long since grown up and with grandchildren, would you, the next time you sit down with any sort of li-

quid refreshment, join me in a toast to Martin's Valley.

To me, even though it will soon be no more, it will always have a special place in my memories of those grand growing-up years in Penetanguishene.

G.M. Barbour



Thanks for helping out

Dear Editor:

St. Ann's Catholic Women's League would like to thank the three Penetang

schools that participated in the U.N.I.C.E.F. project, netting \$691.48.

Thank you kids.

Catholic Women's League



Risky business

by Robert Risk

I pride myself on an open mind

Always looking for events that are of interest to Citizen readers, I recently stumbled across something a little out of the ordinary.

I pride myself on having an open mind, so when I learned that The Bar was having a ladies night on Saturday, I was curious enough to see what would happen.

In case you don't know, The Bar is an entertainment establishment that features exotic female dancers (strippers).

For a change of pace, male dancers were there instead and boy, was the crowd different that night.

I'll admit I've been in one or two strip clubs, but usually only because they had

a pool table or a big screen TV for the hockey playoffs.

I'm sure some of you are nodding skeptically, thinking, "Sure. And you buy Playboy magazine just to read the articles too."

Ok, ok. So it's nice to have something to take my mind off sinking the cue ball (which happens too often, by the way).

Anyhow, I've been in enough of these places to know how most men react to the strip acts: some whistling, polite applause and the occasional encouraging remark.

The mood is usually subdued, with the attention of the crowds evenly mixed amongst themselves, the pool table or

video games, the TV and of course, the stage or table dancers.

Well, I can safely say that most of the ladies on Saturday gave the performers their undivided attention... and then some.

"Take it off, take it off!" was expressed loudly by many, while some others checked for bun freshness with a quick pinch.

Just try to touch a female dancer without her permission and you'll quickly find Vinny the bouncer separating your shoulder for you.

Another difference was that the place was very busy. I estimate there were about 200 women there whooping it up.

They got especially rowdy when Percy,

one of the regular waiters, jumped up on stage and did an abbreviated strip.

Also, several of the ladies were eagerly waving dollar bills around, hoping to make a deposit at the local G-string bank. Interest earned was one kiss.

I was a little uncomfortable, being one of maybe five male patrons. I wore black for the occasion, hoping to blend into the shadows.

Nevertheless, I'm sure a few ladies saw me there who've seen me before. Now when they meet me it's likely I'll get funny looks and invitations to tupperware parties.

Letters

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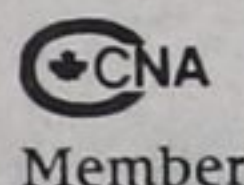
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