

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Rochdale Disaster

In these days of spiralling taxes, when the average man is shelling out more and more of his money for education particularly, it makes one reach a boiling point when he reads about Rochdale College in Toronto.

As I described in the Oakville Journal-Record as a "halfway house for social misfits, it would be bad enough if Rochdale was a private institution, the inmates of which were paying for what they are getting (or not getting) depending on how you look at it.

But when it is revealed that the five million dollar building in Toronto was heavily financed by a government agency, Central Mortgage and Housing, and that some of its leaders are subsidized by the Company of Young Canadians, also a government agency... then we think it is past time that Mr. Averageman rise in wrath and ask just what our legislators are thinking about.

What's wrong with Rochdale?

It would take more than a page of the Herald to itemize.

It is a free-wheeling, cooperative residence, completely lacking in supervision or direction, ostensibly allowing its students to study anything or nothing, live their private lives in any way they deem fit.

It caters to sexual freedom, anti-Americanism, anti-establishment, anti-practically anything which its leaders take a notion. It derides universities as turning out robots who are fit only to go out and make a living.

As the Oakville paper sums it up... "It is an education in how not to run a college, and one which ought to teach the public about the dangers of letting the free-education concept get out of hand... get out of control of the educators, the administrators and the public trustees."

Rochdale has demonstrated that a student's place is in the classroom, but not at the head of the class, nor running the show.

Second Time Around

Halton's most senior politician has begun a term as county warden.

But it's no new experience to Esquimaux's George Currie. In 1936, he was awarded a similar honour. A difficult post to attain even once in a lifetime, and a rare occurrence to happen twice.

It is unlikely that many more will be accorded this double honour, for municipal government is in for some radical changes, and its municipalities like Halton which always are used in new experiments.

A regional government which could see many present county boundaries disappear is in the talking stage, following study of

the Plunkett report. Yesterday, municipal representatives met with government officials in Toronto, in preliminary discussions about the future of government in Halton and Peel counties.

With education centralized in a rapid government move last year, a change in municipal government could come as fast. It is quite possible that Mr. Currie could be the very last warden of Halton county as we know it today.

If so, then Halton will be well served, for his 43 years in politics has made Mr. Currie well-known and well-respected throughout the county.

Cracker Barrel Politics

Contemplated action by the post office department in inaugurating five days only mail delivery in towns, while retaining the six day delivery to rural residents, smacks of a cracker barrel philosophy which should be as extinct in Ontario as the horse and buggy.

Dropping a day's mail delivery will work minor hardship on town residents, but we have heard no particular complaints, for it is geared to save money and help put the post office department on a break-even basis.

The Saturday delivery could be dropped to country residents at the same time

with no more hardship, and urban people have a right to censure our politicians for so blatantly favouring our rural friends.

An important letter is an important letter, whether it bears a town or country address. Why then, should it suddenly become so important that a farmer receive it on Saturday, but a town resident should wait until Monday?

The matter should resolve itself, then, into black and white — either Saturday mail is too important to drop delivery... or the savings involved will far outweigh the minor inconveniences if no mail is received on Saturdays.

SEEING THE WORLD: Part 4

Blue Mosque Worthwhile Attraction at Isan Istanbul

(Continuing a series of letters home from Janice Carter to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ormie Carter, describing a globe-trotting tour which she is taking with Karen Korczak of Glen Williams and a couple of English girls.)

Nov. 22nd, 1968
Istanbul,

Dear Everybody:

"Another week has passed! We have had fantastic ups and downs — mostly having to do with our vehicle and also Sheila has been very sick with an abscess on her tooth, cold, etc. We appear to be on our way again sans vehicle as our engine refused to go and we couldn't risk getting stuck on the Troad in the middle of winter. We will take the train to Izmir for about \$3 Turkish Lira (\$4.25) and from there we will take whatever is the cheapest method of transport. Tehran is our next major stop as we have contacts there (relatives of our carpet trader friend in Istanbul.)

I think the day I wrote (or finished writing) was November 19th in which case, I can't fill you in from there. We went running into the British Consulate in the afternoon in search of mail and I got seeds of it — or three letters from the "beanones" plus another couple of double headers from mom. I had time (and money for postage) I would write to everybody, however. — Well, we sat down and read our letters as

the others got quite a few as well and then went shopping to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ormie Carter, describing a globe-trotting tour which she is taking with Karen Korczak of Glen Williams and a couple of English girls.)

Nov. 22nd, 1968
Istanbul, The lawyer read me some Turkish poetry but could not translate it, so Isan translated it into French for me and I was able to get some meaning from it! And of course, we listened to records for a while as popular music seems to be universal. And then — home to Europe for bed — Uskudar is on the Asian side of Istanbul! Then next day we went to the Blue Mosque and were very lucky to meet a boy named Hussein, (who is studying geophysics at university) who offered to give us a guided tour and to talk to us about Islam in order to improve his English. He was a real wealth of information as he had studied all the historical background of the Mosque and showed us small details that most people would not see — like the three holy stones at the front, and a very beautiful rug in a rich emerald green that was given to the Turkish people by the King of Egypt.

The whole of the interior is covered in carpets of all colors and designs and then the dome of the Mosque and the surrounding half and quarter and



ORPHAN OF THE STORM

eight domes have all different designs as well. The major dome is pale blue representing heaven and the deeper blues of the lower domes represent the sea. We were there for the major prayer time (around 5 p.m.) and heard the Muezzin chant and watched the people pray. All the time, Hussein explained details to us.

We really would have liked to have had more time to spend with him as he was very interesting and his English was excellent. He said that by going to historical places and being helpful, he had met people from all over the world. But we had to go back as Abbas was taking us out for a farewell dinner. However, first of all we commended his chauffeur, our friend Hussein and made him take us to the Hilton Hotel so that we could change a traveler's cheque as our money had run out again and the banks were all closed.

Karen and Chris and I went in with Abbas and barged in on a fancy dress reception for the socially elite — we noticed a two star general and a lot of military fuss. Since we were wearing our blue jeans and grotty old sweaters we attracted more stares than anybody — it is a very posh hotel, the most expensive in Istanbul. He ushered us around flamboyantly shouting out in German all the points of interest — Esszimmer (dining room) where they were holding the dinner) cabaret, toilette, etc.!!

Then we had dinner at a Kebab restaurant — it was very good — Turkish Kebab tastes a lot like Harvey's hamburgers — which is a little disturbing as there was a cat wandering around in there! Afterwards, we had to sing for Abbas' friends again and then escape home by 11. Abbas, ever the business man, changed money in the taxi into silver and then unfolded some of that on the poor desk clerk.

The desk clerk at our hotel was very, very kind to us and told us (half in sign language) that he would miss us and that on our way back, we must phone from Ankara and they would have our room ready for us.

Lawyers Seeking Change in Dates For Court Sessions

Halton County Law Society seeks an amendment to the statutory dates for holding general sessions of the peace in county court, outgoing president of the society, Peter McWilliams revealed this week.

A resolution drafted at the law society's annual meeting last week asks for new trial dates more convenient for jurymen and the legal profession.

Currently jury criminals and civil trial sittings start at the county courthouse in Milton the first Monday in June, and the first Monday in December.

Holiday Periods With the increasing number of criminal and civil cases, Mr. McWilliams said, these sittings are running on for many days into, respectively, the summer and Christmas holiday periods.

The reason for the current dates goes back a long way, he



Halton MP Rud L. Whiting reports from Ottawa

THIS BEING my first column in the New Year, I hope that you all had a pleasant holiday season and that 1969 will be a happy and prosperous year for all.

PARLIAMENT RECONVENED on Tuesday, 14th January, after a three week recess. The recess gave me a further opportunity to visit with many people in the riding who have problems which come under the jurisdiction of the federal government. I feel that in many cases I can get a better insight into their problems by calling on these people personally.

DURING THE holidays I attended several social functions which were held throughout the riding. It was my pleasure to be invited to Mayor Wheldon Emerson's inauguration dinner in Georgetown. He and his council begin their term of office in January and I wish them well in their deliberations during the next two years. If I can be of assistance to them at any time I hope they will feel free to contact me.

I WAS ASKED to address the Georgetown Lions Club and spent a most enjoyable evening with them. My remarks were about my personal involvement in politics. I related some of the problems I had to face even before I was nominated as the Liberal candidate. It is a big jump from being a party member to being a candidate. There are a number of things which are important at the time you make this decision. These include your family life, your job situation, the support you can garner from association members and last, but not least, is what kind of competition you will face at nomination meeting.

I ALSO TOLD THEM about some of the humorous experiences I encountered during the campaign. Before leaving this subject I would like to mention one incident — which occurred the day after the election. We had a victory celebration at my home on election night which lasted into the small hours of the morning. At 7:00 o'clock in the morning the phone rang and a voice said "Mr. Whiting, now that you are a member of parliament, I have a problem, and I want to know what you are going to do about it."

said, and was originally for the least inconvenience to the farming community. Since the face of the county has changed since that time, the society feels it would be more convenient for all concerned if the summer sitting started in May and the winter sitting in November.

December Sitting The December sitting at Milton was one of the heaviest calendars the court has had. There were too many cases for county Judge Alan B. Sprague to handle and relief Judge William Maedel of Guelph was called in to help dispose of the heavy case load.

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

THE GOOD (?) OLD DAYS

You know those people who have been going around for the past 20 years complaining, — "Remember the good old days, when we used to have real winters, with lots of snow?"

I'd like to catch the next person who says it, and stick him, upside down, anywhere in our backyard. All you would see would be two feet of snow, trying to semaphore "SOS". And you wouldn't even see that unless he were six feet tall or more.

Quite a winter. In our town, you can park the car in front of the house, and you wouldn't know it was there, except for the radio aerial.

Because of the flu, and my bad back, and all those worrying about heart attacks, and bone laziness, I've been hiring boys to shovel our front and back sidewalks, about ninety yards of them.

(Remember the good old days, when you offered to shovel somebody's walk and that he had been corrupted by the snow shovellers' union. However, it hasn't cost me much yet. I've hired five, and three of them haven't been seen since they started work on the front walk. We'll probably find them in the spring, smiling seraphically among the rotted oak leaves and fallen branches.

But one of them, a rosy-faced urchin called Jerry, is going to go places. He's right on the job. If there's a gentle snow falling and there's about an inch of it, and it's seven o'clock on a Sunday morning, he phones to see if I want him. If it's snowing as if there was a big hole in the sky, and blowing like a banshee, and drifting deep, you couldn't get hold of that kid if you got the whole police force looking for him.

Much the same happens with the chap who plows the driveway. If there's three inches of light snow, he's right there. If there's eight inches of heavy snow, I'll swear he just goes home and sits by the fire. And

whichever, he has an unerring instinct for cleaning the driveway just three minutes before the town snowplow comes along and fills it in again.

It's sort of fun driving in this stuff, though. It brings out the Gossack in the mildest of motorists. First, you eye the pile of snow at the mouth of your driveway. Looks fairly light and only two feet deep.

You get the old creak going, usually, start slowly backwards, out of the garage, then give it the gun and try to buck through the drift on sheer raw courage and plain stupidity. Sometimes you even make it. Sometimes there's a foot of iron ice under that surface of fluffy stuff. But it's the nearest modern equivalent to a cavalry charge that I know, except that you're going backwards.

What gives it a little extra spice is that, because of the huge banks, you can't see a thing in either direction as you hit that enemy line. The other day, I nearly talled two snowmobiles that were whizzing past. And the next day, an old truck would have got me, except that this was one of the times I didn't break through the drift.

You can't beat the modern methods of snow removal, though. They used to lug it away in trucks and dump it on some patch of wasteland. Today, instead of trucks, we have the snowblower.

And in the spring, when the snow is all gone, you go out with first a shovel, then a rake, and finally a stiff broom, and remove about four carloads of salt and sand from what used to be your nice, green lawn.

It's our own fault, of course. People used to put the beasts up on blocks in November. Today, it's not only vital, but a matter of pride, to keep the car in action, even though the drive is only three blocks to work.

We're caught on the horns of our own dilemma, and it's painful, but it certainly keeps us on our toes, when winter decides that there's a lot of life in the old boy yet, and proceeds to prove it.

— Don't miss the Ice Carnival this Saturday at the arena.

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