

On the vastest of all human enterprises

"You don't like regional government at all, do you?"

That was one reader's reaction to an editorial in this corner last week.

To which we say, "well read! You got the message."

Government is the vastest of all human enterprises and it needs to be constantly examined to see that it is functioning well.

People vote for the same reasons as they form or join or support groups that are seeking to bring about social or community improvement: they wish to have a hand in promoting welfare; they want to be part of life.

When a voter touches pencil to paper in casting his ballot he is reminded that he is not living alone. He is one of the whole community, sharing at this moment in choosing the person who shall carry out his wishes in government.

Democracy is defined as a system of government in which the supreme power is vested in the people and exercised by them or by their elected agents under a free electoral system. The essence of democracy is that consent is free after free debate.

The principle that what concerns all must be approved by all is impossible of attainment, because, human nature being as it is, there will always be a dissenting minority.

Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of assemblage and secret choice of representatives are all part of the fabric of democracy. Parliamentary democratic government is direction of the affairs of the state by a majority that provides the minority with the possibility of becoming a majority by the education of citizens to its point of view.

In Canada's parliamentary democracy every citizen is faced by a sovereign responsibility: that of directing his own fate. Through their selected government, men and women find it possible to establish themselves in mutually fulfilling relationship to their fellow citizens, and that is the central function of happy human life.

THE TOWN MEETING

The only way in which a person can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject affecting him is by hearing what can be said about it by people of every variety of opinion. Since earliest times, men and women have been trying to create a system that will give them this opportunity to learn about things.

In Greece of the sixth to the fourth century B.C. every citizen had the right to attend and speak and vote in the assembly. Since then, there have been many plans devised to preserve the ideal of government by citizens who meet face to face to discuss their problems. It is difficult indeed to

adapt a form of government that was developed in simple, intimate, community life to an era of great nation states, large and centralized organization, and highly specialized knowledge.

The town meeting was such an effort. It was a general meeting of the inhabitants of a town in which they were able to make their voices heard. They were recognized as persons, and not as faceless cogs in a machine. Such pure democracy, person-to-person discussion and decision, would be impossible in a nation, province, city, or region, hence representative democracy has developed.

It is not by chance, but by enlightened development, that government in Canada provides what people all over the world desire: a liberal environment; a fluid society free from class barriers; opportunity to choose and to progress in profession or trade according to one's ambition, ability and energy; liberty to stand up and speak out for things in which one believes; and the power to choose those who are to have the authority to maintain these freedoms.

Canadians have confidence that their aspirations can be met within this system. Many other nations have democratic constitutions that are as perfect as Canada's, but Canada has added an ingredient: she has given a valuable demonstration that tolerance must be an intrinsic part of any real democracy.

Obviously, the government cannot be looked upon as an institution that acts in a Santa Claus way, handing out goodies. Before a government can become kind it must be right. Rightness is the virtue every citizen requires above all other government virtues.

The word "politics" has become tarnished by confusing it with party political feuds. Politics is not a thing apart from civilization, but a manifestation of civilization in growth. It changes form and function in accord with changes in the composition and ideals of society.

As long as we live in a changing world about which our knowledge is incomplete, we must be prepared to listen to other people's opinions about government and government measures. Political parties keep us reminded that there are at least two fairly meritorious sides to every major political question on which men disagree.

All of which brings us back to regional government, and we ask you, in view of the above, does it work for you? Do you feel it's "your government?" Or do you feel also that it's something thrust on us against our wishes? Something we don't understand and something that has a sinister aura about it?

Think about it!

Meet Jim who came in from the cold . . .

We've known newspaper editors whose first priority in life was a simple "stamp out government." There are still some left. And they're really pretty close to the mark in their zeal for an end to red tape and unwarranted government interference.

We felt like stamping out a whole branch of the Ontario government last week, when one of its officials, with the titles M.Sc., Adv. Cavn. Dip (believe it or not!) came to visit us, unannounced, tagging behind him a young man who appeared bewildered by the whole deal.

It was Monday. Deadline day. Busy day.

At about 11 a.m. a reporter announced "there's someone to see you from the government."

So there we were...was it Bill Davis, feeling it was about time he met the editor of the newspaper that says his regional government idea stinks? Or was it a man from Ottawa, bringing a special citation for intelligent reporting on behalf of the Prime Minister?

No. It was Jim. (We'll just call him that, for short. His last name doesn't matter. We're not out to get him fired. We'd just like his boss to teach him how not to go about his job.)

And Jim explains that this fellow with him needs a job on the newspaper. He writes pretty good, says Jim.

We look at Jim. Then at the fellow with him.

We're really a little embarrassed. We sense that Jim's friend is also. But not Jim.

No sirree. "I thought I'd just drop in and see the people at the paper here in Georgetown and see what we could do."

Well, we didn't have any time. And we didn't have a job either, really.

And Jim wasted a whole lot of government money just driving up in the first place without any kind of warning or even, it appears, knowing where he was going.

In fact, we are still wondering whether he was perhaps heading for the Toronto Star on Yonge Street, downtown, and whether in the process he got lost on the expressway.

The point is first that Jim with all his titles and expertise wasn't doing his "protégé" any favors, and secondly that he wasted your money and our money.

We feel the minister in charge of the Counsellors of the Vocational Rehabilitation Branch of the Ministry of Community and Social Services, 110 Eglinton Ave. West, Toronto, M4R 2C1, ought to have a chat with all his Jim's.

We get this stamp-out feeling when we meet people like Jim and see them blunder with our money.



A CHURCH BAZAAR is a real community effort. Even Father O. Devent, pastor of Holy Rosary Church joined

the Catholic Women's League in a craft bee in the church rectory recently. The women are holding these

weekly craft sessions until November 23 making hundreds of articles to sell at their Annual Christmas

bazaar. Rev. Devent is helping Ann Foster measure the wool for an octopus. (See family section.)

BILL SMILEY

At last, things are looking up!

Things at last seem to be looking up for Canadian writers, after generations of neglect by their own countrymen.

With a few notable exceptions, it used to be that to be a writer in Canada was almost on a par with being an Untouchable in India. If you were not openly scorned, you were quietly ignored, which was worse.

The big publishers, most of them British or American, with an affiliate in Canada, shied away from Canadian writers as though they had the plague, at the same time fostering insignificant American and British writers.

One of the exceptions was Stephen Leacock, who made a lot of money and became a well-known character in this

country, after his first book had been accepted by a British publisher.

Typically, Leacock was ignored, if not despised, by the people of Orillia, Ont., when he was alive. He had a summer home there. Many Orillians detested him because he poked wicked fun at some of their leading citizens in his Mariposa tales.

Not so today. Some sharp people finally realized that Leacock was commercially viable as a tourist attraction.

Nowadays you'd think Leacock had walked down from a mountain with stone tablets, into Orillia. It is the in-thing to belong to the Leacock Society. There is a Leacock Museum, with a full-time curator. There is a Leacock annual award for humor, a Leacock medal, a Leacock weekend culminating in a huge dinner at which the saint is paid proper homage. I'll bet the old guy is doubled up in his grave, laughing.

It was all so Canadian, in its approach to writing, that it would be funny, if it weren't a little sad. Canadians are builders.

They'll spend billions on railroads and trans-continental highways and canals and dams. But when it comes to culture, the approach is always a two-bit one.

A few dedicated souls formed the Leacock Society. They had no money. But every year, they'd persuade a few people to act as judges, and these idiots would pick out the funniest book published in Canada that year. I know. I was one of those idiots for about four years, which gave me some insight into Canadian humor.

Most of the books submitted were about as funny as a broken leg.

Let's say you are Eric Nicol of Vancouver (a very funny writer, by the way). This would be about 15 years ago. You are informed by wire that you have won the Leacock Award for Humor and are asked to attend the Leacock Dinner, receive the Leacock Medal (worth about 60 cents in a pawnshop), and make a witty speech which will take you hours to write.

The dinner is absolutely free, but you pay your own way from and back to Vancouver. Today of course, it's different. The dinner price has gone up from \$2.50 to \$7.50 and the drinks from 45c to whatever. I believe that at long last, some brewer has actually put up \$1,000 to go with the Medal. Big deal.

So much for that. I digress. During the long, painful aridity of the '20s, '30s and '40s, the names of Canadian writers were not exactly household words.

A few writers toiled on in the Canadian desert. Morley Callaghan, a fine writer with an international reputation, plugged away. When he produced a new novel, it would be avidly read up by as many as six or seven hundred of his fellow countrymen. To make a

living, he had to do hack work in journalism, radio and later TV.

Ironically, Callaghan, at about the age of 70, was given two whopping great cash prizes by a brewer and a bank for his contribution to Canadian literature. He was also awarded a Canada Medal or something like that, which he refused, in disgust. And good for him.

Then, after the war came, not a spate, but at least a surge of new writers, bold writers: Hugh Garner, Mordecai Richler, Pierre Berton, Farley Mowat. They knew they were good, and they demanded recognition.

And money. And they got it, though it was like prying diamonds out of rock.

After them came another rash of writers: Alden Nowland, Al Purdy, Robert Kroetch, Margaret Atwood. A few courageous independent publishers gave them a voice. They sell.

Now the younger ones are coming on, pell-mell. After years in a cultural desert, oasis are springing up everywhere.

QUEEN'S PARK

Teachers need word of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parent

Our teaching fraternity, and particularly the Ontario Secondary School Teachers Federation have often been

viewed with less than praise in observations in this space. In recent years it has been the apparent greed of teachers, more money, smaller classes, work to rule

is that this is a propaganda move, and it undoubtedly will be labelled as such in some quarters.

It may, and very certainly could, turn into this. Just a vehicle to try and buy goodwill and a platform from which to air beefs.

However, the writer prefers to take it on faith.

For one reason because the officials responsible for the study, from president Jim Foster down, leave an impression that instill faith. They appear to be both serious and sincere.

Then secondly because such a study could be valuable.

JOE PARENT? The study is to take the form of a questionnaire to 34,000 secondary teachers and then forums at Sudbury, Windsor, London, Thunder Bay and Ottawa.

One possible apparent short-coming is that the study may not be able to get in good contact with the grass-roots.

Nobody probably can give better advice on our educational system today than parents. And not necessarily the parents in home and school associations, but Mr. Average parent - the mother or father who is not a zealot or a joiner but who has day to day contact with children without any pre-conceptions or influences on what is good education. Without any sacred cows.

These people are probably the ones most worthy to be heard.

VIEWPOINT

By GERRY LANDSBOROUGH

Pick up any magazine or newspaper these days, and sooner or later you'll come across some type of quiz to let you know how you're feeling, and whether or not you're satisfied. Are you suited to your job? Did you choose the right mate? Do you have a good sense of humor? Do you sleep too much or too little - eat too fast or too slow - wash one sock in detergent, and don't bother about the other?

Well, the solution to any of the above is to be found by checking true or false to any number of absurd questions. I've often wondered what happens to the poor soul, who takes the "Are you prone to suicide?" quiz and fails.

Whenever I've tried any of these little psychological

wonders they never seem to give the appropriate choices for me to tick off. For instance - In the question "What wins the most arguments in your home?" A truth or B - fiction. Most arguments I've heard and I decline to use just my home as an example, are won by the "one with the biggest mouth." The quiet member of the duo usually retreats to a locked bathroom, tinkering in the garage, phoning home to mother, or wearing earmuffs.

Moving right along to "What is your deadliest sin?"

In that little beauty they pose the question - As a special treat which would you prefer? - a dinner at a top restaurant, b - a visit to the theatre, or c - a box of candy. They make it so difficult to answer, they don't

let me know whether I'm, a - dying of hunger, b - this takes place during Lent, Passover, or the full moon, c - if the theatre just happens to be on Broadway. Lost again.

Next comes the "Are you satisfied with yourself?" The question that puzzled me in that one was, Do you believe that glasses make a person ugly? Again I didn't get the proper choices. They make no mention whatsoever as to whether or not I'm wearing the glasses.

Last but not least, in the "Are you right for each other?" they asked the following. Does he usually dress? The choices were as follows - a - rather flamboyantly, b - smartly but conservatively, or c - casually.

I immediately thought of a visit I had with some good friends last week. The man

of the house, a big, happy-go-lucky, likeable sort, appeared after his shower, in a pair of very short outer shorts - nothing else. Now you'll have to agree that when the snow flurries are sprinkling outside, his manner of dress was, shall we say, rather different.

Being a firm believer in being in control of any situation I proceeded to act as nonchalantly as possible.

When however, he placed both bare feet on the coffee table and the hostess asked "coffee anyone? cream or sugar?" I found it rather hard to suppress the occasional giggle.

Going back to the question "Does he usually dress?" I just couldn't find the appropriate slot for my friend's response.

You're going to be alright, Bri-baby!

How was your Thanksgiving? Was it fattening only, or pretty lean, or sad, or happy or a mixture of blessings and feelings of not-so-blessedness? Did you spend some of it all gathered around the diningroom table or were you one of those who took it as the last weekend of the year to go camping, and did you, like some people I know, roast the turkey outside on an open fire?

I wonder. Thanksgiving is always a good time to stop a minute (and even a few days after Thanksgiving it does no harm) to think about those who don't have too much to be thankful for.

Take these two girls I know. One's in her twenties and one of the most gorgeous creations ever accomplished to walk the face of the earth, and the other is her daughter, a little toddler called Bri.

As all mothers of little Bri's, this girl is no different in that she has dreamt many dreams about her little



by peter brouwer

girl growing up and turning into a beautiful young woman, just like her mother. All mothers dream those dreams, right?

So two weeks ago, while Bri's mother was at work, and Bri was at the baby-sitter's, she was bitten by a dog. The dog chewed a terrible hole in her little cheek and made a horrible mess. Doctors managed to just save the little one's eye.

Still, a few days ago, Bri was all smiles even though you could only see the smile on one side of her face. For little Bri had come home from the hospital.

And even Bri's mother smiled. The infection had stopped.

What Bri's mother finds difficult though, is to think of the days ahead, when other little boys and girls will call her "scarface." You and I, we know how cruel and cruelly honest children can be. And this little one's mother worries about "how tough" some of the days ahead will be.

Plastic surgery will no doubt cure most of the problem. We all know that.

And little Bri, one day when she's grown up, will maybe read this and ask, "was it really so terrible?" And her mother will say, "it was, dear. It was."

So think about Bri's mother a little, will you? And about little Bri. Somehow it wasn't much of a Thanksgiving for either of them.

I think Bri will be quite like her mother when she grows up. And that's why I have high hopes for her. Even if that little one will never quite be without a scar, she'll have a warm and friendly sun shining out of her eyes.

If you knew her mother, I know you'd agree with me.

What I know too is that one Thanksgiving, some years from now, a little girl named Bri will think a little about Thanksgiving 1974 and she'll ask herself whether she could have ever made it through a difficult life, with some very difficult problems, without the particular girl who is her mother.

Be thankful, dear reader. You've got more to be thankful about than you realize. Even after Thanksgiving or many months after.

Try it on for size. It'll do wonders for you!

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

10 YEARS AGO

The proposed town bus service subsidy question will be answered in the upcoming December election. Mayor Joseph Gibbons wants the public aware of the much extra taxes will be needed to finance the operation.

Postmaster H. J. Marshall gave chase in his own car when a thief took off in an employee's car. The chase proved unsuccessful but the car was later recovered near the IGA store. The car was owned by James Layton of Temple Road, Georgetown.

Night school enrolment reached the 380 mark. Popular courses include auto mechanics, hairdressing, personal grooming and physical fitness.

20 YEARS AGO

Eddie Wylie and Brian Lewis, represented Georgetown on an all-star hockey team which played in Maple Leaf Gardens. They won the game 3-1 against the other team composed of past and present members of the Little NHL.

Mrs. John Bell was awarded the McNally trophy as top lady golfer for winning the championship at the North Halton Golf and Country Club.

Fred Nurse won the prize offered for the best bacon hog at the Georgetown Fall Fair. The event was sponsored by the T. Eaton Co. Mr. J. D. Cameron of Norval also received a prize in the contest.

Mrs. R. Hess, home economics teacher at Georgetown High School was guest speaker at the meeting of the Georgetown Women's Institute. Mr. George Campbell was the hostess at her home of George Street.

Tenders have been called to resurface the section of Highway 7 from Durham Street to the White Bridge.

30 YEARS AGO

A small rubbish fire caused by children brought the fire brigade to the home of Jack Harlow on Friday the 15th.

Lloyd Kler returned home after two years absence, serving his country. Lloyd's ship took part in D-Day operations.

Evelyn Follick and Denney Charles were married in St. Mary's United Church. A reception was held at the home of the bride in St. Mary's.

Pte. B. L. Poole was wounded in Holland on September 29. Word was received by his parents, of Glen Williams this week.

Baptismal services were held at St. John's United Church for: Peter Robert Forgrave, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Forgrave; Harold William Wheeler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wheeler; Barbara Anne Whitmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitmore; Judith Elizabeth Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richardson; Robert John Hyde, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hyde.

Take my quiz, to see if you're human

- the above is the following quiz.
1. Do you do the best you can most of the time? A - yes B - no
 2. Do you smile at the antics of a child and his puppy in a mud puddle? A - yes B - no
 3. Would you like to give your family more than you already have? A - yes B - no
 4. Are you sick of reading about wars, violence and hate? A - yes B - no
 5. Do you occasionally stop and think that whatever your hardship it could be much worse? A - yes B - no
 6. Does the government and politics often confuse you? A - yes B - no
 7. Do you believe that somewhere in the universe is a Creator who will make sense out of your life? A - yes B - no
 8. Are you not always perfect? A - yes B - no
 9. Do you love and laugh, cry and hate, do too little or too much? A - yes B - no
 10. Do you remember and love the smell of Grandma's or Aunt Sue's fresh baked blueberry, apple, butterscotch, or whatever pie? A - yes B - no
- If you answered yes to any five of the above congratulations, you are 100 per cent human. You succeed sometimes, sometimes you fail, you win and you lose, you're happy and you're sad.
- But what makes you really special is when the chips are down, you always come through - 40 per cent wrong and 60 per cent right and it's that one per cent that keeps you right in there plugging. So here's to you!