

## Who is watching?

The Halton Board of Education appears to have been caught with its dirty books down.

It all began with questioning of "Go Ask Alice." (We still maintain that it is a book that warrants inclusion on high school reading lists.)

When we see, however, such other books as "I Never Loved Your Mind" and "Rabbit Redux" finding their way onto school curriculums we get a little wary about just what is sitting on school library shelves?

The questionable merits of those books we won't bother reviewing.

What does require questioning is the kind of analysis they and all other books receive prior to their introduction into regional schools.

Unless we were mistaken it appeared that some board of education trustees were feeling a bit uneasy when excerpts of "I Never Loved Your Mind" were read to them two weeks ago by a representative of Halton Renaissance.

Their uneasiness was certainly justified. We don't believe they realized just what sort of questionable material was in that book. Yet the trustees are supposed to be one of the safeguards in our educational system that ensure that the curriculums of our schools are above questioning.

The board's attentiveness in other educational areas is sharp. They keep a close watch on matters such as driver education fees, maternity leaves, and program council reports.

But their attention seems to have been rather low when it came to their examination of the list of books that were supposed to be used in Halton

this year.

But the blame for laxness would be unfairly balanced if we placed it solely on the trustees' shoulders. They are only the final safeguard in the entire reviewing process.

The trustees are handed an immense list of books, with little background material on them, and from that they're supposed to draw out any and all unsatisfactory books.

Reading all the books is impossible. Trying to read the books that might contain poor language or weak content is too much of a hit and miss proposition.

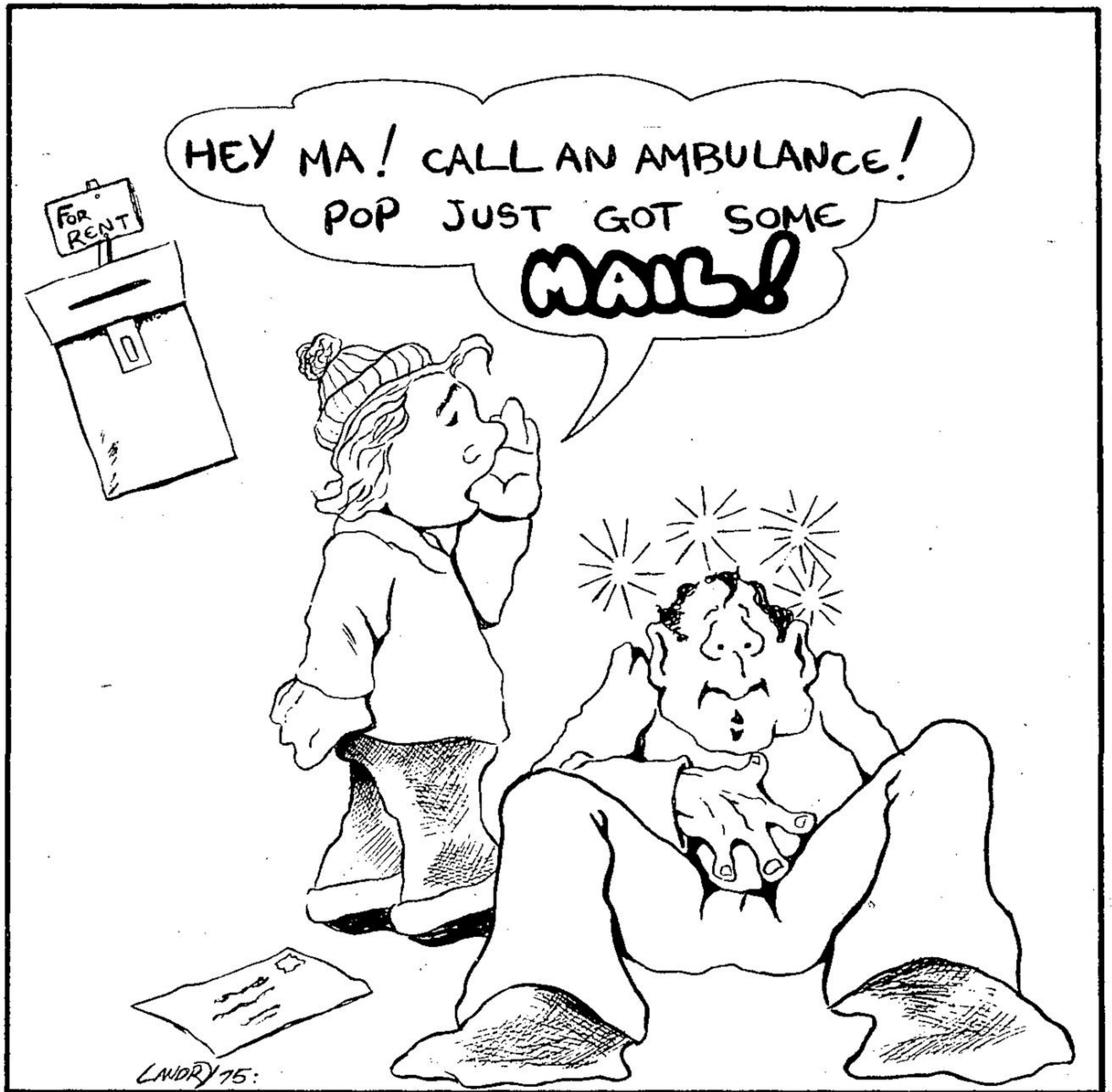
The trustees instead place a great deal of confidence in the decisions of the board's staff. Apparently, in this case, a member of the board's staff has gone a bit too far in deciding what direction the English curriculum in Halton schools should take.

The board, we hope, is asking questions of its staff, finding out just where and how the decisions on those books were made.

The trustees are also, we hope, taking steps to examine the important question around which this entire problem revolves: what is the role of the English course in Halton schools?

Is it a philosophy course or a course in the proper use of the English language?

Once that is decided they can then perhaps move onto coming up with a better safeguard system to review all books prior to their installation upon book shelves in our public and high schools.



### Queen's Park Commentary

## The 'Impossible Dream' is coming true for the NDP

By DON O'HEARN  
Queen's Park Bureau  
Of The Herald

Ah, they are riding high. The NDP are so happy these days you want to get close to them so some of it might rub off.

And they are ever so pleasant and detached, in the foot-steps of their leader. Stephen Lewis is following a careful, cool course.

His immediate main objective obviously is to knock down the curse of "socialism" which he knows will be thrown at him from every angle in the next election campaign.

And he is handling this admirably. He would get across to the people that "you have

nothing to fear from us."

He laughingly confides to the house that his party is really only "pink socialism." When there is discussion of a Davis meeting in New York with U.S. bankers he cheerfully asks "And what did they have to say about the NDP?" (The subject didn't come up.)

Times are high indeed!  
PLAYING IT COOL

Underneath it all, of course, is a dream. The NDP lighthouse finally is in sight.

Perhaps they really only trust to think the thought in the dark security of their beds at night but NDP faithfuls can see themselves finally in power. And it is a luscious dream.

The question is, on the realities just what are the prospects of it?

As a padre said of kind-hearted women of the night they are both good and bad.

Good in that the party now has a goal that it can suddenly look on as possible.

Over the years the NDP never really has thought it would soon reach power, perhaps not even in our time. It may have talked power, but it never had a belief in it. Its concrete goal, has been to outdo the Liberals and become the official opposition.

But now it has had that sudden turn of fortune, a dramatic turn of the scope to change the minds of men.

It has hope. More than hope it can actually see the beacon. This means that finally it has direction, a clear and possible goal and perhaps clear path. And with this all the benefits direction can give a party as well as a person - vitality, drive, optimism, the will to do and the will to win.

This is very-very important to the NDP. Its most important reward from the election.

Needs To Break Jacket

Most important because on it could hinge the party's chances of actually forming a government after that election now some all-of-the-hill, fancy-of-a-politician's mind away.

On the statistics this possibility would not seem to be at hand.

The hard figures on the September vote on the cold look show the NDP as most fortunate, fortunate to the point of being blessed by the gods.

It got a popular vote of 958,656. This was only 63,000 more than it got in 1971.

Yet it doubled its number of seats from 19 to 38.

You have to say that it got every seat possible to it, with a few that were impossible.

And it also probably got nearly every

vote of its possible ballot.

It reached its success because the Conservative vote switched (Liberal) because its vote was highly concentrated in certain ridings, mainly in urban areas and the north, because the Liberals, the party with the momentum, peaked out and flubbed the big cities, and because the over-all vote was down; meaning its vote packed unusual power.

On these logistics a hard assumption would be that the NDP has arrived at its horizon.

Its basic vote has not improved, and it is a party which has to mainly rely on its basic vote, it hasn't been able to look much to the swings. And it bears a stamp as a northern and city party (and only special areas of the cities, at that) with little apparent elbow room in the rest of the province.

It would seem to be playing a no-trump hand without aces.

But then is it perhaps really into a new deal? Can it break out of the tight jacket of the cities and the north, can it now not only look to adding to its base vote but also hope to grab some of the swings?

A new credibility will, or should, help it. There are some voters, probably a good many, who won't buy without a seal of approval.

But all-important could be the new direction.

The party's workers, its whole effort, should be imbued with a new drive. And it could be a drive that will take it to port, to that home in the seat of power that only in rash moments it has even aspired to.

On cold, hard assessment it isn't probable. But it is possible.

### Viewpoint

## The Runaways

by Gerry Landsborough

This week viewpoint puts aside the regular column and in the rhythm of the written word, in poetry, looks at the ever increasing problem of the "runaway", the youngster that runs away from home. The following is entitled appropriately.....

### The Runaways

By G. Landsborough

Down on the eastside, in a three-room shack, a mother gazes at the cracks  
She looks around in bleak despair - how could she go and leave me here?  
There's five kids to feed, and I'm all alone  
Why the hell did that brat leave home?  
She's still a kid, not fully grown, thinks she can make it on her own  
And yet for a moment comes the fear, will she be all right - will she make it out there?  
Running from what, just as hard as she can, not woman, yet never a child again.

In a fancy house on the high side of town, a father has the car sent round  
What's with that kid, can't he understand we can't be here to hold his hand  
There's places to go and people to see, important for business, important for me  
And yet that look when he walked out the door, a look that said never, never, no more -  
The father reaches for his initiated case and the coat that shows his social place  
And yet, for a moment, he feels the fear, and wishes that his boy was near  
Not a child and not a man, running from what, just as hard as he can.

A mother sits with tear-stained face, dear God why did she leave our place  
What would make her leave, when we love her so, dear God she's far too young to go  
We gave all we had, we did all we could - did we do too much was it just too good?  
Were we too strict, too hard, too soft, what more?  
And she sits and stares at a closed light door.

And yet for a moment comes the fear, what will happen to that girl so dear  
Running from what, just as hard as she can, not grown, not child, alone and so young in the world of man.

A grandma tidles up the floor, she tells herself I could do no more  
Since his folks were killed I did my best, he was bad from the start, that's the truth I guess  
Lying and stealing and putting folks down, always going to the bad side of town  
And yet for a moment comes the fear, why did he go why couldn't he be here?  
And the grandma wipes the tears away, and stares at the dawn of another day  
Not a boy, and not a man, running from what, just as hard as he can

A father puts the football back, and thinks of college and field and track  
And thinks of the needle he found on the floor, and asks God why, could we have done more  
Why, why, dear Lord, with a tear stained face, we loved him so what's wrong with this race  
A world filled with filth that can somehow take, a loving son and fill him with hate

And yet for a moment comes the fear, will he be found dead, will tonight we hear?  
No longer a child and never a man, running from life just as fast as he can

And all the parents ask the reasons why, did we give too much or didn't we try?  
What makes some go, while others stay  
Do they have to run to find their way?  
For life it holds so many fears for both the young and old in years  
The world can be a frightening place, and some must run to keep the pace  
There never is a right or wrong, in why the very young leave home  
Some are weak and some are strong - for some it's forever, for others not long  
Some listen to a distant drum, that only they can hear  
Some listen to an inner voice that fills their souls with fear

And moms and dads they sit and wait, some in hope and some in hate  
For moms and dads all learn the why, if they make you laugh they'll make you cry  
The young must find a place to stand, to make their spot in a troubled land  
To find what they are searching for  
To find themselves, and nothing more.

### Years Ago

## Gage Stationery opens

From the Files of the Herald

### FIVE YEARS AGO

Trixie, part chow, and part terrier, died Saturday at the advanced age of 17, in human years equivalent of age, Trixie would have been 119 years old. Trixie was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bingham of 23 Hewson Cres.

Georgetown has a new industry which plans to initially employ over 100 people. Gage Stationery Ltd. began operations last week in the former Denison Manufacturing plant on Todd Road. The firm will produce text books, envelopes and stationery.

Breaking the ice to enter were scuba

### On the home front

## It pays to advertise about your birthdays

I recently discovered that assertion, plus a little advertising, goes a long way. Having hit my family a well-aimed blow between the eyes, with a column outlining their woe-filled memories when it comes to mother's birthday, things were decidedly different this year.

In fact, it was so incredibly good, that I can't imagine what they will ever do for an encore, and I just might be encouraged to slip in a couple of extra birthdays each year from now on.

The greatly desired dinner for two occurred, with the surprising bonus of six waiters singing a very rousing rendition of "Happy Birthday To You", and bearing a birthday cake supporting a single candle, that must have been two feet in height.

Despite the fact that it was not served aboard an Acapulco-bound cruise ship, the sheer joy of sitting down to a meal that someone else had prepared, and walking away from a table of dirty dishes, knowing they are someone else's problem, more than made up for that drawback.

My husband and I actually talked to each other, without having to compete with three children. I sat through dinner, without once having to leap up to refill a glass of milk; scoop mashed potatoes off the kitchen floor, or sort out who kicked who first under the table.

All this however, was just a prelude to the real highlight of the evening.

Once in a rare while for me, and hopefully for everyone, comes a moment of unspeakable perfection. A moment of skyrockets and shooting stars; Walt Disney castles and handful of moonbeams. The world spins crazily on its axis and one exists purely on an emotional plane.

I was lucky enough (oh how weak and ineffectual mere words are), to see Tony Bennett live, in full glorious, living colour, at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room.

While I hope, at my advanced age, that I don't sound like an Elton John groupie, I just have to say that this performer is unbelievable.

Now I realize that there are, possibly, a

few people whose toes don't curl up at the sound of his voice, but whether your "turn-on" happens to be Bennett, Sinatra or Big Bird for that matter, all that counts, is that the moment of magic works for you.

Due, possibly, to the fact that my husband is also a Bennett freak, he was most understanding of the goosebumps-actually they were more the size of goose eggs - that erupted on me, half an hour before show time.

Even the sign of his wife rolling on the floor and foaming at the mouth, as the great man himself appeared in the glare of the spotlight, really didn't disturb him.

I am sure that, had I seized the opportunity to throw Mr. Bennett over my shoulder and head for the nearest exit, in a somewhat liberated cavewoman style, he would have simply sat back and cheered me on.

Tony Bennett sang; I cried; the packed crowd surged to their feet shouting for more and, for one single hour, time stood still.

How do you ever top perfection?

divers from Mississauga who jumped into the quarry at Waterfalls playground. It was an open exercise, their first outside of a pool, and a necessary part of training. But December seems hardly the time of year to begin swimming!

Wigo Television and Appliances has two new owners as of this week. Dick DeBoer and Leo Sluik became the proprietors of the store established in 1954 by Maurice Goudekting and the late Ed Wiener.

### TEN YEARS AGO

A Georgetown woman, Mrs. Alice Maybanks will appear on television this

week. She was a recent contestant on the Abacadabra show.

Twelve Years of service to the Chinguacousy Township Public School Board by a Georgetown man, Clure Dolson, has come to an end after Mr. Dolson failed to appear at the nomination meeting held last week.

Election time has hit Georgetown once again and this year there are a total of 25 men running for office. Mayor Joseph Gibbons and Reeve John Elliott seek the town's mayoralty post. Deputy reeve William Hunter and Malcolm Freeman are battling

for the position of reeve. Elections will be held this Monday.

### FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Mrs. Frank Connely, 39 Normandy Blvd. was one of 12 Canadians to win a transistor radio, first prize awarded in the crossword puzzle contest sponsored by Aqua Soft, Services Limited.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Gill, residents of 21 John St. West, Glen Williams, for the past 30 years, marked their 50th wedding anniversary. The date of their celebrations was the actual date of their wedding fifty years ago.