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103 Main St. South, Georgetown, L7G-3E5, Ontario
WILLIAM EVDOKIMOFF, Publisher
BILL JOHNSTON, Editor
PHONE...877-2201

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Maximum becomes minimum

It may have seemed perfectly reasonable to Halton Region's finance committee to announce spending restrictions for 1976. The various boards, committees and commissions have to plan ahead, and guidelines serve a useful purpose. But, as Prime Minister Trudeau has discovered, guidelines also tend to be misunderstood. Tell someone his demands or budget must not exceed a set figure, and he'll consider the maximum as being the minimum. When Mr. Trudeau suggested wages be increased by no more than 10

percent, most folks assumed they were automatically entitled to a 10 percent raise — at the very least. And so it will likely be with the regional budgets. The Region's finance committee may as well take it for granted that when it orders 1976 budgets to be limited to a 10 percent increase over 1975 expenditures, few of the budgets will come in under the 10-per-cent limit. We may live in inflationary times but that shouldn't mesmerize us into accepting the theory that everything has to go up.

On Parliament Hill

How do you make a UIC employee happy?

By STEWART MacLEOD
Ottawa Bureau
Of the Herald

The federal government spends untold millions on studies, commissions and inquiries without ever implementing the recommendations, but it's really a shame that it didn't embrace, without reservations, the suggestions made by a consulting firm regarding low morale in the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

Employer-employee relations would never be the same again. At a cost to the federal treasury of some \$3,500, the privately-owned firm came up with a series of novel suggestions to improve morale-nifty little ideas that would undoubtedly have employees whistling their way in work.

Nothing so crass as money or general working conditions. No, sir, what the firm suggested, among other things, was that on suitable occasions the commission should send to every employee's home a book about Canada. And there would be a magnificent bonus with this—a message from the commission chairman which "should emphasize the value of the commission places on the employee's services and loyalty."

And also among the goodies would be a 45 rpm record containing a message from the chairman. And if that doesn't send morale into orbit, imagine getting a telegram "of thanks and good wishes" on the second anniversary of the proclamation of the new Unemployment Insurance Act.

I bet you think we're kidding. But, no, these are actual recommendations advanced,

with many others, at the taxpayer's expense to increase morale in the commission. And after more than a year, the books, the telegrams and the records still aren't arriving. It must be tough on employee morale.

Spokesmen for the commission say this report was only one of several commissioned to improve communications between the commission and the public and while this one emphasized internal morale there were never any plans to implement all recommendations.

A MORALE BOOSTER? It's a real pity, because generally acknowledged that the commission's morale needs a brushing up, and this would be a sparkling way to do it.

You can just imagine the low-morale employee, sitting at home in his living room, complaining to his wife about his hideous day at the commission, when the doorbell rings and there is a uniformed messenger carrying a bundle of gifts.

"What's your classification?" he might ask.

"Grade two clerk," says the man with the low morale.

"Here is a gift wrapped in brown paper from the commission," says the messenger. "The colored wrapping is for the senior employees."

"Goodness gracious," exclaims the man with the low morale as he rips open the package to show his wife.

"Look at this magnificent little book—it's all about the history of early sealing operations in James Bay."

"And, look, here is a pre-printed message from the chairman. Boy I feel like a new man."

Then imagine his surprise a

few months later when—perhaps during an intimate dinner party—the doorbell rings again and a telegraph messenger is standing there with another morale booster. "Happy fourth anniversary of the passing of our Act. May your holidays be joyous."

The way public service holidays grow, this could put Christmas out of business in no time.

But the pay off is yet to come. Perhaps Christmas Eve would actually be the best time for another ringing of the doorbell, when a messenger dressed as Santa Claus, could deliver that 45 rpm record from the commission. The low-morale employee could be sitting in front of a crackling fire, reading "The night before Christmas" to eager-eyed children while his wife snuggled up to him, saying something like "I feel like a miracle is about to happen."

When one of the children races to the door and sees Santa standing beside a public service van, they all realize a miracle has indeed happened. The parcel is ripped open, gifts are turned down, candles are lit, and the whole family gathers around the fireplace for this moment of inspiration.

Perhaps there could be appropriate music in the background as the voice might say, "Yes, Virginia, unemployment insurance is happiness."

It isn't necessary to go further with the imagination. The effect on morale would be incredible. With such a startling increase in suicides, there would be new job openings and promotions for thousands.

It makes you wonder whether the government, by shelving such suggestions, really loves its employees.

ONTARIO LICENSE BUREAU

I STOOD IN A LINE FOR THREE HOURS, AND PAID FORTY DOLLARS FOR THIS?



Viewpoint

Women merely ask 'Who am I?'

by Gerry Lansborough
This week's viewpoint takes a look at what is becoming a very tiresome topic: the myth of women's liberation.

Now before all the liberated women reading this column head for the pen and ink for ye old poison pen letter we are not referring to the obviously needed platforms: Equal pay for equal work, sexual discrimination because of being male or female, equal opportunity for job advancement. These are not male or female rights, they are human rights and should be available to all.

The myths we are referring to are the offshoot interpretations that have made women's liberation a place for all hills. One myth that would seem applicable to women's lib is, "If you are trapped at home with young babies you have to get out in the world to see what is happening."

Most people I know—both male and female—find out what is happening in the world from one of three sources: the newspaper, the TV or the radio. All of these they tend, on the average, to look at when they get home from work. Therefore the "poor trapped housewife" has more time at her control to see "what is happening in the world" than either her working sister or male counterpart.

Another myth... There is a book out called "How to Decide, A Guide for Women." The author, Dr. Judith Prince, says "the idea is to give women practice in decision making and asserting themselves."

If indecisiveness is peculiar to women I'll

eat my shirt or blouse as the case may be. But books such as the one above will be gobbled up by women seeking to liberate themselves, women who have been brainwashed on just what liberation is all about.

The inability to make a decision is a human failing having nothing to do with being either male or female. I think that Dr. Prince's book discriminates against men. After all, men need to learn to be decisive too.

Throughout the whole ballyhoo of women's liberation is a generation of women between their late 30's and middle 50's asking the good awful question, "Who Am I?"

It is a sad commentary on 20th century life when people can put in 50 years on this planet and still feel they don't know who they are or where they are headed. Why? Because they accepted the myth that women's lib was a cure-all for all. They accepted the myth that their problems were due to sexual restrictions, male chauvinism put downs. They were held back because...

To that I can only reply hogwash. Poor disillusioned fools who wear jean jackets and jeans, not because they are comfortable, but as a badge to shout, "Look at me, I'm with it!"

These women did change. They forsook the upbringing of the 30's and 40's and tried to live as their daughters and grand-daughters. The problem here is that social values and moral attitudes swing back and forth like a pendulum on a clock.

The mood today seems to be indicative of a swing back to more stable sexual and moral

attitudes. Marriage hasn't disappeared and many young people seem to prefer it to a "you do your thing, I'll do mine" relationship.

Consequently all the 40- and 50-year-old swingers might find that in another five or ten years they have to change all over again and run even harder to stay in the same place.

If a woman truly asks herself between 35 and 55 "who am I?" she has definitely bought herself a myth.

The early years spent at home raising a family in the 30's, 40's and 50's were as important as any job at any level in this country.

There is an old adage about for want of a nail the shoe was lost. The nail held the horseshoe in place, the horse the rider, the rider the battle and the battle the war.

In the same sense the woman held the family unit in place. Men did govern the home but women reigned in it.

Times change, obbay a woman has more freedom of mvicue. If her choice is based on what's right for her circumstances then she's ahead of the game. Not everyone needs to reject a full-time life at home and go to work.

Another fashionable trend today is the return to night school. Just about everyone is taking a course on this or that. Again there is nothing wrong with this provided that it is not at someone else's expense. I know women who take so many courses that they keep the Colonel and his fried chicken in business.

The point is that self-realization self-improvement, or seven self-gratification mean very little if they are done at the expense of others. Some women become so engrossed in their school courses that they

don't seem to notice when their youngster quits school. Rather ironic isn't it?

There is nothing ill-rated about leaving a husband because he doesn't understand the "real you". Taking a job as a waitress while trying to raise two or three little ones is wrong. That woman may be out of the house, away from the trapped feeling, away from male dominance but she sure isn't liberated. Liberation means freedom, and freedom is a point of view.

Two men looked out from prison bars; one saw mud and one saw stars. That's liberation, being trapped is a state of mind not necessarily a state of being.

The woman that yells and screams and takes tranquillizers because she is trapped at home with small children is a victim of the cruellest of propaganda.

If you control your time, in effect you control your destiny. How the woman at home or at work chooses to spend her time is the answer.

A young mother can choose constructive pursuits built around a time schedule for a young family or she can sit and feel trapped and be miserable. So can any man on any job. For some women the answer is to go to work. But for most that means doubling or tripling an already heavy work load in a misguided sense of fulfillment.

We don't need women's liberation. We need people liberation.

When we can look past black or red, male or female, rich or poor, and look at people according to their personal worth we will all be liberated. Vive la liberation!

Queen's Park Commentary

Labor votes, student jobs and teachers,

the best of '76?

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

TORONTO—It's a time of year when one's mind turns to things he would like to see done over the 12-month span.

Prime in my mind would be regular and strict formulas for votes, particularly labor votes. Let all votes be by secret ballot. No more of that show of hands stuff. And when it is a question of a strike or ratification vote let them be government supervised, with independent scrutineers.

There is a lot that is good in the labor movement today. But there also is some bad. And much that is bad can be traced to loose voting procedures. Public votes where workers against their will are shamed into voting with the mob or with their leaders.

And then there are the cases where votes are held off until the end of meetings when those supporting the leadership will

carefully have stayed on white others, who would be anti, have drifted off.

For decades now these voting procedures have been a curse of labor. They have maintained radical leaders in office and have led to much unnecessary upset.

It's only a dream. But it would be wonderful to see voting regularized.

STUDENT PROGRAMS

Then there is money. Once again this year we will see a huge deficit.

The government will claim it is cutting costs. And to a degree, though not a very great degree, this is correct. But, how reassuring it would be to see a real attack; some steps that really hurt.

Let's save millions by doing away with them. If youth wants to work in the summer there is always work on the farms. As it is now we import agricultural workers in the thousands.

And remember when kids used to swarm to the farms and love it?

TEACHER STRIKES

A final dream. Take away that right to strike from school teachers.

Give them regular bargaining and then compulsory arbitration or final offer, settlement.

The simple fact is that a teachers strike is unjust to our children. If prolonged it could impair them for the rest of their lives. Teachers aren't dealing with goods or commercial services. They are dealing with people. One might almost say welfare work.

On The Home Front

They're not getting older — they're getting worse

by Susan DeFaccendis

Do you ever suffer from the feeling that motherhood is a bum trip?

I keep asking myself where I went wrong, because it really didn't start out that way. Not only did I anticipate becoming a mother, I even thought my children were rather cute as babies. All they required back in the good old days, was a bottle of milk and a burp to satisfy them. Now it takes platform shoes and school trips to Quebec.

Unfortunately, the problems grow at the same rate as the baby, and I am definitely having more trouble getting my act together with every day that passes.

She reached the conclusion that she would attend school on the days when a trip was planned, and then only if it involved a bus ride. Obviously she is going to be the most

widely travelled illiterate the school system has ever accidentally produced.

Louisa, approaching her 12th birthday all too quickly, is a female version of Jekyll and Hyde.

I wait with bated breath, for her daily appearance at the breakfast table, to see if she is in her role of school wrestling champion—she literally tears the boys limbs from limb—or that of the femme fatale.

The first requires bubble gum and blue jeans and the extensive preparations for the second, managed to effectively throw the carefully timed bathroom schedule off course. Either way however, the Grade Six boys are obviously destined to lose.

Now if our Prime Minister is having trouble with a bilingual nation, he should try the problems experienced in a tri-lingual home.

Richard is in a French Immersion course this year and appears to have been immersed to the point of saturation.

and I throw up my hands in despair at not understanding either one of them.

I have to sadly admit that the one remnant of my high school french—"la plume de ma tante"—a phrase that I thought would see me through anything, simply won't cover enough areas in general conversation. I tried tossing it into the conversational pot one day,

Years Ago

Search for Norval girl

From the files of the Herald
FIVE YEARS AGO
Rev. Jack McCallum, pastor of Georgetown Pentecostal Church conducted his first service, in the former First Baptist Church on Main St., Georgetown.

Rev. Harold Patzer began his new duties as pastor of the Immanuel Lutheran

in an effort to impress them with my worldly knowledge.

"Pardon, Mama?" enquired Richard, looking puzzled.

I gave up.

Yeah! Nostalgia overwhelms me now when I recall the past, and fondly remember the days when a case of diaper rash was the biggest crisis in my life.

congregation when he was officially installed in a service on Sunday.

Georgetown's 1971 town council will operate under a different system than has been customary. While council will continue to meet on alternate Mondays, the committee meetings will meet on Thursday in the weeks

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