

# We can't wait

On behalf of the many, many people who are anxiously awaiting the start of construction of the McNally apartment buildings in hopes of finally finding an available rental unit in Halton Hills, we urge town council to use its full weight in opposing suggestions emanating from the region and the Ontario Municipal Board that could hold the project up by over 16 months.

The region has hinted loudly that it will not issue building permits for major projects in Georgetown until the addition to the sewage treatment plant is completed in December of 1977 (barring any strikes or other hold-ups).

What an utterly ridiculous and unnecessary roadblock to put in front of projects that are desperately needed in Halton Hills now.

The need is already critical. What a 16-month delay would do to it is frightening to consider.

It's not as if the project is a new one that needs study. The McNally proposal has been slowly slugging through the necessary red tape to the point that it is now approved by almost all departments and bodies involved.

Having struggled to this point you don't turn around and hold the project up any longer. Now's the time you work together to get it completed as

quickly as possible.

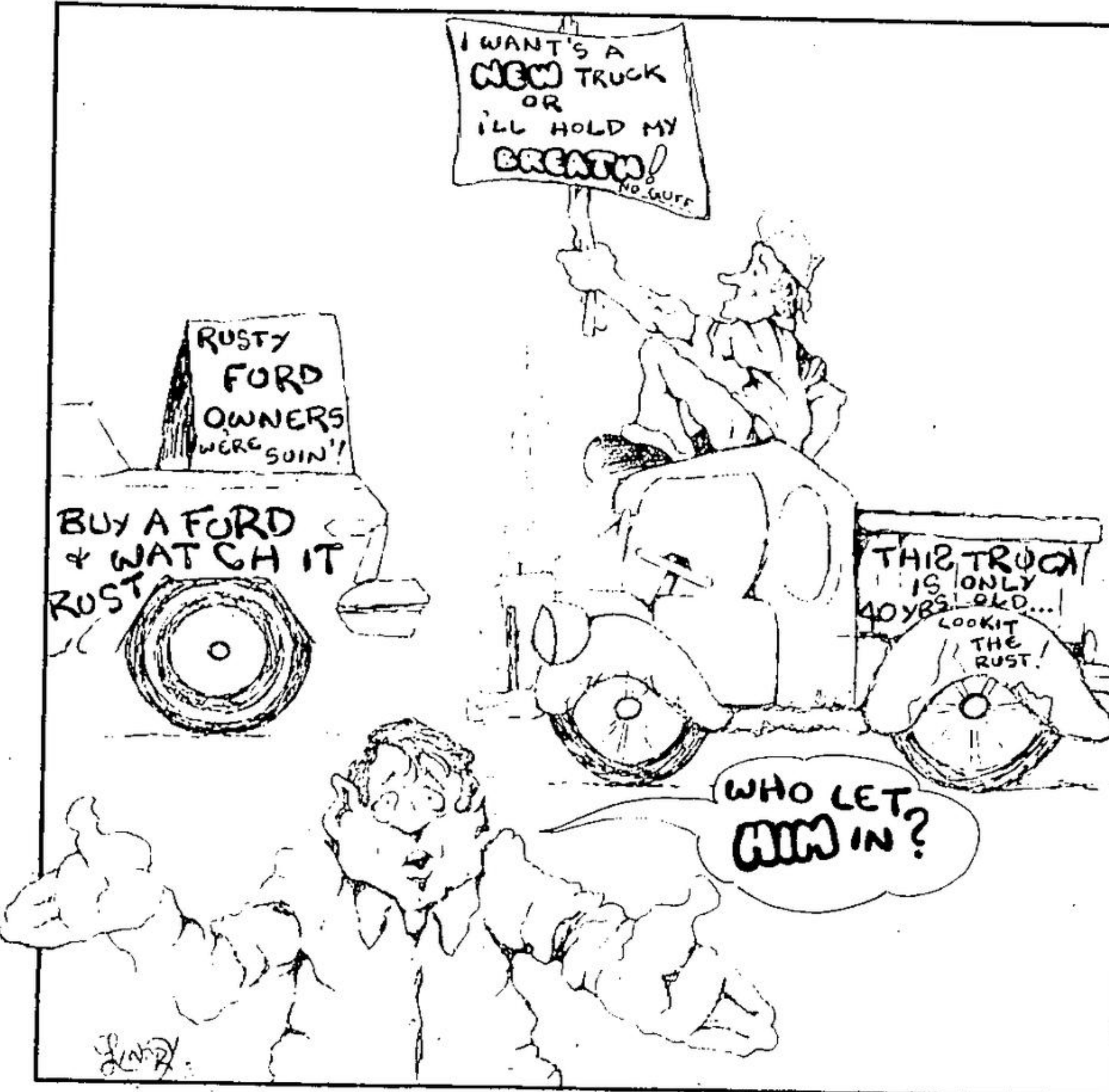
As any developer will tell you, apartments are not the best investment for a businessman to put his money into these days. We're fortunate to have at least one businessman willing to take the big gamble and go ahead with an apartment project that will be very compatible with the general downtown atmosphere.

How long Bill McNally's willing to sit and watch regional staff and the province kick his development around only he knows, but we shouldn't test his patience.

Lay it on the line that he can start construction if and when he wants to, but also be very blunt in making sure he realizes that he will be taking a chance that his apartment building may have to remain vacant for some time before the sewage treatment plant expansion is completed.

The if and when will then be up to him, but at least the town has done its best towards helping those people—some of whom have had their names on waiting lists at the few available apartment buildings in town for well over a year—desperately in need of accommodations, obtain some hope for the future.

Without that hope they'll begin looking elsewhere, which will be Halton Hills' loss.



## On Parliament Hill

# Boring days in Ottawa

By Stewart MacLeod  
Ottawa Bureau  
Of The Herald

OTTAWA—When Parliament resumed after its 19-day Easter recess, it entered the 28th day of the current session 31 days longer than the previous record, set in 1966-67.

And apart from a few exciting hurries over the judges affair and now the Sky Shops affair, it is beginning to look like the tail end of a marathon race. The participants are becoming weary; the spectators disinterested.

The government's goals, set out in the throne speech of Sept. 30, 1974, are all but forgotten as the 264 MPs plod through routine legislation, much of it administrative in nature, and most of it boring in debate. As an act of mercy, Government House Leader Mitchell Sharp should bring the session to a close and let the government return with a new throne speech that might inject some inspiration into Parliament.

Throne speeches, despite their over-abundance of government puffery, at least give Parliament a new sense of direction. In the previous session it was all about sovereignty, before that it was about Canadianizing resources. In any event, the speech sets the tone for debate, and provides government spokesmen with an opportunity to talk about our glorious future.

To Continue

But the current session will continue to the end of June, says Mr. Sharp. He thinks progress so far has been "excellent" and he wants to see about a dozen other bills - most of

them are also administrative in nature - passed through the Commons before the House breaks for a three-month summer recess.

Since this session began, the Commons has passed 89 pieces of legislation, and there is no doubt about the importance of some. We have a new competitions bill, we have established Petro Canada, there have been much needed improvements to the Canada Pension Plan, more money has been made available under the National Housing Act, there have been two new agricultural stabilization plans implemented, we have a new Federal Business Development Bank, there have been major changes in the Criminal Code, including bail reform, and, of course, we have the new Anti-Inflation Act.

And Mr. Sharp's assistants have done some reckoning to show that the Commons has spent an average of 32 days debating each bill. Apparently this compare with a historical average of 3.5 days per bill.

As an aside, you might recall that Simma Holt, the Liberal MP for Vancouver Kingsway, also did some reckoning and concluded that the House of Commons cost \$109.11 per minute to operate. I threw that in because things were getting dull.

Would Die

There are several obvious reasons why the government doesn't want to end this session now. Since all legislation now on the order paper would die with prorogation, Justice Minister Ron Basford is keen on passing his peace and security package without having to return to square one in debate. And Health

Minister Marc Lalonde is equally anxious to get approval for that medical care bill, which limits federal liability in certain areas.

And then there is that bill which freezes the pay of MPs - but not the tax-free allowance. This one will be quick, if painful.

Finance Minister Donald Macdonald has plans for a new budget about the end of May, and he has already indicated he intends to put more muscle in the anti-inflation program. And this could result in legislation which the government may insist on passing before the summer recess. Apart from the six-day budget debate itself, there are 13 days remaining for the opposition to select a topic of its choice.

So, in the circumstances, there is little hope of prorogation before the end of June. In fact, like last year, MPs might still be sweating through debate deep into July.

It will be a pity because, at the moment, Parliament doesn't seem to have any clearly-defined sense of purpose.

## World Red Cross Day

Circle May 8 on your calendar. It's a special day, on which Societies of 122 countries will be celebrating World Red Cross Day, the birthday of the founder of Red Cross, Henry Dunant.

RED CROSS IS YOUNG is the official slogan this year, and the aim is to inspire everyone to participate dynamically in its programmes and rejuvenate our spirit of enterprise.

There will be incentive aplenty in 1976, the year of the Olympic Games in Canada. Millions of people will be cheering the efforts of limber and dedicated amateur athletes. Many of the onlookers, confirmed sports spectators, will be conscious of the fact that their own fitness is far below par.

Throughout the two weeks of games, the good health habits, waters skills, and the enthusiasm and determination of youth - all

comprised in the programmes of Red Cross - will be actively demonstrated.

The international gathering of peoples for a sports event reflects the internationalism of Red Cross, with its emphasis on world peace and international brotherhood. The wholehearted giving of the participants time and energies reflects the spirit which motivates the 300 million volunteers of Red Cross throughout the world.

On this World Red Cross Day, the Canadian Red Cross Society asks those spectators who are young in age and young at heart to pledge themselves as volunteers, ready to help improve the lifestyles of those less fortunate wherever they may be. In this way, the 1976 Olympiad will stand out as the time when the ideals and precepts of Red Cross and its ability to forge ahead with the times proves that in this respect particularly, Red Cross Is Young.

## Queen's Park Commentary

# Liberals split is a wise move

By Don O'Hearn  
Queen's Park Bureau  
Of The Herald

TORONTO—The Ontario Liberals have decided to split their party machinery into separate federal and provincial organizations.

While a great deal naturally depends on

the effectiveness of the organizations actually established and the manner in which the political leadership of the party works things out, this should turn out to be a good move.

For there is no question that for the past couple of decades all of the continuing at-

ention of the Liberal party machine has been centred on the federal field, except for brief spurts when there has been a provincial election under way.

What provincial machine there has been in off-election periods has been mainly composed of the leader, a few members of

caucus and a handful of volunteer officials.

**Active Machine**

That a continuously active organization is essential to successful politics has been illustrated by every successful party in our history.

A last minute effort, no matter how vigorous, can't win elections. And this, in itself, is enough to justify the separate Ontario organization.

**Need Feds**

The provincial party, however, could hardly expect to enjoy success completely independent of the federal party.

If any lesson in this regard is needed it has been provided, in reverse, by the Conservatives.

In 1949 when he became leader, Leslie Frost, wisest of wise owls of politicians, immediately, and much to the chagrin of George Drew, who had then gone to Ottawa, directed that there would be a provincial organization which would concern itself solely with provincial affairs.

But Mr. Frost carried this even further. As long as Drew was leading the federal party the attitude of the provincials was strictly hands off.

**For Appearance**

Frost never publicly gave Drew his blessing, even at election times, and though some of his supporters did work at elections it was mainly going through the motions for appearance sake.

Then, however, John Diefenbaker came along and Frost publicly supported him. Party workers, from his ministers down, really threw in their muscle. And, as we know Diefenbaker won.

The provincial Liberals, one suspects, will need the same type of co-operation between the federal and provincial wings if they are to succeed.

It is the federal Liberals who are most prominent in the province and in a great many of the ridings.

Come election time, if they really care, they can do a lot to better the provincial party's chances.

## ...My Thoughts...

# The birth of a great idea

by George Evashuk

The man across the table looked me square in the eye and repeated his request for that most private and intimate part of me, my thoughts. He wanted to make a deal and now began sweetening it.

You won't have to let me have them on a regular basis, he said. The image came to my mind of a long, black Cadillac parked outside an elementary school where children were taking from the pusher dope which would ensnare them. Sure, I thought, that's what he says now but what about later?

A strange glow appeared in the man's eyes as if a light bulb suddenly had been switched on. I could see he had been seized by his own request. Yes, he said, We'll do it. I looked across the table to my companion to see his reaction to the man, who was my editor, rased his glass as if to examine the clarity of light captured in its contents, my companion raised his too. I could see it was to be a toast.

Our glasses clinked once and as I

returned mine to the table I wondered what I had got myself into. It appeared from the remarks around the table that to me fell the honour of introducing a new column: "...My Thoughts...". In comparison with the thoughts of exceptional thinkers I have met and admired over all the continent, mine, to me, appeared average. Who would be interested in what I think?

In school I was a student on the border between average and below average. The highlight of my mathematics career came when I received a gold star for a page of sums in the second grade. English was not my mother's mother tongue and we lived in a neighbourhood of similar folks. In sports I was always among those picked second last or last, no matter what the sport.

To date no institution of higher learning, whatever that is, has seen fit to put after my name those few initials, whatever worth they are. No sir, I thought. You're not going to get me to do that.

But the seed of the idea, well watered, took root in my mind and I got caught up in

the excitement of the other two. After all, it was to be very personal. The title demands it. If what I think—should I feel like not keeping it to myself—can interest you, well, why not? The urge to communicate, to each other, perhaps our most basic need of all, would in a tiny way be satisfied.

"...My Thoughts..." may outrage you. It may shock and startle you or fill you with disgust. But if you are one with your own idiosyncratic manner of looking at this world we live on and can appreciate another's, "...My Thoughts..." may be a pleasant interlude like a coffee break. What the other Herald writers do here in the left hand corner of this page, I myself have a lively curiosity in.

Sometimes this column will be long, sometimes short and sometimes squeezed off the editorial page to make room for the entrenched columnists. Sometimes it won't appear for the reason that I, or the other writers, wish not to reveal our thoughts. I remembered it was part of the deal. I hope this doesn't become addictive. So, for today, this is "...My Thoughts..."

## On The Home Front Some thoughts for Mom

by Susan De Facendis

I have a good friend who happens to be married, but as yet childless.

She appears to me to lead a vital, interesting life, with a good job, nice clothes and a car and I have a sigh when I think of the delightful spring outfit I by-passed, in favour of buying children's jackets.

Her home is immaculate. Century old antique pieces and knick-knacks adorn her living room, that in my place would meet their Waterloo within five minutes.

Even if I had never visited her, I would be able to guess the differences in our lifestyles.

I am quite sure for instance, that her diningroom tablecloth is not spattered with inkblasts. Richard must be surrounded by a super-magnetic field because every ballpoint pen he touches, explodes.

The pockets of every article of clothing he owns are stained bright blue, fading to a rather pretty shade of baby blue by the time the link soaks through to his underwear. If I ever became ambitious enough to redecorate our home, I shall simply do the whole house in ballpoint pen blue, it will save me a fortune on cleaning fluid.

I am equally certain that if a fingerprint dared to show up on a door or a window in my girlfriend's house, it would be at eye level—not waiting anxiously for me to discover it while crawling around on hands and knees.

It is inconceivable that kitchen cupboard doors would be left hanging open and I am sure she would never have a minimum of ten water glasses sitting in her kitchen sink at any given moment.

What would she do, I wonder, with the mountains of test papers, school books, finger paintings and crayoned egg cartons that overflow into the diningroom, livingroom and bedrooms? I could fit all our worldly goods into a three-room-apartment - it is the paper works and crafts that fill the other five.

When my friend recently dropped in for a morning coffee, she was still with me when the children arrived home. I somewhat hesitantly invited her to join us for lunch. When she accepted, I resigned myself to the thought that exposure to my three, during a lunch hour, would either be a kill or cure experience for her.

They didn't disappoint me.

Shoes, jackets and books piled up in rapid succession inside the front door. As usual, all three fought to be first to tell me of their morning happenings and show me their accomplishments. All three either disagreed with the luncheon menu or demanded more. While I was freaking out in the usual noon-time melée, my girlfriend was having the time of her life.

Upon the departure of the mob some 45 minutes later, she silently gathered together her belongings.

Forcing an embarrassed laugh, I joked: "Sorry about the noise and confusion. Just listen to that beautiful silence now."

She gave me a rather strange look. "Do you realise how lucky you are?" she asked. "Those kids can't wait to get inside the door to talk to you. Silence? Who needs silence in a real home?"

Hmmm! That comment provided food for thought that had not been planned as part of the luncheon.

Happy Mother's Day to all of you.

# Potpourri

by Gerry Landborough

It's time again for potpourri, a regular feature of this column. Here we take a sometimes serious but mostly not-so-serious, tongue-in-cheek look at this wonderful wacky world around us.

First we're off to England where six dogs have been living for the past three years in a \$40,000 doghouse. Here they are fed a daily diet of liver and heart. According to a local spokesman "eccentric people do eccentric things." To which I can only add that the magistrates and judges who carry out such strange instructions do even crazier things.

Here's a strange one for you. Over in Buffalo there is a Protestant fellow who is travelling around to Roman Catholic churches and replacing Catholic pamphlets on the rack with Protestant ones. This could definitely create some very strange situations depending on the type of literature he is placing there. Buffalo chief of detectives Ralph Egenhart said "this guy is not only stealing pamphlets from city churches but he's going all over the area." Just try to picture that one.

Away to Nairobi now where hundreds of witchdoctors and sorcerers are being

a little wine and your philodendron. Down in St. Louis that might make sense but up here in the north people might find you just a little bit shaky. Besides no one mentions what to do if your philodendron ever indulges?

Here's a mummifying tale from London, England. A burglar tried to climb down a chimney and fell 30-ft to what must have been a very slow death. Six years later they found his remains smoked and preserved. That would be enough to give any chimney-sweep second thoughts.

Over in Michigan a technician is trying to make the Guinness Book of Records by building the world's slowest machine. Dixon Smith's thing-a-ma-gig of spring gears and a motor will make one complete revolution every 46,366 trillion trillion centuries give or take a day or two. Why? Why? Why? To which Mr. Smith's reply would probably be why not?

Stay out of the sun or you might become a "werewolf". So says Dr. Guinter Kahn, a top U.S. dermatologist. The medical name that causes stooped shoulders, gnarled hands, and hideous growth of body hair is erythropoietic porphyria or Gunther's disease. Even though it is very rare with only 100 cases having been recorded, severe sensitivity to sunlight may

## Viewpoint

rounded up in order to put a stop to ritual killings. Millions of Africans consult "ye local wizard" for a spell on anything from getting even with the enemy to winning the football pool. Soccer teams hire witchdoctors to improve their chances. Picture attending a soccer game and in the benches "ye local witchdoctor" complete in costume with feathers, paint and potent medicine, heading the opposing team. Personally I'd find that more fun than the soccer team. But in Nairobi that is reality.

Down in St. Louis at the local Science Fair strange things are happening. For instance they have discovered that sweet potatoes won't grow in bourbon. However plants doused in water and wine do just fine. Have you winced any of your plants lately? Just imagine soft music, gentle conversation,

be the cause of the werewolf legend.

However, unlike the legendary werewolf, the symptoms don't vanish when the victim retreats to darkness - but it does reduce the sensitivity of the symptoms. Definitely not your average case of "hair today and gone tomorrow" says I.

We are again so fortunate to have the enlightening words of the Maharishi. Sometimes Yogi who leaves the odd message in this column, the Maharishi himself being a very odd person. This week he says "remember that he who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty will never be handsome, strong, rich or wise."

Thank you Maharishi. To which we can only add "the river is deepest when it makes the least noise".

Till next week keep on smiling.