

# Canadians should give thanks this weekend

Canadians have reason to give thanks this weekend for having avoided the suffering that has occurred in some sections of the globe during the past 12 months.

"Monumental" problems of nationalism, language and government action pale when compared to the natural catastrophes that have shook the world, or the inhuman nature of man inflicting savage injury on his fellow man.

Canada has not been the scene of sectarian violence that has continued unabated in Northern Ireland or the Middle East. Nor has any earthquake of significant size levelled urban areas of this country the way Italy and China suffered this year.

Canada has enjoyed, despite the

depressed agricultural market for some commodities, a bountiful harvest compared to the drought-stricken countries of Europe.

Canada is enjoying a high standard of living compared to some less developed countries and it is rare to see any Canadian suffer from extremely inadequate housing or starve for lack of food on the table.

Canada has not suffered from riots generated by racial or cultural hatred, but the seeds of such bigotry are becoming evident.

Canadians have much to be thankful for, and The Herald takes this opportunity to urge all its readers to take part in Thanksgiving Services to pray for continued good fortune for this country in the coming 12 months.

## On Parliament Hill

# We need people like Bryce Mackasey

By Stewart MacLeod  
Ottawa Bureau  
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It was good to hear Bryce Mackasey say "don't write me off just yet", because with a fire shortage of political characters in Canada we need to hang on to people like him.

Anyway he is not the private industry type. After Mr. Mackasey quit the cabinet on Sept. 14, an uncomfortable Prime Minister Trudeau said his former postmaster-general and consumer affairs minister indicated he wanted to enter the business world, and there was immediate speculation that he would be resigning his Commons seat as well as his cabinet seat. So far as Mr. Trudeau knew, there had been no policy disagreement between the two.

But there obviously had been such disagreements, along with other differences of opinion. Within hours of Mr. Trudeau announcing his cabinet shuffle, the chatty Mr. Mackasey was expressing fears about Trudeau's quote that if two conservatives ran in an election the voters will go for the real one.

It was easy to tell he was concerned with the party's future direction. "Dammit, we are a Liberal party."

SEVERAL VERSIONS There are several versions of what happened when Mr. Mackasey returned from a Portuguese vacation to find the prime minister in the final stages of a cabinet shuffle. The stories differ, but it seems clear that Mr. Trudeau did not handle the situation any better than he did when John Turner stomped out of the prime minister's office to write his resignation last year.

Mr. Mackasey was informed that the post office portfolio had already been offered to someone else, and that he would have to settle for consumer affairs. It seems that other alternatives were discussed over a two-hour period, but Mr. Trudeau did not offer anything that would increase the minister's responsibilities or profile.

Had he remained in cabinet, Mr. Mackasey would have been, in effect, demoted. And this man has an immense pride buried beneath all that Irish blarney and he figured, with some justification, that he had earned something better. Furthermore, he explained, he was committing himself to a

national sales campaign on behalf of bilingualism—something the government desperately needs.

Those who remember Mr. Mackasey's performance back in the mid-1960s when the Pearson government set off the Great Flag Debate realize how effective he can be on the subject of English-French relations. That was what the flag debate was all about.

Unlike most politicians the 55-year-old Mr. Mackasey doesn't react with anger in a debate. It's more like a hurt.

CRIS EASILY When English-speaking MPs become hostile toward French-speaking Canadians and described the new flag as a sop to Quebec, he didn't jump up and scream with rages of denial. Instead, tears came into his eyes and his voice choked as he recited all those personal examples of his warm relationships with French-speaking Canadians.

"And when our boys went overseas with maple-leaf patches on their uniforms, no one asked whether they spoke English or French."

When the debates ended, and most of his colleagues would return to their apartments or houses in more fashionable areas of Ottawa, Mr. Mackasey would head off on foot, down through the run-down market area of the city. Then, if the weather was decent, he would often sit on his slanted verandah, talking with shoppers, peddlers, or drunks.

"This nation will never be held together by people who live in ivory towers," he would say.

"What these people around here have to say is just as important as what the so-called intellectuals have to say—perhaps a damned sight more important." As he thumbed through letters supporting or opposing his views on bilingualism an occasional tear would come to his eye.

People on the street said "hello Bryce," and he knew their names.

"I am not in a position to say whether Mr. Mackasey was a great administrator or whether he will go down in history as a towering minister, but every cabinet can use a man like this. And at this particular point in history, it might be a good idea for the prime minister to make an effort to restore his pride.

## Unilingualism, no

Prime Minister Trudeau on the weekend admitted publicly before Liberal Party supporters that the party faces its biggest crisis ever over the bilingualism issue.

The future of the Liberal Party outside Quebec, he maintains, hangs in the balance, and he urges all English-speaking Canadians, particularly in Ontario, to accede to the federal dual-language policy despite the unilingualist course being taken in Quebec.

Later in his comments, the prime minister urges that Liberals not back down from policies which are right. Among these, it can be assumed is bilingualism.

That is a dangerous attitude to take particularly in light of the results of Quebec's introduction of Bill 22. How can the PM say that English-speaking Canadians must back down from their feeling of concern and empathy for the minority in Quebec when the province is itself split on the unilingual policy?

Certainly the Parti Quebecois is a separatist element which is gaining in popularity but it is stressing as part of its platform that Bill 22 does not go far enough. On the other hand, the English-speaking minority is being deprived of its fundamental

rights of Canadians in a country which supposes itself to have two official languages.

Canadians have made many concessions and compromises because of the French existence in Quebec. Now we are being asked to make yet another. Is it not about time that the Quebec French are made aware of the attempts by Ottawa to make this a bilingual country?

Despite the dismal failure of the language program for civil servants, there has been an attempt made. It is unfair for anyone to say that bilingual ability or Francophone background has not played a major part in the selection of senior civil servants or for promotions within the armed forces.

As well, Canadians in English Canada have had to pay for the establishment of (to a degree unnecessary) French-language radio and television stations, with resulting CRTC requirements for cable companies to carry their programming.

Until Quebec decides to give equal status to English as an official language there will continue to be lagging English-Canadian support for bilingualism.



# Thorns and roses for pinball machines, racism, and apathy

by GERRY LANDSBOROUGH

This week Viewpoint tosses up a thorn and roses column.

Roses go to Warren Lowes of Orono for his response to the racist literature that is not longer officially (the truths of the manual are still accepted unofficially) circulated in the Northwest Territories for the training of prison guards.

Some of the remarks directed against our native people were: Indians are weak, lazy, insecure, adolescent, and suffering from an inherited inferiority complex. In retaliation to this human slop taken from narrowed minds that are incapable of individual thinking or assessment, Mr. Lowes replied: "How were these (Indians) remarkable people able to enjoy and live in balance with all the environmental forces of this great continent for well over 10,000 years while we (whitemen) with all our brilliance and ingenuity are already floundering in the rapids of social self-destruction—and after only 400 years into the journey."

Thorns, thorns and more thorns to the parents in York who are worried against the dangers of pinball machines and want them closed to youths under 16—(you remember that magic age "16").

Today's youth is bombarded with things that we as young people never had to contend with. The worst of which is unlimited freedom (given by Spoek-proned parents).

Teens and pre-teens have drugs and booze available at their finger tips. Society is affluent so they don't even always require the money to pay, a friend will gladly pay the shot for company on the way down.

All the rules of the "old days" have gone to hell in a handcart. Schools frustrate and alienate instead of teach—homes are breaking up faster than spring-thaw—families are torn asunder by the need of people to "fulfill themselves"—the money grabbers in life are making a killing on movies, magazines and T.V. showing options in life that we as young people never dreamed of.

And what do the narrowed minded tic tac souls in York worry about—Pinball Machines.

Jim Crozier of Peel Regional social services says: "They reinforce negative patterns of behavior in kids. They create bad social values of children." Thorns for you Mr. Crozier—bad social values in comparison to what?

We can't go back. Tic, tac, toe and kick the can doesn't keep the 20th century teens or pre-teen happy. Values are something they get from their parents—take a good look around Mr. Crozier. If one has to take a choice of evils in this world what difference is there between the Saturday night bingo at the local church and a pinball machine. Both are diversions each geared to a certain age level.

Pinball machines offer a release—they can't do any harm when compared with some of the other alternatives. What are kids supposed to do—hockey and baseball don't appeal to everyone. Closing down the pinball parlors will do not more than prohibition did for booze and as diversions go pinball machines are less destructive than beer parlours and that Mr. Crozier is an adult value and diversion.

Thorns again to 56 per cent of the Canadian population who according to the recent Gallup poll don't know how their MP voted on the death penalty. Why Not?

Canadians at present sure seem to be doing a lot of bellyaching about our present government at both the provincial and the federal level. Yet, 56 per cent don't seem to know how their own MP voted on one of the most controversial issues in Canadian politics.

Wake up Canada—the coffee's burning—among other things.

Seems to be a shortage of roses these days as thorns again go to the federal advisory council on the status of women for suggesting Canadiana women withdraw their bank account from banks not having female directors.

A bank director in my book should be a qualified person with some knowledge of finance.

If women don't want to compete on their own steam on Bay Street or any other predominantly male oriented profession then they shouldn't expect to sit down as a director of a bank.

Women like La Marsh and Plumtree have entered male dominated areas and held their own. They deserve to be where they are on their own merit. If a shortage of such women exist—pulling funds out and transferring bank accounts won't do much to change things. Almost everything the female status board has done seems to hold as much weight as feathers in the wind. Enjoy your thorns girls.

Here's one back-handed rose and a small bouquet to two Americans. First the P.R. man who gave Jimmy Carter the common touch with "I have committed adultery in my heart many times—but God has forgiven me."

"I've looked on women with lust" he said. Well they say a politician should have the common touch and I ask you what is more common than Mr. Carter's statement (most likely drawn up by a Wall Street ad man—as far as God forgiving him how nice to know that the Americans not only have a man running for office that can speak for the United States but that he can speak for "GOD" too. That's our backhanded rose.

Now the small bouquet goes to Senator Robert Byrd who referring to Carter remarks said: "A fluff a day makes plenty of hay." Lusting, is definitely too common a common touch for Senator Byrd's taste.

Last but not least is a large bouquet of red roses to 56-year-old millionaire David James of the Channel Islands. He has decided to give away his money and has received over 26,000 phone calls and letters.

"My intention was to leave the whole of the fund ultimately to the public good—but some of the letters touched me so much I departed from my rule and reached for my cheque book."

To be touched is to reach out and care, something we could do a lot more with in this crazy world of ours. David James cares.

Till next week—think about it.

## Queen's Park

# Separate schools twist, and Hebrew instruction

By DON O'HEARN  
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Of The Herald

The question of separate schools has come up again, but with a new twist.

Traditionally the separate school question has centered on how much public money should go to Roman Catholic separate schools, which long ago were given assurance they could carry on as separate entities.

(Just when, how and why is a controversy I don't intend to get into.)

Anyway public money does go to Catholic schools up to grade 9, and the recent incident was that here in Toronto a Hebrew school tried to get in under the public umbrella.

It is proposed that it be taken over by a local board, with the only difference between it and a regular school to be that it would give classes in Hebrew religion and studies which would be paid for separately by the Jewish community.

But the proposal, passed out when the school insisted that all students would have to take these courses.

Education Minister Tom Wells insisted that the courses would have to be optional, as is required by provincial law for religious instruction.

## On The Home Front

### COMMUNICATION:

# A test of endurance

By Susan de Facendis

Out of all the tests of endurance, quick thinking and changes a mother must face during the course of raising children, the greatest proof of her adaptability is shown in the area of mother-child communication.

Having three children—virtually necessitates speaking three different languages, with a fourth reserved for the outside world.

With the middle child I find communication fairly simple and straight to the point. We simply mutter a few comments back and forth such as: "Well...you know...like...um" and we understand each other perfectly.

When it comes to the youngest, the vocabulary and conversations take a slightly different course. Actually, you don't have a conversation with Teresa—she talks, you merely listen.

However when Saturday arrives and Teresa asks for her "moose", I know, even if the rest of the world doesn't, that a moose is a 25 cent piece. It only becomes complicated if she receives a 1967 quarter, with a rabbit, on it instead.

The biggest problem is confining this terminology to the house. One feels awfully ridiculous at the checkout in a store, looking through ones change muttering: "I know I had a moose and a ship, but would you take 7 beavers instead?"

Then there is always the occasion when you catch yourself saying to a friend: "Drop in for a coffee when the big hand gets down to the bottom?" or "I have an appointment when the big hand is on 12 and the little hand is on 3."

With my eldest child I believe the language barrier has closed off communication completely. I think it has been about two years since I last had a comprehensible conversation with Richard.

Last year, due to his school French immersion course, he did nothing but speak French, this year it is even worse—he is into the CB radio language and I've finally admitted defeat. I'm simply too old to learn yet another language.

For instance, when I ask Richard to perform some small task, I get hit with "That's a 10-4 mother."

How am I supposed to know what that is all about? I suppose I should be thankful he even responds, but does it mean yes he will, or no he won't?

How is any mother, however, devoted, able to help a son who is experiencing difficulty with his "squish", when she can't understand what he's talking about? Could it be something contagious? Would antibiotics counter the effects of a malfunctioning "squish"?

And people wonder why mothers go crazy?

Oh well—like...um...you know. Lots of 7's and -8's to fill. May there always be a moose in your pocket.