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Take my son by the hand

My son started school last week. It's all going to be strange and new to him for a while, and I wish you would sort of treat him gently.

You see, up to now, he's been kind of the ruler of the roost.

He's been boss of the backyard. I have always been around to repair his wounds, and I've always been handy to soothe his feelings.

But now...things are going to be different. He walked down the front steps, waved his hand, and started on his great adventure that might include wars and tragedy and sorrow.

To live his life in the world he has to live in, will require faith and love and courage.

So, teacher, I wish you would sort of take him by his young hand and teach him the things he will have to know.

Teach him...but gently...if you can.

He will have to learn, I know, that all men are not just, that all men are not true.

Teach him that for every scoundrel, there is a hero, that for every crooked politician there is a dedicated leader. Teach him that for every enemy there is a friend.

Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest people to lick.

Teach him the wonders of books. Give him quiet time to ponder the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and flowers on a green hill.

Teach him that it is far more honorable to fail than to cheat. Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if everyone tells him they are wrong.

Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when everyone else is getting on the bandwagon. Teach him to listen to all men, but to filter all he hears on a screen of truth and to take only the good that comes through.

Teach him to sell his brawn and brains to the highest bidder, but never to put a price tag on his heart and soul.

Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob, and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right.

Teach him gently, but don't coddle him, because only the test of fire makes fine steel.

This is a big order, teacher, but see what you can do. He's such a nice little fellow, my son.

Reprinted from Brampton Daily Times

Darcy keeps a promise

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

A few days ago there were probably dozens emanating from the Guild Inn, a suburban Toronto hotel-resort.

They would have been from the ministers of the Ontario government and their deputies.

For the annual budget meeting of the cabinet was held at the Inn for two days.

And from all reports the ministers and deputies were men in a vise.

A vise wielded by Treasurer Darcy McKeough.

CUT DEFICIT

At these annual meetings the ministries come in and present a broad picture of the budgets they are planning for the fiscal year with an over-all amount.

Then this gets an initial vetting. This year the vetting it seems was more like surgery.

Darcy McKeough in his last budget speech promised he was going to cut down on the annual deficit.

To do this he is going to have to manage a drastic curtailment in spending.

And it seems he is depending to keep his promise.

FISCAL? AMBS DROPPED

And much to the despair of his colleagues in the cabinet.

For apparently nothing or nobody is being spared.

At the meeting every projected expenditure was inspected minutely and pared mercilessly, no matter what the arguments or pleading or begging.

Reportedly, even whole programs are to be dropped, which is a change of philosophy.

In the past the budget philosophy has been to cut back a bit here and another bit there.

The outlook has been the old one that half a loaf is better than none.

But that has meant that some programs have tried to operate on two cylinders.

This means they can be under constant criticism and are hard to defend.

ALL OR NOTHING

Some ministers have argued — and apparently Housing Minister John Rhodes was a leader — that they would sooner defend the loss of a program because of the need for economy than constantly have to answer criticism of a lame dog.

One intriguing prospect that may or may not be in mind is that we will have a new budget this fall which would publicly bring out the new restraints.

There could be two main purposes for this:

One, the public showed in the election it wants restraint and a minority government has to be ready for an election at any time.

Two, it would be an object lesson for municipalities before they start drafting their next year budgets.



How the prime minister shuffles the cabinet

By STEWART MacLEOD
Ottawa Bureau
Of The Herald

Having talked to a group of cabinet ministers, some of whom may be involved in a forthcoming cabinet shuffle and all of whom have had recent chats with Prime Minister Trudeau, I was enthusiastically prepared today to provide some inside information on what might happen.

I thought I was in a fairly good position to confirm, or cancel, some of the speculation that has been swirling around the Peace Tower for lack of other newsworthy topics. I had something to say on the most current gossip—that Trade Minister Jean Chretien would become our new minister of finance. I was going to discuss the future of Jack Horner, the former Tory who now waits in the wings as a minister without portfolio. Otto Lung would have figured in my crystal ball, along with Privy Council President Allan MacEachen and Health Minister Marc Lalonde.

And there would have been other names sprinkled through this remarkable story, based on conversations with sources that would have been invariably described as highly-placed, unusually well-informed, or even unimpeachable. "Usually reliable" would have been much too far down the line.

A REAL SOURCE

But something happened on the way to the typewriter. I actually did come across an unusual source — a person who has been involved in conversations between the prime minister and cabinet minister when possible changes were being discussed.

And he offered me this caution: "When it comes to speculating on cabinet shifts, the sources who would appear to be the most reliable are actually the worst. Sometimes you would be better off talking with the cleaning staff on Parliament Hill."

And he went on to describe a Trudeau technique, which I hadn't heard about before.

"When he is thinking about a shuffle he will often invite two or three ministers to drop in each day and have a very informal chat about their future. He obviously wants some reassurance of their continued enthusiasm for politics and to see whether they are happy where they are or where they would like to go.

"It's not a case of him saying, 'I intend to

make you my minister of finance' or 'if it's okay with you we will leave you where you are for six months'.

"What he does is sort of think out loud, saying things like, 'with your particular background, you would probably prefer Justice in the job you have'.

"That minister leaves the prime minister's office, convinced he will be the new minister of justice. He will slip the good news to an aide, on a confidential basis, and the enthusiastic aide will slip it to a secretary or a trusted friend in the media and the rumor is rampant."

HORNER EXAMPLE

I mentioned that Horner had made it amply clear while announcing his conversion to liberalism that he was given to understand he would be getting an "important" cabinet post.

"Perhaps so," said my cautious contact, "but I'll bet you any money that Trudeau never told Horner flatly that he will become minister of transport, minister of trade or minister of finance. He just doesn't operate that way. Perhaps on the eve of an announcement he will make it firm, but certainly not weeks or months in advance."

This person also told me that when the prime minister talked Allan MacEachen into giving up the prestigious external affairs post of the Privy Council and government House leader, that the minister "had every reason to expect" additional duties. He said a good portion of the negotiations involved the possibility of MacEachen also becoming head of the Canadian International Development Corporation — a job he would early love.

But it wasn't a firm commitment, and it didn't happen.

My cautious contact has been around Ottawa in various capacities for a long time, and he said that Trudeau's technique — he can't decide whether it is deliberate or otherwise — is not an original invention. "It was practiced to a science by Prime Minister Pearson, who differed only in that he would discuss the future of one minister with a second minister. And that doubled the potential for leaks."

I'll take his word for it, because I'll never forget those days. We didn't have pre-shuffle leaks, we had pre-shuffle cascades. And, as I recall, they were more often wrong than right.

Looking through our files

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Council re-affirmed its 1946 decision that a district high school should not be located anywhere other than in Georgetown since it is the most urban municipality in north Halton.

Council instructed the clerk to prepare a by-law for councillors to be elected by general vote rather than by wards.

Overseas since June 1941, Lt. Col. John R. Barber returned from England last week and will shortly be residing in his home on Market Street.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Cedarvale School for Girls has started its new term with great plans formulated for the year. There are 26 girls

enrolled and living at the school, one a pupil of Georgetown high school and the other 25 pupils ranging from Grades 3 to 8.

For the second time in recent weeks council dealt with the possibility of passing an anti-noise bylaw. The subject was first brought up three weeks ago when a letter from Police Chief Roy Haley because police received several complaints of squealing wheels and noisy motor vehicles. Council wondered how the police would be able to define what is noise.

Council was criticized by a Georgetown resident for not taking action against builders who were continuing to build houses in the eastern subdivision even though the present schools were already overflowing. If the building continues, the resident added, public schools would be forced to stagger their hours to co-ordinate with the number of pupils.

TEN YEARS AGO

Home delivery is promised for all packages but one thing father Earl Pinkton of 47 Ewing Street did not expect was home delivery of his daughter. At around 8 a.m. the baby arrived with little warning leaving the surprised father to cope with the situation. Earl delivered his five-pound daughter Wanda Marie and later both mother and daughter were taken to hospital. Wanda is the Pinkton's fifth child, the first to arrive in such a manner.

A major break in a watermain off Rosefield Drive which went undetected from Monday until Tuesday morning dropped the water level in the water tower and the reservoir to the danger point. During the period 350,000 gallons above the record consumption was used. Town foreman Frank Morette said the only thing that kept town water supply going was the water tower. The crisis was over Tuesday and works department said the water level would be back to normal by Thursday.

A Meadow Glen Growers employee has been charged with arson and theft following a fire at the company Monday night, the seventh fire there this year. Firefighters had to refill pumper trucks from a stream crossing Ontario Street because of a water shortage.

Metric gives her a headache as do all numbers

By SUSAN De FACENDIS

Life is becoming more complicated with every day that passes.

As though inflation, unemployment and separatism were not giving us more than enough problems to contend with, they now sock it to us with a new headache — metrication.

Now Celsius versus Fahrenheit I can hack. I do not have to understand it, just feel it. If you stick your hand out of the front door and it turns purple, it is obviously cold outside. If it turns brown and freckled, it is hot.

Kilometres however are a different matter. I recently read what was supposed to be a simple computation, whereby you reduce the total of kilometres to units of tens, multiply that by six and then round it off to the nearest five.

However, when you are barreling along a highway, having already painstakingly decided what 100 kilometres are in real numbers, a sign suddenly announcing that you must reduce your speed to 80 kilometres is enough to paralyse you with fear.

Striving to strike a delicate road balance while pinned between two enormous transport trucks, with a cement mixer practically climbing up your tail pipe, hardly strikes me as the appropriate time to be coping with mathematical equations, especially if, like me, your arithmetic is such that you need to resort to fingers and toes. What happens when you run out of those? Will an abacus mounted on the dashboard of a car soon become an optional extra?

I am the first to admit that number factors, or times table as we used to call them in school, were never my strong suit. I did master the two's, fives and tens, but most of the others were a bland then — remain so today, although of course I would never admit this to my children.

"How do you expect to pass in maths unless you know your number factor?" I have thundered at them over the years. "What is the matter with today's education?"

On the other hand, despite my mental block, I never failed a year in school either. While I never passed with an 'A', a 'B' or even a 'C' I seem to recall that I was promoted each year with an asterisk and a "TD".

It was only in later years that I learned the "TD" stood for "teacher is desperate" and that they consequently passed me along to the next grade merely so they would not have to face me for a second consecutive year. My teachers obviously believed in sharing their tribulations in true sisterhood fashion, or possibly the headmistress was only trying to prevent mass resignations from her staff.

It would appear that my whole life thus far, like that of the majority, has been manipulated. It may be very un-Canadian and unpatriotic but I simply cannot get too enthusiastic over the subject of international trade, Canada's apparent excuse for metrication, while wrestling the horrors of highway traffic and simultaneously having to figure out what six times eight may work out to.

Of course, there is nothing like the thrill of self-preservation on the roads for taking your mind off inflation, unemployment, separatism...

Quebec motorcyclists the worst

Vacation times is considered to be two weeks that go by too fast. It is also a period when too many drivers try to go too far too fast.

By all accounts the worst drivers on the road this summer in Canada were motorcyclists in Quebec whose motto seems to be "every man for himself."

The very same bike riders have been complaining their insurance rates are too high. Few companies will now cover them.

When you encounter a motorcyclist in Quebec the chances are four to one he hasn't got an insurance. Quebec officials say the riders are more than three times as accident-prone as are motorists in neighboring Ontario.

Instead of complaining about insurance companies, which is a popular habit, the accident-prone uninsured motorcyclists of Quebec should consider what they are doing wrong. Thousands of motorists who have been unlucky enough to encounter them would be happy to advise them — by long-distance phone or mail.

—Guelph Mercury.

The ripoff syndrome is taking over

By GERRY LANDSBOROUGH

RIPOFF... a word coined by the younger generation a word many of us have adopted. A ripoff is to be taken for a ride, to be "used" without any consideration for right or wrong — responsibilities or obligations.

Below are a few ripoffs that are getting under my skin — maybe you share some of them with me.

I grew up in the generation that discovered Elvis Presley. There are few people throughout history that come along and leave their mark on the culture of the people like Elvis did. Elvis changed the style of music of his era. He was indeed the "King" of rock and roll — a vibrant action-oriented music that brought about a shake rattle and roll that none of us whether for, or against, will ever forget.

The untimely death of anyone is a tragic affair, the death of Elvis Presley was tragic. Many of us felt the shock of his death and it made us aware of our own lives passing quickly by. We reminisced as the radio stations played a tribute to Elvis — we remembered through TV specials the younger years of hotly socks and rock and

roll.

The ripoff begins now because his death is being exploited beyond tribute. It becomes crass and commercial as parasite after parasite latch on to a great money making scheme — the death of Elvis Presley.

Respect for the dead seems to be lost in a neon jungle of promotions to exploit every aspect of a man dying into a money making proposition. Elvis made a great contribution to living — his music — his style — his showmanship. We do remember, but enough is enough. Let the crass and the ballyhoo end — let him rest in peace.

Another pet ripoff today is this whole change over to the metric system. Now I can see no reason why we can't go metric, on the other hand I can't see any particular reason to change over either.

It reminds me of a sort of "keeping up with the Jones" on an international scale — other countries are metric we shouldn't be. The ripoff is that going metric, it just another area where things are pawned off on the Canadian public whether they want them or not — so much for democracy.

However, metric it appears is here to

stay so we might as well make the best of it. Why can't these new kilometre signs that are replacing all the old mile signs show both, so that the motorist isn't entirely confused while we make the great change?

I wonder if the increase in speeding tickets from miles to kilometres has any bearing on the matter. A former \$10. fine for 10 miles over the limit is \$16 in metric. Maybe the metric system isn't such a bad idea after all. It appears only John Q. Public is being ripped off. What else is new?

Recently a group of Grade 13 students were explaining their personal gripes with the school system. One that stood out was the difficulty in concentration when the teacher hovering over you suffers from the two big B's — body odor and bad breath. One kid complained he had one teacher whose suit could have made it into class on its own without the benefit of owner. Personal hygiene in any public position should be a notch above average. Teachers definitely not excluded.

Now we are not by any means implying that the above holds true for the entire teaching profession — anything but. The

problem is with the few offenders. For a student sensitive to body odor the entire class of the offending teacher becomes a giant ripoff.

Our greatest resource as a nation is our young people. Due to the changes in the school system the economy and just the times themselves pot smoking is a regular for many more kids than the average person thinks about. Grass produces a sense of well being, a euphoria but unfortunately it doesn't have any effect for solving the problems of living.

When the high is gone your right back in the same old world you copped out on. Legalizing marijuana is in effect promoting it.

The worries of the world can fade away into a euphoria for the "toker".

Alcohol has presented us with enough hassles — a drink is great to relax with out the toll alcoholism is taking on society really can't justify its overall use particularly the lowering of the drinking age which also lowered the age of drinking on the side. The same principles can be applied to grass.

To legalize grass would be to promote the biggest ripoff of our young people yet.

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