

THE CORPORATION OF
THE TOWNSHIP OF SCHREIBER
NOTICE OF NOMINATION MEETING

Pursuant to the provision of By-Law No. 486, notice is hereby given to the Municipal Electors of The Township of Schreiber that a meeting of the Electors will be held in the basement of the Town Hall in The Township of Schreiber 26 7 p.m., to 8 p.m., in the afternoon of Monday, November 20th, 1967 next for the purpose of nominating fit and proper persons as candidates for the following municipal offices:

1. REEVE of the Township of Schreiber.
2. Two Councillors for the Municipal Council of the said Township.
3. Three Trustees for the Township of Schreiber Public School Board.
4. One Commissioner for The Hydro Electric Commission of the said Township.

TAKE NOTICE that when a proposed candidate is not present at the Nomination Meeting, his nomination paper will not be valid unless there is attached thereto evidence satisfactory to the Returning Officer that the proposed candidate consents to be nominated.

THE ELECTION, if necessary, will be held in the Town Hall of The Township of Schreiber on Monday, December 4th, 1967 between the hours of nine (9) a.m., and six (6) p.m., of the same day and no longer.

ADVANCE POLL for persons who are prepared to declare that they will be absent from the Township of Schreiber on the date set for holding this regular vote account of work or business to cast their ballot will be held Thursday, November 30th., Friday, December 1st., and Saturday, December 2nd., 1967 in the Town Hall of the said Township from nine (9) a.m. until five (5) p.m., of each day and no longer.

PERSONS OWING TAXES NOT PERMITTED TO VOTE

In accordance with local By-Law No. 282, persons owing taxes, including 1967 taxes, will not be permitted to vote on the election of Municipal, Hydro or School Officials.

Please prevent unpleasantness, give attention to your tax account.

Dated at Schreiber, Ontario this 8th., day of November, 1967.

Mrs. M. Jarva, Clerk Treasurer,
Township of Schreiber.

by Bill Smiley

Some of us remember

What will the Flower Children do on Remembrance Day? Will they refuse to buy a poppy because they associate it with past wars? Or will they buy every poppy they can get their hands on and try to infuse a brew of opium, so that they can turn on?

All I know is that they'll have a tough time getting any poppy-juice out of those paper poppies the Legion sells.

My daughter and I have a running battle about the Flower Children and hippies in general. She has a slogan. "Love is all you need," which I find scrawled on things all over the house.

My contention is that these kids don't love anybody but themselves, that they heartily hate anyone who doesn't subscribe to their half-baked philosophy, if you want to grace it with such a term, and that most of them don't know enough about life to wipe their own noses.

This goes over big, of course. I am immediately relegated to that rapidly-increasing segment of the population that doesn't understand anything, is against everything and can't communicate. Even though she does admit they are pretty snobbish about their "love" deal.

I asked her why she didn't have a whack at the Legion contest. It's open to all students, and they can write an essay or a poem, about the meaning of Remembrance Day. Good cash prizes, and she writes well.

"But it doesn't have any meaning for me, Dad. I didn't have an uncle or anything killed in the war." Well, what do you do? I apologized for the fact that both her war-time uncles are alive, and that I couldn't get myself killed, even with the utmost application of incompetence, just so that she could really enjoy Remembrance Day.

Eighteen seconds later, she's beefing because I haven't given her a driving lesson in a whole week, and she's just got to get her license before the snow flies.

I'm afraid we're going to have to face the fact that Remembrance Day does not mean

much to the average kid today. It's not nearly as important as the latest "soul" record. And it's a mild bore, a solemn moment at school, that has no connection with the Saturday night date, or the really important things of life.

It's just one of those silly things that middle-aged people get "all hung up" about, like hard work and honesty and chastity and all those other drags.

And it's not just the kids who ignore it. Most young adults sneer at it as a relic of "Britannia Rules the Waves" and "Over the Top" and beery old veterans.

It's much more fashionable to join a "protest group" and march on something or other, City Hall. The American Consulate. It doesn't matter. Break some windows. Splash some paint. And go home sniggering that, "We really showed those fascists."

There's a vicarious thrill in the thought that the police might whack a few heads, even draw blood. Not yours, of course.

I wonder how many of those protesters would have the guts to clamber out of a muddy, stinking trench and hurl themselves into barbed wire, and machine-guns looking for their vitals?

I wonder how many of the people who carry placards, with their little fat jowls bouncing on their white collars, could fly through a thousand acres of red-hot flak, because somebody had to do it?

I wonder how many of the petition-signers, with their clean socks and their under-arm deodorant, could take a week of puking and getting smashed about in a corvette.

Maybe I sound a little bitter. Maybe I am. Maybe they could and would, some of them. But until they try it, they shouldn't spit on others.

War is rotten. War is stupid. But to those who died, "Salud". And to those who live with rotten lungs and arthritis and all the rest of it, know that there are still some of us who think about you on Remembrance Day.