

Editorial

This Doesn't Make Much Sense

While we have great respect for Labor Minister "Mike" Starr and his problems, we think he went off the deep end last week in a reported statement. The report claimed that Mr. Starr said that high labor costs cannot be pricing Canada out of the world markets because those costs are only 15% of the value of the finished product.

A conservative estimate we would make is that these costs amount to fifty per cent or better.

True, the labor cost in some particular factory may be only 15% of

that factory's expenditure, but the raw material of that factory is the finished product of another where the cost of labor is much higher.

Taking wood products as an example — cutting trees involves labor. The planting of replacements involves labor. Labor enters into the transportation costs to the paper mill or the furniture factory. Again there is labor in the pulp mill, selling, warehousing and reselling. A simple item such as an envelope accumulates labor costs from the time it was part of a tree in the forest.

Not Impressed

The recent hunting issue in the Township of Pickering took on an entirely new twist last week at a regular meeting of council. Banner-waving students, no less, paraded into the confines of the municipal chambers to add strength, no doubt to their plea against a suggested ban on the use of firearms. The demonstration failed to cut any ice with this writer and in our opinion it fell as flat as the proverbial pancake.

In this matter, our sympathies are almost wholly on the side of the farm resident who is merely asking for some type of protection against these so-called sportsmen who yearly invade his premises. These rural ratepayers are not prone to organize pressure groups in order to make

their feelings felt, but I might suggest that if such a plan was adopted, the council room would not accommodate their numbers.

To date, the council has received four letters, voicing protests against the existing bylaw. This has been pooh-poohed by some, as a minority faction. Councillor Harvey Spang has stated that many verbal complaints have been brought to his attention. Still no concrete action has been taken. One of these days, some irresponsible gun-slinger is going to find the back of his britches filled with buckshot. It would seem a pity that a farmer should be required to take the law into his own hands in order to protect his buildings, livestock and family. In our opinion, he has little alternative.

Separate Distinctions

An athletic banquet and presentation program is being planned for the Stouffville Dist. High School in the Spring. The proposal was suggested to The Tribune last week by staff P.T. instructor, Mr. Jim Rehill. We feel that it is an excellent idea.

Too often, we contend, the prowess of high school athletes is lost in the spotlight of academic glory during the annual commencement exercises. Although each is a winner in his own right, awards for athletic and academic accomplishments cannot be linked together because, in many cases, they are miles apart.

Hit Them Where It Hurts

During the past two sessions of Buttonville Court, convictions have been registered against persons accused of dumping garbage on road allowances within the Township of Markham. In each case, the parties were non-residents of the municipality. Only an intense probe through the refuse by police enabled officers to locate the culprit.

The magistrate has taken a dim view of this practise. He has accompanied a verbal tongue-lashing with a

\$25 dip into the individual's pocket book. This is what hurts the most.

With the approach of Spring and the disappearance of snow, piles of roadside refuse are not uncommon in all surrounding municipalities. Many persons, however, do not leave their calling cards among the rubble and therefore, cannot be traced. They go on to try the trick another day. For those, not quite so fortunate, the penalty is severe. In our opinion, it is still too light.

Beatitudes

Blessed are the merchants who advertise, for they have faith in their business and their prosperity shall increase many fold;

Blessed is the lady who sends in a written account of a party or wedding for she shall see details and the names of her guests correctly reported;

Blessed are they who do not expect the editor to know everything, but who will tell him whenever an interesting event occurs, for they shall have a better paper in their

community;

Blessed are they who get their copy in early, for they shall occupy a warm space in the editor's heart;

Blessed are they that co-operate with the editor in his effort on behalf of the community, for their community shall be known to all men as a good place to live and do business;

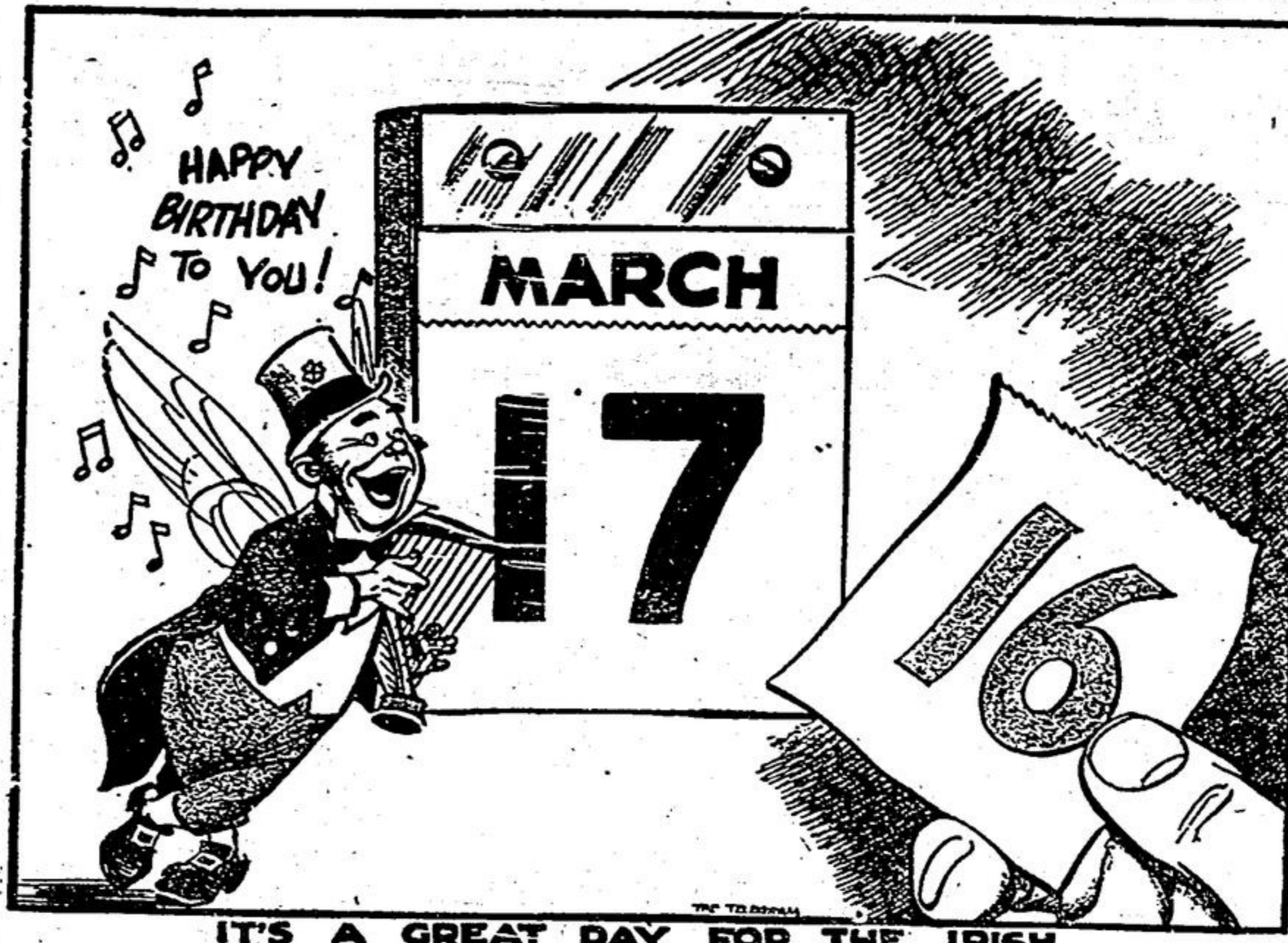
Blessed are they who don't think they could run the paper better than the editor does — yea, thrice blessed are they because there are so few of them.

Where An Award Is Earned

For those local readers who may have followed the progress to date of the Unionville "Jets" in O.H.A. Jr. "B" ranks, they will be pleased to learn that Garry Milroy, a centre star with the club has been selected as the most sportsmanlike player in the entire group.

It is general knowledge that several awards are presented yearly to

worthy winners. We do not know whether an engraved trophy is presented to the most gentlemanly performer, but if not, we would suggest that it should be the most highly treasured accomplishment of them all. This is one goal that would elude the grasp of most junior competitors and young Garry Milroy is to be commended for his efforts. Hockey can certainly use men of his calibre.



Another Census Year

This year Canadian officials will undertake the biggest nose counting operation in history. It will provide Parliament with information to guide it in its welfare plans, manufacturers in their production plans and construction industries in their building.

You will be asked 26 questions about the people in your family. A question frequently asked is: "Are people missed by the census?" The answer is "yes" — but not nearly as many as in the United States where some cities undertake to do their own counting.

Ways and means have been worked out by the Census Division of the Bureau of Statistics for ferreting out even the country's hardest-to-find citizens. It doesn't matter if a person lives in a palatial apartment, barn loft, hobo jungle, abandoned lighthouse or converted chicken house.

Who Uses Census Figures? — All this may seem to some people to be making a great fuss about something of only academic interest. But it is not so. The resulting figures are vitally important to government, industry and social workers. The questions must be limited in number, so as to make the taking of the census practicable, but they are so well designed that the answers add up to a broad, accurate and useful picture of the Canadian scene.

Five minutes' thought will reveal the usefulness to thousands of people and organizations of information about how

many families have low incomes and how many have high incomes; whether these families live on farms or in cities; how large the families are; how old the head of the family is; whether he is employed; what his education is; whether the dwelling is rented or owned and whether it is in good condition or needs sprucing up. There are special questions to be asked of farm operators, dealing with crops, irrigation, condition of the land, farm machinery, livestock, forest products, dairy products, and so on.

There are other reasons for taking the census. In fact, the original legal reason was to determine representation in the House of Commons. Under the British North America Act of 1867 it was provided that the first re-arrangement of seats in the House should be made on completion of the Census of 1871, a similar re-adjustment to follow every subsequent decennial census.

This national stocktaking is useful in determining provincial subsidy payments, school grants and other forms of public expenditure where amounts are paid on a per capita basis. The figures give the national, provincial, and local governments a firm statistical base upon which to judge the need and effect of legislation dealing with economic and social matters. How else than by a count of people by ages and marital status could any public body estimate the costs of social security measures such as family allowances and

old age pensions? How else could school vocational counselors determine the advice to be given graduates than by the statistics of employment in various occupations?

Canada's Population — In spite of the fact that our population has progressed from 3,215 to more than 18 million in less than three hundred years, many people in Canada seem to have an inferiority feeling about population.

In truth, the population history of Canada from that first census of 1666 reveals an outstanding rate of population growth. Every decade contributed to this growth, but three stand out particularly. In 1901 to 1911, our population increased 34.2 per cent; in 1911 to 1921, despite war and the influenza epidemic, our population increased by 21.9 per cent; and in 1941 to 1951 our population increased 18.6 per cent — or, if you add Newfoundland, which joined the other provinces in 1949, 21.8%.

Canada's rate of natural increase—that is, the excess of births over deaths—is among the highest in the world. It exceeds that of other western industrial countries — in 1958 our rate was 19.7 per 1,000 population compared with 14.8 for the United States and 4.7 for England and Wales. In every year since 1951 our rate has exceeded nineteen per 1,000 population. Births in Canada averaged 446,226 per year from 1952 to 1959 inclusive. In those eight years a baby was born every 70½ seconds.

hood and peace, are still important to us and to our children. We can support the Red Cross with our money gifts and we can encourage our public school son or daughter to be one of Canada's one million, three hundred thousand Junior Red Cross members.

This is the world's largest youth movement with over 47 million members in 74 countries. Its objectives are to promote health, serve others at home and overseas, and increase understanding among the young people of the world. One of the most attractive juvenile Canadian publications is The Canadian Red Cross Junior (95 Wellesley St., Toronto) which at 75c for a year's subscription, is a real bargain!

Secrets of success are what everybody is always telling everybody else.



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

"How do you like the teaching game?" So many people have asked me this question in the past few months that I thought I'd try to answer it here. My usual reply is what I hope is an eloquent shrug.

One reason I left the newspaper business for teaching was that I thought it would give me more time with my family. As a weekly editor, I was out night after night, covering meetings, attending banquets and the like. The only time I had with the kids was on week ends.

As a teacher I spend a lot more time at home. And I see even less of my family. I'm locked away in the smoke-filled little room on the second floor, five nights a week and most of Saturday and Sunday. I see so little of the kids that there are times when I can't quite remember their first names.

Another reason for embarking on a teaching career was all those holidays. Two months in the summer. A week at Christmas and another at Easter. Of course, last summer I had to go to summer school and work like a dog for two months. And this year I have to do the same. And at Christmas I spent exactly 47½ hours, during my holiday week, marking paper and it will be the same at Easter. And then at the end of another year, when I am qualified as a teacher, I have to go back to summer school for yet another eight weeks to get my specialist's certificate. But just think—in 1963 I'll have the whole summer off. That's certainly better than the one miserable week a year I used to take in the newspaper business.

And then, of course, the money is good. My take-home pay is better than that of many truck drivers—almost as good as that of a welder or a bricklayer. Unlike them, I don't draw overtime, but think of the security. All I have to do is teach for 35 years, and I get the full pension. Am I ever going to raise hell around the lawn bowling club when I get on that pension? Wheelchair or no wheelchair.

But all these things are mere adjuncts to teaching. After all, we're not just interested in money and security, are we? Well, ARE WE? Of course, we are not. Money is no more important than, say, breathing. No, what we are concerned with

in life is the deep, basic things. Like, uh, satisfaction in a job well done, and, uh, the rich reward of guiding young lives and, uh, stuff like that.

You have no idea, of the thrill a teacher feels when he realizes that but for the guidance he has given young Joe, the latter might have wound up in the penitentiary. Instead of just reform school.

And there is nothing to equal the rich satisfaction a teacher derives when he has taught something so difficult that the sweat is running down his back. And he knows he is getting through to them when he sees young Mary's face light up like a flower. And he nods to her in kindly fashion when her hand is raised. And she asks, courteously and intelligently, "Sir, may I go to the washroom?" It makes everything seem, you know, sort of worthwhile.

There's a completely different atmosphere in the schools these days. When I was in high school, if a kid got out of line, the teacher would clobber him. My old science teacher could clip a large lout right off his stool, across two desks, and into a limp heap of rags on the floor, without disturbing a test-tube. My old maths teacher favored a two knuckle smash just above the kidneys, which enabled you to say nothing but "Huh! Huh! Huh!" for about four minutes.

That old brutality has all gone by the board now, and a good thing, I say. Nowadays, if a kid does something that disqualifies him for a sound belt in the chaps, you realize he's not doing it just for hellery; he's emotionally disturbed.

And the kids appreciate it. Aside from the fact that they'd have a lawyer on you if you gave them a dirty look, there's a wonderful new sympathy between teacher and student. I'll bet there's not a single kid in any of my grades who would refuse to sign the class card of condolence to my wife, if I were to be run down by a bulldozer.

How do I like teaching? Well, say, I haven't really time to discuss it, right now. I have four hours' homework to do, an examination to prepare, and an hour's work on the school yearbook. Come back and ask me in the summer of '63.

For Parents Only

By Nancy Cleaver

BENEATH THE RED CROSS FLAG

The first Red Cross flag ever flown in Canada was made by Surgeon-Major George S. Ryerson, who organized a volunteer ambulance brigade to accompany the troops in the campaign to put down the Riel Rebellion.

On April 24, Ryerson decided that the horse-drawn wagon, used as a makeshift ambulance, which would have to ford the North Saskatchewan River near Batoche, should have a distinguishing symbol. Quickly he stitched two red strips of factory cotton onto a white square.

This ambulance flag, 15 days later, was used to protect the wounded at the Battle of Batoche. Today it is recognized officially as Canada's first Red Cross emblem. It is part of the John Ross Robertson historical collection at the Toronto Public Library.

The Red Cross is the flag of Geneva, and it is the flag of Switzerland, a white cross on a red ground, reversed. In 1859 Henri Dunant, travelling in Italy, had witnessed the terrible suffering of the wounded soldiers in the Battle of Solferino. He was horrified, and did what he could on the spot to bring medical relief.

Later he wrote a book urging an international organization for the care of the sick and wounded during wartime. With several Swiss friends, he launched a campaign which resulted in an international agreement at the Geneva Convention of 1864. There was unanimous assent to the proposal that hospitals, ambulances and their attendants showing the Red Cross badge, should not be fired on or molested in their tasks.

Originally the Maltese Cross, which is wider at the base than at the center, similar to that worn by the Crusading knights, appeared on the Red Cross flag. Later the plain Greek Cross, which everyone knows, was adopted as an emblem for the relief of suffering both during war and peace, wherever disaster strikes.

A Genoese physician, Doctor Appia, wore a red cross on a

white arm band in 1864. In the war between Prussia and Denmark. This was the first time the Red Cross appeared on a battlefield.

Mohammedan countries decided to substitute a red crescent on a white ground, in their flag of mercy. Persia has a special hospital flag of her own. Now, a hundred years after the birth of the Red Cross, throughout the world, the Red Cross banner is known and honored.

It reminds mankind that everyone suffers when nations resort to force and that the wounded and dying must have medical attention.

There is little doubt that if there should be an atomic war, there will be little opportunity to be either just or merciful — death will be too widespread, annihilation will be too thorough. If Canada had been bombed in the last war, perhaps we would be marching on Ottawa as 100,000 marched on Trafalgar Square, London, on Good Friday to protest the use of nuclear weapons. Can we "go along with" Canadian forces being equipped with and bases constructed on Canadian soil for U. S. weapons?

When we look at the Red Cross flag, we remember Henri Dunant's horror of suffering on the battlefield and his dream of international co-operation. The desire to be a Good Samaritan, the dream of world brotherhood.

(Continued above)

Laff Of The Week

