

Editorials

Tribune

A wise warning

It was just over one year ago that a little girl from the Burlington area accepted a ride in a stranger's car, never to be seen again. Aside from a partial description of the vehicle, the only real evidence was the finding of the child's shoe near the kidnap scene. The parents must go on living from day to day not knowing the truth surrounding the disappearance of their daughter.

This tragedy has increased the constant fear in every home, that the same thing could occur "to our child." And parents are so right — it could.

For this reason we feel the police department of Whitechurch Township acted wisely last week in requesting through The Tribune that children be warned NEVER to accept rides with anyone they do not know. The appeal followed several reports of a man who stopped girls in the rural areas of concessions 6 and 7 in past weeks. In each instance, the description of the individual was the same.

What would have happened if the children in question had accepted the man's offer? This is something no one will ever know. This is something no one can risk finding out.

Impossible to please everyone

The County of Ontario plans to construct an arterial road from Highway 401 north through the Townships of Pickering and Uxbridge to join Highway 47 near the town of Uxbridge.

In Uxbridge Township, the proposed route along the townline has aroused considerable protest from property owners in the area. At present, the reasons behind the opposition have not been made clear.

The original route was to have been

along conc. 7, through the hamlet of Glen Major. Opposition to this scheme was even stronger and, in our opinion, more valid. It would be a "crime" against nature to scar this kind of scenic countryside that both residents and visitors have come to know and appreciate.

The same cannot be said for the townline area. On the contrary, we feel that a paved arterial road would improve the district, both in property values and appearance.

Splinter parties on way out

The upcoming federal election is going to provide the Canadian voters with an excellent chance to get back to an effective two-party system. At this early point in the campaign it appears to be a straight fight between Grit and Tory.

It is a pleasant change from the campaigns of the past few years with the fragment parties nibbling away and being partly responsible for the minority situations which have arisen.

An important spokesman for the NDP commented on a recent TV interview that this party never had any hope of being in power but would like to continue as a protest party.

There has been a parade of third

groups for some years, the Social Credit, the CCF and the NDP. In the more recent elections there has been discontent with the leadership of the two major parties which left an opening for the election of 21 New Democrats.

This year there does not appear to be any rise of a third contender. Unless something unpredictable happens it appears to be a fair assumption that the majority of voters will make the choice between Mr. Stanfield's Conservatives and Mr. Trudeau's Liberals.

If this is the way it works out, Canadians will gain something everyone desires, a majority government that can govern confidently.

A mayor's "gamble"

Mayor Jean Drapeau's Montreal lottery is underway and already some of the Toronto politicians are throwing up their hands in horror at the idea of this chance to win a "bundle" being hoisted on the citizens of Toronto. To reward those who want to give the lottery a whirl, \$150,000 a month is being offered with \$100,000 as top prize.

Cost of running the lottery is estimated at \$4 million and four million offers have been sent out in the first "throw." The price is \$2.

Mayor Campbell of Scarborough spread himself on the TV screens to tell the public how confused his Scarborough residents were since the regular Scarborough tax bills arrived at the same time as the Montreal lottery form. Whom is he trying to kid! Most people are rea-

sonably law-abiding but they do resent interference with what they feel is the right to do what they like with their own money. Toronto's horse-and-buggy mayor has also had a few unkind remarks about Montreal's "far-out" idea on licking the city's deficit. He says it's a terrible waste of Torontonians' money. Try to tell that, Mr. Mayor, to someone who wins.

It will certainly be a novel idea if Mayor Drapeau can induce people to contribute in this way, and he is certainly making it attractive. Prohibition gives a number of such events a big push such as the Irish sweepstakes. Legal purchase might even dampen the interest. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Drapeau makes out.



It's that time of year when everyone enjoys a breath of fresh spring air and a taste of the great outdoors. And who can blame them. Even this heifer on the Frank Bennett farm, R.R. 1, Unionville, likes a bite of green grass, although still a trifle short. —Staff Photo



I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN CUT DOWN ON OUR FOOD BILL

SUGAR AND SPICE

Please, keep it simple

By BILL SMILEY



Don't be surprised if you hear of Chas. Whipp turning up in Rio de Janeiro under an assumed name, like Horace N. Buggie Whipp.

He's taking a terrible beating on the polls, all the way from Chilliwack, B.C., and North Battleford, Sask., right down to the east coast.

Maybe Charlie has received the same amount of mail on his poll, but I doubt it. And thanks all you kind, warm people who took the time to encourage me to go on telling it as it is, and telling Charlie that... well, never mind. Let's drop it. He's probably a nice guy who has to snarl at somebody every so often to retain his sanity. I do.

Like right now. My wife, who was away at college for six months, is lying on the chesterfield. After half a year of cooking, I'm still doing it. She had an operation. But it wasn't on her mind. Or her tongue. They're as active as ever.

My kid, who has about 20 days to avoid being a Grade 12 failure, and at the same time is supposed to be preparing for her A.R.T.C. piano exam, is lying on the sack, groaning, with a swollen gland and fever.

My son left Monday for the wilds of Northern Quebec, to make his fortune. For the fourth time. With a little stake from Dad, just to get him started.

Oh, well, there's always something to cheer you up. I've been in stitches, like surgical, since my wife decided to "do" my income tax this year, and save the cost of an auditor. Right at the moment, we're thousands of dollars ahead of the game. It's a delirious feeling, but I don't think it will last. There are a couple of clauses she's not sure of.

By the way, did you ever try, as an ordinary layman, to read one of those dandy little booklets your friendly revenue department is putting out to "help" you?

In the first place, as an old printer, I swear it cost a million dollars to print. In the second, who needs it? The booklet is written in auditors' language, which is second only to that of lawyers' incomprehensibility.

If it takes 30 pages to tell you how to fill out your income tax form, there's something rotten in the state of Canada. Especially if you don't have a clue when you're finished reading it.

I have a suggestion for the government. The booklet could be cut to half the size, and written in plain English, by any reasonably competent writer, with an auditor at his shoulder.

And I can tell you something right now. The handy little booklet is not designed to "help" you. It's deliberately cloaked in language that the ordinary man does not understand.

For the guy on a salary, it's comparatively simple. His tax deductions, however they hurt, are made at source, but for the small businessman

the farmer, the contractor, it's a maze of pitfalls and pratfalls.

Here's a sample of the sparkling prose of the revenuers. It's entitled: BALANCE PAYABLE OR REFUND. It says, "As indicated on the T1 General Form, your Balance is to be determined by subtracting from your Total Payable (Tax and/or Canada Pension Plan contribution Payable on Self-Employed Earnings) the total credits (Tax deducted per T4 and T4A

splits. Amounts paid by instalments and Canada Pension Plan Overpayment).

What does that mean? And why the brackets? And why the capitals? It's not English. It's not comprehensible. It's pure gobbley-gook.

Ah, I guess I shouldn't get so annoyed. I can take it. I'm still working. But my heart goes out to all those on the fringe, who've worked like dogs all their lives, and wind up with dog food.



THIS WEEK & NEXT

American style election

By RAY ARGYLE

There are interesting differences between this election campaign and the three federal contests staged earlier in the 1960s. The present campaign is a slow-starting one, and it is more than ever a U.S.-type personality contest between the party leaders.

The trend toward Americanization of Canadian politics actually began ten years ago when John Diefenbaker burst the traditional party bonds which had confined campaigning in this country to party images and party labels.

John Diefenbaker ran as a personality, and his followers offered themselves as candidates for a Diefenbaker Government.

The Canadian electorate responded by giving the Conservatives the greatest parliamentary majority in history.

Evidence that our politics were becoming more Americanized came with the Conservative and Liberal party conventions. In contrast with earlier party rallies where the choice of leader was largely decided in advance, these conventions saw all the hoopla and noise of the U.S. presidential conventions. The techniques were borrowed from south of the border.

It was at these conventions that TV coverage in Canada came of age. The cameras opened up the sessions to the point where the average voter all across Canada became privy to the most intimate political planning.

By choosing a leader with the popular image of Pierre Trudeau, the Liberals made it virtually certain that the election which would inevitably follow the convention, would be a contest of personalities.

It may be that this is especially noticeable in view of the personalities of Robert Stanfield and Tommy Douglas. Both are much respected, but

neither has the "swinger" image of Trudeau and they will stress policies instead of personalities.

But the fact remains that the average Canadian is today thinking more than ever in terms of personalities and of the prime minister's office as one which must be filled by a personality. The popular view of the election as a contest between Trudeau and Stanfield — and discussion of TV debates between the two — marks a turning point in Canadian politics.

The political scene will be much livelier than it has been. And Canadian politics have not been exactly dull in the past ten years.

The other big difference in the present campaign is that the parties have learned that seven weeks is too long to burden the voters with electioneering.

The election will not be rolling in earnest for another two weeks, when both Trudeau and Stanfield formally open their campaigns.

Not all Canadians are pleased with the prospect of a presidential-style popularity contest in the June 25 vote.

Sen. Gratton O'Leary of Ottawa, longtime Conservative power, described the emphasis on personality as a "betrayal of democracy" and the parliamentary system.

Voters are supposed to opt for the local candidate, not the party leader, in Canadian politics.

But it is beginning to look as if many voters will plump for the party leader of their choice regardless of the abilities or shortcomings of the local candidate.

If this is so, it puts more responsibility than ever on local party associations to nominate the best possible candidates.

ROAMING AROUND

My maiden speech

There was a day when speaking in public came rather easily. In my pre-teen years, I considered it a rather simple task to recite a poem at a school Christmas concert or even take a solo part in a mixed choir of fourteen voices. On one occasion I advanced to the oratorical finals in York County and a year or two later, took an entry from all-Ontario at the C.N.E. I can remember that experience like it was yesterday. It was 1940, the early dark days of World War II and the competition was held in the Automotive Building. We were crowded into rather cramped quarters on the second story, over-looking an array of new model cars plus the latest in Canadian-built army, navy and airforce equipment: one Harvard trainer, a half-dozen Bren gun carriers, a dozen jeeps and a hundred or so inflated life preservers. At least half the audience was in uniform. Each contestant could choose his or her own topic. Mine was "When I Grow Up" and it earned me a prize of nine silver dollars. One would have thought that I had been handed a lifetime interest in the Royal mint.

That was twenty-eight years ago. Since then, my rocketing success to oratory stardom has slackened considerably. The truth is, I haven't made a single, solitary speech since school and the voice as well as the memory has grown a trifle rusty through years of disuse.

On April 18 it happened. Carl Wilson, a member of the Brooklin Junior Farmers gave me a call. He wanted me to address the May 2 meeting of their club at the Mt. Zion Community Centre. Let me tell you, I felt a mite proud. Here, out of the blue, was an opportunity to hit the big time speech-making trail again. Should I or could I? Voices pro and con were whispering in both ears at once and my head was in a whirl. I needed time to think. But there was so little time. I said, I'd give the request serious consideration. One week passed by, and I was no nearer to a decision. But the gentleman had to know and he called again. Without realizing what I was saying, I agreed to fill the bill. There was now no turning back.

Putting words on several pages of paper was one thing, but learning to speak it and not read it was another. I received all kinds of encouragement from my family. "Whatever you do, don't memorize it," said my wife, "just jot down a few notes, that's all you'll need." "But what if I forget," I argued, "that can happen, you know. A body can stand up before a crowd and have his mind go completely blank. Wouldn't that be just great. They'd go right from O Canada into the lurch. Here it is, my one big chance, and I end up making a fool of myself before the whole community."

"You'd think you were about to address a meeting of the United Nations," she replied, "after all, we'll probably know most of them. Suppose you do forget, that's no disgrace. I've seen that happen before." "Well, I don't want it to happen to me," I answered, and it was back on the soap box for more practice.

The kids wondered what in the world was going on. They thought I had gone looney, talking out loud and not another soul in the room. "Does Dad do this kind of thing very often?" asked daughter, 7. Her mother tried to explain all about the meeting and that I was the guest speaker and it was important to me to have everything down just right. "What channel will he be on?" she asked. "It's not going to be televised," she explained, the organization is from Brooklin, Ontario, not Brooklyn, New York. "Can I give it for current events?" she asked. There was no reply.

In case you're wondering about the outcome, my return to the speech-making spotlight went off without a hitch. At least, they clapped at the conclusion which, I suppose, could mean anything. My wife, who sat through the twenty-minute ordeal, admitted that she was "a bit nervous."

From a rather humble beginning, new fields of oratorical endeavours have appeared on distant horizons. Not the least of these is a rather informal suggestion that I should enter the federal political scene.

But rest easy, senator McCutcheon, the time is not yet right. My financial holdings are much too involved at 381 Rupert to permit such extravagant adventures.

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