

Editorials

Tribune

A recreational beauty spot

The Pickering Township and Recreation Department has been active for several years, but its accomplishments have become more apparent during the last two summer seasons.

Visible proof of recent achievements can be seen in the Community Park at Claremont. It has been transformed into a recreational beauty spot. Although we have not had an opportunity to visit other playground sites in Pickering, we understand that similar improvements are

also under way at these locations.

Claremont as a community, deserves some of the praise since the park was included as part of the committee's centennial project. The refreshment booth was erected and some playground equipment added.

Citizens, young and old are extremely appreciative of what the township has done and the department in charge of this program, in Claremont and elsewhere throughout the municipality, is to be commended.

An M. P. speaks out

William "Bill" Newman, M.P.P., is certainly no stranger to residents within the riding of Ontario South, which he now represents at Queen's Park. He is even better known in the Township of Pickering, where, for several years he served on council and still resides.

To the electorate of this area, Bill's address on the need of procedural reform, presented before the Legislature, July 12 and published in its entirety on page 3 of The Tribune, will come as no surprise. People who know Bill, know also that he is one to "speak his mind." For those who do not know him, we would recommend

that they take the time to read closely his remarks and recommendations. We think they make good sense.

While the public is often ignorant of the reason for prolonged discussion and debate on many issues it is often thought but seldom said that members' time could be better spent by "doing" instead of "discussing." Bill Newman, although admittedly a comparative "greenhorn" in the Legislature, has not only observed the problem but has suggested a solution. Ontario South has a voice at Queen's Park, a voice that speaks for all of us.

Protection for everyone

Stopping a riot or pursuing a berserk man isn't a game, but you'd never think so from the hand-wringing that goes on when the police have to crack a few heads to settle the unruly. In very few instances is anyone whacked by the police if they are conducting themselves properly. If they are doing just that they have nothing to fear. Too many persons seem to have the mistaken idea that the policeman can be abused, set upon and generally roughed up without retaliation. The men in blue have a job to do and if the misbehavers cause a heavy hand to be used it is not the police who are to blame.

Now the use of Mace chemical has been introduced and again there is a great outcry. The University of Michigan has come up with a study of the product which states it can be used with relative safety. It has proven most effective in cooling out assailants.

Billies, bullets and boots can be

much more damaging as to bodily harm. The billie, for instance, is only effective in close contact and then the policeman must wield it with force to get results. The chemical spray can be used up to 15 feet.

Civil rights can be a concern, but it sometimes seems that with all the agitation for restrictions on the police, the pendulum has swung too far.

It sounds great to hear someone expounding on the rights of the individual but they forget that policemen are the agents by which the rights of all citizens are defended. Many are all too willing to handcuff the men to whom they look for protection.

What would those who deplore Mace expect to do when a small town police force is faced by members of a motorcycle gang. Pelt them with marshmallows? Possibly they would favor a simple request not to be too noisy while they go about their business of destroying personal property.



SUGAR AND SPICE

We need parent power

By BILL SMILEY

An interesting and rather frightening manifestation of the times is the rapidly increasing popularity of the concept of POWER. Among the millions of words with which we are constantly bombarded by the mass media that one pops up with alarming frequency.

There's nothing wrong with the word itself. It's not a dirty word. We don't get alarmed when we think of such terms as power plant, power boat, power drill, power of attorney, or hockey's power play.

We aren't spooked when we think of mental power or physical power or spiritual power. The word merely denotes strength.

But in the way it is used too often these days, it has more sinister connotations. It has undertones of hatred and senseless rebellion. It suggests smashing somebody or something.

We have been carefully acclimatized. We have accepted, because of timidity or indifference, the ideas of air power and union power and political power and lobby power.

And now we have Black Power and Student Power, both of them with built-in provocations to violence and brutality. The only one that seems fairly harmless is Flower Power, but even this is associated with drugs, sexual promiscuity and anarchy.

It's fairly obvious that I can't turn this pernicious tide of power by writing a column about it. But all you readers might remember once in a while that every new power group chisels away at your personal freedom as an individual, and also at the ideals of peace and brotherhood for the world.

Now, after that little sermon, I'm going to reverse my stand and come out strong for another power group. It's not a new one, but it's so feeble that it needs artificial respiration and intravenous feeding. I'm talking about Parent Power!

This used to be one of the biggest power groups in society, as we old squares well recall. Your parents told you to do something, and in most cases you did it. If you didn't, you suffered the consequences. These ranged from being sent to bed without supper to a good licking.

If your old man caught you smoking at a tender age, he'd whale the tar out of you. If you came in too late from a dance, even though you were a young lady of 17, you might get a lusty application of the hairbrush to the lower posterior.

If you got a strapping at school, you didn't mention it at home because you'd likely get another one there.

This was Parent Power. Maybe it sounds sadistic, in this permissive age but it wasn't. Parents loved their children then, too, and tried to direct them toward their own good. Many a clout on the ear or whack on the tail I got, and deserved every one of them, and loved my parents deeply.

Today, Parent Power is on the verge of extinction, unless we can figure out something new in a hurry.

Oh, we still have a certain authority when they're little. After all, a six year old probably won't threaten to run away and become a hippy if he gets a smack on the bum.

The kids have us on the run, and they know it. Threaten a teenager

even with something as harmless as cutting the allowance or non-use of the car, and you get a threat right back that he (or she) will leave home. We don't want them to and ruin their lives. So we knuckle under.

Kids have been running away from

home for centuries, but they usually ran off to sea or off to the city to get a job. They didn't run away to Yorkville or Vancouver to become teenage pickings for the pimps and pushers.

Who's for Parent Power, and how do we get it back?



THIS WEEK & NEXT

Key cabinet ministers

By RAY ARGYLE

Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau has selected his 29-man cabinet, but in actuality, only eight will be the key workers to help him construct and build his promised "Just Society."

It is interesting to recall what these eight men said of the "Just Society" and Prime Minister Trudeau following the Liberal convention.

Eric Kierans, Postmaster General, who will also become the Minister of Communications, said: "There is no doubt in my mind that he is the man to provide leadership for a Canada which must find a renewed faith of confidence in itself and in the principles of Confederation."

James Richardson, a rookie in parliamentary circles, has been named Minister Without Portfolio.

He said after the convention: "In my heart and mind I see the structure of a new Canada and I want to help build it."

Another Minister Without Portfolio is Otto Lang who, like Mr. Richardson, was successful in his first election bid.

He remarked that he, too, wanted to assist in the building of a "new Canada."

The new Minister of Defense Production and of Supply and Services, Donald Jamieson, said that it was not important whether an MP was a cabinet minister or not.

He also said: "I'm concerned about the attitude of the public and MPs that if you're not in the cabinet you are a failure."

Mr. Jamieson is also a close friend of Newfoundland Premier Joey Smallwood.

Ronald Basford is Minister of Corporate and Consumer Affairs. He campaigned that a special committee should be formed to investigate professional hockey in Canada, maintaining that the public is entitled to full disclosures of financial deals and club workings.

This sentiment was also shared by Prime Minister Trudeau.

Veterans' Affairs Minister is Jean-Eudes Dube.

He said that French will be the official language for the Commons, the Supreme Court and the Quebec Legislature.

Horace (Bud) Olson switched from Social Credit to the Liberal ranks and has been rewarded with the post of Minister of Agriculture.

Like the Prime Minister, he was against the Carter Report on Taxation to treat all grain as income.

Jack Davis was a Minister Without Portfolio, but now he will head the Fisheries Department and eventually take over the Forestry Portfolio when the departments are reorganized.

He said a free trade area in North America would free Canada of Washington's influence and make Canadian industry more specialized and efficient, giving Canadians prosperity that would ensure the nation's future.

Gerrard Pelletier is Secretary of State.

He was one of the three Liberal strongmen in Quebec. Mr. Pelletier was part of a trio with Mr. Trudeau and Jean Marchand, Minister of Forestry and Rural Development.

From the outset he backed Prime Minister Trudeau's "Just Society" and the rebuilding of the Canadian Constitution.

The new Labor Minister is Bryce Mackasey who considers himself a Canadian first and a Quebecker second, although he fully sympathizes with Quebec aspirations.

He has said: "I'm not a separatist." Mr. Mackasey was described by Robert Stanfield as the Liberal Party's hatchet man.

The labor Minister believes Canada needs U.S. capital to develop.

Every province but Prince Edward Island is represented in the new cabinet.

And what does Prime Minister Trudeau feel about his new Cabinet?

"I want my ministers to have more time to think about policy and to act on policy matters on their own, not to depend on information or non-information from department officials."

"The politicians — the elected representatives — should be spending more time thinking about legislation that is needed," he said.

Mr. Trudeau built his Cabinet the way he won the election — ignoring tradition and conventions in favor of a traditionally new look.



The lazy days of summer

IN the sizzling heat of a mid-summer afternoon, one can enjoy a breath of fresh air in the shade of Stouffville's Memorial Park.

—Staff Photo

ROAMING AROUND

Better late than never

I've rejoined company with Mr. Underwood this week following an enjoyable 7-day vacation that included a trip to Montreal and, of course, Man and His World.

You see, I was one of the few who, out of sheer negligence, miserliness or meanness, you name it, failed to attend the World's Fair of Expo '67. My wife has never allowed me to live it down. To make matters even worse, all our friends and neighbors kept re-introducing the subject from May through to October. "Have you been down to Expo yet?" they'd ask and the negative reply would arouse a kind of wry look like your travel loan had just been rejected by the bank. I tried to make amends by making three trips to the C.N.E. and travelling twice to Markham Fair but it all seemed like "kids' stuff" by comparison. And in truth, it really was.

So long after the fifty millionth person had passed through the turnstiles, I decided that by hook or by crook, I'd venture forth in '68. That mission is now complete and my conscience is now at rest.

I have no intention of over-burdening my readers with a mile by mile travelogue of our trip, since to most of you, the whole show is now history. I will say that the Bell Telephone tour across Canada was alone worth every inch of the 744 miles we travelled. It tended to stir up a sense of patriotic excitement within a body's soul that could lead to an excusable poke in the nose to anyone who would dare to criticize our country. But no one did. In fact, during our all-too-brief stay in the province of Quebec and the City of Montreal, we found everyone most friendly. A city of separatists, you say? Don't you believe it. Togetherness would be a more appropriate word. On the mini-rail, we sat next to a couple from Vancouver. We talked like old friends across a backyard fence. Outside our motel, we met up with folks from Verdun. They spoke like neighbors across the street, first in French then switching quickly to English. It was the same everywhere we went. This country breaking up? Not by any stretch of the imagination. We're now more unified than ever and Expo '67 and '68 can take much of the credit.

Human After All

My knowledge of horses is limited. Oh, I know a Clydesdale from a Percheron and a Belgian from a Shetland but when it comes to the pacers, prancers and jumpers I wouldn't know a Half Arab from a Full Eskimo.

With this kind of superficial interest, I attended the All Arabian Horse Show at Markham, Saturday.

It has always been my honest opinion that thoroughbred horse-lovers, like cat and dog fanciers, are a strange species of humanity. For a time, Saturday, I was even more convinced of this, but later, my confidence was shattered. I've come to the conclusion that, like in most everything else, if you're a winner, the horse is "the greatest" but should you place last, then the four-legged filly is destined for a tongue-lashing from its mount.

Just such a thing occurred as I listened in on the conversation between two separate riders and their steeds, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the judging scale.

"I just love you," said the young girl winner, proudly holding the trophy in one hand and squeezing the other around her horse's head. "You are so adorable I could kiss you." And she did, smack, smack on its sweaty, giraffe-like neck.

Other admirers crowded around. "You did beautifully," said one. "Can I pet him?" asked a small child. "What's his name?" enquired another. "What's your name?" asked a reporter. The pretty teenager appeared to enjoy every minute of her newfound fame and proudly posed while amateur camera-bugs snapped picture after picture. She then galloped away in a cloud of dust to prepare for another class.

In a remote section of the grounds stood another horse and rider. No ribbons fluttered from its bridle and the owner held no trophy.

"Where did you place?" I asked. "Last!" the man snorted disgustedly and then turning to his disenchanted steed, he said: "One more display like that and you're headed for the glue factory." It was proof, positive that even horse-lovers are human.

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