

Editorials

Tribune

Vulnerable to attack

It is becoming increasingly apparent that real estate and municipal politics do not mix well together. Such was the case here in Stouffville several years ago. Such is the case now in Whitchurch.

Deputy-reeve Lawrence Hennessey an admitted representative of a well known and highly reputable real estate firm, is impairing the future of his position by continuing his connection with this company.

We are not suggesting that Mr. Hennessey is using his council office to further his own private interests. To the best of our knowledge, he is not. But on too many occasions he has found it necessary to withdraw from discussions on pertinent subjects, thus causing ratepayers to question his integrity on other matters.

Mr. Hennessey is aware of the vulnerable situation in which he now finds himself. He surely must have been aware of it when he let his name stand for nomination in 1967. He has

declined, however, to forfeit one position in favor of another. He thus leaves himself wide open to criticism by a cross-section of the electorate.

Under the most congenial of circumstances, a councillor's lot is not always a happy one. When a member takes a definite stand, he's sure to step on someone's toes. To retaliate is human and the injured will seek any opening in which to thrust the knife. Thus, Mr. Hennessey finds himself continuously on the defensive. It's a tough struggle.

In many ways, deputy-reeve Hennessey has proved himself a benefit to council, particularly in his persistent desire to acquire additional industrial assessment for Whitchurch. But he cannot go on fighting a rearguard action forever. For right or wrong, people will believe what they want to believe. And it's the opinion of the public that real estate and politics just don't mix. It's been proven at the polls.

It could happen here

By Tom McFadden, Grade 13B

School has begun for another year across Canada and the United States. Since September third it has been possible to pick up the paper on any night and read of student protests against what they believe is the unequal balance of power in the school between administration and students. So far protests of the students have been conducted in an orderly and peaceful manner, unlike those in the United States.

How long will the restless striving spirit of the young people be contained? Not only the young people but also the suppressed minorities! How long will the Canadian Indian be content with poor living conditions, inadequate education and the prejudice of an ignorant people? How soon will the Indians begin organized, peaceful protests? If no action is taken, how long after that will it take

for violence to become the only means left?

For years Canadians have been able to sit back and say smugly that racism is a problem only in the United States. These are the views of an ignorant and unseeing people. Is this not one of the roots of student protest? Do they not wish merely to change the policies of a world that will be their problem in the future? Can they be blamed because some of them are greatly concerned not only with the present but also with the future? Can the older generation take a lesson from this and try to change now rather than wait for violence to come to Canada? Are the Canadians the progressive and open-minded people they claim to be? If so, why can we not take a lesson from our neighbors in the south and avoid violence?

Who can be prime minister

Since we have just elected a new prime minister and the Americans are about to elect a new president, it is interesting to note the differences in the two countries in just who can achieve such offices.

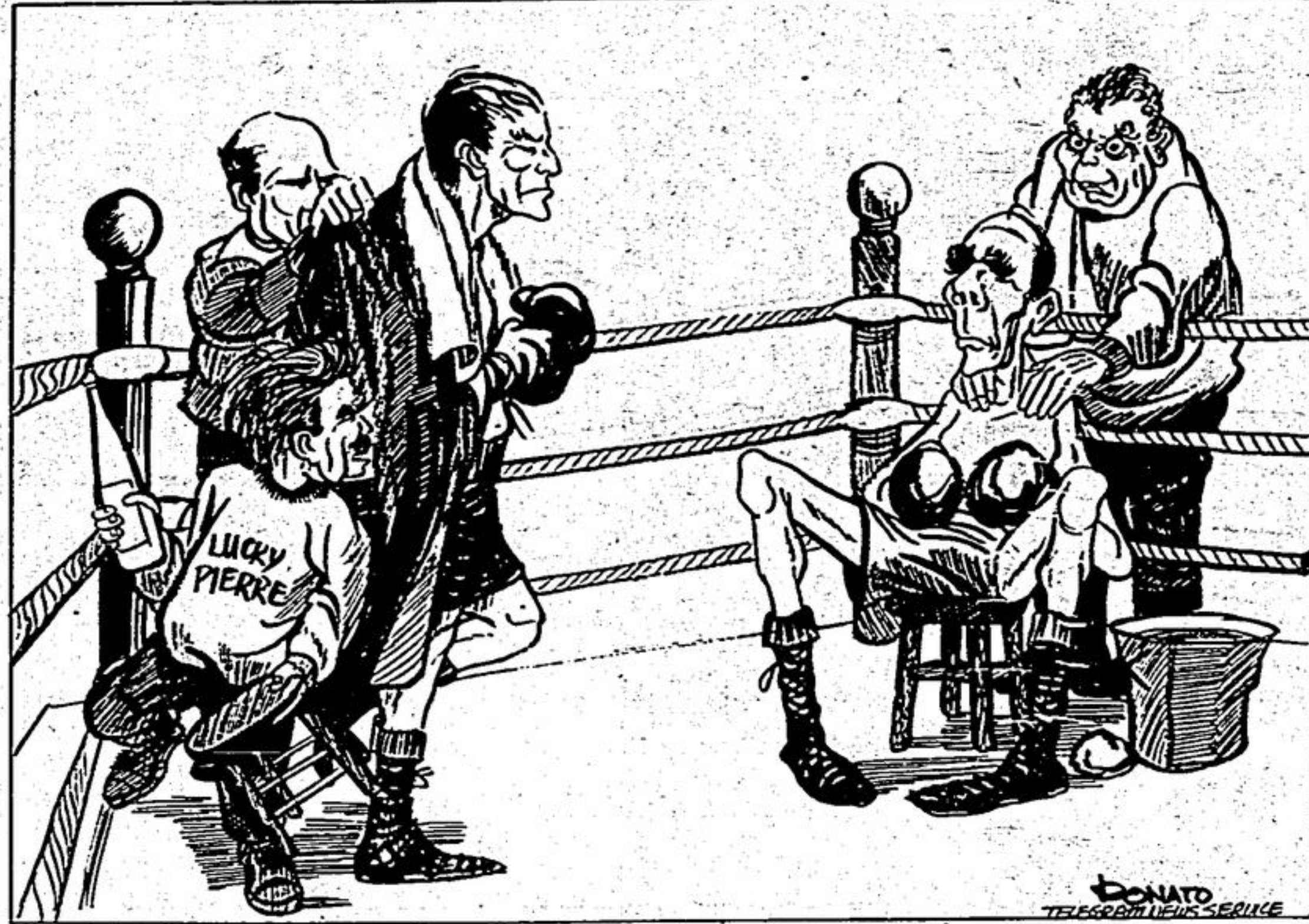
It appears that there is no document spelling out the duties and powers of our prime minister. They simply arise out of custom and experience and without written rules.

As to who can be elected to office, there are no restrictions. If a man can get the votes, he can be prime minister, and we don't care where he was born or how long ago.

In the United States, there are re-

strictions. The field is not wide open. Naturalized immigrants are barred. The president must be a "naturalized citizen." The young are barred; the president must be at least 35 years of age. People who have travelled abroad too much are barred; the president must have resided in the States for at least 14 years. The net results are that millions of people living in the United States are barred from being candidates.

The Canadian attitude seems much more democratic. We judge a man for what he is, not for where his mother happened to be the day he was born.



HE'S NO TROUBLE PIERRE, BUT IF HE WORKS YOU OVER INTO HIS CORNER WATCH OUT FOR HIS MANAGER!

SUGAR AND SPICE

A great summer

By BILL SMILEY



Today the painters came. That sounds like the refrain or the last line of a modern poem. It isn't. Today the painters came.

And tomorrow the relatives come, with their dog and children. There doesn't seem to be much connection, but there is.

The painters took all the furniture out of one bedroom and put it in another. So that's two bedrooms un-serviceable. That leaves one, for four adults, two children and a poodle. It's going to be cozy.

And last night I lay in the sand by a fire and looked at a star-flung, far-flung sky, and kept brushing aside beautiful women who offered me drinks and food. Mostly sandy hamburgers. And today I have a head full of sand, literally and figuratively.

And the other night I sat by a roaring cottage fireplace on a cool night and hotly debated with old friends such-world issues as Rotten Kids, and Dutch Elm Disease. Until 4:30 a.m. Nothing was settled, except the state of my health the next day.

And the night before that, a lady phoned and told us Kim had been in an accident and was in the emergency ward of the hospital. All records were shattered, getting there. A bang on the forehead, two swollen knees, 84 bruises and a three-stitch cut is pretty lucky after a head-on collision.

And yesterday, the same Kim took off, hitch-hiking with a friend, for Montreal. Her aunt was horrified that we let her go. Until my wife reminded her (aunt) that she had been married at that age.

And today, thank the powers, Kim phoned and said she was safe, if not sound. She was car-sick all the way, and has a sty on her eye. But she's having an exciting, interesting time, while her parents slowly but inexorably turn gray.

And the weeds in my flowerbed stand tall and reach for the sun, while the flowers peep between their knees like frightened children.

And I haven't been fishing once this summer. And I've played very little golf, all of it rotten. And I puff like a grampus when I swim. And my piles are acting up. And Summer is on the wane.

However, all is not lost. The hedge is clipped and the lawn mowed. The sky is blue and the sun beats down on my heady forehead as I sit at the picnic table writing my column.

My elms are still sound. My washing is on the line, whiter than white. My daughter wasn't killed in that crash. My wife is charging around like a gazelle, after an operation which everyone told her would take from six months to a year to get over. My banker hasn't got around to calling. And my bursitis is temporarily quiescent.

So what if summer is on the wane? Summer is for babies and bumblebees and baseball players and birds. It's merely demoralizing for us lovers of the spartan life, the hard work, the regular hours.

Tomorrow I'm going to beat my brother-in-law at golf for the first time in twenty years. And the day after, we're going sailing with a chap who tips over every time he's out. This time, he won't tip. And tonight we'll have a barbecue

and the kids and the dogs will romp and get in and out of trouble and we'll all bed down on the living room floor, to avoid discrimination. It's either that or I sleep with the dog.

Come to think of it, I'm one of the lucky ones. Think of the farmers, slogging it out in the sun eighteen hours a day, and worrying

about the lack of rain or the excess of it. Think of the factory workers dripping with sweat in one of those medieval plants. Think of the resort owner with a big mortgage who has just-been through two weeks of cold, wet weather.

I take it all back. I'm having a great summer. Just great.

THIS WEEK & NEXT

Canada must hurry

By RAY ARGYLE



When the Economic Council of Canada told the nation that four million Canadians live at the poverty line, all political parties were quick to declare their support for a new war on poverty. But the question remains — What is really going to be done?

The Council, in its fifth annual review, zeroed in on living conditions among the nation's more than four million poor, declaring them to be a "national disgrace."

But despite the failure of past attempts to alleviate poverty in Canada, Council chairman, Arthur J. R. Smith says it can be done — "in a decade or so."

The Council, an unofficial body which can do no more than advise the government, put the stamp of "poor" on any person or family who must spend more than 70 percent of their income on food, clothing and shelter.

By this reckoning, the poverty group includes single persons with incomes less than \$1,500, families of two with less than \$2,500 and families with three, four or five or more with less than \$3,000, \$3,500 and \$4,000 respectively. This totals, according to Council figures, to 27 percent of the entire non-farm population of Canada.

The Council has widely reminded Canadians that in an era of affluence for the majority, poverty can pass hidden and unnoticed. It is not closely identified with race, as is the case in the United States, and thus clearly visible to all. Nor is it confined to the so-called economically depressed areas of Canada, or the Maritimes.

If one is to assume that the elimination of poverty is to become a national goal for Canada (and the Council says no society can be a Just Society unless it does eliminate poverty), one must look for the causes of poverty.

The two major reasons have to be a lack of job opportunity and a lack of job skills.

(The threadbare and time-worn argument that people are poor be-

cause they are lazy has been disproven so many times that it should be no longer necessary to knock it down. The Council says the average income of the one out of five poor families of Canada was \$2,263 in 1965. Most provinces offer more than that in welfare — \$2,400 in Ontario — yet the vast majority of poor continue to struggle for self-support rather than go on welfare.)

Job opportunities remain at a premium to many Canadians because too many industries are geared to low productivity, and hence, low pay. These include many employers in the clothing industry, woolen mills and tanneries, wood industries such as box factories and mills, and the service industry such as hotels, laundries and temporary employment agencies.

It is in these industries that a start can be made by drastically revising the minimum wage laws, which now do not exceed \$1.25 but should be higher.

Canada's education standards are shockingly low. The average for the nation is Grade 8. Higher education enhances a worker's ability to absorb job skills and to increase his productivity.

An American university study showed that in 1966 only 22 and one-half percent of our population aged 20 to 24 was in school or university. For the United States, the figure was 43 percent. For Britain, it was seven percent, which explains why things are so bad in that country.

Another U.S. study, this one from the Hudson Institute, picks Canada as one of four countries (along with the U.S., Sweden and Japan) which by 2000 will reach the stage of the post-industrial society — a society with average annual income of \$4,000 PER PERSON.

Canada obviously has a lot of catching up to do. It is going to cost money to do so. And unless the affluent help the poor to a better tomorrow, the social explosion which is now rocking the United States will hit Canada, with results just as violent.

ROAMING AROUND

Boy oh boy!

By Jim Thomas

What a week! On Sept. 12 at exactly 4:38 p.m. I became a father (for the fifth time). A 7 pound, 2 ounce boy. While justifiably proud, I am also unmistakably pooped. The period from Thursday to Sunday has been like no other in my entire life.

While mature veterans of pophood may take such post-marital occurrences in stride, I feel it only fair that all June glooms now contemplating the arrival of the winged platypus, be made fully aware of the facts of life.

First of all, don't let anyone ever tell you that familiarity breeds contempt. It matters not whether it's your first, your fifth or your fifteenth, the degree of excitement is just the same. Take it from one who knows.

For me, the Hurry Home call came at 3:35. I dropped everything and ran. Under such stress and strain many thoughts cross an expectant father's mind, such as: What would happen if I had a flat? Is there air in the spare? Suppose it was born at Ballantrae! Would I know what to do? The anxiety within begins to show without. The forehead is wet and the hands are all clammy. We covered the 17 mile distance to Newmarket in 15 minutes, arriving at the hospital entrance at 3:53. My wife was immediately whisked away and I was left to fill out one of those inquisitive forms. To add to the frustrations of the moment, when the nurse requested my insurance certificate, I handed her an Esso credit card. An hour later, I ventured outside for a breath of fresh air and discovered I had received a parking tag.

I proceeded to explain that the trip was an "emergency" and he relented with a "don't let it happen again" kind of warning. With the news that our family of four was now five, I headed for home. It was then that the fun really began.

Since the new arrival was five days premature, our hired baby-sitting service was not available. I sent out an immediate SOS and the neighbors responded in a most generous manner. In between shifts, I tried my hand at completing the most common of household chores, like making beds, washing dishes and preparing meals.

The general menu, breakfast, dinner and supper was soup and cereal. The kids consumed so much Campbell's, they had tomatoes coming out their ears. It was Shreddies, Wheaties and Corn Flakes three times daily, with an occasional side order of toast and jam. In spite of the monotony of it all, no one complained. Not even when the water-boiled dry on the weiners or when I upset a pot of peas on the kitchen floor. It was all for one and one for all.

You know, perhaps it's a good thing when a father is left on his own with the family for a few days. He finds out first hand just what a mother's duties really are. He learns that there is more to it than drinking coffee, watching soap operas and talking on the telephone — much more.

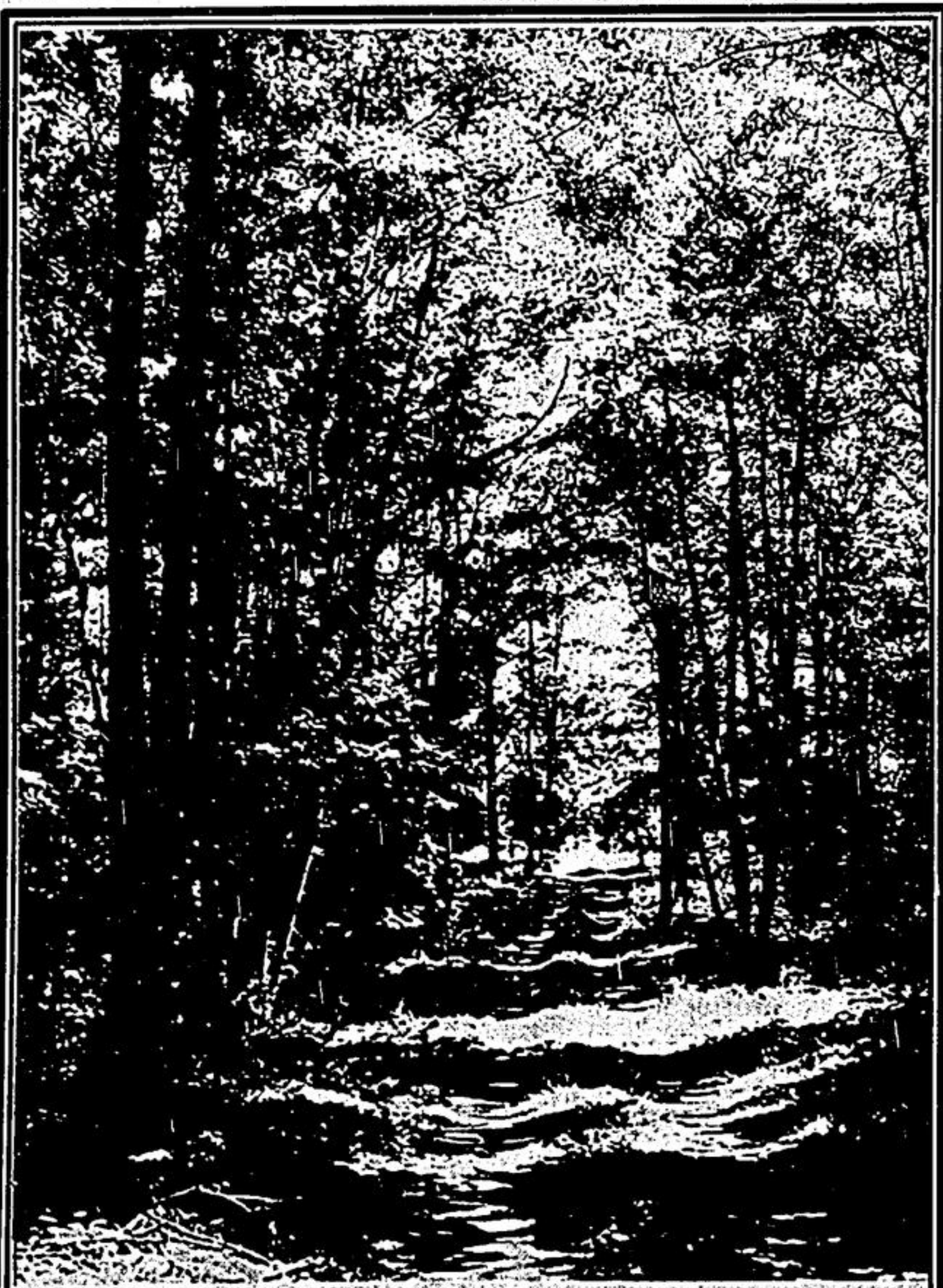
In addition to the work involved, the prime requirement is patience, of which I have far too little.

It takes patience to get up at 4 a.m. to get a boy a drink of water, only to change the bed at 4:05. It takes patience to tidy up the living room, only to have it littered, later, with everything under the sun. It takes patience to take out the mid-week garbage only to find that someone's dog has beat you to it. Yes, a modern-day mother must surely be a modern-day Job.

At the hospital, far removed from the trials and tribulations of home, my wife still has her worries. Her number one concern was for our family size. Would it mean an addition to the house? Would the children disturb the neighbors? Would folks believe that he was dearly wanted and planned for?

Her number two question concerned a name. She had considered several but none seemed quite suitable.

It was then that I put her mind at rest with a two-in-one solution to the problem. "Let's call him Patrick Michael," I said, and credit it to the Pope."



A shady trail through Vivian Forest

This road is not maintained by the Township of Whitchurch. It's one of many shady trails through Vivian Forest, west of concession 7. — Staff Photo

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