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Editorials

Separating chaff from straw

Since the introduction of the Ottawa-sponsored Local Initiatives Program (L.I.P.), and other supposed work-oriented schemes, this newspaper has been openly critical of its accomplishments.

And for good reason. For, on many instances, we've seen nothing accomplished; a Liberal 'give-away' at taxpayers' expense.

It would be unfair to say that, in a broad sense, the program has no merit. We feel it has, or could have. But each application must be properly investigated prior to approval, and each project thoroughly examined prior to payment.

That's where the old scheme fell flat on its face. Federal authority was too far removed from the 'grass roots' to separate the chaff

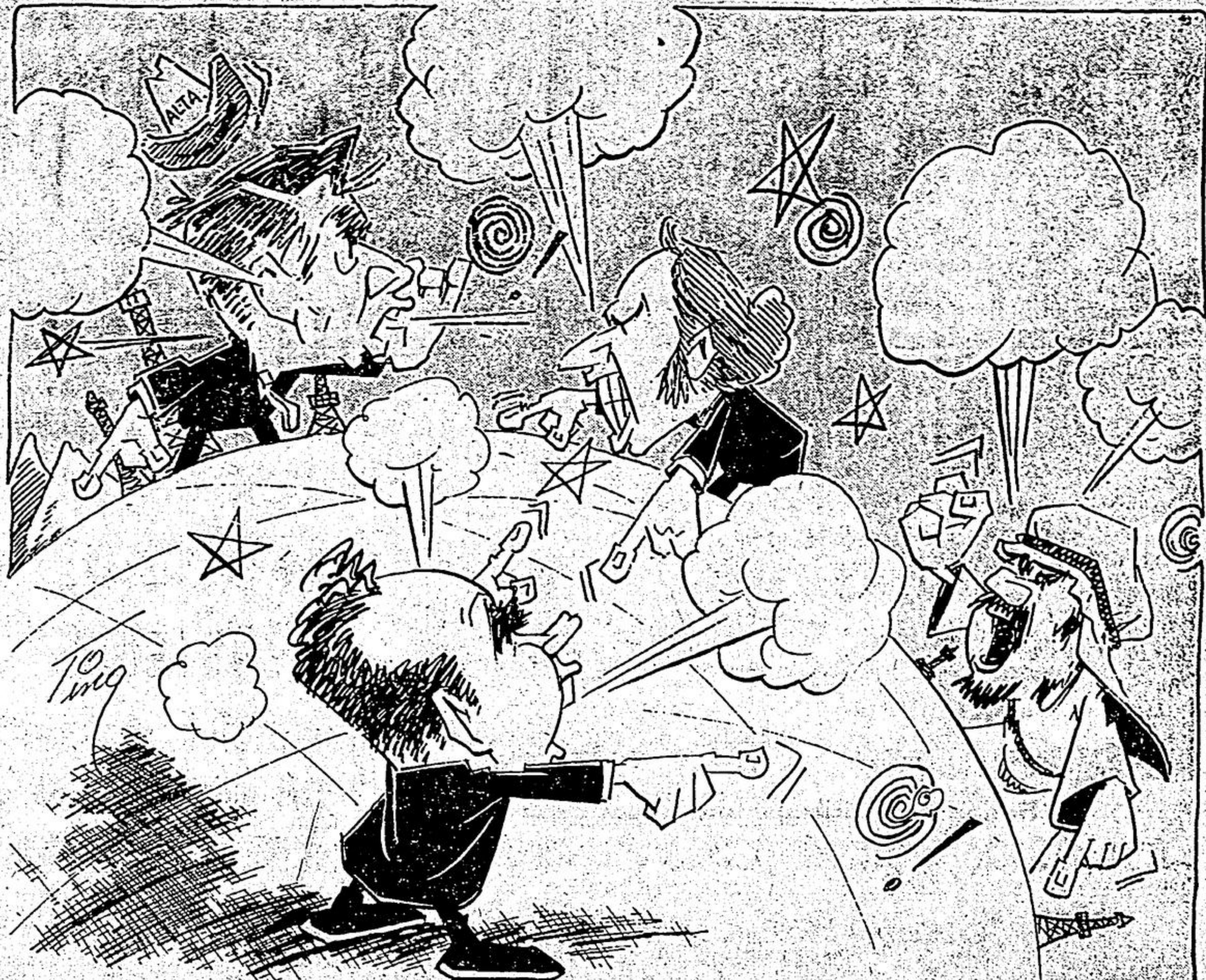
from the straw. Hence, the 'dead beats' moved in and money was squandered.

All this is about to change.

Committees are to be established at the municipal level to deal with applications and make recommendations. Barney Danson, M.P., York-North, has already put the wheels in motion in his Riding. So too has Norm Cafik of Ontario. Mayor Gordon Ratcliff reports this week that he has been contacted by M.P. Sinclair Stevens, York-Simcoe, with a similar thought in mind.

So it seems, after countless editorials by this newspaper and others; after continuous public outcries across the country, the word has finally reached 'the men at the top'.

Now perhaps, the deserving few will be suitably subsidized and the 'dead beats' will be ignored.



EVER WONDERED WHY THEY CALL IT CRUDE OIL?

Election race-slow track

Disinterest and misunderstanding; these two, add up to the dulllest election campaign in years.

The electorate in Uxbridge Twp., Uxbridge Town and the Twp. of Scott, go to the polls, Oct. 1.

That is, if they'll be bothered to take the time.

Pickering Township voters do the same. The majority won't.

It would appear that most ratepayers don't really understand what's going on. Some, on the other hand resent it. Many don't care.

While local residents rest on their proverbial oars, area and regional candidates have done nothing to rock the boat. Campaign meetings (if any) have been poorly advertised. Some candidates honestly admit they've nothing to campaign about.

So, it all boils down to who you know, not what you know.

A rather haphazard method of electing people to positions of importance.

This 'pig in a poke' arrangement falls in line with Queen's Park's plan for selecting a name for the new Region. The powers-that-be have very generously turned this chore over to the people. However, in doing so, they reduced the list down to four—Durham, McLaughlin, Oshawa and Pickering.

That's a tidy, compact package. But who in Oshawa is going to pick Pickering? And who in Pickering is going to select McLaughlin? And who in Uxbridge or Scott could care about either or all?

Yes, it's an election race on a very slow track.

The horses are at the post but the fans have fallen asleep.



SUGAR AND SPICE

Inflation everywhere—even in England

By BILL SMILEY

One last column about impressions of England, and if you're already sick of them, turn to the classified ads.

Cost. A holiday in England used to be relatively inexpensive, what with lower wages and food costs. Not no more. Costs have soared all over Europe and Britain is no exception.

You can still have a cheap holiday there, if you want to squeeze every penny, just as you can in Canada. But that's no fun, on holidays.

In the lovely old town of Chester, we paid about \$15 for a room without bath. But breakfast was included. Good seats in London theatres cost from \$8 to \$10. Meals in a posh restaurant are about the same prices as in Canada—preposterous. Best place to eat is in the pubs, where, at reasonable cost, you can get a hunk of french bread and good cheese, or a plate of bangers (sausage), a slice of veal and ham pie, or a hot steak and kidney pie.

Ice. If you are accustomed to ice in your drinks in hot weather, either forget it, or be prepared to fight for it.

Order a dry martini and sit back waiting for something ice-cold and uplifting. What you'll get is a glass of lukewarm vermouth, a concoction designed to send you screaming into the arms of the local W.C.T.U.

We arrived in Edinburgh, hot, tired and dusty after a seven-hour train ride. Struggled with luggage, cab and got to our hotel room, after riding up in the littlest elevator in the world (No more than four persons or 600 pounds). I was intrigued by the thought of

what would happen if four 200-pounders got on.

Anyway, when the porter arrived with our bags, we were stretched out, dying for a cold drink. I asked him to bring some ice. "Ice? Oh, yes, ice. Yessir." Ten minutes later he returned, toting a huge silver tray; bedecked with a sparkling white napkin. The piece de resistance rested in the centre of the tray—a wine goblet with four tiny ice cubes in it. We roared. He was bewildered. We'd ordered ice, hadn't we? He'd brought ice.

Courtesy. Canadians and Americans are friendly souls, on the whole, but our manners are not always exactly polished. We were struck by the courtesy and friendliness of the Brits.

At bus stops, for example, there is no elbow-punching of old ladies, no sly kicks on the ankles, no every-man-for-himself attitude. There is a politeness, which, though pained at times, is very evident.

There's an old tradition, fostered by movies and novels, that the English are extremely reticent, to the point of stuffiness, on trains. They're supposed to retire behind their papers, indicating each others' presence by no more than the occasional grunt or dirty look.

Why, it's just the opposite. They'll go on and on and on, explaining things, being kindly and helpful until, sometimes when you're exhausted and don't feel like gabbing, you wish the old, grumpy stereotype were true.

Only once did I have a slight unpleasantness, and it was my fault. We were

catching a train, and were late. Sweating under the luggage, and with our carriage what looked like a quarter of a mile away, I looked wildly around for a porter.

The only one I could see was helping an elderly, crippled lady out of a wheelchair, to get on the train. I dropped my bags, gave the porter a hand at helping her up, then slung my luggage into the wheelchair and went beelting down the platform, pushing it.

We arrived, and I started to unload my luggage from the wheelchair, to put it on the train. A rather stern railway official looked at my wife, who'd been galloping along behind me, looked back down the platform and spoke, "No, no. That'll have to go in the baggage van."

I didn't know why, as it hadn't happened before, but with two minutes to go I didn't care. We put the bags in the van, and he started to fold the wheelchair and put it in. I said, "Oh, no. That belongs here." He turned purple.

He had been looking over my shoulder for the invalid, probably expecting an old soul on a stretcher. It was the wheelchair that had to go into the baggage van, not the bags.

He had been completely baffled by this example of Canadian enterprise, was embarrassed by his error, and therefore grew a bit black in the countenance. I apologized, with a very sincere look, and offered to run the chair back down the platform, but he grunted something about the train leaving and another phrase or two I didn't quite catch, but which definitely contained the word "bloody."

Editor's Mail

A community will die

Dear Editor: The New Democratic party is holding the corset strings that hold in the Liberal government's lust for absolute power. Under the basic democratic promise of representation by majority, the minority rules and controls the destiny of Canada.

That, in itself, might not be a bad thing. Often, the minority thinks harder than the majority—until it, too, becomes so powerful that the wishes of a minority cannot be contemplated or reviewed, less the real power be lost by honest decision.

Stouffville, Markham, Pickering, Ajax and Oshawa are caught in such a power struggle right now. Four of these places are barely affected and one is terribly affected. But who knows who will be more dreadfully affected in the end?

Pickering is to get an airport, a new city and several garbage dumps, as well as a sewage plant at Squires Beach. Some 2,000 homes will be expropriated and destroyed. More than 8,000 people will have to relocate elsewhere. A community will die.

And Canadian consumers will pay dearly for the privilege of buying them out, paying for the building of an airport without proven need, as well as for food produce that can no longer be grown within the airport and new city sites or around their perimeter.

Jobs? They will go to the specialists in airport and city buildings—unless you're looking for work as sweepers, cooks or waitresses.

Let us return to the expropriated for a moment, because their plight could be your plight, tomorrow. Without a proved need for an airport (and if you've made any study at all, you'll know that of over 50 original suggestions, Pickering wasn't included—it didn't even come in the last four entries, because it wasn't "considered suitable"), or a bedroom suburb for Metro Toronto, two governments backed 8,000 people into a corner.

In so many words, they told the expropriated and the to-be-expropriated, to "shut-up and give-up", because the big THEY had made a decision. For the expropriated, this has meant all manner of people tramping through private properties (fine, if you really want to sell—but abominably upsetting if you don't), the loss of all homes in the airport area on January 30,

1973, when the deeds were transferred without consultation or compensation; the loss of rights as protesters (every word said in reason or anger is regarded as either radical or P.O.P. rehearsed); the loss of rights as opinion setters (the media takes the word of elected officials or civil servants over private citizen outrage); loss of rights as homeowners (the government will not say if your neighbour has been bought out for more or less money than yourself—a point that every other prospective homeowner can find out from the local registry office before buying or selling); the loss of rights as cultured and polite people (Public Works documents are frequently addressed without title or first name); and the loss of rights as constituents of an elected representative.

At this moment, expropriated people are a minority and hope they will remain this way. No citizen of a free country should be put through the physical and mental distress that the taking of a home can mean to any single person, let alone a few thousand.

The majority of this minority, freely admit that they wouldn't feel as strongly, if they hadn't been personally affected. Now, they're always going to be affected, because the hurt goes very deep.

If the Battle for Pickering is lost, Canada will be the poorer for the loss. The 8,000 minority will have moved away; 43,000 acres of super productive farmland will have been paved over. The 17 percent of Canadians who fly, can dash across the 401 to Malton to catch an inter-change flight, and small children can read blue and gold historic plaques to know that here is where the William Lyon MacKenzie Rebellion was played out.

Stouffville, Markham, Ajax and Oshawa will boom, as sweepers, cooks and waitresses move into new subdivisions and devour dehydrated plancton from the sea and petroleum product bacteria steaks.

They'll boom, too, as aircraft swoop over their homes to land in airport Pickering; as the North Pickering Development creeps northwards and to the east to accommodate the metropolis on the lake. And they might wonder, a little, about the peace that once was little Pickering. The quiet countryside of simple people, who looked for peace and offered so much to their neighbours in the way of produce.

There'd be a few other problems, too, minor ones maybe, but problems just the same.

Anne Wanstall, R.R.2, Claremont.



ROAMING AROUND

I've reached the Autumn of my years

By JIM THOMAS

It's that time of year. The leaves are on the 'turn' and the frost is on the pumpkin.

You know, when I think about it (and I'd rather not), the season is very similar to my own stage in life. I'm beginning to 'turn' a little around the edges, and Sunday morning, while peering sleepily into the mirror, I spotted two gray hairs.

Yes, like it or not, I'm edging into autumn too.

But what does one do about it? Is there a solution to the ageing process? Surely there's one scientist in the universe with sufficient skills to produce a pill that would allow each of us to 'mark time' for awhile.

I'd stay at 44; someone else at 21; another at 60; and so on.

Imagine the demand. The lineup at Widdifield's, Aiken's and Houston's would stretch from Ringwood to Lincolnville—ladies first of course.

A few would be trampled to death in the stampede to the 'fountain of youth', but what the heck. They'd never be missed.

There'd be a few other problems, too, minor ones maybe, but problems just the same.

For example, O'Neill's would go 'broke' for lack of clientele; the country would soon be bankrupt and we'd all eventually starve or suffocate but—well, it's something to think about anyway.

But, with respect to the ageing process, there is a marked similarity between growing older and the changing of the seasons. Spring, we might say, ranges from birth to 21; summer, from 21 to 40; autumn, from 40 to 65; and winter from 65 on.

We try to postpone the latter as long as possible, even when it's no longer practical. Take my own place for example.

If you should happen to pass by at an early hour in the morning—any morning this month (and probably next), you'll see a strange kind of sight. For every flower, from my wife's treasured Salvia, to my pots of Petunias, wears a 'nightcap'—something to protect each from the cold.

We've been doing this now for the past fourteen years, and despite all kinds of strange looks and queries, we'll never stop. That is, unless we run out of 'covers'.

That's what happened last Thursday, while Jean was attending choir practice, and I was left in charge.

I tried to do the job up right—one hundred percent coverage, with not a single leaf or petal left exposed. But I encountered problems. Before I was halfway finished, I ran out of towels—at least the extended beach variety. So, like the ingenious male that I am, I resorted to the next best thing—one pair of winter woollies (flap closed); a couple of work shirts; a housecoat, blankets, nighties, sweaters, everything I could find.

And lucky I did. For that particular night, the temperature dipped way below freezing; a record they say.

However, come morning, things warmed up considerably when my wife discovered her 'personals' glistening in the sun. In fourteen years, I've never seen her move so fast. I just stood there dumbfounded, and held the door while the items flew.

It wasn't so much my undies, her housecoat, or even the nighties that caused her concern. But two pair of lace panties, draped over my petunias, in full view of the neighbours; that was too much.

So there goes my effort at preserving youth and nature.

I hope it snows—tomorrow!