

# comment

## Census poll has serious flaw this time

The census is due today. This monitor of the country's pulse only invades our lives every so often, but it does serve a vital purpose.

However, there is an unnecessary element to it as well.

One question asks for your ethnic background. One Toronto newspaper is urging people to write 'Canadian' in the spot marked 'Other' for people that were born here.

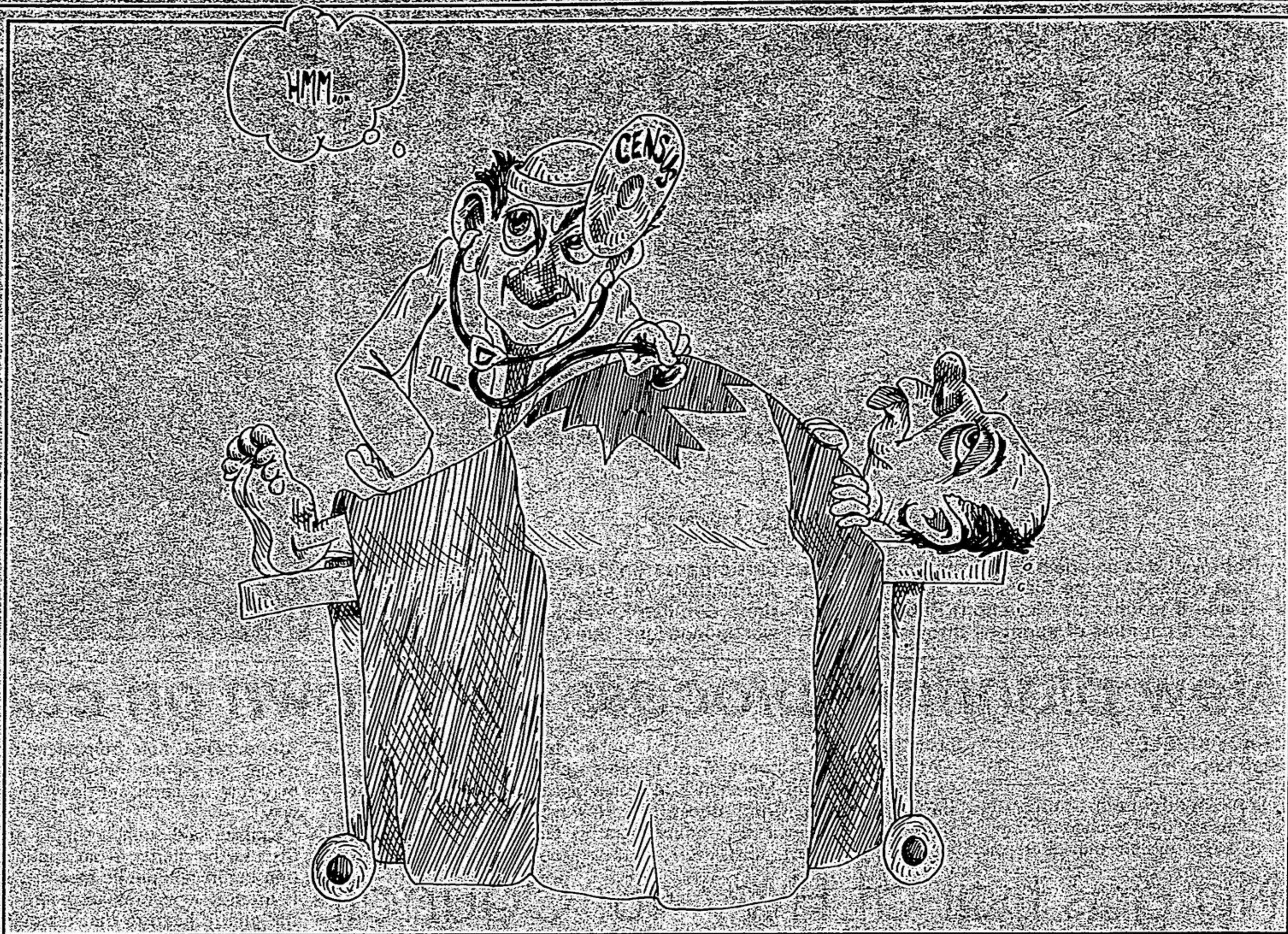
There are many people, especially in this area of Ontario, who go back five and more generations as Canadian residents, and yet they are reduced to 'Other' in their own land.

And while the census board had put a disclaimer under the question concerning ancestry, it should be noted that there is still no spot for Canadians.

It is no wonder we have a hard time with national pride in this country.

If the government isn't going to push it, no one will.

Welcome to 'Other', the true north, strong and undefined.



## MPP out of his element against angry residents

Poor, poor Larry. You should have seen him. Pathetic, it was.

I covered a meeting last week at Green Gables Retirement Home where Durham-York MPP Larry O'Connor was to meet with constituents and try to sell us on his government's budget.

Well, I think he learned real quick that the days of the passive listener, the docile voter and the quiet constituent are long over. Stouffville businessmen, especially Ed Hakonson, let ole' Larry have it, but good.

I felt real sorry for Larry.

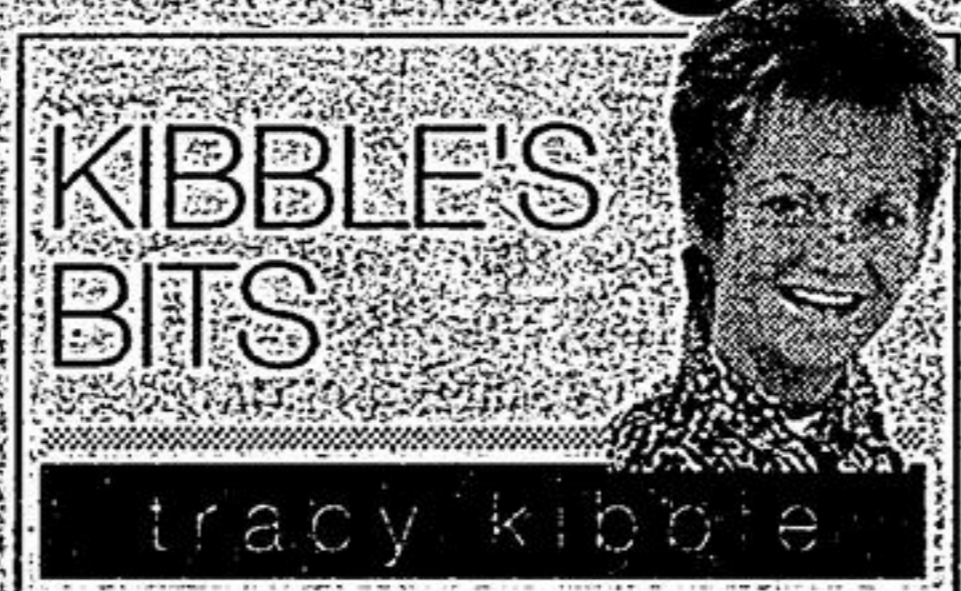
Not because everyone was telling him what a lousy thing the New Democrats have done to our fine province, and not because he looked

totally lost through the whole meeting, and not even because he didn't have one potentially viable argument to come back on.

I felt sorry for Larry because he is just a lost pawn in the NDP government's plan of mixed-up strategy. So brainwashed he is that he doesn't even know it.

Larry O'Connor is not a politician. He never should have been a politician. He just doesn't have what it takes. He doesn't make one feel good about their statements or bad about the situation. He makes one feel lost, alone and at wit's end.

This scares me because after hearing how angry people are at the NDPs, and after realizing Larry O'Connor is our sole representative at Queen's Park, I came to one main



conclusion. The riding of Durham-York is in big, big trouble. Major, serious, ooh Nellie.

They just wouldn't listen to him.

What really kills me is the fact that the NDP caucus makes him an assistant to environment minister Ruth Grier. Great! I mean, he doesn't even know what's going on

in his own riding. He needs time to get on the saddle before they make him jump.

This guy is so far from politician material it's like asking Mario Andretti to host a needlepoint session at the local church.

Poor, poor Larry. He looked like a toothless puppy, surrounded by a pack of angry German Shepherds.

I mean these people blasted the man. And rightfully so. But the really pathetic part is Larry O'Connor didn't have one substantial comeback. He didn't throw one good curveball at anyone's statement.

He added no meat to his feeble

arguments and that made everyone more angry.

He had no control of this meeting.

Yep, we're in big, big trouble.

I think Larry was truly shocked that the small businessmen of this community are so angry. But they are.

These men and women are the backbone of our country. The hardworking, self-motivated people that get steamed when the government bleeds them dry.

Larry didn't know what to say. He should have admitted that too.

Durham-York is in big, big trouble.

This is the one thing we can count on.

## Summertime is no picnic

It's almost summertime, but the living isn't getting any easier for the stressed-out, stunned parent of the '90s.

Don't you just love this time of year? The flowers are out, the sun is hot, the garden is knee-deep in weeds. Alas, such trivialities fail to register with those who of us whose job it is to juggle our children's insane timetables of extra-curricula activities.

This is when the dance recital collides with baseball, soccer and swimming schedules. Your children come home and announce that the teacher/coach has told them that making a commitment means never ever missing a practice. Naturally it's your job to ensure their attendance at 12 events in one week, some of which are going on simultaneously at different locations.

If you haven't already lost all your hair from tearing it out, one child helps you finish the job by announcing he has a school project which will take three weeks



preparation but which is due tomorrow. You wake up at 3 a.m. worrying about it, while your offspring sleeps the sleep of the virtuous.

Custodians of female grade eight students are in the final throes of a heated battle involving the great gulf between mothers' and daughters' perceptions of what constitutes an appropriate graduation dress. Maybe your mother didn't let you wear an off-the-shoulder number when you were 14 but, as your daughter is quick to point out, that was centuries ago.

Unwilling to shell out a measly \$500? Your cruelly neglected child will never recover from the embarrassment of wearing something

that doesn't require a second mortgage. Just as you're about to throw yourself in front of an oncoming train, the phone rings.

It's someone reminding you that a committee, for which you blithely volunteered to be secretary last winter, is meeting that very evening, and they're wondering what's happened to the minutes of the previous meeting. Knowing you couldn't read your notes even if you could find them, you make a feeble excuse and try to figure out how your child will get to that vital out-of-town game without transportation.

Meanwhile, you must somehow get your paid job done, tackle the overflowing laundry basket and clean the house. Then you can welcome assorted friends and relations, who have been enticed north to watch your children score a goal or perform a pirouette, to join you for that tempting little dinner you've completely neglected to organize.

As a mother, I'd be quite happy to settle for a dog's life.

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