

Orry Danes

Orry Danes is a Mississauga freelance writer. The business of moving from place to place is extremely brisk between May and September, so I'm going to discuss this timely topic immediately.

Moving can be performed with dispatch, or be turned into a veritable debacle of confusion. The dispatch group evokes my admiration, the debacle type, my sympathy.

There are varying degrees between these two extremes, but space prohibits comment on all of them. Twenty-five times, I have gathered up my worldly goods, and therefore have had ample opportunity to observe other people's capabilities as well as my own.

Two months after one of these moves, the house opposite us became vacant. One week later, a moving van rolled up to that address and began unloading, at approximately 3 o'clock. An hour later the van left. Having recently been in this situation, my sympathy was instant and deep. However, at 5 o'clock, empty cartons were out for collection, curtains were up, a plaque on a pole was in the ground out front proclaiming the name of those now within, — and, they were sitting down to a full-course dinner.

How do I know these details? I ran over a few minutes after five to offer my services. Instead, whilst viewing such organization, I fainted dead away from astonishment, and they had to carry me home. The reason for this reaction was quite simple — every one of my moves belonged in the debacle category.

All the leprechauns, poltergeists and mischievous spirits of the Universe seem to delight in 'mixing it up' when I move — and conscientious friends, by mistake, often assist them. It is difficult to choose one example out of twenty-five, but I'll try.

Many years ago, my sister and I made a move from one apartment to another. The beginning was inauspicious because we were both working hard, dating often and having trouble finding time to pack. Moving day rushed toward us with startling speed. It arrived. We were frantically packing when three dear friends entered.

They shared two character traits — ebullience and jocularity — and a plus factor of desiring to be enormously helpful. Reinforcements were necessary and we welcomed them eagerly.

This additional aid set off an amazing chain of events. Firstly, there was a

Moving—the poltergeists act up

tremendous amount of activity. Packing cases were in every room and we were all running about, doing, doing, doing. Suddenly they yelled "we have the car!" My sister and I had only time to look up, say "oh" and they were gone.

Looking around, we discovered they had busted out with half-filled cartons and there were still many items to be packed. The decision was made to form two piles of left-over articles — one for the Salvation Army, and the other to be collected upon their return.

The movers arrived, but our friends were still missing. Finally we pointed to the one pile and told the movers they could have anything out of it they could use. We ran to the front closet and found many coats still hanging therein. Quickly, my sister put on two jackets and a coat — and I, two coats and a jacket. Then we gathered up as many of the other remaining clothes as possible and slung them over our arms. Sister saw our old alarm clock and grabbed it up with one free hand, and her handbag with the other, and off we dashed for a streetcar to carry us to our new dwelling, our friends and the car.

At the corner, the streetcar stopped and the doors opened. It was full, but the people behind us didn't think so and

literally shoved us aboard. The motorman looked at this clothes-bedecked pair and said "tickets please." I was frantically trying to produce them when someone jostled my sister and the alarm clock went off — and away we shot toward our destination.

When we arrived at our new abode, our friends had not been idle. They were directing the movers and preparing a house-warming party at the same time. This frenzy was not for the lazy and so we joined in the furor.

The next morning, I clawed my way out of bed and headed for the kitchen to boil an egg. Under ordinary circumstances, I am slow to reach complete consciousness, and am usually inarticulate until after breakfast. You can imagine my sister's surprise when I appeared, foggily, in the doorway and told her to hurry to the kitchen. She was additionally amazed when I indicated an angel cake tin with boiling water and an egg whirling around the horn in the centre. What had happened, was the movers took the wrong pile, and all our pots and pans, except the angel cake tin, had been in that heap.

Furthermore our beds were in the dining room, the piano in the bedroom

and to sum up, the bathroom and kitchen were the only recognizable rooms in the place. Ergo, I pronounced that move, a debacle.

A former colleague of mine had trouble with his moves in spite of diligent planning. One time, with boxes correctly labelled and movers arriving punctually, he and his wife landed in their new apartment easily. But his wife had a friend who scurried in to help unpack.

His wife went out to buy food and he to the sink for a drink of water. A voice came up the pipe from the apartment below, speaking Italian. He was intrigued and decided to have the sink teach him a few words of that language. Meanwhile, the friend emptied all the cartons in the middle of the livingroom, squashed the boxes flat and rushed out to dispose of them. Being busy people, weeks passed before they were able to sort everything out and see the pattern of the rug in the livingroom.

Personally, I believe there are some people who should never be called upon to move. To those belonging in this category, I suggest bringing to bear all the ingenuity you possess to avoid any future going forth from place to place.



Karl Schuessler

Oh! Martin

Martin Luther, you did it again. Just when I thought we set your house in order. Or was it my house? Trying to explain some of those awful things you said.

I thought I settled the matter. It was done. Over. But the recent issue of the largest church magazine in Canada won't let you rest. They stirred you up again. On page 49. In their Quotes and Comments column.

Now usually that column is pretty funny. They must have figured this was a sick joke of yours, Martin. It reads:

"Women are here on earth to bear children. If they die in child bearing, it matters not; that is all they are here to do."

Martin Luther

Martin, did you say that? Did you really have to say that? In that way?

The only thing that redeems you a little is the quote about it. From another section of the church. By St. Thomas Aquinas.

"Woman was made to be a help to man. But she was not fitted to be a help to man except in generation because another man would prove a more effective help in anything else."

So you had company, Martin? Does that smooth things out for you? With St. Thomas at your side?

Hardly. For words like that make it mighty rough on us men. Trying to explain, Hemming and Hawing.

Listen, Martin. The ladies have come a long way since your time. "You've come a long way, baby." That's what she ad tells them.

And they have. Believe me.

How does that sit with them? This business about childbirth-is-all-they're-here-to-do. Martin, how could you?

You make Bobby Riggs look like a kitten. A playful kitten at that. Putting the ladies on.

But you, Martin. You had to be serious. No put-on there. You're an absolute tiger.

I want to defend you, Martin. Remember? I always instinctively rise to your defense. I bet you said that early in your ministry. Before you were married. You didn't realize what a wife was all about. Why I remember once when your wife Katie was sick and in pain. You pleaded with her. "Oh, Katie, don't die and leave me."

And then on the other hand, maybe you can't be blamed all that much. You were only reflecting the views of your day. You were a man of your times. Just like we are. You lived in a flat world. Copernicus was a heretic with his earth-around-the-sun-theory.

You lived in a man's world. With women in their place. Their lower place.

Martin, I still don't have proof that you said it. Did you really say it? Would you really throw your choice that way?

And if I don't, I'll go straight to the top. To get to the bottom of this. I'll see the editor. And check out his sources.

Because, Martin, this isn't going over with the women. They're after you. You're a wanted man. One of those male chauvinist pigs.

I can hear them screaming at you now. They're at the door.

I'll try to hold them off, Martin. Let me do a little more checking. Don't worry. I'll try to take care of this. Clear it all up for you.

But if I can't Martin, and if you really did say that, you can always plead guilty. Extenuating circumstances.

You understand women, don't you, Martin? You yourself said about them, "We have to give in, otherwise we would have no peace."

And, Martin, if there is anything I want in this world, it's this. I do want you to rest in peace.



Dr. Stewart Page

Dr. Stewart Page is a psychologist with the Research Department at Lakeshore Psychiatric Hospital.

They say psychiatrists make Richard Nixon nervous. In fact, all those people who wanted Thomas Eagleton dumped from the McGovern ticket in the 1972 U.S. election will be titillated to learn that Nixon also has had treatment.

He saw some psychoanalysts in New York for awhile after he lost the election for governor of California in 1962. Ever since, however, they say he still gets jumpy around psychiatrists. This is due to one basic fact — Nixon is probably the least authentic man alive, the least spontaneous and the least real. He's a series of interlocking connectors and transistors, a human briefcase.

In college, poor Nixon sat on the bench while the others played football. Ever since, he's been insecure about his vulnerability to what some experts refer to as "overcompensation" — making up too strenuously, and maybe inappropriately, for something you haven't got. (Hitler is their favourite example. Before he became Fuehrer, Hitler was actually a paperhanger in Vienna.)

Psychiatric treatment has almost embarrassed itself in American politics, since it appears only as a negative, embarrassing component of a candidate's background. Several years ago, the syndicated columnist Drew Pearson referring to George Wallace, wrote that for the first time in U.S. history a man with an "established mental disorder" was running for public office. Someone had dug up the fact that Wallace had filed claim in Alabama to receive compensation for "psycho-neurosis." Also, in 1964, some 1800 members of the American Psychiatric Association went on record to state publicly that Republican candidate Barry Goldwater was "emotionally unfit" to serve in office — despite the fact that Goldwater had never done anything strange in his life.

A few months ago, the U.S. Senate added to the stigma inherent in one's receiving psychiatric treatment by asking Gerald Ford, in the nationally televised confirmation hearings, "Have you, sir, ever visited a psychiatrist?" Ford knew this was big time politics and immediately produced a letter from a New York psychiatrist con-

firmiting that Ford, although he had been in the doctor's office, had never visited him in the capacity of "patient". This enabled Ford, unlike about one out of ten Americans, to state piously he'd never had "that" kind of treatment and was therefore "clean."

Nixon may be jumpy about psychiatrists because he fears they'll uncover a rather obvious truth — there is no real Richard Nixon. There is nothing there, no seething core of inner desires — there are only strategies and "plays" — Nixon has a game plan for everything, as in his beloved football jargon. A Watergate humiliation, for example, is an end-run that lost yardage. Though he couldn't get off the bench at Whittier College, and though he "doesn't have a face that's gonna win any beauty contests" he can always say it's what's up front that counts, in other words, what's in the briefcase.

The lack of any devotion to any discernible ethical principles, as evidenced in the White House transcripts, again supports the basic conclusion that Nixon is simply beyond embarrass-

ment now. Who else could watch a football game while thousands of people of all ages marched in Washington to tell Nixon Viet Nam was wrong? Who else would be insecure enough to have a lone sign-bearer removed under threat of force from the White House grounds? Who else could authorize H.R. Halde-man to carry out a fake postcard poll to deceive the electorate, or set the moral tone in which fake letters could be mailed to the New York Times in "support" of Nixon's mining of Haiphong Harbor?

Would you be embarrassed to be caught dropping bombs on Christmas Eve? If you were a candid man or woman would you need to adopt a "strategy" of candor, as in Nixon's now-abandoned Operation Candor?

The most difficult, and maybe even dangerous, aspect of Nixon's remaining as President is the fact of his being beyond embarrassment. It will take not only impeachment, but also conviction in a Senate trial, to get him out. As he stated about Watergate in a White House transcript: "Don't worry, I can take it. It would be a rough story for a

month or two but we could ride it out."

Nixon has been embarrassed so often, the process obviously means nothing to him. He knows this himself. Someone asked if he enjoyed visiting the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville and whether he was going to continue his new-found interest in country music. (Nixon had appeared onstage and played with a yo-yo.) Nixon knew very well his appearance was (expletive deleted) and acknowledged: "I left my yo-yo in Nashville." Maybe in 1976 they'll elect someone capable of embarrassment, who'll be able to refer to dissenters as "enemy". Nixon's only chance now is to try for martyrdom — like the captain of the Titanic taking a refresher course in navigation, he can say "I had to do it to preserve the moral integrity of the (expletive deleted) presidency." A lot of people think that once he is impeached, Nixon will resign in order to save the country a lot of trauma. I don't think he will. Being impeached will be like playing in the Super Bowl.

Can Richard Nixon be embarrassed?



Doug Kennedy

Workers currently earning \$2.00 an hour will receive \$2.25 an hour when Ontario's minimum wage is increased Oct. 1, 1974.

Most of those affected by the increase work for retailers, service industries and the clothing trades.

The minimum wage for construction workers will rise to \$2.50 from \$2.25 an hour; for students to \$1.90 from \$1.65.

The last increase in the minimum wage in Ontario took place on Jan. 1, 1974. Since that time, economic pressures have continued to build, requiring a complete review of the minimum level. The increase on the general rate to \$2.25 was due to the inflationary trend and in keeping with general wage increases. This works out to be about \$2.23 an hour, making the

general rate of \$2.25 slightly above the increased cost of living.

A recent study of 68,361 low wage earners revealed that 47 percent were single, 55 percent were under age 25, and only 7 percent were married males.

My colleague the Honourable John MacBeth, Minister of Labour has indicated that the minimum wage will be continually under review and if circumstances warrant, there will be further increases.

Ten to twelve District Health Councils will be established throughout Ontario this year.

The major tasks of District Health Councils are planning, co-ordinating and evaluating health needs and services in their communities, and matching resources to needs. Consumers, as well as health-care agencies

and professionals, are represented on District Health Councils as members of one team.

Most councils that become operational this year will report directly to the Ministry of Health. However, where there is a Regional Municipal Government that wishes to assume the responsibility, a council may report through this body with the consent of the provincial government.

The District Health Councils will be a major step in the organization of our health care system.

Ontario and Metro Toronto will build a \$7.5 million garbage recycling plant and research centre this fall. This experimental plant will make Ontario a world leader in refuse disposal.

Even though this plant is experimental, it is also highly functional.

Minimum wage levels with inflation

Approximately 200 tons of the garbage produced daily by Metro will be processed when the plant opens in the fall of 1975. Initially the plant will separate paper, cardboard and metals which will then be processed into marketable products such as fertilizers and energy fuels.

The plant is designed to take advantage of future experimental recycling methods and can be added without interruption to the plant's operations.

As a research centre, this project has no equal in the world today, and could lead to new technology and equipment which Ontario could market outside of the province.

Enterprising students who would like the opportunity to work for themselves this summer, may get their chance called "Student Enterprise" and "Ven-

ture Capital," part of the Ontario government's Experience '74 Summer Employment Program.

Student Enterprise — is a program which takes high school students who would normally otherwise be unemployed and help them set up a small business. About fifteen high school students are involved in each business under the supervision of a university student who acts as a management consultant. The university student is paid a salary — but the students under him do not make any money unless their business makes money. Approximately 18 of these businesses will be set up across the province this year.

They will be doing things like manufacturing small articles, doing silk screen work and taking on maintenance contracts.



John Porteous

Jet jockeys verbose

Ever fly with a talky airline captain? Whoever invented the flight deck intercom aboard airliners didn't reckon on the temptation for pilots to become entertainers, comedians and tour guides. I seem to get these types whenever I fly, so it must be epidemic.

At New York's LaGuardia airport, I love the cheerful tone of the captains who come on and say "HI THERE FOLKS! Well now, I see we're only number 73 in the takeoff lineup. . . shouldn't be more than an hour before we get away. Meanwhile you folks just relax!" (RELAX? It's 93 degrees in here, you dummy!)

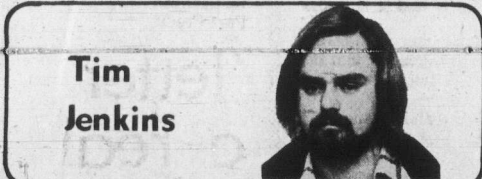
One day flying to Chicago I kept being awakened from my nap by a jet jockey who wanted to describe every lake, river, farm and tree over Northern Michigan, where as we learned in detail, he once used to go fishing. After half an hour of this travelogue, he must have worn out the button because every third word began to cut out. His description went "A few years ago . . . used to . . . along about . . . but of course . . . anyway, and my friend Bill . . . said . . . with it anyway. HA HA!" Thinking the entire plane was defective, a nervous chap beside me began biting his nails, finally becoming so upset he completely missed seeing the town of Iron City, which the captain assured us was just off the right wing.

My recollection of the most unusual excuse for a delay was on a flight from Nashville when a pilot with a thick southern drawl advised us "There'll be a slight de-lay folks, our CAW-FEE machine is broke and we're trying" to fix it fer y'all."

But the most hilarious account of flight-deck follies was told to me years ago by the perpetrator himself, a first officer who used to fly the old North Stars in the fifties. Leaving Montreal for Toronto, he and his intrepid captain encountered a storm of epic proportions. The plane was being buffeted unmercifully and lightning was dancing merrily along the wingtips when a green-faced stewardess crawled forward to report that every second passenger was deathly ill. Knowing my friend to be a smooth talker, the captain suggested he get on the intercom and try to allay the passengers' fears.

Accordingly, the first officer picked up the mike and said, "Uh, ladies and gentlemen, we are experiencing some mild turbulence (pitch, bounce) but the captain assures me (dip, lurch) there's absolutely no cause for concern, (bump, jolt) and we'll be landing in just a few minutes." He replaced the mike but neglected to shut it off. For the next few minutes, the two were feverishly engrossed in holding the plane on course. Luck was with them, and after six or seven bounces, they finally rolled to a stop on the Toronto runway.

But any confidence the first officer had instilled in the passengers faded as the captain's stentorian tones echoed loud and clear through the cabin, "WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED! WE ACTUALLY MADE IT!"



Tim Jenkins

Tim Jenkins is publicity chairman of the Peel South New Democratic Party.

The recent breast-beating statements of our new housing czar, Sidney Handleman, must be fascinating reading to Mississauga residents. After only 30 odd years of rule in Ontario, the Progressive Conservative Government has finally admitted that there is indeed a housing crisis. What insight, what boldness!

Over the past few months, prominent front-page space in Ontario's major newspapers has been reserved for Mr. Handleman's statements that housing prices have begun to level off. To support his claims, Handleman cites the fact that there are more homes on the market this month than last month. Of course, Sidney heralds the recent Land Speculation Tax as an incentive for any such turnaround. Frankly, the N.D.P. considers that a barrel of nonsense. If anything, the Land Speculation Tax Bill has frozen large chunks of potential housing land as everyone — public and real estate alike — try to figure out what the

government really intends.

Every week that passes, debate on the bill is further delayed while the Tories amend, re-interpret, re-title, and define loop-holes and exemptions in a fashion which likely has most developers chuckling up their corporate sleeves.

Let's for the sake of argument, accept Sidney Handleman's word as the gospel truth. Let's assume that the market has softened and that the price of houses could drop by 5 per cent next month. What does that mean?

In April, according to the industry's own figures, the average price of a house in Metro was \$54,000. A five per cent decrease will reduce that house to \$51,300.

The monthly carrying costs on a \$50,000 home work out currently to between \$500 and \$550, meaning that only families with annual incomes of \$18,000 or more will be able to afford one of Mr. Handleman's bargains.

Families whose incomes total \$18,000 or more, comprise less than 20 per cent of the population.

Handleman's move housing for rich

Using the Minister's own figures this means that at least 80 per cent of Metro families will still not be able to afford their own home.

What Mr. Handleman is really saying is that the government may have made a little less difficult for the well-to-do and the wealthy to own a home. It's called housing action for the rich.

For the rest of the population, there are no assurances that they will ever be able to enter the world of home ownership. For these people, it really doesn't matter that a \$75,000 home may soon be purchased for \$70,000 or a \$54,000 home may be worth \$50,000 next month. They can't afford it anyway. Again it means that fully two-thirds of our population can't afford even to rent at present cost levels. It's worth noting that for months not a word has been heard of the conservatives' "rent supplement" program.

And things go from bad to worse. Recently, Michael Cassidy, was able to extract from Mr. Handleman's own figures the admission that only 19 per cent of HOME lots would be made

available for families earning less than \$14,500 annually, even though this income group comprises about 60 per cent of the population.

We in the New Democratic Party have consistently laid out six main solutions which we firmly believe must be started in unison.

- Beginning today, the provincial and municipal governments must assume control of the urban land market through land acquisition. That means acquiring land not just for use 10 years from now, but acquiring the land that is close to development and is presently in the hands of large developers. We are speaking here of 100,000 to 150,000 acres of land within, or adjacent to, the twenty major urban centres in Ontario. This developer-owned land should be acquired publicly for its original cost, plus reasonable carrying charges and not at inflated speculative values. It would constitute major public ownership of urban land, establishing the principle that publicly-owned land will almost be leased.
- Legislation should be passed raising

the capital gains tax to 100 per cent on the profits made from land transactions for corporate speculative purposes.

• Legislation should be passed requiring full disclosure of all land holdings and options by those companies engaged in land speculation and development.

• Ontario families now shut out of home ownership should be offered realistic mortgages at rates they can afford. Tax credits should be made available to reduce the effective mortgage rate to 6 per cent for families earning less than \$12,000 annually. The Province of Ontario Savings Bank could be transformed into a major financial institution whose priority would be to provide mortgage funds for homeowners.

• Legislation should be passed immediately to provide rent control in Major Ontario cities.

• Finally, Ontario should launch a massive program to provide management and financial assistance to co-operative and other non-profit housing.