

EDITORIALS

Injustice of justice

The traditional method of denoting which children live on the right and wrong side of the "tracks" does not apply in Mississauga. Railway lines running through the town serve as train routes and not as boundaries separating the privileged and under-privileged.

Our system is a much more sophisticated one. We use residential areas to decide which of our youth are to be treated as first-class citizens in the eyes of the law and which are not.

A child (under the age of 16 years) who breaks one of society's rules is dealt with on the basis of where he lives. If he comes from Lakeview, Dixie or Clarkson, his case is handled by the Youth Bureau. He is counselled, his background investigated and everything is done to help him and keep him out of Juvenile Court.

STRAIGHT TO COURT

But if he resides in Cooksville, Erindale or Malton, a youth goes straight to the court without benefit of the Bureau's aid. Only if one of the four Bureau officers can make time in his already overcrowded schedule for these youngsters does this pattern change.

Now the Juvenile Court itself is not a place where children are treated like hard-bitten criminals. In fact the idea of the court according to Judge Don August is to "help" the young people who are sent there.

But this is no excuse. The Youth Bureau is obviously a better alternative to the court and its services should be made equally available to all.

The Mississauga Police Department wants desperately to do this. The money, however, is just not available to hire or assign the men necessary to cover the three lacking areas.

ANSWERS DIFFICULT

Answers to such a situation are never easy, especially at a time when every department and agency governed by town council is crying for more funds and personnel. Nonetheless, there are areas from which the money might be squeezed.

Maybe we can all put up with the potholes in our roads for a while longer and be patient when traffic tieups make us a little late. Or, maybe a few dollars could be saved by residents arranging to carry away their own brush piles instead of letting the town do it at the taxpayer's expense.

With money so tight these days, everyone wants to do the most possible with his extra nickels and dimes. Judge August claims that people "who invest in our youth are making the biggest investment of all."

Think about it.

Ward redivision now

As members of Mississauga general committee studied the details of ward redistribution in town last Wednesday, officials at the Ontario Municipal Board were busily mailing out their decision on a similar application from Chinguacousy Township.

The OMB decided Chinguacousy's request was "premature", arguing that with the rapid growth of the township, there was a possibility (if the board granted the request) "the population would again be out of balance" before the township's next election in 1972.

Mississauga's situation is much different. The population is already out of balance. The 44,003 residents of Ward 3 have only as much representation on council as the 2,226 residents of Ward 4. And, 1970 is an election year in the town.

Council passed three major bylaws during the month of March. One was an application for city status; another called for an order from the OMB to annex Streetsville; and, the third was the ward redivision bylaw.

Last week, we said it was imperative that Municipal Affairs Minister Darcy McKeough act quickly on the city bid request. That still holds true. Yet, by comparison, it is even more important that the OMB make not only a speedy but also a favorable decision on the redistribution application.



SUGAR 'N SPICE

Somebody ought to do something about Easter. It's much too flexible. It's supposed to be a time of rebirth and rejoicing.

But you can't really be swept away by a feeling of rebirth and new life when there is still a foot of snow on the ground and the wind cuts to the marrow.

Sometimes Easter is in March, and the weather is beautiful. Sometimes it's in April and the weather is horrible. I don't know how the date is determined, any more than I know how to fix loose door knobs, how to get outboard motors going when they stop, what to do when a woman weeps, or how to play midwife to a cat.

I'm not knocking Easter. I like it. I love the sackcloth and ashes feeling, and the gloomy dirges of Good Friday, when even the pubs are closed. And there is a joy and triumph in the Easter Sunday hymns that can't be surpassed, I think, even by the Christmas carols.

Easter is also one of the days that keeps many of our churches from becoming extinct. Some primitive instinct brings out the wayward, the fallen, the sinners, and the Easter Sunday collection is the best of the year. You meet old church friends you haven't seen for a year. And won't for another.

This year, we were sent a Manifestation. No, it wasn't from the Department of National Revenue, although it is pretty good at providing such things.

We had a birth in the family, and were privileged to witness the blessed event, an experience which must convince the most hardened cynic that God does see the little sparrow fall.

Our kitten had a baby. This may seem a contradiction in terms, but she is a bare adolescent, yet she managed to produce, with great yowling labor pains, one tiny kitten. I didn't think cats had labor pains, but she did.

Now, I haven't any use for cats, but I was fascinated by the whole procedure. We knew she was pregnant, of course. But lady cats, just like lady women, are rather unpredictable about the exact day, or even week, of the great moment.

She had begun to act a trifle odd it's true, prowling the house looking for the most inconvenient possible place to lay her eggs. We caught her twice in the fireplace, casing the joint.

But I thought it was at least a week away. She was so spry. When we put her out, she would leap nimbly onto a window sill and sit there glaring malevolently at friendly tomtomcats come to visit, or, alternately, at us through the window.

I got home for lunch, from a Saturday bonspiel, and was chatting with my wife in the living room, boring her with the shots I had almost made. Pip was sitting on the best chair in the room. She was acting in a rather peculiar fashion, stretching her legs in all directions. I remarked on it. My wife agreed and went over to look at her. BLAM! Too late. The water

sac, or whatever, had burst all over the brocaded upholstery.

With one fell swoop, I snatched her up and deposited her on a blanket, and bingo, she popped a kitten - something resembling a tiny, dead dinosaur. Child-bride though she was, Pip's instinct worked and she licked and licked until the infant's heart began to beat.

Isn't it remarkable how a cat will clean up the entire mess, leaving her offspring sleek and shining? And isn't it amazing how a mere chick of a kitten, by the act of giving birth, turns into a complacent, mild-eyed, smug mother, nursing by the hour with her motor going on all cylinders?

We were as delighted as she was, and had a glimmer of that feeling grandparents much have when the first grandchild arrives. What really shook me, though, was my wife's reaction. Normally, if anyone drops so much as a crumb, a bit of ash, or a drop of coffee on her precious furniture, all hell breaks loose. And there's her good chair, with a great stain on it, and she tosses it off as nothing.

She became all soft and motherly and was heating milk and tucking in the kitten and lifting it on her hand to look, with the inevitable accident.

Our readers say . . .

...Don't stop trains

ED NOTE: Below is a poetic protest against the discontinuation of the commuter service provided in Malton by Canadian National Railways. Malton resident Lock Johnston, who wrote the piece, sees the cutoff of the service as an injustice to the commuters.

Sir:

The bell at the crossing breaks the morning stillness. Knots of people sheltering under the eaves of the old station begin to string out along the asphalt platform. Overhead an Air Canada DC8 scribes a line across the hard blue winter sky and under it train number 986 out of Guelph rumbles into Malton, right on time. It's 7.25 a.m.

Five days each week, 986 stops here to pick up its regulars, then winds on down to Weston through fields where partridge drum up out of the scrub, owls spiral down seeking the careless mouse and sometimes a muskrat can be seen

pushing up a mud brown stream.

Seven forty, and the Weston crowd begin to clamor on board. The subdued conversation of the small groups who've been on from Guelph, Acton, Georgetown, Brampton and Malton is buried by the hearty chatter and laughter of the three or four hundred Weston regulars who've made 986 a second neighbourhood over the years. There are two more stops along the way: Toronto West and Parkdale. A few passengers alight, none get on. 986 moves on, curving eastward into the freight yards and at 8:00 a.m. rumbles into the dim sheds of Union Station.

Passengers bunch up at the stairs, and then streaming down onto the concourse they mingle with the throngs arriving from Oakville and Oshawa on the Go Trains. All march briskly through the great vaulted lobby onto Front Street and are absorbed into the world of business for another day.

See OUR page A18



The
Mississauga News

BRIAN SARACINI — Publisher

PHILIP BINGLEY
Editor

RICHARD DESROCHERS
Adv. Manager

Published every Wednesday by Inland Publishing Co. Limited at 3125 Walford Rd., Mississauga, Ont. Tel. 279-2211. Single copies 10¢, subscriptions per year by carrier, \$4.80; by mail, \$7.50 in Canada, \$8.50 elsewhere. Member of Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association, Suburban Press Foundation.

The Newspaper a town was named after