

Mississauga The Times

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Police changeover smooth

Policemen on one force wearing different hats, and shoulder flashes; some cars with regional police insignias, some with those of non-existent municipalities and some with nothing but big black blobs on their doors. It could have happened here — but it didn't.

The problems encountered this week in Halton's transition to regional law enforcement were in sharp contrast to the initiation of the Peel Region Police which illustrated a distinctive smoothness in comparison.

Much of the credit of the transition in Peel goes to the police administrators who had the foresight to establish an effective planning committee and to the policemen who served so ably on it under former Chinguacousy Chief Ken Sider.

Our police force will have problems no doubt, bred of unfamiliarity and the difficulties of administering a system which suddenly covers a whole region and combines five forces. But regional police leaders here have demonstrated, on their performance to date, that they have the ability to cope with such changes.

This snow job is welcome

Considering the more than 450 miles of road to be attended to and the fact that the work is voluntary to town works employees, Mississauga's record in keeping thoroughfares open in excellent.

It is particularly good when compared with the experience of other municipalities, to which a six-inch snowfall becomes a major inconvenience.

Mississauga engineering and works can be congratulated on a job well done.

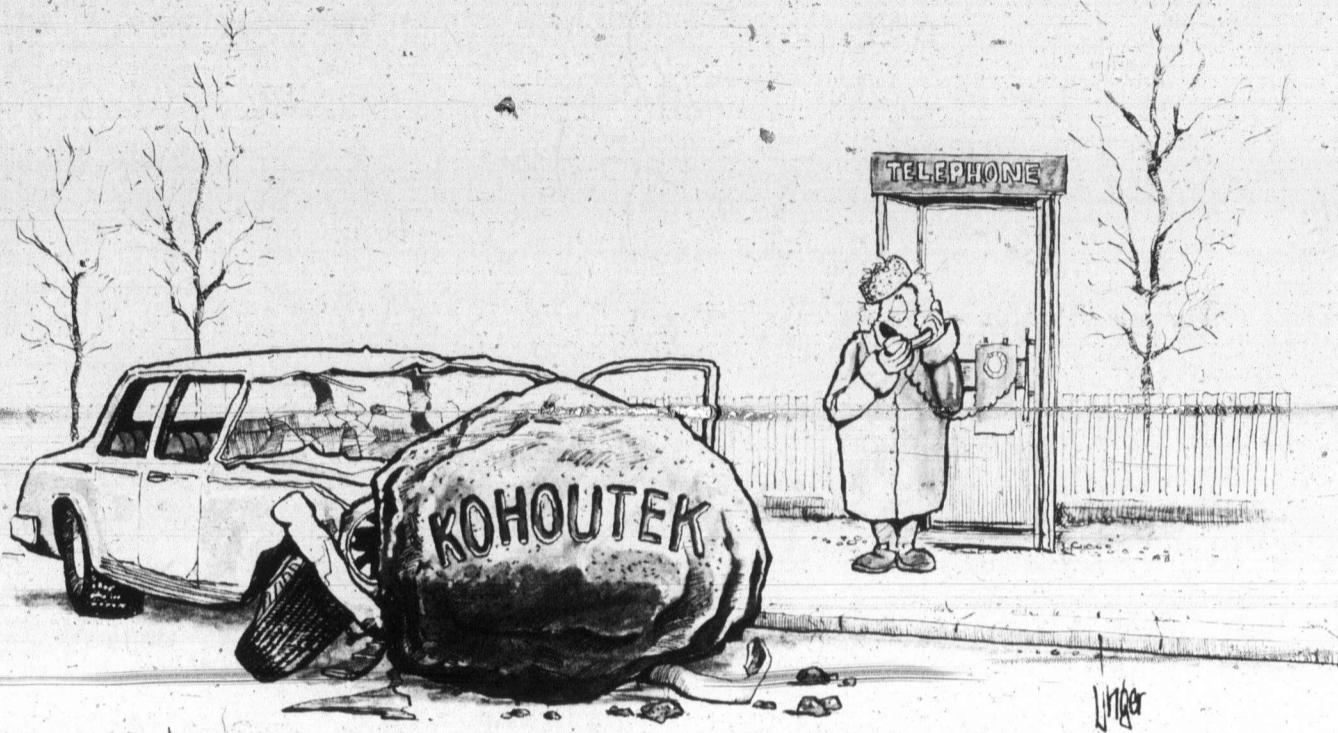
Teachers should be heard

Re-elected Peel board of education chairman David Currey has expressed some concern that official relations with teachers may change as they continue to grow more militant in their demands.

He hopes the peaceful co-operation experienced so far between Peel teachers and School administrators will continue. But with their recent victory in stopping the province's controversial strike-killing Bill 274 we must expect teachers to continue their muscle flexing.

A major issue has always been the teachers' right to bargain not only for salaries but also for classroom conditions. The administration feels conditions are its rightful domain — besides, once teachers influence what goes on in the classroom, the board begins to lose absolute control of the purse strings.

But the teachers have a strong argument. Who more than them should have a voice in setting classroom standards? Teachers are the frontline elements in education and to ignore their opinions will solidify school boards as just one more sluggish governmental bureaucracy.



"Operator... I was speaking to my husband and I got cut-off"

'We won't see trees for hydro pole forest'

The following open letter to the residents of Clarkson and Lorne Park has been filed with The Times for publication.

Enjoy your new forest, you won't be able to see the trees. New forest? Yes.

Three, four and eventually five sets of hydro poles marching down the Ontario Hydro right of way from the new Lorne Park transformer station to Southdown Road through the parks and behind your houses will bring:

Two lines of 50-foot, grey painted poles, spaced 150 feet apart, each carrying six wires (27,600 volts).
 A third line of 122-foot tall steel towers, 650 feet apart, carrying 230,000 volts.

Eventually another set of those tall steel towers, with a second 230,000 volt line; and possibly a fifth set of poles in the future.

On your behalf, we have asked the City of Mississauga to have at least the local lines buried under the right of way to eliminate the eyesore and interference which the two pole lines would cause.

On Dec. 19, 1973, the general committee "buried" burial by a vote of seven to one.

Why! HEPC estimated the cost of burying the lines would be five times putting them on poles. We have figures which show the cost is less than three times — the difference between \$236,000 (on poles) and approximately \$700,000.

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(buried) — if the material and installation are put out to public tender.

We think the cost is worth having buried lines — just as much as for sewers and other amenities. Do you?

The general committee is concerned that this would set a precedent and other residents will want their lines buried. We pointed out that we weren't asking for the change; the reason the

local lines have to be moved off the existing poles is to make room for the 230,000 volt line Ontario Hydro wants to install. This motivation does not exist in other areas.

We also pointed out that for the last seven years, Mississauga has required that all local subdivision lines must be buried and you paid that cost.

But it refuses to bury its own lines. "Don't do as we

do," says Mississauga Hydro. "Do as we say."

It's time to chop this new forest down to size and the only way it can be done is by you. Put pressure on Mississauga Council, Hydro Commission and Ontario Hydro to wake up to their responsibilities — to wake up to the adverse impact they are creating on a very pleasant environment.

Call Mississauga Hydro commissioners write George

Cathercole (Chairman, Ontario Hydro). Call parks and back yards. Call Matt Harrison, Dave McNaughton, Mike Harrison, Mississauga.

'Write-off men became w.o. men'

Being a serious student of history, I must say that the present upsurge of the women's liberation movement slays me.

About 10,000 years ago, give or take a week, there was no such thing as sex discrimination, in fact everyone was a man. People were living in caves and they thought they were all the same!

Then, about a month after the Olympics, one caveman remarked to another that he'd noticed that some of the guys, especially the ones with the two-piece tigerskins were not doing too well in the events.

"They can't run as fast," he said, "and they're not too hot at the spear-throwing... and come to think of it, when we go out hunting, they either come back empty handed or they end up getting a rough time from the animals on the menu".

"As far as I'm concerned," said the other, "these men in the two-piece outfits are a write-off and we should tell them to stay in the caves before they all get killed".

And so it was that the slower, weaker ones became known as write-off men or to save breath, w.o. men or women.

At the next Olympics, just to be fair, the w.o. men were allowed to compete against one another in special events and the guys all chipped-in for a special set of medals.

During the hunting season, the guys decided it would be better for all concerned if the w.o. men hung around the caves or they would soon become extinct.

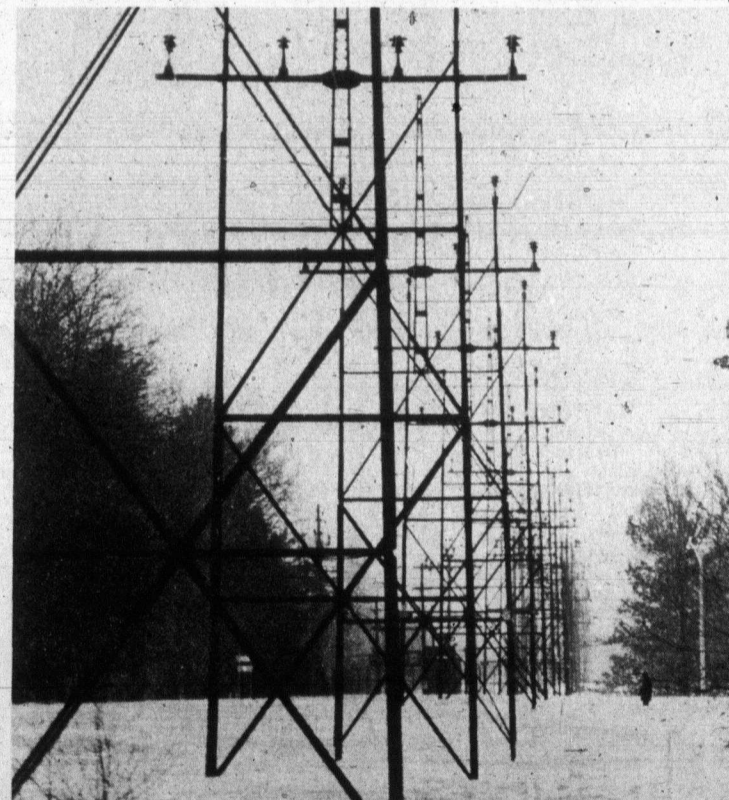
This system worked well but after a couple of thousand years the w.o. men started to feel guilty because although they ate twice as much as the old man's legs. But they never went out catching groceries; so having nothing better to do, they cleaned up the place a bit and lit the fire.

If they had invented a set of wheels and made a bow and arrow, they could have saved the old man's legs. But they didn't... they cleaned up the place and lit the fire.

A few years later, when the guys went off to fight in the Crusades, the w.o. men stayed home and apart from one old lady who was tinkering with a water-cooled machine gun, the rest of them scrubbed the floor and beat up the kids.

Anyway, after 10,000 years of being protected from the harsh realities of life, these funny looking men suddenly realized that any dummy can drive an automatic Ford and that beef steaks don't suddenly chase you all around the supermarket so they weren't going to clean the rotten floor anymore... so there.

Jim Unger, Mississauga.



Hydro poles to be installed for new transmission lines in Lorne Park and Clarkson will add to ugliness of poles already installed, readers say.

Speaking of Canadians...



By Frank Touby

I rarely get to talk to my fellow Yanks any more. Which is fine with me. But when I do find a few transplanted Yanks who have been here a short-enough time to still find the local fauna exotic, we tell each other Canadian jokes. I'll get back to that in a moment.

What started this whole train of thought was a phone call from my mother in Miami.

Mother has always had a strong concern over how I'm growing up. She is concerned that I may not make it to heaven; fearing, I suspect, that she'll be the only relative up there.

Under she's concerned that I have fallen under foreign influences.

"Have you lost your patriotism, son?" she asked. (Floridians are flag-bearers and bra-wearers. They erect flagpoles on their front lawns and drive around with plastic icons on their dashboards.)

"No, I donated it to the Army when I was discharged," I told her.

Mother is quite patriotic, so she feels I somehow have committed mild treason by switching instead of fighting.

Perhaps patriotism is coming back into fashion. I've even noticed some Canadians getting that way.

Anyway, getting back to talking with Yanks about Canadians.

I did meet a pair of Yanks from some obscure midwestern state over the holidays and, as Americans abroad are inclined to do, we talked about the natives.

"I really dig Canadians," said the male half. "If you push a little you can get just about anything you want from them."

"Yeah," piped in "his chick, "they're so polite you can walk all over them if you're not careful."

There were many things we noticed

about Canadians. Like how they feel obliged to subscribe to that awful MacLean's magazine that nobody understands.

And how they are always analysing themselves and trying to define what Canadian is. Perhaps only the Japanese are more introspective about what is Japanese than are Canadians about what is Canadian.

"Canadians remind me of bowling pins," said the overly rounded young Yankess. "They're kind of milky white and round and easy to knock over."

She scratched her red neck. "You can spot a Canadian in a crowd," she continued. "He looks so uncomfortable in any group of three or more."

The National Lampoon — a Yank humour magazine — has popularized Canadian-watching in the States. It's rather like looking for Kohoutek.

Lampoon has popularized The Bland Canadian for its spicy American readers. Most Americans, of course, have never seen a Canadian whom they recognized as such.

In fact most Americans don't know any more about Canada other than it snows a lot here and we harbour draft-dodgers and drink a watered-down whiskey called wry.

They also love our bacon. And they know we say out and about and hoose and bean and agayn.

And we have a fixation about calling the last letter zed.

And we spell things oddly. Like centre and theatre and manoeuvre.

And our newspapers imitate the Yanks by spelling labor and harbor like the big kids down south.

Now Gordon Sinclair has popularized Canadians with the rednecks. He has a record out that talks about the good things the U.S. has done. They haven't heard that kind of talk for some time.

When I compare my life in the Old Country with life here, I think Sinclair is out of his bland skull.

The U.S. gives nothing to its citizens but hard times and anything it gave to other countries had ropes attached.

Town of Streetsville: the welcome mat is real

Streetsville has ceased to exist as a municipality, and like many of the town's citizens and former residents, I feel a touch of sadness.

For nine years, Streetsville was home to my wife, my four children and I. Like many families, we settled in Streetsville because it has reasonably-priced housing and open space. It was never a polished town, but neither was it pretentious. Streetsville was like a neighbour's home where the porch steps are worn but the welcome mat is real.

The people of Streetsville, like small town people far from the cities, became involved. Sometimes they got on one another's nerves, but at least they were aware of each other.

While residents of Mississauga's far-flung regions struggled to create a town, Streetsville already was a town, neatly nestled within recognizable boundaries.

When the people wanted a hockey arena, they went out and built one with their own money, and kids were soon able to

walk to hockey practice. The same thing with a swimming pool.

Local merchants were really local merchants, and felt an obligation to the community.

Streetsville folk long ago formed car pools, not because of an energy crisis, but because they could recognize common problems, and such things made sense.

The police force was incredibly efficient, yet friendly and

By John Porteous



human. The fire department was largely volunteer... they wouldn't have thought of it being any other way.

Like every town large or small, Streetsville over the years had its share of inept politicians. Many of these men busily tried to sell the town down the Credit, hoping for a larger reward from larger powers. But at the end, Streetsville had a brave and loyal mayor, a lady who fought her town's demise long and well.

Streetsville's disappearance I guess was finally no one person's fault, not even Timothy Street. How could he have known that a town not yet conceived could one day swallow up his quiet little village?

Still, one can't help but reflect that Streetsville surely did not need Mississauga, nor is it clear that Mississauga really needed to absorb Streetsville.

The twentieth century Goddess of Progress asks not why things must change, but only changes them.