



Sid Rodaway

Help out the Brothers

Little boys need fathers, but if they can't have a father, thank God for Big Brothers.

As a single father to a growing 10-year-old boy, I can attest to the importance of the male figure in a young man's life. The majority of kids from broken homes live with their mothers and all too often, the father is never seen again after the split.

Unfortunately, the Big Brothers' organization does not exist in every community, nor can it yet provide a volunteer adult male for every fatherless boy who needs one. And so came the idea for a nation-wide, money-raising and publicity campaign called The Big Run for Little Brothers.

Relay runners started out Saturday from St. John's, Newfoundland and Victoria, B.C., with Ottawa as their goal. It should be reached by June 18, Father's Day, and the last day of Big Brothers' Week in Canada.

Along the route, hundreds of individual communities will stage their own money-raising runs to coincide with the passage of the long-distance relay runners through their respective towns and cities. In Peel, that will take place on June 11, Sunday after next.

The run will start in Victoria, north of Brampton, and proceed south down Highway 10 to Port Credit. Runners can join in at many checkpoints along the route, with the most likely distance for in-shape Mississaugans being the Square One-to-Lakeshore segment.

Peel Big Brothers' director Florence Smith has called on high school track teams, physical-fitness clubs and joggers to join in and drum up pledges for their runs from individuals or companies. Pledge forms are available at all branches of the Toronto Dominion Bank, Shoppers Drug Mart, Laura Secord Stores and, of course, the Big Brothers' office itself.

All sponsors of runners will be invoiced by the Big Run for Little Brothers' head office in Toronto.

According to Michael Gee, national director of the run, the funds raised by participants will be used to assist more little brothers and to expand the Big Brothers' organization to other Canadian communities. During a May 1 press conference, he said 90 per cent of the money would be returned to the fund-raising community to help the local organization. The remaining 10 per cent will be used to establish

the new branches in other communities.

At the national level, the public relations campaign for the Big Run was kicked off in style with a wealth of big names supporting it, but it is here at the community level that the fund-raising event will be really made — or broken.

By the very nature of the event, there will be fewer participants than in bikeathon or walkathon. For that reason, larger corporate pledges should play a major role.

The relatively few participants should have an easy job of collecting pledges. There is little likelihood of residents being canvassed for a pledge more than once.

If they catch the spirit, a strong competitiveness should develop between high school teams — for the number of runners involved, the speed of their runs and the size of their pledge totals.

The run needs your support. At the local level, there have been some organizational problems, but hopefully there will be a rush of both participants and sponsors over the next week and a half.

The run is the first ever Big Brothers' effort

at a national fund-raising drive. Former Ontario premier John Roberts is the honorary chairman of the event, with Richard Thomson, chairman and chief executive officer of TD Bank, acting as the campaign's honorary treasurer.

Big Brothers of Canada estimate there are about 500,000 fatherless boys in Canada today, with less than 10,000 of them being helped and guided through life by volunteer Big Brothers.

The group's "one man, one boy" concept demands a lot of volunteer personnel and they in turn take a lot of professional screening and back-up before they can do their job effectively.

No one can replace a real father. Big Brothers can ease the hurt of being alone by providing friendship, guidance and a good example.

One of the most unique organizations around, the Big Brothers rarely attracts attention. Working alone with one boy, the volunteer with his little brother can't be recognized at a ball game, washing a car, playing catch or riding a roller coaster.

Perhaps it is the very normalcy of the setting the Big Brother tries to create for his young pal that makes it work so well.



John Stewart

Headline Hunters

We're coming up to a municipal election on Nov. 13 and this is likely to be a more interesting political summer in Mississauga than usual because of it.

For one thing, the politicians will be trying harder to get their names in the news in the traditional Headline Hunters battle for the front page.

In anticipation of what we may see as the election draws closer, I've devised my own headline game, complete with multiple choice answers to attempt to predict what may happen along the way to the ballot box.

Take for instance, the headline LIBERATION ASSESSMENT FLOORS COUNCIL. Now try to guess which story the headline fits: A) Mary Helen Spence is found scrubbing city hall floors after office hours in her research to prove discrimination against females in Mississauga;

B) Frank McKechnie introduces a per-capita levy on homosexuals and discovers Gay Equality president John Bodis under-estimated the quantity in our fair city at 20,000;

C) Mayor Ron Searle manages to convince an industrious international organization from Palestine to locate its head offices in Mississauga but other politicians worry about the political consequences.

The second headline: FARMER STUMPS COUNCIL

A) A real farmer is discovered living on land he actually owns in the "hole-in-the-doughnut";

B) A developer who plows two furrows in his land each year and pays farm tax rates volunteers to pay taxes at market value;

C) Caledon Mayor John Clarkin rises on a point of personal privilege at regional council.

Next: DANGEROUS RISE IN CREDIT LEVELS

A) City Finance Commissioner Donald Ogilvie does another long range financial forecast;

B) Ron Searle and Hazel McCallion are asked to explain their leadership roles during this term of office;

C) Frank Bean falls in the river.

Now try CLIQUE BLAMED FOR DISPUTE.

A) Politicians fail to decide what color to shade Mississauga in the new region of Peel children's coloring book;

B) Council splits into party factions when asked to define the political power blocks on council;

C) Harold Kennedy's tape recorder does it again.

For your final fling at political prognostication, guess what story goes with EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY SILENCE

A) Port Credit ratepayer organizations oppose a development and then council, at the insistence of ward councillor Frank Leavers, hears deputations from the real majority of Port Credit residents;

B) The Tricill plant in Clarkson blows up, but Mrs. Sonja Holliday-Rhodes is on vacation;

C) Somebody drops a Peel Board of Education agenda during a meeting and a shocked hush falls over the packed chambers when three trustees are seriously injured by 1977 notices of motion.

The nicest thing about this version of Headline Hunters is that you can play the home game yourself, just be reading your local papers over the next few months. The drawback is we'll have to put up with the winners for at least another two years.



Jim Adair

The spot-check syndrome

A big part of my new job as a police reporter is trying to build up a rapport with the cops — get to know them, have them get to know me, and so on. It's too bad I couldn't have started the job five years ago, because then I think I met every officer patrolling Mississauga.

"Just a routine check, son." That's what they always told me. Driving alone or with friends, early morning or late evening, anywhere, anytime, I would be pulled over for checks by the police. There were never any problems. "Just a routine check, son."

The whole thing got to the point of ridiculousness. I was followed home and spot-checked in my own driveway. And in my friend's driveway. In the parking lots of Westdale and Sheridan malls. At least six times in Cooksville.

During a record-breaking week, I was spot-checked by three different police forces — Metro, Peel Regional and the OPP.

The first time was about eight years ago when, as a driving rookie, I was returning from a downtown rock concert with five other guys. In those days, it was mandatory for outdoor rock concerts to experience organizational problems. Like acts showing up late, sound problems, gate crashers, and so on.

This was no exception, and it didn't end until 2:30 a.m. We were stopped, and each of us was asked the standard, "Have you ever been in trouble with the police before?" We assured the officers that God, no, we were good boys.

The only problem came when the sixth guy was asked. He was a visitor from Germany,

somebody's cousin I think, and couldn't speak a word of English. He didn't know what was happening, and assumed there was some Canadian law that prohibited making right turns at three in the morning.

But, nothing happened. The trunk was checked, my name was radioed to headquarters, and we were told to go home. It got to be a procedure that I became very familiar with over the next few years.

Few of my friends can say they've been in my car and never been spot-checked. One first-timer, a sweet 17-year-old girl, was a trifle nervous during her first check. We were on our way home from viewing a movie classic when it happened.

"Where have you been?" the officer asked her.

"Gone With the Wind," she replied.

Inevitably, I started getting stopped by the same cops that had stopped me before.

One, who I'd met on the way to school three weeks earlier, said, "Say-yy... don't you go to Humber College?" I said yes, and he smiled brightly and said, "Sure, I remember you, Jim. On your way!"

The spot-checks abruptly ended when I bought a new car, looking more respectable than the junkers I'd been driving.

In fact, for over two years I'd been spot-checked free, until the other night when I was pulled over. But this wasn't a spot-check. It was a speeding ticket, and now I have a fine to pay.

Darn. It would have been so nice to hear the officer say, "Just a routine check, son."



Stewart Page

Festival on the street

Every year, near Toronto's Bloor and Bathurst Streets, there occurs a Street Festival. Permission is obtained to cordone off a short block on Lennox Street, between Markham and Bathurst. There is, of course, every reason to hold a Street Festival. After all, it is spring and children love spring. They say the festival is for the kids. In order to get across the idea that the festival is indeed for the kids, certain things are done every year. They have clowns running around. These are teenagers, probably paid a modest fee, who rove about selling balloons. There are card tables and at each is a young, attractive girl selling things like cookies and brownies. These girls nearly always have long curly hair and let you know that the cookies are "just baked."

To attract children, there are contests. In one contest, the person has to guess how many peas are in a jar. In one particular jar, these were over 26,000 peas. The winner of this contest guessed somehow that there were about 26,000 peas, and was awarded the jar of peas as the prize. Prizes were given for other things — for instance, to the child "best prepared for rain." A young boy wearing rubber boots was

awarded that prize. In another category, the winner was about 18 years old. When he got his prize, a cake, he stared at it, stuck a finger in it (everyone laughed) and then declared it to be a "rip-off."

They say that during the annual festival one thing the organizers are trying to do is mirror the diversity and contrasts in the neighborhood. Right in the middle of the festival site is the building which serves as headquarters for Contrast, the newspaper covering interests and activities of blacks and East Indians in Toronto. The small lawn and garden in front of the Contrast building was always occupied with human beings during the festival this year, nearly all of whom were blacks.

One of the main events at the festival is the entertainment, which is held upon a small stage on the north side of Lennox. On this platform, the master of ceremonies tells everybody what is available at the festival. Over at the church, across the street, he yells, you can get "political hot dogs. That's right folks, political hot dogs." He never explained what a political hot dog was, but everyone in the crowd laughed knowingly. The children just stared.

About noon or so, they start the real entertainment. This year there were three young lutenists, a couple of singers, plus the University Settlement Orchestra.

After the University Settlement Orchestra finished a piece, the master of ceremonies started in again about what food could be bought at the festival. Cookies, brownies and something called "dope brownies." Imagine. A festival for children and the master of ceremonies is yelling about "dope brownies." At the mention of such an item, someone indicated, for the edification of all present, that the originator of hashish brownies was someone called Alice B. Toklas, whose name has even been immortalized in song. The master of ceremonies then told everyone where they could buy "dope brownies." A few people giggled at how liberal and how "open" the Street Festival was. After all, it was just trying to mirror the contrasts in the neighborhood, and so on. And then, the master of ceremonies might have noticed that the kids seemed rather uneasy. So he made a joke. The "dope brownies" were named that way because the person

who made them was a dope. The kids laughed and all was well again.

Then there appeared on stage a young folk singer with dirty clothes and long hair. He announced that he would tune his guitar for awhile, if no one minded. After five minutes of tuning, he allowed that he should have done it before coming onto the stage. Then he went into the typical banter used by such performers between songs. He said he would sing a couple of Bob Dylan "things." He said also he was feeling a little tired, since he had just gotten up a couple of hours before. He then performed a song in which the dominant, explicit theme was one of inviting everyone to get high, to get stoned. The children thought that was great, and the adults cackled. The performer was, of course, performing only for himself.

At the same time, two police officers, helping to make sure that cars did not enter the festival area, gazed at the singer. These were people who were supposed to enforce the drug laws, and here were 100 children being invited to get stoned. One of the officers shook his head and uttered an obscenity. The festival was a success once again.

Dick Singer



The Parr formula

"You have got to try it. I'm telling you it is perfect. A touch of genius," my caller bubbled over the phone.

Uncertain as to whether he was selling a guide book on how to win at Woodbine, a wolf whistle for my 1957 Vauxhall or a sure cure for athlete's foot, I sat back and listened.

"There are several reasons for drinking and one has just entered my head," he continued. "I've just come up with the perfect solution to a nagging wife. One that I guarantee will make every woman want to urge her man to tiddle."

Now this was something new, you must admit. His enthusiasm was contagious and I asked him to explain.

Aware of my appreciation of the distilled, peat flavored nectar of Scotland, he urged me to rush down to the local and purchase a bottle of Old Parr.

"It's as smooth as a preacher asking for a church building-fund donation," said my spirited informant.

But it was the little booklet that accompanies the liquid he was most excited about.

"Oh it is a gem, a literary work of rare value," he expounded, stating its eight pages tell a tale of worth to the drinking man.

"This old turkey Thomas Parr was born in 1483 and lived 152 years — that's right 152 years."

An Englishman born in Shropshire, he could neither read nor write, yet is buried in Westminster Abbey.

"What makes him so important is his genius," cackled the caller.

"He didn't even marry until he was 80 years old, then he fathered three children, then the old rascal ran around a bit and married a second time at 122 years old."

"He wasn't so smart," I broke in, only to be told I had missed the point.

"He was a character who hobnobbed with royalty, ate and drank the best, was a man with an eye for the finer things in life and still lived to be 152... see the point!" he demanded.

The caller's argument simply put is that the booklet justifies over-eating, leaving marriage till late in life and not learning how to read and write.

"Imagine the impact of such an argument delivered over the rim of a glass to a nagger," chortled the caller between snorts of laughter. "Why there isn't a woman would bother you."

I agreed and suggested his chances of becoming a married man were slim, if not nonexistent.

"Thanks," he replied. "I needed that assurance."

He hung up and the following moments were spent in my reviewing our conversation.

While I may not quite fit the description of Old Parr, one thing is certain: I would like to be considered for a place of honor in Westminster.

I've borrowed the booklet which bears a picture of Old Parr at 150 years of age.

I should look so good.



Terry Jones

Abuse by majority

This week I would like to share some personal observations that I have made in the often misunderstood area of select committees of the Legislature and royal commissions.

I can vividly recall that during the 1977 provincial election campaign many people expressed the virtues of minority government. For my part, I have come to recognize that while it makes strenuous demands on all members of the Legislature, minority government is, more often than not, responsive and conscientious.

One diversion from this responsible approach has been the numerous occasions on which the combined opposition of the Liberal and New Democratic parties have abused the majority in seats that they hold by demanding select committee investigations and royal commissions.

One does not have to look further than these "out-of-Legislature" bodies to see examples of extravagant government spending. This is opposed to my philosophy of

government, and that of the majority electors that I have spoken to. These people want less government, not more.

Obviously, there are occasions in which the committees and commissions perform helpful services. The Hydro Affairs Select Committee recently made an indepth study of the uranium contracts between Ontario Hydro and Dennison and Preston Mines. It will also explore and advise the Legislature on the future of many other forms of energy. The proposed select committee to study health care should provide useful and necessary health-care alternatives. However, there are seven various committees proposed for this summer and when one appreciates their inclination for travel and their expensive staff and the large expense accounts, one must question whether the issue that the committee is investigating is of sufficient priority to be justifiable to the taxpayer.

For example, I question continued need for a Select Committee on the Ombudsman. This committee has a half-million-dollar budget for this year. This is after the committee members

have made a number of detailed studies of ombudsmen's offices both here and abroad.

Members of select committees and royal commissions are well paid. Committee members receive \$50 per day in salary, as well as an average of \$50 per day in expenses. This is over and above their salaries as MPPs. The Government of Ontario has cut back on government spending and the growth of the civil service in a concerted effort to balance its budget. I would hate to see these savings go for naught on the balance sheet, when weighed against committee and commission spending.

Another feature of select committees that I dislike is that on many occasions they become another arena for partisan political grandstanding that I believe is distasteful to the public. If the issues being investigated are worthy of time and money being spent on them, they certainly must be worthy of sober and reflective consideration. Unfortunately, they are all too often clouded by attempts at political gain through opportunism.

As a person who conducted a study on a

controversial issue (alcohol abuse by our young people) at a modest cost to the taxpayer, I believe that fact-gathering agencies of the Legislature can accomplish a great deal and bring benefits to the people of Ontario without the expensive salaries and trappings that select committees and royal commissions bring to mind. Many issues would be better served if they were dealt with in the Legislature, which after all, is Ontario's ultimate decision-making body. This would give the press corps a day off now and then, and maybe we would all save some of that tax-free green.

If you have any thoughts to exchange with me on these or any other matters, please write me at my constituency office, 103 Queen St. N., Streetsville Postal Station, Mississauga L5N 2A3, or my Queen's Park office, 700 Bay St., 2nd Floor, Toronto M5G 1Z6.

Terry Jones is Progressive Conservative MPP for Mississauga North. This is one of a regular series of columns by representatives of the major political parties.