



Sid Rodaway

Why these restrictions?

The boys in Ottawa have gotten carried away again with their ideas of order and efficiency.

This time they are trying to protect us from charities getting involved in politics. Not a bad idea on the surface — after all, a prime minister belonging to the United Way party would be a bit much.

Or can you imagine the Elizabeth Fry Society backing a candidate for mayor because she's an ex-con. That would never do.

But seriously, one can understand the legitimate need to prevent publicly supported charities from getting directly involved in politics. The key word here, however, is directly.

Charities, by their very nature, are set up to achieve some social good and if they recognize injustice they have both a right and a responsibility to tell politicians. That, after all, is what good politics is all about.

The Brampton Women's Centre is a relatively new group that has just won its tax-exempt charitable status from Revenue Canada. The status is a basic prerequisite for

any charitable organization attempting to achieve self-sufficiency through donations.

But to get it the directors of the centre had to sign a pledge that they would not get involved in politics. Specifically, they had to promise not to lobby for any changes in existing legislation and not support any candidate for elective office.

Under the terms of the pledge, they also could not get involved in any activity that would lead to the accomplishment of political ends.

The only lobbying the directors of the women's centre can do is on a personal basis, without using the name of their organization. This pledge has not been required from other area charitable organizations.

So why was a women's drop-in and referral centre in Peel picked out for this type of restrictive control? The centre's president, Barbara Horvath, thinks it's because the group's constitution states the centre will act as an advocate for women's rights.

It seems that championing the cause of sexual equality under law is viewed by the Ottawa bureaucrats as politics.

If it is politics, it is politics with a small 'p' and the type of human involvement that more people should get involved in. The government position falls apart further when the women's centre case is examined in the light of several recent Revenue Canada decisions.

Canadian unity groups operating in Quebec have been granted full tax-exempt charitable status, even though their cause is about as political as one could get in Canada. At the local level, a community homeowners' group has just received its tax-exempt status, despite an open commitment to political involvement to achieve its ends in Mississauga.

Progressive Conservative MP Flora MacDonald raised the issue in the House of Commons early last week. On Thursday, while speaking at the Mississauga North PC Association's annual meeting, she repeated the example of the Brampton Women's Centre, calling it a sign of "sheer dictatorship" on the part of the government. Right on, Flora!

At stake is nothing less than the right of free speech. Neither the Canadian Cancer Society nor the Brampton Women's Centre

should be allowed to sponsor or give direct support to political candidates, but they should have the right to speak out on issues that affect their cause.

If the cancer society were to lobby in Ottawa for the government to restrict the use of some cancer-causing chemical, would that be considered politics?

Similarly, if the Brampton Women's Centre were to lobby for a change in pension legislation affecting elderly widows, should that come under the sinful heading of politics?

In a country where it takes the threat of a children's-group-home opening across the street to get people off their butts, the government should stay away from any restrictions that lessen public involvement in the governmental process.

Acting Revenue Minister Monique Begin told MacDonald in the Commons that she was unaware of the anti-politics-pledge requirement and promised to investigate the matter. At the very least, the regulations will have to be slackened to encourage, rather than prohibit, the involvement of groups in legislative change.



John Stewart

What's the use?

Politicians love policies.

They spend hours slaving over their formulation, sifting through reports to help them decide a course of action and honing them to a fine edge.

Like tasters of fine wine, the elected officials roll policies endlessly over their palates, hoping to catch some fleeting brilliance before spewing forth their product.

This is not to say that what they are doing is unimportant. Indeed, quite the opposite is true. They make decisions that affect all of our daily lives, although few of us know it.

But many policies are basically paper airplanes that drift into the bureaucratic hollow leg never to be seen again.

Ward 2 Councillor Mary Helen Spence sat in her city hall office last Wednesday fuming at the fact that contractors for the Region of Peel had decimated trees along the side of Cawthra Road. "What's the use of passing all these things, if they don't mean anything to anybody," she snapped. "You work for months to try to get something on the books and you might just as well not have bothered. It doesn't make a damn bit of difference. They just go ahead and do what they want to."

The contractors not only took down trees within the area designated for removal for the road widening, but they did a little additional chopping for unesthetic effect. When irate neighbors asked the work crews at 7:30 a.m. what they were doing, and then requested them to stop until they could get someone in authority to explain the situation, they were impolitely told that their neighborhood trees were none of their business.

Garratt MacMillan of Green Meadow Crescent says he was grabbed by the shirt by a workman and told that if he continued to hang around asking about the trees, one just might land on him.

Eventually, Mayor Ron Searle arrived and things quietened down.

Ward 4 Councillor Larry Taylor is also furious about the treatment of both the trees, and his constituents. He says promises made to him and plans shown to the public previously were not carried out. He also thinks Peel should have notified him, so he could in turn notify residents, before any work was undertaken.

You can bet that will become another policy for the books, to be dragged out again the next time somebody decides it's easier to do the job first and discuss the promises later.

At least the trees on Cawthra Road didn't die completely in vain. They can be turned into paper to write policies on, to be considered by politicians, who will make them into policy airplanes, which will disappear in the hollow leg, only to be recalled the next time the situation which they were prepared to prevent, has occurred once again.



Jim Adair

The perils of Kim

Kim told me not to write about her anymore.

Like Laura in an old episode of the Dick Van Dyke Show, who was mad at Rob for broadcasting her madcap antics, Kim isn't too pleased about some of her escapades being relived in The Mississauga Times.

She's the one who struggled the 14-year-old kid into the drive-in in the trunk to see The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. And the girl who, when stopped by a cop and asked where we had been, replied nervously, "Gone With the Wind."

For over a year, Kim had regular streaks of bad luck. With her car, for instance. She bought four new tires for it, and they all decided to go flat at various times and locations over the next couple of weeks.

Some 16-year-old kid backed into her parked car, and was about to drive off when Kim raced out and flagged him down.

She couldn't make it to the body shop until very late one evening, and had a friend drop her off to pick up her car. The friend drove off, Kim's car wouldn't start, and she had a two-mile walk back to the friend's house in the dead of night.

One day she came out of a store and saw a youth busily working to remove the eight-track unit from her car. Enraged, she flew over and made the guy put it back. He screwed it half on, decided he'd had enough and tried to get away.

Kim grabbed him and after a brief tussle the kid was gone and Kim had a bump on her head. But at least she had her eight-track.

Kim's a good-looking girl, but doesn't always dress in the most feminine clothes. Once, when she was walking arm-in-arm down the street with her boyfriend, a greasball in a passing car accused them both of being gay.

It wasn't the only time she was mistaken for a guy; it must have been because of her

overalls and rather unruly curly hair.

That hair got her into considerable trouble. It was in Edgerton's, a romantic student hang-out which features quiet, laid-back folk music and is lit by candles stuck in wine bottles.

After a relaxing, cozy evening, Kim rose to go home, got too close to the candle and caught her hair on fire. People started bashing her on the head to put out the flame and she came close to being doused with beer. The smell of singed hair is not exactly pleasant, either.

But she lived through the experience without being harmed, just as she lived through a long journey down the city streets in her bare feet without catching pneumonia. She'd forgotten her shoes at a party.

The stories people tell about her at parties are endless. The last bash she threw, a guy ended up running around with the fireplace poker trying to skewer people.

Kim's greatest feat occurred at a surprise

birthday party I held for her at my house. She and her brother were, for some reason, trying to prove they could lift each other.

They were in the kitchen and I was sitting in the next room when I heard a tremendous crash. "I don't want to know about it," I cried, and stayed put for about 15 minutes. The kitchen became very quiet and finally I got the nerve to go in.

There, a group of guests were crowded around the kitchen table, which was upside down and badly mashed. Seems Kim's brother tried to lift her and together they came crashing down dead centre on the table. They weren't hurt, but the table has a permanent bend to it.

Kim's luck seems to be changing and things are going better. She has a new job and a new car, and she got her hair cut short to avoid those menacing candles.

And she has her friends, who will be on good-luck streaks for as long as they know Kim.



Stewart Page

Thoughts on the Open

They say that the Canadian Open is one of the top golf tournaments in the world. Still, there are others who inform us that even the world's best players, those who competed last month at the Glen Abbey course in Oakville, still have to buy balls at the course with which to practice. They don't even give them free to the world's best players. This is a "second rate" feature of the Canadian Open.

There are other negative things. Spectators drive in to the course off the Queen Elizabeth Highway, following tiny signs. He has to park miles from the main entrance. After paying \$10 to get in, they must not go in, or near, the Glen Abbey clubhouse. They must be quiet and try to keep up their energy with \$1 hot dogs, and 50-cent Cokes.

Glen Abbey is becoming known in the golf world as a "monster". Top professionals find it extremely difficult. In this year's tournament, for example, even the winning score was not below par. The term "monster" derives from another famous golf course, Oakland Hills, in Birmingham, Mich. When Ben Hogan once won a big tournament with a 67, he walked in to the clubhouse after the round and announced that he had finally "brought the monster to its knees."

The Glen Abbey course, for the "average" player, is, of course, virtually impossible. The place is full of sand and water. The distances for each hole, as indicated by signs on each tee, seem much longer than they do on most golf courses. On one "short" hole, in particular, the threesome of Jerry Pate, Gary Player and Rik Massengale had an interesting time of it.

On the 16th hole, player after player fell short with the second shot. The hole is supposed to play as a par four, but, thanks to Glen Abbey, even top professionals could not reach it in two with any consistency. On the second day of the Open, they were hitting their second shots with woods, and still were not making it. Arnie Palmer, with thousands crowding and fusing around him, had to go for the green with a wood on his second shot, and proceeded to top it, just like the fabled "duffer." Somebody said that Arnie had tried to "force" the shot.

The Open Gallery, as in any illustrious tournament, has a considerable share of experts. These are ordinary folks who feel they have an obligation to all other people in the gallery (who may not know the game as well as

they do) to provide a reasonably loud commentary about what is going on.

On one hole, Lee Trevino drove a ball into light rough on the right of the fairway. Some loose debris and branches had to be cleared away so he could line up the next shot. While standing over the ball, preparing to hit, Trevino noticed the crowd had not been moved back sufficiently on his right. He had to stop and back off the shot. The instant he started to move back, the crowd started to giggle. Soon, the giggling got louder and became a sort of nervous, but happy, cackle — like kids in a school room finding out they are going to get away with something. Trevino straightened up, looked around and in a tone which betrayed something less than happiness, told the marshals to get the gallery back so he could "hit the shot." He said "hitting the shot" was what he was there for in the first place. The marshals started shuffling around, but the crowd still didn't get back far enough. Trevino then half shouted that "someone should write some articles around here" on where people should stand when someone is playing golf. "These people saw me hit one over here in the first place. They think I can't do it again!" This

was supposed to be a warning to those offending people in Trevino's way on the right. When nothing happened except laughter, Trevino said the line again. This brought on a real scream. Too bad. Lee's out there trying to make money and all those people act as if they don't know it. And then a comedian tried out his own line. "Just bend it around the crowd, Lee — just like you did last year!" This brought on a few laughs, to be sure. But, unfortunately for the comedian, his wife didn't like the line. She had been standing right beside him, and told him, in front of everyone, not to be such a child.

But, Lee Trevino knows full well that people need their heroes. The people in the gallery try to wish their favorite player's shots into the cup. When Palmer came up on the 11th tee and hooked a drive into a jungle-like place, a man told him not to worry, that the area was wide open and he'd have a good shot at the green. When Palmer reached the ball, it was half buried in sand, and dead behind several trees, a river and several boulders.

But, Mr. Palmer still feels that, for \$10, the fans are entitled to be themselves.



Bud Gregory

Lotteries and health

Many constituents have asked me why the government doesn't use lottery funds to help reduce health-care costs.

It appears that a majority of those I have spoken to and written to are in favor of using lottery funds.

I would therefore like to take this opportunity to clear up a serious danger. Too many of us are losing sight of the important basic values that underlie the issue of OHIP premiums.

We should remember at this time that universal medical care was not a fact of life in Ontario even 20 years ago. In less than two decades, we have overcome one of the greatest insecurities that plagued people for generations past — an insecurity that still plagues people in the nation which, ironically, is regarded throughout the world as the wealthiest and most materially advanced country on earth, namely, the United States.

In this one very important respect, Ontario is decades ahead of the U.S. We have devised a system that does not give rise to the tales of misfortune we hear from time to time about the medical problems of people in the U.S.

We have all seen those accounts, in newspapers and magazines, of people having to go without vital operations or treatments because they can't afford the hospital costs or medical fees.

And we have read reports of other people who have been reduced to poverty by the burden of enormous medical and hospital bills.

Those are consequences that no one in Ontario needs to suffer, no matter how ill or poor he or she may be. And that is a fact I hope is fully appreciated by every citizen of this province.

Having been hospitalized for one week last May, it is a fact that I fully understand.

As for directing lottery funds to reduce health care costs, there are a number of reasons against this.

Firstly, the lottery system was set up to meet many important needs that might otherwise have gone unfunded. Wintario (the \$1 tickets), for instance, was designed to provide assistance to cultural and recreational programs throughout Ontario. It has helped many communities replace unsafe arenas; it has provided

funds for amateur sports, for libraries, for heritage and multi-cultural programs.

Of course, Mississauga has received its fair share.

Today, there are more applications for support than there are funds available from Wintario. At the same time, and I think you will find this surprising, the revenue from Wintario would not finance the health system for more than one week. In effect, we would be drawing revenue from a good program that assists many people and communities.

As for the revenue acquired from the Provincial Lottery (the \$5 tickets), most of the funds are directed to health research.

Of the first \$25 million available from the Provincial, \$15 million became the responsibility of the ministry of health. This money is to be used for research and development, not for service programs; the funds must be spent in such ways as to assure demonstrable results within three years; all applications must be subjected to established review procedures; and the funds are to be used, as far as possible to strengthen existing research and development programs.

All this makes it quite evident that government policy in regard to the use of Provincial Lottery proceeds is a very cautious policy — and fittingly so, considering the uncertainties attendant upon the sale of lottery tickets, and the limited experience which the government has had with this source of revenue.

Even so, Provincial Lottery money has been allocated to projects of which I feel sure the public would heartily approve: \$3.7 million to the cancer, mental health, addiction and heart foundations and to the ministry's health research and development grants program; \$1 million for research equipment for five health sciences complexes; and \$500,000 for universities to purchase medical-research equipment.

I am confident that any reasonable person who explored these expenditures and the programs to which they are related, would have to conclude that this allocation of Provincial Lottery money is being wisely spent.

However, this does not mean that we must remain unresponsive to other uses for lottery funds.

Public Pew



M. Roy Gellatly Amateur parents

It is absolutely amazing the incredible optimism of the general public! When we want something done we turn to the experts — in plumbing, engineering, medical care. But when something more important comes along, we go with rank amateurs.

When was the last time you attended a course for parents? Now probably the most significant thing that any of us will be called upon to be or do in our lifetime is to be a parent. Yet we are not even elected to this job. It just arrives, ready or not.

Why do we persist with the myth that any person can make a good parent just by instinct or blind fortune? Why is this not included in the core curriculum of all educational systems, rather than just being offered as an option for girls only — and that only in a few progressive high schools?

Obviously there is a reason that training in parenting is resisted by so many. And probably the underlying assumption that most parents make is that since they turned out so well, then their kids will, too, if they can only maintain the same type of approach that mom and dad used. And unless at least one of the parents has read something a little more recent on child rearing, then the old Victorian techniques are applied. Of course, there might be some slight modification in the direction of permissiveness, since it probably won't hurt to spoil the kids a little — they're good kids and after all we prefer not to be classed as ogres. But even with these exceptions, the basic philosophy is Victorian.

Someone has put it this way: authoritarian approaches put the adult on top with a big stick and the child cringing with fear; while permissiveness puts the child on top with a big stick and the adult cringing with guilt. Take your pick. Most of us would prefer to have some type of stability and that means we would side with the adult. In neither case does it take much study to be a parent — just fight hard!

Surely there must be a better way. Life is too short to spend it going from one hassle to the next. What has happened to the old democratic ideal of consultation, discussion and compromise by which the rights and feelings of all are respected? Is it possible to transform a home from an army garrison into a place of true communication?

There is an organization in the greater Toronto area which is trying to spread the word that such ideals are within reach, at least a good part of the time. This is the Alfred Adler Institute of Ontario, which trains leaders to run local classes of Parent Study Groups. The basis is democracy, which is not always tried in terms of practical child-raising.

A number of classes are run through the Peel Board of Education in several schools in our area one evening a week for a 10-week series. In Erin Mills, classes are run through the Erin Mills Church Campus on two levels: one for parents of younger children and one for parents of teenagers. For more information, phone 491-7853. Courses start in September.

Concern to be a good parent is a part of our Christian responsibility, which motivates us to develop all our potential under God and express love to God and to our fellows.

Rev. M. Roy Gellatly is pastor at Glenbrook Presbyterian Church in Mississauga.