

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Fewer Farmers Are Keeping Cows

June is being observed as Dairy Month throughout Canada, and while the Canadian population continues to expand, and the demand for dairy products continues to increase, a matter for the concern of all Canadians is "Where will the milk come from in the future?"

farmer, however, is a victim of another situation which is only indirectly related to the economics of dairy farming. As the farmer is called upon to become more and more efficient, and this generally implies that he should become bigger, the need for help in the operation of his farm becomes more acute.

Pollution Causes Call for Action

Ottawa's Mines Minister Jean-Luc Pepin has outlined a plan to attack water pollution on the Great Lakes. The minister is said to have been stung by opposition criticism that he is dragging his feet in the war on water pollution.

The Great Lakes Institute will, under contract from the federal government, be making related studies in both lakes. How much of this will be treading old straw? One would have supposed from the voluminous reports on water pollution in the Great Lakes the only thing left to do is to introduce the control measures, says The Sudbury Star.

Reform— But for Whom?

It is understandable that the Ontario Minister of Reform Institutions, Allan Grossman should be concerned about present day morality. He is, after all, required to deal with the failures of it in the inadequate institutions for which he is responsible.

the 'advanced thinkers' that Mr. Grossman complains of, is obtuse and grotesque. There is good cause for impatience with this simple-minded baiting of the young for their attitudes to sex, liquor and drugs.

The point of attack against the imagined decline in morals in Ontario appears always to be directed at liquor, sex and drug addiction. These preoccupations, comments The Peterborough Examiner, are incidental to the real business of morality and to supporting a desirable standard of behavior; they can be regarded as minor symptoms of much greater social faults.

It is easy to talk of pseudo-experts and to sneer at people who genuinely present points of view so that the discussions of social problems can be sensibly broadened. But this is the approach that is most often taken by people who have failed to make sense of what confronts them.

The visible changes which are taking place in urban life on this continent should, by now, have pointed our professional guardians of morals to where the dangers are. It is no exaggeration to say that a declining sense of community, slums, crowded housing, abysmal neglect of ordinary physical amenities in large urban centres, has more to do with Mr. Grossman's worries than any publicity given to contraception, sexual freedom, and lysergic acid.

Keep Well Back!

An Ontario Safety League official recently had a sharp reminder of the need to keep well back from the car ahead. He was travelling west on 401 in the early morning. Traffic was light and he was following a sedan, about 200 feet ahead, at a steady 60 m.p.h.

In North America, we have the examples of Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Detroit to show us the ingredients of large scale juvenile delinquency and moral decline — if indeed, this is what it is. The most easily identified cause then emerges to be political and municipal indifference in past years to the accumulating problems of accommodation, recreation, employment and education.

The OSL says that many freeway drivers — not just a few, but a great many — follow other traffic so closely that it is humanly impossible to avoid an accident if a car ahead brakes suddenly.

CANADA'S CENTURY

A news background special on the Centennial of Confederation

They Found Riches In The Rocks

(Twelfth Of A Series) By WALT McDAYTER

Jacques Cartier could accurately be called Canada's first prospector. When he and his French explorers sailed into the St. Lawrence in 1534, their eyes glowed at the sight of Indians bedecked in copper jewelry.

However, in 1541 Cartier did find a vein of glittering gold metal, and a source of sparkling diamond-like gems. Excitedly, he loaded barrels and barrels of these nuggets and jewels onto his ship, and sailed them across the Atlantic to France.

rels contained neither gold nor diamonds, but worthless bangles. The gold was in Canada, all right, but the explorers just hadn't looked in the right places. In 1856, some prospectors probing the mountains of British Columbia were more lucky. On the sandbars of the Fraser river, there for the taking was ... gold!



In the undersea coal mines of Cape Breton, N.S., coal trains are often equipped with two-way radio phones to assure constant communications with the surface.

Almost as precious as gold is "black gold" — oil. In the same year that gold was found on the Fraser, the first oil well in North America was drilled, at Lambert County, in Ontario.

The Canadian Shield, a Precambrian rock formation covering almost 2 million square miles and stretching from Labrador to the prairies, is rich in almost every metal known to man. But the first major development in this area came about by accident. In 1883 laborers digging for the CPR at present Sudbury, in northern Ontario, chanced upon nickel and copper ore.



In the Dim and Distant Past

From the Statesman Files

25 YEARS AGO (June 12, 1941)

Miss Phyllis R. Challis, A.T.C.M., was in Lindsay for a week, preceding the marriage of her cousin Bora Murdock, formerly of Bowmanville. At the ceremony she presided at the organ console to play the wedding music.

49 YEARS AGO (June 14, 1917)

The postponed sports that could not be given on Victoria Day owing to rain was given before a fairly good crowd of spectators Saturday afternoon. Mr. Montague J. Smith was ably assisted in the direction of the event by Mr. F. C. McMillen and Mr. F. C. Pethick.

At the annual meeting of Central Ontario Division of the Industrial Accident Prevention Association held in Port Hope on June 3rd, A. M. Hardy, Supt. of Goodyear Factory, was elected a member of the Executive.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Len Elliott were in Toronto Friday attending the Commencement Exercises of Toronto University where their daughter Audrey received her B.A. degree.

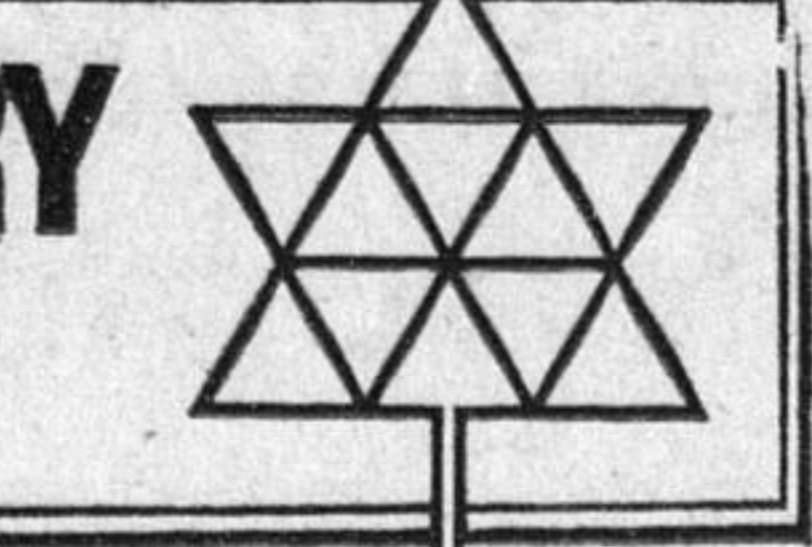
Mr. Glenn Strike, younger son of Rev. and Mrs. A. J. H. Strike of Granby, Que., and grandson of Mrs. Anne Elford, Bowmanville, has enlisted with the Cobourg Heavy Battery.

Mr. Leslie C. Cox, who recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Latin in Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. W. S. Bragg, D.D.G.M., visited Durham Lodge I.O.O.F. at Port Hope, Tuesday evening, accompanied by the Degree Team of Florence Nightingale Lodge, No. 66.

Miss Marjorie Graham, Oshawa, is supplying at the local Bell Telephone office while Miss Mabel Jewell is on holidays.

Dr. Doris Foster, Mountain Sanitarium, Hamilton, visited her mother, Mrs. F. A. Foster.



Jacques Cartier ... he found only fool's gold.

oped Canada's first uranium mine at Grand Bear Lake, 1939, and built the largest radium refinery in the world at Port Hope, Ont.

Ever since Confederation, Canada has depended greatly on its exports of minerals. She holds a virtual monopoly on nickel in the world market, and is the leading supplier of asbestos and platinum.

Today, across Canada, many a man earns his living in a mine shaft. In Newfoundland or Labrador he may dig for iron ore, in Nova Scotia or Alberta it could be coal, while in Quebec it might be asbestos he is seeking.

In Canada's second century, mining will continue to play a major role in economic growth. The far northlands are still to be fully opened — the Yukon, the Northwest Territories, and Labrador — and it is there that Canadians will go, seeking riches in the rocks.

Toronto Telegram News Service

CLIP AND SAVE

Ed Youngman's Column

Come to think of it, mention has not been made in this space of my money making activities since the ice melted in the local arena, and left me without a job.

Having contributed a considerable amount to the National Unemployment Fund, and never having drawn any benefits therefrom, your scribe decided to find out how the thing worked.

Just when I was well prepared to make a modest killing out of the Unemployment Insurance Fund, the manager of the Southview Golf Course mentioned that, my presence was needed there, so that's where I am, sweeping greens, mowing grass and doing those many unspectacular chores that are so necessary to keep a golf course perking.

Some people have enquired why I went back to Southview instead of trying something different. Guess it's a matter of loyalty. You see, when we moved to Bowmanville last year, the president of Southview was the first person in this town who enquired if I wanted a paying job to augment our sagging economy, and through his influence, your scribe obtained a job at Southview which kept a few choice visuals on our table most of 1965.

It has been nice, this past three weeks, to be greeted by many of last year's clientele who either wave or stroll over, shake hands, ask how we fared during the past winter, and mention their pleasure at seeing me back at the old job of pretending to do some work every time the president or manager glances my way.

Some folks, who don't play golf, have been critical of the "greens" having a brownish appearance. Don't

blame me — blame the frosty nights, and cool days of the past couple of months. Why? Because the greens are planted with "creeping bent", which belongs to the weed family, and we all know how weeds are affected by real cold weather.

Sarcastic comments have been made about our prolific crop of dandelions. We have been anxious to spray those yellow pests, but in order to spray, certain weather, ground, and time elements have to be considered, or the spray mixture could lose a lot of its potency.

Last week, I was raking a green scum from the surface of the big pond, when the rake disturbed some rotting tree leaves near the edge, which, in turn, caused a rather noisome smell to pervade the air.

We put the cable around poor old Danny's neck, and as the winch moved him toward the tail end of the truck, and started to raise him from the ground that newly arrived immigrant got a man sized whiff.

Our children, now adults, have never forgotten the incident, and, when confronted with an unusual odor, will repeat the Cockney phrase.

Local golfers, with damaged clubs, discard them, or send them miles away to be repaired because they are unaware that local fellow golfer, George Park, is quite expert in this type of work; he is conscientious, and will say if the club is worth fixing.

Sugar and Spice

By Bill Smiley

ONE WEEK OF SACRIFICE

We were sitting around bickering after church the other day. My daughter had a bad cold, and was generally owly. She didn't think much of God.

"How can God let so many people in the world be starving?" she wanted to know. Well, it's a fair question.

Her mother and I tried to explain that it was not God's doing, but man's. We said it was man's greed, insecurity and fear that made us live like kings (far better than medieval kings, in fact), while hundreds of millions of people in the world, our brothers, starved and died of illness unnecessarily.

She wasn't buying any. "It all sounds pretty foggy to me", she grumped. "I don't think much of God, if that's the way He runs things."

I asked her what she'd do about the situation. Like all kids, she didn't know, except to repeat that it was all wrong.

Well, you can't have a 15-year-old sitting around running down God; so, like all fathers since the cave-days, I tried to come up with an answer.

First, I explained that the government did a great deal to help less fortunate countries, with our taxes. When she cornered me on details, I had to admit that it was a drop in the bucket with a lot of strings attached (try that metaphor on for size).

In desperation, I looked around for someone else to blame. "The churches should take the lead, and start a nation-wide campaign to help feed the hungry." My wife reminded me that we give a buck a week to missions. "Yes, and all these piddling church missions add up to a spit in the ocean," says I.

"So what would you do, Mr. Smart Alex?" says she. "So I can probably think of something, Mrs. Wise Guy," says I. And I did. The result is National Tighten-Your-Belt Week.

It's very simple. For one week a year, every Canadian family willing to help will live on a bare subsistence allowance. The difference between that and the normal cost of living goes into the pot. Every cent of this pot goes to buy food, clothing, contraceptive pills and other necessities for the vast, poor, down-trodden masses of the world.

It's hard to believe that this world-shaking concept took seed and blossomed right there in our living-room. But it did. Swiftly we did some figuring. It was rough, but close enough.

The average family spends from \$20 to \$30 a week on food. One week a year we exist on \$5 per family. It could be done, you know. Lots of rice, macaroni, porridge, bread, home-made

soup. Water instead of coffee, tea, milk, beer. The same week we walk everywhere and save \$3 on gas. We turn off the furnace and learn what it's like to be cold. We clean our teeth with salt. We avoid shaving and hair spray and deodorants and drugs and cigarettes. We wear nylons with runs. We turn off the hydro, except for cooking, and use candles.

The average family could kick about \$30 into the kitty. Take a town of 10,000 families. Let's say a minimum of 1,000 families. That's \$3,000,000. That will pay for a lot of wheat, penicillin, and birth-control pills. Multiply this modest token by all the families in Canada, and you could jack up India in about two years.

I know, I know. You've already picked 84 holes in the plan. All the supermarkets would go broke if they lost a week's business. Well, there's no reason they couldn't tighten their belts too, for a week.

All the fruit and vegetables and meat would rot. Not if the producers knew such a week was coming, and planned for it.

The provincial government would collapse, if it lost a week's taxes on booze and beer. I doubt it. A few miles of highway might not be built. So what?

Seriously, I think it would be fun. Many people would take part because it is something concrete, rather than a vague thing like foreign aid or missions.

And there'd be beneficial side effects. Slimmer waistlines. A new slant on our good life. And I can guarantee that, after three days of macaroni, the squirrels in our attic would never be a problem again. They'd be stew.

A Corner for Pests

A HOMEMAKER'S PRAYER

Thank you, God, for clothes to wash and dishes to do — a little cash. For floors that daily wait my mop. For fairy tales, 'Grimm's and Aesop's. For someone to listen as I sing. For June — For whatever fate may bring. For happiness and the odd tear. For taxes, terms, — another year. For children laughing as they play. For one less calorie in my drink. For words to read to make me think. For a fallen cake — a Birthday. And 'Thank You God' for every day. Showing me my path — Your Way. Now, another day done — I'm tired. So I'll quit — (I won't be fired) But when turns another morning's sod. I'll be fit again — I love my job.

—Marion Ford

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