

thousands of miles through unknown land; the men and women of daring and enterprise and energy and vision."

### Food Is Fundamental

Mrs. R. E. Goodin, Secretary and Market Development Specialist of the Ontario Food Council, presented some of the problems facing both the producer and the consumer of food today. Following are excerpts from the address:

"If someone asked you to name the most mentioned topic of conversation whenever and wherever people gather together these days, the subject would probably be "Food". At one time it was recipes, later diet, convenient foods; the cost of food has also been a timely topic. Let us agree on diet. Never in our history has there been a more healthy generation of babies, and pre-school children. In fact, some mothers claim that it costs about as much for baby food as for an adult. Baby food is big business. Such is the influence of a mother's love and advisory services from public health authorities. Unfortunately, when many of these same children get a little older they do not always adhere to Canada's Food Guide; rather it's lunch from the corner snack shop or if at home, it may be directed from the kitchen refrigerator. But the basis of good family life over the years has been founded on family communication and understanding. This includes regular set hours for meals, when all members of the family sit down together in dignity for nourishment of body and soul. The family table can be the place where attention is directed and thanks rendered for our food supply.

"Food is fundamental. Today, the effects of sub-standard diets are evident in many parts of the world. This does not exclude some people right here in Ontario; even in this age of the affluent society.

"Food is our best buy. In Ontario, food accounts for just about 20% of take home pay. We have an enviable record. In other countries, it is 30 to 40 to 50% and higher. The average wage-earner here in Ontario spends about one day in five working for his food requirements. In Asia, it's more like three days out of five, in Central Africa, in the primitive tribes, it's more like five days out of five, and in India — well you know the situation.

"Yet in spite of these favourable circumstances, it is abundantly clear that instead of being exceedingly thankful for our present favourable food situation, the mass of the people are prone to complain. How foolish can we be?

"Let there be a crop failure due to drought, disease or low selling price in any area, and it is soon reflected in business. In our national

sphere, in the past quarter century, we realized the great calamity of the drought years in Western Canada, the grasshopper plagues, followed by years of plenty, when all elevators were plugged with grain. So called surpluses piled up year after year. Then in 1959-1960, grain movement began — the surplus was moved in short order — farmers were given the green light to produce wheat to the maximum. All records of production movement and sales were shattered. The effects of these record wheat sales have been and are being felt at every level in Canada's national economy.

"Dollar value of our wheat exports have reached over a billion dollars in a single year. As a result, stock markets soar, with industrials increasing two or three times in a period of one or two years. There is more business at every level. "Phenomenal" is an inadequate word for the tremendous surge in the Canadian economy, brought about by the movement of wheat,

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### SPAIN

By Maryn Pardy

Under a hot sun this golden country  
Is slowly progressing toward an awareness  
of a modern world.  
Even so, on a sun filled plain, between  
craggy, pine clad mountains  
An old man patiently urges his mule  
Tilling the warm bright earth.  
On the hillsides squat, grey barked trees  
Are laden with small green olives.  
Grapes are ripening to make the beloved  
wine.  
In the villages old women in black dresses  
gossip in the town square,  
As they fill their jugs at the water fount.  
A grey old mule is sleeping, waiting for his  
next burden.  
Old men in black berets sit by white-washed  
walls.  
Of what are they thinking?  
They seem so very old with their leather  
brown skins.  
But perhaps there was a day  
When they were skilled matadors,  
Or cunning picadors teasing and weakening  
Fiery bulls for the final kill.  
Now their wants are simple, a crusty loaf,  
a bowl of soup,  
A jug of wine.  
Then there are cities becoming as modern  
As any you will find.  
But beneath the glittering facade still lies  
old Spain.  
For in narrow side streets are the shuttered  
windows,  
Balconies of delicate worked iron,  
And in small shops are lacy mantillas and  
silver bracelets  
For ladies to wear in the evenings.  
The old black clad women are here too.  
Are they afraid of this new era  
As they kneel on stone floors  
At dim candle lit altars?  
The old women and the old men will die,  
And when they go, old Spain  
Will be gone forever.

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