

M.P. Traces Society History When Addressing Cancer Workers

The North Halton Unit of the Cancer Society held its second annual meeting at the Town Hall, Milton, on December 3rd. C. A. "Sandy" Best, M.P., in the featured address traced the beginnings of the Society 25 years ago. He described the increase in money raised and spent on research from \$35,000 in 1934 to \$1,115,000 in 1958, as a remarkable achievement. He also congratulated the local unit on raising over \$5,000, and on its work.

He noted that the Ontario and Dominion grants contributed \$100,000 each to cancer research as well as much larger sums to treatment facilities, and that this amount for research would be increased but for other pressing claims on the tax dollar. However, he noted that the Society in raising its own funds enjoyed the privilege of spending them without government interference.

The speaker drew on his own experience as a research student in biology and his association with many of those now active in cancer research work, to explain that fundamental research was universal, that it was not divided into distinct subjects. Work in cancer research, he said, tied in with research in other fields in many ways which surprised him. He described the work of cancer research as a vast field because of widely varying types of cancer. Cures for some would come more readily than others but he expressed confidence that they would come in time for most.

He stressed the importance in having a lay or non-medical group interested. David Thompson thanked the speaker, expressing admiration for the command of facts and figures displayed and said that this must be very useful to our members in the House of Commons.

The president, Peter McWilliams, outlined the activities of the Unit and Ontario Division, the opening of the Princess Margaret Hospital and the Hotel in Toronto for patients. He thanked all those who worked for the success of the unit, especially Mrs. C. F. Thompson, the chairman of the Women's Service Committee, and the ladies in her committee. She reported how some 40 ladies worked monthly to make over 4200 dresses and that they were delivered discreetly. She told of arranging transportation for patients to treatment clinics. She called on more volunteers for the monthly work meetings.

The treasurer, David Thompson, reported that the imprest system was adopted by which all funds from each Unit were transferred to a central account, and then only so much as was necessary for current expenses was remitted monthly to each unit. This enabled the Ontario Division to invest the large funds on hand, in short term securities which earned over \$25,000 in the past year.

The Education Committee continued to supply speakers and movies to any interested audiences. The Unit's new sound projector is available on loan to responsible groups.

Sugar and Spice

Christmas is fine for kids, the selfish little ingrates. And it's pretty good for old people, because somebody pays some attention to them for a change. But for everybody in those prime-of-life years, it seems to be a time of tension, scrambling, worry and weariness.

It's a great pity, but Christmas has got out of hand, especially and socially. The Family Provider watches with growing unease as the demands increase annually and he knows he'll be in debt until June. The harassed housewife, trying to cope with children's concerts, an ever-swelling list of gifts and cards, and an ever-increasing round of pre-Christmas entertainments, along with all the cleaning and fussing to do before the big day, becomes a study in exhaustedasperity.

However, it's all our own fault, and there's no need to feel sorry for ourselves. People who have weak stomachs shouldn't ride on roller coasters. And people who haven't enough gumption to climb off the pre-Christmas handwagon and make it a good and happy time, deserve to wake up on Christmas morning worn out, hung over and broke.

Despite the seasonal scramble and the high-pressure salesmanship, it CAN be a happy climax in our year, with a little effort, a little thought, and a good measure of tolerance. Just adopt the following simple formula, and you'll have the happiest, most rewarding Christmas season you've ever enjoyed.

DON'T win a 25-pound turkey at a pre-Christmas raffle, totter up the stairs under its weight at 3 a.m. and throw it triumphantly on the bed just as your ball-and-chain is getting up on her elbow to blast you. I did one year, the bed collapsed and the Old Battleaxe wound up on the floor in the embrace of a cold and very dead turkey. This is conducive to neither peace on earth nor good will toward men.

DO be as helpful and inconspicuous as possible around the house during those hectic days before Christmas. Your wife is not necessarily undergoing her change of life. Those screams at the children, snarls at you, and other manic depressive symptoms merely mean that (a) she lost her Christmas card list from last year, or (b) Aunt Sadie and Uncle George have just written to say that they'll be along for Christmas, with the five kids, or (c) she has found the present you bought for her and hid so carefully, and she is not enamoured of that lovely pair of kneeling pads.

DON'T leave all your Christmas shopping until the last day, then get a few hookers under your belt and sally forth to wrap it all up in one merry excursion. Fellow I know did that last year. It took him until April to get rid of the pony that arrived on Christmas morning for his four-year-old son. And he never could get back the down payment from the airline company on one of those "Fly Now-Pay Later" trips to South America, with which he presented his wife.

DO take the family out in the woods to get a Christmas tree. As your wife points out, it's an old tradition, and sort of well, fun. You wind up with wet feet, head colds, torn clothing, the car all scratched, and a tree that looks as though it had been before the big day, becomes a study in exhaustedasperity. But you can always buy one down at the corner the next day.

DON'T allow women and children in the house when you're putting up the tree. There is a time that tests men's souls, and by the Holy Old Jumping Jeremiah, that is one of them. It is not the language I worry about at this time. It is the fact that there is an axe too handy.

DO make up a big basket and take it yourself to the poorest family in town, on Christmas Eve. But don't be put off if they're all sitting around watching television and the youngest child looks at your basket and pipes: "Another chicken, Ma. That makes four geese, two turkeys and eight chickens." It's the principle that counts.

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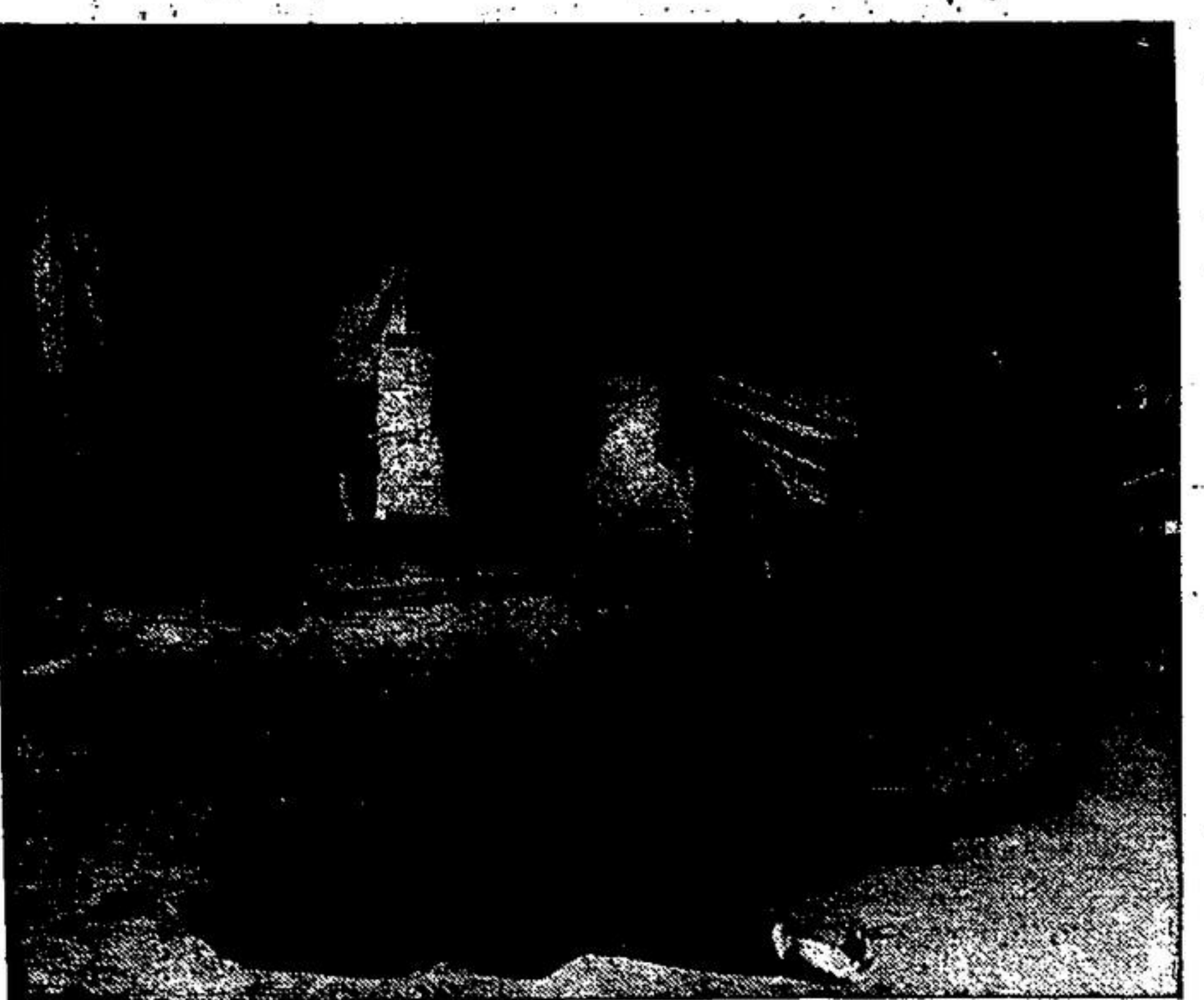
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Quite a guy, Charlie. Tall, handsome, everybody liked him—and Charlie was the life of the party whenever they crowd got together. Take Christmas. They were all there. It had been quite an evening. The party finally broke up around two-thirty. "See you all at our place tomorrow," called Charlie. But tomorrow never came for Charlie. He had made the mistake of having one more for the road. Oh, sure, he felt O.K. But he was a little drunk. Alcohol had dulled his reflexes and

changed his attitude toward driving. At any other time Charlie could have avoided the accident. But this time he didn't move fast enough. What Charlie didn't realize was that a few ounces of alcohol had slowed his reflexes, impaired his ability to change his driving attitude. Your Ontario Department of Transport asks you not to take that chance. You can lose out so easily, just as Charlie did. If you intend drinking, don't drive. You'll have an easy conscience and more fun.

Diary of a Vagabond
BY DOROTHY BARKER

The day he was sixteen years and six months old, when parental permission was no longer needed, I saw him trudging down our road with a big bundle under his arm. "You can't stop me now, Mom, I've signed up," he said as he unrolled his uniform.

He made a good soldier. I am proud to say, earned his commission and for the remaining summers of his single blessedness, dedicated himself to army camp and the training of other youths in the art of handling firearms. I never had a peaceful moment during those periods. Accidents did happen for all the care and discipline that was exercised to protect the enlisted young men.

He has since resigned from his unit. He avoids guns like a plague for the children on his Christmas list. He is one parent who fears the hard way, that suggestion is a powerful thing. Perhaps disarmament should start in the toy departments of our stores. I reasoned to myself as the horn of the diesel blew a warning for the crossing just before we drew into my station. Apparently today's parents, even as we were, are oblivious of the part armament toys can play in forming the thought patterns of their offspring.

De Gaulle, MacMillan, Gronchi and their successors will talk in vain of disarmament and peace among nations. These were the thoughts that crowded my mind as I settled into my railroad coach seat for my homeward journey. At my feet was a string shopping bag jacked with little innocuous parcels. Huge, soft snowflakes fell against the windowpane beside me, melted and fell in gentle rivulets to the sill. The white world of this Christmas season, 1959, looked so clean, quiet and promising as the train sped northward across the rich Ontario fields and through the prosperous little villages with their long streets of new homes.

Did we ever buy guns for our sons, one might challenge? Yes, for the youngest, and they might have been the early inspiration for a particular kind of torture that was visited on me for ten years.

The guns came with a cowboy outfit and we innocently strapped the twin holster on our hipless wonder about five a.m. of a Christmas morning more than twenty-five years ago. In less than an hour he was frustrated. "I can't make them shoot, I can't deaden anyone," he blood-thirstily wailed. We were horrified. As parents of this little boy, what had we nurtured by our gifts?

When this youngster reached his teens he begged me to sign permission for him to join the reserve army of our town. It was a tank unit and the regular Tuesday evening machine gun drills and Sunday tank practices had him bewitched. I consistently refused because I was sick to death of the sight of a uniform and had the hope of all mothers that we had fought our last war.

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