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Cabbagetown Kids Enjoy Hornby Visit

The kids from Toronto's Cabbagetown thought Jim Snow's farm south of here was just great.

They were awed by its size and they thought the pool was 'real neat.'

Snow, Halton East MPP and owner of Snow Construction Ltd. of Oakville, was just one of 40 area farmers who hosted the 40 children and their 13 youth leaders for a day on the farm.

For most of the children — their ages ranged from 7 to 12 years — it was their first time away from the concrete and crowds of the Sherbourne and Carlton area of Toronto.

Snow's farm was not the only one that impressed them. They loved them all. They loved the country, the tractor rides, the pony rides and the great outdoor lunches they were treated to on the farms.

The more than 50 visitors were divided into small groups when they arrived at this mid-county hamlet early Thursday morning and each group dispatched to an area farm for most of the day. Back at Hornby park late afternoon they all got together again for games and an outdoor dinner.

The day in the country was arranged by the women of the Hillcrest United Church at Hornby through St. Luke's Anglican Church in downtown Toronto. All the visiting youngsters and teens belong to those churches. This is the second year the Hornby and Toronto churches have arranged the visit for the kids, most of whom come from underprivileged families.

The kids from Cabbagetown looked like products of the city's core. They looked a little tougher than their country counterparts playing with them in Hornby park.

"Being brought up in Cabbagetown gives you a different outlook on life," said one of the church leaders, Bill Williams, 17. He said it makes you wary of rich people. And it sets you apart from the general, more affluent population.

"People in Cabbagetown stick together," he said "and are scared of you if you come from downtown Toronto."

James Chard, 17, another youth leader with the group noted he would never move out of Cabbagetown, even if he were rich.

He said, however, that if he did move out of Cabbagetown it would only be to live in the open country. He would never move out just to live in the suburbs or the small towns.

Most of the youth leaders in the group said they like the noise and the action of the city. But the country is something else again, they agreed, and the country air and the open space hard to beat.

The younger children were not so attached to noise and the action of their Cabbagetown and most of them said they would rather live on a farm and ride ponies.

But after supper in the park they all got on a chartered bus and went back to the streets of Cabbagetown.

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Take Magellan and Henry Hudson and Samuel Hearne and Lindbergh and Sir Richard Hillary and a thousand others out of your history books, and what have you left? A dull

plato... full of such soul-stirring events as the passing of the Education Bill of 1872, and such-like.

That's all very romantic, of course, but we must be realistic. Is that why the Yanks "went for broke" in their efforts to "get there first"? Partly. They are a nation of immense pride and ability, with a flair for the dramatic.

But there is no question that the race to be first on the moon had powerful political implications.

What a pity! What a truly wonderful stroke of mankind the race to be first on the moon had. It would have been had the team preparing and executing it had been made up of a world, rather than a national group of men, working without thought of power, propaganda or prestige!

If the moon becomes merely a pawn in the power struggle among earthlings, the whole thing was pitiable failure. If man merely transports his greeds, aggressions and other assorted stupidities to the moon and beyond there is no hope for his future.

But let's look on the bright side. By turning his aggressive spirit against the great cold, dark of the universe, the human animal might stop rending his fellows. By seeking out the mysteries of space, he might be encouraged to seek into the mysteries of himself. By proving that the impossible can be done, perhaps he will get cracking on the "impossibility" of solving earth's problems.

Whatever happens, nothing can detract from the fantastic American feat, and the skill and courage of the first men on the moon.

I've lived through some harrowing experience: The Great Depression, World War II and p.o.w. camp, the cold war, and two teenagers. And I'm glad that I was spared to see those two fellows lolling around on the moon. It was something just to be part of the human race at that moment.

Listening to all the learned scientists and humanists discussing the birth of a new era for man, I seemed to gather two major impressions. Most people felt a combination of awe, pride and exhilaration. The sheer impudence of the feat was a thrill. Petty, ignoble man conquering the majestic moon.

But the opposite feeling was expressed by a smaller, but intelligent and vocal group. They scorn the whole enterprise and suggest that man should feel a sense of shame at spending so much money, time, technological skill and brains to accomplish such a "useless" mission, when there are so many things here on earth which need the applications of those ingredients so much more.

They have a point. An all-out attack on poverty, illness, starvation appears more rational than flying half a million miles to pick up some rocks.

But of course, as a scant look at history will prove, man has never been a rational creature, though he often prides himself on his reason.

Man is a creature of emotion, imagination and intuition with a strong dash of initiative and a mere soupçon of reason. He is curious. He wants to know what is around the corner or over the next mountain.

So Columbus, with sublime ignorance, sailed off with three leaky boats manned by convicts, into the sunset. Scott and companions trudged the bleak wastes of Antarctica, and died, after reaching a chunk of ice called the South Pole, only to find that Kilroy had been there.

BILL SMILEY — A FANTASTIC FEAT

Well, what do you think of the moon now? For centuries, lunatics have howled at it, lovers have yearned under it, poets have rhapsodized over it and pedants have pontificated about it.

And what does the beautiful silvery, chaste goddess turn out to be? An old hag made of slag, with a bad case of acne.

Like most of you, I was glued to the television set for hours at a stretch, listening to inanities and profundities, but experiencing the tension, terror and triumph of the crucial moments.

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