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BANCROFT COURIER

Serving Bancroft and area

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**PUBLISHED ON FIRST AND THIRD
THURSDAYS OF EVERY MONTH****EDITORIAL**

By Stewart Smith

"It's certainly been a busy summer," O.P.P. Staff Sergeant Bernie Gaw confirmed to the Bancroft Council last Monday. He spoke of, "Mindless mischief, which makes the least sense." Much of the problem is caused by young people, who cannot be publicly named.

Last Courier (August 17) carried a letter regarding costly vandalism done to the struggling North Hastings Museum. The name of one of the suspects was given (but not for publication).

Seeing the name put the actions into perspective. They made much more sense - not acceptance, but sense - of the anti-social behaviour.

The intention of the publication ban in the Young Offenders Act had been to protect delicate youth from public humiliation.

The result is the opposite.

Experienced offenders are being told that they are not subject to the law as others are.

At the same time, all other young people are being branded as "possibly the perpetrator". Young people have complain bitterly to me about this. Why should they be regarded with suspicion because some other person cannot be named?

Is any other visible minority treated this way? Consider. Remove the name "Young Offender" from the next police report, and substitute the name of any other visible minority.

Pretend it is a report from Nazi Germany: "A Jew (whose name cannot be given) has beaten and robbed a prominent citizen."

Pretend it is a report from Apartheid South Africa, "A black person set fire to a public building last night."

Among the many changes that are long overdue in the Young Offenders Act, let us add this. Let those charged with serious crimes be publicly named, just like anyone else.

FLO ELLIOTT WRITES FROM WILBERFORCE

Did you ever think how quickly time is going?

It seems like yesterday that we were getting married. And now here we are - grandparents! Wow!

You know what we did, don't you? We hurried through those years. Hurried to set up housekeeping and have children; hurried to raise them and see them grow up. And all the time we were slowly getting older.

We rushed around like lunatics, hurrying to get to work, so we could hurry to get home, do our chores, fall into bed, and get up the next day and start all over again. We never really had time to savour our experiences, our friends, our feelings.

Well, let old Grandma here tell you something. Now that I'm older (not wiser - just older) I've come to the conclusion that we are all hurrying towards the same thing. The six foot box!!

Now I know we don't want to talk about that, so let's talk about really seeing and enjoying our days as much as we can. I don't want to sound like little Suzy Sunshine, but do we ever slow down and really take notice of what is right in front of our eyes?

From my kitchen window I can see the sun sparkling off the lake like thousands of diamonds. It always brightens my day, every time I glance out the window.

There are lots of things you can do to cheer yourself up, and they don't cost a cent.

Take a lawn chair out in the yard on a starry night and feast your eyes on this million dollar view free of charge. It will make you feel rich and special.

There are miracles all around us, as close as the garden. A tiny seed can

grow into a giant cornstalk. Little black seeds become beautiful, colorful flowers. And how can those crocus grow under all that snow? Amazing!

How wonderful if we could listen (like grandparents can) to the chatter of our little ones? So often they want to share their day, but we don't have the time to listen. Children have a wide eyed wonder about things we take for granted.

When our son was small, the first time he noticed the moon his voice was full of awe as he asked what it was. It made us aware of how special it was for him and so we had to stop and admire the moon instead of hurrying into the house.

A few years ago my husband and I went for a walk on a bitter cold winter night. We went out on the lake and all at once we realized how marvelous a sight we were seeing. The sky was full of stars, the moon was so bright it almost made the snow sparkle. It was so quiet we just stood still and held hands at the beauty of it all.

These wonderful experiences are good for the soul. When trouble strikes and we know it will - we can take these memories out and enjoy them over again. Then we will be stronger and more able to cope with our pain and sorrow. It's like having a bank account full of sunshine.

It won't be like the banker who wants to lend you an umbrella when it's raining and then wants it back when the sun is shining. It will always be there when you need it.

So let's kick up our heels and have fun. Never mind your dignity. You can't take that with you, either. Stop and smell the roses, even if it's just one tiny sniff.

Prisoner of War of Japan Remembers

There has been a great deal written lately about the bombing of two Japanese cities that resulted in the ending of the [Second World] War in the Far East.

I thought you might be interested in how this affected our area and its residents.

My husband, Reg Schofield, had been a Prisoner of War in a Japanese prison camp on the island of Hong Kong for almost five years and this was a welcome relief for him. Without the bombing he would not have survived.

At the beginning of World War Two, Reg's brother, Frank, was one of the first to enlist and was soon sent overseas to serve in Europe.

Reg, a couple of years younger, made haste to join up, hoping that he would soon meet with his brother.

After some months of training in camps across Canada, Reg was happy to be accepted as one of those who would soon be shipped out for active duty.

Those in his group were issued with clothing for a tropical climate - which was very puzzling. They thought their destination must be Bermuda.

The day came when they were all loaded on to trains that took them across Canada to British Columbia, where they boarded a ship to cross the Pacific.

As you can see in many of the articles written about this event, they had no equipment for fighting - and no training experience. Most of the men were unfamiliar with events taking place at that time.

As you know, they were soon overpowered by the Japanese and taken prisoners.

They were forced to labour with little equipment and almost no food. They moved a whole mountain with shovels and

buckets.

Reg suffered severely with a number of killing diseases. He had been in perfect health at the beginning, with 20/20 vision. But all that changed as he fought with various diseases and lost most of his eyesight through malnutrition.

When he was finally released he was in very poor health, but lucky to be alive.

When he was finally well enough to return to Wilberforce, the people of the area made much of him. They presented him with an aluminum boat and motor. This gift was the finest he had ever received.

Kindly neighbours provided a space on the shores of Dark Lake where the boat was docked; and this provided hours of

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Bovine Growth Hormone Decision Postponed

By Helen James

As a follow-up to your earlier article on BGH [Bovine Growth Hormone], readers may be interested to know that this hormone has been put "on hold" in Canada for another 2 years, at least.

[Helen James en-

closes an article from the Halton Vegetarian Association, with permission to quote.]

The article, by Kari Galasso, says in part, "The manufacturers of rBGH, Monsanto and Eli Lilly, claim that it is beneficial because when it is inject-

ed into dairy cows it increases milk production by up to 25%.

One of the problems with this is that there is already too much milk being produced in Canada. Dairy farmers are subsidized as a result.

More importantly,

there are some significant side effects from the use of rBGH.

Cows suffer from a variety of illnesses and complications such as, mastitis, weight loss, fevers and digestive disorder-

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