

# Editorial Page

## Pouring a Mould

"Baseball films were shown and all the boys enjoyed them". This small item from a recent story we read set us to wondering if all the boys really did enjoy them or whether all boys everywhere were being poured into similar moulds, despite their personality differences.

Playing sports provides wonderful recreation, entertainment and body-building advantages. Sports in most towns have been organized to include hockey and baseball and the programs in these towns is changing year by year with more and more children taking part. This would surely indicate the popularity of all.

We're wondering though if all the children who participate in this program are participating simply because it is popular and because there are no other sports to which they are attracted on such a scale. We're wondering if we're "forcing" by popularity pressures, all boys into a hockey or baseball mould despite a youngster's greater but undeveloped interest in say model building, stamp collecting, gymnastics, archery or similar lines.

If historians look back on this age sociologically we feel sure they could justifiably label it the "organization age". It seems that with every wave of "juvenile delinquency" there is a cry for more organization. Whether that is good or bad only the future generations will be able to determine, but it does put limitations on the organizations when adult leadership must naturally be provided.

While limited organization can be good, the other extreme can provide problems in those who will be unable to find entertainment for themselves outside the organization. It would be an unhappy fate if the spontaneity of a "shinny match" for instance was smothered with organization. It would be an equally unhappy fate if we expected every boy to be a good hockey or baseball player when he would much rather have been building a model boat.

It seems to us that as parents there is need for caution in the recreational guidance of boys and girls that they are not made to conform to the existing or convenient organizations rather than to a sport or hobby that holds greater interest but is not quite so convenient.

Twenty-five years ago in Canada one farm worker produced on the average enough food for himself and nine other persons; today he produces enough for himself and 22 other persons. Considering that record it is startling to note the opinion of qualified observers that in Russia total agricultural production today is no greater than it was in pre-revolutionary times, now nearly 50 years ago.

No communist could admit it, of course, but the obvious truth is that no body of bureaucratic planners is going to get production from the land to equal that achieved by the good farmer who knows what his soil can best produce, and what the market will buy, and who is free to seek the greatest possible gain for himself.

In Russia, not surprisingly, the plan can't be wrong despite the record. In Khrushchev's book all that is needed is greater compulsion. The Soviet press has reported his speech to a recent agricultural conference. "You may

say we were wrong in abolishing the compulsory delivery quotas for farmers two years ago," said the Soviet premier. "You are right. We admit our mistake. We overestimated your Communist dedication to the party. We shall correct our mistake. The government has increased the purchase plan for wheat for the year. Next year it will be higher still. This way we shall force you to work in such a way that our production of grain and other farm products goes up year after year."

The Moscow press went on to report that when this self criticism was received in silence, Khrushchev exploded, "Why don't you applaud? I am old enough not to care about applause myself, but I demand that you show your agreement with my criticism."

Silence is probably the only way Khrushchev's audience could question their top planner's judgment. Under the planned economy the plan can't be wrong. And those who must try to carry out the plan, apparently, can never be right.

## Planners' Problems

From Whence You Came?

Come this June and you'll be faced with a decision and perhaps some research. You'll be asked by one of thousands of census takers; "To what ethnic or cultural group did you or your ancestor (on the male side) belong on coming to this continent?" You'll have a choice of 31 possibilities that are listed and there's room for another if you can't find the one you choose.

Now if you are one of those thousands of immigrants that have come only recently to Canada that question shouldn't prove any hardship, but if you're like us and haven't much idea, no recollection, and haven't a family historian, you may be in for trouble or a wild guess.

The question isn't a new one. The problem is that every time we're faced with it we can't remember the answer we gave the last time and we can only imagine there are others who have similar difficulties. It isn't enough to be a third or fourth generation Canadian, you have to be something else besides.

Of course this question was not included in the census sheets without some problems. It was originally omitted and we think correctly so, but someone in Quebec thought the French weren't getting a fair deal and would be lost under the inclusive term "Canadian."

The result was that thousands of already-printed forms were scrapped, the Queen's Printer wound up his presses at Hull and churned out a whole new batch so we could puzzle over our "ethnic or cultural" background. "Canadian" just won't answer the question. You can be Austrian, Danish, Finnish, Greek, Irish, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Russian, Swedish, Yugoslav, Belgian, English, French, Hungarian, Italian, Negro, Polish, Scottish, Ukrainian, Native Indian, Band member, Non-band, Czech, Estonian, German, Icelandic, Jewish, Netherlands, Roumanian, Slovak, Welsh or anything else you can think of but Canadian.

If you're as much in the dark as we are about the origin you'd better get ready for the census taker now by digging out the family Bible or contacting your oldest relative — or taking a guess.

## Who Promotes It?

A lady asked us the other day why we have daylight saving time and who establishes the period of its duration. Frankly we didn't know then and we don't know now. But after a weekend of trying to get the younger generation and ourselves converted to the time difference, we're wondering more seriously.

Seems to us the idea started during the war when there was some need to conserve electricity. The situation has changed of course, with the hydro and commissions anxious to sell all the electricity possible. That pretty well rules that group out as the continuing need for daylight saving time.

We doubt if it's the farmers who want daylight saving time because we doubt if they enjoy rolling out of bed in the dark any more than we do. Besides if changing a young household over to daylight saving time is a problem, imagine the difficulties involved in a herd of dairy cattle.

We have a sneaking suspicion that the railways have something to do with the encouragement of daylight saving time. A long time ago we recall an organizing with the word railway in its title regarding the adoption of the new time. The fact that makes it stick out in our memory is the irony of the situation when we learned that the railways would continue to operate on standard time.

It seems about time whoever is promoting the adoption of daylight saving time and prolonging it into October, should come out with some reasons, facts, and figures on its advantages.

We would like to hear from the promoters, whoever they are.

This is about as impressive as saying you are directly descended from Adam and Eve. I'd have been much more interested had she managed to prove that Henry Ford was my uncle by a previous marriage, or that Gina Lollobrigida was a kissing cousin. My personal guess is that my kids are the descendants of a long line of Irish peasants, who lived on potatoes, never washed, went around in their bare feet, and never did anything more illustrious than steal a few cattle, or slaughter the odd Englishman. However, I wish to go on record as stating that I'm mighty happy about the one and only living grandfather my kids have. There's a man anybody would be proud to claim as an ancestor.

Fictional grandfathers are gruff old characters, big men with a thatch of white hair and twinkling blue eyes. They're as shrewd as all get out. In their youth, they have been buffalo hunters, or sailors, or soldiers. They emit corny philosophy every time they open their mouths. I'm afraid my father-in-law

doesn't fit that frame. He's not gruff, but gentle. He's not big, but weighs about 118, soaking wet. He has about as much hair as I'll have at his age. He has brown eyes, and they don't twinkle. He's not at all shrewd, thank heaven. He's never shot a buffalo or anything else, not even a man. And he has no homespun philosophy, praise be.

There's nothing flamboyant or colorful about my kids' grandfather. He's led a peaceful life. He's worked hard. He doesn't cuss, drink or royster. He's mild of manner and speech. He could pass for a Sunday School superintendent, which he has been. Nothing exciting has ever happened to Grandad. Unless, of course, you consider it exciting to lose your arm in a threshing machine, as he did about thirty years ago. But there's nothing interesting in the story of a man who raised a family, and ran a farm, with one arm. Heck, you can read much more thrilling stuff than that every day, in the papers — all about fellows who have been out of work for simply weeks and will, any day now, cease to draw unemployment insurance.

No, nothing exciting like that ever happened to Grandad. Oh, a little while after he lost his arm, while the remains were still in bandages, he was thrown out of a cutter and broke the thumb on his good hand. But he passed a pretty uneventful winter, running the farm with four fingers. And a couple of years later, while he was up a ladder putting on storm windows, he fell and smashed the bones in his amputated arm, or what was left of it. He said it "was pretty sore for a while." But it wasn't very exciting. He had an iron hook fitted to his stump, and it was a useful thing, though uncomfortable. One day, he was watering a rather jumpy horse. His hook was thrust through a link in a long chain attached to the horse's lead-rope.

## "Go Away"



—Photo by Esther Taylor



## Jim's

## JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

**SOMEONE** who had been appointed to another committee recalled the definition for me recently that "A committee is a group appointed by the unwilling to do the unnecessary." And perhaps he's got a point.

**STATISTICS** don't hide the problems involved but they do emphasize the magnitude some times. Take unemployment for instance. It may surprise some to learn there are 93 men and 27 women from Milton who are unemployed and are anxious to obtain new training to fit themselves for other work.

**THOSE** members of the Lorne Scots Pipe Band who toured Scotland's Inverary Castle

last year may be interested in knowing the castle is for rent this year—at \$2,000 a month. The rental of \$12,375 for the six months includes the salaries of the staff of gardeners, gamekeepers and others. One condition of the renting however is that the tenant must be prepared to continue the admission to the general public at 35 cents a head.

**EVERY TIME** I come over Martin St. from the base line to the C.P.R. tracks I console myself with the fact that repaving will soon eliminate that very rough stretch of road. Thinking about it the other day though, and I couldn't recall any council action in calling for tenders on that work despite the Department of Highway's agreement to

pay 100 per cent of the cost. Perhaps something will materialize on it at Monday's council meeting.

**A CLERK** in a supermarket got two dollars too much in his pay envelope and didn't say anything about it. The next week the paymaster, discovering the error, deducted two dollars.

The clerk went to the office. "I'm two dollars short," he complained to the paymaster.

"Well, you didn't say anything last week when you were over-paid two dollars," commented the paymaster.

"That's right," replied the clerk, "a fellow can overlook one mistake, but when it happens again, it's time to complain."



## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

I'm not much for blood lines, when it comes to people. But every so often, when I'm wondering what is wrong with, or right with, my kids, I begin thinking of all the characteristics they've inherited, and of what will become of them, with all those queer ancestors lurking in the background. One of my old-maid aunts, a good soul in many ways, had a firm conviction that there was something special about the Smileys. As a result, she got in touch with one of those firms that specialize in family trees. She proved, to her own satisfaction, and for a staggering fee, that we were descended from Sir William Pitt the Younger, among others.

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Something startled the animal. My mother-in-law looked out the kitchen window and saw the beast go by at full gallop, with her husband, completely helpless, being dragged at the end of the chain. This gave him a bad shoulder for years. Another day, he was raking hay, with a team, when he slipped off the seat and fell between horses and rake. None of the lines penetrated his body but he was picked up by the rake and rolled along with the hay until he yelled "Whoa" and the horses, by some miracle, obeyed. He drove a rural mail route, with his one arm, in the days when the mailman started out in the sleigh in the morning, went through whatever tortures the winter day had for him, and got home after dark.

On more than one occasion, the sleigh overturned, the horses ran, and he had to walk home to a wife frantic with worry because the team had galloped into the yard with the sleigh long before him. Today, at an age when most men are tiptoeing cautiously toward retirement, my kids' grandad is tough as pemmican, looks 10 years younger than he is, and does more work in a day than most men of half his years. I have yet to hear him complain about anything. He has an integrity that is whole. He is generous and gentle. For these reasons, I'm very glad that part of him is in my children. Even if he has led a quiet, uneventful life.

**EASY TO TELL**  
Jackson and his wife were doing a little fly hunting about the house.

Wife, after a while: How many have you caught?

Husband: Six — three males and three females.

Wife: How absurd! How could you tell if they were males or females?

Husband: Easy, my dear. Three were on the apple pie and three were on the mirror.

## THE TURNING POINT

BY J. M. STARR

"People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors!"

The lustre of age enhances old things. No wonder we treasure them. We have in our home, three samplers dated 1824, 1863, and 1897 . . . all skillfully cross-stitched on fine canvass by children from three generations of our family; a "snap-shot" on tin . . . one of the first photos taken—obviously a "time-exposure" with nobody daring to move a hair for ages, which resulted of course, in a curiously statuesque group! A letter, carefully penned and faded with age, from a great-grandmother to her then small daughter, away on a sea-side holiday . . . expressing all the little hopes and fears of an age gone by—and yet so repetitious of our own. This collection of interesting little things from the world of yesterday gives a very personal touch of days past, and a profound feeling of faith in what lies ahead. The scent of spring earth . . . sort of a mushroom fragrance, must have been sweet to them too! They had chaming old customs of be-ribboned May-poles, and May-baskets, flower-filled, and hung from the door knobs, which we have lost along the way, but we still share the pussy-willows of spring days . . . so snug and grey at first; then gradually changing to the soft, yellow fluff of "Bonnie-Gay-Feathers". And like most of them, the majority of us would not be disappointed to find that the golden meadows of eternity were in fact, carpeted with daffodils!

People, like ourselves, gather a sort of lustre about them too, when they have experienced a portion of life's trials and triumphs, and I believe it enhances one's countenance . . . only we don't call it "lustre" . . . we call it "character", and most of us are better people for having it neatly etched there! It does take courage to live through some of the hardships of life today . . . the same sort of courage it has taken for generations. And always the same things remain important when all is said and done, and they are not the material things but the intangibles . . . Faith, Hope, Cheerfulness . . . these are just three of the infinite. Love is another. Love must be nourished and watered, as we would the loveliest flowers in our garden, if it would thrive and bloom continually. It has a curious way of returning to one who gives it away. It was once said that Mother-love is the only thing that multiplies as it is divided! It is the responsibility of each member of a family to do all that we are able to encourage and build confidence in those we love.

Most of us realize that the greatest blessing in this life is a really happy home. If we have this, we have not only a perpetual source of joy, but we also have a compensation for whatever ill fortune may befall us. If we lack this, we have nothing . . . even though Dame Fortune may have bestowed all her wealth on us. Wealth and fame are empty honors if you have no one to share them with . . . no loved ones to rejoice in our successes. Many times it has been proven that our health and our morals are very dependent on a happy home life. The secret is simplicity itself. A loving kindness . . . known to all as "politeness", established in our homes can work this magic! Suppose we treated each other as guests in one another's house . . . giving a deferential "No" and a gentle, courteous "Yes"? Suppose we took care to hide our foolish moods behind an outward veil of cheerfulness? Determine to avoid all sullen silences and search for fresh and sprightly things to say . . . Being fearful to be found dull or to bore in any way? Perhaps we could then love one another 'till the last sun sets, but what is better still . . . we would be friends!

Establish a new turning point by introducing a new love into your home . . . a sweet love—composed of gentleness, tenderness and thoughtfulness. You will be so happy that you did, and the depth and lustre of that love will glow for generations!

"Although your sheltering walls be thin,  
May they be strong to keep hate out—and hold love in!"

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### 20 YEARS AGO

### 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian-Champion, May 8, 1941.

A meeting of Zone 26 was held in the Legion Hall, Georgetown, with Harold Earl, Milton, as zone commander, presiding. The church parades, held semi-annually, will be held in Caledon East next month and Acton in September. Col. G. Cousens was elected as zone commander for 1941.

Repairs to No. 25 Highway were well done following the spring break-up and the road from Acton to Milton is again in fair condition. With the amount of travel on it, constant care will be needed and we hope the gravel doesn't thin out of the half close to Acton as it did last year. Credit is due for the prompt repairs of this spring.

Residents on Martin St. wondered if they would have a new neighbor for the summer when a raccoon spent all day Monday at the top of a large maple tree. It was believed the coon took to the tree at daybreak, coming from the woods near the diamond, a short distance away. The older residents can't recall seeing a raccoon within the town limits.

Announcement has just been made by C. McKeown, president of the Halton Jersey Cattle Club, that Nelson Robinson of Norval has been appointed as county fieldman and sales agent for the club. M. Robinson is well and favorably known in most sections of the county and his selection should not only be a popular one but his previous experience should stand him in good stead in rendering excellent service to the Jersey breeders of Halton.

Malcolm L. Duff has been in town for a couple of days, visiting his brother Alexander and old friends. He is station account of the Panama R. R. at Colton, R.P., the eastern terminus of that line, and he and Mrs. Duff are spending a six week vacation in Canada. They have been visiting his sister, Mrs. Walter Evans, Port Perry.

James Cleave's horse ran away in Georgetown Saturday evening. The rig was upset and Mr. Cleave's left leg was broken just above the knee. His daughter and son, who were with him, were not hurt.

Peter McDuffie of Omagh was in town yesterday. He has recovered from the effects of the fall which laid him up for a week.

## AROUND THE DISTRICT

WITH ROY DOWNS

GEORGETOWN—The new hospital received \$100, thanks to the sale of a lot. Dr. R. L. Hooper sold a lot and was granted the \$100 by Delrex Developments Ltd. because the firm has offered cash awards to persons assisting with land sales or bringing industry to town. Dr. Hooper turned the bonus over to the hospital campaign.

TRAFALGAR—Rehabilitation of three abandoned cemeteries is to get underway soon, the Cemetery Board announced. Provision is found in the Cemeteries Act for the municipality to take over cemeteries that the owners cannot maintain.

BRAMPTON—Ghoulish hoodlums toppled 27 headstones in the Brampton Cemetery last week, to mark the first outbreak of grave desecration in Peel County since the 1930 grave robberies at Streetsville.

BURLINGTON—Lely Ltd., a new Canadian farm equipment company with Netherlands affiliations, plans to build a \$120,000, 20,000 square foot head office and factory on the North Service Rd. west of the Trafalgar line. The company has submitted an offer to purchase the 96-acre tract from W. E. Breckon, subject to some rezoning.

STRETSVILLE—Financial success of the recent arena campaign was assured when the campaign total hit \$132,000—sufficient to build the arena building and administration office. Plans are being made to rent ice-making machinery on a rental-purchase basis, as the campaign didn't raise enough to install the ice plant.

ACTON—This town's fourth citizen of the year is Bill Coon, general manager of Ajax Engineering and Marley of Canada, Acton plant. Chosen by the Chamber of Commerce at the annual civic night dinner, Mr. Coon has a long record of service to Acton including high school board, church, council, county council, scout, hockey and minor sports activities.

## The Canadian Champion



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