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Unity for all mankind easier said than done

By Janet Ferrier

"Thou hast created all humanity from the same original parents. Thou hast intended that all belong to the same household. Unite all, let the religions agree, make the nations one so that they may be as one kind, and as children of the same fatherland. Upraise the standard of oneness of humankind. Cement the hearts together."

All these words amount to one thing, that of unity for all mankind in thoughts, words, and deeds. It is more easily said than done, as it has been proven since the beginning of man.

Today it is seen in all parts of the world, in race, color, creed, religion, and generations, where prejudices take root with the flick of a finger. It doesn't take much for a country to go to war these days; and the excuse that "it's the principal of the thing," is being continuously

over-used. Principals are all right but often they, along with pride and stubbornness, only lead to a wider spread of disunity and don't accomplish much. In the United States you have the blacks against the whites, with the political game using this problem as a means of promoting their politics, disrupting the country, and creating havoc with the sole purpose of greed.

Though religion has lost its prominence, the church is fighting with every possible means to keep control of land, recreation, and other material aspects. If religion doesn't make the grade of being a personal thing by the individual, then it's very likely you won't find it any place else. You go to church, put your hand in your pocket and dig out some change, drop it in, and consider your duty done for another week. People gather for church each Sunday, not usually for the prayer, but to see who is there

and who wasn't there last week, to catch up on the local gossip, to get a "boo" at the latest fashions, and to find out who is with who. They hear the Lord's Prayer, and then leave by the front entrance, inviting their neighbors over for tea as they go.

It used to be one religion against another, with the throwing of punches against each other a common thing, now people don't think religion has enough to offer, that it should be worth fighting about. Sure, you should let people pray and worship as they please, but there should be the unity of the idea of the presence of the value of religion. You don't have to go out and declare yourself, but where is the acknowledgement that there is some concept of religion and the awareness people should have of this bond?

There is disunity among peoples of different countries, with Germans, Japanese, Chinese, English, French, and many more nationalities calling each other down. In Canada the well-known French-English division causes one difficulty after another, with stupidity, pride and political power seekers preventing the establishment of a better Canada. This broken bond amongst Canada's people leaves the country wide open for incoming antagonists who stir up radicals, young people, and anyone they figure will listen to them. A small crack in a bond is all it takes to give birth to a complete split.

You might as well have everyone in on the act, so adults and teenagers are at each other's throats too, each trying to prove something, with the result that no one ever proves anything. They are too busy being self-centered to realize they have gone too far.

Each generation imitates the other, ridicules the other, and yet, when you get right down to it, they are both looking for the same thing, the only difference being they are using varying devices. If they could get in tune with each other, maybe there would be a better harmony. But here again, disunity takes its toll, neither generation has anything to show for all their bickering, name-calling and squawking.

We've lost the balance of unity, of equality, and our own self-worth. There is no perspective when looking at the world and its prejudices, so instead of a unified existence we have a mish mash of stew which is being continuously stirred.

God's intentions were good when he created everyone equal, but like everything else, the human race made a mess of that too.

The 21st Century Descendants to be irresponsible Hedonists

By Janet Ferrier

Today the recreation world is booming with people of all ages on the lookout for a time filler, whether they enjoy the activity or not. There's dancing, partying, GIRLS, with boozing and lovin' as a mixer. On the more demure side there's reading, quietly listening to a record player, or watching television; for sports lovers there's football, baseball, hockey and golf. For the outdoor type, swimming, skiing, boating, and hiking are around to fit the bill. But as the hours turn into days, the days into weeks, into months, into years, and into the 21st century, what will the human mind conjure up? With every part of our daily life being one constant burst of jubilation and speed, not to mention no time for a breathing spell, the insight into the Twenty-first century is apt to reveal a

world with a fantastic rate of living, pleasure over-ruling one's working capacity, and the disability of fitting one's activities into the 24 hour a day time allowance. This impossibility is showing through today with the comment of, "I just don't know where the time flew to," or "I won't have time today, but maybe tomorrow afternoon . . ." The continuous putting off of something is a fault of humans of every size and shape.

Recreation will increase in importance with all other human necessities and tendencies dropping to a lesser significance. To stay at home any evening at all, will become a rarity. A dark house, a locked door, and the continuous presence of a babysitter, and no time consideration given, will salute recreation.

Since the restrictions concern-

ing drinking will be few, the generations will merge as one, that is in recreation, and the older people of this time, will seek methods of rejuvenation, with the desire to get up with their offspring.

It has been pointed out to me, perhaps the fast living will scare the human race of this time into slowing down in their activities, easing off their play time, and devoting more thoughts and efforts to developing themselves and their family. BUT if recreation has taken over the human race to the extent where thought has been excluded; fun and games could prevail 24 hours a day, every day.

Recreation is a link in a chain, however. If people put forth all their time and energy into pleasure, where will they find room for work, which in turn supplies money for the support in their material things as well as en-

abling them to secure this desire of fast and loose living. A total disregard for this aspect (work) will definitely offer a playground of fun, but people will as a result build up a huge charge account, a fast pace in parallel with the fast end, and depart from the premises with nothing to show for all the good times they had.

With communications highly developed, one might decide to take a trip to the moon and a few minor planets. No longer will neighboring countries hold the fascination of today.

Perhaps by this time dancing will be with a partner instead of a one sided deal. Perhaps the "crowd" will diminish from view.

With easy access to something for amusement people might lose their creativity and enthusiasm. They will need recreation handed to them on a silver platter rather than lifting a finger to work for it. It will take more to pacify the human race. They will lose their own ability to supply the creativity for original amusement. They might become walking, talking fun-loving robots.

In the 21st century people will work harder, but work harder at having fun. Little Janie will stay with a babysitter while mama and papa take off for places unknown in their zest for a gay time. Tomorrow night they might even visit Cousin Sam at 139th Street Dark Side of the Moon, Outer Limits, after all the cheese idea is outdated, isn't it?

To Lull the Mind to Sleep

Times have come
Times have gone
It's time to sing
A lonely song
Of life and love
And skies above
And nights
And moons and stars
And long-loved dark
Of gentle tues
On evening air
To lull the mind
To sleep.

Of gentle walks
Through misty parks
Where silent lovers
Leave their marks
On trees and walls
Of misty light
In dim cafes
Where fingers play
A gentle tune
To lull the mind
To sleep.

Of lonely walks
On city streets
Where smog and allies
Cover up Realities
That show
In longing eyes
And dismal colors
Splashed upon
A hidden canvas
Grasped to hide
And lull the mind
To sleep.

--Gay Oliver.

For Milton's sake

"Oh Lord! the pride of man" rise up from the dust again

By Larry Martin

Since the brew strike's over, I suppose nobody'll mind using the word "ales."

What The Front is wondering, is what ails some of the people in this area?

True . . . it's a lousy pun, but not quite as irritating as the apathy of some persons towards their hometown.

If everyone who jumps at the chance to throw mud at Milton were to move out, there'd be quite a ghost town here.

You wonder, I suppose, what the difference is to a Nassagaweyan . . . and I occasionally wonder myself.

First of all . . . when you spend all your work-week in a town you develop a certain identification with it; then there's the fact I WAS a resident of Milton for about a year in 1966-67; and before that, from the time I was two years old I lived in North Burlington, about a mile and a half from Milton town hall due west. I think you can appreciate Milton was an awful lot easier

to claim as a hometown than some lakeshore collection of buildings I only saw about once every three months before high school.

Sorry about the boring autobiography, but it seemed necessary.

On top of all that, there is a possibility of the whole of North Halton being swept aside by the Progressive South marching on, if we don't stick together . . . and the first line of defense should be pride in what the residents call The North.

I don't pretend to be politically or historically in the know . . . no doubt someone with a briefcase full of figures and dates and statistics could leave me babbling like a baboon in discussing Halton's situation, but some things become so obvious one can feel safe in mentioning them.

Take this South-North bit we mentioned earlier. In the past 15 years, the lakeshore towns have, admittedly, moved out of Milton's league. They have become the denizen of

industry and hustling, bustling, North America . . . and have a right to be very proud of their accomplishments.

The fact that several citizens of these municipal giants who had the misfortune to hold land north of the No. 5 highway are wondering just where they belong is probably just a side-effect of progress.

While it's fun to curse "The South" and complain about losing the county's rural identity, it's also futile.

To preserve this identity, we have one chance . . . pride in the area.

A main concern of resident anti-north Haltoners is the lack of things for young people (maybe even old people) to do . . . and someone even went as far as to say Milton is a collection of churches, houses and service stations.

Fine. Let's go to Youth Power, or Thor's Wheels, (the new rollerskating club) or busting Milton Arena, or Mohawk Raceway, or Kelso, or Victoria Park, or Centennial Park, or one of the half-dozen golf courses . . . and discuss it.

Do you feel Milton is a non-active place where nothing of much importance goes on?

Those South Halton towns you envy so much have the privilege each month or so of sending two of their highest-ranking men to Milton . . . which, in case you'd forgotten . . . is the county town.

We ARE a collection of houses . . . some of them straight out of tomorrow with glass and steel and colored stone-work, and some of them great elegant mansions just a trifle smaller and less decorative than the much-publicized estates built at the same time in Dixie, U.S.A. (maybe C.S.A.?).

Recently, Milton was granted victory in a long battle with red tape and ambitious municipalities and as a result we have increased potential industrial area appreciably.

You may be justified in feeling Milton was getting lost in the rat-race for a while there, but anyone who can say she's not on the verge of a bonafide boom just isn't facing the facts.

It's a great town to live in . . . and a great town to live near.

There are, of course, young people who roar out of town Friday and Saturday nights . . . to the bright lights of T.O. or one of the lakeshore towns, but there are just as many who roar in from other points . . . overjoyed to make use of the same activities local yokels have overlooked.

It's hard to say it, folks, but it looks like the older residents have beat you to the draw on this round.

At the Annexation celebration a month or so ago, over a thousand jammed the arena in recognition of Milton's Great New Second Reich, or whatever.

When are the really with-it young people of this area going to catch on?

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Power holds camera hunt may move to new quarters

Youth Power, presently showing a slight rise in attendance and activities will probably experience its first boom shortly.

President Paul Foster announced at Wednesday evening's regular gathering The Power plans shortly to move to new quarters with "atmosphere."

The Front's experience in what good old Y. P. calls "atmosphere" indicates to us the move may be to the dungeon in Dracula's castle, but the exact location isn't confirmed yet.

Wherever they go, and it will certainly be within Milton, you can bet the seven-month-old or-

ganization will be dreaming up a host of fun things for youthful Miltonians to do.

They held a camera scavenger hunt recently, under the direction of Director Nick DiGralamo. The object of the activity was to dash about the town photographing a number of weird objects. The negs will be developed for the coming meeting.

The Power has extended its thanks to the sportsmanlike citizens of this great town who, among other things, opened up their freezers to pose with chickens required on some of the lists.

The 1968 Soapbox

By Larry Martin Youth Front Co-Ordinator

* You may have noticed it's been a bit warm lately. Like the top of a cookstove. The most interesting thing about a really hot day is the people who kangaroo-hop from air-conditioned building to air-conditioned building and declare up, down and sideways they LOVE blizzards and ice-storms. Wouldn't it be cute to tape record these remarks and save them for later playback . . . say, in January or during the Great March Storm?

* Thor's Wheels, the new roller skating club, has ordered jackets to identify members of the organization. The jackets will bear the name of the club as well as a picture of the well-known wheel-maker from the cartoon strip, "B.C."

* Good to see that a large number of people at Saturday's garden party in Hornby were from the younger set. The garden party is one of the few bits of rural history still active in this area.

Generation '68

Dawn Stewart

Introducing

Our Generation '68 representative for this week is a 15-year-old four-year Business and Commerce student at M.D.H.S.

Born in Toronto, Dawn Stewart came to Milton several years ago. At Milton District she was her class's representative to the Girls' Athletic Association, and a member of the junior volleyball team.

Other interests include the drama club, swimming, tennis, and collecting records.

Upon completing her schooling she plans to train as an airline stewardess.

In talking to her we gained the following viewpoints:

On Liquor: I don't feel the sale of liquor should be as regulated as it is. There are a lot of people who are mature enough to drink before they are 21, and they shouldn't be denied this privilege.

On Politics: More young people are becoming involved and interested in politics now. The voting age should also be lowered to allow adult-thinking people under 21 a chance to help decide who will run the country.

On Religion: If there is a God who is as great as some people say, why is there so much hardship and sadness in the world? I don't think this God would allow the death of young people who haven't had a chance to live their lives out.

On Education: The new unit system will be a good thing. Now students who are weak in only a few subjects won't lose a complete year's work because of them. Rules are necessary, but should be a little more flexible rather than hard and fast for every situation. There is a lack of school spirit in Milton . . . and this might be overcome if Grade 9 students were allowed more freedom and dignity. As it is, their votes in school elections count only for one-half of a vote by other grades' standards, and some are afraid to speak out because they're "new."

On Local Politics: It looks to me like local politicians are more interested in how much power they can gain than in what they can do for the people. They don't mingle with their voters except just prior to elections.

On Her Contemporaries: The older teenagers and their activities are being overrun by 12 and 13-year-old teenyboppers. The real Generation '68 is being saturated with drugs. One problem

those in power will face shortly is rising prices . . . which could lead to another Depression like the 1930's.

On Drugs: Only cripples need a crutch. People take drugs to hide from real life and their problems.

On Music: I think Bob Dylan, Jimmy Hendrix, Aretha Franklin and those like them are the ones who really speak for young people in music today.

On Milton: Actually, Milton has everything . . . there's lots to do for those who want to, but most of it closes at 10 each night. The town is small enough that everyone keeps an eye on what everyone else is doing. Anyone who hasn't a car or money to get away is lost.

On Canada: I feel we're going to be in a really sad state if Canada gets involved in a war. We're not very strong and we'll be right in the road for anyone coming from Asia towards the States or vice versa.



ONE OF THE INTERESTS of this week's Generation '68 representative, Dawn Stewart, is volleyball. (Staff Photo)