



# OPINION

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Box 248, 191 Main St. E.,  
Milton, Ont. L9T 4N9

(905) 878-2341

Fax: 878-4943

Classified: 875-3300

**Ian Oliver** *Publisher*

**Neil Oliver** *Associate Publisher*

**David Bos** *General Manager*

**Rob Kelly** *Editor*

**Karen Huisman** *Circulation Manager*

**Teri Casas** *Office Manager*

**Tim Coles** *Production Manager*

The Canadian Champion, published every Tuesday and Saturday at 191 Main St. E., Milton, Ont., L9T 4N9 (Box 248), is one of The Metroland Printing, Publishing & Distributing Ltd. group of suburban companies which includes: Ajax / Pickering News Advertiser; Alliston Herald/Courier; Barrie Advance; Brampton Guardian; Burlington Post; City Parent; Collingwood / Wasaga Connection; East York Mirror; Etobicoke Guardian; Georgetown Independent/Acton Free Press; Kingston This Week; Lindsay This Week; Markham Economist & Sun; Midland / Penetanguishene Mirror; Mississauga News; Newmarket / Aurora Era Banner; Northumberland News; North York Mirror; Oakville Beaver; Orillia Today; Oshawa / Whitby / Clarington / Port Perry This Week; Peterborough This Week; Richmond Hill / Thornhill / Vaughan Liberal; Scarborough Mirror; Uxbridge / Stouffville Tribune; Today's Seniors.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with a reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate. The publisher reserves the right to categorize advertisements or decline.

## Looking Back ...



The Khan family from Pakistan in Milton in December, 1976 were Moslem and didn't celebrate Christmas. However, they observed feasts such as Eid-Ui-Fitar and Eid-Ui-Fuha, which taught patience, perseverance and sacrifice. From left to right are Hiwa, Abdus Samad Khan, Saadia, Farazana, Amin, Shahzi and Raana.

## You can't stop them dating

My 13-year-old-daughter will always be my little girl.

At least that's what I thought. That special relationship was threatened last week when she told me she has a boyfriend.

I decided to investigate. I nonchalantly asked, "Do you kiss?", to which she responded, "Da-a-a-ad".

That did not answer my question.

I appealed to her sense of justice, saying, "I share things with you, why can't you do the same with me?" Her answer was, "It's private. Anyway, yesterday I asked you how much money you had and you said that was private. Can't I have private thoughts too?"

Justice is overrated.

I looked for another button to push: "Part of my role as a father is to guide and protect you. I need to know what a 'boyfriend' means to you if I'm to do my job as a father."

That did the trick. I was so pleased with myself that it took a minute to register her answer. She said, "Yes".

"Yes" to what? She can't mean yes to kissing this guy? I blurted out, "Do you kiss him on the lips?", to which she replied, "Oh, yeck." Thank God... my daughter was back.

While there was nothing to worry about this time, it did bring home the point that I would soon be dealing with her sexuality and dating, a very difficult concept

for most parents to handle. The literature is helpful though. It clearly points out common mistakes that parents make, and those mistakes can do a lot of damage.

First, parents have to face the facts. Children usually start dating around 14 or 15. At that age, sex generally means necking. Boys tend to start having sex a bit earlier than girls. By the age of 17, half of all boys and over one-third of girls have had sex.

By age 18, about three-quarters of boys and one-half of girls have had sex. Your girl will eventually be 17...

What if your child wants to date early, or even at 15, yet you simply don't think she's ready



## Psychology in the '90s

with DR. ARNOLD RINCOVER

yet? Be very careful here. You have to let kids go at their own pace.

If you want to delay it, do it by talking, negotiating, explaining, compromising, but do not tell them they cannot date.

If you restrict a teen from dating, you are teaching your child to be deceptive. Try to remember what it was like for you at 15, how much a special boy or girl dominated your thoughts and feelings.

This stage of development is bigger than you are, there's no holding it back, and you are only making it more mysterious and important by saying no.

It is better to let your daughter develop at her pace, but with supervision and boundaries that allow you to feel safe. If she wants to date, offer to take them to the movies or the school dance.

Welcome him over to your house to watch TV with her. Talk to his parents to find out how they feel and see if you trust them (their values, how they brought him up, their degree of supervision).

While you can't stand in the way of dating, stand ready to put limits on it, for judgment goes out the window when a teen falls in 'love'.

We have to realize that kids will choose their pace and their partners.

We help steer a bit, rein in a little here and there, teach about morals and values, and most of all we should be there for them when their hearts get broken...

And that will happen, at some point, for most teens.

**"Parents have to face the facts. Children usually start dating around 14 or 15. At that age, sex generally means necking."**

DR. ARNOLD RINCOVER

## It's the same old, usual drill

Ah, Sunday. A day to sleep in late. Stay in bed a little longer and read a book. Take it easy.

Noon on Sunday, it suddenly hit me. Visitors — four, five, maybe six women — were coming to our house on Monday and the place was a mess. We don't usually encourage company of the formal variety so on any day clutter reigns and the fur is flying.

You know, deep down I consider myself a neat person. As a seven-year-old, I happily spent Saturday mornings cleaning out my toy cupboard and rearranging cherished possessions. And in residence at university, you could draw a line between my spartan, super-tidy corner of the room and my roommate's chaos.

If I were totally honest with myself, however, I would have to admit that perhaps my house-keeping standards have dropped a tad over the years.

Naturally, I attribute the ongoing mayhem to the fact that I live with pets and people. They're all to blame for my descent into disorder.

As the realization came to me on Sunday that I needed to get the house ship -shape, I had only one other individual to turn to for help - the 11-year-old. Hubby had escaped to the cottage Friday and the 14-year-old was enjoying herself in Toronto.

Thankfully, our youngest did not protest too loudly about his indentured service. He took random potshots at his delegated hot spots — the upstairs bathroom, the livingroom and the stairs leading to the basement.

The sink in the bathroom fell under his attack and he polished it up, at the same time hiding all signs of his sister's existence - hair dryer, pins, toiletries.

At one point he carried up a hammer from the



## On the Homefront

with ESTHER CALDWELL

workshop. I don't know why and didn't ask.

He wasn't moved to turn his attentions to the tub, toilet and floor, but instead, gathered up the hundreds of pairs of boots and shoes (how many people live here anyway?) dangerously strewn about on the stairs and landing. He then vacuumed the area.

(I don't want carpets; hubby does. One day two summers ago, he laid this carpet while the rest of us were at the cottage — the sneak.)

After that he headed for the livingroom, bending down on his knees to pick up the million of pieces of Lego his mercenary brother has sold him on an irregular basis over the years.

What was left for me to clean up were the kitchen and the entire basement, because that was where the Monday crowd of females was planning to congregate, more specifically in hubby's office. (What we were doing down under will be revealed on day soon...)

Like my son, I practised a hit-and-miss approach to this domestic undertaking. Needing special attention were the silver burner trims and drip plates on the stove. They were almost black, especially the burner trim of one of the elements that had only the day before been turned on without the burner cover first being removed. Oops. Bad idea, those covers. I won't use them anymore to conceal the grime. Unfortunately, even after soaking the metal trims and plates for 12 hours did not totally loosen the grunge.

Well, you know the rest — sink to scour, floor to mop, downstairs bathroom to spiff up, even laundry room to make presentable. At every turn I found something else to take care of. The cats, meanwhile, perched on high places like gargoyles and observed the silly humans toiling away. They made themselves scarce, though, when the vacuum started roaring.

Oh, what we do for appearance's sake. I sure can think of better things to do on a Sunday.



P  
U  
D

by  
Steve  
Nease