



# OPINION

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

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## Disinformation in Disney Land

Social contract — sort of has a ring to it huh? Like safe sex. I wonder if I need to wear some protection. If there are functional illiterates, I guess Bob Rae could be classed as a disfunctional literate.

Have you ever seen one of these consensus things he's building all the time?

He's going to build toll roads too. After all he is a "roads scholar". (Sorry, it's too nice out to be serious).

It hasn't been well published but did you know there are serious problems in getting this make-work project off the ground?

They originally wanted to charge tolls based on the "ability to pay" method, but ran into trouble with minority rights groups. It seems a disproportionate number were driving Mercedes, BMWs, Cadillacs and Lincolns, so the Drug Dealers Association of Canada (DDAC) and the Ex-Somalia Warlords Benevolent Group (ESWBG) Inc. complained to the Human Rights Commission and had the proposal dropped.

There's still consideration being given to just charging 10 per cent of whatever is in your wallet. A toll booth will also be located outside each new Ontario casino.

Under the pay equity plan though, the toll booth engineers are to be given the same status as air traffic controllers.

I'm really surprised their casinos ministry can't find local talent to run their new Windsor operation. Shelley Martel could run the liars poker table, Ruth Grier could handle waste disposal, and even Pink Floyd Laughren could start a new game to replace craps — predict the daily deficit. Don't let him at the blackjack table though. He doesn't have a full deck.



### VIEW POINT

with PATRICK KELLY

Do you think the NDP has a department of disinformation just like the KGB. The ministry DIS's.

Look at the evidence. Mr. Rae is constantly disclaiming or disavowing something. (Usually responsibility), we feel disenfranchised, disillusioned, disaffected, disgruntled, disobliged, dispraised, dispirited and disgusted and he's disinclined to listen to us.

NDP policy reflects dissonance, disunion and leans to disstrainment.

Bob Rae himself dissembles when he disseminates which is a major reason for our dis-sension. In dissecting his Disneyesque discursive, disputatious dissertations I feel disregarded.

Well, do you disagree? (I just finished Irv Weinstein's book *How to be functionally illiterate*). No I'm not being disingenuous.

I only have about 20 lines to go and then I can go outside and let all the pheromones of spring affect my hormones, wish the buds to bloom and the grass to turn green, appreciate the smile of a pretty girl (my daughter and anyone else who smiles) and laugh at the mud-splattered countenance in my son's face.

This article was more fun than my three previous attempts this week, but I'm saving up my "Kim bits" for another time.

Have a great weekend.

## North America now a cultural comfort zone

"Dual-culture" children are becoming increasingly common throughout North America, as our society becomes more eclectic and integrated.

These children, who are essentially brought up in two different cultures at the same time, face unique problems.

How those problems are dealt with will determine whether the two cultures compete for allegiance, with negative effects on the child, or instead are successfully integrated, producing a stronger and more sensitive individual.

Stanford psychologist Amado Padillo, who was a dual-culture child, has been studying these children for the past two decades.

He describes four groups of dual-culture children: those whose immediate family immigrated to North America, often with English being a second language; children whose families have lived here for awhile, but who maintain strong adherence to both their original and host (new) cultures; children who are born here to immigrant parents; and children of ethnically or racially mixed marriages.

Mr. Padilla describes many of the unique conflicts faced by children living in two cultures.

Chinese children, for example, are often taught to refrain from aggressive behaviour, yet the masculine image in North America



### PSYCHOLOGY IN THE '90s

with DR. ARNOLD RINGOVER

stresses the "macho" image.

Sexual attractiveness is expressed subtly in the Chinese culture (and in many others), yet it is much more openly expressed in North America.

Chinese children are taught they are duty-bound to report wrongdoing, yet "tattling" or "ratting" is a serious offence in the eyes of their Canadian peers.

Different conflicts exist on almost a daily basis for dual-culture children brought up in Canada.

Sometimes it can lead to a child being ostracized. Whether an Indian child engages in certain head movements that are new and difficult to interpret for his young peers; or an Arabic child wears clothes or headwear that his peers don't often see; or a Chinese girl doesn't like to talk about her feelings openly while her peers wear their thoughts on their sleeve, the dual culture child may be thought of as odd unless (s)he conforms. If she con-



## Nothing takes the place of a sweet bird song

I have a new canary. Not earth-shattering news, of course, but I'm pretty happy about it. The trills and throaty rolls of canary song lift the spirit and warm the heart.

You may remember that I rescued an elderly canary several years ago. The little guy was six or seven years old at the time, and had done little more than chirp for a few years prior to the day I brought him home.

A couple of weeks of care, daily portions of song treat along with his regular seed, fresh apple pieces and a little lettuce, and he was singing like a veritable youngster, waterfall effects and all. It was wonderful.

Last spring, he gave up singing. Too much work, I suppose; either that or just plain time to retire from the opera. He still chirped happily enough but he hopped more slowly from perch or perch, and he seemed to sleep more. The morning I didn't hear his chirp among the



### PETS AND YOU

with ANNE NORMAN

regular morning bird racket in my office, I (total coward) sent my daughter in the confirm the obvious.

"Well, mum, let's just say there's no chance he'll ever sing again now," she said dryly. To the point and accurate reporting. I thanked her.

My office is my sanctuary as well as my workplace. The assorted birds and aging guinea pig are all part of the scenery and atmosphere.

Bursts of song were welcome and inspirational diversions as I struggled to finish an article for deadline. To say that I missed the little guy would only be scratching the surface. I had beeps and whistles and hollered bird abuse but no song.

When I happened to notice the new, young and obviously talented canary in the store, I had a good feeling. Not the same one that I get when someone bakes me cookies but a good feeling nevertheless. Something made me bring the empty cage up to my office and set it in the corner. I spent a couple of days pretending that I was just moving things around but I never really fooled me at all.

When my nearest and dearest pointed out to me that I was working the word "Canary" into every conversation we had, and that he'd be happy to go and get the darn bird if it would make me happy, I could hardly argue. After all, my state of mind (always questionable, ask anyone) was hanging in the balance.

The new addition has made an amazingly fast adjustment. He took one day to assess his new accommodations, shrugged and started to sing. He has apparently studied at a very good school; his technique is flawless and, boy, can he project. Once again, I have wonderful and I love it.

A small thing? Perhaps. I wonder, though, how you would measure the amount of happiness received from such a simple thing as bird song. I don't think you can and you probably shouldn't even try. You should just lean back and enjoy.