

EDITORIALS

The Cause Everyone Honors

We are glad to report that almost everybody who is somebody favors Brotherhood. Leading publishers, editorialists, authors, clergymen, actors and other "greats" are earnest in their endorsement. If everybody agrees, what is the problem? Why not just practice Brotherhood and quit talking about it? The problem is that it is easier to talk about a virtue than to practice it.

him when he was hungry, naked, sick and in prison. They wanted to know when they had done so. He answered, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In other words, Brotherhood, is if anything, a way of action. Groucho Marx, the comedian, in a rare moment of unsmiling seriousness understated the case for Brotherhood: "Today you are betting your life on this country you live in. If we want to win the prize of national strength and security we've got to work together. Let's respect each other's race and colour and creed. Let's make Brotherhood Week, Feb. 21-28 last all year." If we could make Brotherhood Week last for one day, if all of us truly practised for 24 hours the ideal we say we believe, the world would see the greatest and best revolution in the history of mankind.

Advertising and Television

Since the inception of television, it has taken its tolls and caused its disruptions, but one of the biggest upsets was the recent disclosure of rigged shows. Most people are acquainted with this and the scandal it caused as well as the disillusionment of a lot of viewers.

May now be that many people do not believe what they see or hear on TV. Although there may be fakes, the public does not like to think that it has been duped. With the disclosure of rigged quiz shows, attention was turned to other parts of the TV set-up and now the spotlight is on the commercials. Sometimes we think the commercials are even more entertaining than the actual programme, but here again we are in for a let-down.

No doubt many viewers have seen the demonstration of a safety razor shaving a piece of sandpaper to which a shaving cream has been added. Well, according to findings of a committee probing advertising, this too is a fake. That one on the aluminum foil wrap is another one conjured up by the admen of TV. It turns out that quite a number of the advertising stunts on TV are done by means of trickery. Several leading big advertisers on TV are named as participants in this tricky business and along with them several advertising agencies. This investigation is going

on in the United States. As far as we know, nothing has been said as to Canadian TV. However, a large proportion of the United States programmes are carried on the networks of this country.

To say the least, all these things are misleading to the viewer who is led to believe that this and that product are far superior and therefore a much better buy. Many a person goes out and buys on the strength of the tests that are made and apparently proven.

Newspapers are careful to guard their readers against false advertising and many a concern has been turned down because their products were not all they purported to be. Such is a loss to the publisher, but it is his way of protecting his subscribers from being deceived. At the same time it upholds the reputation of the newspaper for publishing facts which can be relied upon and trusted. The newspaper association also keeps the publisher informed as to the shady advertiser and such advertisements are refused. This is all for the protection of the public. No newspaper would hold the confidence of its subscribers for very long if it permitted false advertising and false claims to appear continually in its columns. The public must be protected from such things in TV advertising.

Revision Long Overdue

There is every indication that this session of parliament will deal with the outmoded liquor laws of the province and that regulations regarding advertising will be revised. And it is about time. For too long Ontario advertising media have been prohibited from carrying the same advertising that is continually beamed into their homes by television, by magazines and by radio from across the border, says The Uxbridge Times-Journal.

For instance, in the past six weeks we have twice received as a supplement to one of the daily papers a 20 page tabloid effort in black and white and in colour. Nine full pages of the first edition were given over to beer and liquor advertising. (It was printed in the U.S.) And in that same issue the government of Ontario had two full page ads, one a deal on tourist at-

tractions and the other by its Department of Transport. At the same time said government has to date enforced legislation that prohibits their own provincial news media from carrying beer and liquor ads. It obviously is a case of do as I say and not as I do.

The situation as it now stands is ridiculous. Vast sums of money are going out of the province as the only means available to advertise a legal product that is under the control of the Ontario Government for the simple reason that the government has not made its advertising legal in the country in which it holds control. Confusing, isn't it? Yet, no more confusing than is the legislation that prompts it.

If ever a law needs revising, this is it. And it is to be hoped that the combined brains of government in this year of 1960 will see fit to make the necessary amendments.

Everybody's Business

Love of gossip, especially scandalous gossip, is so ingrained in the human race that it would be useless to protest about it. One may deplore the fact that one's next-door neighbor habitually beats his wife or that the man two doors away is accustomed to roll in drunk three nights a week, but one still wants to learn all the details that the other neighbors can tell or invent. Even when the subjects of gossip are unknown to anyone in the neighborhood, the details, if lurid enough, become everybody's business, says The Printed Word.

In recent years the everyday scandals of neighborhood, apartment house, town or village must have become too tame or too familiar for satiated appetites. Catering to these, some newspapers and magazines now range to the distant pastures of Hollywood, Las Vegas or Miami for fascinating tidbits. The domestic misadventures of Marilyn, Brigitte and Ingrid become front-page news across the continent. Essentially these are the same as those of the family next door, but plenty of people must love to read about them or newspapers and press agencies would economize on getting the stories.

How It's Done

A Canadian just returned from a visit to England brings back the following priceless (in more than one sense of the word) true story.

Into a quiet little country town there irrupted Big Business in the shape of an ultra-modern store. To mark the opening, the manager announced on great posters: Reduction in Bacon Prices! From 4s. 6d. to 4s. 3d.

Opposite the big store there was a dreamy little general store the owner of which immediately replied with the announcement of - Bacon Reduced to 4s.

The next day the big store proclaimed a Startling Reduction! Bacon 3s 9d! Across the way, the little shop answered with a reduction to 3s. 6d. So it went on until with the small shop's posters offering bacon at 2s. a pound, the manager of the store went over and saw the "little man".

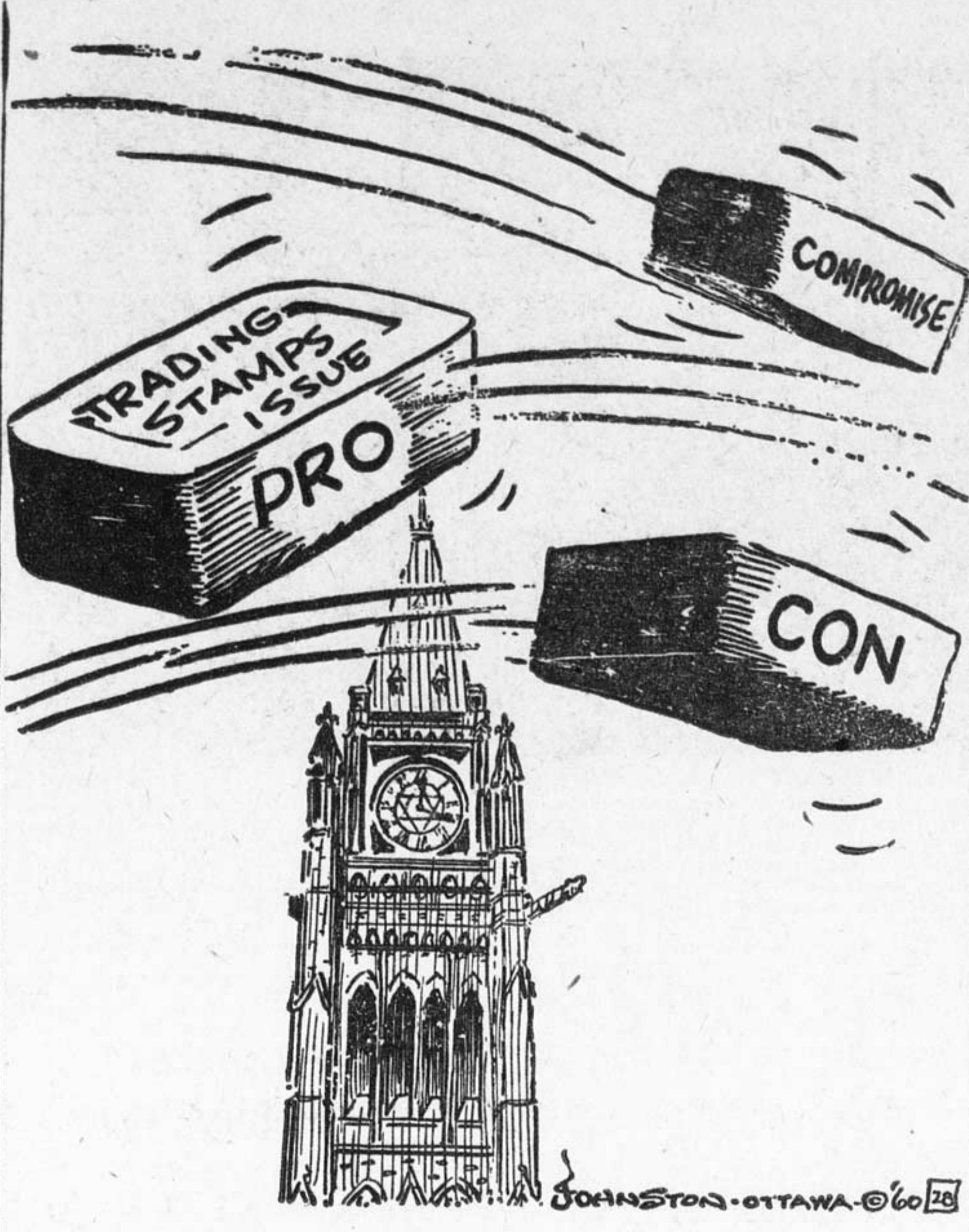
"Look here!" said the manager. "We can't go on like this! We shall cut each other's throat!"

"Oh, I can carry on!" said the little man. "I'm not worried."

The manager was curious. "Look," he said, "tell me, as man to man, how do you do it?"

"Ah well," said the little man, "that'd be telling! We all have our trade secrets, you know."

The manager was bewildered. "Be a good fellow, and tell me!" he urged. "All right," said the little man. "I will. I don't sell bacon." - Industry.



POLITICAL AMMUNITION

-:SUGAR and SPICE:-

Dispensed by Bill Smiley

Read in one of the gossip columns the other day that Cary Grant, the movie actor, made a special trip by jet, 6,000 miles to Hongkong, to see his tailor. The item went on: "Cary thinks this particular Oriental suitmaker is the best in the world, and is anybody going to argue with Cary?"

Not me, Madame. Considering that item calmly, I could only come to the conclusion that Cary and I have a lot of different things on our minds. And I don't say that in envy.

I have a perfectly good suit. As far as I'm concerned, it's just as good as the day I got it, four years ago.

Every year about this time there's a newspaper convention, and every year it takes me about three weeks to ask my wife into going. She can't go because she hasn't anything to wear. "So buy yourself a dress," I say. "Turns out she has a dress, but she doesn't have a fur coat. That brings that conversation to an abrupt halt."

Then she tries to make me feel like a heel with the old reverse psychology. "I can't possibly ask Mother to keep the children again. And you know how worn out we are after a convention. I haven't a stitch to wear except that old black thing. My ironing is three weeks behind. I simply can't go, in fact I don't even want to go. Why don't you go alone? You'd enjoy getting away from us all for a couple of days."

This I get at lunch hour, for example. I am supposed to reply: "Now, come on, sweetie. Your mother won't mind having the kids. It does us good to get away. That black dress looks terrific. Don't worry about your ironing. You know I wouldn't go without you." What I say is: "O.K." When I get home at six, she has a dress ripped apart, her mother lined up, and is desperately ironing clothes for the whole family for the weekend.

This year, she tried a new gimmick. Instead of that time-worn antic about having nothing to wear, she assured me, with some coldness, that I was so shabby she wouldn't be seen with me at a ragpickers' rally, let alone a convention of urbane, well-groomed newspaper editors.

This was unfair and she knew it. I have that good gray suit. I have a genuine Harris tweed jacket, made in Montreal, that I got at the same time, the year we went to that convention down east about '56. And a good stout pair of black shoes, resoled a couple of times, but taking a nice shine, that I bought for the same trip.

My topcoat is a bit shabby, but after all, it was second hand when I bought it three years ago from an old air force sidekick who'd gone a bit alcoholic. The two top buttons are sloppy as a sow's ear, but the bottom one stays buttoned. And the lining is like new. It's detachable, and I never seem to get it zipped in for the cold weather.

All in all, I'm not ashamed to be seen in any company, and I haven't been turned away from any place since the time the waiter in the pub asked me if I was 17 and I said sure, I'm 19, and he said well get the hell out of here, sonny, you gotta be 21.

What started the Old Girl on this jump, I do believe, was my long underwear and its recent unfortunate betrayal. This winter, I've given up my youthful vanity, with great relief, and gone back to that delight of my childhood, long underwear. No more shivering in shorts for me. No more creaking hips, treacherous kidneys and paralyzed kneecaps.

Only trouble is that I have just to one suit, which I got for Christmas. So, when it's in the wash, I have to wear pyjama bottoms, or risk a cold. Couple of weeks ago, we were at the opening of the Lieutenant - Governor's reception afterwards. There was a big line-up to shake hands with the host and his wife, and the Premier and his wife.

The Premier was really friendly. "So glad you could come," he beamed, and shook

Ed Youngman's Column...

The Grits read the Star; the Tories read the Tel; intelligent people read the Globe and Mail, and our subscription to the latter newspaper has nine more months to go. One of my favourite feature writers is Scott Young, whose column "A Close Look" appears on the Sports page. However, no one should mistakenly think that, because of its location, it only reports who won what athletic event.

His articles are pithy, up-to-date, down-to-earth vignettes of many kinds of people, usually connected with sporting events. He is never afraid to flay the hide off anybody—from the chief pool-bah to the lowly swamper, and he is never sparing of praise where it is deserved. Besides being penetrating analysis of his subjects, his articles often contain rich, subtle humor, proving that Scott Young himself is a pretty human kind of bloke, who has become wise to the ways of men through a long, hard semester in the university of hard knocks.

Last week, he touched on a subject that has claimed my attention for a good many years—talks of people, in various walks of life, beseeching divine blessing on their respective pursuits, or projects, regardless of how incongruous the case may be.

I agree with Mr. Young, one hundred percent, when he says: "I count myself to be as good a Christian as the next chap, but each time I hear someone referring to Heaven as being a place which may control the flight of a puck, a football, a baseball, it seems to me an effort to the whole idea of religion. As if 'Up There,' a gigantic electronic board existed which decided when Bronco Horvath would get a goal, and when Jean Bellevue would get a goal, and planned the whole thing to keep not only us, but the players in suspense. This ringing in of Providence as the unseen member of a forward line, pass defense, or double-play combination isn't confined to sports.

Generals, presidents, prime ministers all do it, on a grand scale. It is common, in war, for both sides to petition the Almighty for a little help before going into battle. A new plant for making ball bearings is opened, and a minister, priest, or eloquent layman will ask for Divine assistance in its future operations.

Mr. Young also mentioned something that repeatedly happens: an athlete making the sign of the cross before entering competition. Quite recently, my wife and I saw two boxers cross themselves, before they left their respective corners, to try and maim the other fellow's body that is supposed to be made in the image of the very One they each implored to aid in their nefarious task. I wonder what passed through the mind of the boxer who lost.

Like Scott Young, I simply cannot believe that any athlete, if he is intelligent, really believes that each shot, each punch, each swung stick or

hands warmly. "Well, it sure was hard to get away in the middle of the week..." I started to tell him, and my wife hit me a kidney punch from behind that almost downed me.

When we got to the Lieutenant-Governor, I watched the guy ahead of me in line, to see what he'd do. He bowed slightly as he shook hands with the L. G. So I did. And when my head went down, my eye was caught by something. A big fat flap of red-striped flannelette pyjama pants draped over my shoe. It had slipped out of my sock, where I stuff them so they won't show.

There followed 20 minutes of acute anguish, in that huge reception room full of beauty and gallantry, before I could find a place to cross an extra stuff them. And it took me three days to induce my wife to recognize my presence on earth.

She would agree to go to the convent this year only when I promised to wear my pale gray pyjama bottoms instead of the red-striped flannelette.

tip-in pass, is out of mortal hands altogether—or is really affected by Divine force. Then, why do they make a mockery of the very religion which they espouse? Once, I was requested to ask the blessing at a meal, and when I declined, was rated as an unregenerate pagan. Maybe so, but I fail to see anything wrong in my refusal to do something that was only a matter of form. At least, I was consistent, which is more than can be said for some of the types under discussion in this article.

Letters to the Editor

2 Chatham Ave., Toronto, February 3, 1960. Dear Editor,

Your communication to hand and in reply will say reading news from Bowmanville and surrounding towns and villages is just like home to me as I was born and lived seven miles north of Bowmanville until on completing high school years I attended Business College here in the city.

As I am now a senior citizen I surely enjoy every item in your paper. Many old-time friends have gone on but many of their descendants live there still.

So I am enclosing amount for six months' subscription, and sorry I am late in remitting but we have had a death in our circle so that caused this delay.

Thanking you for past favours, Yours sincerely, Mrs. E. Rose

286 Aylesworth Ave., Toronto 13, Ont., Feb. 3, 1960. Dear Mr. James,

I received your card reminding me that my subscription is about to expire. Please renew it for another year, and you are right, when you state that you feel sure that I have received more than the cost of this paper, in enjoyable reading, etc.

Here's hoping I don't miss a copy, as I do like "Ed Youngman's" column, "In the Dim and Distant Past", "The advertisement section" and the Statesman as a complete paper.

Sometimes I would like to know the history of the large, white brick, building near the end of Grand, main street. It looks like it has been a hotel.

Most sincerely, Marion Ford (Mrs. R.W.)

in the early coaching days, right or wrong? With this last remark I will close. I remain,

Yours sincerely, William F. Wilks

GOD AND THE NHL From The Globe and Mail Lo, the prophet appears on the sports page! Three cheers for Mr. Scott Young's blast at the vulgarization of popular religion illustrated by Bronco Horvath's attempt to make God the divine-wirepuller behind the National Hockey League scoring race. I'm in favor of making the Christian faith relevant to every area of life, but this kind of buddy-buddy Big Fellow relationship with the Almighty is sacrilege, but, to tell the truth, because it's so well accepted in the current atmosphere of secularized piety.

Maybe you should have Mr. Young do an occasional piece for the church page! I hope Horvath wins the scoring honors, but, to tell the truth, I'm not going to be praying for him would it be fair for Bellevue or Hull?

Edgar Metzler, Pastor, First Mennonite Church, Kitchener.

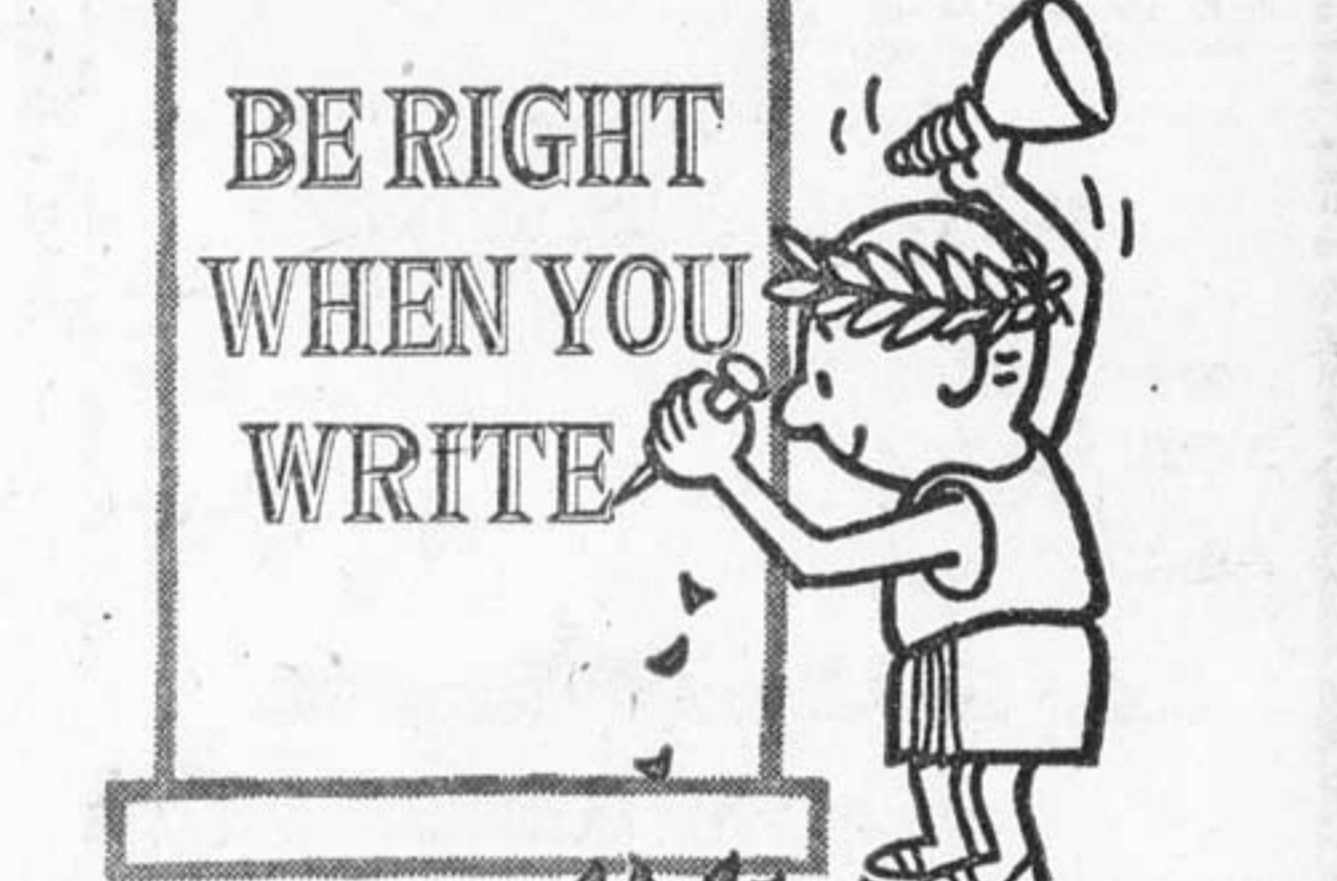
690 Cosburn Ave., Toronto 6, Ont., February 6, 1960. Dear Editor,

Your editorial "How To Stay Young" is the finest piece of literary stimulation I have ever read. It is something we should all 'clip out', and read each day.

Thank you sir, I am sure that concise article will be a great comfort to many readers. Most sincerely, Marion Ford (Mrs. R.W.)

PRELUDE TO SPRING

Now, the days are getting longer, And the sun's a little stronger, In my heart I hear a robin sing, Though the ground's still white with snow, Underneath, are flowers I know, Just waiting for the first soft kiss of Spring, So when the path is rough, And the going seems quite tough, You can be so very certain of one thing, If your troubles seem "en masse", Don't forget, "this too, will pass", Winter's always followed by the Spring. -Marjorie Cunningham.



- Make sure that the addresses on your letters and parcels include these 5 points: 1. Full name of person to whom your mail is addressed. 2. Correct street address, rural route number or post office box number. 3. City, town or village. 4. Province, state (or equivalent) and country. 5. Your name and return address in upper left corner. Remember, Postal Zoning operates in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec. When writing to these cities be sure to include the Postal Zone Number.

CANADA POST OFFICE

The Canadian Statesman Established 1854 with which is incorporated The Bowmanville News The Newcastle Independent and The Orono News 108th Year of Continuous Service to the Town of Bowmanville and Durham County ABC CIRCULATION SUBSCRIPTION RATES \$4.00 a Year, strictly in advance \$5.00 a Year in the United States Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa Published by THE JAMES PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED Bowmanville, Ontario JOHN M. JAMES, Editor

Advertisement for a car, featuring a picture of a Pontiac Strato-Chief and the text 'Lithe, lively and lovely—that's the STRATO-CHIEF for 1960. A car for people with an eye for elegance—a mind for economy. Its four handsome models have all the value, smartness and styling you need—at an unbelievable low price. See them soon at your nearest Pontiac dealer. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE' and 'STRATO-CHIEF MOST VALUE IN ANY CLASS! AND ALL THESE FEATURES ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON EVERY STRATO-CHIEF MODEL' and 'ONTAC SEE YOUR PONTIAC DEALER TODAY!'

Advertisement for 'In the Dim and Distant Past' featuring a picture of a horse and carriage and the text 'From The Statesman Files 25 YEARS AGO (February 14, 1935) Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Hall Brown St., recently celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on February 1st. Several beautiful gifts of silverware were presented by their Bowmanville friends. Congratulations to Miss Pauline Wagar, second year student at the University of Toronto, on winning a \$10 prize for best poem offered by the "Acta," the official organ of Victoria College. Mr. Alex Birks, Toronto, attended the High School at Home and spent the weekend with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Birks. Col. R. J. Gill, Brockville, spent the weekend here renewing old acquaintances. Blackstock: A very enjoyable surprise party was held Saturday night in honor of Mr. Samuel Ferguson's birthday at his home. Over thirty friends assembled and the evening was spent in games and dancing. Salem: Miss Gladys Cann, Toronto, spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cann. Tyrone: Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Burgess on the arrival of a baby boy. Hampton: Mrs. J. A. Graves who has been visiting Mrs. R. Kateron returned to her home in Wawanesa, Man. Enniskillen: Sorry to report that Mrs. Thos. McGill fell and broke her right arm, on her way to Young People's meeting on Wednesday night. Maple Grove: We welcome Mr. and Miss Barnes, Vancouver, to our community, having purchased the place formerly occupied by Mr. A. Gower, lately by Mr. Disney. Solina: Misses Evelyn Tink, Ruth McKessock and Helen Baker spent the weekend with Miss Ada Allin, Providence. Nestleton: Miss Lois Yeale entertained a number of friends to a party on her birthday. Newtonville: Miss Marion Samis, Bowmanville Hospital, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Samis. Orono: Mr. Orm Gamsby attended a gathering of the Durham Club in Toronto on Thursday. Newcastle: At the annual Jr. Farmers' seed judging competition held at Bailieboro on Jan. 25th, three local boys came home each with a prize of two bushels of registered O.A.C. No. 21 barley. The standing in competition of 40 contestants was: Billy Rowland 1st; Jack Holmes 2nd; Garnet Rickard 4th. Haydon: A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Creeper on Wednesday, Feb. 8th when their daughter, Ida Maude, was united in marriage with Mr. Alexander Grant, Toronto, by Rev. H. S. Spence, Tyrone.

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