

Criminal Code

wrote one of the funniest, most enjoyable books about race-tracks that anyone could read called "Twenty Tons a Day", and hon. members know to which he refers.

Take a look at the men with the finances and their love of racing who have provided enjoyment for so many millions of people over the years. Consider Jack Diamond from British Columbia, who almost single-handedly resurrected racing on the lower mainland. Consider Charles Taylor and what he has done with Winfields Farms and the breeding industry and racing in Ontario. Consider Jean-Louis Levesque of Quebec and the famous Speers family on the prairies. These dedicated men have done a great deal, and this government has brought in a bill to help continue the good work.

Then there are the owners of the racehorses as well, men of vanity who have found their relaxation and pleasure in horse racing. Consider a man like Bill Kocken on the west coast who literally flew all night and all day to get to Vancouver from the Arctic because he had a little two-year-old running in a race that night which he simply had to see. Well, he got there, and his horse did, too. We may hear more of Vance's Bay. As Jim Coleman has stated, "A rich man needs two things, a worry and a hobby, and he can solve both needs by buying a race horse."

Some hon. Members: Oh, oh!

Mr. Cook: Consider Hunky Bill Konyk of the west coast, the owner of a successful chain of restaurants. He finds his relaxation by owning his own horses. They do not often win, but that is where a lot of the restaurant profits go.

My Dad once became involved in owning a race horse. He went to Polo Park in the middle thirties and I suspect he had had a drink or two; but anyway, at the end of the day he owned a racehorse. It took him several months to realize what had happened to him, before he could sell the racehorse, and he gave me some advice on that occasion. It was one of those treasured maxims of a father to a son. He said, "Son, if I have learned one thing, I hope you learn it easier, and that is, never own anything that eats!"

Some hon. Members: Oh, oh!

Mr. Cook: Finally, the individual racing fan is the most maligned person in the world. He is abused, dishonoured and ridiculed by an ignorant and uninformed public. Yet he is the salt of the earth, Mr. Speaker.

● (1240)

Let me mention, to his embarrassment I am sure, Desmond Kimmitt, who is known as the punting priest in British Columbia. Besides running a major parish in West Vancouver he serves on the B.C. Racing Commission. He grew up in the horse country in Ireland and now can be found at the racetrack whenever he can find the time.

Then there is a Chinese family of father, mother and a couple of children who for years have gone to the racetrack every day. Jack Short, who is a legend in himself having spent 44 years announcing races on the west coast, told me that he

once asked his father if he made any money going to the track day after day, season after season. The father answered that he made money on occasion but on other occasions he would lose. He had worked it out that for the family to go to the racetrack as often as they did cost him about \$3,000 per year. Short mentioned that they could take holidays for that money, but the father pointed out that it was very easy to spend \$3,000 on a holiday within two weeks and that his family could have about 100 holidays every year by going to the racetrack.

Those are some typical fans, the type of people that you run into at race tracks. The president of an insurance company and the swamper in an office building are equal when they pick up a *Racing Form* to determine the winner of a race. Often the swamper can prove wiser than the president. That is part of the appeal.

I know people who would swim a raging river to see a good horse race but could not care less about making a bet. There are more thrills, there is more emotion, more enjoyment for the recreational dollar to be found at the racetrack than anywhere else. It is the most participatory of spectator sports. No one should disdain the \$2 bettor; he is to be envied. A \$2 bettor will tell you that you must always remember that the less you bet, the more you lose when you win! Damon Runyon made a statement to the effect that all horse players die poor. Any horse player knows that is not true. Even if it were, he forgot to add that all horse players die broke—but with a smile on their face, having found great joy in their recreation and hobby.

Jim Coleman, who is probably the best sportswriter Canada ever produced, wrote an autobiography called "Hoofprints on My Heart". I stole the line for the introduction to my speech. Without a doubt it is one of the funniest, most sympathetic, most understanding books about racing in Canada that has ever been written. Anyone who does not like racing and who took the time to read Jim Coleman's book will change his view.

Let me turn to the unfortunate side of racing, Mr. Speaker. When I say unfortunate, I mean the criminal element. I am referring now to bookies. I have some statistics which are fascinating. In June of 1981 in the city of Toronto, the average daily sale of the *Racing Form* was 88,000 copies; in the month of July it was 99,000 copies daily and in August it dropped somewhat. But the connection is this, Mr. Speaker: in June, 1981 when 88,000 copies of the *Racing Form* were sold daily, approximately 10,000 people attended Woodbine race track. Even assuming that everyone at the race track bought the *Racing Form*, even though the actual figures indicate that each *Racing Form* serves 1.5 persons, that still leaves 78,000 in the hands of people who did not go to the track. In the month of July over 80,000 *Racing Form* were sold daily at \$1.75 each to people who did not go to the track. I do not think it takes a mental giant to figure out that if someone paid \$1.75 for a *Racing Form* and did not go to the track, there was some other way he could make a wager. The bookmaking industry is obviously flourishing in Toronto.