

Editorial Page

Success Out of Failure

Seeing the long list of promotions from local and district schools got us thinking about those whose names might not have been there. Perhaps it's a hangover from our own school days to think about the times the names weren't there.

Actually failure of any kind is a challenge. Every year sees its quota of failures in schools and in businesses, in laboratories and on farms and in every avenue of human endeavor.

Failure may not be entirely our own fault, or it may come from striving after the wrong goals and playing our instincts false. More often, though, it is bred by the fear of failure, by pessimism and defeatism.

There is no shame in failure where there has been genuine effort. Disheartening as it may be at first, many of history's illustrious sons and daughters have shown that failure — even repeated failure — can be but the prelude to a success which is all the sweeter and more noble for being long delayed.

When you think about it, some of the

most unlikely people have spent most of their lives being regarded as failures. Sir Winston Churchill is a classic example. Had he died at 65 he, like his father would certainly have been written off as just another brilliant and erratic failure. Instead, he has lived on to cover himself with glory and earn an undoubted place among the giants of all time.

There is in existence the chronology of the life of another man whose example may give pause to all those who have been brought to the point of despair by failure. It reads as follows: failed in business '31; defeated for legislature '32; again failed in business '33; elected to legislature '34; sweetheart died in '35; had nervous breakdown '36; defeated for Speaker '38; defeated for Elector '40; defeated for Congress '43; elected to Congress '46; defeated for Congress '48; defeated for Senate '55; defeated for vice-president '56; defeated for senate '58; elected president '60. The man: Abraham Lincoln.

A National Pastime?

Every summer, as the holidays roll around, the death toll of drowning victims rises to astronomical heights. This is not caused by people not knowing how to swim, either. Some people prefer to drown themselves by diving into shallow water, without first ascertaining the depth. Others swim straight out as far as they can, either because of a desire to get away from it all for a while, or to impress their girlfriends. When they attempt to reach shore again, they find they have gone too far and lack the strength to return.

Others like to jump in just after a heavy meal, or when over-heated. Cramps usually occur in such cases. Changing places in a canoe in the middle of the lake is another favourite.

Apart from observing the rules for water

safety, the next best thing is to be sure that a knowledge of artificial respiration is at hand. Many a person who has seen a victim of drowning, feels certain that he is dead, because of the lack of eye reflexes, breathing and heartbeat.

The first and last thing to remember about the application of artificial respiration is to begin it right away, and not to cease until rigor mortis has set in, this last being a stiffening of the limbs which indicates death most certainly.

Send someone else for the doctor, but don't stop giving this aid—even on the way to the hospital in the ambulance. But let's have no need to receive this aid by exercising some reasonable caution in and near water.

Who is This

Over the next two summer months—July and August—hundreds of people will be killed, thousands maimed and injured and cars will be wrecked around the clock. These traffic accidents will happen in the best of weather and in many cases under ideal travelling conditions.

In view of this it might be a good idea to see who is going to cause all this death and destruction. According to a survey of driver attitudes in the United States the answer is nobody.

Nine out of 10 adults questioned (and all those with a record of traffic violations) rated themselves above average in driving skill, and better than average at obeying traffic laws. Typical traffic safety slogans such as "Drive Safely", "Slow Down and Live" were not intended for them or so they said. Each one questioned was sure that he drove safely and that traffic education was directed at the "other guy".

Safety officials believe that drivers in Canada think along the same lines and are equally convinced that their driving skill and

"Other Guy"

obedience to traffic regulations are above reproach.

It would appear that people really want to be good law-abiding drivers. In wanting to be good drivers, we tell ourselves we are—and therefore convince ourselves we are. It is always the "other guy" who is the bad driver.

It would seem the average driver behind the wheel lives in two worlds: one a mental world of fantasy where he sees himself as a good driver and the other world of hard physical facts where he—often unknowingly—commits the driving sins, large and small, which cause traffic accidents.

While this schizophrenic condition is of undoubted interest to psychiatrists it is also cause for thought by every Canadian. Because of it we are paying an annual toll of more than \$300,000,000 in cash, and some 3,000 lives, plus about 66,000 people maimed and injured. It is time that all drivers discovered that there is no room—even on a divided highway—for a split personality.

Local News Networks

Perhaps we may be excused this week if we take a look at Canada's weekly newspapers while editors from across Canada are gathered in Regina for the annual meetings of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

It will be the 40th convention and editors and publishers of weekly newspapers from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island have gathered in the famed prairie city of Regina to discuss the problems that confront them in this highly mechanized and rapidly changing world.

Your weekly, like the 745 across the country, has changed in format and mechanical methods of reproduction but its basic responsibility as a communications network for the community is still the same.

One are the days of the casual deadline and the "gone fishin'" sign, which were mainly fables anyway. Today the job of publishing a weekly newspaper is one of

the biggest in the publishing field.

Not only does the weekly of Canada compete for business against new and powerful media, but it also has to do an improving job of reporting local news and interpreting the community to itself. Higher education and living standards make this mandatory.

Working together through their association weekly editors over the years have built a strong esprit de corps, introduced highly competitive awards, improved the ethics of the weeklies, and extended their sphere of influence into the chambers of governments.

The weeklies of Canada are undoubtedly facing new problems and new achievements and the "shop talk", the idea swapping, and the fellowship at the C.W.N.A. meetings in Regina, will undoubtedly stimulate the many attending to new goals and accomplishments in the interests of small towns across Canada.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

Water Baby

... Jim's JOTTINGS BY JIM DILLS

● DRIVING ALONG the Dundas highway to Hamilton there are signs at the Nelson cut and the Clappison cut to watch for falling rock. Noticed them again the other day and recalled never having seen any fallen rock in the area but it is still tricky to keep an eye on the rock cuts each side of the road and still watch the road.

● ALONG the same route I got my first glimpses of the "gas war". It was Wednesday as I drove to Hamilton on business and stations here had just begun the price cutting. I didn't dream it would go to the 29c that was prevalent along the Dundas highway. I got a real surprise when I returned home and found that on Thursday and Friday Bell Buss had gone to 26c.

● HAVEN'T QUITE figured out just who is supposed to win in a "gas war" unless it's the customer. Suppliers may sell more gas but at the cut price they can't make much. Consumers don't drive a great deal

more I don't imagine so who wins? No one seems to know.

● SPEAKING ABOUT gas Lorne Arbie was telling me the other day about the \$1 worth of gas that cost him \$6. Seems he was in a hurry and estimated he had enough to get to his destination. Turned out the tank was lower than assumed, he got stuck at a traffic signal, had to get a tow truck, get pulled and buy the \$1 worth of gas, altogether totalling \$6. It took an extra two hours too. Can't win.

● COULDN'T HELP but notice a wading pool in Hamilton during the heat of Wednesday. It was completely surrounded by hot black top while the lot itself was fenced with chain link fence and on the street a guard was necessary to get the children back and forth safely across the busy thoroughfare. Another good reason for keeping some park areas in the heart of the town with some trees standing.

● TWO LOCAL youths will always remember Her Majesty the Queen's visit to Ontario's vacationland . . . at least every time their car is stuck in the ditch again. These fellows had their car stuck in the ditch along one of the closed-off highways when motorcycles, limousines and the Queen roared by. They could only sit on the fender and stare.

● FIRST IMPRESSIONS can be so important. Staffer Mrs. Mary Silvers just back from three months overseas, was recounting to me the impressions Scot immigrants registered as they docked in Canada. It was just after 5 a.m. and on deck the new citizens of Canada were impressed by the colored roofs, the size of the houses, and so many of the other features of Canada that we take for granted.

● AS YOU MAY read this I should, with my wife, be in Regina attending the annual convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. Next week my jottings may be mostly "shop talk".

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

Something that has been swishing around in my mind for a long time was crystallized when I read of the overwhelming reception the people of Chicago had given the Queen, during her visit there.

I think it's time we shook off our selfishness, did the fair thing, and offered to let the United States become part of Canada. It's downright hogwash for a measly 17 million Canadians to be sitting here in this fat, wealthy country, while 150 million neighbours are crowded into a much smaller area that is practically depleted of natural resources.

It's like a miser, with a million in the bank, sitting all alone in his great big house, too cheap to spend the fuel to warm it, while his happy-go-lucky cousin, who has spent his inheritance, lives in a trailer with ten kids and has to work like a demon just to keep them all fed and warm and clothed.

Aside from the selfishness angle, it would make sense. If we took in the States, Canada would be the biggest country in the world. Follow that up with 20 years of wide-open immigration, and we'd have half of Europe over here. Then we could look those Chinese and Russians right in the eye and say: "Slow down Buster, or you'll get a fat lip."

There's never been any real animosity between the two nations, so there'd be no trouble that way. Oh, they've tried to grab an odd few hundred thousand square miles of ours, in border disputes, but that was before we became a nation in our own right, and they haven't taken an inch since. They tried to conquer the country, back in 1812, but made a botch of it.

Anyway, most of our ancestors were hoing spuds in Ireland,

stealing cattle in Scotland or pulling the forelock to the squire in England, when that was going on. Since then, aside from the Fenian raids, a typical Irish farce, the only attempt at invasion has been, not with guns, but with dollars, and we welcomed them with open arms.

Some of our people are descended from United Empire Loyalists, they'd probably want some compensation, but that could be handled. We'd merely give them back the land their forefathers fled, or were run out of, and all would be forgiven. Of course, most of that land is in and around New York City, and runs, they tell me, as high as two or three hundred dollars an acre. As recompense to the dispossessed of Wall St. and Madison Avenue, we'd give them ten square miles of timber for each acre of N.Y. real estate. That's fair enough, surely.

Politically, there'd be no problem. Instead of having ten provinces, we'd have 59 or 60. It would be a dice blow to Texans to learn that they were numbered among the middle-sized provinces. But think what fun it would be at a Provincial-Federal tax conference, with 59 provinces demanding justice from Honest John, or whoever was Prime Minister.

Of course, if they were allowed in, the Americans would have to change their habits. No more walking into a drugstore and saying: "Gimme a fifth of bourbon." They'd have to line up like good Canadians, consult the hieroglyphics, present their permits, and buy it from the government, with proper humility and gratitude for the privilege.

No more of those easy divorces. They'd have to learn that in Can-

ada, it doesn't matter if your husband is a drunk, a wife-beater, insane, or has deserted you. You still can't get rid of him unless he's an adulterer and you can prove it.

Mind you, I don't think we should just throw open the border and let them come trampling in here to wallow in our wealth and culture. That would spoil them, right off the bat. And besides, they wouldn't appreciate it if they got it for nothing. No, I'd charge them a nominal sum, say \$100 a head. That would retire Canada's national debt, but we'd immediately repudiate it, and start off with a clean slate.

It might be a little hard on the U.S. farmers who are making so much money in subsidies for not growing stuff that they've retired. But we could relocate them in the muskeg, and put them to killing mosquitoes.

Of course, there'd be the question of where to put the millions who flocked north when they saw the gates opened. Personally, I'd have it in the agreement that the first 50 million of them would be settled north of a line from Hudson Bay due west to the Rockies. That would keep out the carpet-baggers, and open up the north. And we'd feel a lot safer with 50 million Yanks between us and the Russians.

I can really see no hitch in the plan. We use the same currency. We both speak English, though they'd have to become bilingual, like us, and able to toss off accents in French like: "Papa est encore dans la maison du chien."

And just think, there would be free trade, and those things dearest to our hearts—our cars, our liquor and our smokes—would be a lot cheaper.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, July 13, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wilkinson are spending a month at Pine Plains in New York State, travelling on the Greyhound Bus Line via Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Buffalo to Albany where Mrs. Wilkinson's family met them and drove them to their home. Ed quotes the visit of the King and Queen to the U.S.A. as worth more than a million in the good kindly spirit generated between the two most powerful nations on the earth, and the Queen was admitted by all as the most charming woman.

Roy Cannon, carpenter, of Milton, has gone to South Porcupine, where he has secured a good job with the Georgetown Lumber Co. who are building a large number of houses there.

Halton County L.O.L., 500 strong, celebrated the Glorious Twelfth at Preston yesterday. One marching Halton Orangeman was John Mills 77, of Milton Lodge, No. 2385. He is one of the outstanding Orangemen of this district, and yesterday made his 57th consecutive annual march. Two sons, Thomas and Fred Mills both members of the Milton Lodge, also marched in the big parade.

Miss Marion Crawford of Milton has been appointed to the Milton public school teaching staff, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Bessie Cox, who will be married this month.

At the last regular meeting of the Milton town council a by-law was passed authorizing cancellation of over \$1000 in uncollectable taxes, some of which extended back over eight years. Council decided to instruct Town Solicitor George E. Elliott to prepare a by-law to alter Milton's system of tax collection. The town will adopt the instalment method, similar to that in Burlington. Under the new bill, taxes, beginning in 1949, will be paid in five instalments, and councillors agreed the plan would ease the burden of the working man and improve collections.

In a hard fought and thrill packed game that had a crowd of fans sitting on the edge of their seats and talking to themselves, Milton handed Oakville their first defeat in nine starts in Oakville last night by the score of 3-2. By virtue of their win Milton is still in the contention for first place in the league standing.

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, July 15, 1909

Ever see a Dreadnought vomiting flame and destruction? That's what is going to be shown at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this year. A fleet of these monsters of the sea will sail into view at one end of the arena and open fire on coast defence vessels and forts at the other end, and for the first time you will be able to realize what a naval battle means. It will be the most striking spectacle ever put on at the Canadian National Exhibition and will give you a correct idea of what all this Dreadnought talk in England means.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Waldie will not go to the Muskoka Lakes this summer. They have a lake at their front door, thanks to unsupervised work by town employees.

Rev. Canon Belt had a narrow escape at the C.P.R. station this morning. Just as the excursion of Grace Church Sunday School to Centre Island Toronto, was about to leave he was called to the station. The train began to move, he ran out and attempted to board it. He fell between the rails and the platform. With great presence of mind he kept close to the platform, but one of his legs was partly above a rail and was pushed off it by a wheel. The train was stopped as quickly as possible and Mr. Belt was lifted to the platform. His face was slightly scratched, but otherwise he seemed to be uninjured. He boarded the train, which left immediately.

Herbert (Bert) McCann of Omagh, after returning from visiting his mother in Toronto, was a victim of a very bad fire at his home on Saturday night. On reaching home he removed his wet clothing and as he was chilled he put on an undershirt as well as his flannel nightgown. He went downstairs carrying a lamp, tripped and fell, and the burning oil endangered the house. Mr. McCann fought the blaze and got it out, but he himself was so badly burned, that he died later. Mr. McCann was 29 years of age and besides his widow, left one child. The funeral was on Tuesday afternoon and was one of the largest ever seen here. Mr. McCann was known by a great number of people, all of whom liked him very much.

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