

# Editorial Page

## In The Crystal Ball

Ahead lies a year, ahead lies a decade, both still bright and new.

Perhaps it is the lustre of their newness that produces in each one a desire to look ahead, perhaps to make resolutions and plans, perhaps just to savor in anticipation the events and developments that may fill those days.

We polished up the crystal ball and tried to get the next decade into focus. It's always a safe practise for editorial writers since no one can claim them in error and the words are usually forgotten long before they need to be proven.

Perhaps you too would care to stare awhile into the next 10 years and see if any of our images come out the same.

We see the Ontario St. by-pass completed with 401 opened across the province and an industrial complex developing north of the expressway.

There's Milton's Central Park developed and serving citizens. It started with the completion of development on the Rotary Club park, that was linked by walks to the pond area and by a further swinging bridge to the area to the rear of Beacon Chemicals. Picnic grounds, wood walks, and a playground area all conveniently linked together. And there are children swimming in the Mill pond that has been deepened and improved.

Isn't that a county museum over there? It's pretty faint and the location isn't quite clear but there seems to be a Historical Society operating the building that is in itself historic.

Those headlines seem to say something about planning for a community and county administrative centre with adequate parking and acres for future expansion. The complexion of the county has changed though and it has become more active in community

development throughout its area in an amalgamated zone system.

Those boundaries around towns aren't quite as much like fences as they used to be. There's an overlapping in services, planning and development generally. It seems to have grown on the idea of co-operation.

We'll wager downtown merchants are happy too because isn't that a number of off-street parking areas coming into focus? Yes, sir, and parking is no more problem downtown than at those shopping centres around the town.

What's that big building over there? Wait. It looks like . . . yes, it's a county vocational school centrally located in Milton and serving the entire county, meeting the needs of many who have inclinations to technical training.

There seems to have been a lot of other changes too that aren't quite so noticeable. The streets are all paved and the fluorescent street lighting throughout the town is very attractive. Hydro and telephone lines have been placed underground too and all the boulevards are seeded and neatly trimmed.

But the picture is clouding over and the visions in the crystal ball seem to be disappearing. It's time to get back to Milton, January, 1960 meeting the challenges that all those new dreams of projects might involve.

Any new developments, new improvements or new projects that may lie ahead will come only with the work of citizens and those improvements are truly a reflection of the interest citizens hold in their community.

Perhaps the hope for continuing and expanding co-operation sounds hackneyed, but it really is the key isn't it?

## Mailed That Cheque?

Did you get that cheque off for those Christmas Seals?

A note from Mrs. J. Lunau, secretary of the Halton County Tuberculosis and Health Association points out a little difficulty this year that has perhaps affected many regular contributors.

The government chose to admit refugees who were in need of treatment for tuberculosis and it has been the contention of some that if we can admit these cases not much help must be needed for tuberculosis control here.

This is probably understandable unless, as Mrs. Lunau points out, people are unaware of the real difficulty in treating tuberculosis. It seems the big problem is not in the treatment but in the detection. The chief difficulty in tuberculosis control is not the patients that you know about, and who are willing to be treated in sanatorium, but the unknown or lost cases loose in the community spreading infection.

Every year there are thousands of Canadians who refuse to attend either mass X-ray surveys or tuberculin testing surveys. It has been proved over and over again that the people who stay away from surveys have tuberculosis rates many times higher than among those who attend. It is more practical to get worried about them than about strangers.

The patients from the refugee camps provide a study group that has undergone great hardships. If they respond to treatment as well as the Hungarians who came in 1956, it will bolster the arguments in favor of sound nutrition and hygienic conditions in a most emphatic way.

Treatment of the 100 refugee patients will be a sizeable bill but then we Canadians as a nation spend more than 20 million a year for chewing gum.

Mail that cheque for those Christmas Seals now, if you haven't already, won't you?

## Official Retires

W. Frank Pendergast, assistant to the president of Imperial Oil, has retired after 32 years of service.

Mr. Pendergast has been a friend of weekly newspaper editors for many years and it is this that prompts the writing of editorial comment on a figure who has had the respect of dozens of weekly editors.

We have attended most conventions of weekly newspapers for a good many years and as a representative of Imperial Oil, Frank Pendergast and Mrs. Pendergast were always welcome dinner companions.

A native Montrealer, he began his career on the old Toronto Mail and Empire in 1916. After service with various newspapers he was appointed head of the publicity division of the Ford Motor Co. in 1926. In 1927 he became ad manager of Imperial Oil and was named assistant to the president in 1934.

Frank has been active in many com-

munity services, Community Chests, hospital drives and other projects. From 1941 to 1944 he was loaned to the federal government as director of information for the War-time Prices and Trade Board, and was subsequently awarded an OBE in recognition of war service.

Friends in the weekly newspaper field, in recognition of his long association with C.W.N.A., are awarding the retiring official an Honorary Life Membership in C.W.N.A. We sincerely regret missing this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast have been planning for their retirement and at the last convention we learned of their plans after selling their Toronto home, to set sail with perhaps no definite destinations for at least a year of world-wandering.

As personal friends and admirers of their graciousness we do wish them both many hours of enjoyable retirement. G.A.D.



—Staff Photo

## "Glittering Gateway"

### ... Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

• DOESN'T USUALLY take a year to write these jottings but believe it or not, this column was started in 1959 and here we are now 'way into 1960. Time surely flies and especially those holiday weekends.

• IT WILL BE rather nice, though, to have issues of the Champion back to regular size and schedule. Just before Christmas I put the garbage out on Wednesday instead of Thursday just because the paper came out on Wednesday. Had it out plenty early that week, though.

• BILL MAHON, out on the Campbellville sidewalk, was telling me the other day about a couple of logs dug up out of mud recently. Seems they were just about where there had been a

saw mill about 70 years before. Bill had the logs cut and they were just as sound as the day they were cut, he claimed. I think he said the logs were red pine but that I can't be sure of.

• HEARD THE other day about a lady who just about had her toes run over while waiting for the light at the Main - Martin intersection. A big truck was having difficulty making the turn and its rear wheel jumped the curb. Just in time a witness shouted and the lady, standing at the curb, jumped back.

• IF YOU'VE visited the new hospital recently, you'll know what I'm talking about when I praise those recent repairs to the No. 10 Sideroad. Didn't seem to matter which side you

approached the hospital from, the road was so pot-holed that it was impossible to miss even a percentage of the holes.

• CHRISTMAS trees lining the street for the garbage pickup certainly seemed to have lost their dignity. Only a few days before they had commanded a central location and place of honor in the home. Today they're material for the garbage truck. Such a short-lived glory.

• SUPERSTRUCTURE on the new plaque plant just east of Ontario St. is becoming more imposing. Good to see another new industry. Milton has had at least 13 in the past 10 years. Not many municipalities can equal that record.

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

There's something completely satisfying about getting the old nose back to the familiar grindstone after the scramble of Christmas and the follies of New Year's Eve have faded. It's a good feeling to have a brand new year stretching ahead, as clean and fresh as a field of new snow, even though we know it won't look like much after we've bogged around in it for a while.

Looking back over last year is rather depressing. I can't seem to see anything of progress, morally, physically or financially, in my own twelve month stint. I did get to church more often, but that was offset by an increase in smoking, and some pretty violent swearing. I didn't have any major operations, but made the acquaintance of a nasty customer called Arthur Lis. And I ended 1959 as I did the year before, deep in debt.

Happily, the rest of the family did show some progress. The kids did well with music and school, grew a foot each, and improved their swimming, skating and sundry other accomplishments. On the debit side, their interecine warfare increased in tempo, and they learned a number of new ways of irritating their parents to the verge of breakdown.

My wife had a good year, too. She seemed to get a lot smarter, because she stopped trying to push me and began pulling me. I didn't move any faster but we were both more comfortable. She also showed definite signs of mellowing, and laid hands on me violently only twice that I can remember.

We had a tragedy before Christmas, when our spaniel pup was killed by a car. There were some heart-broken days around our house, I can tell you. Our 12-year-old, a tough young nut who wouldn't cry if you pounded him with a two-by-four, wept openly, bitterly and often. His mother, who called that dog every kind of no-good you could imagine, still weeps whenever she thinks of Playboy, the pup.

Isn't it amazing how little we can remember of what happened in the world at large during the past year? I vaguely recall that the Queen was here last summer, that Mr. Kruschey visited the West during the year, that there were various "incidents" in various parts of the globe, all of them scary. But most vivid in my memory are things like: catching 14 nice speckled trout one hot day in June; the day Kim's pony-tail was cut off; the day Hugh won a scholarship at the music festival.

Like most Canadians, I am inclined to be more interested in what's going on in my own backyard than what's happening to the world. It's nothing to brag about, of course. As a nation, we are prone to interest ourselves more in a local dogfight than in the starving millions of Asia, more in our new outboard motor than in inter-continental missiles.

This doesn't apply only to Canadians, of course. It is worldwide. But it seems to be emphasized in our country because we are so well off, compared to great sections of the world's population. As a nation we are generous enough with gifts and loans to less fortunate countries, though we don't strain ourselves. But as individuals, we are content to make our piddling contributions to missions and world welfare organizations, then dismiss them from our minds.

Perhaps we could set as one of our goals for 1960 an examination of what's wrong with the world, and a determination to do something, however small it may be, about it. This is my one resolution, and I'm going to do my miniature best to spread light and cheer, to be more Christian in thought, word and deed. And if you don't think that's a tall order for a hardened sinner, a solid sceptic, you is wrong, Mabel.

Besides, it's much simpler to make one grand, sweeping resolution like that, than a lot of trifling ones. It means you can

devote yourself to studying world affairs and making nebulous plans to do good, and still go on smoking, swearing, boozing, beating your wife, kicking dogs, or whatever your forte is.

These cut-and-dried resolutions are all right, but give me a big, fat, sloppy, confusing one that your wife can't put her finger on and say "Hah!"

## Horticultural Notes

for the Month of January

A Happy New Year in your garden to you! This is the preliminary month or perhaps we should say premeditation month. Soon the first seed catalogue will arrive in the mail and we will be sending in our address to companies from whom we don't already receive an edition.

What browsing, comparing, resisting and relenting goes on when we are cornered with a lap full of "papered gardens." The enthusiasm of a child with a Christmas catalogue is duplicated many times over.

**Resolve to Plant**  
Of course, January is resolution month as well, so why not resolve to order on time and be able to plant on time? Why not resolve to do some modernizing or rearranging in your plant scheme? Get out pencil and paper and sketch, big and little sketches. Then by the process of elimination you will come up with something pleasing to the mind's eye.

**Garden Notes**  
Have you ever kept a garden notebook? A place to record your thoughts, things you have done which were successful and of course, your failures, so they won't be repeated? This is a good place to jot down any hints you might pick up at the bridge table or a place to put any clippings of information you might want to keep.

This could also be a diary of successful gifts, or most important of all, record the weather in its many winter moods.

## The Turning Point

BY J. M. STARR

We all know so very little about ourselves. Your fortune, your greatest contribution to the world, may be locked inside you forever if you do not constantly attempt new things!

"Think of yourself as the earth itself. There is nothing new under the sun" — it is all there just waiting to be uncovered. We are constantly discovering new substances precious to us in our great earth. Yet for thousands of years these fortunes in minerals—gold, silver, iron ore, oil, uranium, all lay deep inside the ground untouched and unmined just waiting to be discovered.

So it is with each of us. We all have special talents and innate abilities but many of us, most of us in fact, will leave them lying dormant forever, never knowing the joy of uncovering our greatest potentials.

Montaigne said, "We are everyone richer than we imagine, but we are taught to borrow and instructed to shift; and rather to make use of other's goods and means than of our own".

It has often taken a great emergency in someone's life to expose to them the special abilities locked within them. In such emergencies men searched the depths of their minds and came forth with many of our most marvelous discoveries—our finest achievements in every field of endeavour.

Why should it take a sudden shock to the system? If we can rise to the task in an emergency, obviously we had the ability all along but were just too timid, or perhaps too lazy, to come forth and put it into action.

Don't be a vegetable; don't be ruled by the rigidity of habit. Dare to change! "Do not act as though you had a thousand years to live."—Marcus Aurelius warns us in his axioms. Don't slip through the world without making your contribution, without uncovering all the best that there is in you, without using a portion of your own special abilities.

The Wright brothers made a poor living mending bicycles, but they combined their very special talents, and fashioned them into a winged wonder called the aeroplane. Whistler was unhappy at military college until one day he uncovered his special talent, and the world was gifted with a master painter. Arnold Bennett was a clerk in a law office until he realized that he had literary ability.

Reach for the turning point! Begin today to mine the unexplored depths of talent within yourself.

"God will not seek thy race,  
Nor will He ask thy birth,  
Alone He will demand of thee;  
What hast thou done on Earth?  
From Old Persia.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Jan. 6, 1910.

Miss Myrtle Morse, "Hillcrest", Campbellville, left on Monday to attend the McDonald College, Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wheelihan, Campbellville, gave a New Year's Eve party, and when the clock struck 12, Major Beattie delighted the company by singing "The Glad New Year".

Mrs. Gollins has started a choral club in Campbellville with about 50 members.

The Milton Curling Club is stronger than ever this year, having 39 members up to date. The difficulty is to get enough ice often enough for practice. The skaters and hockey players have to get their turns. The curlers are determined to get a rink of their own next year. The first matches of the season, Milton versus Lakeview of Toronto, will be played here on Saturday morning and afternoon. The tankard skips are J. T. Hannant and R. L. Hemstreet.

Bad news was received this morning from the General Hospital, Toronto, where Robert Coates, town clerk, was recuperating from his operation. He now has erysipelas.

### 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Jan. 4, 1940.

For the first time in history, we believe, of the county council, no reeve of last year's council will take his seat when the county members take their places on January 23. Reeve Davis of Georgetown was the only reeve of 1939 to be returned, but he passed away at the Toronto hospital on Tuesday afternoon.

Two or three times a week, the Champion receives notices from the chief censor's office advising as to what editors must not publish. While this is a loss of personal liberty, we realize the necessity as a newspaper comment might prove to be enlightening information to the enemy.

Four persons were injured in the only accident which occurred to mar the Christmas weekend. The accident occurred at the intersection of the fifth concession and number 10 sideroad of Trafalgar township, when Mr. McClocklin who was driving east collided with a car driven south by Lionel Noble of Milton. McClocklin was placed under arrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Maude had all their children and grandchildren at home for Christmas.

## PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY AND TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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