

# Editorial Page

## Needs Further Consideration

It is sincerely hoped the idea of a joint secretary-treasurer for both the Milton High School District Board and the Milton Public School Board will receive further consideration.

The Milton High School District Board, newly formed and in need of a permanent secretary-treasurer, suggested consideration of a joint secretary-treasurer with the Milton Public School Board. They reasoned that neither board could justify a full-time employee in that capacity but collectively a full time person could be engaged. Since both boards served the field of education such an arrangement seemed feasible and the person employed could develop a familiarity with the complete field of education locally.

Growing enrollments, increasingly complex grant structures, an increasing number of classrooms and more administrative work seem to add to the feasibility of one secretary-treasurer serving both Boards.

A Board of Education is not possible in Milton. The Public School serves Milton and a section of Trafalgar. The High School serves Milton and portions of Esquesing and Nassagaweya. Until the districts correspond it is not possible to form a Board of Education that would administer the public and high schools.

## Due Long Ago

We don't lock on the planned granting of the vote to the Indians as something about which we should crow. Actually it should have been done long ago.

First word of the plan to grant the vote to Indians without requiring them to waive their treaty rights was in the speech from the throne.

As the law now stands, an Indian has to waive his rights as an Indian to vote in a federal election. They can vote in provincial elections without such a waiver, but of course many believe that if they do they would lose their right.

Naturally the plan meets mixed reactions. E. P. Garlow, chief councillor of the Six Nations elected council, which represents 7,500 Indians—the largest band in Canada—terms the announcement "a happy message for our people".

Out in Alberta the leader of the 18,500 Indians said they were absolutely opposed

Naturally the plan for a joint secretary requires a degree of co-operation. The problems of cost, duties, responsibilities and equality of work handling must be met. In a town this size that does not seem a tall order.

We feel that those who serve on school boards should not have to be expected to leave their business when the temperature drops in a classroom or a pipe springs a leak. A capable administrator could meet these responsibilities.

Taxpayers have invested thousands of dollars in providing modern facilities for education in Milton. It would seem only reasonable that those investments, and the efficiency with which they are handled should be as streamlined as the modern schools.

We feel there should be further discussion on the engaging of a joint secretary-treasurer. No doubt there will be when a representative of the High School Board formally approaches the Public School Board.

This is an area of co-operation that could be beneficial to the educational system that serves Milton. We feel sure trustees will consider it in that light.



—Dept. of Travel and Publicity Photo

## "Up the Ski Tow"

### ... Jim's JOTTINGS BY JIM DILLS

• SO WE'VE talked so much about old-fashioned winters that now we've got one. Nice deep snow, plenty of good shovelling, plenty of car pushing, and some nice blocked roads. That's an old-fashioned winter for you.

• PROBABLY WE'LL never know until spring just how much damage there has been to the trees that line our streets and roads, from the recent ice storms. Noticed particularly around the mountain on highway 25 north of town the number of broken trees, with tops damaged and many with ice bending them to the ground.

• AND WHILE I'm on the weather subject, I couldn't help but sympathize with the hydro, telephone and municipal crews who found themselves knee deep in snow while trying to repair line damage caused by the ice storms. Milton itself was quite fortunate in having a very minimum of power breaks although there were more serious breaks in the areas around the town.

• NO MORE toe rubbers for

awhile. Boots seem more the order of the day.

• JUST IN CASE you're wondering, copies of the Champion are available in Milton stores shortly after 3 p.m. weekly. Some dealers have reported requests recently for current copies of the Champion as early as Thursday morning. The paper is produced on a fairly rigid schedule and almost invariably, barring serious production problems or power failures, copies are in the stores shortly after 3 p.m. Probably our peculiar Christmas - New Year's schedule has been confusing.

• ONE READER mentioned this week she had liked the editorial page scenic picture so well last week she mailed it to friends in Finland. The Champion seems to get around. Every week copies go to the United States, England, Puerto Rico and Bermuda as well as most provinces in Canada.

• THEY'RE BILLING it as "the newest venture in audience participation in motion pictures"

and quite simply it is a movie that quite literally smells. Pictures have been described that way before but apparently not for the same reason. This one adds a suitable fragrance to the scene depicted on the screen. I don't know whether that's such a smart idea or not, I can think of some scenes that would undoubtedly be better without the smell.

• PICKED UP this little thought though this week. It wasn't credited to anyone so it still lacks a credit, but here it is: HOW OLD ARE YOU?

"Age is a quality of mind. If you have left your dreams behind. If hope is cold; If you no longer look ahead, If your ambition's fires are dead, Then you are old."

But if from life you take the best, And if in life you keep the jest, If love you hold; No matter how the years go by, No matter how the birthdays fly, You are not old."

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Went to see a Tarzan movie with the kids the other night. I looked forward to the evening. I hadn't seen Tarzan in action for night over 30 years.

Well, sir, it was like going back to see an old sweetheart after 30 years and finding the slim, pretty woman turned into a gross, gap-toothed old bat in a soiled blouse.

I don't mind telling you, I came out of that theatre shocked, bewildered and disillusioned. No experience in recent years has so explicitly confirmed my creeping suspicion that the world is going to the dogs.

Now, I was not so naive as to think I'd be seeing the same Tarzan as the one of my childhood, or that the story would not be jazzed up a bit for the hard-eyed little hooligans who haunt the movie houses today. But this Tarzan was no more like the one I watched in my salad days than Marilyn Monroe is like Mickey Rooney.

Tarzan was an influence of almost overwhelming dimensions, when I was a kid. We read all the Tarzan books. Every Saturday afternoon at the matinee, we saw two reels of a Tarzan serial that left us limp with excitement and fear, as our hero struggled in the coils of an anaconda, or went tumbling over a mile-high cliff as the episode ended. But we didn't worry all week until next Saturday. We knew he'd beat the rap.

I dreamed about him. I suffered innumerable contusions and sprains trying to swing through a maple tree the way he swung through the trees of the jungle. In the privacy of The Sandpit, I practised calling the apes as he did. Before going to sleep at night, I fought my way silently but indomitably,

ably, through hordes of black warriors, with nothing but my knife and a last-minute assist from Tantor the Elephant.

My Tarzan was a mature man, with craggy features, wearing a shaggy animal's skin, his straight black hair falling almost to his shoulders. The Tarzan in this movie the other night was a baby-faced pretty-boy wearing a tailored leopard skin, and he had OIL on his carefully-curled hair.

My Tarzan swung through the jungle, from tree to tree, in great, swooping arcs that had your heart in your throat with envy. This jerk the other night made only one swing on a vine, a little hop of about fourteen feet.

My Tarzan was a friend of most of the animals in the jungle. But he didn't hesitate to stab an ornery lion to death, or crack the neck of an owly gorilla. This beach athlete the other night couldn't kill anything but people, and he shot at them with arrows, from behind a tree, if you can believe it, I blushed for him.

My Tarzan was a simple, proud man. He couldn't even speak English. When he was with the girl, she'd try to teach him. The words would be flashed on the screen. She'd say: "Me Jane. You Tarzan." And he'd repeat: "Me Jane. You Tarzan." And she'd giggle prettily and say: "No. Me Jane. You Tarzan." And he'd finally get it.

But he really wasn't interested in girls, and at that time, neither were we kids. We'd scuffle and grab each other's hats and horse ground until the "love" part was over, and our hero was back in action, charging across the river with the crocodiles snapping at his heels, and us sitting on the

edge of our seats, teeth and fists clenched, pulling up our heels in sympathy.

This locker-room bum the other night was simple enough, but he wasn't proud. He had about as much dignity as Elvis. Instead of striding through the jungle as though he owned it, he skulked around like a juvenile delinquent looking for an old man to beat up.

But what got me was the plot. In the old Tarzan films, animals were killed, but only in self defence, or for food. In this epic we saw the other night, there were no less than five horrible deaths, all people. One got an arrow through the heart. A beautiful girl was impaled on stakes in a pit. Another fellow was pushed down a mine shaft. A fourth was shoved over a cliff and landed flat on his back on a rock. Even young Kim, case-hardened by many a Saturday afternoon of cowboys and Indians cutting each other down, flinched at the sight of a man stumbling into quicksand and sinking, screaming horribly, out of sight.

In my day, the movie-makers didn't have to rig up trouble like that for Tarzan's enemies. He took care of it himself. There he'd be, tied to a stake, the native warriors dancing around him, shaking torches in his face. Old Tarz would just rare back, below his ape call, and in a few minutes, hundreds of his brother-apes would pour over the palisades, and chase the black fellows, while a horde of his elephant friends trod down the whole Wat-usi village.

Maybe I'm just getting cranky and old. But when savagery and vigorous violence are replaced by sadism and psychopaths, I think it's time the crocodiles finally caught up to Tarzan, and finished him off, once and for all.

## The Turning Point

BY J. M. STARR

What is it that makes a garden lovely? Often this depends on the many varieties of plants growing there—individually different but creating a beautiful over-all effect. And if you pick up a handful of pebbles on the beach, you will notice that they are beautiful because there are no two exactly alike. They are all different as to colour, size, shape and texture. How dull our world would be without this individual beauty in all things.

Acquaintances of ours recently remarked that they had moved from the town of their birth simply because in recent years it had grown "too cosmopolitan"! I can not respect their viewpoint, for in my mind this is a very happy state, and the very essence of life. If a community remains populated only by people from one country for hundreds of years it becomes stagnant. A farmer never plants the same crop in the same field year after year. He knows the soil would become poorer with each planting. It is so with our towns; they need to be rejuvenated by different races and different backgrounds each adding something new and special and improving the community as a whole.

How dull life would be if we all thought and acted alike. If no one had a personality unlike anyone else, we wouldn't even care what other people did. But God is wise and we thank Him that we were all born with different ideas, appearances, traits, habits and individual likes and dislikes. This is what makes life in our world interesting. We all enjoy the privilege of being ourselves and putting our many talents to work.

Continued on Page Eleven

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, January 18, 1940

Not for many years has there been such a complete shake-up in the personnel of Halton county council as was evident when the members took their places at the 1940 inaugural meeting at the court house, Milton. Interest ran high as to who would be given the honor of being elected as warden of the county. The following gentlemen were nominated for the office: Mr. Geo. Finney, Mr. Rex Hume and Mr. W. A. Wilson. Mr. Hume and Mr. Wilson thanked their fellow members for the honor given, but asked permission to withdraw their names in favor of Mr. Finney. Mr. Finney was therefore unanimously elected and was sworn into office by His Honor Judge Munro.

Two hundred chickens and a horse were burned to death and a quantity of wheat and straw and some farm implements were destroyed by fire which swept through the barn on the farm of Deputy Reeve Wilfred Hall, ninth line, Trafalgar township, on Monday night last. The fire destroyed the upper part of the barn which was about 100 years old. The newly formed township fire brigade saved the house and nearby buildings. The total loss is not known.

At the regular meeting of the Milton town council, Reeve Heslop in the chair, it was moved and carried that: A charge of \$2 be made to Fred Johnson for water used on his open air skating rink; that the spinning mills' rate per 1,000 gals. for water be raised to 10c after April 1 meter reading. Chas. T. Day was appointed a member of the Public Library Board for the years 1940-41, 42, and J. E. Bell for the years 1940-41, to fill out the term of G. C. Gowland who resigned.

### 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, January 20, 1910

The town council got its quorum out on Monday evening and discussed the proposed by-law to appoint municipal officers, which will be introduced when the vacancies in the council have been filled. It is understood that the offices of clerk and treasurer will be combined with perhaps another added. There is no objection to this but, a suitable man having been found, he should be paid a reasonable salary. He will have to be on duty from early morning until late evening every working day of the year, and must have exceptional qualifications, and should get more than laborer's wages.

A. R. Guidall of Toronto attended a meeting of the directors of P. L. Robertson Co. here tonight.

Rev. Dudaris is the new rector of St. John's church, Nassagaweya, and St. George's, Lowville. He came from the diocese of Ottawa.

Ashgrove: The ice harvest is in full swing in this vicinity. Hogs are getting to be very valuable property now. Buyers cannot get them at \$8.50 cwt. Wm. Brownridge is busy hauling brick for a new house. Norman Wrigglesworth has returned home after visiting friends in Eau Claire, Wis.

On account of the mild weather on Tuesday, the Ontario Tankard primary competitions at Guelph, in which Milton was to have figured, were postponed for colder conditions—at least three degrees of frost.

John Head, formerly of Milton, has gone to Winnipeg to begin his duties as chief appraiser of the customs department there, to which he has been promoted after 13 years' service on the Toronto staff.

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