

Editorial Page

County Police Force

Halton County has grown 159 per cent. in the past decade while growth across the province has been 34 per cent.

There is little wonder then that problems of administration and operation, of municipal boundaries and extending services with a host of others, make for complex times.

We were given the other day to wondering if municipalities would ever be broad-minded enough to agree to the establishment of a county police force.

The Ontario Provincial Police once approached the idea of a province-wide force with detachments in municipalities linked for emergency by common centres and radio networks. The Provincial Police now, however, are pulling detachments out of centres with over 5,000 population.

Burlington, Oakville, Georgetown and Trafalgar now have their own forces with the O.P.P. covering Milton, Acton, Nassagaweya and Esquesing. Milton is faced with the

need to organize its own force by December of this year and no doubt Acton will not be long delayed.

Halton has pioneered a number of innovations including a health unit, Mutual Aid fire protection and a number of others. Surely here is a realm for intelligent study. The two northern townships, not presently paying police costs directly from taxation, could surely obtain similar assistance from the province through a county scheme. This way too, it would not be necessary for police from a county detachment at Milton to travel to Glen Williams rather than police from Georgetown. Investigation of incidents just over a municipal boundary would not be delayed when a more conveniently located constable is on hand.

Surely a county police force with strategically located urban detachments is worthy of study. A population in Halton of over 108,000 should make it practical.

Facts . . . Just the Facts

We have campaigns to direct attention to mental illness, cancer, polio, crippled children, cerebral palsy, heart disease and just about every disease prevalent in our modern progressive world. It seems though that no one has had the inclination to suggest a week to direct attention to alcoholism.

This is startling too because each new day in Ontario eleven new alcoholics are "created". The odds are interesting too. Every person who started drinking as a teenager had a one in 12 chance of becoming an alcoholic. Should drinking begin as an adult the chance is one in 17.

We were interested to see that a group of teenagers met in Grimsby to study alcohol. The group was not an organization and it was not sponsored by any group. "It is our aim to have as many facts as possible revealed and to educate teenagers about the effects of alcohol," the 18-year-old chairman reported.

This is a good healthy basis on which to analyze a problem . . . getting as many facts as possible. It's really quite astonishing though how few people want the facts. There are very few facts in advertisements and commercials that promote alcoholic beverages. We pay more attention to what's in our breakfast cereal.

Premier Frost has been vilified for not wanting to broaden the appearance of brand advertising of alcoholic beverages. Probably he has more facts from the Alcoholic Research Foundation than the vast majority of supporters for broader advertising would care to digest.

We're happy to hear that at least a group of 100 teenagers met at Grimsby during the Easter holiday to get more facts. It is doubtful that a week will be claimed by promoters to dig out the facts and present them for general enlightenment.

Practical and Impractical

In a highly practical age there is a growing trend toward the theoretical.

Ronald Ritchie, personnel manager of Imperial Oil, speaking to the Ontario School Trustees, suggested industry could afford the inevitable high rate of obsolescence in machinery. It could not afford obsolete people.

He says, "Train a boy in a vocational school to use his hands mechanically to manipulate a certain type of machine and when he graduates he may be confronted with something so completely different that he will have to start at the beginning of another tortuous apprenticeship. Train his mind to be flexible, stimulate his responses and give him an understanding of the problems he is going

to face and you fit him for the changing world he is going into."

We are constantly amazed at the changes in the industry with which we are most familiar. Yet it seems there are often the same underlying principles involved in improved processes. It is quite true that a school should not teach the basic mechanical actions that hands should follow but surely there is a need for some doers as well as planners. Are we pushing at algebra to the detriment of simple arithmetic? Are we pushing at automated theories to the detriment of operating techniques?

Perhaps our headlong plunge toward the theoretical is to the disadvantage of our practical application. Flexibility is vital but so is practical application of all the theory.

Insurance -- Not Welfare

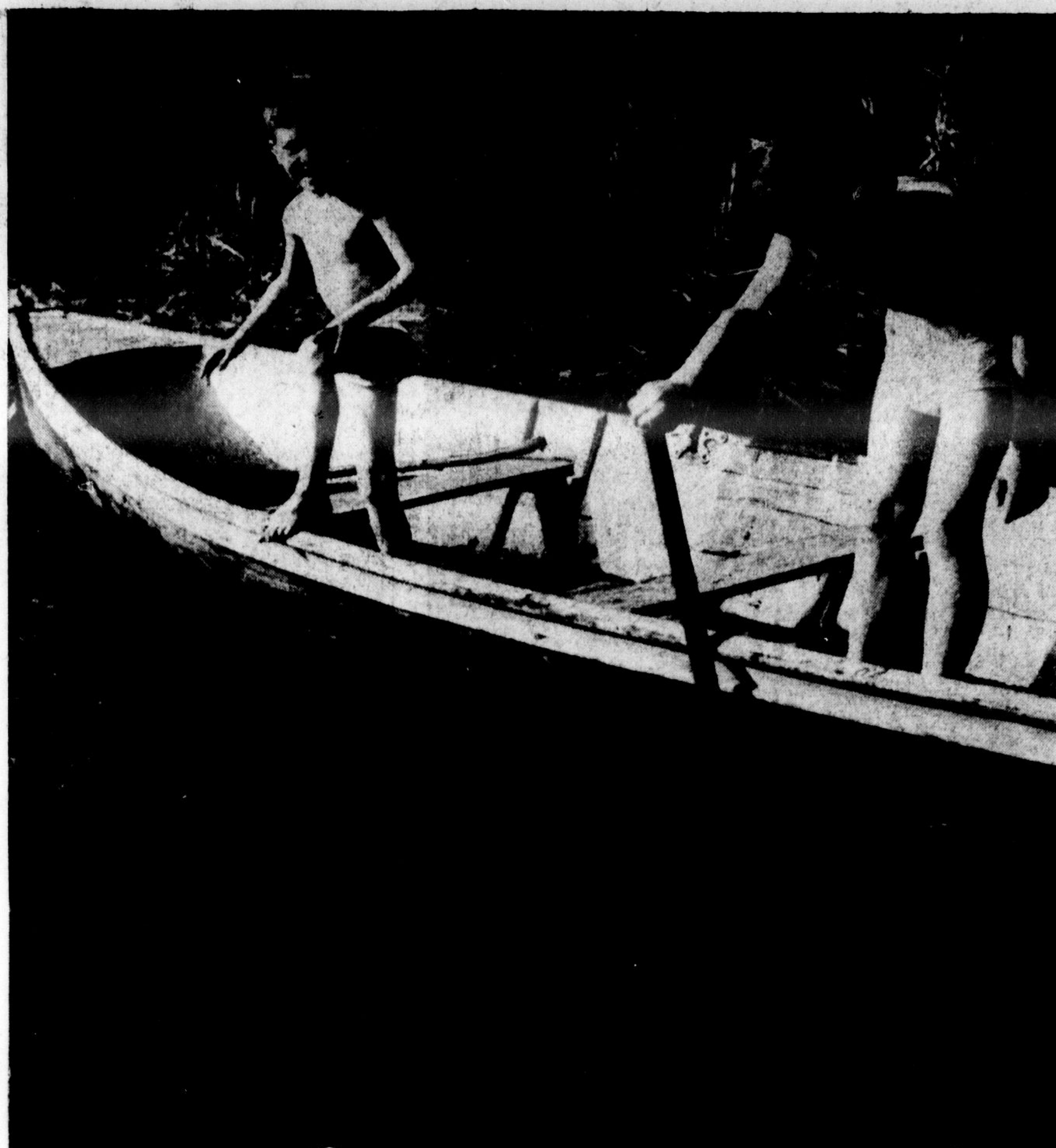
With 15 months operation behind it, the Ontario Hospital Insurance plan has demonstrated that the cost of hospital care can be met without families suffering financial chaos or hospitals showing large operating deficits. Every month since it started, the plan has paid more than 80,000 hospital bills totalling over \$13,000,000 a month. What this has meant in peace of mind to over 1,000,000 patients and their families cannot be measured.

The introduction of the hospital insurance plan by the Ontario Hospital Services Commission on January 1, 1959, was one of the most important governmental measures taken by this province in many years. Through it, over 93% of our residents are no longer fearful of what an enforced stay in hospital will cost. Also there is the fact that the Commission, composed of experts in the hospital field, doctors, and laymen, is conducting most intensive research into Ontario's real hospital needs and at the same time guiding the most active programme of hospital construction this province has ever experienced. Ontario has over 31,500 public hospital beds now (al-

most twice as many as in 1947) and 6,500 more are either under construction or on the drawing boards.

The insurance plan is not a welfare programme. As with other insurance we carry — life, fire, automobile, etc., etc., — we must personally assume certain responsibilities to keep insured. These entail such things as prompt payment of premiums, taking the proper action when entering or leaving an insured group, and making sure that our children are registered on their own within 30 days after they reach age 19.

All insurance premiums must be prepaid and Ontario Hospital Insurance is no exception. Most readers will remember that, when the plan started, the Ontario Hospital Services Commission gave three months' insurance for one month's premium. This was done to set up the required three months' "prepaid cushion" without cost to the residents. All we have to do is maintain this prepayment by remitting our premiums regularly when they are due. As the Commission's hospital insurance 'Guide' says — "Prepayment may be a blessing to you some day."



—Photo by Esther Taylor

"Spring Voyage"

Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **THOSE LAST** fall leaves left kicking around all winter certainly don't improve the back yard view these days, do they?

● **SPEAKING OF** cleaning up, Bruce McKerr tells me that when he put the street sweeper over the paved streets for the first time, the result was something like 25 yards of sand and refuse accumulated during the winter. Just shows what kind of results can be expected from the town-wide polishing that a committee of the Chamber of Commerce is working on.

● **WATCHING** television commercials for soap products makes one wonder just who manufactures Brand X. Seems there's as much advertising, perhaps not the best kind, for Brand X as the high class soap advertised. Might be an opener for a Brand X manufacturer.

● **EXCITEMENT** ran high as a group of interested parents and followers greeted the pee wee team after their consolation group victory at Huntsville Saturday. Probably the greatest excitement

was on the part of the parents. The kids themselves were a little tired as the hour grew late and after their games. Congratulations from this corner to the kids and all those who worked on the bottle drive and other efforts to get the team to the tournament.

● **ONE PLACE I** always have a hard time leaving seems to be the Provincial Archives. Visited there Friday and got deeply into some copies of old Milton newspapers. It was hard to get away from them. Several issues of the Canadian Champion were on file and preceded the files we have in the office that begin in 1864, several years after the paper was started.

● **GETTING INTO** downtown Toronto really isn't the job it used to be. For comparison, I went via Highway 25 and the Queen Elizabeth. To return I tried the Queen E. to No. 27 and north to 401. Both ways, besides being equal in good driving roads, seem about equal in time too. The Gardiner Expressway gets over the old bottleneck al-

ong the Lakeshore quite nicely.

● **THE GRASS** seems to be greening up nicely with a few very pleasant days and some moisture too. Next field of activity will undoubtedly be the back yard with the lawn mower.

● **ALL THE** discussion about discounts on American silver brings to light the fact that the first paper money used in North America was playing cards. Seems that in 1685 the French colonial governor of Canada failed to receive money from France to pay his troops. When the soldiers threatened to desert, the governor seized all playing cards and declared that they were to be honored as currency when bearing his signature. Times have changed though, I guess, and there will undoubtedly be a number of unhappy Americans this summer when they learn we don't accept their real silver at face value.

● **REMEMBER** when the only thing on television that annoyed a man was bad reception?

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

Some people think we Canadians are lacking in tradition. They are quite wrong. We have traditions we haven't told anyone. This legend, reprinted by request, tells of the origin of one of them.

Once upon a time, two or three million years ago, a Canadian couple lived in a cave with their three small children. When the winter had begun, they'd had eight small children, but they'd had to keep the wolf away from the door somehow, and the wolf was very partial to small children.

Now, it was spring and things were tough. The mammoth they'd put in the deep freeze at the back of the cave was gnawed to tusks and tail. The Mother had begun to eye the three small children, gaunt as they were, in a rather chilling manner. And every time the Father looked at the Mother, saliva leaked out the corners of his mouth. She had a little more meat on her than the three small children.

As for the three small children, they took a snap at the calves of their parents every time they crawled past them. And the wolf had long since forsaken the front door. He knew well that if he whined once, he'd be hauled in, clubbed and end up as guest of honor at a wolf dinner.

It was a tense situation and just to make it unbearable, the Mother started agitating about the condition of the cave. She wanted all the bones picked up and dumped outside, the skins on the floor shaken out, and the mammoth's skeleton dragged outside, so she could get into the corners and clean them.

Maintaining an iron self-control, the Father went to work

He knew that if he hit her, as he should, and she went down, he'd pounce on her and gobble her up. He didn't want to do that, as she was a good woman. She always chewed the tougher pieces of meat before handing them to him. And she made the best sabre-toothed tiger soup in the neighborhood.

But she made a mistake when she told him to go out and get some clean sand for the floor. He rolled back the stone at the mouth of the cave. It was a golden morning, blue sky, world turning green. He took a deep breath, a quick look over his shoulder, and off, in that order, and didn't stop until he had reached The Place Where the Big Ones Are.

When her mate failed to return, the Mother snarled: "That lousy bum. He never has time to do anything around the house, but he always has time to go to The Place Where the Big Ones Are." The three small children, knowing they were living on borrowed time anyway, nodded their three small heads agreeably, though they didn't have a clue what was bothering her, as she stormed around, cleaning up.

By noon, the cave was tidy and the Mother was fit to be tied. She sat in the cave entrance, chewing her nails in a combination of rage and ravenousness. The three small children sat in the sun on their three small bottoms, looking worried.

Suddenly the Mother realized she had chewed three of her fingers right down to the second joint. This would never do. Sadly but remorselessly, she fastened her gaze on the three small children. When they saw

their Mother pick up her club and advance on them, the three small children uttered three small squeaks of despair, and forgetting that they hadn't learned to walk, got up and began to run like hell.

Just then, who should come strolling up, whistling, but Father? The Mother scarcely had time to hide her club behind her back. "Bet you don't know what I've got for you," beamed the daddy coyly, hiding something behind his back. "And I'll bet you don't know what I've got for YOU," she countered, grinning whiteily, and clutching the club tighter.

But he knew her of old. Just as she swung, he leaped like a deer and she missed. Grinning hugely, he whipped from behind his back a knotted piece of hide, on which were strung the three biggest rainbow trout you ever saw.

After the tears of remorse, and her assurance that it was just her nerves, he gave her a 12 pound trout. She was well into it before she remembered, with shame, and said: "Go and find the three small children and give them a fish." She could have saved her breath, as the three small children were already crawling out from behind three small rocks, their three small noses quivering and their three small teeth glittering. Soon their three small bellies were dragging on the ground.

And so they all lived happily ever after. Until next winter. And that's the story of Opening Day of the trout season, and how it acquired its significance in our Canadian way of life, even though it interferes with the house-cleaning.

The Turning Point

BY J. M. STARR

One of the happiest sounds in the world is that of somebody whistling. If your father was anything like mine, it is a truly joyful sound, more prevalent in the springtime when the absolute joy of living, amidst the miracle of life unfolding everywhere, renews everyone's happiness, and we all whistle for the sheer joy that's inside us!

Nature has so many delightful whistling refrains, especially in the spring of the year, that I think it's catching. Tiny brooks whistling softly, soothing and caressing; and the many beautiful bird whistles echoing through the woods to thrill the most jaded soul!

Remember the happy times you spent as a child fashioning a whistle from a small branch? For some six thousand years or more, the children of the world have been creating whistles out of bone and clay, as well as wood. The curious Grecian boy-imp, "Pan's" crude reed pipes were one of the first references to musical whistles ever recorded. The flute and the tiny piccolo, and the great oboe too, are all improved forms of whistles. If you have ever hung a little bunch of bamboo whistles on your patio, or porch, you know the lovely cool and soothing sound they make when the wind blows.

Animals can hear sounds too shrill for human ears, and many dog owners beckon their pets with these seemingly noiseless whistles. Small boys have always been said to whistle in the dark, and one can easily understand how this happy sound would bolster their courage and chase their fears away. Train whistles, heard from a distance, sound plaintive and lonely, and many people can tell whether it will rain or not, just by the pitch of a train whistle in the air.

Whistles play an important part in all our daily lives. Busy happy people whistle as they go about their chores, and the big, shrill factory whistle, spells "lunchtime" for scores of workers. The policeman's whistle is one of authority, and in the kitchen there is the most hospitable whistle of all that of the tea kettle! The whistle is the signal that starts the race, and proclaims the turning points of the game. Though we seldom stop to think about all these sweet and cheery whistles, we could never imagine life without them. We find these lines in Lord Byron's "Don Juan":

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears!"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, April 28, 1910.

The town council has been approached recently by a man who proposes to establish an industry here in consideration of a bonus of \$10,000. Such bonusing is a gamble in which the municipalities too often lose. Milton should avoid it, while encouraging safe industries as much as possible. The town may have an opportunity soon to do something in this line which will be both safe and profitable. For some time Messrs. Win and Co. of the shoe company have been unable to supply the demand for their goods, which have become known for their high quality from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At present they pay out in wages nearly \$2,000 per month but they wish to double the capacity of their present buildings and to leave it for a much larger and more suitable factory to be erected in another part of the town. They may ask the corporation to guarantee bonds to the amount of \$20,000, giving every necessary guarantee on this part. Such a proposition should meet the favor of ratepayers.

Miss Jean Dewar of Toronto has come to Milton to pay Mrs. J. A. Frazer an extended visit. Her brother, Arthur, left yesterday for Vancouver, B.C., where he has secured a good position.

The Champion has been asked to draw attention of Milton owners of plum and cherry trees to the fact that the law requires them to keep such trees free from black knot and that there are penalties for neglecting to do so. Complaint is made that there are many trees in Milton full of black knot which infect trees in neighboring gardens. Those who persist in neglecting this matter will be in danger of being paraded before the police magistrate.

D. Henderson, M.P., has secured the order of the Postmaster General for Mountain Heights post office, to be opened shortly at Lewis' brick works, with John Appleyard as postmaster; also an order to have Nelson post office made a money order office.

Jack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ford of Omagh, won the gold medal at the Halton Music Festival at Georgetown and at the Peel Music Festival at Brampton in the open class for unchanged voices. Jack is a pupil of Miss Marion Fox.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hume, Milton, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Switzer of Streetsville on Sunday. Hartley Anderson of Milton won the gold medal for baritone solo at the Halton Music Festival.

Misses Myrtle, Dorothy and Catherine Pell of Palermo were Sunday visitors with Misses Marion and Freida Galbraith of Zimmerman.

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...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

ACTON—The Parks Board is planning a stump-pulling bee at Fairy Lake May 14, and asked this week for volunteers with boats, winches, timber tongs, cable and lots of elbow grease to assist with the project. A local company will provide hot lunches for the laborers.

Charge Kids on Wagons
WATERDOWN—Police have warned children that motorized wagons cannot be driven on sidewalks or streets, or drivers will be liable for charges of driving a vehicle without a licence . . . Traffic on Highway 5 through town is heavy Thursdays and Sundays, notes the Review, and at one time cars were at a standstill as far as a mile east of the village limits.

Discuss Sunday Sports
BURLINGTON—The local Ministerial Association has asked council for a chance to discuss Sunday sports if the question of a public vote on this issue ever reaches the council agenda . . . Council motorized its one-man meter parking patrol. Const. John Scott, with the purchase of a motor scooter which will enable him to tag as many as 10 times the violations he does on foot. The council figures the scooter, worth \$375, will soon pay for itself in extra parking fines.

Protest Stop of Service
GEORGETOWN—Council will petition the Board of Transport Commissioners to continue C.N.R. passenger service on the Barrie-Hamilton line, Milton has been awaiting Georgetown's decision before lodging a similar complaint with C.N.R.

Form Singing Chapter
ORANGEVILLE—A group of local men are forming a chapter of the organization trade-marked by a barber pole and an abridged alphabet, S.P.E.B.S.O.S.A.—Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartette Singing in America, Inc. They will sing for charity, hospitals, other service clubs, and for a hobby. Already, 17 have indicated an interest in the group.

Industry and More Industry
BRAMPTON—The town scored a big industrial hit this week. Three new industries announced plans to locate on Holtby Avenue, including aluminum, woodworking and monorail plants, to employ a total of about 150 people. As well, another industry announced plans to double its floor area by 16,000 feet.

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