

Editorial Page

A Community Project

May is beautification Month in Milton. There will no doubt be no thunderous applause at the suggestion. We're all given to being a little apathetic about the special days and months that beset our year.

But Milton could do with some Beautification. The field is unlimited. It can be as big as our back yard or as big as the community.

The town has been so busy growing and keeping up with that growth that we really haven't had much time for anything else. Flowers on public property are very limited, our public parks have had little or no extra alteration with the exception of the Rotary park that is considerably improved.

Some members of the Chamber of Commerce felt the town needed some Beautification. The inevitable committee was established and now work is underway on some of the public projects.

The co-operation of the committee has been receiving has been tremendous. It has rekindled a belief that the municipality doesn't have to be saddled with every project. Volunteers are going to be planting and paint-work for everyone. In every back yard there's ing and beautifying the town. But there's work, on every street there's work and every improvement is another step in making Milton more attractive.

In the clean-up, paint-up, plant-up, brighten-up campaign there is a truly community project in which not only the community but every individual can benefit.

Let's make Milton's clean-up complete. It needs it.

"In No Way Subordinate"

"Autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

As the ninth Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference since the war is underway it seems fitting we should recall the above definition. There has been tremendous pressure for Canadian representative Prime Minister Diefenbaker to charge in and denounce South Africa's apartheid policy of segregation.

We have little sympathy with discrimination either here or in South Africa, and we have it in both places, but the definition outlines some limitations. "In no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs . . ." we would think means just that.

One of the reasons the Commonwealth has survived and flourished is that its members have developed the habit of co-operation, of mutual consultation, of friendly and informal discussion. This does not necessarily produce agreement. It may produce only partial agreement, or even only agreement to differ. But it is almost certain to produce some measure of understanding and to take at least some of the bitterness out of differences however sharp.

Results of the current Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference may be discouraging in their lack of definition but it should be remembered this is not a pressure group or a summit conference. It is an exchange, discussion, consultation or simply talks between representatives "united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Ahead or Behind

Development of the Bomarc missile program in the United States has been followed with varying degrees of interest. The interest in this area has perhaps been a little more keen than in other provinces.

On February 20, 1959, Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced that he had killed the Canadian Arrow program and terminated the jobs of 14,000 workers at Malton. The plane, he admitted, was a success but it had been "overtaken by events". It was to be replaced by the American Bomarc-B guided missile and bases for launching were to be constructed in Canada. "Already", he announced to the House of Commons, "the U.S. air force has decided not to continue with the further development and production of U.S. aircraft having the same general performance as the Arrow."

For All Mothers

Young mothers, older mothers, grandmothers, all receive this week on a special day outward expressions of what we all feel inwardly every day.

Miss Anna Jarvis was the prime mover in establishing Mother's Day. During the period of mourning following her mother's death in 1905, she conceived the idea of establishing a Mother's Day for everybody.

From her home in Philadelphia she conducted one of the strangest and most effective letter-writing campaigns in history. She wrote to anyone with any influence and received such tremendous response that she had to devote her time wholly to her crusade. Her own house was too small to serve as an office so she bought the house next door for additional space. She was invited to visit other cities and speak to various organizations about her plan. She wrote and published booklets about her idea and distributed them free of charge. The fact that her inheritance was dwindling away never bothered her.

U.S. President Woodrow Wilson signed the proclamation which urged that the second Sunday in May, the anniversary of her mother's death, be observed as Mother's Day. But this was not enough for Anna. She wanted the Day to be international and she was successful. During her lifetime Canada and 42 other countries adopted Mother's Day.

Some anonymous writer has said "Mother is indeed a sweet name and her station is indeed a holy one; for in her hands are placed minds, to be molded almost at her will."

The day set apart as Mother's Day is for all mothers. It is a special day, perhaps thwarted a little by commercialism but none the less a day for sincere appreciation, a day for outward expression of what we feel inwardly every day.

"The shift of spending from individual Canadians who produce the wherewithal for their own expenditures to government which produces nothing is one of the more alarming of the developments of the past three decades," Stuart Armour, Economic Adviser, The Steel Company of Canada, Limited, said recently.

"Whereas in 1949 personal expenditures on goods and services constituted 66.8 per cent. of all Canadian expenditures, in 1959 the percentage had dropped to 63.6 per cent. Government expenditures on goods and services constituted 13 per cent. of all Canadian expenditures in 1949 and 19 per cent. in 1959.

"No country can claim to be really free when the freedom of its people to spend the fruits of their production in their own way is being more and more circumscribed."



—Photo by Esther Taylor

"First In"

Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

• **RESULTS OF** the trout season opening contest sponsored by local merchants and the Champion have shown once again that there is still some good fishing in Halton waters. Trout 23 inches long weighing over four pounds are a pretty good catch in any water.

• **BEEN AMUSED** at a sign in the window of the local police office proclaiming "Do It Now". Obviously, the urging is directed to winter work jobs, not those with criminal intent.

• **MIGHT NOT** be in time for this year but one Canadian firm may have swimming pools in your back yard to rent at \$7 a week. Payments wouldn't be too rough in the summer time but those payments in the winter would certainly be tough.

• **THE EFFECTS** of the January ice storms have certainly been prominent in these clean-up days. Hundreds of broken trees line county roads and highways. Seems a shame to see the ruined trees.

• **PUSSY WILLOWS** are at the end of their season. Surely that's a positive sign that Spring is here and summer can't be too far behind.

• **MAIL IS** always interesting, even the small mountain of press releases I wade through daily. One such release advised that a certain Nudist Camp would be opening May 1. One of the special events planned it seems, is an open house when the members would be nude while visitors (couples and ladies only) would be given a chance to witness the park in true operation. Yes, an editor's mail can be interesting. No — I won't be going.

• **MORE AND** more farm ponds seem to be springing up. It's a good sign, too, not only because of the fire fighting possibilities it provides, but also because it conserves some of that all-important water and helps keep water tables at a better level.

• **COULDN'T HELP** wondering this week if the leisurely Sunday drive wouldn't soon be extinct. Slow drivers just aren't

appreciated on highways and all the back roads are getting the bends taken out of them to facilitate speedy traffic flow. Seems we just have to be going someplace or doing something these days. No time left for dawdling or aimless Sunday drives.

• **GEORGE WASHINGTON** said: I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education which I received from my mother.

• **THAT'S A FINE** display of daffodils in front of P. L.'s office. Little things like that go a long way to making a more attractive town.

• **REMEMBER WHEN** "On Time" meant punctuality, not deferred payments.

• **ONE TRAVELLER** reports some of the northern communities (not too far north, either) still have snow. Some of the bright, sunny days we've been having this week make it hard to realize the difference in a few miles.

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

We have a Civil Defense organization in this country. I am led to believe. None of our governments — federal, provincial or municipal — knows much about it, wants any responsibility for it, or is anxious to help finance it.

This Civil Defense outfit suggests building bomb shelters, explains about fall-out, publishes pamphlets, tells people in the cities to head for the country when the bomb drops, and has conferences at which speakers urge action.

A few people work hard to make something of it. But it has limited funds and little encouragement, due to public and government apathy. As a result, our Civil Defense is about as useful an article as a lock for the door of a barn from which a horse has just escaped.

Just to show you how useless Civil Defense is, I'm writing this by candlelight, because the power went off during an electrical storm. My furnace is off and the house grows colder. My refrigerator is off and the beer grows warmer. My stove is off and I can't even make a cup of tea to buck me up.

Do you know what Civil Defense is doing about this? Nothing. Nobody has been around with lanterns, hot coffee or emergency sandwiches. Nobody has called to tell me why the lights are out, or what's being done to get the power on. In fact, a few minutes ago, I called Ottawa and asked for the head of Civil Defense. I asked him a few pointed questions, and the only answers he'd give me were pretty rude ones. Of course it was 1 a.m. and he'd been asleep. But do you think he cared that an entire community sits in blackness,

meat rotting in its deep-freezes?

If Civil Defense can't handle a little thing like a thunderstorm, what is it going to do when the ballistic missiles start thudding around. No conceivable number of pamphlets will be much protection against nuclear bombs.

All this has firmed an idea with which I've been toying for years. At this time of year, right across Canada, husbands and wives who have braved the winter together, with tenderness and fortitude, suddenly discover they can't stand each other. The result is a serious rift, and every spring, thousands of broken homes across the land.

Let's examine the basic cause of this annual disintegration of so many marriages. There is only one reason: because women are not like men. It's a pity, but we must accept it calmly and deal with it reasonably and with tolerance.

Men are gentle creatures, shy, kind and generous. But within the breast of every woman, however soft, pretty and simple she appears lurks a tiger. At this time of year, the beast emerges, and the housewife pads around, twitching her tail, unsheathing her claws, and glaring with yellow, unblinking eyes at her prey.

No more aware of his fate than a tethered goat, the prey is out on the lawn, chipping away with a nine iron, or sitting on the porch patching his hip waders, or doing something equally sane and creative.

I speak from experience. My wife is tolerable to get along with, as long as the dirty weather lasts. But on the first fine Saturday afternoon in spring, the tig-

er takes over. She stalks around to the back of the house, takes one look, and roars.

In short, it is spring cleaning time. At least once an hour she bursts into either tears or invective. Personally, I think this spring cleaning kick is a form of mental illness. If a woman keeps her house clean all year, why go into a frenzy in the vernal season? If those stovepipes, piles of ashes and wet leaves have been lying in the back yard all winter, a few more weeks won't hurt.

But gentle, kindly men don't argue with tigers. They either shoot them or run. The first alternative is against the law. The second is impossible, because once the siege is on, the drawbridge is raised, and retreat is cut off.

And here is where Civil Defense comes in. I propose that we take the entire budget and personnel of Civil Defense, change its name to Home Defense, and put it to work at something useful, preserving the home and family.

Funds currently being wasted on pamphlets and conferences would be funneled into the building of hostels for husbands. These would be simple, homey places, with beds, a bar, billiard room, card room and dining room. They would be located adjacent to golf courses and trout streams.

Legislation would be passed allowing any man to enter any of these hostels for a retreat, during April and May, for as long or short a period as he wished. His only requirements for admission would be a marriage certificate and the password "Tiger's Loose".

The Turning Point

BY J. M. STARR

James M. Barrie once wrote: "The God to whom little boys say their prayers has a face very like their mothers!"

Beautiful thoughts like these live on for centuries, just for us to bring to light on "Mother's Day", for never was a special day so nobly earned! One could never hope to tabulate all the things taught us by our mothers.

I remember my mother for many things, but especially for the hands she used so gently and so deftly. They were soft and smooth, with her wide gold wedding band the only adornment, unless she was doing something very special; and her fingernails were always expertly trimmed, devoid of all colored polish, and scrupulously clean. The pressure of her cool palm against my forehead when I was ill had marvellous remedial effects, and often as I walked along hand in hand with her, she would press my palm against her own in love. My mother baked the most wonderful raisin scones, golden brown on the outside and sweet and crumbly inside. Her gentle hands folded them skillfully and formed them into thick, fat rounds. When we kissed "Goodbye" before a holiday she would hold our little faces firmly in her two sweet and most comfortable hands and kiss us softly, first on the forehead, and then on both cheeks!

Her heart led her hands in the garden and she grew from seed the most glorious lupines I have ever seen, in all the jewel tones from pink to heliotrope. Her special training in children's ailments stood her in good stead with seven of us to care for, and her gentle healing hands expertly bandaged many an injured limb, or extracted slivers with wondrous speed and dexterity. These same dear hands mended hundreds of worn and broken things, crocheted doll's hats and marble bags, and triumphed over the most exacting cutwork. You felt safe and secure when you held my mother's hand — nor was it ever raised in anger against us.

My mother's hands are quiet now, but in my memory I see them again, held out in comfort, supporting the many story books, cheerily rubbing soap onto soiled children, expertly icing our many birthday cakes, tenderly stroking the head of our old brown dog, and patting all tiny babies that came her way with a soft, rhythmic pat which immediately stilled their cries and sent them into a sweet, sound slumber.

If you are fortunate, your mother is with you still. Won't you let this Mother's Day be a turning point toward new appreciation and gratitude for her constant love and devotion to you? W. G. Brown must have had a loving mother for he wrote:

"The sweetest sounds to mortals given,
Are heard in Mother, Home and Heaven!"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, May 5, 1910.

There was a tremendous downfall of rain early Friday morning, so heavy that it was thought there was a cloudburst. The creek was higher than it has been for years and many cellars were flooded, particularly in the south-west corner of town where the water ran over the pavements and a culvert close to Wm. Ford's house was carried away. Great damage was done to gardens. Principal Inman of the public school was confronted with a small lake when the time came to begin his duties but his son Harold put on his high rubber waders, took him on his back, and carried him across. The stone arch on the C.P.R. west of the station was too small for the flow of water and there was a small flood on J. S. McCannell's property. The fences were submerged.

Harry Lawson caught three huge trout in the Stewarttown pond on Monday. They weighed two and a half and two and three-quarter pounds respectively.

The buildings of the C. R. Wilmore Co. were not sold at last Monday's auction. In fact, no bids were received but it is hoped they will be disposed of to advantage in due time and be occupied by an important industry.

The baggage and mail cars of the G.T.R. passenger train from Allandale to Hamilton were derailed last night a little south of Tansley. No one was seriously hurt but conductor Quinn was shot out of the window to the ground and he and another trainman, who flew off too, were badly shaken up. There were 15 passengers in the coach but it did not leave the rails.

Jasper Martin of Hillsdale arrived in Milton last night after spending more than four months in Arizona, where he visited his eldest son, and in California.

Work was started yesterday on a drain from the north ward lake to the Main St. sewer. The perfumed contents of the lake will soon be gone and the proposed regatta has been called off.

Miss Katie Bush of Milton underwent an operation at the Guelph General hospital last Saturday. The operation was a success and the patient is doing as well as can be expected.

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, May 9, 1940.

The population of Canada in 1939 was 11,315,000. In 1911 it was only 7,207,000.

Milton's fire brigade exhibited their speed and efficiency last Friday in answer to a surprise alarm turned in by an inspector from the Fire Underwriters' Association. The report will not be submitted to town council until later on, but by-standers proudly timed their local fire fighters as having the truck out and water spouting from the hose in something under two minutes.

Seeding is well on in Drumquin district. The soil works up really well and potatoes are being dropped to rise again in due season.

Coyne school pupils, under the direction of Mr. Murray Holmes, won top honors at the Music Festival in Georgetown.

Miss Lois Wickson of Appleby was a weekend guest of Miss Alfreda Rogers.

Members of Halton county council both past and present are to be commended on the purchase of a 93 acre farm in Nassagaweya township last fall and the subsequent planting of 30,000 trees which is the allotment for 1940. It is hoped that this reforestation in the escarpment area will result in a greater conservation of the water supply. Warden George Finney, Reeve Leslie Kerns, chairman of the agricultural committee of the county council and county engineer Roy Smith were all on hand to see the first sod turned and the first tree planted.

Dr. G. A. King, dentist, who has been confined to his house through illness, is able to report, able to be out again.

Bert Jennings has bought a lot on Martin St. on which he is preparing to erect a dwelling.

G. C. Hill has bought a lot on Queen St. and is preparing to erect a fine dwelling thereon.

Ash and Coyne schools have both been closed for a few days because of an epidemic of measles in the district.

The friends of Patricia Bennett of Zimmerman will regret to learn that she is under the doctor's care with an attack of scarlet fever.

Single men were taken from the relief rolls throughout the province a week ago.

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

ACTON—Spring must be here. The Free Press says the first over-anxious swimmers have tried out Fairy Lake and the first sunburn of the season went to one of the workmen sweeping the streets.

Schools are Not Blamed
GEORGETOWN—The 1960 tax rate went up four mills to 65 for residents' property, and up six mills to 69 for industrial and commercial. On the average \$4,500 assessment, the hike means an extra \$18 on the tax bill this year. Unlike other centres, council is not blaming school costs on the increase. It was a contingency provision of \$33,700 and provision for uncollected taxes of \$26,600.

See Selves in Future
BURLINGTON—About 800 Burlington high school students saw themselves in the future last week when they attended a career night under the auspices of the Rotary Club. Students discussed their number one and two choices for careers with people who had spent years in the vocations.

Win Hockey Honors
See Lacrosse Facilities
GEORGETOWN—A group is trying to have lacrosse facilities for next year, and either a box in the town park or facilities in the arena have been suggested. This year 23 interested men devoted their time to teaching lacrosse to boys, and next year they hope to include age groups up to 16.

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