

Editorial Page

The Municipal Battle

"Though man lives in the present, which in an instant becomes the past, he devotes the majority of his efforts and thoughts to the future. It is the future which judges man's deeds and profits from his achievements. The swift rush of technological change, which carries all else before it, bears both the hope of the future and a deadly fear of destruction."—S. M. Black.

Probably no single item is so common in municipalities today as the thought, time and effort directed to the expansion of the municipalities, industrial establishments.

A new industry in a town brings with it an enthusiasm that breathes new life into commerce, and citizens generally. For municipal representatives it means a new source of tax revenue in budgets that are already at limit.

Probably this is why a recent publication "Ontario Industrial Development" holds so much interest in its review of the past 10 years and its predictions on the next 10.

During 1959, 146 companies established new industries in Ontario through buying an industrial site, or renting, building or purchasing industrial premises. That means of course 146 companies to be shared by all the hungry municipalities who are exerting varying degrees of enthusiasm and activity in encouraging settlement in their particular community.

Metro Toronto took the lion's share of 26, Brampton won three, Hamilton took seven, Guelph, Trafalgar and Burlington each two and Georgetown, Oakville and Milton one each.

Equally important in the industrial picture of course is the fact that during 1959 573 Ontario plants made additions to their existing facilities. Again Metro Toronto lead with 164 additions listed, Guelph has 12, Hamilton five, Trafalgar five, Burlington six, Brampton three, Georgetown two and Milton and Acton one each.

Looking ahead to the shape of things to

come in the 1960s the report suggests a 25 per cent increase in the population. If that held true we would have a Milton population of 6,250, Acton at 5,000 and Georgetown at 11,000.

Of course there will be other factors that will alter these figures and the growth might indeed exceed the 25 per cent in this area. Halton's population has grown from around the 50,000 mark in the mid 1950s to over 108,000 today.

But if Ontario industry is to grow not only will there have to be new technological developments but an increase in the Canadian content of our natural resources before we export them. We must also have the initiative to develop new products and of course seek new world markets.

Many Canadian operations defined as manufacturing operations could more properly be called "assembly operations" because so many have simply involved the putting together and assembly of imported parts. Wherever economic, parts should be made in Canada and Canadians process their raw materials to a greater degree.

The build-up of an increasing variety of industry is Canada's means to continue the rate of growth that the country deserves and must have in the sixties.

All the forecasts point to increased activity beyond the mid-sixties but few point to any great activity in the early sixties. It is quite possible that the levelling off period we have all anticipated would come "some-day" may have arrived.

At the moment that will certainly mean increased competition for new industries in the municipalities. Towns in this area do not seem to have fared badly in the past and there is legitimate hope that the share will increase as the strategic location and services available become more widely known.

Safety is a Personal Thing

Safety rules and laws for punishing those who violate them have not prevented a large toll in traffic accidents so far this year. The Royal Bank letter for July states "Safety is a Personal Thing" and we quote in part:

Safety is a personal thing. The very simplicity of this fact makes it necessary to repeat it often.

Most accidents are caused by ignorance, carelessness, selfishness or impatience, and all these accidents can be prevented.

There is no immunity from danger: the thing to know is how to meet it. They are unfortunate people who imagine that life can be wholly secure and certain. Man has been living on the earth for perhaps a quarter million years, and during almost all of that time his life has been one continual struggle to keep himself alive and to bring up his children.

It is not enough to put a guard around the physical hazards. We must put a guard around our thinking also. Consider our emo-

tions. Even if the conduct of other people has been the cause of our emotion, it is really we ourselves who have created the resulting danger by the way in which we have reacted.

But we cannot allow carelessness to paralyze us. If we wait always until the outcome of our movements is certain, we will never move. We must know how to take chances intelligently.

Education in safety begins with study of responsibility—responsibility for preservation of our own lives and the lives of others. It doesn't cease with stopping and looking and listening—it goes on to think. People who refuse to think about safety are setting the stage for tragedy.

Laws are not enough to preserve society. The desire for safety is the background from which has sprung some ninety per cent of our criminal law. The Roman law said: "The safety of the people is the supreme law." But until we desire to live safely the law cannot be effective.

Surely There is Time

Canada is the only country in the world which neither respects nor preserves its pioneer architecture, according to a recent magazine article.

In Ottawa a century-old stone inn was torn down last fall to provide space for a gas station. In Halifax wreckers demolished Horsebrook House, the home of nineteenth-century privateer Enos Collins, one of the city's few remaining Loyalist mansions and a gem of Georgian architecture. At St. Andrews, Manitoba on the Red River, a school built in the 1830s, where some of the west's early leaders were educated, was torn down to supply lumber for a pigpen.

Why don't we treat our ancestors' homes and public buildings as the national treasures they are? Anthony Adamson, Toronto architect and university professor, felt we hadn't the national self-respect to value them. Ruth Home, director of museum research of the Ontario College of Art and president of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario believed that "because our traditions were two thousand miles away we couldn't believe that we had anything of our own that was worthwhile."

These may indeed be the reasons we

could use for not preserving our history generally. So little has been recorded of early Halton and so little effort made to preserve its history relics that we may indeed wonder if it is because we feel our traditions are across the sea.

If we could all forsake the rush of this "progressive" age for a few minutes we might find time to mentally reconstruct some of the early history of Halton, the dense forests criss-crossed by the trails of the friendly Mississaguas, the rushing streams that provided a harvest of salmon, the back-breaking work of clearing the densely forested land.

Halton has a history as rich, romantic and worthy of preservation as any area in Ontario. There is surely time to make that extra effort at preservation now.

Brief Comment

Surely there is a remedy for the car jockeys that perform their car-bustin' antics on the main street weekends and evenings. Squealing tires seem to be the trademark outdone only by the horn honked greeting exchanged when two meet on the thoroughfare.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

"Buttermilk Sky"

Jen's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● IN A COMMUNITY of this size everyone is touched when misfortune strikes and that was the case last week when Robert Van Fleet died as a result of an accident. Conversations everywhere seemed to wonder first how the little fellow was doing and later to express regrets. There were sympathetic remarks for the driver, too, with the realization that it could have been any other driver. I'm sure the whole community expresses its regrets to all those concerned.

● I DON'T WANT to dwell on the misfortunes of last week when seven emergency cases were admitted to Milton District Hospital within half an hour but it is only right that some tribute be made to the medical staff that worked so co-operatively, the nursing and technical staff many of whom were called in and others who remained at their posts to assist, to the police in speedily transporting necessary blood to the hospital and probably many more whom I just didn't hear about. One of the great things about a community, I think, is the ever-present desire to assist in times of need.

● VISITED The Pioneer Village in the Black Creek Conservation Area on Sunday. (Follow

401 east to Jane St., then north to Steeles Ave.) The first component of the Village, the Dalziel Barn, was dedicated in 1954. The Village has progressively developed and today a total of 10 buildings have been reconstructed on the site, representing facets of life in Ontario from settlement to 1867. An artisan's house, a blacksmith and wheelwright shop, a settler's first house of 1816 and his second house of 1832 indicate progress. There are other features, too. The village is due for completing in 1967, to celebrate Canada's centennial, so it is far from complete. With a little imagination, though, it is simple to realize what a tremendous project it is and how educational the completed thing will be.

● BUILT YOUR basement fall-out shelter yet? Haven't started mine, either, but Civil Defense Co-ordinator Bruce McGregor says free booklets are available to help you build and equip one. Application forms for the book are available at the Post Office.

● FALL ACTIVITIES seem to be lining up despite the mid-summer season. Milton Chamber of Commerce has scheduled the annual trade fair for mid-September, followed by the Halton

Agricultural Society's big September fall fair. Last year's trade fair drew over 4,000 and the fall fair usually attracts 10 to 12,000.

● NOTICE WATERDOWN has erected the hanging baskets of flowers on the lamp standards. Such efforts undoubtedly add to the community and give those who pass through a better opinion of the municipality where beauty plays a part.

● YOU'RE NOT taking your life in your hands now when you approach that narrow bridge on the Sixteen where the Dundas Highway crosses. The new bridge, long in construction, provides four beautiful lanes across the gorge with no fear of scraping fenders either on the bridge or on the approaching truck.

● A NOTE OF advice in the Waterdown Review suggests we plan for the future because that is where we will be spending most of our time.

● A COUPLE OF Little Leaguers were asked how the big game had gone. "Oh, it was a very good game until the third inning," one replied. "Then they had to call it because the parents were rioting all over the field."

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

There's always something to take the joy out of life, isn't there? If a fellow was running barefoot through a field of violets in pursuit of a beautiful young creature, there'd be certain to be a broken bottle among the flowers, and the nymph would turn out to have buck teeth and a goitre when you caught her.

That's the way I've been frustrated by the business of eating out, in the city. There have been many occasions, in the past decade, when I have thought it must be heaven to eat out, at a restaurant, every day, all alone. Our house at mealtime has always required nerves of steel and a cast iron stomach.

Meals around home were always a mad melange of gags, giggling, arguments, questions with no answers, fights over dessert, and an endless recitative of domestic, social and personal problems, contributed by the cook.

Sometimes I used to clench my teeth, close my eyes, and retreat from the babel into one of my favorite dreams. There I'd be, in a romantic restaurant, just sitting down to a dazzling spread of gleaming silver and white nappery. A white-gloved waiter would be bending over me solicitously. In the dimly lit interior, gypsy music stirred the senses. Several devastating women, obviously rich, lonely and bored, would be eyeing me with interest from neighboring tables.

I would sip my aperitif, glance with casual insolence about the

room, and greet the head waiter familiarly, as he scuttled to disburse the wine list with me. He would slip me a note from the Baroness Gorki, seated across the room, to whom I had nodded coldly when I entered. I would read it, give a short, hard laugh, and turn my entire attention to the gently roasted duck, festooned in truffles, and specially prepared by the chef.

Just then one of the kids would knock over a glass of milk, and I'd be back at the kitchen table at home, gulping a hot dog, and assuring my wife that, all right, I'll get the dam' lawn cut but she doesn't need to blow a gasket. I'll never know how I went through years of this without developing an ulcer the size of a tur-nip.

That's why I was looking forward to eating out when I went off to summer school. I could picture it all: a light breakfast, with perhaps just orange juice, crisp bacon, roll and honey and coffee; a spartan lunch consisting of a mere omelette, a salad, and perhaps a Danish pastry; but in the evening, the works. I planned to nose out all those charming little foreign restaurants my friends in the city are always telling me they almost went to one night, and do them up brown.

I was looking forward to cold vichyssoise on a hot evening, consumed with quiet appreciation and crusty bread in some candlelit French place. Followed, of course, by golden new potatoes, crisp frogs legs and a superb salad, the whole washed down by a light Rhine

wine. Topped, naturally, by a choice Camembert and an ancient and honorable brandy.

Well, I don't like to admit it, but something has gone wrong. My breakfast has turned out to be toast and coffee, same as at home. Lunch has become a cheese sandwich and the soup du jour, some of which was definitely made le jour before yesterday. These are eaten in hot, crowded, shouting dumps in which the flies are twice as active as the waitresses, who look at you as though you'd made an indecent proposal if you ask them for a spoon.

But the real heart-breaker is the dinners. I tried it, just once. Went out all by myself to a push clip joint, and went all out. You know something? I was ready for a straight jacket before they brought my coffee. It was so lonely in that romantic cellar that I was ready to cry. The Baroness didn't happen to be there that night, either. If it hadn't been for a nice old couple from Fort William at the next table, I'd have felt as friendless as the Prisoner of Chillon.

So from now on, that dashing boulevardier standing with his nose pressed against the window at Murray's restaurant, reading tonight's special on the menu pinned up, will be yours truly. And I don't care if I ever see another French-fried potato in my life. And I count the days until the weekend, when I can get home and enjoy a real meal in the proper atmosphere of kids fighting, spilled milk, and four people all talking at once about four different things.

The Turning Point

BY J. M. STARR

The old saying that "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", rings true in so many ways. For example, the flowers of nature's uncultivated soil, are to some, a collection of worthless weeds; but to others, the most beautiful array of "wild flowers" . . . for a weed is something that grows where it is not wanted — and many of the flowers in God's vast, uncultivated field-gardens, are as lovely as any we grow in flower-beds. Try keeping a corner of your yard as a wild flower garden. Choose tall spikes of wild Phlox, golden Toad-flax or wild Snapdragon, white field Daisies, Marsh Iris and Marigold, exotic Tiger Lilies and Shy Violets—all gay as butterflies — and see what a rewarding patch of color you can create.

Nature's garden is never untidy; the flowers bloom in random profusion—without the assistance of the hoe, fertilizers or garden hose. They peep out like little stars from behind rocks, or along the wayside . . . unexpectedly lovely. A summer field in late July is a joy to behold, the fragile white of Queen Anne's lace, blowing gracefully amid the Azure Blue petals of the Chicory . . . set against a backdrop of golden wheat, or a hill carpeted in green. The highway's edge at morning is adorned with wide banks of shiny buttercups, twinkling and sparkling with dew. How lucky we are that we have the wild "way-faring" gardens.

Gardening is a wonderful, happy hobby for all ages. Not only do we benefit ourselves, from seeing the beauty created, but everyone passing can benefit from its loveliness! Bernard Shaw wrote, "The best place to seek God is in a garden. You can dig for Him there!" We can work away all our cares who are under the strain of responsibility during the day—the very best occupation for the active or the insecure child. If you didn't find time earlier you can still prepare a small strip of soil and let your child sow his name in grass seed. He will be thrilled to see the outline of the familiar letters appear, green and soft—springing up from the minute, dry grains of brown he covered with soil! Nor is it too late for a second planting of onions, radish or Bachelor's Buttons. Or plan in another few weeks on letting a youngster bury several cherry pits, or peach stones, that he has extracted from the fruit himself. He will be delighted to watch his own tree grow, and blossom, and bear fruit. It will become a living symbol to him over the years—growing proof of the continuity of nature and the wonder of God. Here are some beautiful thoughts to carry with you today, and serve as a turning point for tomorrow, when you view with new perspective the gardens of nature, or become more aware of your own. They are written by D. F. Gurney from her poem, "God's Garden" which is now world famous.

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on the earth!"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 1, 1910.

The report for 1909 of the Inspector of Prisons and Reformatories shows 44 prisoners sentenced in Halton, four less than the previous year. The number committed was 170. The average cost per day for each prisoner was 18.9 cents, showing that the jail is managed economically, the average cost throughout the province being 23.47 cents.

On Monday afternoon Dr. Johnston, the well known Postville V.S., met with a painful and severe accident. He was rendering his professional services to a colt three or four weeks old, and putting one arm over the colt's neck, caused it to suddenly rear up. Its head struck Doc's cheek and broke the bone, driving it upward out of place.

The well known Clydesdale stallion King Edward, which J. A. Arthur purchased last spring from Neil Gillies, Scotch Block, for \$1,000, had one of its legs broken by one of its owner's horses in the stable on Tuesday morning of last week. The veterinary found it impossible to reduce the fracture and the valuable animal was shot to relieve it from its sufferings. There was partial insurance on the animal.

The Waterous road roller arrived at the C.P.R. station on Monday and on Tuesday, road superintendent Wilson took it to the second concession of Esqueving. It is a fine looking machine. The words "County of Halton" are painted on it in large letters. Besides the roller, the county has bought from the Climax Road Machine Co., Hamilton, a No. 2 crusher with manganese steel die, folding elevator, portable bin and screen; price \$1,600.

Wm. McJannett, superintendent of the Industrial School, Utteridge, Cape Colony, is in town on a visit to his father, Robert McJannett, whom he had not seen for 39 years until his arrival here on Sunday evening. Mr. McJannett is the only child of his father's first marriage, was brought up in Scotland by his grandparents and has been in South Africa for the past 13 years.

Rev. J. O. Totton of Hornby, chairman of the Halton Presbytery of the United Church, inducted Rev. Douglas A. Facey into the ministry of the Palermo-Bronte circuit of the United Church in an impressive service held on Friday evening. Rev. D. H. Gallagher of Oakville gave the induction address on "The Task of the Minister Today". Following the service, the congregations of both churches united in a reception in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. Facey.

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

BURLINGTON—Town councillors frequently interrupted their speeches at the last meeting to spit out cherry pits. Following council's approval for fruit growers to keep guns to frighten away starlings in the area south of Highway 5 (where guns are forbidden) the growers reciprocated with a basket of ripe, dark cherries.

GEORGETOWN—Management and union officials of Provincial Paper Ltd. and Alliance Paper Mills, two local paper coating plants which supply a large share of the coated paper used in Canada, are worried that the federal cabinet will remove their tariff protection. The companies were among 28 firms fined in 1954 for price fixing, and now the Government is threatening to lift the tariff exemptions. About 600 men and women depend on the mills for their living, and fear the protection loss might slow their work down.

STREETSVILLE—A group of interested citizens have banded together to establish a private kindergarten in the village on a cost-sharing basis. Initial pupil costs were set at around \$12 a month to cover cost of setting up the class, but it is expected the fee will be lowered later. Classes are to carry on, until the public school board can provide accommodation.

GEORGETOWN—Landmark for many years, the CNR water tower has disappeared from its familiar dominating location just south of the station platform. It was made obsolete with the railway's conversion from steam to diesel trains. This was the first time in 36 years the tank had been emptied.

The Canadian Champion

Published every Thursday at Main St., Milton Ont., Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the C.W.N.A. and the Ontario-Quebec Division C.W.N.A. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$3.00 in Canada, \$4.00 in the U.S.A. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.



G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
James A. Dills, Managing Editor
Published in the Heart of Halton

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE TELEPHONE TR 8-2341