

# Editorial Page

## No Push Button Affair

Blessed with fair, though threatening weather, Milton Fair has racked up another success.

It didn't all just happen by pressing buttons of course. There was a small army of directors, exhibitors and spectators that all blended together for the final result.

Anyone who viewed the grounds, say a week ago, took a look on Friday and then saw the changes that seemed to transform the grounds on Saturday would know that dozens of directors and workers expended considerable effort to achieve the result.

Entries in most classes showed exhibitors took a keen interest in the county fair too, and naturally without them the fair just wouldn't be. Some classes were down slightly in entries but seasons and declining use could easily account for some of those.

Spectators were plentiful and this again

is an important element in making a fair. It is gratifying to directors and exhibitors that interest remains at a high pitch in Milton Fair. Crowds continue to grow and our very realistic estimate of a crowd of 11,000 is a reflection of the interest of urban and rural people in the Fair.

The future of Milton Fair seems sound and secure. A county fair, with special county shows, it is bound to continue while other smaller fairs may decline. The possibilities of an expanded county fair are not at all remote. No place in Halton are such buildings and facilities available as they are in Milton. The grandstand, latest addition, is unsurpassed in this part of the county.

With the continuing co-operation of directors, exhibitors and spectators the future of Milton Fair seems bright indeed.

## Those Paper Mountains

During World War Two a relatively unimportant project in Britain was under the command of an admiral, assisted by a colonel, a major and a captain. None of the four slackened on the job and the project went along satisfactorily. Then it happened the admiral was temporarily assigned elsewhere, the colonel was on leave, and the major was taken ill. However, the project went right ahead because the captain discovered during the many days he was in sole command, that he could finish all the paper work by lunch time.

It sounds like a fairytale, but it was an actual occurrence. The captain was C. Northcote Parkinson and out of the experience he later framed Parkinson's law, namely: Work expands to fill the time available for its completion. In a book that has become a best-seller, Parkinson supports his theory that administrative officials multiply without reference to the work they have to do with two axioms: (a) that an official wants to multiply subordinates, not rivals; and (b) that officials make work for each other. It is his observation, too, that expenditure rises to meet income.

Before returning to England, after a year on the history staff at Harvard, Professor Parkinson was invited to expound his views to the Ontario Legislature's select committee on the organization of government. One of the professor's suggestions to the commit-

tee was that the Ontario government simply cut its spending next year by 20 per cent. Another was establishment of a three-man tribunal — possibly a treasury department officer, a businessman and a judge, all retired — to invite and reward proposals for departmental economies, with all savings earmarked for debt reduction rather than diversion to another department. Another was elimination of three minor departments. None of the suggestions aroused enthusiasm in official quarters.

In his Toronto visit Professor Parkinson told of a British chain store company that last year cut its staff from 26,000 to 18,000 by what he termed "three decisions of monumental common sense." One was to assume the staff was honest, thereby eliminating an elaborate internal bookkeeping system to guard against pilfering. A second was to return money to dissatisfied customers without argument which eliminated a paper mountain of complaint forms. The third was to stop filling filing cabinets with data no one would ever have time to study.

No doubt it is easier for private enterprise to take "decisions of monumental common sense." If it doesn't, more efficient competition will put it out of business. Public enterprise, on the other hand, can go on building and climbing the paper mountains.

## Run Fast to Stay Put

Any one who was working for a living in 1939 and is still at it probably wonders from time to time how he is doing today, income-wise, as compared to that earlier time. Wages and salaries are away up but, because of inflation, so are prices. And, to an extent probably unrealized, so are taxes. In the Toronto Globe and Mail a financial writer has worked out some dollar-by-dollar comparisons that are most enlightening. In the matter of income, he finds, Canadians have had to run pretty fast to stay where they were.

Twenty years ago a married man with two children and an income of \$3,000 paid \$7 income tax, leaving him a residue of \$2,993. In 1959, to achieve the equivalent in purchasing power of 1939's \$2,993, a married man with two children had to earn a total of \$6,588. Income tax took \$601 in 1959 compared to \$7 in 1939 and, because this year's dollar has only half the buying power of the prewar dollar, the remaining \$5,987 would buy what \$2,993 bought in 1939. The loss to inflation was \$2,993 and the loss to higher taxes was \$594.

By the same formula, the worker in the middle-income bracket in 1939 had had to promote himself into the higher-income bracket in 1959 just to stay put. The \$5,000-a-year, two-child family man in 1939 paid \$96 income tax and had a net income of \$4,904; to live on the same scale in 1959 he needed to earn \$11,576, out of which he paid \$1,759 income tax. The \$10,000-a-year man of 1939 needed \$26,781 by 1959.

Because the tax on earnings is progressive, any one who was in the high-income

bracket in 1939 had to promote his income to astronomical heights by 1959. The \$25,000-a-year man of 1939 of whom there were 1,852 in that year — needed \$75,300 in 1959. Last year's tax records have not yet been published but it would be a reasonably good wager that there were fewer Canadians in this group in 1959 than there were in 1939. Therein, conceivably, is an explanation of why so many of the most able Canadians migrate to the greener fields south of the border.

It is surprising that the tax factor in the higher cost of living receives so little attention. The pre-war \$60-a-week earner paid \$7 tax for the whole year; his modern counterpart pays nearly twice that much in a week, at \$601 for the year. No doubt the fact that the money is collected at the source and never actually gets into the worker's pocket has been one factor in helping higher government spending escape notice as a main element in higher living costs.

## Brief Comment

A dollar saved is just as good as a dollar earned.

Why not take a greater interest in the future. It is where we will be spending the remainder of our life.

There are a number of large employers of labor in Canada, but the largest of all, by far, is the Federal Government. As of December, 1959, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics gave the numbers as 337,981 and the number continues to grow.



—Photo by Esther Taylor

## "Going South"

### Jem's JOTTINGS BY JIM DILLS

● A FALL FAIR can certainly be a study in contrasts. The transformation in the grounds, the tents and rides that spring up, and the animal areas that come alive all provide a dramatic change in scenery. Almost as quickly the excitement is over, the tents are folded, the rides dismantled and the grounds become an open area again.

● HEARD SOME very favorable comment from visiting officials at the Fair on Saturday. Provincial president of the women's division of agricultural societies enjoyed the event and praised the wonderful buildings the society has been adding.

● NOT MANY fields of pumpkins in this part of the county but there's a dandy just below Speyside on Highway 25. My boys never fail to give some loud exclamations in anticipation of Halloween when we pass.

● HOWARD ARMSTRONG reported more rides (nine) on the Fair midway this year than ever before. It was an impressive array and seemed quite active throughout the day.

● ALF WALDIE reports more birds in the poultry show at Milton Fair than ever before. Alf wasn't too happy though about having to rent coops from Brampton at 25 cents each to accommodate the large entry.

● DON'T KNOW much about the habits of starlings but the other morning our lawn was literally black with hundreds of them. They weren't there long and all left together as if they were on some migratory trek.

● FROM ALL appearances it's time Decoration Day was made more of a community effort. Sunday about 27 bandsmen, 40 Legionnaires and 25 spectators were on hand. Perhaps it could become a spring event when all members of the community could be encouraged to decorate the graves of loved ones in the cemetery on one particular Sunday.

● COULDN'T HELP being a little envious, driving along highway 400 north from 401, with all the very new attractive

industries that lined the highway, Milton could do with the industrial assessment if there was room in town for such industry.

● IN CASE you've been wondering why the name Tabloid was dropped by CBLT after having used it for eight years, it was because an English chemical producing firm invented the word in 1884. Since then the firm has zealously watched over it to prevent it from becoming an ordinary word. Courts have upheld the firm and declared it a trademark. The name actually applies to an entire group of products.

● AND THEN there's the definition: A small town is where people read the local newspaper to see whether the editor is getting the news.

● IF EVERYTHING goes according to schedule, I should know what the northern color is like by next week. Planning a weekend up around the Huntsville area before settling down for a long and meeting-full winter.

## Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

It all depends on where you sit. Years ago, I used to be bitterly critical of the newspapers. It didn't require much intelligence to see that editors were craven, afraid to publish the truth. It was obvious that their policies were dictated by their advertisers, that publishers were interested only in profits. I'd have written them some pretty fierce letters on the subject. I can tell you, but they probably wouldn't have printed them anyway.

Then I became a newspaper editor in ten years on the job. I found out that editors were absolutely fearless, dauntless and selfless; that they were idealists, devoted to progress and the betterment of the community; that they cared nothing about money if a principle were at stake.

During the same period I discovered that newspaper subscribers were irritable, unpredictable and impossible to please; that they were demanding, did not appreciate the editor and would not write a letter to him unless they had an axe to grind.

As an editor, I criticized the operations of various organizations, from the fall fair board to the tourist association. I suggested they were poky, somnolent, antiquated. I claimed that they needed new ideas, a better system. I inferred that the executive was asleep at the switch and badly in need of new blood.

Invariably, at the next annual meeting, I would be elected to the board of directors of the organization. Within a year, I would have found out that a few harassed officials were doing all the work; that

you practically had to use a gun to collect annual fees from the members; and that the latter's chief pleasure in life was criticizing the executive on the street-corners or in saloons.

I remember when I used to be an ordinary, complaining, irate taxpayer. I felt nothing but the utmost contempt for the stupidity, the narrow-mindedness of the members of the town council. Their callous neglect of such vital problems as resurfacing the street on which I lived was little short of criminal.

Then, one winter night, half-delirious from the flu, I allowed my name to be put forward at the annual nomination meeting. For the next two years, I served on the town council. I was shocked and disgusted, during my term in office, at the pettiness, the ornerness, and the utter disregard of the fundamentals of municipal economy, that existed among the taxpayers.

During one phase, I was certain that raising beef cattle was the ultimate in easy money. You just bought some cattle, put them on the grass, sat back on the porch and watched them swell into big, juicy sirloins at \$1 a pound.

Then I learned that it goes like this. You buy some cattle in the fall, at 23c a pound. You feed them \$500 worth of hay, and pump water to them all winter. In the spring, you put them out to pasture. One falls into a crack in the rocks, and breaks his silly neck. Another expires horribly, after eating a broken beer bottle that somebody threw over the fence.

## The Turning Point

By J. M. Starr

"Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the one who has the spirit to fight when he's sure of losing!"

This certainly would constitute a very special brand of courage, the kind of pluck that any of us are capable of . . . if we wish to make it so. We all fail ourselves so completely at times — it's human nature to do so. A heart broken to tiny fragments over a severe loss, or a hope of years disappointed, are commonplace in our world . . . and yet, one feels it all so personally at times — even to wondering if we should just submit to our failure and stay down where we have fallen.

And the awful part of taking such a heart-rending fall is the fact that we don't have a choice at all . . . sooner or later we must get up and stand on our own two feet again. Many times we will tumble, like a little child learning to walk, and we will tell ourselves that we won't go down that way again — that we will, in fact, overcome all our shortcomings . . . but in our secret hearts we know that there will always be a few falls along the way, and that we will be struggling for our feet again and again.

Success in life is weighed, not by the bumps and knocks that we avoid, but by the courageous spirit in which we re-orient ourselves and seek out a way once more. God loves us none the less for our stumbling and He is proud of us when, nudged by our self-respect, we find our feet and carry on again.

Our love for others and their needs, and their love for us are as candle held out to light our way . . . obliterating all the frightening, tiring, tragic things that bog us down. Strengthened with this will, born of our love for others, we find there is no fall from which we cannot rise again, to carry on and eventually reach the important turning points in our lives. Remember these words of inspiration and fortitude written for us by the beloved Emerson:

"Up again, old heart!  
Courage, and courage,  
We shall win in the end!"

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### 50 YEARS AGO

From the files of the Canadian Champion, September 29, 1910

A Toronto contractor has a gang of men engaged in the erection of the power house and wire drawing building for P. L. Robertson Co. The contract requires the work to be finished by Nov. 15. Both buildings will be fire-proof, composed of brick, concrete and steel, no wood being used in their construction. The screw making machinery will be placed in the wire-drawing building, which is 50x150 feet, until after the erection next year of the main building, which will have a frontage of 300 feet. On completion of the main building the screw-making machinery will be moved into it and replaced by the wire-drawing plant.

On Wednesday night a man entered the station of Mr. Howard Bescoy and stole a horse, harness and rubber tired buggy. On missing the animal and rig in the morning, Mr. Bescoy immediately followed the track and met the thief opposite Mr. William Bowman's. He grabbed the horse by the head when the man threatened to shoot, causing Bescoy to let go his hold. The thief then drove off and managed to elude his pursuers on the Fourth Line. Nothing has been heard of horse or man since.

David Henderson M.P., was at the fair yesterday. By-the-way, a picture in the art department that attracted special attention was a portrait of Mr. Henderson, painted by Miss Bastedo of Milton. It was an excellent likeness, took first prize and deserved it.

Mrs. T. J. Healey of Stratford who has been in town for the past week waiting on her husband, who has been ill at Mrs. Kelly's, returned home on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Healey was greatly taken with the piano and violin playing of Mrs. Kelly and Miss May Kelly.

The following is an extract from last week's militia general orders: "20th Regiment Halton Rifles.—Lieutenant G. P. Hayman is permitted to resign his commission, 25th June, 1910."

Dr. Edwin Robertson, of Toronto, has been visiting his brother, D. S. Robertson, this week. He has just returned from Europe, where he has put 16 months of post graduate hospital work.

### 20 YEARS AGO

From the files of the Canadian Champion, October 3, 1940.

A barn, a threshing machine, 50 loads of grain and a calf were destroyed by fire on farm of Cameron Winn, Guelph Line, four miles south of Campbellville, on Thursday afternoon of last week. All property burned except the machine was owned by Mr. Winn who estimates the loss at more than \$6,000, partially covered by insurance. The owner of the threshing machine was Sherwood Coulson, who with his helpers was unable to save the tractor which was in the building when the fire started. All the live stock except a small calf was removed to safety. Orville Peer suffered burns in fighting the fire before the arrival of the Milton fire department. The Milton firemen were able to prevent the flames from spreading to the farm house.

Two Miltonians were victimized by pickpockets at the Halton County Fair. Several hours after attending the fair, James Blain reached into his pocket and discovered that \$7 in cash and a \$50 cheque were missing. Another \$7 was lifted from the hip pocket of William Cowan.

One of the chief attractions of the fair was the baby show. The award for boys under six months went to William George, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Chisholm of Hornby. Faye Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Thomas of Milton carried off the honors in the six months to a year section for girls, while in the boys' class, Charles William, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Blanchard of Freeman, was judged the winner.

Samuel Smith, owner of the Model Knitting Mills of Milton and Toronto, was convicted by Magistrate W. F. Woodliffe in Police Magistrate's Court under the National Registration Regulations. Smith, it was charged, employed one Dahlia Perusello of Milton Heights, having failed to notify authorities that she was unregistered. Smith was fined \$25 and costs of \$12.75.

Cadet training will be given the boys of Milton high school in the future; the high school board has decided. Fifty wooden guns are ordered to help the boys with military training.

## ...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

ACTON — Over 200 boys are wondering about future hockey and baseball in this town, because the future looks dim. Acton Legion Minor Sports Association called a general meeting to organize a new executive. Besides last year's executive, the only ones in attendance were five of 1,000 parents who were notified to attend.

GEORGETOWN — A French speaking club has been formed here, and over 50 French-speaking people have banded together to form a list of officers . . . Clare Wilson dialed Guelph on the telephone the other evening, and heard his party speaking in a heavy southern accent. He discovered his call had gone a few thousand miles—the voice coming from San Antonio, Texas.

BURLINGTON — Although he'll be thousands of miles away in Salonika, Greece, on his first trip home in 31 years, Paul Pendakis will get up-to-the-minute reports on the Hamilton Tiger-Cat football games. He made arrangements to have his wife cable the score at the end of each game's fourth quarter. That, friends, is a real "cat" fan.

ERIN — A Toronto law firm has issued writs and statements of claims for \$110,000 and \$160,000 on behalf of two of the passengers injured in the bus-train crash at Hillsburgh in January of this year. Several school children were injured and three were killed.

BRAMPTON — Highways Minister Frederick M. Cass has been asked to give immediate reconsideration to the newly-raised speed limit on Highway 10, affecting Snelgrove, Victoria and Caledon. The speed was increased from 50 to 60 on the highway, and from 30 to 45 through the villages.

ORANGEVILLE — Branch 233 of the Canadian Legion in Orangeville is the smallest branch ever to win the coveted Branch of the Year trophy, based on success in community service. Past president Charlie Brody said he was "overwhelmingly honored" that the trophy was won during his 1959 term of office, and praised the Legion's minor sports program for helping gain the honor.

## 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