

Editorial Page

A Lake in the Future

It is difficult to visualize a man-made lake covering 85 acres springing up close to Milton. That's part of the plan though that it is expected will see the Kelso Dam project completed by next spring.

The \$332,000 project will, we feel sure have far-reaching effects on the recreation in this area.

More significant though, will be the effects on the stream flow in the dry summer months and the general improvement to that stream through the greater flow.

The Sixteen is a picturesque stream. It forms its headwaters in northern sections of Esquesing and Nassagaweya in several smaller streams with the main branch going through Milton and carving its way down through Trafalgar to the lake in a valley that gains great depth to the south.

We're told the Sixteen-Mile Creek does provide trout water that could easily be

made more productive north of Milton. It recalls early historical reports that a species of salmon was at one time so plentiful in the Sixteen that a farm wagon could be loaded with a pitch fork.

The development of water conservation, wildlife, forests, intelligent land use and recreational facilities are all a part of the program of the Conservation Authority.

The Kelso Dam, it is true, is a major project and one that will have a tremendous impact on the area. In these days of shorter work weeks and greater leisure, the location of recreational facilities closer to metropolitan and urban areas, has gained great favor and use.

The municipalities that are participating in this project, Oakville, Trafalgar, Milton, Nassagaweya and Esquesing deserve commendation for having vision to see the long term benefits that will accrue.

Halton's Top Spot

Congratulations to Alex Phillips on being named warden of Halton County for 1961.

Appointment of a warden in Halton each year is an interesting and significant event. The position carries with it a great deal of prestige as the head of Ontario's second wealthiest county in terms of assessment.

The job of a warden goes far beyond the routine conduct of affairs at the monthly meetings of County Council. There are a great many committee meetings, as well as numberless civic occasions which the warden is expected to attend.

Mr. Phillips, the reeve of Trafalgar Township for four terms, is no stranger to municipal politics with earlier service in 1941 and 1942 and then continuously since 1953. As the head of the bustling township of Trafalgar he is undoubtedly familiar with the growth in the south and the problems attendant to such growth.

New Life for Old Houses

One of the proposals Ottawa is examining is establishment of a new mortgage bank, The Financial Post says.

So far, what kind of bank the federal officials have in mind isn't clear. If it is just another mortgage lender which collects savings to finance its mortgage operations, as some have suggested, it looks like a dubious proposition indeed. There are lots of those already. If, however, the intention is to set up an institution to promote a secondary market for mortgages, or to develop a better lending facility for old houses, this could be a real step forward.

A major drawback in the mortgage field has been the poor marketability of existing mortgages. If you own a stock or a bond, it's easy to find a buyer at a price set in active trading among many investors. There's no such market in mortgages, however, and lenders tend to be more cautious about taking on new commitments because they

know they can't readily dispose of mortgages to other investors. An institution that could buy mortgages on a large scale and then either sell them, or securities backed by the mortgages, would make this very sound form of investment much more marketable and attractive.

Improved lending arrangements for old houses are a much greater problem. Some kind of government guarantee, or a lenders' pooling of the risks for second mortgages, might be the answer here. As it is now, a homeowner who has to sell his house several years after it was built may find it almost impossible to find a buyer with a large enough down payment. New house building gets lots of help already. What's needed is a better climate for mortgages on old houses, to help cut down some of the high second mortgage rates, and for trading in existing mortgages, to attract more lenders.

One Set of Laws

A Hungarian-born naturalized Canadian citizen named John Pall has been much in the news recently because of his professed support for the Nazi political philosophy. From more than one source has come the suggestion that because he has publicly expounded such views, Pall should be booted out of Canada. But when Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough was asked in the House of Commons whether her department was considering revocation of Pall's citizenship status, she made this reply: "Unless there are grounds for revocation of that citizenship, he of course retains his Canadian citizenship and such punishment as he may deserve by reason of his activities may be meted out to him just in the same way as it would be meted out to any other Canadian citizen."

John Pall's political activities this past fall certainly would win him no popularity contest. In October he appeared on a CBC television program and claimed that he was one of about 600 Nazis in Canada; he went on to say that most of them were Hungarians, a suggestion that brought denials and

denunciations from spokesmen for that group. In November Pall travelled to Washington, D.C., and became a member of the U.S. Nazi Party. Within a few days he had resigned that membership and had been deported to Canada, officially for a failure to maintain his visitor's status. Back in Toronto a contrite Pall told newsmen that he was through with politics for good, that he is a Catholic and opposed to the persecution of Jews, although he still thought the Nazis had shown themselves the most effective barrier to communism. He added that his one wish was to be "a simple Canadian citizen."

Pall's political views, or perhaps former political views, are not popular here. But it is still a free country and he is still a Canadian citizen. As Immigration Minister Fairclough noted, if he engages in illegal activities there are legal penalties, but the law must be applied alike to naturalized and native-born Canadians. There can be only one set of laws—not one set for the native-born Canadian citizen and another set for the naturalized Canadian citizen.



"Winter Elf"

Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● TOOK A jaunt to the Joseph Brant Memorial Hospital on Sunday to have a look for myself. Officially opened on the Saturday, a number of other people seemed to have the idea of taking the Sunday tour of the hospital. Traffic was lined up, but not blocked, for some distance along the lakeshore highway.

● THE SIX storey building is impressive in itself from the outside, located as it is in the V-shaped land where the Lakeshore Highway joins the Queen Elizabeth.

● A BITTER wind was whipping around the entrance from a rough lake and it was good the lengthy line outside the hospital kept moving ahead to inner

warmth. Inside halls were crowded too as the people of Burlington, and undoubtedly from surrounding areas too, tried to see the modern facilities.

● THE HISTORY of building a hospital in any community is one that shows countless problems. Many will recall the controversy on choosing the site for the new Joseph Brant Memorial Hospital. It is located on a triangular tract, the last remaining parcel of the 450 acre estate formerly owned by Chief Joseph Brant, principal leader of the Indian confederacy.

● THE STORY of a hospital is often told in statistics. It cost for example \$3,685,000; county grants toward its construction were \$1,546,000; public subscrip-

tion was \$748,472; estimated annual cost of running the hospital is \$1,400,000 with about 68 per cent of this going in salaries to a staff of 374 employees; 228 patients can be handled with provision for another wing to bring the capacity to 400.

● IN DESIGN the building is an L shape. A six storey nursing wing is joined to the three storey service wing by a 100 foot elevator tower. Children will be accommodated on the first floor; maternity cases on the second and surgical and medical cases on the remaining floors. The basement includes the staff dining room, kitchen, maintenance, housekeeping and central storage facilities.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Ah, wasn't that a lovely cold snap we had there? Didn't it just make you feel good to be alive? Weren't you glad you were a full-blooded Canadian, part of the hard inner core of our country, and not one of those imitations who live away down in places like southern Ontario and Vancouver, who scarcely know what an honest two feet of snow looks like, but who keep pretending they're real Canadians?

Why, I was in Toronto last weekend and I felt like a hard-bitten centurion from the provinces, visiting Rome in the middle of Nero's reign. You know something? They didn't have one lousy little inch of slush, let alone any snow. You'd hardly know it was winter, except for a wind blowing up the concrete canyons that would cut the eyeballs out of you.

It isn't that I envy these people. Not at all. After all, every country has its decadent centres, where live those of its people who have lost that tough inner fibre, and who have become soft and luxury loving. England has them. They through the south coast in July, when there are some days so hot you have to take off your tweed jacket. Some of them have become so degenerate they'll put on bathing attire and run right into the English Channel, right up to their knees.

Even the Eskimos have this trouble. Some of their people have lost the old values, the true way of life, and hang about on the southern fringes of Eskimo-land, working for money, of all things, and eating stuff out of cans, just like the rest of us.

They don't seem to realize they have lost their old integrity and dignity — the stuff that made Uncle Oog-Loog sit beside a hole in the ice for five days, waiting to spear a nonexistent seal. Some of these modern Eskimos have slipped so far from their great heritage that were it not for

some of our Canadian writers, like Farley Mowat, they'd probably think they were having a good time, being warm and eating sliced bread and jam instead of blubber.

No we can't help this weak strain in our sturdy national breed. Every nation has a flaw. Even Canada must tolerate these sybarites who move indolently about in the balmy climes of our country's deep south where the temperature is often away up in the 20s. Not to mention the traitors, renegades and people with enough money who slip away to Florida and California, the minute winter calls its first chill challenge.

It isn't the fact that we have these parasites that gets me. It's their attitude. They're all wrapped up in themselves and aren't even remotely interested in what the weather was like this morning when you left the north country, what a rough trip down you had through the blizzard, and the fact that you'll probably never make it home tonight. "Yes, must have been bad," they comment indifferently, then start talking about television.

It's fortunate that in the real heart of the country, right in the interior there are plenty of us left: the old breed that meets the good, old Canadian winter face to face, looks it square in the eye, and talks about it fearlessly and incessantly.

None of this lolling about in heated subway trains for us. We get out and start our cars. And, by George, there's nothing that will test a man's ingenuity, mechanical skill and vocabulary like starting the old girl after the mercury has slipped below zero overnight. There's nothing like that plummet of despair when she just sort of groans a couple of times and goes dead. Nor is there anything like that wild surge of joy when you try her one last time and she coughs into strangled life.

There's none of this mincing around in toe rubbers, for us. The only time anybody in the great interior wears toe rubbers is to the New Year's Eve dance, and we all lose them that night. Rest of the time, we wear big rubber boots, to the knee, trousers tucked into them in a rather dashing fashion.

There's none of this whizzing around on bare pavements for us. That's not living. It's like playing Post Office with no girls. Up this way, winter driving is more like Russian Roulette. You skid wildly down the streets, seldom pointing in the direction you are going. When you get to a corner, you put on your brakes and slide halfway across the intersection, head swivelling like a fighter pilot. Or you do get stopped, and you can't see a thing in any direction for snowbanks, so you close your eyes and drive out.

There's none of this panty-waist talk about the latest plays and ballet and music and other exotic stuff those southern people in the cities talk about in winter. Our talk is real and terse and meaningful. It's stripped to the bone, the language of the sturdy, self-reliant Canadian of the interior, tackling the elements on his own terms.

Like, "Ja make the hill first time 'smorning?" and "Dam' snowplow is late again, I see"; and "Yuh should see my icicles"; and "Hadda shovel the whole bloody thing out again"; and "How many gallons ja use in December?" That's the sort of straightforward, man's talk you get around here in the winter from the real Canadians.

Seems to me it's a lot like the language used by others who had to face a hard, bitter fight of it in their time. Like the cowboys in the early Wild West. Or the convicts who were dumped ashore in Australia. Or the first monkeys who decided to come down out of the trees and have a whack at it.

The Turning Point

By J. M. Starr

Philosophy is the highest music!

This line was written by Plato, a man whose influence has for centuries been felt around the world. One of the strongest powers in the world is "influence". It emanates from people, great books, government, home environment, geographic location and the world of nature. These all influence . . . each in its own special way. Even the weather influences our lives. Think of all the great books that have influenced the world by raising the standard of thinking among the people of our lands. Our schools influence the lives of our children . . . opening up the broad pathways of knowledge and enriching their lives.

We know the wonder and influence of God through the beauty and wonder of nature and the miracle of life constantly unfolding itself in any one of a million forms. We find we enjoy doing work that has a good influence on our minds, challenging our powers of thought and bringing out the best in us. Work that we can contribute to and see the good results from stimulates us and makes us happy.

So it is with people. We are inclined to seek out those who can tell us about new and interesting things . . . whose influence improves our own thinking and our own knowledge. We influence our countrymen and our world by our works of art and our literature.

The influence of a few great men has many times changed the course of history. Lucky indeed are the children who are under the steady influence of wise, interesting and informative parents, who can enjoy a happy exchange of ideas with them or explain some already established facts or theories to trigger the young imagination and form the nucleus of new ideas. Or perhaps these parents set a pattern whose influence can be used throughout the lives of their children . . . relied on when their own important decisions are to be made.

Everyone carries an atmosphere about him . . . an influential atmosphere. It may be healthful and invigorating, or it may be unwholesome and depressing. All influence is felt . . . be it ever so slight — it might be just a single word! "A candle that won't shine in one room," I remember my father telling me, . . . "is very unlikely to shine in another!" If you don't exercise a good influence in your own home and toward your own family members then it is very unlikely that you will create a good influence outside your home.

Try it. You influence someone and make them happier and their sphere of influence will be a happy one too! Make this influence of yours felt today in some pleasant and worthwhile way and you will find yourself basking in the reflected happiness.

Do any of you recognize this quote from the Old Testament? "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, January 19, 1911

The annual meeting of the Halton Protective Association was held in the town hall, Milton, on Tuesday of last week. President A. McGibbon was in the chair. Reports of officers were read and considered. The president's address was listened to very attentively as he showed the benefit the association was to the county of Halton, particularly to the farmers and those having livestock. He pointed out that no cheaper insurance could be had anywhere and as the association was formed for the sole purpose of helping to recover stolen property and bringing the thieves to justice, he thought every good citizen of the county should assist by paying \$1 to become a member.

The fees for old members, he said, were fixed at 50c for this year. The secretary-treasurer's report showed that 125 members had enrolled their names during the year and that there was a surplus on hand in the bank of \$276.50. The following officers were elected: president, A. McGibbon; vice-president, W. J. Clemons; secretary-treasurer, J. H. Peacock; auditors, Dr. Robertson and W. I. Dick. The old directors were all re-elected, and two new ones elected, S. H. McGibbon, Georgetown and C. H. Turner, Omagh.

On Monday, C. E. Featherstone of Trafalgar, near Boyne, set out for Milton with a load of hogs. The lane from the barn to the second line winds down a hill. The sleigh slewed on the ice and upset. Mr. Featherstone and his load were thrown out and his scalp was badly cut through his cap. The horses ran away. Before they had gone 100 yards, they struck against the gate post and a tree next to the road. One had his brains dashed out and the other his neck broken. They were fine heavy horses and were valued by Mr. Featherstone at \$500.

Lieut.-Col. W. P. Moore of the 20th Halton Regiment was in town on Tuesday. He wishes to organize a signalling corps here.

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, January 23, 1941

Provincial Constable A. J. Oliver, who has had his official headquarters in Milton for five years, has been transferred to Toronto. He left for the Queen's city last Monday morning. P.C. Oliver was an exceptionally fine officer.

Any person having magazines suitable for men wishing to donate the same to the Navy League, please leave them at the Clerk's office in the town hall. Jas. W. Blain.

A memorial service for the late Lord Baden-Powell, former Chief Scout of the world, was held in Knox Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening last. There was a large attendance of Girl Guides, Brownies, Scouts and Cubs, together with members of group committee, parents and friends. The address was delivered by Rev. J. Riddell, Scout Master of the First Milton Troup. Others taking part in the service were District Commissioner George E. Elliott, Assistant Scout Master Kenneth Randell, and Troup Leader Douglas Gowland. In the course of his address, Scout Master Riddell made special mention of a former Scout Master Sam Smilie, who appeared with the Troup in R.C.A.F. uniform. The Milton Scouts also attended the memorial service at Campbellville.

Elora Rocks last night continued their winning streak as they moved into first place in their intermediate "B" Circuit by defeating Milton 4-2. The game was an hour late in starting owing to the tardiness of referee "Honey" Kuntz. A free-for-all was budding in the second frame when Matheson and Campagnaro locked horns to earn major rests for their belligerency. Pacing the Milton team 2-1 in the opener, the Rocks eased off in the second, with each team counting once, but came back strongly in the final session with the point that clinched the victory.

Miss Mabel and Olive Aiken of Hamilton, visited their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hare, last Saturday.

...Dodging 'Round the District

BY ROY DOWNS

Prepayment of taxes has been a popular subject among municipal councils in the district this year but Georgetown seems to have come up with the most novel idea. Mayor Ern Hyde in his inaugural address hinted that a system of monthly tax instalment payments (a first in Canada) may be adopted by his council. Others discussing pre-payments are Brampton, Orangeville and Milton.

TRAFALGAR — Cities Service Oil announced plans for a desulphurization unit at its Trafalgar refinery, to reduce seasonal unemployment. The unit will cost about \$1,000,000 and around 55 men will be required.

EVERTON — Mrs. Lenore Benham has a lucky lamb which (1) won the grand championship at Walkerton Christmas fair, (2) was sold for top price at an auction at the show, (3) was donated by the purchaser to the Bruce Junior Farmers and raffled off, and (4) was won by its original owner, Mrs. Benham of Everton.

STREETSVILLE — Fire chief Kirby R. Burns was chosen to receive the first annual Citizen of the Year award given by the Lions Club.

BRAMPTON — The total assessment has almost doubled in the last five years, snowballing from \$12,000,000 in December, 1955 to an unparalleled \$24,000,000 by the end of 1960. The assessor reports the 60-40 balance has been very closely maintained.

ORANGEVILLE — The Banner says there were a few groans about town when the fire engine raced towards the Brewer's Warehouse to squelch flames and a cloud of black smoke. However it was an asphalt melting machine burning, and not the new store.

FERGUS — Beatty Bros. plant has closed down for a three week period, affecting about 450 employees and hitting the town hard.

ACTON — Drawings of a proposed new Federal Post Office for Acton were received by local officials for comments and suggestions. The building is planned for two properties on Bower Avenue, and is to be designed after the new Brampton Post Office building.

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G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
James A. Dills, Managing Editor
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