

Editorial Page

Time is Now!

We're worried. There are countless organizations working in the town and district for a great many worthy and helpful community and national causes, but nowhere is there a group working to preserve the history or historical things of the community.

We constantly marvel about the historic detail that can be recalled on an English castle or a Scottish dish. The roots of these countries are deep in the centuries and each generation has passed on a share of the early history.

As Canadians we have a history that goes back only a few hundred years. As a community barely the hundred. But if there is to be no more serious attempt than is evident to record that history our heritage will never be established.

Records of Milton's early days are fast disappearing as each "old-timer" passes on.

Working for Good

In these days when the popular headline seems to be on juvenile delinquency and there is a concerted effort to get in on juvenile decency it is well there are organizations like the Boy Scouts.

The original concept of the Scout movement has of course spread to encompass the Wolf Cubs and Brownies for those from 8 to 12, the Scouts and Girl Guides for those from 12 to 18 and the Rovers and Rangers for those from 18.

Boy Scouts first appeared in Canada in 1908 and today the movement has spread to 99 countries of the world and includes 5,000,000. The total Canadian membership including boys and adult leaders is more than 150,000 in the Scouts alone.

With Boy Scout week upon us it is worth some time to think about the movement that has been carried on in this community from its early beginnings in the 1912-1918 period. The aim of the Scout movement is to

with no record left behind of the stories they loved to tell. As homes are broken up, old letters, early household items and many memories are scattered or destroyed.

Other Halton municipalities have already organized groups as Historical Societies to preserve what they can, resurrect what can be found and record what is happening. Surely such an effort is worthy of starting here.

There have been efforts to record early days but there is plenty yet uncovered. Each time an "old timer" leaves without recording significant recollections more is lost.

The limited interest in history is a hang-over from the monotony of memorized dates in school days. The history of a community is in contrast a refreshing breeze.

There is surely a need and the time is now if ever the history of these communities in Halton is to be recovered before all is lost in one big metropolis.

develop in the young boy a cheerful, resourceful, good neighbour type of character, the practice of good health habits and a hobby-handicraft interest that may help him find his niche in life.

It is a tall order the movement has set out but it is one that because of its challenge has continued through the years. Any town is fortunate to have an active Scout movement. When it also encompasses the Wolf Cubs, the Brownies, the Guides, the Rangers and the Rovers it is even more fortunate.

This community is one of those fortunate ones. It is fortunate in having children interested in challenging programs and in having leaders sufficiently interested and capable to carry out the program.

Next week is Scout Week. If your boy or girl is taking part in the movement remember to pass along a thank you to the leader who is devoting spare time to a worthwhile activity.

All in the Same Boat

An Iron Curtain may divide two Cold War antagonists; a Bamboo Curtain may keep Communist China at least temporarily confined. But it is nevertheless a fact that all the peoples of the world are in the same boat.

All of us on this earth face the threat of extinction in this age of the atom bomb. Any one of many nations may rock the boat to a dangerous degree at any time. We may all be in the hurricane's path of nuclear fall-out if the winds of war are unleashed.

If we do not learn to live together we may all die together. And this can be as true of any Canadian community as it is of the world scene in this nuclear age. The town that is torn by dissension and petty differences, the community whose people are prone to prejudice, whose citizens will not get together in common effort will not progress or prosper; rather is it headed for decay and eventual death.

Political Grab-bag

That watchdog of the taxpayers' money, the Auditor-General, has noted in his report to parliament some of the reasons why the cash reserves of the unemployment insurance fund have dropped so far, so fast. One factor, he says, was the inclusion of fishermen in the scheme in 1957 — significantly, it might be added, just prior to a federal election.

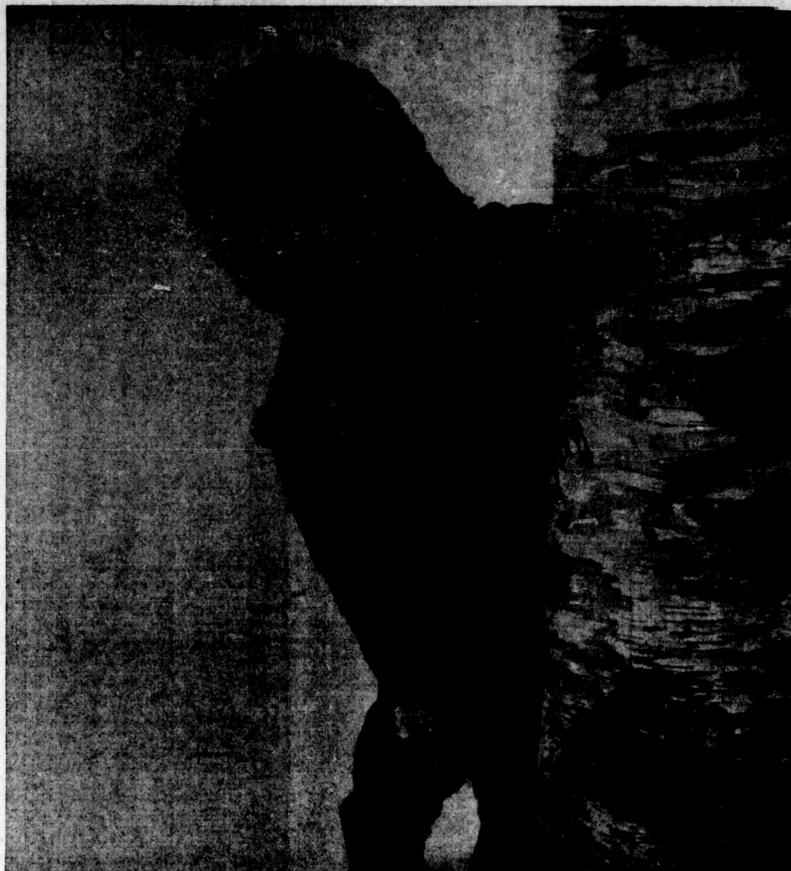
Between April 1, 1957, and March 31, 1960, fishermen drew out of the fund \$26.7 million, paid in only \$2.9 million. Most fishermen, Auditor-General Henderson says in his report, are self-employed and "it is not practicable to apply two of the basic conditions for receiving benefits—being unemployed and available for work." It is equally difficult, he says, to verify that older workers and married women are actually in the labour market and therefore entitled to benefits; and seasonal benefits have also drained the fund.

The insurance fund is in a precarious position. Only four years ago, December, 1956, it stood at a high of \$927 million; by next May, the advisory committee has told

the government, it may be down as low as \$85 million. Obviously it has not been operating on an actuarially sound basis, and the obvious fault has been the political manoeuvring in which all parties have participated. In the Throne speech the present government promised reform: "Amendments to the Unemployment Insurance Act will be placed before you to safeguard the basic purpose of the act, to strengthen the fund and to correct abuses which have developed in practice."

About three and three-quarter million workers are covered by the federal insurance scheme. Many of these, perhaps most, will pay into the fund all their working lives and never have to apply for a penny of unemployment benefits. It might be argued that this is no basis on which to criticize the scheme's operation—that it is similar in principle to any kind of casualty or fire insurance plan in which the many co-operate to benefit the unfortunate few. Nevertheless, the public has the right to insist that, like any private insurance fund, this public fund should be operated on a sound financial basis and not as a political grab-bag.

"Looking for Spring"



—Photo by Esther Taylor



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **REPORTS FROM** those holidaying in the south are proving interesting for us "northern" listeners. The sun-tanned look of the traveller is always evident and heightens the interest the listener takes in the tale. As long as the days are as bright and sunny as they have been here, I guess we'll just have to appreciate that quality of our climate and be content to listen to the tales from the "sunny south."

● **BREAKING DOWN** municipal boundaries and the restrictive fences they seem to encourage is a major job. Milton Council has finally made water available to the farm area outside the bound-

ary after receiving assurances the farmer would benefit; fire protection some time ago jumped through a well organized program that is far more sensible. Even the ambulance service problem appears brighter with the firm that services Milton agreeing to take calls from a three mile radius of the town despite the lack of financial subsidization from all but Milton and Trafalgar. A town cannot live unto itself with a high fence to isolate it, neither can those in rural areas get along without an "urban" home. That's why municipal boundaries are becoming unrealistic and some broad-

er form of administration worthy of investigation.

● **PANCAKE AND** Valentine Day Tuesday was quite a combination. It's naturally a little unusual for both to occur the same day but with Easter arriving early this year, that's what happened.

● **SPEAKING OF** Valentine's Day, one store clerk reported that men leave their Valentine buying until the last minute while the women buy theirs a couple of weeks in advance. The story proved itself on Tuesday as gents lined up to purchase their Valentine wishes.



Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

coast to coast?" I enquire. "How come we can't afford a TV set, then?" he wants to know. Punchy, but still seeking some recognition, I approach the Old Girl. "How many papers do you think are running the column now?"

"That reminds me, you forgot to put the papers out with the garbage this morning," she says, "and I had to go out in my dressing gown in the snow and I nearly broke my neck on those back steps. When are you going to start looking after things around the house, like other men?"

This is rather daunting, but it doesn't completely dismay me. I'm like an old prizefighter who has been knocked to the canvas so often that his bum is more tender than his beaver. I just wander away mumbling to myself that some day I'll be famous and then they'll appreciate me, by golly, and they'll miss me when I die, and stuff like that.

But I must admit I became extremely depressed the other day. I was reading Pierre Berton's column. Berton, for those outside the limited range of the Toronto daily for which he works, is a brilliant product of west coast newspaper circles, currently the hottest daily columnist in the East.

Well, in this column I was reading, he was bragging modestly about all the letters he gets from readers. That's what made me feel badly. Give or take a hundred thousand, Berton and I have the same circulation. His mail averages 30 letters a day. Mine averages 30 a month. And 24 of them are bills, offers from magazines, and final notices about insurance premiums.

That convinced me that I'd never be a really famous columnist, and I felt pretty sick about it. I thought: "It's because I'm not controversial enough." Oh, I've attacked in my day such things as motherhood, the Protestant churches, capital punishment, children, the home, social drink-

ing, temperance, sex and the weather. But I just can't seem to get my teeth into something vital, like used car dealers, or vacuum cleaner salesmen — the sort of thing that gets people worked up.

Then I began thinking about the sort of letters I do get from readers and I felt better. And do you know something? I'd trade incomes with Pierre Berton, but I wouldn't trade mails. I'll bet most of the letters he gets are either hacking his column to bits because the reader disagrees with him or lauding it to the skies because he agrees. That would become boring after a bit.

There's nothing boring about the letters I receive from readers. They are warm and friendly and personal, and they aren't trying to grind an axe or have me grind it for them. They come from all over the country.

From Mrs. James Nickerson of West Roxbury, Mass., mentioning a column she liked because it reminded her of old times in Nova Scotia. From Walter Stark of Oxenden, Ont., claiming I'd make a good M.P. and wishing a Happy New Year. From Jack Cooper of Vernon, B.C., saying he'd just celebrated his 69th wedding anniversary, feels great and reads my column because I'm a "dam-good" writer. From Jack Cornet of La Salle, Ont., whom I haven't seen for 15 years, enclosing a book he's written on curling (containing nothing but blank pages and entitled What I Know About Curling).

Wouldn't it be something if every reader of Sugar and Spice decided to show Pierre Berton what he was up against and wrote a letter this week to Bill Smiley, 152 Elizabeth St., Midland, Ont.? Know what I'd do? I'd take the whole million of them, drive to Toronto in a truck, hire six men to carry them up to Berton's office, dump them on his desk, and say: "Thirty letters a day, eh, Pierre? This is my average weekly mail." That'd shake him.

The Turning Point

By J. M. Starr

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That's not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain!"

Hasn't this poet put into words an over-powering feeling of loneliness? Loneliness is a sort of hunger within our hearts. At times we can be lonely in a room full of people, especially if they are newly met, or in a huge strange city . . . or even in our own homes.

However, all those who chose to walk alone at times are not lonely people. Quite the opposite—they are their own best friends! Their minds are teeming with ideas to be worked out by themselves. My father was such a man. He was, like the great Thoreau, who lived alone with Nature; an almost completely self-sufficient person. He loved to read and was a very happy individual. In Thoreau's own words, he wrote: "I am no more lonely than a mill brook, or a weather-cock, or the North Star!" Thoreau was a selfless man . . . in harmony with all nature about him — the rare wild flowers, the songs of the wind, the dew in the early morning. A person can be lonely when alone with nature, but only if he merely looks and does not see.

We create our own loneliness . . . the kind that eats at our hearts . . . just as we create our own happiness. Let your heart and mind work together to sweep out the longing, lonely thoughts and your happiness in life will be renewed.

Loneliness creeps into all of us at one time or another—usually when we have experienced a great loss or suffered a major disappointment. It catches us off guard, but if we make an effort to develop new interests and contribute to the happiness of others our loneliness will quickly fade away. Sorrow is something that comes to us all as death is part of life. At such a time loneliness often descends like a thick fog temporarily obliterating our view of the rest of the world. At just such a time I discovered there is a compensation, if one is just aware of it. It is that glorious heritage of memory that has been bequeathed to us. In this memory the multitudes of happy times we shared with our loved ones lie concealed but waiting, ready, when we wish to call them out to enjoy them again and keep our thoughts forever fresh and happy and inspired to dispel all loneliness.

People who live as God intended never have time to be lonely. They are too busy, too occupied with their interests, and so have no time to be lonely. Anyone with a truly good book at hand can say "Good Bye" to loneliness. Good reading stimulates incentive and initiative, and we go on to make our own new decisions and discoveries, and are in fact so occupied with important work to do that there is no need for complaining of loneliness. It's only the drifters and the idlers who complain of being lonely . . . so fill your mind and heart with wholesome and constructive thinking, and you will put happiness and gaiety into your own life and into the lives of those around you. You will live full days and lock all loneliness out. Thomas Moore wrote the following:

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Feb. 20, 1941.

Weekend special at C. B. Knight's: ties, regular 55c, on sale 39c, 3 for \$1.; Tookes and Arrow shirts, regular \$2, on sale \$1.60.

Mrs. Richard White, one of Milton's oldest and highly esteemed citizens, will celebrate her 84th birthday at the residence of her son, M. T. White, on Saturday next.

Just a reminder — bring your razor blades and empty tooth paste tubes to the Red Cross meeting in the Legion Hall on Monday.

Malcolm McNabb, Georgetown, was elected chairman of a provisional committee with R. H. Hea-therington, Freeman, as secretary of the newly-formed Halton branch, Canadian Federation of Agriculture, Monday night. Those elected to the committee are: Nassagaweya, Alexander and Mrs. Near, Rockwood; Arnold Marshall, Campbellville; Archibald Service, Milton; Esquating; Malcolm McNabb, Georgetown; John Lawson, Acton; Dennis Charles, Georgetown. Trafalgar: F. A. Phillips, Oakville; Austin Buck, Milton; Mrs. Arthur Cowan, Palermo; Edward Darlington, Bronte; Nelson; Albert Hunter, Freeman; William Dales, Campbellville; Morley Watson, Tansley; W. J. Robertson, Milton; P. D. Hartley, Milton.

Faulty fuel pressure caused a plane piloted by an Ottawa man to make a forced landing at Campbellville, Tuesday night. Almost every person in the village heard the low flying plane and told how it shook the houses. According to James Roberts, "when it passed so close to the house, I thought it was going to come in. He just missed a 100 yards to the rear of St. David's church." The Campbellville Civil Guard took over the duties of guarding the wreck.

AROUND THE DISTRICT

WITH ROY DOWNS



ACTON—Officials of Beardmore and Company are attempting to solve the "foul water" problem seen here every spring. By aerating water in Fairy Lake with air from a compressor, the firm keeps the water moving and a foul vegetation odour escapes through a cut in the ice. Thus in the spring, the water used in the tanning process won't be smelly as in other years.

BURLINGTON—O.P.P. were baffled when a 25-car pileup caused a lot of damage on the south end of the skyway. Dense fog and zero visibility were blamed. A tractor trailer jack-knifed and went off the road, then other vehicles rolled out of the fog and into the mess.

GEORGETOWN—Council's bill for opening frozen water lines this year to date stands at \$2,000. In one day, 33 homes were without water, thanks to a deep frost which penetrated the ground further than usual, and froze house water lines.

BRAMPTON—How about Gowama bull moose, Canadian wild turkey, Northern black bear, Canadian wild goose, Heart Lake duck, Bruce Peninsula venison, Rocky Mountain Bighorn sheep, Peace River buffalo, P.E.I. oysters, Newfoundland lobster, Restigouche salmon, and mixed Julianne salad on your menu? That was the fare Tuesday when the Brampton Lions held their annual Valentine buffet. Sounds good enough to take your mind OFF love!

STRETSVILLE—Council is making overtures to acquire an option on 20 acres of prime industrial land in the bankrupt Vista Heights area, and the price is pretty commendable at \$2,500 an acre. An option on the property, council hopes, would give the industrial commission an opportunity to deal directly with prospective industry at a fixed price.

ORANGEVILLE—A new fire engine was on the list when the local brigade petitioned council for some new equipment this year. Also on the list were an extra fireman, a second fire siren, fog nozzles, dry chemicals and a gas mask.

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