

Editorial Page

Celebrating Canada's Centenary

Recently the bulletin published by the Royal Bank of Canada contained some interesting and idea-stimulating discussion on Canada's centennial. We are reproducing it here for our readers.

To people with imperceptive minds the emergence of Canada as a nation is remote and shadowy, but to those with a feeling for the force of history it is as close as yesterday.

The hundredth anniversary of the confederation of the provinces is a mere six years ahead of us, and planning has already begun so that we may celebrate the event on a grand scale. We cannot be content to have only parades and pageants. These are part of our expression of pleasure, but some projects of lasting benefit should show to ourselves and the world that we plan for a great future, suitable to a great country.

The year 1967 can be a wonderful year, like a break of open sky and sunshine in a cloudy world. We should look forward to it in the spirit expressed by Prince Philip in an address on a similar occasion: "There should be general public festivities, gaiety, and enjoyment, because there can never be enough excuses to put troubles aside and to refresh the mind with unrestrained joy; there should be a humble thanksgiving to the Almighty whose influence over the lives of the people has made possible their peaceful progress . . ."

Our celebration of events of the past, expressed in the joy of the present, will be broadened down to the future by our erection, between now and the end of 1967, of tangible evidences of our pride in our history and our faith in our future. This constructive activity will also exhibit us to the world as ongoing people, building upon a substantial base the appurtenances of a happy life.

The celebration is not one to be arranged by the federal government alone, but for provinces, regions, municipalities and associations of citizens.

Have an Objective

It will make the Centenary more interesting if we give a point to our plans. Our aim might be, for example, to expand our opportunities for advancement in education, health, science, the arts, and the exchange of ideas. We can, if we set our minds to it, uncover areas in our national life which have been neglected; we can find splendid ideas which have never progressed past the dreamed-about stage. If we make up some of our cultural deficits during the next six years, then we shall have that much more to celebrate in 1967.

What are these cultural deficits? They are things which a country settled nearly 350 years ago and politically united nearly 100 years ago should have by this time; organizations and the physical properties for the production of music, plays, ballet and all expressions of our artistic nature; for the training and use of athletes; for the development of minds through lectures, study groups and exhibitions.

Instead of bronze plaques and marble monuments, we might unveil significant community improvements, like new parks, new houses replacing slums, new city halls, new community buildings, libraries, museums. These are things we want anyway; preparation for our Centenary gives us the opportunity and incentive to get them now.

During the year — and the Centenary should last a year, to give everyone a chance to share in it—we might have a television programme of stature every week depicting some event that was significant in our history. We could have special music, plays and books prepared for publication and production that year. Nathaniel A. Benson wrote a Victory Loan Pageant which was produced and acted by children in schools from coast to coast in 1941 and is still remembered for its stirring presentation of the past and present and future of Canada:

"She whose centuries are storied, whose young banners far airborne
Are the heralds of a splendour in the ages yet unborn."

Between now and the beginning of 1967 we might produce films and publish books for distribution abroad to induce people to visit Canada in our Centenary year. Conferences could be organized by business, labour, science, agriculture, education, government, history and professional groups and associations to be held at different times that year in widely separated centres from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and interested people from all the world invited to attend.

It is not too early to start planning. We as individuals need to prepare for our participation and our enjoyment, but governments must also look to their bookkeeping. A national anniversary like Canada's is too big for casual methods.

A Party for Everyone

This Centenary is for everyone. The celebrations will not be alike in all parts of the country, but all will be marking the same happy event.

Everything should not be scheduled to happen on the First of July. Events should be spread out throughout the year to suit the weather, the regional interests, the special days, and the state of readiness of building projects in every section of the country. This will have the big added advantage of giving all of us the opportunity to share in more than one event, thus learning about one another.

There can be festivals of all kinds at all levels, with every community and organization featuring whatever is a natural reflection of its people. It is not enough to decorate the main street and public buildings; we need to use our imagination, our art and our energy to produce dramatizations of Canada's past. We can open up and mark the old trails and canoe routes which were the first links in exploration and settlement of our country. We can arrange for groups of entertainers who have skills and crafts and arts typical of their own part of Canada to visit other parts. We can start now the sports events which will have their final tilt in 1967.

How is all this to be arranged? Not by a dictatorial central organization, but by the grass roots participation of all our people in planning and carrying out. Once a broadly representative central organization has laid down general principles, then local groups should take over and plan their own celebrations in their own way.

The central organization has been working on the plan since the Canadian Association for Adult Education and the Canadian Citizenship Council started the wheels turning in 1957. In May, 1960, the Canadian Centenary Council was organized as a national non-governmental body. Its purpose is to provide expression and involvement at a national level by voluntary non-governmental organizations in planning for the anniversary of Confederation in 1967.

This purpose is to be attained by stimulating interest in appropriate observances and celebrations; by establishing principles and objectives and directing public attention to them; by encouraging and assisting in the initiation of certain projects which are designed to eradicate our social deficits; by acting as a national clearing house and information centre; by providing planning facilities and services. Mr. Alan Clarke, Executive-Director of the Canadian Citizenship Council, is Secretary of the Canadian Centenary Council. His address is Postal Box 2310, Station D, Ottawa, Ontario.

Why Celebrate?

We have taken for granted that every Canadian will be eager to take part in the Centenary, but it will do us no harm to tot up a few of the good reasons for being joyful.

We do not wish to approach the celebration bathed in the dewy evening light of retrospect, yet it would be wrong not to lay the lessons of yesterday before tomorrow. We can well look back and ask: "How does this affect our life today? What lessons have we learned for the future?"

It would be fatal to our happiness in coming years if we were to allow this special occasion to call up ancient grudges and
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A Simple Solution



... and if you do trade pants then you'll both be wearing the same colors



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **NOT REALLY** complaining but the weather has been comfortably warm. There are many ways of cooling off but imagine the surprise of a California man when he went to the frig for a midnight snack and found a real cool cat. It was Boots the family pet, his tail standing straight as a flagpole and frozen stiff. But now Boots is as frisky as ever and no worse for his ordeal.

● **IT SEEMS** almost impossible to get merchants working together for their own benefit. The Chamber of Commerce secretary sent out 138 enquiries to determine interest in co-operative promotion. Three replied in opposition, three replied in support, and 132 apparently filed the

request in the waste paper basket.

● **A RECENT** rain was pretty well timed. Just finished a picnic supper outdoors under forbiddingly dark skies when the clouds released their downpour. Haven't always been that lucky. Nothing makes one hungrier than getting cut off in the middle of supper.

● **BACK AGAIN** after a lengthy "illness" is Milton's front door butler, the silent type that greets visitors with a welcome and a smile. Referring of course to the rustic "Milton, County Town of Halton" sign that motorists find entering the north end of town from Highway 25 and 401.

Now if only a beautiful park could be developed in that triangle of land . . .

● **ANNOUNCEMENT** that unknown interests want a race-track in Nassagaweya Township and council's subsequent decision to launch a liquor plebiscite makes us wonder, does liquor always have to be involved with entertainment? Or is it that the entertainment hinges on the availability of a liquor licence?

● **NOT AS MANY** American cars on the roads these days as last summer, one garage operator reports. Wish more Ontarians would stick to their home province and keep the holiday dollars closer to home.



Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

I'm living a kind of crazy, mixed-up life these days. On the surface, it's sensible enough. I go to lectures and study hard all week. On weekends, I go home for a couple of restful, refreshing days with my family. Theoretically, that's the picture. I slog around all week in the city heat. I labor long and late over my books. I'm lonely and frustrated. Then on Friday afternoon, limp, exhausted and red-eyed, I head for the cool north country, where I lie in a long chair, sip a long, cool drink, and recoup my strength for another harrowing week.

First, when I get home, I have to run the gauntlet of a brief, penetrating interrogation by the Old Battleaxe. Somehow she has got it into her head that I am having a wild fling down here in the city. Ever since we were married, she has been convinced that the moment I escape her vigilance, I begin to drink furiously, dash from one night club to another, and acquire mistresses right and left. How I am supposed to accomplish these bacchanalian orgies on the \$2.80 I have for spending money after paying my room and board, she doesn't explain. But she still thinks of me as the gay, dashing dog she first met 15 years ago and refuses to see the gray old wolf, most of his fangs gone, who sits across the kitchen table, assuring her, with some indignation, that such a thing never entered his mind.

After she has checked on my morals, the duet begins. Her soprano carries the melody; the kids are driving her crazy, the car is full of rattles, the lawn is burned to a crisp, and there are hordes of visitors about to descend. My croaky baritone plays the accompaniment: the course is impossibly hard, I'm working like a dog, the city is an inferno and I'm sick of restaurant meals. This ancient chant, as familiar and fascinating as ever, carries on far into the night, over countless pots of tea, coffee or anything else that's handy

and we totter off to bed, awash, about 3 a.m.

I have scarcely closed my eyes when one of the kids is shaking me vigorously and asking, "What time are we going swimming, Dad?" It is 8 a.m. Somewhere or other, they have picked up the notion that my entire weekend is to be devoted to togetherness. And somehow or other, that's about the way it turns out. By Sunday night, I look and feel like a sales manager who has been entertaining a couple of out-of-town clients. I'm sunburned again, there isn't a cold beer left in the house and I've been on a 36-hour treadmill of swimming, bowling, trampolining and cook-outs.

Around 10 that night, the "clients" are draped on their beds like a couple of wet towels, the Old Girl is yawning wildly and the cat, who is pregnant, by the way, is bedded down for the night. It is time for Dad to start his Latin homework so he can get it done by 1.30, so he can get up at 5.30, so he can drive back to the city for an 8 o'clock lecture. I'm not complaining, mind you. But compared to the monastic simplicity of my scholarly, leisurely week, the weekend at home is about as restful as eating lunch off a moving conveyor belt with one hand, while pulling on your trousers with the other.

The northernmost point of land in continental United States is in Canada because 200 years ago a mix-up in defining the boundary made American territory of a peninsula that juts into the Lake of the Woods, north of the 49th parallel, that is part of Minnesota but can be reached by land only through Manitoba.

THE TURNING POINT

by J. M. STARR

"The nimble blue plateaus,
The mounted yielding cities of the air!"
Life has so much loveliness to sell! The price? "Awareness." This could be described too, perhaps, as a sensitivity to the natural beauty around us. Are you truly aware, for example, of the graceful white wings of the clouds fanned out against the blue canopy of the sky? It is not very often that we look up into a cloudless space. There are usually clouds of almost every conceivable shape . . . sometimes they look like mountains . . . or even feathers; sometimes like rocks along the lakeshore . . . or perhaps like some huge animal! In Shakespeare's "Hamlet," there is a conversation between the Prince and the old man, Polonius. They see a cloud-shape as a camel, then as a weasel and finally, as a great whale! We all see so many different things in cloud shapes, depending on our thoughts as we scan the sky and many of our most famous poets have written beautiful tributes to the clouds.

As children we looked up at these splendid clouds and were filled with wonder as to why they took so many different shapes and forms. It only increased our wonder as we learned that clouds are made by masses of water particles, each formed about a speck of dust which is floating in the air and how, when the air cools the water condenses about these tiny particles which are known as "ions." We learned how these air masses, moving upward became colder and caused the vapor to condense . . . creating these "clouds" in the sky! Of course the cloud shapes change with the atmosphere, and we may see clouds lazily drifting, or scudding along at a great pace, depending on the prevailing air currents.

I think it most interesting to note that in the main countries of the world the names for the basic classes of clouds are exactly the same in all languages. This was done purposely . . . an agreement made between weather students, so that they could collaborate on weather reports without the handicap of different language names.

Which of the four main types of clouds do you like most? The "cirrus" clouds are so luminous and delicate looking. Cirrus means "curl" . . . such as the curl in a feather and these clouds are so high that they are actually composed of tiny particles of ice.

Those grand and glorious "mounds of clouds" we refer to as "cumulus." It is these cathedral-like-masses which first come to mind when someone says "cloud," as they are most common and especially prevalent in summer skies . . . a dazzling white with the sun upon them, but they can change their garb too and become heavy, dark and ominous before a thunder storm. And have any of you ever noticed that these big, fluffy, "cotton-ball" clouds are often seen in the day-time, but vanish as evening approaches?

"Stratus" clouds earned their name because stratus means "layer" and these clouds are like "layers" or bars across the sky.
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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, July 27, 1911

On the 13th inst., Garnett Wheeler and Jesse were shingling the roof of John Ireland's house, Nelson, the toe clip gave way and both slid down the roof and fell 255 feet to the ground. Hubbert had an arm broken in two places and a hip hurt. Wheeler had no bones broken, but was bruised, scratched and badly shaken up.

On Friday afternoon Reeve Earl, councillors Little, Irving, Hemstreet, Blain and Hume, Editors White and Pantton and D.S. Robertson and McCannell drove to the Agnew farm, on the mountain, Nelson, to inspect the spring on which an option has been secured with a view to piping its output to the reservoir under the water works extension bylaws. The spring gushes out below a mass of solid rock, with perpendicular face, about 60 to 70 feet in height, and was reached by descending a zigzag trail where there is a break in the precipice a short distance to the west.

The boys of the fire brigade are practicing every evening for the team races at the meeting of the Provincial Volunteer Firemen's Association at Brampton on Aug. 9. They have also bought a natty new uniform, white duck jackets and white yachting pattern caps, which they will sport at Brampton for the first time.

Porter Bros., of Appleby, have imported from England five Shire fillies. They arrived this week. They were bought from R. Moore and Sons, of Nottingham, the note breeder of Shire horses.

A new organization is the Ontario Plowmen's Association. One of its objects is to encourage its members to give greater attention to the cultivation of the soil. Another is to disseminate useful information about such cultivation. It aims at establishing branch associations throughout the province. J. Lockie Wilson, Secretary, Toronto, will be glad to give full information to all who apply to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwart Lindsay and two sons of Dundas and Mrs. Mary Boyd of Milton were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson.

Harold Coulson and Frank Childs have been chosen delegates to represent Milton Fire Brigade at the Provincial Firemen's convention at Dresden on August 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Mrs. Charles Ballard of Woodstock has been visiting Mrs. H. A. Cavell for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison and daughter Margaret and Miss Maude Copping spent their vacation at the home of his mother in Tilbury.

Reports indicate that the present job is likely to be a real improvement to No. 25 Highway from Acton to Milton. It is to be hoped Acton can arrange to make the section from the town limits to the pavement in keeping with the highway surface.

AROUND THE DISTRICT

WITH ROY DOWNS



OAKVILLE — About 50 fire departments from across Ontario will be represented at the annual convention of the Ontario Firemen's Association in Oakville August 4 to 7. Highlights will be a mammoth parade on the Monday, a Sunday church service, choosing of a Firefighters' Queen, business sessions and equipment demonstrations.

GEORGETOWN — The Zeller's Stores chain is considering a location in Georgetown, but the opening of a store here hinges on whether or not the firm can operate six days and two nights a week. Mayor Hyde says there have been "rumblings" from local merchants about changing the town's store hours by-law.

BURLINGTON — "This type of vandalism is the height of stupidity" says recreation director Earl Davis, who reports several acts of vandalism at the beach swimming area. Broken bottles have been thrown in the water, resulting in cut feet for several children, and also garbage cans have been stolen and lifeguard stands have been upset.

BRAMPTON — A by-pass for Highway 10 around this town won't be necessary for about five years, according to the Department of Highways. A survey has shown that of every four vehicles approaching Brampton, only one wanted to avoid the town.

ACTON — Frank Heller and Co. Limited is Acton's third small new industry to locate here within six weeks. This one will coat and finish paper, plastic, leather, straw, reconstituted leather and other products, and will start with eight employees. The finished articles are to be sold to make handbags, shoes, brief cases, wallets and luggage.

STREETSVILLE — Opposition to the public school board's recent acquisition of two privately owned and operated kindergarten classes was registered by two board members last week. Both men resigned from the board.

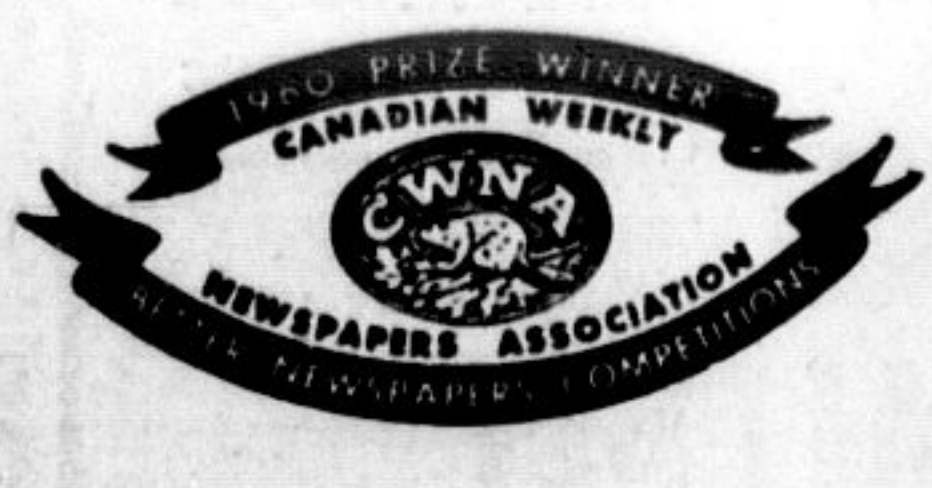
GRAND VALLEY — This town and district will celebrate 100 years as a settled community on the August holiday weekend. Choosing of a Queen, a street dance, soap box derby, school visits, opening of a new park, baby parade, variety show, church service, giant barbecue, band concert, parades and a beard contest will highlight the weekend.

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