



Jem's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **PARENTS HAVE** a problem. Recently, with the approach of summer holidays, I've heard several wondering what their teenage sons would do for the summer. Jobs are pretty scarce when an employer knows the boys will be returning to school in the fall. Time consumed in training these boys in most jobs costs money for an employer. But parents wonder where the youthful energy will be expended in the free time. Obviously, the lads won't be exposed to good work habits if they don't have a job. Naturally, those who live on a farm will be plenty busy, but the urban youth faces quite a different situation. Even swimming and being lazy can pall after over-indulgence in it. Any solutions for the fellow who wants to work and stay out of mischief?

● **I WAS PLEASED** to see the Minor Ball boys out selling chocolate bars on the weekend. Probably I had two reasons for thinking the idea was a good one. First the easiest and probably most profitable solution would have been to give them lucky

draw tickets. There would have been little pride and certainly little for a buyer's money. Second I think it indicates to boys that one must give something for money received. I just don't like the idea of draw tickets.

● **INCIDENTALLY**, the sod on Martin St. seems to be about the best I've seen. It was supplied by a local contractor at about \$100 less than the price quoted by an out-of-town supplier. The trees on the Martin St. boulevard are supposed to be a quality product too so the entrance to town should be quite attractive in the years ahead.

● **PICNICED** at a park in Guelph on the weekend. It was a very attractive setting with swings and slides for the children but there couldn't have been more than two picnic benches in the entire park.

● **I DON'T** envy the life of a politician. Monday night surely took several years off the candidates. After a rugged election campaign the closeness of the results and the uncertainty that

prevailed must have taken a toll that wouldn't be immediately evident.

● **OF COURSE** after you get elected you only have to worry about the complaints, suggestions and criticism of some 55,000 people after you've either given up your vocation or relegated it to an inactive state for the necessary number of years.

● **NOTICED** that the parties seem to be removing the election signs and this is certainly a creditable effort. Down my way Ernie Millson was out taking down signs Tuesday and in the morning Marty Caputo assured me his crew would be out to remove the N.D.P. signs.

● **CHIEF RAY ADDRESS** and his men will be out to confiscate B-B guns if they're found with those who shouldn't have them. A sports car driver was hit in the eye on Bronte St. where some people were apparently taking pot shots at cars as they drove by. Unprotected by a top on his car, the man's sight was very nearly impaired.

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY



Things have been so scrambled around our place in the past couple of weeks that I still don't know who won the election. I've been too busy with important things.

Kim knocked off two thirds and two fourths at the field day, and came home mad as blazes because she hadn't placed first in all events. She takes after her mom. She also tried a grade seven piano exam, with accompanying piano. She also went picking strawberries for a farmer and made \$1.04. She also lost her Christmas watch while swimming and was cut off her bike and allowance for two weeks, which was rough for all concerned.

Hugh came up with a startling climax to a year of hard work at his piano. Every morning, he got up at seven to practise, and added another couple of hours later in the day. All his Saturdays were taken up by a trip to the city for his lesson. As a result, he missed a lot of parties and ski meets and other adolescent fun. But he wasn't feeling any pain when the results of his grade 10 piano exam arrived this week and he learned he'd received the fairly fantastic mark of 90, which threw his old lady into a state of near-hysteria and his old man into a dangerous case of parental pride.

I bade farewell to my students at school and it was an emotional ordeal. On the last day of school, some benevolent old fairy waves a magic wand. The grim-faced teacher suddenly becomes a tender-hearted old trout who wasn't so bad after all. The sullen students, the lazy louts, even the class cut-ups, are suddenly transformed into a group of the nicest youngsters you could meet.

And when they sing "For He's

a Jolly Good Fellow" and present you with a beautiful shirt and tie, and those who are leaving school come up and shake hands with you, and some little girl waits until the others have gone and tearfully blurts out at you, "Thanks for a WONDERFUL year, sir," and some dreadful boy who has harassed you all year says, "Sure hope I have you next year, sir," it's pretty hard to maintain the god-like imperturbability of the teacher.

Maybe I'm just imagining things, and I certainly wouldn't come out with it back in February, but I think there's a special bond between young people and their teachers. Not all of the kids feel it, and some teachers don't. But it's there and, though different, it's just as real as the bond between parents and their children.

With the students, I think it's a slow realization that the teacher is a human being, all evidence to the contrary. And with the teacher, I think it's a slow realization that the students are human beings, despite what his eyes, and ears tell him.

When this mutual realization begins to work, communication quickens. The kids decide that this man or woman is actually concerned with improving their ability and knowledge, not just making life miserable for them. The teacher decides that most of these kids are doing their best, in the face of their private fears and furies, their domestic upsets, their love affairs, and their complicated human natures.

It's a pleasant thing, and a good thing. In some cases, it is the only good and warm relationship in the lives of both.

However, we'll explore that another time. To get back to

the chaos at the Smileys, we bought a new house this month. Twelve dollars down and 12 dollars a day for life. Before ink was dry on the contract, the old woman was waving samples of linoleum, wall paper and drapery at me, demanding an opinion.

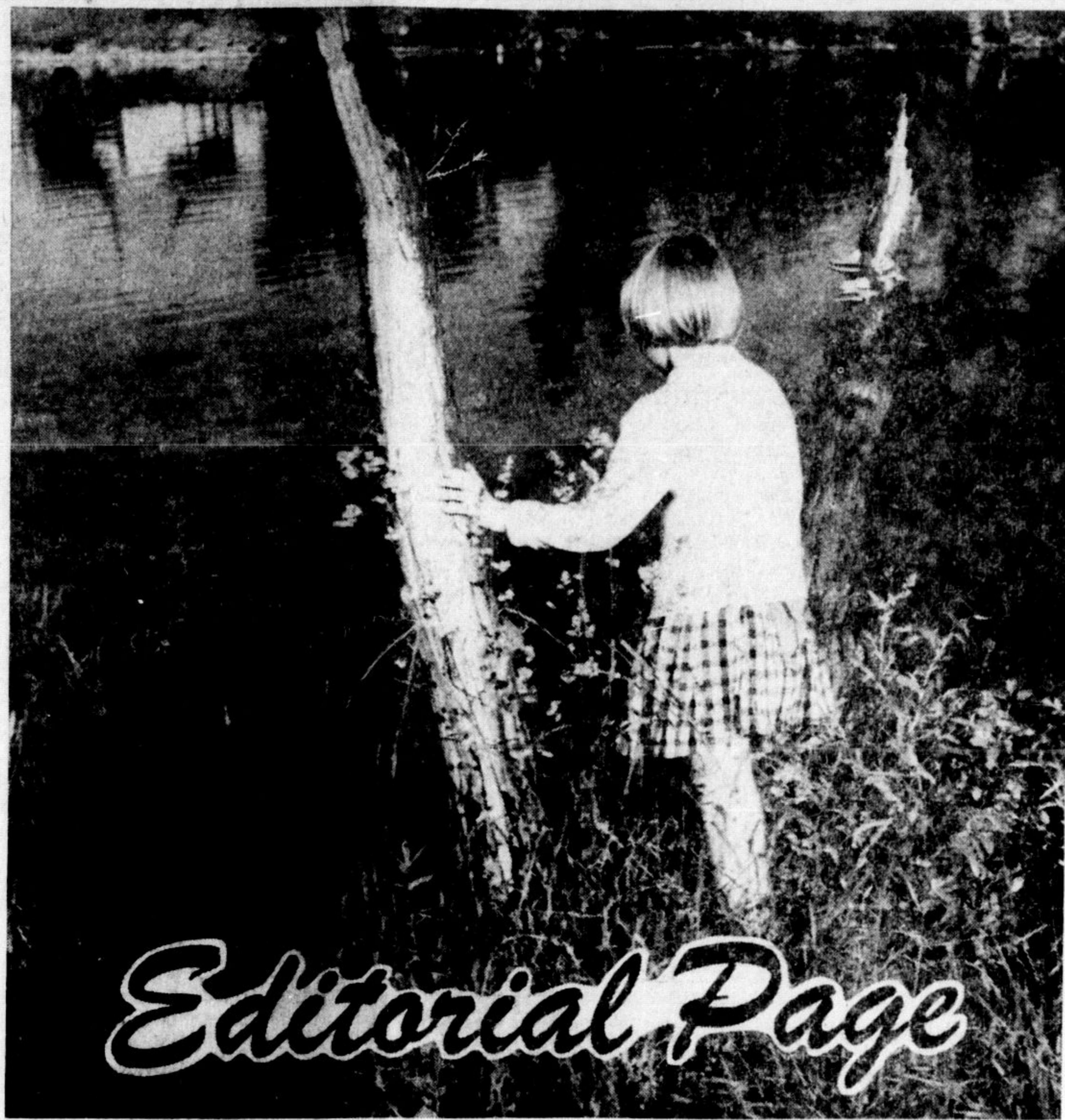
As always, I remarked equably about each sample. "That looks pretty good to me." This sensible, reasonable, co-operative attitude for some reason, infuriates her. "You don't even care!" she hollers. "You'd live in a pig-pen! Have you no taste, no desire to make your home decent?"

By this time, I am thoroughly cowed. I haven't the nerve to say what I think: that the place looks fine the way it is, and anyway, we can't afford it. So I point to one of the little squares and suggest, "How about that nice green there?" It turns out to be turquoise, and it also turns out to be the only one of the lot that clashes "hideously" with everything in the room.

Never mind, I think we're saved. She's gone off on a gardening tangent. It doesn't matter that it's the middle of June. It doesn't matter that, in the 15 years of our marriage, she's never planted anything except an annual crop of pointed remarks. She's going to have a garden, if it kills me.

Yes, it's been a rather frantic couple of weeks. Even the one spot that might have created a moment of domestic calm and restored household unity — Father's Day — was ruined when I tore the fancy paper off what looked like a new fishing rod and discovered it was a shiny, new garden hoe.

"Days in Summer"



Editorial Page

—Photo by Esther Taylor

Election Aftermath . . .

The election on Monday in Halton indicated the shambles that can develop with inexperienced election officials. Halton must be one riding in Canada where on Tuesday morning the outcome is not certain.

As we write this editorial, the Halton election headquarters cannot provide us with accurate figures on the outcome. Certainly it was a close contest and this has contributed to the confusion. A landslide victory would have cleared the air with only 75% of the returns. In this contest every poll counts toward the final decision.

The Returning Officer presiding for this election in Halton was a new appointee. The task he faced was large. An additional 12,000 voters had come to the county since the last election. The number of polling stations had increased from 120 to about 252. Naturally the number of people involved in the election machinery had also increased considerably. Even in the smoothest organized elections we've seen pandemonium break loose as results start to flood in.

People are impatient, however, and the accurate returns are the most sought after item on election night. In Halton those figures were woefully absent. To the candidates it must have been exasperating. To the Halton voters it was frustrating.

It is quite probable the election was won by Sandy Best in Halton. The margin however is quite likely slim and the possibility of recounts cannot be ruled out although they seldom change outcomes.

Nationally it is certain the Diefenbaker government will be governing with a minority government. Perhaps we're too naive, but we suspect the next parliament may see some of the best and most generally sought legislation.

The government will certainly not want to face defeat in the early stages. The opposition will be less prone to object to everything as a matter of principle knowing the damage that could be done.

Legislation can be passed by a minority government and it can be good legislation, indeed it must be good legislation. Undoubtedly Mr. Diefenbaker will not

relish the position of heading a minority government. It will be considerably different from the past parliament where he held an overwhelming majority. Even then he complained of the "obstructionist" policies of the opposition parties prone to lengthy debate. The atmosphere in the next house will be quite different.

The situation of course is not without precedent. In 1921 Mackenzie King, heading a minority government, governed until 1925.

Biggest shock to us came with the tremendous Quebec support for Social Credit exceeding that given the N.D.P. We expected an even greater increase in the number of N.D.P. seats nationally than was received even though percentage-wise the increase was significant.

A growing dissatisfaction with the Conservative government was evident in the voting. The heavy percentage of votes — in the 80's — reflected the interest and desire of Canadians to participate in the decision.

In Halton the contest was largely between the Conservatives and Liberals. The N.D.P. and Social Credit supporters naturally drained off votes that, divided among two parties, would have given a clear decision. It is, however, the right of every voter to support any party or candidate. To suggest the N.D.P. supporters would better have voted Liberal to defeat the Conservatives is not valid.

When the next election will be held is anyone's guess. One thing is certain — in Halton the outcome of the next election will be keenly contested. Our continuing hope is that it will not be conducted as an election block for votes with taxpayer currency used to provide enticing goodies.

Our hope too is that the next election in Halton — be it landslide or close — is conducted in an efficient manner that will indicate the voters' choice on election day rather than a day or two after.

Perhaps consideration to the appointment of permanent returning officers might step up the efficiency of elections. That might take it out of the realm of political patronage where all parties have let it remain for decades.

For a Safer Holiday Trip . . .

The first international Holiday weekend each year occurs on the July 1-4 period when both American and Canadians will be crowding their own and each other's highways in a happy escape from their daily tasks and cares. The final tally of the dead and maimed will, if the current trend continues, break all previous grim records.

In the 3 months, July, August and September, 1961, there were 586 people killed on Canadian highways, 13,242 injured in 43,102 reportable accidents, according to statistics.

With more than 10,000 miles of super highways on this continent, motorists will have to adjust to the special requirements of such driving.

Drivers are advised to cruise at their normal speed rather than attempting to keep up to the posted limit. There are many variables in operating a car safely at 70 mph that do not apply to the 40 mph driver.

The triple "C's", care, courtesy and common sense are imperative for a safe trip; they should not be lost sight of for the merest instant. Speed in itself is not the killer.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, June 12, 1912.

Grand Bazaar Concert in the lecture room of the Methodist Church tomorrow (Friday) evening. Program: Selection, Orchestra; vocal solo, F. B. Smith; vocal solo, Mrs. Walter Bews; recitation, Miss Deitch; vocal solo, Miss J. E. Smith; vocal duet, Mrs. J. W. Bews and C. E. Robertson; instrumental duet, Misses Dewar and Lawrence; male quartet, Messrs. Dunkly, Earl, Pearen and Allport; vocal solo, Miss G. Featherstone; recitation, Miss Deitch; vocal solo, Miss Shirley Smith; selection, orchestra; solo, Mrs. J. W. Bews. Admission 15 cents.

Married. Arthur Brush — At Grace Church, Milton, on Wednesday, June 12, 1912, by the Rev. G. Quillin, Irene Brush of Milton to William G. Arthur of Welland.

On Tuesday, the 18th inst., one of the prettiest June weddings of the season was solemnized at "Rosedale", Lowville, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Coulson, when their only daughter, Millie Mae, was united in marriage to Amos E. McArthur of Kilbride.

150,000 Free Homesteads along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The opening game of the town league was not played on Saturday on account of rain. It will come off next Saturday. The contestants will be Screw factory vs Motor factory. Silver collection.

In order to make the season's games interesting the strength of the teams has been equalized as much as possible by the factory nines being allowed to take on men that do not belong to them. Galloway and Sinclair will play for the motor works. The batter-ies are: town, Kennedy and Jarvis, screw factory, Edwards and Ryder, motor factory, Galloway and Baker, with Sinclair as reserve catcher.

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, June 18, 1942.

Seventy young men and women competed at the annual Achievement Day for Milton Junior Farmers and Junior Homemakers, held at Milton on Saturday, June 6. Championship awards were won by Charlotte McCullough and John McNabb, both of Georgetown district. The following young ladies, who over the past three or four years have completed six units of work, were awarded County Honor Pins — Georgina McDonald, Charlotte McCullough, Frances Givens, all of Georgetown; Francis Cripps, Milton; Lois Merry, Hornby; Mary Sherwood, Freeman; Shirley Wright and Jean Givens, Limehouse.

The young men under the direction of agricultural representative J. E. Whitelock, made visits to the farms of Edwin Harrop, Dr. W. F. James, Frank Stark, Maurice Beatty, J. Y. Murdoch and J. H. Willmott, where 10 classes of livestock were judged.

Other trophy winners were as follows: Grant Allen, Acton; Walter Reid, Milton; Jack Hamilton, Freeman; John Vansickle, Palerm; Donald Peer, Milton.

Riders of bicycles are reminded that if they persist in riding on the sidewalk, the constable will certainly have them prosecuted. After all, the roads are wide enough and the sidewalks were built for pedestrians only.

The Street Fair put on by the Legion in aid of the Red Cross was a success. The amount realized is expected to be well over \$400. Following are the prize winners: T. J. Reid, Deloro, Ont.; J. Steele, R. R. 3, Milton; Mervyn Deforest, Campbellville; K. McDougall, R. R., Milton; Mrs. Jane Thompson, Milton; Mrs. Helen Chisholm, R. R., Milton; Earl Timbers, Milton. Mrs. Fontier won the lucky bingo prize, which was a mat donated by Mrs. Tuck.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

BRAMPTON — "Hand over the loot" demanded by the men with the starter's pistol as they escaped with \$20 in silver from a snack bar. But police caught up with one suspect and charged him with armed robbery following identification in a lineup.

OKAVILLE — Westeel Products Ltd. of Toronto has made an offer on a 28-acre tract of land between the Third and Fourth Lines adjacent to the C.N.R. line, believed to be in excess of \$150,000. The plant will employ 50 or 60 to start. The firm specializes in underground storage tanks and other sheet metal products.

TORONTO TOWNSHIP — In a 39 per cent turnout of eligible voters, Township residents approved the sale of beer and wine in licensed dining rooms and also cocktail lounges. They defeated the question of beverage rooms for men and women, and beverage rooms for men only.

STREETSVILLE — Council approved the tax rate for 1962, two mills higher at 79 than last year. The commercial and industrial rate is up five mills to 86.9.

ACTON — Dogs and motorists can look forward to more rigid restrictions this summer, thanks to restricting by-laws council has under consideration. Dog licence fees have been increased from \$3 to \$5 for male dogs, and \$5 to \$8 for females. The motorists will feel the change in parking restrictions, which prohibit parking for more than two hours on certain side streets.

THE TURNING POINT

by J. M. STARR

One eventually comes to a point of realizing that the unkind, the selfish, and the disagreeable people in our world are the lonely and the unhappy, because they have been hurt at some time, and have allowed this hurt to turn in on themselves . . . instead of endeavouring to understand their feeling, and then in turn, cast the weight of their hurt off . . . just like an unwanted heavy overcoat in the springtime of the year! All our outward behaviour . . . both good and bad . . . is the final product of all our successful, and our unsuccessful situations up to the "today" of our lifetime. As we have had our own unique backgrounds and experiences . . . each differing in so many ways from anyone else's; we are destined to produce variations in our reactions to the experiences we are constantly being confronted with.

Human relations have always had imperfections, but this should in no way alter the influences of good we have on each other . . . if we can just develop our understanding enough to have tolerance and consideration for one another. All of us have tasted the hurt and the bitterness created when someone we trusted as being a true friend turned out to be a pretender. Sham friends who regard friendship as a stepping-stone or a convenience have always been commonplace. If you think your hurt is unique, remember Julius Caesar's words of utter disbelief when he recognized his friend among his assassins: "Et tu, Brute?" And this was 74 years before the world began to despise Judas for his betrayal of Christ. Human nature has changed for the better over the centuries, but one still cannot escape imperfection in friendship . . . which does not mean that we cannot have some very genuine friendships!

Most of us realize, sooner or later, that we cannot hope to establish even generally harmonious relationships with everyone we come in contact with. Where there are people there will be fun . . . and fireworks! People are . . . and should be, individual. Like colors, or chemicals, we can blend together in perfect harm only sometimes. Other colours or chemicals will mix only reasonably well. Still other combinations of colours will clash violently . . . as some chemicals always produce a similar reaction. People are really no different, except that we fortunately possess a sort of built-in-radar-system, which enables us to decide with unusual sureness, which personalities will blend with our own . . . generating double the happiness each could find by himself!

Since the days of the cave men, people have enjoyed identifying themselves with others. We can do this and still honour our individuality. No true friend finds it necessary for us to sacrifice this in order to confirm to his idea of what we should be-like. He respects our differences . . . realizing that it is this exquisite difference that keeps us interesting and attractive to each other. The only way to find happiness with others is to accept yourself for the good but imperfect human that each of us is, and to make the best of that special reason for being our true and honest self. On all the sunny and dark days of our lives we will be exposed to friends who will serve to broaden our horizons and our understanding . . . whether they prove to be wheat or chaff!

"Time is the test of true friendship!"



DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

IN ALMOST every community in Canada, you will find this man. He is engaged in one of the most exciting tasks known, he works with boys — and in case you haven't worked with youngsters lately, they are still the most energetic, imaginative, enthusiastic animals ever to grace the earth.

He is a man who gives freely of his leisure time to open many doors for many boys through his knowledge of resources.

He arms his charges with ideas and guides them to help prepare them for life ahead.

He leads boys by arousing their enthusiasm 'till they run ahead of him to do the job.

He comforts them in perilous times with his presence and stability.

He develops in boys the qualities of initiative, self-reliance and sportsmanship by providing opportunities for them to work and play together.

If he quits, moves away, or dies, his is one of the most difficult jobs to fill.

Yet if he does his job well, his only pay will be the deep personal satisfaction of knowing that he has contributed towards developing responsible and mature adults.

A man with a mission and an extremely popular man in the eyes of the boys he serves — this is the volunteer who coaches or

manages a boys' baseball team. While you're paying tribute to the boys during Minor Baseball Week, June 23 to July 2 this year, don't forget the adults who help them out. They, too, deserve credit for their volunteer endeavors.

AT THE TIME of writing (early Tuesday morning) the election is not settled. Nobody is sure whether Sandy Best was re-elected to Halton's seat, or whether Doc Harley has ousted him.

One thing is sure, however. My predictions last week on how the Halton vote would turn out were awa-ay-out of line.

This corner guessed Sandy would win with 45 per cent of the county vote, Harry would have 35 per cent, Carl Rouleau with 19 and Irving Wilson with one per cent. Preliminary figures to date show both Sandy and Harry with around 41 per cent, Rouleau with 17 per cent, and Wilson with 1.4 per cent.

So we were wrong. So were a lot of others who tried predicting the result, and even the Gallup Poll of Canada's surveys showed up the old saying, "you never can tell what will happen in an election."

Like the others who guessed wrong, we'll go down in history in the words of that noted humorist Bill Smiley . . . "prognosticators . . . braying like jackasses . . . pompous . . . insolent . . . wrong."

Anyone care to help me polish off a crow supper topped off with humble pie?

THAT RECENT column about Milton's need for a good slogan has prompted a reply from Mrs. Helen Dewar of Willowdale, a former Miltonian who still receives The Champion each week.

Her proposed motto for Milton is based on the 4H theme — "Homes, Health and Happy Hours."

Mrs. Dewar adds "I miss the old town and often wish I were back there."

SAY FELLOWS, if yours is a steady nine-to-five job you're missing out on a lot of fun right in your own living room. What fun? Why daytime TV!

Last week, (as if I didn't work hard enough 50 weeks of the year.) I took a week's holidays and spent most of that time painting doors, woodwork, windows and trim in the house. While the wife and I slaved away, we put on the occasional television program, and you'd be amazed at what I learned.

Daytime video can be as educational as it is entertaining. But oh, that Debbie Drake exercise show is a doozer! Heavy censorship from my better half prevents any further comment on this subject.

The Canadian Champion



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