



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **THE OLD STUMP**, the fallen tree, or the pile of branches can't be equalled by all the most expensive playground equipment in the world, it seems. Couldn't help noticing over the weekend two different groups of children in two widely separated sections of town having a lot of fun playing around an old stump or fallen tree. Nothing seems quite so versatile. It can be a fort, or any number of things in the pliable imagination of children. It's too bad that as adults we lose some of that satisfaction with simpler things.

● **BEING gored** by a bull is not unheard of in these parts but down in Illinois a farm employee was gored and trampled by a buffalo bull. Apparently the bull was one of a small herd of plains-type buffalo kept on a farm as a tourist attraction.

● **THEN THERE** was the story of the crib that got lost by the railway express company and was found 19 years later. Naturally the crib was of little value then for the 19-year-old-daughter or for the 14-year-old son.

● **THE ABILITY** to sum up in a few words is not always evident in these days of mass communication. But the following are some examples that bear copying. For instance "When a woman asks to see something more expensive, she's shopping; when she

asks to see something cheaper, she's buying." Or "It's funny how the strongest words often show up in the weakest arguments." Then there's the one "Nowadays when you see a father and son together chances are the one with the beard is the son.

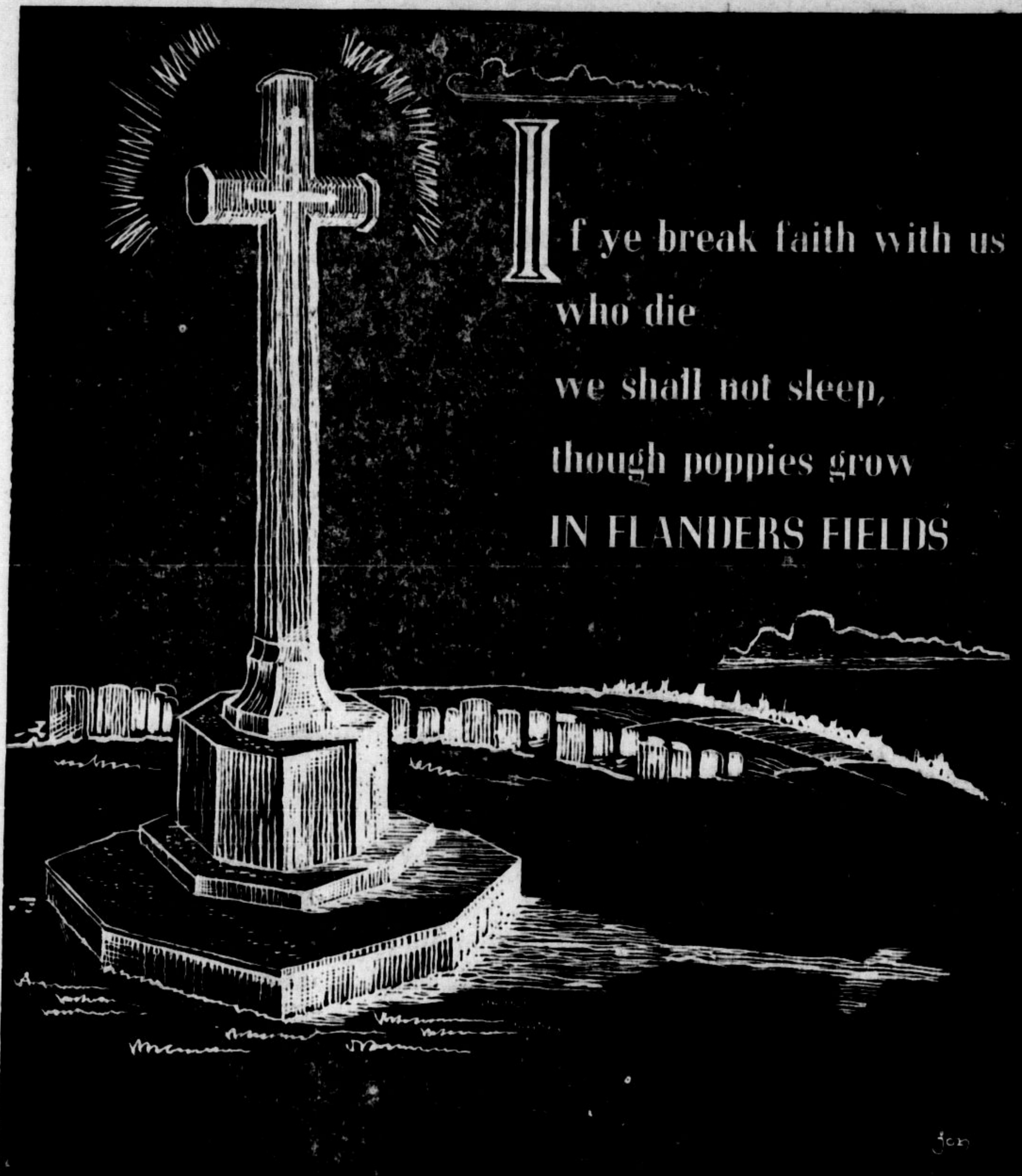
● **WE'RE OFTEN** inclined to think back to the "good old days" when one of the big winter projects for groups was preparing plays for local presentation. I'm inclined to think there's still an interest in such activity if we could collectively get up off our fannies and look for enrichment through the fellowship those events provide as opposed to the isolated fixation with the hypnotic TV eye. Over the past few weeks I've enjoyed exposure to a local group that decided to stage a second minstrel show this week. It won't be of TV quality of course, but the fellowship in preparation and the pride of achievement each will feel must certainly outweigh the feeling that comes from a wasted evening in front of TV.

● **OPENING DATE** for the new Halton County Administration building on November 17 is symbolic perhaps beyond general realization. It was on a dismal dreary day November 16, 1961 that the first sod of the new building was turned. Now one year later almost exactly to the day, the building will be officially

opened. Incidentally here at the Champion we're busily preparing a special section on the significance of the move that takes the county from its original building for the first time in more than 100 years. It's an interesting story.

● **IF YOU'RE** upset about your taxes, concerned because your ditch isn't the way it should be, anxious that the town attract more industry, upset that your elected representatives don't do what you think they should, now is the time to complain long and loud. It's the season for complaining and it's the season for doing something about it. This month you can take a stab at running for the various elected positions and remedying all your complaints. But don't wait too long. There are only nine seats on council, three on public school board, and one on hydro commission. That's not very many to go around among the 2,300 voters so you'd better line up your platform and support right now.

● **THE HUNTERS** are off for the wide open spaces again and my, how I envy them. Not that I could ever sit a wonderful excuse to get away from demanding routine. I'm sure there are others, too, who regard the annual hunting expedition as important, more for the getting away than for getting the deer.



Will We Remember?...

Will we remember on Sunday, November 11, 1962 the events that led to marking that day as one of remembrance?

And will we in our efforts to remember, take time to pay a brief tribute at the cenotaph or will we overlook that event as something outdated?

And will we take the time and trouble to explain to those of the succeeding generation just what we are remembering and what tribute we are paying, that they may know something of the sacrifice made and of which they reap a benefit?

Yes, Sunday, November 11 is a day of remembering.

Forty-four years ago Britain's Prime Minister David Lloyd George read to a hushed House of Commons the terms of the armistice agreement by which the World War had at last been brought to an end. When he finished he said only:

"This is no time for words." In the intervening years, on successive Armistice and Remembrance Days there has

been a plethora of words, in which over and over again we have earnestly assured the millions who died that they had not died in vain. One could perhaps be forgiven for suggesting that the record of the past forty-four years would bring little comfort to the dead, who perhaps would sooner sleep undisturbed by all these pious affirmations of good faith.

Mankind's victories, however, have never been easy ones, especially those won over his own nature. The war to end war did not end on November 11, 1918, nor with V-J Day in 1945. The struggle is still with us, and will be with us for years to come.

On solemn days like Sunday, November 11 it is not the words that count, but the fact mankind remembers and pledges anew a fresh dedication to keep faith with all those who in the past have both lived and died to make man's ancient dream of peace come true.

Will we remember?

A North Halton Dream...

A cause without dedication has little hope of success. That same cause with dedication and determination can seemingly overcome untold obstacles.

We mused on this this week as our thoughts turned to the official opening Saturday of the new school for retarded children located at Hornby. The Sunshine School operated by the North Halton Association for Retarded Children, is the result of what can be accomplished when those who pursue a goal do so with a good measure of determination and faith in the possibility that it can become a reality.

The new \$48,000 school has been a dream in the minds of those workers who initiated the original school, who watched enrolment grow, who saw the fruits of patient labor with those who can be helped. It has taken faith and perseverance in meeting unexpected obstacles and in administering restricted budgets.

But on Saturday who would say it was not all worth it?

The new school did not find its creation in some government department or tax sponsored organization. More than \$30,000 was raised by public subscription, and through innumerable fund-raising projects. A \$5,000 mortgage is still outstanding and the balance came from government support.

But the challenge has not been totally met with the opening of the new Sunshine School.

The work with the retarded continues day after day and year after year. And as those years go on students can remain at the school only until they are 18. What happens

to them then? Sheltered workshops are one possibility where the student may continue crafts and a measure of usefulness that might otherwise be impossible. There is a challenge too, in the area of pre-school service that has yet to be dealt with by the local association. Undoubtedly if the same dedication and perseverance continue in the members of the association, accomplishments in these other areas may also materialize.

On hand Sunday were visitors from distant points like Collingwood, Newmarket, Hamilton, Kitchener and other places. They came to rejoice in the culmination of the North Halton dream of a new school for retarded children.

Value of Cowardice...

While the Russians are keeping the West uneasy with their threats of atomic warfare, it is more than likely that as much uneasiness is being generated by the West on the farther side of the Iron Curtain. It is profitable to recall a remark of Dr. Johnson's in 1778, when the French were enemies of the British and there were fears in England of a French invasion.

One gentleman having remarked after a visit to Dunkirk that the French had the same fears of the English, Dr. Johnson said: "It is thus that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace. Were one-half of mankind brave and one-half cowards, the brave would always be beating the cowards. Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life; all would be continually fighting; but being all cowards, we go on very well."

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G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
James A. Dills, Managing Editor
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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Nov. 5, 1942.

The annual plowing match, for Halton County will be held on Friday of this week, November 6th, on the farm of William Near, 8th line, Esquesing, just above the base line. The members of the Hornby Women's Institute will provide dinner and supper.

Mrs. Dickson and two sons, of Prince Rupert, B.C. have been spending a week visiting Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Dickson's aunt. Mrs. McCarron, base line, gave a Hallowe'en party last Saturday evening to a number of neighbors and friends. All report having had an enjoyable time.

The St. Stephen's A.Y.P.A. held a dance in the Orange Hall on Friday evening last.

Three of our local young men have responded to their country's call and have gone into the woods of the far north to engage in lumbering operations for the winter. They are George Learmont, John Bradley and Richard Weller.

Our local hunters report having had only fair success in the pheasant hunt this year. The birds were none too plentiful and very shy.

Dance, under the auspices of Nassagaweya Women's Institute in Brookville Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Music by Russ Creighton's band. Proceeds in aid of Navy League. There has been picked a half bushel of Northern Spy apples containing 30 apples, which weighed 27 pounds, grown in George Readhead's four-acre orchard near Lowville. Mr. Readhead had lots of 1-lb, but the amazing part of it is this half bushel was picked from one rung of the ladder.

50 Years Ago

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Nov. 7, 1912.

On Sunday evening a lad exhibited a dynamite cartridge, which he had evidently picked up on the construction line of the new electric road. He was foolishly endeavoring to explode the powerful article by percussion when another young fellow volunteered to set it off. He applied a match and the explosion was terrific. One young man had his right thumb painfully lacerated and several others were struck with pieces of the shell. It is miraculous that more serious injuries were not sustained.

A number of local Orangemen attended Divine service at St. George's Church, Lowville, Sunday afternoon, when the Rev. Mr. Burt preached a special sermon to the brethren of Campbellville Lodge. The sermon is highly spoken of.

The big new high level bridge has progressed so far that some people are crossing it. The pouring of the cement into the arches was commenced last week. The work is being rushed and electric lights have been installed to hurry on the work, so that weather permitting, the bridge may be completed this year.

It is rumored that W. J. McClenahan of Appleby, has received the appointment of Registrar of the Surrogate Court, for the County of Halton succeeding the late W. A. Lawrence.

Rev. Mr. Watts will occupy the pulpit in Mansewood U.P. Church next Saturday. Rev. Dr. MacIntyre, who has been ill with pneumonia for the past week, is still in a very low condition, we are sorry to state.

J. D. McGibbon left on Monday for the North in search of deer.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

BURLINGTON—A portion of Burlington's history, the old "town bell" which was first used in 1894 and for many years has been stored away and almost forgotten, has been unearthed by William Gilbert. He hopes to have it permanently mounted on the library grounds, and has started a fund to raise the \$1,500 cost of the project.

GEORGETOWN—A proposed Ninth Line dam is definitely slated on the Credit Valley Conservation Authority's program for the future, but it may take 15 to 20 years. Georgetown's dam, to cost about \$1,114,000, comes after other projects planned for four other towns in the watershed.

TORONTO TOWNSHIP—Council refused the resignations of two councillors last week, and gave both a vote of confidence. The men submitted resignations when they discovered they had inadvertently breached the Municipal Act by holding dealings with the township.

WATERDOWN—Temper flared and charges of "liar" were hurled around the council chambers Wednesday evening of last week when council called a special meeting to discuss a "disagreement" between a councillor and the village clerk.

ACTON—Council's offer of \$6,000 for approximately 50 acres of land adjoining the town cemetery, has been accepted by the Wool Combing Corp. of Canada. The company has surrendered its charter and the town jumped at the chance to buy land for extending the cemetery.

THE TURNING POINT

By J. M. STARR

The other day someone asked me, what one would consider to be the most rewarding part of being a writer of any kind, and they also wanted to know how one begins to be a "writer." Well, this brought to my mind some interesting observations, as I have known a variety of writers and authors.

To begin with, I believe that writers are usually forced to face, earlier than most, who they are exactly; (no room here for riding the guise of "Somebody or other's grandson"); where they are going, what they choose to do with their unique powers and abilities — and what they will choose to do when hurt, frightened, or angry!

They struggle to seek out the two greatest powers in human life, and find them to be "truth" and "love." And then they query as to which is the stronger. They study the two most necessary ingredients for happiness which cry out as being "self-achievement" (there are no truly happy idlers) . . . expressed in suitable work, and "love," once more, which is usually manifested in family life, both as a child and as an adult! Our self-respect suffers in proportion to the lack of these two sought after composites of happiness, which can be ours; just as world peace can be ours; by properly developing and using the wonderful reasoning powers with which the Creator has endowed us; and which, since the beginning of time, have been the key to all man's progress.

Writing under a "nom-de-plume" such as I do, is fun, of course. It's like living a secret life! Charles Dickens wrote under the name "Boz" for a long time. Mark Twain, Michael Fairless and George Sands, and many, many others were pen names used by writers who wished to remain out of the lime-light, at least primarily.

Writing is also a good way of getting to know yourself, and many realize that the majority of us don't know what we really think or feel most of the time.

When you have at last come to the point of putting a thought or a truth down in writing, you can see it . . . which hurts sometimes. But being able to see it, or face it, gives one the strength to control it, or to decide, which of the several emotions one may feel at the time, is the one we really want to choose in order to act on. This is teaching ourselves not to be a victim of our own wrong ideas, and this is true freedom!

You might call it "getting-on-the-road-to-somewhere" at first . . . but at least you are moving. As a teacher once said to me: "Never sit and stare at a blank page. Put something down. Anything. Start with your name and address. As soon as you start your pencil moving; if you are going to be a writer at all; other words will come . . . and soon your thoughts will exceed the motion of your pen!" I tried it. It worked like a charm. I used it on exams sometimes too, when I had any problems "getting things down." A piece of scrap paper and a moving pen and you are away! But I now have another problem. It is a lack of brevity. But I feel sure there is a cure for that too, if one is willing to look!

Many people start on a writing career because of family background in the profession. Our family harbours seven or eight writer-teachers . . . or teacher-writers in several fields. Teaching is a most rewarding profession, and through a column such as this I hoped to offer a service too. I have progressed with my readers through this media, for a writer; one will discover; is forced more than most people to take a deep look inside himself, and to help others to a better understanding of themselves. In order to benefit you must feel the reward of accomplishment as well as service in what you write. The best books haven't been written yet, so hurry, won't you?

Longfellow wrote these lines of inspiration which I offer to you "till we meet at the next turning point." "Confident that what the future yields will be right, unless my true self be wrong!"

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Now that the big shooting match of the century appears to be postponed, perhaps we can turn our attention to a more personal type of shooting that is no less lethal, but a lot more fun for all concerned. I refer to hunting.

Each fall, I like to print some of the tips on hunting safety, especially for the reassurance of the wives. But I haven't had the nerve to do it for the last three years. Why? Because the last time I produced a safe-hunting column, there were some rather peculiar results.

One fellow shot another fellow out of a tree, taking him for a partridge. Don't ask me what this bird was doing up a tree. Probably taking a bead on another hunter who, that same year, shot two more hunters out of a canoe, claiming they were moose. Hunters may lack a few of the finer things, but there's nothing wrong with their imagination.

However, I think a decent interval has passed, and humanitarian instincts drive me to make one more attempt to preserve the human species while it is attempting to extinguish a few other species. Here goes, and every man for himself.

The first and foremost rule of the bush is: never mix alcohol and gunpowder. Just use ginger ale, coke or whatever your normal mixer is.

Before you start off on a hunting trip, look down the barrel of your gun to make sure nothing has built a nest in it since last year. If you can't see through the barrel, put in a shell and fire the gun. This usually removes any obstacles.



DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

ies and clowns who knocked on our door looking for handouts.

My better half was prepared for a crowd, she had candy and gum aplenty, but the parade of shell-outers started shortly after 5 p.m. and by 6:15 we were out of eats.

Next she raided the cookie jar, and found enough goodies to last for another 30 or so door-knockers. When that was done, the old man had to dip into his penny savings jar, and fortunately we only had about 20 callers after that, or we might never have been able to pay for the house from my secret savings department.

All in all, we had less than 100 callers, but that was plenty.

This was a paltry few, apparently, for one lady in town counted her visitors and totalled up 159 in the one night. A man I know reported 130 at his door, and another lady stood and watched as 120 shell-outers gobbled up seven pounds of fudge candy she had prepared.

Isn't this getting to be a little too much?

Some of the kids were coming back a second time (depending on what type of goodies you were shelling out). One boy had filled and dumped two six-quart baskets full of treats and was working on his third. Cars and trucks were pouring into town from the rural areas, where it's too far to

walk from door to door. I guess the town and the subdivisions were made for easier collections.

I even caught an adult dressed as a child, collecting with her youngsters. Another lady appeared at a local home pretending to be a big child, but her wedding ring gave her away.

They came in groups of 10, 14 and 16. Some weren't even polite enough to say "thank you" for your donation towards their next toothache.

The topper of them all was at the home in the south end, where a gang of 14 opened the door and traipsed in — uninvited — to the woman's living room. They helped themselves to the candy her son had just brought home from his rounds.

Maybe that the kids in this town need is a UNICEF program sponsored by a service club, one in which they can collect pennies to aid unfortunate children in other lands, instead of their own spoiled selves. I'm not against Hallowe'en or trick-or-treating, but when a struggling homeowner has to shell out with several dollars worth of goodies to kids, not only from his whole neighborhood but from all over town and the countryside, it's the line was drawn.