



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

FOR REASONS best forgotten. I drove from Toronto to Milton the other morning at 8 a.m. Undoubtedly, it was the height of the rush hour traffic, but I was amazed at the number of cars on highway 401 with only one passenger. The obvious car pool was limited to about every fifth car. Little wonder there is so much traffic! Must be a symbol of that affluent society we keep hearing about.

EVERYONE seems uncommonly interested in the current election fever that is developing uncommonly early in the campaign. I've been wondering for some time about our election system and since the job of re-writing the Canadian legislation would never fall to my lot, I can

openly wonder: Why do we have a party system? Why don't we have the opportunity to vote the man rather than the label? Why is the government brought down on one vote in the house? Why doesn't the government have a standard life despite the acceptance or rejection of its legislation? Now if you're tempted to lecture me on the British North America Act, please make it brief and simple.

CAME ACROSS a new word in this age that is constantly developing new words. Ever heard of a shunpiker? Well, it seems a shunpiker is the person who shuns a drive along the famous throughways or turnpikes, in favor of the more leisurely byways of our great province. The

shunpiker is one of those vacationers who prefers to see the country rather than cover it.

MILTON'S proximity to 401, Kelso Dam, Glen Eden ski area, the Bruce Trail, the Halton Museum, the new Mohawk race track and the provincial School for the Deaf indicates that the town might normally expect greater traffic of the tourist type. Hence the advice recently relayed to me of how a province or a municipality might encourage such traffic might be of interest. No money is involved and the suggestion is simply, "We should learn to stand erect, smile and greet the stranger first." There's a wealth of wisdom in the suggestion if you turn it over mentally for a few minutes.

Sugar and Spice ...

BY BILL SMILEY



For some reason, Valentine Day brings out the worst in me. The idea of having a special day for expressions of love appeals to me, but not in the middle of a Canadian February.

At this time of year, I can hardly stand myself, let alone my wife, my neighbor's wife, and various other people I'm supposed to love. Bearing this in mind, perhaps you will excuse the faintly anti-romantic tone of the following.

Nothing disconcerts a woman quite as much as the suggestion that she is not the fingers-to-the-bone type of worker she claims to be. And that's a big statement, because an awful lot of things disconcert a woman.

Trouble is, most men swallow this legend. They come home from work with their tails dragging, and barely have their coats off when the recital starts. They react in various ways to the avalanche that flows from Mum on everything she did from the time she got out of bed this morning.

One of the most widely used methods of retaining sanity is to paste an interested look on your face, go right on eating your dinner, and emit a repertoire of small sounds indicating incredulity, approval and sympathy, accompanied by popping the eyes, if your mouth is full, wagging your head from time to time, and shrugging your shoulders at the opportune moment. This gets you through the meal. Then she says, "Why do you never talk to me?"

Another way of countering the vivid account of the way she got at the ironing right after she made the beds is to say, "Oh, put a sock in it. Who the hell cares how long it took you to wax the floor?" But this method is not recommended unless your wife is paralyzed

from the waist down. And up. The more subtle and intelligent approach is one I have developed, and which I am too public-spirited to keep to myself. It is to read women's magazines. Practically every one of them these days contains an article about how to hold your husband.

For example, this week I found a couple of dandies. One reads: Stop Boring Your Husband! The second asks, Are You Exploiting Your Husband? Just create the magazine at the article, put some fingerprints on it, and underline a few pregnant phrases. Then leave the open magazine in some place where she's likely to see it, such as the bathroom or inside the refrigerator.

Next, find a few murder mysteries in which husbands have done away with their wives. Or news stories in which a man has gone berserk and axed his entire family. Get into the habit of reading them aloud to your wife, joyfully, and with relish. Start grinding up aspirin tablets and dropping them into glasses of milk just as she enters the room.

When she starts talking about working so hard, fix her with a piercing stare and ask softly, "Are you really unhappy with your life, darling?" This method is practically guaranteed to give her something else to think about besides what she told the milkman when he shortchanged her.

It's all very well for women to talk about how hard they work, and what a state their nerves are in, from the continual pressure of "kids, kids, kids!" But, I, for one, am not interested, and don't believe a word of it. Third of all, I'd rather talk about me.

If life is such a round of drudgery, why are they so

frantic to get married? Oh, I know the answer to this one, too. It goes, "I certainly didn't expect it to be like this. You used to talk to me about everything. Now you just sit there with your nose in the paper. Other people's husbands talk to them."

Of course they do, and so would we, wouldn't we chaps, if our wives would only SHUT UP.

Don't expect her to admit it, but today's woman, if she is a fair mechanic, has a life that would make her grandmother turn green with envy. Some body else does her baking. A machine does her washing. The milk and groceries are delivered (unless she lives in the city, where the latter amenity has been dispensed with). She doesn't have to pump water or chop kindling or shovel snow or shoot Indians or drive a team or birth babies or preserve fruit.

She has so many time-saving devices she hasn't time to look after them all. And with radio, television, and telephone, she doesn't have to suffer the worst plague of her grandmother — loneliness.

Or does she? On top of the mechanical aids that have removed the drudgery from her life, she has a husband who might think that a woman's place is in the home — but would not dare say it. Come on, kids, confess that you never had it so good.

Or do you? Happy Valentine's Day. And even if it's only old Bill Smiley — I love you.

"We Are Three"



—Photo by Esther Taylor

Campaign Keynote — Decisiveness ...

Decisiveness must surely be the keynote of the election campaign in which this country finds itself.

There is clear evidence this campaign will see once again the active interest of a majority of the population well ahead of voting day. This, we suggest, is something long lacking in recent campaigns. Local organizers report supporters volunteering their services, something they are quite unaccustomed to in the opening days of the battle.

Canadians are now taking a serious look at this mess in Ottawa and their interest, we suggest, is long overdue.

The election is poorly timed. Not only is our Canadian winter season a deterrent in some sections of the country to voting, but the country itself faces major policy problems that cannot be settled by politicians busy on the huskings.

It is clear that decisiveness has been lacking in our operations at Ottawa for some time. An unstated defense policy and a wide split in opinion among those responsible for it; our loss of stature as a nation, abroad; our continuing difficulties with unemployment, and a host of other problems have been evident during the life of the present government.

The problem of decisiveness has, in our opinion, been absent for too long. The Canadian people have been "selling" their votes for too long. Promises of candy-coated palliatives for our national ills have grown a little sickening. Frankly we would like to see some national decisiveness in which the plain, hard, cold facts are presented in unadulterated fashion, accompanied by an equal measure of hard, cold cures in similarly unadulterated fashion. We cannot go on forever spending more than we are taking in and this is one of the hard, cold, facts few governments seem willing to cope with.

Defense is bound to be a key issue in this election campaign. If it takes on an Anti-American note, as we expect it will, the lack of decisiveness that has preceded the dissolution of parliament will have contributed greatly to that unfortunate development. It

Capsule Comment ...

I AM A CALENDAR ...

The symbol of time
Take time to think, it is the source of power;
Take time to play, it is the secret of perpetual youth;
Take time to read, it is the fountain of wisdom;
Take time to love and be loved, it is a God-given privilege;
Take time to be friendly, it is the road to happiness;

Take time to laugh, it is the music of the soul;
Take time to give, it is too short a day to be selfish;
Take time to work, it is the price of success.

Firmness is that admirable quality in you which is merely bullheadedness in others.

The gratifying thing about your second childhood is that you then usually have more money to spend than during your first.

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 England and other Commonwealth Countries; \$5.00 in the U.S.A., and other Foreign Countries. 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 TR8-2341

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Feb. 11, 1943.

The regular meeting of the Home and School Club will be held on Thursday, February 18th, at 3.30 o'clock in the music room of the public school. Mrs. Bruce Jennings will be the guest speaker. All parents and interested friends are invited to be present.

There were 324 births in 1942, at Peel Memorial Hospital, half of them boys and half of them girls. There were 1,393 admissions to the hospital, an increase of 127 over the previous year. The county council gives a yearly grant of \$1,500 for maintenance and the Town of Brampton about the same amount.

A large crowd attended a meeting at the school, when Squadron Ldr. J. Bawson was the guest speaker.

A thief has bled a 25 pound roast off a quarter of beef in Wilkinson's slaughter house recently. In addition to this the culprit made away with a couple of hides. Police investigated.

A social was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Agnew on Wednesday, February 3rd, in honor of their daughter, Marion, who is going into nurses' training. Mrs. A. W. Coulter presented her with a dresser set and a sum of money. Miss Lily Cowling conducted a contest, and a social concluded the evening. Alex McCurdy supplied the music.

Business runs up against the tendency of people to forget. If they are not constantly reminded of a store's business by advertising, they may forget to look in that store when they want to buy something.

At a meeting of the Milton High School Board on Wednesday evening, February 3rd, the following officers were elected: chairman, E. D. Mahon, Campbellville; vice-chairman, S. Wharin; property committee, H. B. Browne, S. Wharin, Carl Martin. F. Pearen was appointed to represent the Board on the Public Health Nurse Committee.

50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Feb. 13, 1915.

The newly organized band made a good start at its first practice on Tuesday evening. There are 16 old hands. F. B. Smith is an acquisition. He is a euphonium soloist. Bandmaster Gollins has a class of new beginners. He hopes to be able to parade 20 members by next summer.

The Mock Parliament next Monday evening in the school-room of the Methodist Church should be a success. Two bills are to be put through, if possible, one as private member's bill, the other, "An Act to Simplify Living" a Government bill. Every indication looks toward a determined struggle on the last bill.

Princess Theatre manager, T. D. Hume has had the interior of his moving picture theatre newly painted in attractive colors, which serve to bring out the pictures to better advantage. This was demonstrated yesterday evening when the pictures were the best up to date and showed up beautifully.

Some modifications have been made this year by the Minister of Education and the Universities concerned, in the regulations governing the matriculation examinations. "The object of the modifications," said the Minister of Education, "is to make clearer the fact that the Matriculation Board and not the Department is responsible for these examinations. The department conducts them, that is all. The modifications do not affect the subjects presented. The Matriculation Board consists of representatives of the Universities of Toronto, Queen's and McMaster. It appoints the persons who set and read the papers and it controls the result in all respects. As some misunderstandings exist on this last point, it has been thought well to make clear to the candidates and others interested that appeals and other matters arising out of the examination are decided by the Board and not by the Minister."

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

CALEDON—Smokey the cat, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Patterson, is not only a good mouser but a good rabbit-chaser too. The Pattersons car disturbed a cottontail hiding in their rose bushes one recent evening, and it bolted into the path of Smokey. With one swipe of its paw, Smokey snatched the bounding bunny and began a midnight snack.

BRAMPTON—On a 4-3 vote, neighboring Chinguacousy Council agreed last week to hold a liquor vote in May. The six councillors were split on the decision and Reeve Cyril Clark used his tie-breaking vote to give the plebiscite a green light. Five separate ballots are planned.

CLARKSON—Toronto Township will soon have a prestige lakeshore development on the former Major James Rattray estate, including a yachting centre surrounded by 150 "estate type" homes in the \$40,000 to \$60,000 category. Since the owner died three years ago several attempts were made to acquire the estate as a wildlife sanctuary.

ERIN—Local high school students have been taking part in a study conducted by the Ontario Department of Health to test food habits. Results showed the boys had better food habits than girls, but both groups leaned toward too many between-meal snacks.

STREETSVILLE—Councilors have decided to lower the boom on dog owners permitting their dogs to run at large through town. Regulations now in effect are to be strictly enforced.

GEORGETOWN—Only sympathy was offered by council when George Turnbull of Islington asked for some help with a property he purchased some years ago. After its purchase the town zoned it as a conservation area, and he can neither build on the land or sell it, yet must keep paying taxes. The Planning Board has been asked to review the situation.

BOLTON—Here's one town where a volunteer ambulance service is paying off. The local drivers showed a \$700 surplus at the end of last year. The drivers have turned down a proposal to pay themselves a small remuneration on a point system.

BURLINGTON—Is it Lorne Ave. or Lorne St.? Signs on the road say Ave. at one end, and St. at the other. The town map says street, but the Post Office says it's avenue.

OAKVILLE—Two Oakville Police constables have been suspended from the force, for failure to comply with a directive from the chief. No date has been set for a hearing under the Police Act.

ACTON—A large retinue of sporting world greats appeared in Acton recently, at the Acton Lions Club minor hockey week celebration. Guests for the banquet and minor hockey games were hockey great Maurice "Rocker" Richard, Ontario Lacrosse Association president Carl Madget, Ontario Minor Hockey Association president Ted Elmes, wrestler Timothy Gochagen, Argo linesman Danny Nicolys, and Toronto Maple Leaf ball club publicist Spiff Evans.

THE TURNING POINT

By J. M. STARR

How many of us would stop to worry about the stew that was burning on the stove, if the house was burning down? "No one would be so foolish," you say; yet figuratively speaking, we do just that type of petty, time-consuming worrying over things each day of our lives, while we completely disregard the really important things in the process. "First things first," as the saying goes.

The difficulty most of us seem to run around on, is in deciding which issues are important! To accomplish this we must step back, and take the long range view, as we are too often "too close to the forest to see the trees". Many people late in their old age, wake to the benefit of long, backward glances into the past, being able to see just where they went wrong. Why shouldn't it be even more beneficial to take a long range view of our lives from as close to the beginning as we can manage? Would it not help us to select the important, and disregard the trivial? Some of the less thoughtful will regard the "power of selective choice" as the "art of neglect". If this is the right description for selective choice, one would have to label it the "negative approach"; arrived at with an unshakable resolve, and determination to "obey" the small, inner-voice that lies deep in the heart — in preference to the current public opinion of how you should live your life. But this courageous approach to the "art of neglect" suggests to us, an ever present inner conflict, involving obedience to one's own will "in-spite-of" the pressures from outside; necessitating the keeping of a strong, and constant guard against interference. Whereas, if you make peace with yourself first, you can then advance (through your own constructive reasoning) to the point where you are able to say with conviction — and not an inkling or whisper of a doubt—"This is my choice, one that I have arrived at entirely by myself. One that I can trace back through sound, constructive reasoning, and through deep feeling. (Continued on Page Eleven)



DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

IN CASE YOU didn't know it, this week has been declared "National Hole in the Donut Week." (Now that should raise a few cheers somewhere.)

Yes, it's time again for all Canadians to take a moment out from the dreary, work-a-day world, to pause and give thanks to that symbol of the national economy, the Donut Hole. After all, they wouldn't be Donuts without the Holes, now would they?

Actually, National Hole in the Donut Week is a campaign by the makers of bona-fide, holey donuts, to rid the market of these cheap phonies, those slysters sell fabricated donut holes (lower case letters) in supermarkets at 29 cents a package. How can the honest Donuter (?) keep making true Donuts with real Holes, if those hole-sellers keep peddling those phony holes — which, incidentally, don't seem to fit into the centre of any real Donuts I've ever bought.

DURING THIS WEEK, the Ontario Branch of the N.S.P.R.H.-D.E.P.H. (National Society for the Preservation of Real Holes in Donuts, and Extinction of Phony Holes) launched a campaign to further their cause.

It began Monday as they mailed free Donut Holes to every man, woman and child in the Province. Naturally the Post Office complained about the gimmick, but the Society pointed out the holes weren't taking up that much room in the post boxes, and besides, they weren't making the mailmen's delivery bags any heavier.

Tuesday, the Prime Minister added his endorsement to the campaign, in a nine-hour televised speech. While praising the Donut manufacturers for their insistence on retaining this na-

tional symbol, he noted how everything these days had real Holes — including the country's defence policy, most political speeches, the government's alibis about our national debt, and many, many other things. His speech was a real tear-jerker.

WEDNESDAY'S PROGRAM was a TV spectacular. The Society amassed a gala array of stars for a three-hour extravaganza, during which opera star Teresa Streeter rendered her version of "O Holy Mio"; Mary, Paul and Peter, the renowned folksingers, did their famous "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea"; the 39-year-old concert violinist Jack Denny rendered "O Holy Knight" with a Donut perched on the end of his nose; rock'n'roller Pelvis Dressley shook out a hip-swinging version of "Donut Leave Me Alone"; and Tubby Choker, the twist king, introduced a new hit called "You Ain't Never Done A Dance Till You Done The Donut Hole Twist."

Today is the day for the nationwide Hole-Athon Hole-eating contests, to be conducted in every public school. Millions of Donut Holes are to be consumed as the grade five to eight children sit down at 9 a.m. to plow their way through dozens upon dozens of real Holes — with the boy and girl eating the most to be declared local King and Queen of Donut Hole Week.

A BIG DAY in the campaign is Friday, for that has been declared Donut Dunking Day. Remember, as you munch your daily Donut tomorrow, it's mandatory to dunk it, but be sure to keep the Hole absolutely dry. Harold H. Holedunker, national president of the Society, would do a flip if you got that hole wet before it enters your mouth. Extra police will be on duty

tomorrow at the local hotel beverage rooms, for Donut Dunking Day always causes a riot each year within the confines of thousands of Canadian pubs. It seems they just don't taste as nice after they've been dunked in the suds, and often fistfuffs develop when pro-dunkers try to force the dunking edict on the non-dunking drinkers.

The annual Saturday program has been changed slightly this year. In former years, Saturday was the day set aside as "Breadless Day" with Donuts replacing bread. However in recent years the practice has caused minor flare-ups, especially when citizens realized donuts don't make the best salmon, fried egg or peanut butter sandwiches. So this year the Society is simply promoting a "Think Donut Holes Day." You don't have to eat them or buy them, just think them.

SUNDAY, OF COURSE, will end the week as local ministers speak from the pulpit on the importance of preserving this national symbol. The Board of Directors of N.S.P.R.H.-D.E.P.H. is meeting that day with the Prime Minister to see if the Donut Hole could be incorporated into any new designs for a distinctive Canadian flag, and with the Oxford dictionary people to see if the letter "u" could replace the apostrophe in the word "Don't" in future printings of their dictionaries.

Plans to have President Kennedy hold a press conference on Donut Holes have had to be cancelled. It seems when he says "Holes" it comes out "Howls" and the donuteers didn't want to confuse the issue.

Well have fun, folks. Happy "National Hole in the Donut Week" to you all.