



Jim's

# JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● IS IT MY imagination or are there more hecklers at political meetings these days? Or are they getting more press coverage? Or are they an outward sign of a growing interest in politics? I think they are an indication of increasing interest by more people. It must take a lot of nerve to be a heckler. Here in Halton the Conservatives staged their provincial nominations and attracted one of the largest crowds at any political meeting in recent years. And how many conversations these days end up on an election issue or two? Suddenly everyone is an expert on nuclear arms, unemployment, Canadian-American relations, a national flag, obstructionism and the host of other topics, and this is good. It is good for the country if we all feel knowledgeable enough about its problems to take an interest in the solutions through the votes we cast on April 8.

● WITH ANOTHER 3,000 voters on Halton lists this year I'm wondering how the results will come

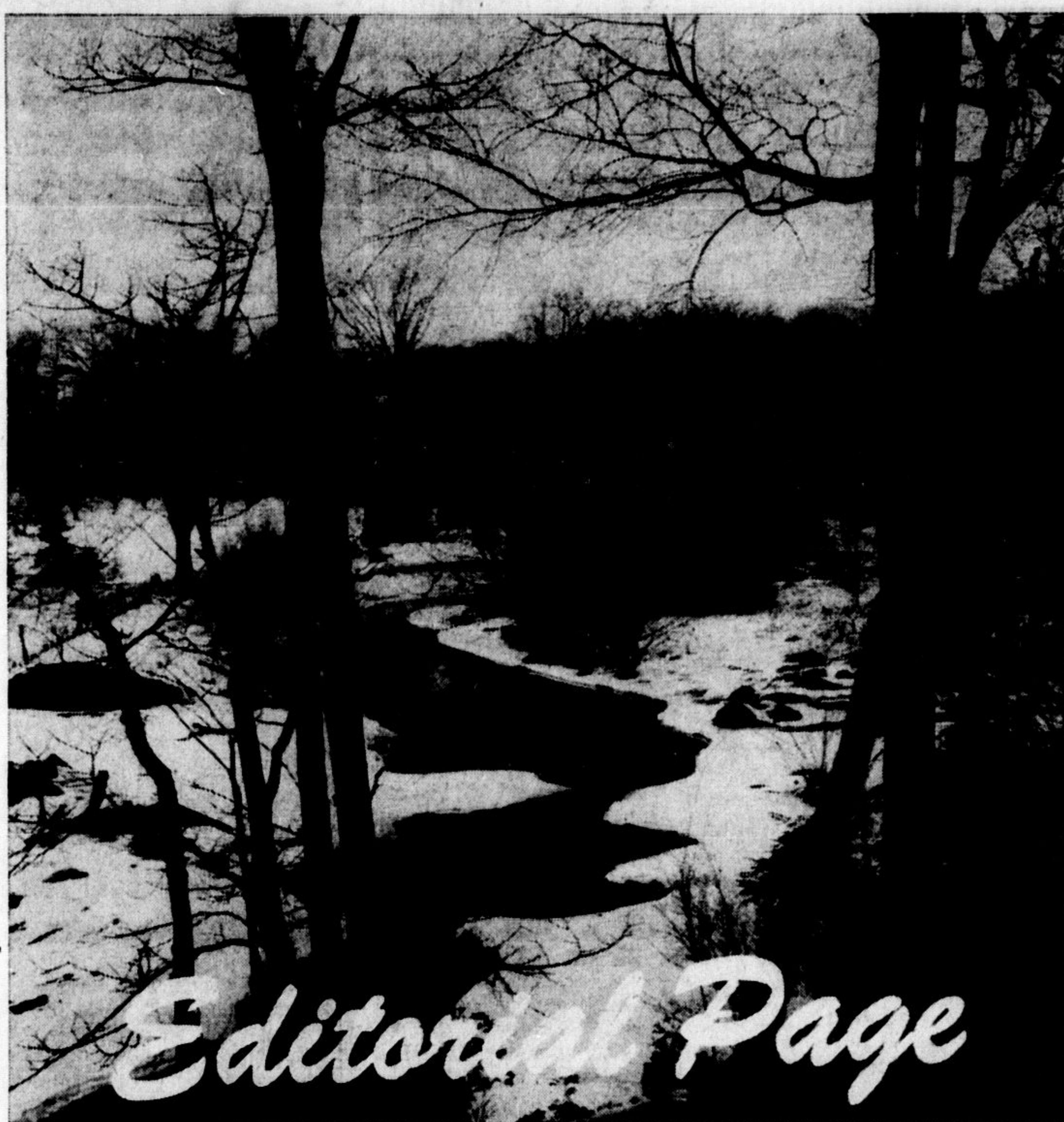
in. It could be a long day if confusion similar to the last election develops. At that time it was so close that every vote was vital to the outcome and in the end the service vote determined the final result. I think, however, Halton was one of the last ridings the Conservatives staged their provincial nominations and attracted one of the largest crowds at any political meeting in recent years. And how many conversations these days end up on an election issue or two? Suddenly everyone is an expert on nuclear arms, unemployment, Canadian-American relations, a national flag, obstructionism and the host of other topics, and this is good. It is good for the country if we all feel knowledgeable enough about its problems to take an interest in the solutions through the votes we cast on April 8.

● DOES ANYONE around here still boil sap and make maple syrup? It's a rare thing apparently for a farmer these days, in this section to have enough good maple trees to make it worthwhile. Saturday we headed, however, for a section of Hamilton's Royal Botanical Gardens where they are making syrup in progress. It was worthwhile even if it required an unanticipated half hour walk from the car in conditions that really called for rubber boots rather than toe rubbers. Even at the exhibit they could only simmer the sap or there would not be sufficient to

keep the display going throughout the day. It takes something like 40 gallons to make one gallon of syrup.

● TED JENNINGS, chairman of the Recreation Committee, tells me he gets all kinds of literature on recreational courses and advanced training but he has no one to pass it on to. If you're interested in recreation as a career this information just might be useful and Ted would be willing to direct it your way (providing there is enough literature to meet the demand). Give Ted a call.

● SEEMS TO me the horse is making a great come back these days. Driving on some rural roads and highways in southern Halton over the weekend and it seemed to me there were a great many more horses out than I could remember on any previous jaunts. Perhaps it's the effect of the new Mohawk race track at Campbellville or perhaps it's just that more people like horses.



—Staff Photo  
RIPPLING WATERS, snow-covered banks, stately trees standing guard . . . the scene is one of beauty and quietude, and it's right in the heart of Milton! This is the Sixteen Mile Creek where it flows along the valley just west of Halton Ave., hidden away from the busy everyday world, a little-appreciated place of beauty right in our midst.

## Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

There's one thing about the Canadian weather — you'll never die of boredom. This is my thought for the week as the equinox arrives. I think a Canadian March 21, the first day of Spring, is just what the world suggests. Equinox is from the Latin Equus — horse; Nox — night. English translation — nightmare.

We don't know whether we're going to be sitting out on the patio in the sun, having lunch with the birds yelling wildly and the grass sprouting green, or huddled by the window with a red nose, looking at a backyard of waist-deep snow, with a gale howling about the house.

It's refreshing, by George. I have neither patience nor sympathy with those traitors who complain continually about our Canadian weather. What we should do is pack them off to England, where it rains all the ruddy time; or ship them to the desert, where they'd be stunned into sullen submission by the brutal thump of the daily sun; or pay their passage to the tropics and let them mould in the mildew of monotonous dampness.

We should be proud of our winters, for example. They're mean, tough old devils, grimly clinging to their reign until they've wrung the last ounce of resistance out of us. Sometimes, I swear, one more week of cold weather would have everyone in the nation at each others' throats.

Then comes one of those incredibly soft, caressing days, when the wind is velvet from the south, the sun licks ice and snow with hot, ravishing tongue, gutters gurgle and there's a lovely stink as the wrappings are peeled from the rotting, buried body of the earth.

Out in the ice, the steamboats bellow like trapped buffaloes. Out on the street, the kids stroll through puddles over their boot tops. Out in the bush, the trout streams, black eels against the snow, snort and chuckle and burble with pure pleasure as they race to their nameless destiny, free again after months of silent slavery.

Down at the dock, the boat owners prow, calculating, estimating, figuring the days until they can launch that leaky, paint peeling monument to man's eternal folly. Up on the hills, the fanatics are still at it, burling down over gravel and grass, rocks and roots, and occasionally some snow.

Up in the bedroom, the good wife views, with horrified delight, the sickening shade of last year's wallpaper, revealed by the yellow March sun. Down in the basement, the fisherman putters and mutters, swears and glares, ties flies.

Down at the park or the pool room or the post office, the old gents, sick to the soul with con-

finement, suck in the sun, shivering, but once again defiantly alive, part of the world. Up in their rooms, the teenagers seem to be studying for their Easter exams, while through their heads and bodies swirl the heady fluids of life, the juices of spring.

Up in the attic, the black squirrels perform their endless do-si-do, interrupted only by queer periods in which they don't scuttle, but chortle and croon to the doubtless thousands of babies they have produced in the winter months. Down in the basement crouches the cat, vast with unwanted kittens, brooding, patient, green-eyed.

Ours, I'm afraid, is not the Spring of "O to be in England now that April's There." It's not the Spring of tiny jonquils poking their dainty heads through the turf. It's not the Spring of birdies and blossoms, of gambolling lambs and tender green buds. All this is two months away.

Ours is a savage sudden Spring, raw and rugged, ornery and awkward, unexpected and uncomfortable, muddy and moody. But it's never dull.

And boy-o-boy-boy, aren't we glad to see it.



## A Financial Crutch . . .

If we sincerely believe in the basic humanitarian concepts of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, then we all have a responsibility to make certain that crippled children do not suffer unnecessary hardships, due to lack of medical advice, care and treatment facilities. That they deserve all the help they need is irrefutable.

The 1963 Easter Seal Campaign is now being conducted here by the local Rotary Club and in communities throughout Ontario.

The financial goal is \$1,000,000. Local club officials hope to exceed last year's total of \$2,200.

It will be attained, but only with full support from all quarters — individuals — companies — employee groups — community

organizations — in fact from all men and women of goodwill throughout Ontario.

The Ontario Society for Crippled Children is a voluntary organization made up of 10,000 members having no barriers. Race, color, religious faith, or lack of funds are unimportant statistics on a crippled child's medical chart.

All children require help. We acknowledge this fact in a multitude of ways, by law, by love, by moral obligation, by pure instinct.

In brief, Easter Seals extend a helpful protective hand to our crippled children — help them to overcome their fears and to instill in them hope, courage and self-reliance. A needy crippled child in any community deserves help. Your Easter Seal contribution today—could have a life-long affect.

## After Five Years, A New Look . . .

Since 1957 Milton has had a zoning by-law which dictates rather rigidly what can be built on each specific piece of property in town, where it must be placed on the lot and how large it must be.

The original by-law contained a provision that it should be reviewed every five years. Thus the Milton Planning Board, whose responsibility the by-law is, is now in the throes of revision. They have called for briefs, or submissions on any suggested changes (six copies please).

We doubt if there is any more controversial by-law on the town books than the zoning by-law and frankly we see little that it has accomplished in its five years.

If you want to build a garage or an apartment house and the lot you have chosen is not large enough, you pay \$25 to the Committee of Adjustment and ask for specific relief from the provisions of the zoning by-law. In the vast majority of cases such applications are approved if there is no overwhelming neighbor objection.

If an industry picks land within the town that is zoned residential, then there is a flurry of excitement while solicitors are prodded through the maze of red tape that a rezoning requires before the industry can settle. Completing the rezoning of a piece of land in less than 12 months is something of a modern phenomenon.

In the pre-zoning by-law days before everything was spelled out in detail enough to confuse even solicitors, construction of a house, a garage, store or factory was more straightforward. Usually a man was unwilling to erect something that would detract from his neighbor's property. Few neighborly

battles ever required municipal adjudication but the rules could be understood by the majority. Then the only rule was something akin to the golden rule.

Frankly, we think the Planning Board might be wise to consider a great deal simpler set of rules or a recommendation to council to repeal the whole zoning machinery unless their proximity to it can uncover more benefits than we have seen in the past five or six years.

## Brevities . . .

The fellow who counts his blessings eventually gets tired of losing his audience to the fellow who specializes in recounting his troubles.—Orillia Packet and Times.

The trouble with most of us is that we would rather be ruined by praise than saved by criticism.

You have a great country, but that does not necessarily mean that all other nations want to be like yours.—Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, visiting U.S.

The true civilization is where every man gives to every other every right that he claims for himself.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Civilization consists in teaching men to govern themselves.—Benjamin Tucker.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.—Benjamin Disraeli.

It appears that one way to write a hit song these days is to take something composed by one of the masters, then decompose it.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 YEARS AGO

20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, March 20, 1913.

St. Patrick appears to be the patron saint of Knox Church as well as of Ireland. The Ladies' Aid had their annual St. Patrick's bazaar last Friday, with an entertainment in the evening. The sale of useful and fancy articles, home baking, etc., and the afternoon tea were well patronized and so was the entertainment later, with a good musical program and the lecture by Rev. Jas. Pedley, of Toronto, on "Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch." The lecture was full of good common sense, spiced with plenty of humor. The receipts of the day and the evening were very satisfactory, though the state of the roads kept down the attendance from the surrounding country.

The Warden has called a meeting of the county council for next Tuesday. He hopes that by that time the matter of the proposed sale of one-third interest in the house of refuge to Dufferin will be ready for submission to the council.

The power was turned on last Thursday evening and since then the streets have been splendidly lighted. The house services are good, but not yet at their best as they will be, when certain adjustments have been made. P. L. Robertson Co., Ltd., has the extra power needed so badly. It is hoped that the town will soon secure new industries. The Willmott buildings, vacated some time ago by the Edwards Motor Co. are vacant and manufacturers have been looking at them.

The fashion tendencies in high-grade footwear for Spring 1913 show a direct contrast from the style shown during the past season. The models that are now showing are at least a year in advance of a good number of stores.

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion March 18, 1943.

Hornby Orange Hall was filled to capacity last Friday night when an old fashioned box social and auction sale was held to raise funds for the Canadian Fund to Aid Russia. Featuring the evening was the auction sale when a goat donated by John Royce was purchased by the donor for \$2. The whole social raised \$442 for the Fund. The committee, Mrs. Mary Robertson, Mrs. C. G. Hall and Cliff Robinson are to be congratulated for staging the successful money-raising event.

The deadline for the use of the 1942 motor vehicle permits and license plates has been extended from February 20 to March 31. The change was made to coincide with issuance of the new gasoline ration books. At the same time it will enable motorists to make the fullest use of their present coupons. Last week Mr. McQueen disclosed permits had been obtained for fewer than 100,000 of the estimated 500,000 vehicles in the province. At that time he warned there would be no extension of the time limit.

Motorists are warned that they will not be allowed to park their cars on Main Street, Milton, overnight, as it is endangering the safety of other motorists. So keep your car in the garage.

Delbert Downs of Hornby was elected president of the Ontario Threshermen at the annual convention held in Waterloo last week.

The annual Halton Seed Fair which held under the auspices of the Halton Crop Improvement Association, is scheduled for Friday and Saturday of this week. The Halton Seed Fair is a purely commercial show and all exhibitors must have a definite amount of seed for sale.

## NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

GEORGETOWN—The horticultural society has plans for further beautification of the town this year. Included in their planning is the planting of flowers along the Main St. "islands" that were placed there last year when the downtown lighting was remodelled. The society also asked council to continue its tree planting program.

BURLINGTON—James MacFarlane Bates, principal of Burlington Central High School for the past 28 years, was chosen the town's "Citizen to be Remembered" for 1962 and was honored at a reception in the Legion Hall. He received a gold ring with the town crest on it, and his name will be inscribed in the Roll of Honor cairn. He was also presented with a scroll.

OAKVILLE—Besides the great number of dogs held in the pound for the municipality, Oakville Humane Society handled 1,160 cats, 860 dogs, 90 birds, 43 rabbits, 12 raccoons, 10 squirrels, five skunks, three guinea pigs, three muskrats, three hamsters, two deer, two lambs, a groundhog, a calf and a turtle. Their annual report noted 2,063 calls were attended, and 66 cruelty investigations were made.

BRAMPTON—Council is worried about two bridges in subdivisions, deemed dangerous for school children who use them daily. The sidewalks are right beside the road, with no protection for pedestrians from the passing cars. It was suggested railings might be installed.

ACTON—A large crowd jammed the new Ballinfad Community Centre last week as the \$21,000 structure was officially opened. It was partly financed by township grants but district residents raised most of the money in a fund drive.

## THE TURNING POINT

By J. M. STARR

Before breakfast last Sunday morning, I stood with our three boys and their dog, out under the clear blue vault of March sky and shared in the joy of flying a great box-kite. The sun had the cheeriest dash of spring to it and the wind frisked around us playfully and tugged eagerly at the kite, urging it to become airborne.

A few minutes later, it had made its lofty ascent into the blue and was floating merrily above us. The boys danced with joy and chuckled with excitement as it dipped and dived with the air currents, while the puppy dashed madly back and forth, hoping to prove his prowess as a hunter by "capturing" this elusive prey. A flock of wild waterfowl flew high overhead in traditional V-shaped formation, looking like a pair of giant shears cutting through the blue fabric of the sky. The song of spring was engagingly perceptible in the sweetness of the breeze, and the spongy softness of the earth under our feet. The goodness of being alive in His beautiful world sunk into every fibre of one's being!

The boys offered to let me sail their vibrantly colored bit of "childhood - springtime" and when I could feel the tug and pull along the cord in my hands, it carried me back to my own springtimes as a child and the kites we flew with equal abandon and excitement. My dad had cherished memories of constructing and flying box-kites, high over the Cornish hills of southern England when he was a boy and his enthusiasm has carried through the generations. Like sailing, flying kites seems to instill in one that odd sensation of uninhibited freedom and a oneness with nature. No wonder it has survived the centuries.

In Cape Cod last summer,

(Continued on Page Ten)



## DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

SPRING HAS SPRUNG, the grass is riz, I wonder where the nearest puddle is?

Back in my younger days that might have been my theme song. Of all the little boys who made puddles, creeks and streams their natural habitat during childhood, I must admit I was probably the world's worst. If you don't believe it, just ask my mother.

Ah, those good old days! No puddle was too large or too small to escape my prying investigation. Each one had to be carefully measured for depth by trodding through it, or for width by jumping over it.

And if there was ice on it, well that was terrific. For what boy would pass a frozen puddle without testing the strength of the ice? (Oh, the "soakers" I took to school, or worse still, carried home with me.)

LITTLE BOYS HAVE a natural affinity to water, so of course any body of water larger than a puddle used to bring a leap to my heart, like a matador facing his first bull. Each ditch, each creek had to be conquered, and I was the knight in shining armor that tried it. Needless to say, I didn't always win.

On those days when I lost the tryst with Ma Nature and her wonderful world of water, I'd sit nursing a soaked foot (and probably a cold) during school. Or if the mishap happened on the way home from school, I'd limp home, muddy water slopping around a cold foot in my left rubber boot, ready to face a parent's wrath and often a cold supper.

Ah, those wonderful childhood memories! Building a bridge across a swollen ditch, testing the thin ice on the creek above the mill pond, groping along the slippery banks beneath the Pine St. bridge, or floating boats

down an irrigation ditch at "Scott's Bush" . . . no matter where the boys congregated for a Saturday morning adventure, Roy was there, longer, louder, and usually wetter than the rest.

SCOTT'S BUSH. Now there's a pleasant memory of boyhood. Those dead trees that we used to cut . . . the "huts" we built . . . the "wild pig" (some refuge from a nearby farm) we chased around the fields one day . . . the stream and its magnetic attraction . . . rabbit tracks in the pure white snow . . . the long hikes through field and bush . . . these and many other memories will remain forever.

And the creek above the mill pond, where many boyhood hours were spent in rapture, will never fail to bring back nostalgic memories of fun in the outdoors. I vividly recall the day we skipped high school and proceeded to almost wipe out the eel population at that beautiful spot we called "The Whirlpool." And the days we swam nude in the creek . . . and fished it for suckers . . . and tried bagging coons along its banks . . . and just rested beside the rippling waters to watch the trains pass over the Black Bridge.

I'll never forget the day one of the boys decided he could dive from the top of that 25 foot bridge into four feet of water. He's probably still got the scar on his head to prove he made it. And he probably cringes when he sees those circus divers pulling the same stunt.

I'LL NEVER FORGET the hot summer's day we hiked down to 10 Sideroad just west of the C.N.R. tracks and proceeded to dam up a farm creek that passed beneath the bridge.

Several years later I saw a truck careen off the road and

strike the side of that bridge, flipping over and spilling tons of gravel for yards around. It landed in the very spot we had played that day, and I shuddered when I saw it.

Another memory deeply planted in my mind is of the Spring day I fell into a swollen creek near Joe Willmott's farm below town on Highway 25. A bunch of boys were walking along the banks, freeing large chunks of ice that covered the banks. I pushed one into the rushing waters and slipped in behind it, getting thoroughly soaked before I managed to climb out again.

I found out later the creek was nearly 10 feet deep in that spot, and with so many ice floes floating along on the current, I could easily have been knocked unconscious and drowned before my pals could save me.

Dangerous sport? Yes sir, but try to tell that to a small boy who's fascinated by the wonders of water. Murky, clear, frozen, still, rippling or a rushing torrent, it's fascinating business to a lad with adventure in his heart and a footloose attitude toward life.

THIS WEEK seemed an opportune time to write about little boys and water. For Spring is here (officially it starts today) and that means an abundance of water will be lying around, beckoning to a boy's weakness and curiosity.

If you have a son, this is the week to lecture him about the dangers of water in the Springtime. If probably won't do any good, you might as well him to stop breathing for a month, but try it anyway.

It only takes a six inch puddle to drown a small child. And it takes just one slip on an icy bank to cast a lad into water over his head.

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