



Jim's

JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **IT MUST BE** the change that people seek on a holiday rather than just the rest itself. Last week our family headed to Muskoka to bask on the shores of one of the many lakes that stud the area. Friends who lived in that area were called on and they were away on holidays much further north. They left the vacationland we sought, to seek another. It must be the change that is the important thing.

● **THERE'S A** tremendous difference in resort towns. Driving into one you get the idea of bustling activity while in another they seem to have rolled up the sidewalks. No doubt there's a reason, but for the vacationer who drives through only once, there isn't time to seek out the deeper reasons. Only the first impression remains.

● **EVERY YEAR** on a holiday I reaffirm my thinking that a newspaper is still the best, most up to date reading material available. With the time and inclination, one can spend a good hour or two reading a newspaper. Timely, topical material that cov-

ers situations in depth is yours in a newspaper.

● **NOTHING**, of course, is as encouraging on a holiday as a phone call back home to find the temperature there is hovering in the late 80's and 90's as it is at the cottage. The major difference of course, is that at the cottage, a swim is either just past or imminent.

● **BY THE WAY**, did you see the eclipse? Despite cloudiness it was quite visible from our vantage point late in the afternoon. After carefully heeding the warnings about damage to the eyes, I squinted through three thicknesses of negative. Nothing. I tried two. Nothing. Finally in desperation and with the assurance there was something there, I tried the one thickness. Sure enough. There it was. If you missed it, the next complete showing is 2024 or a partial return in 1970.

● **THERE DOESN'T** seem to be any border expansion or annexation necessary in some of the more northerly centres that

I passed through. If the town signs are any indication, the town already stretches well out into the wilderness of undeveloped land. I passed one sign and it was a good half mile before even a cluster of houses developed to indicate I was really in the town.

● **OF COURSE** coming home from a holiday with the prospects of more frequent swims in a new community pool was not really too bad. To have come home in the heat of the weekend made our first visits to the pool that much more enjoyable.

● **IT FEELS** much safer at home too, after driving through traffic I couldn't believe could develop. Bumper to bumper, cars were heading north in an almost endless stream. The only foolhardy driving I saw was between Milton and Acton when one driver, in reasonably light traffic, chose to ignore the solid white line to pass a driver in front of him. Yes, there was a car coming over the brow of the hill that hit the shoulder, and the cars managed to scrape through three abreast.



TUMBLING FALLS produce a delightful picture at a pretty stream running east from the Guelph Line half a mile north of St. George's Anglican Church, Lowville.

The Expensive Minority...

Vandalism takes an increasingly larger toll each year in many municipalities and unfortunately it is in the parks where vandals seem intent on their course of destruction.

Milton is no exception. True, it is no worse than any other centre, but this hardly appears as justification or defense. Surely somewhere, some way, there is an answer to turn the efforts of this expensive minority into some worthwhile activity.

The Beautification Committee can tell their sad tale of five or six cement culverts that were to be planted at the post office and the I.O.O.F. parking lot. Three were smashed before they were planted, and two shortly after.

The Rotary Club can tell of vandalism in their park that furthered the work of frost and nearly completely destroyed a new refreshment booth and wash room building. They can tell of park benches constantly in the wading pool and of children with shovels, yes shovels, pouring dirt into the recently cleaned wading pool.

The Agricultural Society can tell of recurring problems in their grounds that have included the smashing of countless windows.

Name a group with some responsibility over local grounds and they can tell a tale of woe... a tale wrought by the expensive minority. And the same is true in Oakville where heavy damage has been done at schools; at Stoney Creek where twelve young

maple trees that had taken five years to grow, were snapped off and in Toronto where thousands of set out plants were uprooted from flower beds and thrown on the pavement to be trampled.

It is surely unreasonable to suggest that young people don't have enough to do. As the number of youth organizations grows we fear the children of this generation will have too little time to themselves and be caught too young, in the quickening human race that prescribes activity for every waking moment.

Surely the approach must be through the home where respect for the property of others and use without abuse can best be fostered. Too often we become detached from the community in which we live and refer to it as some "thing" or "that bunch" or more commonly "they". Too often we forget the "we" of community life and in so doing children fail to feel a sense of pride in the parks and properties that make up a community.

It would be too bad if the expensive minority was to curtail the advantage of the vast majority who respect the parks and public properties. We would hesitate to suggest the need for the old time type of vigilantes, but every citizen has a responsibility to report damage to public property and to prevent it if possible. The police alone cannot be everywhere and it is "our" community.

Concept to Concrete...

The first joyful splashing in the Community Swimming Pool must indeed have been music in the ears of the committee that has transformed an original idea into the realism of concrete.

It was never a one man job. Countless hours were contributed to the project as well as the hard cash of hundreds of people. It was truly a community project from the beginning to the end. For this, the town and district can be justly proud.

We can well remember attending the first meetings on the suggestion that a swimming pool should be constructed. Like most such meetings it was sparsely attended and one wondered if this was to be another futile attempt at raising money for a swimming pool. It was, of course, not the first time such a project had been considered.

The common realization was the need for a chairman if the project was to be successful. It is to Mike Ledwith's credit that he was named and that the pool today is a reality. While it is true the project has been no one man operation, it has taken the optimism, coupled with sincerity and zeal of one man like Mike Ledwith to press on with the project when the horizon was not the brightest.

As in so many projects of this type, there are others who stand out in their efforts whether at organizing, canvassing or contributing. To name them would be to

offend others who might be overlooked and this would be unfortunate, for it was the combination of everyone's effort that made success possible.

Miltonians will not need to be hesitant about "showing off" their new pool either. It compares favorably with any we've seen around the country both in size and in facilities. When the landscaping is completed and additional apron surfaced it should indeed be an attractive setting.

Needless to say, we hope those who enjoy the facilities will respect them and treat them as something of which they are proud.

On some visits to other pools we've heard of a peculiar kind of amusement some get from breaking bottles around the apron of the pool, necessitating draining the pool. Treatment of the change house facilities is not always the best either, apparently.

We sincerely hope that this kind of treatment will not be extended to the new Community Swimming Pool.

The Recreation Committee will play a large role in the successful use of the swimming pool. It is their job to impose and enforce rules for the safety of those using the pool. Sometime this will not always be the happiest chore, but it will always be the most important.

We hope those who gain enjoyment from the use of the pool will always be willing to co-operate with those who supervise that use.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

GLANCING BACK TO 10 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, July 30, 1953.

Three candidates were nominated to contest the Halton seat in the Federal election August 10 of the nominations in Milton town hall on Monday of this week. About 31 attended the meeting that saw Stan Allen nominated to represent the C.C.F., Sybil Bennett named to represent the Progressive Conservatives and Murray McPhail nominated to represent the Liberals. Returning officer P. W. Cooke received the nominations.

A tender of \$2,632 for the construction of a pump house at the new well, R.R. 2, Milton, submitted by Jones and Van Gils, Acton, was accepted by Milton Council at a special meeting on Wednesday, July 22. Tenders from H. E. Zimmerman for \$4,700 and from Sharpe and Buscher for \$7,521 were also considered.

Latest rumor, now denied, is that Fleming Mackell, National Hockey League all-star, and one other unidentified player are negotiating for the purchase of the Milton arena and ice plant and "a nearby hotel". Commenting on the clause in the original

sale agreement that the arena must be used for recreational purposes until 1972 or pay a penalty, C. W. Leask, executor, said, "This clause is legally unsound and cannot be enforced. We've had the advice of the best lawyers in Toronto."

"One of the best times I ever had in my life," was how Ken Elsley, Grade 12 student, described his trip to Ottawa in the spring, as he addressed Milton Rotarians, sponsors of the trip, Tuesday evening.

Speaking at a euchre and dance in Milton town hall on Wednesday evening, July 22, Farquhar Oliver, provincial Liberal leader declared that the name of prime minister St. Laurent will go down in history. The prime minister has done more than anyone before him for the cause of Canadian unity, Mr. Oliver stated.

The by-law proposing that Oakville annex 5,946 acres of Trafalgar township land, was presented to the Municipal board last week by Hughes Cleaver, lawyer and retiring member of Parliament. The proposed annexation includes the Ford plant.

GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, July 29, 1943.

Eight boys and girls living on Queen and Sarah Streets put on a miniature garden party last week on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitlock. Their concert included songs, recitations, a comb choir and dances; they sold lemonade and popcorn. In this pleasant away they raised \$724 for the Kinsmen's "Milk for Britain Fund," raising Milton's total to \$164.81. Those who took part were Joan Goodchild, Jamie Whitlock, Blanche Pickett, Sylvia Stevenson, Jane Elliott, Anne Pickett, Laurie Stevenson and Billie Elliott.

Whether the war has caused people to be more careless than usual, or whether it is the rush of war workers, the fact remains that the number of enquiries for lost money and other articles is definitely on the increase.

The closing exercises of Milton's first Church Vacation School will be held by the Primary (6-8) in St. Paul's Sunday School room this evening at 8 p.m. and by the Beginners in

Knox Church School room tomorrow morning from 9-11 a.m. All parents and interested friends are invited to come and see what is done by the boys and girls in their vacation school. There will be a collection to defray expenses.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenny of Montreal, visited his father, David Kenny here last week. Rev. S. W. and Hann visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hare on Sunday and Monday. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hannington of Toronto spent the weekend at the home of her brother, John P. Roper.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilkinson, Court Street, Milton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McInnes, Victoria, and Mr. Robert McInnes, Silver Hill, Norfolk county, for a few days last week.

The July meeting of the Campbellville W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. J. Peacock. Twenty-eight ladies were present. The program consisted of a very interesting paper given by Miss J. McPhail, her subject being Ukrainians.

GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, July 31, 1913.

Deputy Judge Elliott began the equalization of the assessment of the Halton municipalities on Monday, in accordance with the appeal of Nassagaweya against the figures adopted by the county council on the 30th ult. All the members of the council except Reeve Smith of Burlington were present. Oakville had not only Reeve Froster as a representative, but W. A. Chisholm, barrister, as counsel. Crown Attorney Dick was counsel for the appellants.

On Thursday afternoon the fire brigade was called out. A car containing lime near the C.P.R. station was blazing. It was said to have been loaded with hot lime. The fire was put out, but it took some time to do it. The car caught fire again at about 11 p.m. and the brigade had another call. It was supposed that the slaking of the lime by the water from the hose caused the

second outbreak. It was soon subdued, but practically all that was left of the car was its running gear.

An Esqueping farmer says he had a narrow escape lately, when a stranger driving a motor car came behind his buggy, on the road near Milton, tooted his horn, but did not turn out far enough, though plenty of room was given him. The mud guards of the car struck the horse and cut him slightly.

Day after day, for about a week, a party of drinkers who are not allowed in the hotel bars, men who are on the Indian list or the hotel men's no-drinks-list, and boys under 21, have been carousing in the woods just east of Evergreen Cemetery. Keg after keg of beer has been brought there from some brewery. The behavior of the gang has been disgraceful and complaints have been filed.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

ACTON — Council has decided not to attempt buying the former Post Office building. The town bid \$10,000 but the Crown Assets Corporation felt the bid wasn't high enough, so put the job out for public tender. The highest was \$16,125 and council was given a chance to match this price, but decided against it.

BRAMPTON — Brown tap water that smells like boiled eggs is ruining sheets and blankets in her home, an irate Windermere Ct. housewife claims. She says the water "blotches sheets with large brown stains" and leaves rings on her kitchen utensils. Another resident claims tap water used in an outdoor goldfish pond killed several fish and the waterlilies turned yellow.

COOKSVILLE — An "obviously hostile" Toronto Township council turned a deaf ear to Councillor H. Chappell's vision of the "City of Mississauga" when he presented a notice of motion calling for the Municipal Board to change the township's name and status. Reeve Robert Speck said the plan would cost \$170,000 in lost grants. But, countered councillor Chappell, "Township of Toronto" sounds like "the back 40 of Toronto."

GEORGETOWN — Council plans to disguise its second cruiser as a plain, unmarked car equipped with radar, to stop speeding youths causing a nuisance with cars. One resident complained the youths were using his street as a drag strip since his last complaint to council went unheeded.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

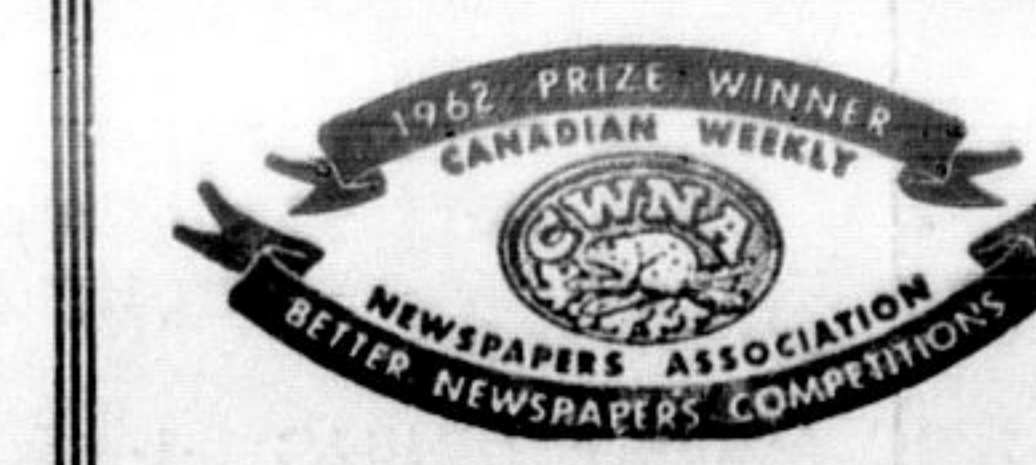
Life comes before literature, as the material always comes before the work. The hills are full of marble before the world blooms with statues.

— Phillips Brooks

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Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMLEY

What a difference a generation or so has wrought in the once-joyous art of summer cottaging! About 30 years ago, it was a sort of gypsy existence, based on the idea that people should enjoy life. Today, it is a combination of status seeking, nerve wrecking and organized horror, like most of the other facets of society in the Sixties.

In those days, the cottage was a cottage, not a palatial "summer home". Today, the same structure would be called a shack and they'd run you right out of the subdivision (which could be the best thing that ever happened to you).

Can you imagine one of these young married couples going, with their children, to a place away out of nowhere, with coal oil lamps and a two-holer out back and no supermarket within 50 miles.

Can you imagine Mummy going all summer without even one single car? Can you imagine Dad with just one lousy little rowboat? Can you imagine children who could possibly exist without water skis and transistor radios? It's pretty appalling, isn't it?

And yet, summer cottaging was, within memory, a simple, almost pioneer existence, with its own very special pleasures, its deep delights, its subtle joys. It was a wonderful, golden two months each year in the lives of many youngsters, a time they still remember with savage regret for what they have become.

For one thing, Father did not have to thunder up a highway with thousands of other zanzacs, each and every one intent on getting there in the shortest

possible time and taking nothing off a nobody in the process. Father was a summer bachelor and he loved every minute of it.

When school ended, he loaded down the old car to the groaning point, piled the kids in the back, took the whole family to the cottage, dumped them, and went sensibly back to town, where all the other sensible fathers spent the summer.

He got a rest from his wife and children and spent the evenings quietly and happily at the bowling green or pottering among the raspberry bushes or running around with the local grass widow.

And what was Mother doing? Don't worry. She was kept busy and therefore happy, taking slivers out of feet, taking the kids swimming twice a day and filling their greedy little stomachs with unpasteurized milk, ungraded eggs and uninspected meat.

Nowadays, my heart aches for cottage parents. The day they arrive, Dad charges around like a bull moose, hooking up the pressure system, blowing fuses in the hydro system, trying to get his dirty great boat in the water and running in all directions lugging vast cans of gas, brutally heavy outboards and back-breaking cases of tinned food.

When everything is operating, he has to dash off to the village to get some indispensables, such as a box of tissues and a bottle of olives. When he gets back, he learns that he is to take the kids for a swim, set up the barbecue for the party they're giving that night, and go back to the village for some cigarettes for Mum.

DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

STRANGE THINGS happen daily, and a few of them get into the papers. I'm one of those guys who never misses reading those cute little oddity stories in the papers, and this week let's review a recent collection of some of the silly things that made news:

Like this rather queer piece from a Hollywood gossip column: "Rumors have it that Lana Turner and Fred May see more of each other since their divorce, than when they were married." Now really???

THE BRAMPTON Times and Conservator told this story:

"Little lambs and cows, are they noisy?"

"People who move out from the city noises seem to be bothered by the oddest sounds," Toronto Twp. councillor Roy McMillan told The Times. "One rate-payer called me late one night to complain the moating of cows bothered him and couldn't I do something about it. And another night I was asked to stop some lambs bleating."

Maybe the cows thought one of those trumpeters was Gabriel!

OUR THIRD animal story for this week concerns the loose moose reported to police in Fort William. They went searching for the pest around the city streets, and finally found it — in the police station parking lot.

However there wasn't roast moose on the police department

menu that day, the animal was scared off by the hunters, leaped a six foot fence, and headed for the lake.

SUMMERTIME creates some unique hazards (or something) for police, muses the Exeter Times-Advocate. It seems a pretty young lady changed into her bathing suit on the beach. Discreetly, she hid behind a tree to avoid the stare of passing motorists on the nearby highway. She forgot, however, about the people on the beach.

They complained to police about her case of indecent exposure. To which I might add, the complainants must have been women.

THEN FROM LONDON comes a report about the army sergeant's wife who won a divorce by telling the court her husband made her tickle his feet. Not just occasionally — it happened almost every night, and for hours at a time.

The hubby apparently threatened not to talk to his wife unless she continued to tickle him. Sometimes he also demanded she tickle the top of his head and his back! She won the divorce, on the grounds of cruelty.

ANOTHER JUDGE found no problem in setting a sentence for a Western Canada man whose vehicle was declared unsafe. Seems it had no brakes, no tail light, three smooth tires, wheels

short one bolt apiece, loose steering, a cracked windshield, and defective doors.

The judge sentenced the owner to wreck what was left of his car.

THE FAMOUS Jayne Mansfield always rates plenty of news space but midst all the descriptions of her obvious charms and her trite statements about her husbands that made the papers this past few weeks, was one little story I cherish.

It happened at the Bronte harbor where the Hollywood star made an unscheduled, informal appearance during her recent Brant Inn stay. As the crowd flocked around Miss M., a three-year-old boy walked by and she leaned down to chuck him under the chin.

"Gangway, I want to see the boats," he cried, brushing her hand away. Triumphed his mother: "The only male on the continent who is not interested in Jayne Mansfield."

AND FROM IRELAND comes the tale of the residents of Erris who have applied for a special licence from the Justice Minister which will permit them to present President Kennedy with a bottle of "poteen", the outlawed Irish moonshine.

Making poteen is illegal, but such a licence would enable a special rum to be made by an "undisclosed expert in the traditional art."

