



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

THE NEWS headline of any day indicates the tremendous state of conflict in which we live... race riots in Philadelphia, trouble in Cyprus, discontent between China and Russia, disagreement at Ottawa. Amid all this, sociologists tackle the problems of "the present state of our society." In 2,000 years or more, we still haven't learned "to do to others as we would have them do to us." One wonders if we ever will.

TALKED LAST WEEK with John Fisher who has a big job ahead, beating the drum for Canada's centennial. He was addressing Canada's weekly newspaper editors on the theme. His memory of a visit to Milton was quite fresh and he recalled without any difficulty names of those he was associated with when he addressed the first Rotary Club Dinner in Milton several years ago.

NO MATTER where you go, more and more people seem to be familiar with Milton's location. Chatted briefly with Rev. Al Forrest, editor of the United Church Observer, and of course as a Port Credit resident he was familiar with Milton. Several others I spoke to knew people in Milton. It is interesting how the town is known by

more than seemed evident a few years ago.

THE SUNDAY evening band concert in Victoria Park was a good way to start Old Fashioned Days. Concerts were once quite popular in the park and many residents would still remember the band stand that was used for the occasions. Sunday was a perfect night for a concert and the lighting provided added to the gala effect. A concert is planned for this Sunday and if weather is suitable, the crowd may be even larger at the J. M. Denyes school grounds.

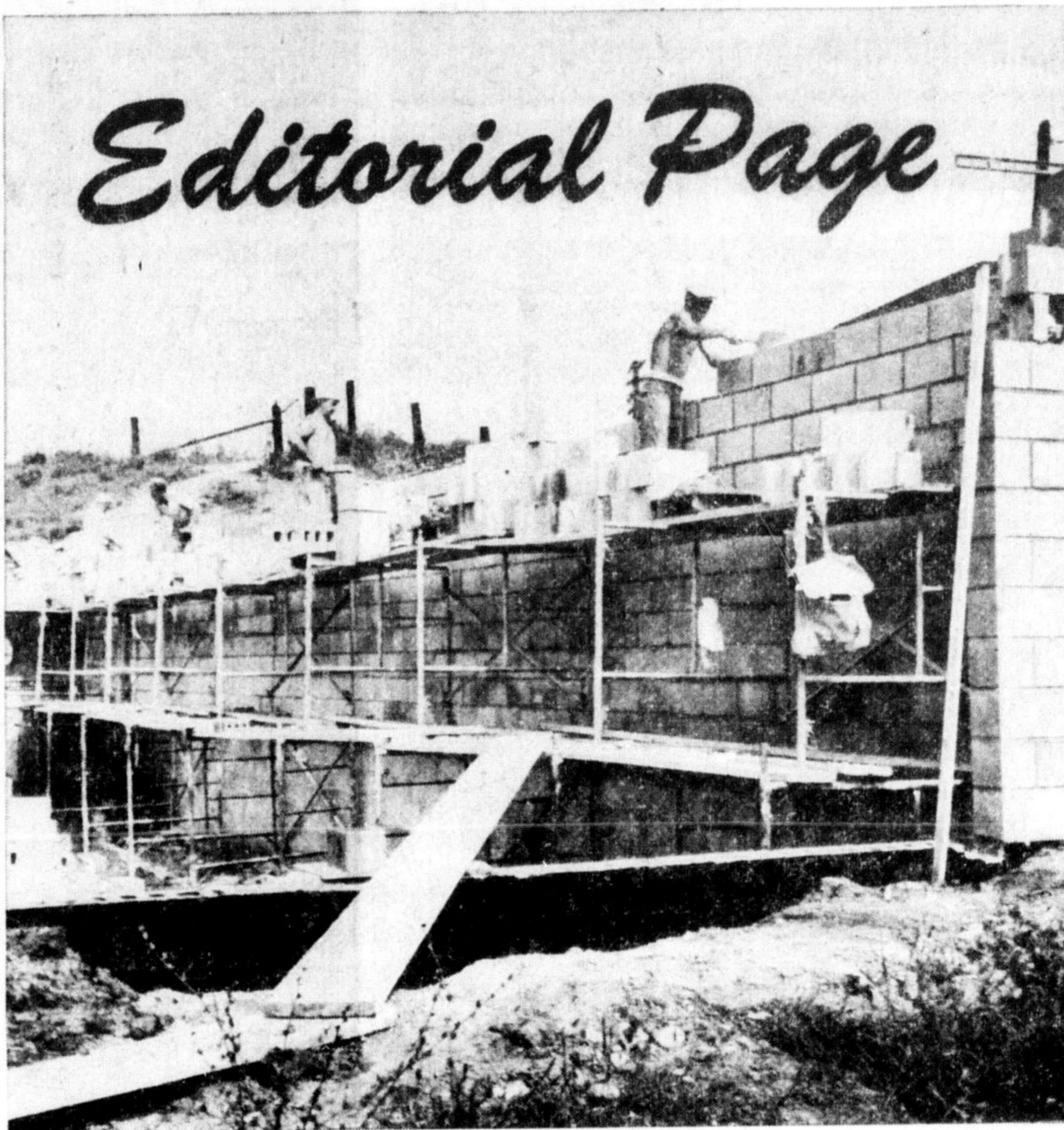
SOMETIMES in Halton we are all inclined to talk a great deal about urbanization and about industrial growth, overlooking the agricultural production. Figures revealed in a report in last week's Champion indicate Halton's agricultural industry is a \$13,000,000 business which rates it among the county's top. Facts like this do much to maintain our perspective.

UNLESS I miss my guess, most of those returning to school Tuesday are looking forward to it. The summer holiday is usually long enough and children are glad to get back to the challenges and activity of the classroom. The wet and cold of August have

not been ideal for outdoor activity, anyway. Of course some bright, warm days in September could produce some nostalgic glances out the school room window.

LISTENED while the Acton and Georgetown brass and reed bands competed with four others at the C.N.E. last Thursday. The music was good and the Georgetown band took first place in the class. Having at one time played in the Acton band I naturally had some regret that Acton hadn't done better. It would have been more interesting though, if there had been a Milton band in the competition too. Perhaps as Milton grows a citizens' brass and reed band may be re-born here yet. Of course Milton is not without bands, as members of the Lorne Scots Pipe, the Lorne Scots Brass or the Milton Girls' Pipe bands would hasten to point out.

WHILE I'VE been to Niagara Falls many times, a recent trip took me down under the falls for the first time. Now there's the grand daddy of all shower baths. I didn't encounter the cat walks I expected after seeing years ago, a Marilyn Monroe film shot at Niagara. Apparently the cat walks are on the American side with tunnels on the Canadian side. It's an interesting experience, however.



MILTON CURLING CLUB construction is progressing rapidly, at the site in Millside Plaza near the C.P.R. station. Blocklayers are shown at work on the east wall of the new \$100,000 curling club, that is expected to be ready for play this fall. The foundation is ready and gravel has been packed down in the area where the ice will be located.

Editorial Page

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

GLANCING BACK TO 10 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 26, 1954.

Indications of development of still another subdivision were given when G. Doty, Oakville, submitted to Council at their regular meeting, a plan of subdivision on the Newman property, immediately west of Ontario St., and bordering the cemetery. Lengthy study of the plan by Council resulted in recommendation for changes, paralleling those urged by the Planning Board at an earlier meeting. A resolution was passed by Council approving the subdivision, subject to the lots being changed from their present 50 foot frontage to 60 feet.

A cut-back of 50 feet is to be allowed on the corner lots bordering the street, with access on the highway, as required by the Highways Department, and provision for the extension of Bruce St. from Oak St. to the proposed Wakfield Rd. is made. Councillor Pearen, in reporting on the recommendation of the council, said most subdividers were sticking to the minimum and suggested this should be slightly increased to be in keeping with the surroundings. Council un-

animously endorsed a 60 foot lot in that area.

The annual picnic of the Boston Presbyterian Church Sunday School was held on Friday, August 20, on the spacious grounds of Mrs. Gamble's home near Campbellville. Under the guidance of Mr. Stanley Wilson and the teachers, the children enjoyed an afternoon of swimming and races.

A large attendance enjoyed the Palermo Junior Farmers' third annual variety night, held at the Pelletterio's home on Thursday, August 12. The program, which took the form of a television show, starred jovial Paul Hanover of radio station CHML, as master of ceremonies, and included both professional and amateur numbers. Singing and dancing took the main part of the program, with the Milton Jewels and local singers and square dancers participating. Perhaps the most enjoyed was the gymnastics exhibition, which included high bar, horse and mat acts, starring boys from the Palermo club.

Office of Robinson Business College, open daily for registration for fall term, commencing September 1, 1954.

GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 24, 1944.

Halton has harvested an excellent crop of winter wheat and yields varying from around 30 bushels to over 50 bushels per acre are reported. Unfortunately, a percentage of this year's crop is very smutty.

We understand from agricultural representative J. E. Whitlock that a local miller states he knows where there are 10,000 bushels of wheat in Halton which is not fit for milling purposes. This is most unfortunate when one realizes that half an hour to an hour would treat all the seed wheat required on the average farm.

The Board of Education has asked education authorities to make a special effort to help all housewives and others needing advice on cooking, care, repair of clothes, simple household affairs and ways of saving fuel, gas and electricity. Advice centres have been found very useful and

it is suggested that more of these be opened.

This week, the Champion received a letter from Jim Gilbert in Dafoe, Sask., "Your paper sure is a joy to read with all its local news and advertisements. It isn't that I'm extra far away but it makes one feel that much nearer to Milton. The people out west seem much friendlier than back east. My version for that is if they don't visit their neighbors, they have no friends, as they live so far apart."

"The country churches are the one real place where they meet each other. Then, of course, the younger folks turn out for the town hall hoodlums. I was here but four days when I was out to a wedding dance at Dafoe. Everyone has a swell time and made me welcome, stranger or not. The end in Europe is, of course, much nearer now, so maybe we will be heading further east next spring. Thanks again for sending your paper and hoping we will all be home soon to read it in our homes."

GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 27, 1914.

Mrs. Hall, having sold her residence to J. M. Denyes, public school inspector, will remove to Toronto. She has furniture etc. by auction on Saturday, September 12.

A special patrol of Milton Boy Scouts has been doing work for the Empire. The boys have prepared a list of dependents left by soldiers and of farmers having horses suitable for use in the war. They have been practising signalling, in which several of them have passed the qualifying examinations.

On Monday afternoon, when the volunteers were about to board the train which was to convey them east, there was quite a commotion on the station platform. Pte. J. Somers, a British reservist belonging to the Berkshire Regiment, was leaving by this train for Montreal to take his passage to join his regiment, which had been called out.

His wife was leaving with him for Belleville, where her parents reside. In the hurry of making preparations for leaving, a tradesman's bill for \$2.51 was apparently overlooked and he ar-

rived at the station with the bailiff to seize their goods when the train was in sight.

The matter was explained to two or three leading citizens. Hats were circulated through the assembled crowd and by the time the train reached the platform, the amount demanded was more than contributed and Pte. Somers and his wife proceeded upon their journey.

A sample of one of the most deadly projectiles used in war can be seen in one of the windows of A. Norrington's shop. It is a five inch howitzer shell. It is empty, having been fired, but when such shells are used in battle, each contains 360 lead bullets with a charge of explosive and a time fuse, which can be set to do its work at any distance within the range of the gun, the cap of the shell blowing off and the bullets scattering. M. J. Carton brought the shell to town. It came from the Guelph Field Battery, of which Mr. Carton was a member for a number of years.

Mrs. E. Wilkinson announces that she will resume her class in pianoforte Tuesday, September 14. A limited number of pupils will be accepted and if desired, prepared for examinations.

A Hootin' Tootin' Weekend...

A hootin' tootin' time is predicted for Milton this weekend as the steam lovers arrive in town to set up shop for their fourth annual Steam and Antique Preservers reunion.

There is something quite fascinating in seeing the variety of steam equipment that hobbyists have accumulated. They clearly get quite a thrill out of the restoration work, and certainly they enjoy having others see the restored items.

Crowds at the annual event have grown considerably over the previous years, and if the sun shines brightly on the Labor Day weekend the crowd may indeed increase more.

It is encouraging that the Steam Show enthusiasts have found Milton's central location sufficiently suitable that they have returned here again this year. Notification that Milton is to be the permanent home of Steam-Era indicates the degree of co-operation between local and Steam Show officials.

To those residents who live in the neighborhood of the Agricultural Grounds, the event doesn't have quite the same attraction as to those visitors who come for many miles to see the steam engines of a bygone era. On the whole the close residents have not complained too loudly about the weekend-long sessions of whistling and tooting, or

the heavy smoke that sometimes develops when so much equipment must be fired.

Undoubtedly the steam show enthusiasts will do their best to discontinue the whistling at dusk and keep the smoke to a minimum.

To those who come to enjoy the show and to those who come to participate, we hope you will find a warm welcome in Milton. To those who live in town and surrounding area we know many will want to see the event. Last year more than 27,000 paid to see the steam monsters and if beautiful weather develops for the weekend, that number may well increase.

Backstage of the show there has been a tremendous effort to insure all possible success. The Agricultural Society has co-operated with facilities, the Chamber of Commerce has co-operated in staging the promotional Old-Fashioned Days and in arranging the Saturday night entertainment in the arena while service clubs have planned special events. Merchants are promoting the event through their Old-Fashioned Days. The town council has contributed toward street lighting, banners and advertising. And there are all-out to make the Steam Show a hootin' many, many individuals who have also gone tootin' success.

carelessness. They could be avoided if someone had simply used a little common sense.

You've heard all the warnings: drive carefully, don't overload your boat, don't swim right after eating, and so on. They can all be condensed into one brief slogan: use your head.

Make your Labor Day weekend a happy, safe holiday!

Safe Holiday...

The long Labor Day weekend is traditionally the last weekend of the summer.

Unfortunately, for many Canadians this weekend is the last weekend of their life.

Many Canadians have died on those Labor Day weekends. This year experts predict the death toll will continue to rise.

It's about time to call a halt to this useless waste of human lives. Most fatal accidents happen sheerly through someone's

Back to School...

On Tuesday the "long" summer vacation will be over and more than 4,000 children will be heading back to Milton and district schools.

Millions of words have been written about education and its importance but all the words in the world are sometimes not enough to impress the unwilling student with the need to obtain the maximum of education.

All the words of teachers are not enough either to guarantee that a student who attends classes will automatically pass. Education, like most other things, can only be obtained by an individual who has an ability and utilizes it to the maximum.

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Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

Last Sunday, for the first time in six weeks, the four of us were under the same roof together. We were all a little uneasy at being with these strangers.

Hugh came through virtually unscathed, despite the trembling and trepidation of his parents. He talked us into extending his stay at the summer school from three weeks to five, in a letter emphasizing the "inspiration" he was getting there.

After deep and midnight consultations, we reluctantly sent off the requisite extortion for the extra two weeks. Soon after, another letter arrived. In this one, we learned he'd been out to dinner — steak and mushrooms, Chianti, the works — with a Yank girl whose father was an English teacher, was divorced, and was having an affair with the daughter of the bartender in the place they'd eaten.

Hugh's momma was ready to call out the militia, declare war on the U.S., and invade if necessary to snatch her boy back to safety. His father was trying to soothe her fears and at the same time, remembering, with not a little sadness, what he was like at that age.

However, he surprised us. He arrived home the day he was supposed to. Even more amazing, he had some money left. Completely astounding, he looked only slightly deprived. In those five weeks, he had:

become 17, fallen in love at least twice, bought a pipe and tobacco, cooked for himself for two weeks, lived mainly on pabulum and cheese, and been in a beer joint.

None of this bothered me too much, although his mother gave him an interrogation that would have done credit to Inspector Maigret.

Perhaps the most rugged two weeks of the summer were those I spent as a weekly editor. It all began with a wedding — my partner's, and very nearly ended with a funeral — mine.

One of the hardest jobs on earth is being a weekly editor. And how doubly devastating it is to be a weekly editor in a tourist town, where every old-friend cottage within a radius of 40 miles is hell-bent on wrecking your marriage, your constitution, and the next day, with his hospitality.

Oh well, the worst is over. There remains only a gritting of the teeth, a girding of the loins, and a hardening of the resolution, to get through the last week of summer — the weekly newspapers convention. When that's over, and I come home, a shambling skeleton, a shadow of the fine, healthy young fellow I was on the first of July, my plans are made. I phone a sanatorium, take my 20 days' sick leave, and resume living about the end of September.



DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

NOW THEN, CLASS, today's lesson is entitled "How to Behave at a Reception." All good journalists learn the ins and outs of reception-hopping as soon as they graduate from the cub reporter stage of their careers.

First of all, what are receptions and why are they held? Well, to a reporter, a reception is a dignified excuse — superbly disguised as a "treat" — to say something the reception sponsor wants to get into print. Sometimes they are designed to show off something new to the press, like a new golf course, a public building, a park, or a new door on the washroom in the children's playground.

In the case of politics, receptions are intended to have you meet the politician on a friendly, unofficial basis.

But don't be misled — receptions are intricately planned to get words into newspapers. The free drink and sandwiches are to loosen you up and put you in a receptive mood... the pretty girls (sometimes alternating with large steam shovels or gold-handled scissors) are strictly

there for the photographic angle... and all the glad-handing, back-slapping and speech-making is fuel for the story they hope you will write.

YOUR BEHAVIOR at a reception is half the battle. You'll never come away without a story, but it takes tact, diplomacy, sobriety and a stern will to make sure you come away with your own opinions — not those of the sponsors.

First of all, never let yourself appear like a complete stranger left out in the dark. If you don't know someone else who's going, be sure to take along an accomplice. Enter the reception at separate times, never together.

That way, if either of you spots someone you know, strike up a conversation over the martinis, and quick. If neither of you recognizes a soul, greet your buddy like a long-lost friend and stand there (nobody ever sits at a reception) chatting like crazy. The idea is, if the sponsors see you standing alone, like a country bumpkin, they'll immediately ply you with refreshments and

talk your ear off about nothing.

Secondly, don't over-indulge. They never serve any wholesome foods at a reception, it's always caviar or frog's legs or dainty tidbits loosely termed sandwiches. (Our internal studies department recently ran a test on a variety of these so-called "sandwiches" and found it takes 17 of them to equal the nutrition of one full sandwich.) Remember, every time you take an offering from the passed plate, it's an opportunity for the "enemy" to pump you with some more propaganda.

As for liquor, if you must drink, have one, sip it throughout the occasion. Two or more is a sign you're a likely prospect for a long discourse on the subject at hand — besides, you'll get befuddled and lose your notes and forget where your car is situated in the parking lot.

QUESTION PERIODS are strictly for laughs — stay out of them. Every reception winds up with the inevitable question and answer time, and every reception is a pre-arranged exchange of well prepared questions (by a sponsor's stoolie) and answers (in vague generalities) from the sponsor.

If you, as a reporter, should interject a question, four bouncers will appear to escort you quickly to the door. It just ISN'T done, see?

And that's the end of the lesson for today. Any questions?

ON THE BOOKS

Customer: "Have you really shown me everything in the shop?"

Clerk: "Not quite, Madam. We have an overdue account of yours on our books if you would care to see it."

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

GEORGETOWN — The booth featuring arts and crafts exhibits of the local Handicraft organization is getting a great deal of attention from visitors to the Canadian National Exhibition this week. Members of the Arts and Crafts Association of Georgetown are highly elated at the response to their show and the number of enquiries about the various crafts shown.

BURLINGTON — The Butler Manufacturing Company contributed considerably to the Commonwealth program for Underdeveloped Nations last week when it shipped a pre-fabricated technical school complex to Accra, Ghana. The school, which will hold about 500 students when erected, is the first of its kind sent by this company to Ghana.

BRAMPTON — The stench from "Old Faithful", the town's sewage disposal plant, is driving south end residents "up the wall" and at the moment no relief is in sight. "We're getting letters every day from our tenants," two apartment suite owners reported. "The smell from the sewage plant is terrible. The tenants are afraid to open their windows."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"What is needed in the face of mounting carnage on the nation's highways is a sort of space capsule in which the traveller can proceed through that most dangerous of all regions, the modern highway, with reasonable expectation of a safe arrival..."

—Canadian Medical Assoc. Journal.