



Jim's

# JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● A READER passed on the following 10 rules for raising misfits. Most parents will find some real down-to-earth realism in the points covered and its re-printing may strike some responsive chords. Regrettably I don't know the author or proper credit would have been given. Here they are though:

● DO NOT have any rules for child behavior or obedience in the home. This will ensure that the child has no clear concept of right or wrong.

● IF YOU HAVE ANY rules, enforce them intermittently. Ignore them when you are in good humour and knock the kid silly if he breaks the rules when you are tired and out of sorts. This will confuse him thoroughly. He won't know what is expected of him and will eventually resent all discipline.

● AIR YOUR domestic disputes right out in front of the children, preferably with a little

name-calling. This will ensure that he has no respect for either of his parents.

● NEVER GIVE a child any chores or regular duties around the home. This will convince him that you and the world owe him a living, without effort on his part.

● IF HE IS disciplined at school, always go to the school and tear a strip off the teacher or the principal in front of the child. This will create an excellent contempt for authority at any level.

● LATER, WHEN HE has trouble with the police, which is most likely, bawl out the officer, or, better still, the Chief, being always sure to refer to the "dumb cop". This procedure will earn the child a diploma in contempt of authority.

● WHEN YOU ARE out driving with the family, exceed the local speed limit, but slow down

when you see a police car. Be sure to speed up as soon as the police car is out of sight. This will show the child that the law is observed only if there is any danger of being caught.

● IF YOU ARE STOPPED by the police for speeding, and you are speeding, always deny flatly that you were exceeding the speed limit. Make a big fuss over it. Your child will then know that cheating and lying are acceptable procedures.

● IF YOU HAVE managed to chisel a few dollars on your income tax, be sure and tell the family at the dinner table that night how smart you are. This should convince the youngsters that stealing is all right if you can get away with it.

● NEVER CHECK up on where your youngsters are in the evening. Never mind what time they get home. Never, never, try to learn anything about their friends. This one is almost sure fire.

## Sugar and Spice ...

BY BILL SMILEY

plunged into a vast high school where they are nothing, the youngest of the young, the rookies, the chickens just out of the nest. Their bewilderment is something to behold.

Mothers either weep or breathe a sigh of purest relief on opening day, depending on whether they have lost the first of their nestlings, or have just got rid of the last of the little horrors who have been nudging them towards an institution for the past 12 years.

Fathers, too, heave either a sigh or a groan, depending on the age of the kids. If the students are young, it means the old man at least knows they're in school and safe, not being buried alive at the sandpit, or falling into the water-filled ditch, or running out in front of speeding cars to get their ball. If they're university age, he breathes heavily and grunts with a mingling of pecuniary pain and wild elation as he signs the first of many cheques for tuition fees plus room 'n board.

The "drop-outs" are happy as morons. They quit last Easter, took a job, the job petered out, and now they fervently agree with their mother, who said they were too stupid to make a living unless they had a university degree. So they've dropped back in, to keep warm for another winter.

The school board is happy. The long, dull summer, with nothing to do but make money, is over,

and they can get back to the fascinating topics of how much the new boiler will cost, how lousy the new teachers are, how much they dare submit to the council in their budget, and how different things were when they were at school.

The caretakers are happy. After all, it's rather frustrating to spend all summer washing, waxing and polishing, with nobody to appreciate. Now, their two months' hard work vanishes in a twinkling, and they can go back to 10 months of grousing about dirty kids and sloppy teachers.

The merchants are happy. Their "Back-to-School" advertising campaign went over pretty well. Now they can relapse comfortably into criticism of the stupidity of the school board, the hours and salaries of the teachers, and the manners and morals of today's students, compared to those of their own generation.

Theoretically, the teachers are happy. They return to school clear-eyed, refreshed, bushy-tailed, dedicated, after their long vacation, which they spent lying on the beach, pounding a golf ball, or touring Europe.

In reality, most of them totter in, red-eyed, wrung-out and broke, after seven weeks of summer school and one dreadful week visiting relatives, during which their kids were holy terrors and it rained every day.

We call it Indian Summer, but the Indians didn't. They didn't bother to name those fine autumn days when the sky is clear, the sun is mild and the hills are faintly hazed. They enjoyed such days, even as we do, finished their late harvest, did a little casual hunting for the pot and did a lot of loafing. In fact, the name itself didn't appear in the records until 1794, though by then it seems to have been in general use along the Atlantic seaboard.

It still isn't an official season, of course; it is so unofficial that you can rouse an argument over it every autumn. Actually, Indian Summer can come any time from mid-

September till early December, any time after the first hard frost and before the onset of winter. It can come twice in a season, even three times now and then. If there is a spell of raw, cold weather between two intervals of Indian Summer, that is Squaw Winter. The Indians didn't use that name either; nobody knows where it came from.

So there are the facts. And if anyone wants to argue about them, let him take his argument elsewhere. Indian Summer is no time for contention. It is a time to be at peace with the world, and those who want to argue about it don't deserve such weather.

Anniversary services of St. Dav-

id's Church, Campbellville, will be held on Sunday Oct. 4th to be conducted at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. by Rev. K. J. Mawhood B.D. of Galt. On Monday evening Oct. 5 a fowl supper will be given. The following talent will provide a first class programme. R. Wilson Kenny, tenor, Toronto; Miss Lawrence McMullen, solo violinist, military bells, and mandolin; Miss Pearl Norton, soprano soloist of Knox Church, Guelph and Miss Small of Kilbride, accompanist. Supper from 6 to 8. Admission — adults 35c children 20c.

The band played a program of sacred music in Victoria Park last Sunday afternoon and played it well. It is not as strong numerically as it has been, having just fifteen members but they are all good musicians. Now that the long-needed band room has been supplied by the town council, commodious and comfortable, there will be no difficulty about practice and Bandmaster Gollins intends to train a number of recruits during the coming winter.

ACTON — Nettie Trvsseenaar, 17, of Erin, won the Miss Acton Fall Fair title on Friday evening. Miss Trvsseenaar, an attractive blonde, was one of 18 contestants in the contest. Noted CKEY disc-jockey Al Boliska, radio announcer Bill Shackleton of Guelph and TV personality Elaine Cole were judges for the contest.

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## Fair Time Again



IT'S FALL FAIR TIME AGAIN in Milton, and this weekend the 112th annual two-day show of the Halton Agricultural Society — Milton Fair — will be staged at the local fair grounds. There's something about fall fair midways that draws the children to the candy floss ...

## The Big Show...

Fall Fairs, those annual mixtures of midways, and exhibits, are in full swing. Milton Fair, now well into its second century of progress, starts with judging this Friday. The annual Fair serves to remind us once again of the vital place agriculture occupies in our economy. Agriculture is still the basic industry. The growing of food stuffs is of vital importance to each of us.

At the Fair the products of the farm are on display. Here one may see something of the machinery used and learn something of the skills and knowledge involved in the various aspects of farming. Handicraft skills are on display. There is always some of that cooking, baking and preserving which are a part of farm life.

At the Fair, the town and city resident gets a look at what the rural resident does. Today's farm is more modern and much more complex than many of us realize. Fewer

## That Time of Year...

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## The Value of a Smile...

It costs nothing, but creates much. It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lives forever.

None are so rich that they can get along without it and none are so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business and is the counter-spring of friends.

FROM TIME TO TIME, details of peculiar wills are reported from various corners of the world. Every now and then, some recently deceased eccentric will leave thousands of dollars for a foundation to provide homes for stray cats; dog-lovers who have departed this world occasionally leave funds for meat kitchens for dogs, and at times individual pets are left large sums of money to provide them with comforts and food for the balance of their life.

One of the most unique wills, though, was that which called for setting up of a special foundation — "The Emma A. Robinson horses' Christmas dinner trust fund". Details of this fund, set up in 1932, were recently reported to The Financial Post.

It seems that a Mrs. Robinson of Kansas loved horses. When she died in 1932, she left \$10,000 to provide a Christmas dinner of one bushel of oats or half a bushel of corn crop for each of 200 animals each year.

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farmers are producing more food with mechanization which has brought relief to what was once a virtual slavery. But the basic skill is still the same, that of using sun, soil, air and water to grow the things which man must have to continue to exist.

To the countless exhibitors this is a time of great activity as animals are groomed and prepared for judging. Ribbons won in Milton Fair competitions add to the record of animals as well as providing visitors with one of the province's top displays of animals.

Fall Fairs are not a new thing. They are as old as recorded history. The first one in Canada was held at Windsor, Nova Scotia in 1765. Things have changed considerably since then but fall fairs, like the Milton Fair, continue to make an immeasurable contribution toward the development of agriculture and the fostering of rural-urban links of understanding.

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It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody till it is given away!

And if it ever happens that someone is too tired to give you a smile, please give him one of yours.

For nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### GLANCING BACK TO 10 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Sept. 23, 1954.

A project that has been talked over for the last couple of years, a permanent cook house, was this year erected at the Cub camp. Under the general organization by Morley Rasberry, a group of interested men, as well as the Cub leaders, drew up plans, obtained materials and erected a first class cook house in about three weeks time. Credit goes to Harry Marsh for drawing up the plan for the building and supervising its construction. Our thanks goes out to those who helped, Bob Randall, Minto Clare, Murray Currie, John Cannon, Ernie Wilson, Jim Mountain, Geo. Fletcher, Gord Lucy, Harold Coulson and Scout troop. Davis very generously advanced the capital necessary to purchase materials. We expect to have this repaid after Apple Day.

A coincidence perhaps worthy of mention was noted on Friday evening. As municipal officers concluded the brief ceremony marking the opening of the Milton Municipal Rest Rooms, the Salvation Army Band began to gather across the street. Unaware of the nature of the sparsely attended ceremony across from

them, the band opened the program with the number "Whosoever Will, May Come."

A meeting of the North Halton Night School committee was held Monday evening in Acton High School. Plans and courses were decided on for the coming season. The classes will begin early in November.

G. C. Gowland, chairman of the Milton - North Trafalgar Planning Board introduced Messrs. Hansen and Gander representing the firm of Armstrong, Kingston and Hansen engineers and town planners. Mr. Hansen, addressing council suggested Milton was a town logically in for a period of growth. To eliminate a number of problems associated with this natural growth it was suggested this was the time to begin town planning. Mayor Heslop asked at the conclusion of the outline if this firm could point to any errors made by the council and the planning board in dealing with the growth presently being experienced. Mr. Hansen suggested an undirected program of growth could end up with a lot of errors but he was not familiar enough with the town to point out any fault.

### GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Sept. 21st, 1944.

For ninety-two years the Milton Fair of the Halton Agricultural Society has put on an annual event that has been second to none of the rural fairs. The Directors have planned that the 92nd event on Friday and Saturday, September 29th and 30th shall enhance that record. The prize list and the County Cattle shows held in conjunction with the fair ensure that the finest stock in the country side will be on exhibit at Milton Fair. Those who like harness racing, will have three purses offered for competition to be run on one of the best half-mile tracks in Ontario. Lorne Scots band will provide a musical program. There will be a Baby Show. A special exhibition is the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and Keith Budd will be on hand to give a performance. Milton Fair of 1944 promises to be outstanding and good weather will attract a bigger crowd than ever.

At the Halton County Council session in Milton last Tuesday reports and recommendations re-

garding data for the advertising folder to be sent to Great Britain were considered but since the reports from all municipalities had not been received it was impossible for council to make much headway. Mr. Craig was of the opinion that plans should be speeded up, otherwise it would be too late. He therefore moved and Mr. Millmer seconded "That the Council of Halton appoint three members to work in conjunction with an advertising folder, advertising the county's good features, and that a meeting of the County committee meet with the representatives from the municipalities.

Owing to the unusually high attendance at the schools it has been found necessary to engage an extra teacher on both High School and Public School staff.

The Mayor broached the subject of a service being held when the war is over in Europe, at this week's Milton Council meeting. A suggestion was made that the Ministerial Association be asked to take the matter up. No definite action has been taken.

### GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Sept. 24th, 1914.

A few days ago Mrs. Dunn got a letter from her husband, the artillery reservist who left Milton about five weeks ago. He said he had been in the battle of the Meuse, but was sent with German prisoners to Aldershot, where the letter was dated. He said he would never forget what he saw in the battle, glorious but horrible. For instance he saw the 16th Lancers charge a body of Germans five times. After the fifth charge there was not a German left alive. On Tuesday Mrs. Dunn and her three children left Milton via Hamilton to sail on the steamer the Baltic for their home in England, where they will remain. The money for their fares, \$100, outfit and other expenses was provided from the Patriotic Fund and the township of Nelson, each paying half. Miss Ruddy accompanied them to Hamilton where an officer of the Salvation Army who sails on the same ship, took them into his charge.

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## NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

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ORANGEVILLE — The town planning board has recommended that council put their \$10,000 federal centennial grant to the development of a park. The land in question was donated to the town by Dr. Campbell as a Centennial gift.

GEORGETOWN — If the United Church accepts the town's offer of \$80,000 for the Cedarvale School property, Georgetown will have its centennial project wrapped up. A 6-3 council vote recently authorized the mayor and clerk to sign a purchase offer. The property had decreased by four acres with exercise of an option for four acres by the local St. John's church.



Everybody happy now that school has re-opened. You should be. With the possible exception of Christmas Day, it's the happiest and most exciting occasion in the year, for a large part of our population.

When I was a kid, we all hated going back to school. And it was real. Schools were grey and grimy. Classrooms were stuffy and poorly lighted and smelled. Teachers were maiden ladies of 80 or 90 years old, and crabby as heck.

Nowadays most youngsters are thrilled to enter the portals in September. They've had enough summer. They want to get back with their peers and gossip, play, work, stretch their minds, and somebody to hate besides their parents.

Nothing is quite so charming as the gossoms entering Grade 1. Shined and curled and starched beyond recognition, they march off on opening day with the new school-bag, clammy hand clutched by a disgusted older brother or pompous sister. They're as scared and excited as a pilot on his first solo flip.

Next in sheer delightfulness, I think, the kids entering high school. Last year, they were the big wheels in Grade 8, the monitors, the safety patrol members, the seniors. Suddenly they are



## DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

IF YOU TRAVEL around the U.S. countryside, take time out to listen to the natives spin yarns about their favorite folk figures.

You'll hear snatches of an argument that has been raging since Paul Bunyan first became entrenched in American folklore.

In lower Canada you will be old Paul Bunyan first came on the scene during the fiery rebellion of Papineau, the French Canadian, in 1837, as a bellicose giant battling the Queen's troops.

In the Great Lakes area on the U.S. side of the border, the lumbermen may grudgingly admit Bunyan's exploits were noised round Canada, but the loggers of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota will stoutly claim it was they who settled him firmly as man of great renown.

For example, it was there he acquired his great plux ox. Babe, you will recall Babe's measurements from horn tip to horn tip were 42 axle handles and a plug of chewing tobacco. Paul also became quite an orator after he invaded the midwest, and built himself a giant cook shed.

To bolster its claim to the legendary figure, Minnesota has set up huge statues of Paul Bunyan and Babe on the shores of Lake Bemidji, and the annual Paul Bunyan Summer Water Carnival and Paul Bunyan Summer Theatre are held nearby. They've become quite a tourist attraction.

No one will dispute the claim was Paul Bunyan who scooped out Puget Sound, but if you say e also dug Grand Canyon — here are some who do — you'll get a howl of rage from Tex-

EVERYONE WELL knows the Texans will say, that it was Pecos Bill who spent a leisurely afternoon spading out the Grand Canyon.

Pecos Bill, another man of mighty feats, was raised by coyotes. He didn't know he was a man until he accidentally met a cowboy. So Pecos Bill saddled up and headed for town to find out what this human life was all about. The fact his horse broke a leg on the way didn't deter him. He saddled a mountain lion and rode on, using a rattlesnake as his lariat.

Civilization was not for Pecos Bill. He spotted some Eastern dudes playing cowboy at a ranch, and returned to his life as a coyote. He laughed himself to death.

But even within Texas there is argument about the origin of the Grand Canyon. Some say it was the work of Finn MacColl. In the mid-nineteenth century, Finn had a great idea for improving transportation to the West Coast. He wanted to smash down the Rockies to make things easier. But the Texans demurred, Finn got mad, and went north to vent his rage and energy by digging the Grand Canyon.

SOUTHERNERS LAY claim to another mighty man of folklore — Sam McGee. Sam went to the Yukon and disappeared. Several years later a friend found him, frozen solidly into the ice. The friend, thinking him dead, tried to cremate him in an old river boat boiler. This revived Sam in a hurry, and he asked his friend to please close the boiler door — he was warm for the first time in years, and didn't want to be in a draft.

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