



Jim's JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

● **DRIVING ALONG** in one of those pre-dusk fogs recently I was amazed at the number of drivers who were depending on those tiny things called parking lights. As a defense they are practically useless and in a fog deferring yourself from the approaching drivers is as important as seeing where you're going. Quite frequently headlights don't help you see but they certainly are seen better by an approaching car than the tiny parking lights. What was even more surprising was the number of vehicles that didn't even have parking lights turned on.

● **SEEMS TO BE** some who are surprised to hear the town is having a liquor plebiscite. Perhaps that's because it's one of the things that went through council without much noise. The date is October 18 and two questions will be balloted. I believe a manager for the No's has been appointed but I haven't heard whether the required manager

has been appointed for the Yes's or not.

● **IT WOULD** be interesting to know just how politicians can best get their message to the local electorate. The old fashioned political meeting is certainly out and the formal nomination meeting that at one time was the hottest thing going is now attended only by the candidates and their agents. The Conservatives have tried a picnic and the NDP have held a corn roast. The Liberals haven't yet but with anything unusual come but there's still time. Probably the round of coffee parties, card parties, dances and more entertaining devices will be learned on heavily.

● **TREE LINED** streets in town will never be a reality if there aren't more new trees planted. The town has a cost-sharing plan to encourage home-owners to plant trees adjacent to town property and with the arrival of the fall season it's a good time to

think about it. Details of the program will be outlined again in advertising shortly and there is a definite quota on the number of trees to be obtained at half price.

● **LOOKING AT** the Mill Pond I wondered if it would ever dry up in time for work in cleaning and clearing this year. Chairman of the project, Norm Pearce, tells me it's dry down a few inches but there's still plenty of drying out to go in the material deeper down. The initiation of the project will have to wait awhile yet.

● **THE TWO YEAR** term for Milton Councillors is being suggested now in an effort to stir up voter interest. Last year members upped the bid for councillors in an effort to stimulate more interest in the council seats. I don't detect any noticeable stir of interest with that move and I question whether a two year term would do much either.

Sugar and Spice ...

BY BILL SMILEY

I have the deepest admiration for those men who make a big fuss over their annual wedding anniversary. My wife and I had another anniversary this week, and, as usual, neither of us remembered it until three days after it was past, too late to celebrate.

The reason I admire the anniversary addicts is the sheer boldness of their tactics. Usually, they are about the rottenest husbands in town, on a day-to-day basis. But with one florid, extravagant gesture, they wipe off all their sins of the last 12 months and lay the groundwork for another year of getting away with murder.

Few of these birds are the gentle, meek, timid, humble, hen-pecked husbands this era has spawned, like you and me. Not they. Among their ranks you find the deer hunters, the hard drinkers, the poker players, the philanderers.

And yet, with a combination of utter effrontery and incredible craftiness, they carry it off every year. A big bash of candy, a flourish of flowers, dinner and a night on the town and the old lady falls for it every time.

This is the part I can't understand. Women, especially women who have been married for a few years, are not notoriously soft-headed. And yet these women who perfectly well know that the old man is a two-timing heel, an incipient lush, or a big-mouthed bum, go all weak at the knees when Joe waltzes in on their anniversary with a potted plant.

I'm not making this up. Let's take my pal Charlie as an example. He's real. I'll change nothing but the names. Charlie wouldn't be caught dead talking his wife to church or the movies, during the year. He takes his holidays in the fall, when the boys are going deer

hunting. Mabel stays home. It gives her a chance to stork the leaves and put the storm windows on.

When Charlie finishes a day's work, he has a couple or six quick ones with the boys, grunts at Mabel a few times during dinner, grabs his furling broom or golf clubs, and heads out the door.

Charlie's idea of a pleasant social evening for Mabel is to send her over to visit her sister while he has the poker gang in. After, of course, she has made a huge lunch for the boys.

Charlie has a lot of trouble with Mabel's extravagance. Heck, he gives her thirty dollars a week to run the house and to feed and

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IT'S ELECTION TIME in Halton and the County's Conservatives brought in their Federal party chief, John Diefenbaker, to kick off the campaigning in the county with Oakville Mayor Allan Masson, the Halton P.C. standard-bearer. Mr. Diefenbaker is seen here in a pensive mood while strikers' placards surround him at the P.C. picnic in Oakville on Saturday.

A Pensive Chief



—Staff Photo

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

As taken from the files of the **Can. Champion, Sept. 20, 1945.**

The two Women's Auxiliaries of St. Paul's United Church recently held separate meetings. The Evening Auxiliary held a supper meeting in the Sunday School room with about 30 members present. The president, Mrs. K. Foster is in charge of the meeting that followed the supper. An inspiring devotional was given by Mrs. H. Whewell. A group of girls from the Milton Mission Band sang a two part number. Mrs. G. Goodchild and Mrs. C. Wood gave an interesting presentation of the study book. Two days later, the Afternoon Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. James Bell with a good attendance. The president, Mrs. R. M. Clements was in the chair and opened the meeting with prayer. Mrs. R. B. Galbraith led the devotional, assisted by Mrs. G. Dolby, Mrs. Dales, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Lamb and Mrs. Norris of Milton.

Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in St. Luke's Anglican Church, Palermo, on Sunday, with morning and evening services. Guest speaker at the morning service was a returned serviceman and Rev. R. Neelands was soloist. Rev. Edwards of Palermo United Church read the Scriptures. The church was beautiful, decorated for both services with autumn flowers and harvested grain.

The usual every second week dance of the Busy Bees Club of Nassagaweya was held in Brookville Hall. Two of the ten boys that the club had been sending comforts to while overseas were present and welcomed home. The boys were presented with pencil and pen sets with their names and ranks engraved on them as tokens of appreciation for what they had done for their country and their safe arrival home. "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" was sung and dancing followed.

GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

As taken from the files of the **Can. Champion, Sept. 23, 1915.**

The Hornby School Fair exceeded all expectations. This was true in regard to exhibits, attendance and enthusiasm. The board of directors was highly pleased and are to be congratulated on arranging such a day of pleasure and profit for the boys and girls of Hornby district and for the grown-ups. By 9 a.m., a crowd had gathered and by noon, over 800 people were in attendance. A large tent was erected for the showing of exhibits of corn, mangolds, flowers, potatoes, cooking and sewing. The school parade was pretty. Every school of each school sang a song before the large audience. During the summer, the school children had been growing crops from seeds supplied by the Department of Agriculture. These plots were examined and prizes were awarded.

The first annual picnic under the auspices of the Halton Junior Farmers is to be held in F. C. Willmott's Grove on Saturday, September 25. There is to be a baseball match between the Junior Farmers and the Cosmopolitans.

The local W.C.T.U. are to hold a parlor meeting at the home of Mrs. J. M. Denves at the end of September. The Union is pleased to be honored by the presence of the Honorable President of the Dominion W.C.T.U., who is to give an address. Special music is to be provided and a silver collection taken for the patriotic fund. All the women of Milton and district are invited to attend.

Particulars of the open season for game has been announced for sportsmen. Under an order-in-council, it is announced that the killing of ruffed grouse, partridges, black and grey squirrels was prohibited until 1917.

GLANCING BACK TO 100 YEARS AGO

As taken from the files of the **Can. Champion, Sept. 21, 1865.**

On Thursday morning last, our town was aroused by the entry of the Streetsville band, consisting of nine performers, discarding sweet music. Teams loaded with living freight, banners, flying, told of the Grand Temperance picnic to be held here that day. They marched to the Temperance Hall, but through some defect in the arrangements, could not secure an entrance. After some trouble, they obtained permission to enter the Agricultural Hall, but finding it, too, closed, they adjourned to Collins' Bush, where the chairman and the speakers were obliged to content themselves with a wagon box for a platform and the audience had to seat themselves as best they could.

were particularly severe with the Temperance men of Milton because of the defective arrangements made to receive the present party. There was a want of harmonious action between Milton's Temperance men and those of the demonstration because when approached to hold the demonstration here, the Milton men decided it would be inopportune to do so, as there was nothing to found a demonstration on. However, the other men decided to come anyway, without consultation.

A tea meeting was held in the Mountain Chapel, New Connexion, Nelson. The tea and edibles were excellent. A new chairman, George Brownbridge was elected. Two ministers addressed the small but appreciative crowd. The audience was enlivened with music discoursed by the choir of the Wesleyan Church, Milton, in their usual artistic manner. Votes of thanks were tendered to the choir and the speakers.

Our Readers Write

MEMORIES OF OLD SS. 6

Dear Mr. Editor

A friend sent me a copy of your paper of July 7 containing the article "Halt's Last One Room School". As one who attended this school more years ago than we like to remember, the contents of this article interested us.

During my time at No. 6 I had four men teachers in the following order — Bob Simpson, W. B. Amy, Archie McLennan and Duncan Ewart. This would be in the late nineties. W. B. Amy later became a dentist specialist, and died in a Toronto hospital just last week. Archie McLennan (my favorite teacher) went west and I believe became a very successful businessman. I remained in the school a year after passing my Entrance, and through the coaching of Duncan Ewart — mostly after four o'clock — was successful in getting what was then called

"Public School or Junior Leaving" the following year (at 14). That would probably be equal to today's second year high school.

It was a strenuous job teaching all grades with an attendance of probably 50 pupils. Perhaps that is why men were chosen for the job until the beginning of the present century. Previous to Miss Ethel Chapman's tenure of office, Miss Jane Little, now retired principal of Edith L. Groves School in Toronto, taught for a brief time. The farms in the neighborhood were at that time operated by the Moffats, McGibbons, Alexanders, Menzies, Mahons, most of whose ancestors came from "auld Scotia's shores".

During the years I have been addicted to the writing of verse on occasion. The following was published by the Toronto Star some years ago, and might well apply to good old Number Six;

SCHOOLHOUSE BY THE ROAD

The little old schoolhouse is fading away;
The one on the sideroad has finished its day;
The buses will take all the kids on the line
To a building that's larger, perhaps supertine,
But I often look back to a schoolhouse where I
Walked home through the maples that reached to the sky.

It was built of gray stone on the top of a hill;
The last time we passed by it was standing there still;
The pot bellied stove was there for the heating,
When near it one roasted and froze on retreating.
Though the lighting was poor and quite chilly the floors,
Some great men and women went forth from its doors.

Goodbye little schoolhouse, the road that you go,
Is the long road of progress, it ever was so;
But we like to look back as time's pages unfold
To the warm glow of youth in a world growing old.
There the three R's were taught us, by hook or by crook,
And some lessons for life that were not in the book.

ROBERT D. LITTLE,
54 Arnold St., Littleton, Ont.

Editorial Page

Danger Ahead ...

Those of us who live in what is termed the western world openly boast of the freedom permitted the individual by our organizations, institutions and systems of government.

And rightly so.

I indeed we prize this freedom so highly, we let speak publicly, freedom who actively support political philosophies which would destroy our cherished rights. We allow them to disseminate hate literature which openly advocates the violent overthrow of our orderly way of life.

Whether it is wise for us to continue to do so has been the subject of much heated debate of late. Certainly there is much to be said for the argument which would drastically curbs such activities. By the same token we must be ever mindful of the dangers of censorship.

Dangerous as are the totalitarian philosophies such as communism and fascism, they are, apparently, no longer the sole threat to individual freedom. It seems other more subtle means of control are being devised.

In one of the latest long-range forecast

"Thanks" ...

How often do we forget to say "thanks"? It is a simple word, easy to say, easy to forget to say.

How often do we take a little kindness for a service rendered as a matter of course and accept it as our due or something that is unimportant. Nothing could be more wrong than that.

The simple word "thanks" with a twinkle of the eye, or a smile, often goes a long way in helping the person to whom it is said over what may be a bad day, a despair. To be appreciated is natural and human and right; that is, appreciation and that is where the simple little word of "thanks" often comes in and is perhaps too often forgotten.

Appreciation doesn't necessarily have to be expressed vocally, but a smile and the wave of the hand carries the same message. This is particularly true when driving, when

one pauses to let a car in the line of traffic or across the line of traffic, a wave of the hand by the other driver is a true expression of the word "Thanks pal, thanks".

Unfortunately, so many times when one does this it is accepted as a matter of course and that is the end of it. When it does happen, it gives you a slight glow of pleasure to know that your courtesy has been appreciated, and it encourages you to be courteous to the next one that comes along.

Brief Comments ...

Beware of puppy love. It can be the beginning of a dog's life.

A self-made man said recently that, if he had it to do over again, he'd get some help.

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DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

A NEW FEATURE on this editorial page in recent weeks, the "Peeking into Milton's Past" picture, has been creating a lot of interest among readers — both the new and long-time Miltonians.

Most people shun Canada's seemingly dull history, but the local past is much more interesting because you can always relate or compare the present with the "good old days". That's why the old pictures, to me especially, are so interesting.

Thanks to sharp-eyed readers who have lived in Milton for many years, we have been informed of several errors in our descriptions of the photographs. And we do appreciate these corrections, as the pictures being used now will be reprinted in a special 1967 Centennial edition of The Champion, when we delve a little more deeply into the town's storied past as it relates to the 100th

birthday of our nation. So it's wise to run the photos now and get all the misunderstandings cleared up, so our 1967 issue will be as accurate as possible.

One example was the photo of the old gas tractor that appeared to be heading up the Main St. in a parade. I guessed the two buildings in the background were the present Fashion Beauty Lounge and Lido Restaurant buildings, but in writing the caption I erred and said the large (Lido building was once a spinning mill).

One reader said this was wrong. He felt what I thought was now Fashion Beauty Lounge was the Park Farm Dairy, and the other building was the Clements Block where Hutchinson and Thompson law office is located. Another reader called to my attention the "spinning mill" error, noting it was once a shoe factory where the Lido now stands.

Then along came a third reader who knows the Main St. pretty well, and he says the picture wasn't even taken in Milton at all! I checked the building fronts in the old photo with the present Main St. buildings, and it doesn't seem to match any of them.

So who is right?

Well, let's forget about that one for now, and concentrate on puzzling ourselves with the old photos that appear this week and in ensuing weeks on this page.

Meanwhile, thanks to George Jackson of Queen St. for loaning us dozens of pictures of Milton's past (which he picked up at an auction sale), and thanks, too, to other readers who have loaned us old pictures to round out the series.

We'd still like to hear more comments (or corrections) on the pictures.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



MILTON'S MAIN ST. has experienced several changes — both in ownership and appearances — since this photo was taken several years ago. The frame building at left has since been replaced by Syer's Family Fashions; the one in the centre was S. R. "Sam" Lew's clothing and furnishings, and is now the Flora Shoppe; next to it was Yates' Shoe Store which is now Durman TV and Appliances; and on the far right is Marchand's Jewellery, which is still in the Marchand name. Can anyone tell us approximately when this picture was taken?