

## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

### Guest Column by Brian McCristall

• Attitudes about going on vacation and returning to work are every bit as varied as the number of people you talk to. "I always enjoy my vacation, 'cause it lasts for six weeks," a middle-aged man told me recetly. "I used to farm and never had a chance for holidays, but now it's different." He stopped to carefully point out that his six-week vacation consists of "two weeks of dreaming about them, two weeks of having them and the final two weeks of returning to work and talking about them."

• "Two weeks away from work is just too much," another man volunteered. He explained, although he liked to take trips and spend time with his wife and children, "the kids can get you down after two weeks. They follow you around so much that you feel like you're in captivity."

• Pleased to read the other day that a noted French designer has surprised fashion experts with his blunt declaration that, "mini-skirts are out - ladies' skirts must not be any higher than the top of the knee." As one who sets the styles for many, he obviously realizes, ladies who wear mini skirts can be a tremendous mental hazard to male drivers.

• While Milton's Centennial Project has bogged down to almost a halt, at least one neighboring community is making commendable progress. Work began last week on the new Acton Public Library - the town's Centennial Year project which will cost \$76,192.67. Visitors to the present Acton Library will readily agree it is very comparable to the old Milton Library, when it was located in the basement of the town hall. Both were woefully inadequate.

 Most of us appreciated and enjoyed the Civic Day holiday on Monday and some are eagerly awaiting Civic Holiday next year. However one thing isn't completely clear. For what particular reason is Civic holiday celebrated? It seems to be a local type holiday, since it is enforced in only three provinces in the country, and indeed, in northern Ontario few municipalities observe it. It was therefore interesting to us when we stumbled across an article in an issue of The Champion of 100 years ago. "We observe that the towns of Galt, Guelph, Waterloo and Berlin (later Kitchener) had a holiday August and other towns are following their example. Why should not the towns in this County agree upon a holiday during the slack season?" Well, obviously they did, and presumably that's why we can all enjoy the Civic Holiday.

 Parliament spent thousands of dollars and organizations raised quite a fuss when the new Canadian flag was adopted several months ago. While some still object bitterly to the red Maple Leaf, we are pleased to find that it is generally being accepted. As many people will point out, "flags are flying daily where there were never flags before." This is a fine sign.

• A trip to the wilds of northern Ontario is a real eye opener. For years we have avoided it as im it was the home of the black plague. And instead of heading for northern climes, we would annually journey into the United States in an attempt to absorb some Yankee culture. However, things changed this year and we were lured into the upper regions of the province, just north of Algonquin Park. Instead of finding head hunters, polar bears and rattlesnakes, we found Americans. Seems many of our southern neighbors figure there's nothing quite like a holiday in northern Ontario. Now we think they're right.



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Last week, you may recall, I was explaining the TRUE story of how Halton and the four large townships within it got their names. Halton, you'll remember, came from Hal-Ton-A-Kawi, who was the first Indian settler here. He lived at Milton, which was named after his wife Mil-Ton.

The townships of Esquesing, Nassagaweya, Trafalgar and Nelson were named after his sons Esquee, Na-Sa-Ga, Tra-Fal and the daughter Nel-A-Toni. Now on with the story:

Esquee, the singer, found him a wife and they had a daughter and three sons. The eldest was Ac-To, the daughter, who lived outdoors each hour of the day and was splendidly tanned. Esquee let her settle on a portion of his land, combining her name with her tanned body and calling it Acton.

The next son was named George (to date no one has been able to explain this British name for an Indian brave, but about that time the British were fighting for part of Upper Canada and I suspect the name may have come from a fleeing soldier who passed through that way.) Anyway, George had no distinct characteristics so when he grew old enough to move out and fish and hunt on his own, they gave him some land, which he called Georgetown.

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Another son was Nor, who was valiant, so when he received a piece of the land as a wedding dowry, they called it Norval. The youngest son had no name, but at an early age he displayed a great wrestling prowess and his father Esquee said he fought like "a brave with four arms", so they nicknamed him Four Arms. Four Arms spent some time in a French settlement down the river where his name was translated into Quatre Bras, so when he received a share of the land, they named it Quatre Bras.

Tra-Fal, who settled in his land named Trafalgar, had six sons. Brown Tree took land and called it Bronte. Little Oak got a chunk and named it Oakville, Palomino received land and called it Palermo (he was a lousy speller), Quin-Quin was a good drummer and used to work in the Indian telegraph office sending messages so he named his land Drumquin, Oma-Kawi named his Omagh, and Horn Boy picked a home and called it Hornby.

Na-Sa-Ga's children were Running Brook, who named his land Brookville; Bel-A-Toni who set up camp and called it Campbellville; and Maw-Maw who was exceedingly fat and called her land Mof-

Hal-Ton-A-Kawi's daughter Nel-A-Toni in her corner of the Kown-Tee called Nelson, had a favorite son named Bur-Lin to whom she gave the choicest lakefront property which he named Burlington. Her daughter Nee-Mo lived on a mount near the centre of the land which she named Mount Nemo.

Son Burning Tree was a disgrace to the family (apparently took up the guitar and refused to cut his hair) so they made him call his piece of land Ash, as a symbol that Burning Tree had fizzled out. The fourth child Low Sun took a home in a valley which he called Lowville.

Another daughter in Nel-A-Toni's family ran off to marry a wandering Iroquois warrior but he slew her when he learned she could neither cook nor grow corn. So their place of abode was named Kilbride.

Now the many grandchildren of Hal-Ton-A-Kawi begat further offspring, after whom various settlements were given names. But the list is too lengthy and with divorces, remarriages and adoptions, the plot grows thicker and the names more confusing.

You may rest assured, when the white man finally arrived to despoil the countryside, the Indians descended from that first brave settler had their community names well marked.

And that, dear reader, is the TRUE story of how Halton, Kown-Tee, Milton, Nassagaweya, Nelson, Trafalgar, Acton, Georgetown, Norval, Quatre Bras, Bronte, Oakville, Palermo, Drumquin, Omagh, Hornby, Brookville, Campbellville, Moffat, Burlington, Mount Nemo, Ash, Lowville and Kilbride were named.

Believe me, I got it straight from the Indian lounging around outside the cigar store.

### Champion

# Editorial Page

## Demand Philosophy

It's the age of the "demand" philosophy.

No one ever asks for anything anymore, they demand it. Labor and management don't have requests, they have demands. Perhaps the old fashioned politeness and respect we thought were standard equipment to earlier generations are just not "in" any longer.

More and more we talk about our rights and our freedoms that lead to demands. Delegates and petitioners demand satisfaction. Farmers demand higher subsidies and all of this demanding is bound to have an effect on the generation we're supposed to be raising.

Perhaps parents are misleading their children when they stress the importance of the please and thank you. Perhaps in

a world accustomed to demands they will be ill-equipped to cope with the more severe demands they will be faced

It's the demand philosophy, too, that leads to a growing amount of violence in our opinion. Negroes riot when they find their "demands" rejected. Whites become vindicitive when they find their "demands" have gone unanswered. Str.kers become unruly when incited after rejection of "demands". Farmers storm the Legislative Buildings when their "demand" for an audience with provincial officials is fanned by clever speakers.

No segment of society is immune. The demand philosophy is already well established and it is an unworthy contribution for this generation to make to the heritage we are producing.

## Understanding Canada

The means test

In a country as big as Canada, it is sometimes hard to understand the things that are happening a couple of hundred or a couple of thousand miles away.

Through modern communications we may know what's happening, but we don't always understand. The British Columbian doesn't give a hoot about the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Manitoban can't get enthusiastic about salmon fishing; Prince Edward Island isn't worried about potash nor Saskatchewan about causeways.

Better understanding comes about when people from various parts of the country get together and this is one of the reasons why we look forward each year to the annual convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Associa-

This week in Saint John, New Bruns-

Those responsible for waging the

Government's War on Poverty will be

faced, sooner or later, with the need to

take a long hard look at the 'means

test' as a state-supported policy capable

not only of causing, but prolonging in-

digence. An unskilled laborer with a

family, whose chances for full-time em-

ployment are limited, will use every ruse

he can think of to avoid being employed

on a temporary basis, because he'll be

cut off social assistance if his income

should rise above that which is allow-

able under the 'means test'. He would

rather draw social assistance, however

limited, and have something coming in

regularly, than accept temporary em-

ployment which will, because it is tem-

porary, create more problems financially

and in terms of red tape than it will.

solve. It takes a man of strong moral

character to escape the snare of social

assistance once he has accepted it. Like

a rabbit in a trap, once in he finds it

of deception and dishonesty. Since a man

can't usually support his family ade-

quately on social assistance, he wants to

have his cake and eat it too. He will ac-

The 'means test' also fosters habits

next to impossible to escape.

causeways, seaways or whatever, after meeting other weekly editors from across Canada.

It is this same kind of exchange that has been promoted by the Centennial Commission among students in an effort to familiarize more people with the broad complexion of a varied and intensely interesting country.

Hopefully too, what we learn in our

wick, we are representing this newspaper at the CWNA convention and like most conventioners we will spend some of our time in business sessions and some in social activities. We'll be talking about "our" town as others will and when we get back we may be a little more knowledgeable about potash, salmon fishing,

"exchange" will help us to produce a better newspaper for you and contribute as well to the elusive goal - better understanding of Canadians by Canadians.

cept casual employment and fail to re-

port it. Having done this a few times

it becomes for him a way of life. This

furtive approach to life often encourages

him to turn toward activities which are

on the shady side of the law, mostly

because these can be carried out without

having to be reported, making it less

likely that his "moonlighting" will be de-

tected by the authorities. What is the

required by every Canadian family, if

they are to live above the poverty level.

Income beyond this basic level becomes

taxable income - the only control on

income required. Since it is generally

conceded that the unskilled laborer is

not likely to find full-time employment,

why not allow him to earn up to the

taxable income by casual labor before

would not only end a lot of hypocrisy,

it would in this day of automation and

sible Canadians over the hump of tran-

sition from one job to another, without

reducing them to a state of permanent

job displacement, help a lot of respon-

This simple change in our regulations

There is a basic minimum income

solution to this problem?

he is penalized?

indigence.

## Sugar and Spice

bill smiley

There's nothing more pleasant than getting back to your own home after a holiday. Unless, of course, you've been spending a month in a posh resort, and your own home is that unpainted tworoom shack behind the town dump.

This week, we were looking forward to it more than ever. It had been hotter than Hades, and our house, surrounded by oaks and maples, is always cool. I had been a long drive, and we were tired. And while we were away, with the cooperation of our friendly banker, we'd had the trim painted.

When we pulled off the highway and headed down our own street, we were practically purring with anticipation. A long cold drink under the oaks. A leisurely inspection of the paint job. A quiet evening of idiot box or reading. Luverly.

As we drew up to the house, my wife squealed with delight. It looked splendid, with the shutters and trim whiter than white against the rosy brick and deepgreen ivy. I agreed but couldn't help noticing that the grass was shin-high, and that on oak branch, thicker than a man's head and thirty feet long, had been blown down and straddled the fence, or what was left of it.

However, after three hours of dodging suicidal maniacs on the highway, all I wanted to do was fall into a chair and nuzzle a cold one

As soon as I opened the door, my wife shrilled, "Bill, there's a terrible smell in here."

"Nonsense!" My standard reply. For one thing, my wife has a nose like a bloodhound. This faculty is allied with a vivid imagination. She frequently smells smells that I swear are non-existent. She has even said my column stinks, on occasion. Imagine.

But this time, "Dad she's right," Kim backed her up. "Yich. It's horrible. And look at the flies, everywhere, Yich!"

"All right, all right," I sighed as only a father and husband can sigh. "Don't get excited. It's probably just dampness from the cellar, because the house has been closed

The old lady was distracted for a moment by the pile of mail inside the front door. She pawed through it, looking for a letter from her first-born. She found it. As I staggered upstairs with the suitcases, she shouted excerpts from the letter, interspersed with comments on the horrible smell.

I came down and headed for the refrigerator, wiped my forehead, licked my lips and opened the door. Even with my three per cent, I was knocked flat on the floor. I hadn't smelled anything like it since the fields of Normandy, 1944. Pure putrefaction.

Two inches of blood on the bottom of the fridge. Coagulated streamers hanging from the shelves. I opened the freezing compartment.

Six steaks, bought when they were on special at 89 cents. A two-pound bag of chicken livers. Hamburg, pork chops, frozen vegetables and orange juice from burst cans. All clinging together in a soggy

I'd prefer to draw a veil over the next few hours of domestic discord. But I'll give just the skeleton. Half an hour of bawling and mutual recriminations disclosed that we were both to blame. She had decided to defrost the fridge the day we left, ten days before. I had insisted we didn't have time. Finally, she had agreed. But she turned off the freezing unit and forgot to turn it on again, in the confusion of getting ready to go.

A trip to the town dump with two garbage cans and 400 flies. Two hours of scrubbing the thing out with soda, vinegar and good salt tears. Net result, zero. All doors and windows open all night but it was still like sleeping in a slaughter-house.

Call next day to friendly insurance agent. No dice. We weren't covered for stupidity. Visit to friendly appliance dealer whose eyes lit up even as his head wagged dolefully. "You'll never get rid of the smell." Dealer related various horror stories from past experience.

Net loss: fridge \$300; food \$50. Plus our planned trip to the coast.

Oh well. We couldn't afford the trip anyway. But we'd probably have gone. Now we really can't afford it. So look at the money we've saved. Or something.



## Pages of the Past

from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 8, 1946.

Monday, August 5, is a day that will go down in the annals of Milton history The county town on that day remembered the Milton men who gave their all in the conflict of 1939-1945 and celebrated the sale return of 191 who had served on active service.

The afternoon program started off with a parade that filled the length of Main St. as it wound its way from Court St. to the fair grounds. There were three bands, floats, decorated vehicles and the honored guests of the day, the servicemen of two world wars right in the middle of this carnival of music and color. At the fair grounds, the grandstand

was packed and rows of veterans filled the space before the stand as master of ceremonies J. E. Whitelock asked all to join in the opening with the National Anthem. With him on the platform were Mayor Dawson, Col. Cuthbert representing the Canadian Army, Mr. Stan Hall, M. P.P. and Rev. G. Porter, R.C.A.F. Chap-

Mayor Dawson, in his brief remarks, pointed out the citizens of Milton and district were there to pay tribute to those who fell and to celebrate the safe return of those who came back to us. There were 204 men and women from within the town of Milton who served in the war; 179 men, 12 women and 13 had made the supreme sacrifice.

To each service man and woman, a signet ring and framed certificate were presented by Mayor Dawson on behalf of the citizens of town. Engraved silver trays were presented to the next-of-kin of those who didn't return.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, August 3, 1916.

Many children in Milton have the whooping cough, but there is no quarantine, although the complaint is no laughing matter. Youngsters are heard coughing on the streets. One had a bad spell at the band concert in Victoria Park on Thursday evening and scared some mothers, who gathered their chicks and went home in the middle of the program.

Saturday was a bad day for auto speeders who had occasion to use Brant St., Burlington. Constables Tufgar and Mitchell were on the job with their stopwatches and as a result, invitations will be issued to 27 auto owners to attend court.

After about 14 years' service, John Colling gave up the Milton - Mount Nemo mail route last Monday. Cecil Smith succeeds him.

There was trouble in the Hydro-Electric system early last Monday morning, caused by an explosion at Dundas, and power and lights were off for some time. There was more of it on Tuesday evening, lasting until midnight. The streets here were as dark as in the old days, before we had even coal oil lamps, except when motor cars went through and made temporary illumination.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, August 2, 1866.

The evening of the races, a youngblood with a swallow-tail coat was arrested by a detective as a Fenian, when he well knew the young man was innocent of the charge. He showed this by not appearing the next morning. Another reason that Fenianism is given for the arrest, and one that reflects no credit on the detective.

We understand the victim has gone to Toronto to have a legal redress, and assuredly if he comes before a Milton jury, the verdict will be unanimous. The feeling in Milton is stronglyy against the illegal and tyrannical conduct of the detective, and if the circumstances had been fully known on the night of the arrest, popular indignation would have rescued his victim from his grasp. It is too much of a good thing that the liberty of the subject should be taken away because of the spicen of a government de-

We feel compelled to make these remarks as we consider that a great injustice has been done for a cause not worthy of stripes or bonds. The chief blame rests with the detective, as the magistrates were not aware at that time of his mot-

The only blame that is attachable to them is that they were imposed by him, and seeing that the youth was partially intoxicated, and using threatening language, as anyone unjustly arrested would do, they put him in for the night.

We are convinced they are heartily ashamed of their course now, and that arrests of this nature will be like angel's visits, few and far between.

One of the magistrates present has stated to us that he considered there was not enough to commit him, but as his opinion was not asked, and he was not acting on the case, he said nothing.

### PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THE GRIST MILL AT LOWVILLE was thriving industry in Halton's earlier days. This picture is taken from a postcard that was mailed in 1908 and was loaned by

Mrs. B. Gunby of Millgrove. Her mother, Mrs. Lockhart C. Spence, had this and other local scenes on cards in a postcard