



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

Guest Column by Kay Biggar

Being asked to do a guest column in this space was as much a surprise as finding a bank error in my favor and, judging from the length of time it has taken and the number of starts I've made, it will probably occur about as often. In all honesty I must admit to considering a ghost writer but then it would probably be too expensive, and besides the boss might not be overjoyed at having a ghost-guest-writer.

Surely there is some subject to write about that will take up the allotted space, but at the moment I can't think of a thing. People like Dorothy Killgallen and Hedda Hopper must have started somewhere other than the top, but the only trouble is that the type of gossip columns they wrote, while okay for a daily paper, would be a flop in a small town weekly because by the time the paper is published each week everybody has already heard about it.

Speaking of small towns (now there's a brilliant lead-in), I can't imagine why anyone would want to live anywhere else. A big city has too much of everything — too much hustle and bustle, too many big buildings, too many people, too many poor housing areas and too much traffic (with tickets to match). Of course the city people feel that the small town just doesn't have enough of anything, so I guess it's "to each his own". However, only in a town like Milton would you have the chief of police warn you about crossing the "walk" light by saying — "Now young lady" The fact that he considers me young — and a lady — is enough to hold me at the light if it never changes. I dread to think what will happen if it ever gets stuck on "don't walk" because I wouldn't cross on a bet — even if I never get across to the drug store for my monthly bottle of hair dye! In a big city you'd be hailed down by an irritated policeman with shiny leather leggings and hard hat shouting "hey lady", and you know by the way he says it that he doesn't mean the lady part.

The only way a small town causes any worry is in not knowing who's who — for instance, when I started working in Milton and getting to know a few people, I made an uncomplimentary re-

mark to a friend about someone else — well, that was the wrong thing to do because it happened to be her dearest cousin. She didn't speak to me for weeks so the next time the name of a person I had met came up, I was bubbling over with enthusiasm and praise. How did I know it was her aunt Mamie and that she hadn't spoken to her for years, for reasons she and aunt Mamie probably couldn't even remember. Well okay, this is exaggerating a bit, but it does seem that when you are a newcomer to town everyone is related in some way or another.

It had to happen — Brian just asked if the column was going to be ready in time and the admission finally had to come out — if I stick to it and work hard they should have it in time to add "Merry Christmas" at the bottom. It's not that bad really, but if you've staved this far the reading must be a heck of a lot easier than the writing. He also pointed out that it might be a good thing to mention the construction of the new motel at Campbellville, so I will — they're constructing a new motel at Campbellville.

It's difficult for a woman to elaborate on anything as complicated as the building of a motel, but I do know it is something that has been needed in the area for many moons. From the number of tourists passing through town enquiring about accommodations, they should do a booming business. Since it is just off 401 Highway, a short distance from Mohawk Raceway, and planning facilities for banquets, conventions and the like, the place should flourish all year round.

Wonder how many words it takes to fill this space anyway? I'll just have to hope for the best, maybe they can double space.

Poking gentle fun and referring to Milton as though it were just any small town is far from the way I feel — it is a very special place. If you've ever been away on a trip, for any length of time, you have surely felt the way my husband and I do after the long return drive, when you spot the rise of the escarpment coming into view and, although it is some six to eight miles to the house, you think "Ah, we're HOME" — and home is where the heart is (mine anyway).

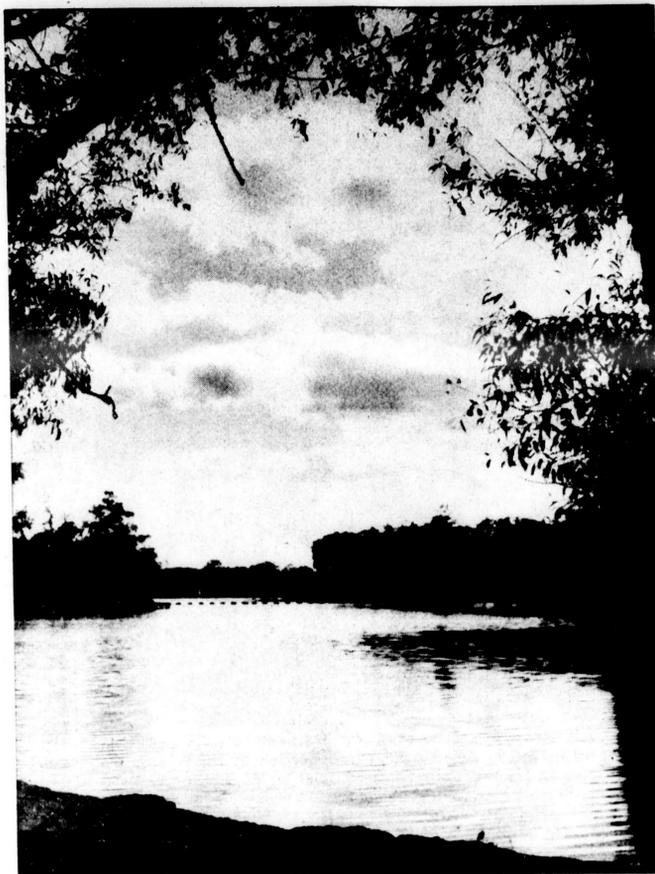


Photo by Esther Taylor

FRAMED BY A TREE, Fairy Lake in Acton is seen beneath a cloudy summer sky. The park's a popular spot for visitors every summer.

Champion Editorial Page

The penny's obsolete

From The Dutton (Ont.) Advance

So obsolete has become the penny that a large toy manufacturer has announced that its line of penny banks is being discontinued. From now on, the company's toy banks will be geared to take only nickels, dimes and quarters. Come to think of it, about all a penny is good for today is to pay sales tax and now even that takes a nickel on the dollar.

The contempt with which even youngsters view a penny today was

brought home to us in a local store recently. When the clerk offered pennies in change to an eight-year-old he shrugged his shoulders and said "I don't want them."

This is quite a change from not so many years ago when a kid with a couple of pennies was pretty well fixed. He would stand before the candy counter for a matter of minutes figuring out how to get the most for the coppers clutched in his hand.

We're a gloomy lot

From The Sutton (Ont.) Advance

It would do Canadians a lot of good to cheer up. Besides improving the state of our minds and livers, this would help to get a better press for the country abroad.

Visiting journalists find us a worried and even a gloomy lot. They write about our striving for "identity", our broodings about the future.

Patrick O'Donovan of the London Observer, here recently, is among the latest to report on our sad state. He writes in his paper that "far from rejoicing" about the approaching Centennial, we

are "nagged by fears of (Canada's) disembarkment".

It's true that Nov. 8 voting showed a distressingly regional pattern and that some in Quebec want to opt out. But how many Canadians seriously think the country is falling apart? Probably not one per cent.

Our troubles are trivial, even ridiculously so, compared with the troubles of any country making news on the world's front pages. We should be able to discuss them, among ourselves or with strangers, without getting neurotic or crying in our beer.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Spent a week in the old home-town recently and, as usual, it was anything but a rest. The weather was perfect, but the hospitality was exhausting.

It's not really my home-town; I didn't grow up there, physically. But I spent a decade there in the newspaper business, and maybe I grew up there in other ways. Anyway, when you walk down the main street, and every second person stops to shake hands and ask about your family, and tell you what their kids are doing now, it's your home-town.

A small town changes and yet remains the same. A few businesses have changed hands. Some of the stores have new fronts. The paint on the hotel has been changed from passionate purple to ghastly green. The shady, tree-lined street on which you used to live has been raped: the stately trees cut to ugly stumps, and the street is to be widened.

The biggest changes are in the people. The young men you used to work and play with are grizzled or as bald as eggs. The young women you used to look at with some interest because of their big eyes are sagging and dentured. The lovable kids that your kids used to play with are hulking delinquents with police records. And your old partner once apparently indestructible, is taking eight different colors of pills.

Despite the changes, there is continuity as comfortable as an old fishing hat. The Chamber of Commerce is still fighting over store hours. The Industrial Commission is on the verge of announcing a huge new industry. The fire brigade races periodically to the town dump, where the incinerating process has got out of hand because the caretaker has bogged off for a beer.

Some of the local characters have gone to their reward, but many are still around. The local lawyer still plays his electric organ between clients. The local

millionaire still slugs bags of salt and feed into the back of his '66 model and lugs it out to feed his cattle. The barber, with whom you once shared a riotous Legion zone rally, still quips with his customers, though he went off to fight in a war over 50 years ago. The canny Scot chortles as he tells you his shore lots are now going over \$4,000. The same waiter insults the same customers in the pub.

The same people still come to the same cottages. Except that the pregnant young matron was a skinny kid in bare feet last time you saw her. And the handsome young chap who works at the summer store was a tyke called Johnny-Cake last time you saw him.

However, it's good to be back for a visit. And it's never uneventful.

Kept my hand in by writing a few news stories for the paper. Took the family to the Indian reserve; same beautiful view and easy-going inhabitants. Dropped in on old friends and got the latest dope on who was going crazy, and who was running around with whom.

Had a beer at The Cedar Rail, most unique bar in the country, and with the best prices. It's a shed on a farm, full of tools and baled hay. A cedar rail extends across the front. You stand there with your farmer friend, lean on the rail and look at the lake down below. We've seen deer and bear from there, and covered local politics and talked cattle.

Got stuck in the sand at the beach, to the rage of my wife. She went flying off to find a tow truck, in a friend's car. While she was away, I was pulled out easily by a man with no arms, who had a chain in his trunk, a wife to drive his car, and a gaggle of kids to help push. Sounds like fiction, but it's fact.

It could only happen in or around the old home town.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 8, 1946.

A four man delegation representing the British Friesian Cattle Association has just purchased 220 head of Canadian Holsteins at a cost of over half a million dollars. The average price paid the Canadian breeders was \$2,037, which, with handling and transportation costs, will increase to approximately \$2,300, delivered in Great Britain.

Wednesday, August 14, those who served in the armed forces from Ward 1 in Esquimaux will be honored when citizens of the Township have arranged a day with special features to be held in Milton Park.

Halton Agricultural Society results in the Standing Field Crop competition in fall wheat (Dawson's Golden Chaff) are announced this week as follows:

1 H. B. Burkholder, Freeman, R.R. 2, 96; 2 W. H. Biggar, Oakville, 95; 3 John Alexander and Sons, R.R. 2 Georgetown, 94; 4 W. E. Breckon, Freeman, 94; 5 Vernon Archer, R.R. 3 Georgetown, 93; 6 Millar Brothers, R.R. 1 Georgetown, 92; 7 W. G. Booth, R.R. 1 Milton, 90; 8 Frank Robertson, R.R. 5 Milton 89; 9 Judge was W. E. Eddy, R.R. 2 Burford.

At a special meeting of Milton Council, July 25, members decided to lay crossing walks from the south to the north side of Woodward Ave. in front of the properties of J. Bell and S. A. Fay.

An estimate of the cost for increasing the pump capacity of the Town water pump at the reservoir was passed.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 10, 1916.

Certain men who cannot get liquor in Milton hotels, some being on the prohibited list and others being trouble-makers, occasionally club together, import liquor in quantity and have a carousal.

Last night they had a keg of beer under a tree in the corner of the Sproat farm at the end of Main Street and outside the corporation. They were very noisy about midnight.

One of them got so sick that his companions were scared and sent for a physician, who relieved him by giving him an emetic. Another lay alongside of him, helpless and speechless. Some had made off and had hidden in a wheat field.

Chief Constable Jones rounded the most of them up. He has the names of seven or eight of them and is expected to prosecute. He was busy with them until 3 a.m. Constable Jones captured the keg. Of five gallons, about half is left. The field is in Trafalgar, therefore the men are liable under the local option by-law.

The Map Co. of Toronto, has got out a new map of the County of Halton, 16 x 24 inches, exclusive of border. It is printed in colors, and mated at top and bottom, ready to hang up. It shows post offices, schools, the county good roads system, steam railways, electric railways, railway stations, elevations of various parts above sea level, cemeteries, Division Court boundaries with numbers, and lot and concession numbers.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 9, 1866.

There will be a general meeting of the shareholders of the Milton Petroleum Co. in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening for the purpose of paying up the remainder on their shares, and for constituting the propriety of the purchasing of a pump to test the well. The indications have been increasing, until the contractor thinks he has oil in paying quantities, and yesterday a great many visited the well, and saw quite a quantity of dark, greasy substance come up with the sand pump, which boiled over with gas.

Mr. White, of Kilbride department store, has just returned from Montreal with a very heavy stock of sugars, cottons, etc., preparing for the great fall demand and rush to Kilbride during the next fall.

Mr. Abrey has lately improved the Milton Stave Factory by putting in a portable boiler, knife and other machinery so that he can make 14,000 staves a day. He expects to increase this quantity, once he gets into proper running order to 16,000. He has sufficient spare power for a woolen factory in the upper storey of his building, and we hope that next season some one will take advantage of it and commence that business in Milton. We are the centre of a great wool district and it would pay a man of capital to commence here.

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Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

I'm just back from holidays, and composed most of the following column on a piece of scrap paper while fishing during a stay at Wasaga Beach:

The Nottawasaga River at Wasaga Beach is full of (1) pike, (2) pickerel, (3) beer cans, and (4) crazy boaters who drive the ardent angler insane. Being one of the latter, (angler, not boater that is) I caught one of the first, watched others catch plenty of the second, hooked into one of the third and cursed every one of the fourth (boaters, not anglers, that is).

Along the beach you see beatniks and bikinis (not necessarily together), bleached blondes and beach burns (usually together); you hear Irish and English and Italian and French; you smell sand and surf and barbecues and hamburgs; but you can feel alone in a crowd.

The best thing about a holiday is being able to sleep in mornings. As a regular 7 a.m. "early riser" (5:30 a.m. on Wednesdays), I really enjoyed rolling out of bed at 9 or 10 for a change. It was pretty tough climbing out of bed to come back to work, though.

I'd like to have a corner on the block ice, booze and Honda concessions at Wasaga Beach for just one summer. I'd make a mint and retire for the rest of my natural days.

Midland is one of the prettiest little (population 10,000) towns in the cottage country, has a number of attractions for visitors and I felt jealous as I viewed them, that Milton didn't have more like

them. You shouldn't miss seeing the reconstructed Huron Indian Village, the Martyrs' shrine, and Fort St. Marie 1. The story in each is educational, but be sure to allow yourself a full day to view them or you'll only skim the surface.

For a break, drop in at Little Lake Park in Midland — it's got a tourist camp, excellent swimming, picnic grounds, a children's playground, store and refreshment booth and even a bandshell, a quaint little round stage that resembles the one we used to have in Victoria Park.

And speaking of bandshells, we took a drive one Sunday evening on our holidays along the lakeshore in Oakville, and happened upon a band concert in one of the parks. The children were really impressed at being able to sit on the grass and watch the band up close, and the excellent music tugged at daddy's heart-strings — he's a former bandsman too. Too bad Milton hasn't a band to play Sunday concerts in the park through the summer months.

The Blue Mountains west of Collingwood also hold many attractions for visitors in the Wasaga district. The Scenic Caves remind me of the tiny caverns in the escarpment west of Milton — the ones we used to "discover" as children. But the caves at Collingwood are better and bigger than any we have here. There are also chairlifts and golf courses and ski clubs and breathtaking views of Collingwood and Georgian Bay from atop the mountains.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THE LORNE SCOTS BAND, kilts and all, played during Milton's 1924 Old Boys Reunion and this picture was taken in front of the Town Hall during the celebration. The Bank of Nova Scotia can be

seen in the background. Band members include Roger Ptolemy (front left corner), Sam Kenney and Bill Dewar. Photo courtesy Bill Cross.



Harley to Halton

by harry harley m. p.

The first session of the Twenty-Seventh Parliament of Canada has recessed. This session was as important as any previous session of the Canadian Parliament and indeed in terms of far-reaching legislation was a very significant session and will affect Canadians for years to come. I would like to summarize the major pieces of legislation for the people of Halton and review matters considered and under consideration.

Canada Assistance Plan: To authorize the making of contributions by the Federal Government toward the cost of programs for the provision of assistance and welfare services to aged persons in need. (The Government also has announced its intention to bring forward legislation to provide a guaranteed income of \$105 to those who will only benefit partly, if at all, from the Canada Pension Plan.)

Health Resources Fund Act: A \$500 million fund to assist Provinces in the acquisition, construction and renovation of health training facilities and research institutions.

Company of Young Canadians: For the establishment of a Company for the encouragement and development of social, economic and community programs in Canada or abroad through voluntary service.

Student Loans Act Amendment: An \$18,000,000 increase in the Student Loan Fund.

ARDA Act Amendment: To extend scope of this Act to include rural towns and villages as well as farms.

Farm Credit Act Amendment: To increase from \$600 million to \$1 billion the amount available in loan funds for new equipment and more land.

Implementation of the Automobile Agreement: A major step in strengthening the Canadian automobile and auto parts industries, and of special importance and significance to Halton, where the automobile industry is one of the major employers.

Fund for Rural Economic Development Act: The provision of a \$50 million fund for the economic and social development of special rural development areas.

Canadian Dairy Commission: A commission to advise in such matters relating to the production and marketing of dairy products.

(Continued on Page B4)