



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

● **St. John New Brunswick** is Canada's oldest city, and I found it an interesting one for a visit this summer. It is, however, a city that shows its age although there appears to be a very definite effort to improve the city and its appearance.

● **One of the interesting points** I walked to was the City Market. The fresh dulse, salmon, lobster, clams and home grown herbs were scattered among the foods to which we were more accustomed. Meats were not as attractively wrapped and packaged as you would find in a modern Ontario store but this was a market, not a store.

● **A central square**, or park in downtown Saint John was one of the city's beauty spots. I'm partial to parks and I particularly liked this one. A central band stand elevated with a fountain underneath provided a focal point. The benches lining the perimeter of the square were almost constantly filled with older people watching the bustle of traffic in the area. The gardens throughout the park were very attractive and colorful. Of course the pigeons were plentiful and those who fed them could attract great numbers.

● **The craftsmen of early days** left a number of monuments to their work. The County Court House in Saint John features a spiral staircase three floors high, without any support other than the interlocking pattern of the stone steps. Built in 1829, the stairs were cut from solid blocks of stone and the stairs survived a fire in

later years that destroyed much of the remaining part of the building. It's now one of the historical landmarks in the city and one which attracts tourists who travel a Loyalist Trail past many of the city's landmarks.

● **You see some interesting signs** when you travel. Of course you pass through some places, too, where if you blink you're liable to miss the whole thing. One of the signs on such a place caught my attention. It had perhaps been erected by a municipality with an eye to economy or perhaps in the hope you wouldn't blink and miss it all. The sign said simply Welcome to Martinsville, Come Again. No need to erect two signs, as would be customary for such a message, when one apparently served the purpose quite well. Welcome and goodbye were all wrapped up in one.

● **When you travel into the United States**, plan to carry your butter with you or go onto margarine if you want to avoid high prices. The price of butter in the U.S. seemed to be about 50 per cent higher than in Canada, and the stocks in some stores indicate the preference there for the margarine.

● **Toll roads are certainly** the straightest and fastest in the point of time to reach a given point, but they also involve tolls that over a distance can add up. Seemed to me that it was almost possible to travel the regular roads, take an extra day and an extra night in a motel for almost the same amount as the tolls.



Beside still waters . . .



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

This summer, I've been out in a boat twice, but each was memorable in its fashion.

The first time, old friends called and told us to be at their cottage sharp at noon next day. They were entertaining friends from the States and wanted us to join them for a special scenic ride by chartered boat.

It sounded interesting. And it was. We drove 50 miles to their cottage. Light refreshments and we all piled into two cars and drove 15 miles to Tobermory.

The boat's skipper was an old friend, Archie Simpson, and we exchanged, "Long-time-no-see's".

Everything went swimmingly. It was a beautiful afternoon, our host had provided all the trimmings, the company was pleasant and the scenery superb as we cruised along the rugged north shore of the Bruce Peninsula.

Then the breeze freshened. We began to wallow a bit. Nothing serious, but two of the party began turning a pale green. Should we go on or turn back? It was decided to press on, pull into Wingfield Basin, and wait for the breeze to drop.

It didn't. It became a wind. The skipper said it would be a rough trip back. The ladies looked longingly at the shore. After two hours, our host, stout chap, borrowed a dinghy and rowed 500 yards to the lighthouse, made arrangements, and rowed back, without even suffering a coronary.

We went ashore. Two cars were available. We would drive to Tobermory, pick up our own cars, and drive back to the cottage. But who was going to drive the two cars back to the lighthouse?

That was only the beginning of the complications, too involved to relate here. Both cars broke down. The rear end went on one just as we reached Tobermory, and the other crept into the village sans brakes.

The ladies, grimy but glad, took one of our own cars and went back to the cottage. My host, another chap and myself spent two hours and drove about 80 miles, organizing the return of the borrowed cars.

But it all ended pleasantly, with hamburgers at the cottage about 10 p.m. Midnight found me arguing racial problems with a big, dumb Norwegian lawyer from Chicago. He's so dumb he has only three million dollars to his name. And we still had to drive 50 miles home.

A memorable boat ride. Ten miles by boat and 250 by car. But good clean fun all the way.

The other boat ride was a typical Smiley event. Kim and I went out in her uncle's boat, after a three-minute period of instruction. She insisted on driving, though she'd never steered anything more powerful than a canoe.

We staggered about the lake, she grinning wildly, I rigid with fear in the bow. Four miles from the home dock, we hit bottom.

"Drop the anchor! Man overboard! Hard astern!" I yelled these and a few other salty, sea-going terms. Too late. We had sheared a pin, whatever that means.

I spoke silently to myself for about five minutes, head bowed as if in prayer. Then I reached for the paddle. No paddle. We made it ashore in 40 minutes using our hands as paddles.

She stuck with the ship. I waded the rocky shoreline and clambered, bare-footed, through poison ivy, seeking help. Three hours after we had set out on a 15-minute whirl about the lake, we got back to port. Mama was waiting.

If you're planning a boat trip, perhaps you shouldn't ask yours truly along.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

What's the answer to the expansion question in Milton?

Do we allow more apartments and more homes, in hopes the better housing and labor pool will lure more industries? Or do we cut off further building until more industrial assessment arrives to help shoulder the costs of additional housing?

And secondly, do we spend thousands of dollars providing services to undeveloped areas of the town, in an attempt to attract a new industry or two; or should we sit back until the industry buys land and then run services to the site?

These and other related questions will have to be solved soon, and they place Milton Council on the horns of a dilemma. Right now further housing and apartments are "frozen" by a by-law. The town engineering consultant is presently working out costs on expanding the services with a trunk sewer program.

I'm not saying I have the answer — yet. But the other day I read some startling statistics that would indicate another 100 homes in Milton might not be a wise idea.

Dr. E. G. Pleva of University of Western Ontario, an expert engaged full-time in municipal planning, sat down and wrote out the facts to describe what would happen if another 100 homes were built in a town.

His findings showed that all the direct municipal taxes from 100 homes would pay just half the cost of what those homes require in municipal services. The other half must come from industrial and commercial taxes and government grants.

Dr. Pleva says 100 homes means 472 extra people, and 149 additional cars. Of those 472 people, 118 will be in schools, and they will require two and a half more elementary school classrooms, plus 1.9 high school rooms and an additional 5.21 teachers.

Those 100 homes will require 6.7 additional acres of public land; 1.6 acres for elementary schools, 1.1 acres for high schools, 1.9 acres for parks and 2.1 acres for playgrounds.

They will also require 94 extra policemen (a cost of \$6,721 a year); 73 additional fire department staff (cost, \$4,372); and 5.89 more town staff (16,405).

The residents will use up 567,000 gallons of water a day, require 2,07 hospital beds and 55 extra nurses, use 704 more library books and even require .21 extra in jail service.

Now that's only one side of the story. From reading that, one would assume more houses mean more debt. But on the other side of the coin, those extra 472 people will earn and spend more money locally, take part in community groups, and economically and culturally contribute to the town.

I leave the matter open: Is there someone who favors more housing willing to work out an answer to Dr. Pleva, an answer that would indicate more homes mean more prosperity? I welcome all correspondence.

On another subject, can anyone give me any information on a Captain Anderson who farmed in what is now North Oakville during the 1800's? I have a query from a Toronto woman who is descended from his family and wants to learn more about Capt. Anderson. On checking it out, I find I may be a descendant myself.

We would both like some answers, and any information which would help us fill in missing branches in the family trees would certainly be appreciated.

The man at the next desk, down with a heavy cold, inquires incredulously: "You mean I can feel this bad with a disease that doesn't even have a national foundation?"

In Africa native tribes beat the ground with clubs and utter bloodcurdling yells. Anthropologists call this primitive expression. Here we call it golf.

Lost letters: "St. Stephen United Church Women, Unit 3, will sponsor a hot show at the church." (Hamilton Spectator). Do you suppose they got a big crowd over the error?

Champion Editorial Page

Old Fashioned Days are here again

Next week Old Fashioned Days begins.

It's true the event hasn't had the planning it deserves, but as has been found in the past, enthusiasm is hard to stimulate in February when there would be sufficient time to plan.

It's also true that most of the past celebrations were planned in the face of a very imminent deadline. At that point enthusiasm runs higher and participants have the feeling they are more a part of the "show".

Milton has developed many friends through the appearance of the annual Steam-Era, and more latterly through the addition of the complementing Old Fashioned Days. It has become a sort of Old Home Week time and as more and more people learn of the event, interest grows.

But Milton also has a reputation to maintain. As the word of Old Fashioned Days spreads, people depend on it as an annual event and without checking dates they may arrive in town expecting it will be continued. This is why we find it important for the community to maintain Old Fashioned Days as one of the very special celebrations, annually.

For Centennial Year there would be no more fitting base around which to build the celebration of Canada's birthday. It's the type of thing in which everyone in the community could be in-

involved, from the beard growers and those in old fashioned dresses to the costumed school children with old fashioned doll carriages.

But the most important point now is to spark some kind of enthusiasm in the current celebration. Merchants are asked to wear old fashioned costumes, and arrange special window displays. Everyone is urged to wear old fashioned costumes to add to the color of the event. Some merchants are planning Sidewalk Sales to add to the color of the occasion.

Milton Plaza Merchants have banded together for a free street dance they are sponsoring on the Saturday night to add a further attraction to the events being planned in the arena by the German-Canadian Club. The U.A.W. 1067 is also planning its grand opening dance at its new centre on Martin St. in the former Milton Armouries on the same evening.

This is one of those events in which George can't do it. It will take participation by all the merchants, banks and business employees to make it any kind of a success. Waiting for the other fellow to "dress-up" will only delay the fun and weaken the celebration.

Starting Monday morning it's Old Fashioned Days, and that's the time to begin wearing the Old Fashioned Costume. As the week wears on, no doubt others will join in, but let's have a good Monday morning start.

Detention centre agreement

Not a high percentage of us have been in jail. That's why all this talk about a regional detention centre or abandoning the county jail hasn't stirred too much interest in other than the way local politicians have handled off-again, on-again negotiations.

Our position and thus our interest is removed from the actual benefit that might develop.

The agreement signed last Tuesday by the counties of Halton and Peel and the Minister of Reform Institutions was, however, an important one. There was some window-dressing. It was the first joint meeting of Halton and Peel and the Minister was present for the signing. But the event had two much more significant aspects than were perhaps immediately evident.

The introduction of the regional detention centre concept of imprisonment will be a vast improvement over present accommodation that was provided a hundred or more years ago. No longer will the recently arrested suspect, who is still innocent, be cast with the hardy repeaters or the dangerous. There will, in short, be modern facilities in line with

modern reform concepts. The location of the detention centre will also be in a county setting, we suspect, where the prisoners can be allowed to perform some useful work.

The joint project, being shared by Halton and Peel Counties, also moves Halton perhaps a little more into the Metro Toronto orbit and perhaps slightly away from the Hamilton influence. The problem of the Plunkett review of local government in Halton and Peel ending at the Halton boundary emphasized the very strong pull on Halton from these two orbits of influence. A shared facility with a neighbor to the east rather than the west strengthens the eastern pull. How significant this may be, only time will tell.

Hamilton and Wentworth, with whom Halton originally negotiated for a joint regional detention centre, have still not reached an agreement putting them at the point of any formal signing.

We may never use it, but the proposed regional detention centre will provide new possibilities in reform, the economic benefits of which will be reflected in an improved society.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, August 22, 1946

Newly-appointed magistrate of Peel and Dufferin Counties, Thomas Henry Moorehead, held his first court Monday at Brampton with no previous legal experience beyond that of foreman of a grand jury.

The August meeting of Hornby Women's Institute, held at the home of Mrs. Stanley May on August 14, was the annual meeting for the Girls' Club and was well attended.

Miss Ethel Chapman, whose articles in the Farmer's Magazine are widely enjoyed, addressed the meeting. Some of the qualities which make a good citizen were mentioned.

Rev. S. A. Kirk, who has been the beloved rector of Grace Anglican Church, Milton for nearly five years is leaving Milton to become rector of St. James' Church, Hamilton. Mr. Kirk will be missed not only in his church work, but in the community at large. His farewell service will be held in Grace Church on Sunday morning.

Limehouse Women's Institute celebrated the Silver Anniversary of its organization with an afternoon tea in the Memorial Hall on Thursday afternoon. Among the 115 who attended were guests from Toronto, Galt, Georgetown, Hornby, Glen Williams, Nassagaweya, Dublin Institute, Bannockburn Institute, Erin Township and Limehouse and district.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, August 23, 1866.

A report of prison inspectors for the year 1865 includes the following statement: "This jail, though built within a few years, and in a substantial manner, was found to be so totally destitute of the requirements of a properly constructed prison that the inspectors at their very first visit felt compelled to record their condemnation of it."

On the recommendation of the Board, plans for a new jail were obtained, which were approved of by the Board and received the sanction of the Government, but from that period (1860) no action has been taken by the County Council towards the commencement of the work.

With but two small wards, then, to accommodate the various cases which make up an ordinary jail population; the tried and untried; the incorrigible hoary villain and the mere juvenile culprit; the debtor crown witness and insane; the maniac, etc., it can be too readily seen that within such a place the descent from "bad to worse" is inevitable. And this injustice of indiscriminately massing all classes of prisoners together, through the want of sufficient accommodation, was a subject of special notice in the presentment of a grand jury, who had, a short time previous to my visit, made an inspection of the jail."

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PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THIS ANTIQUE PICTURE from the George Jackson collection is believed to have been taken at the opening of the Children's Shelter on Court St. presently used

as the school inspectors' office and for apartments. The lady in black in the foreground is thought to be Mrs. Judge Gorham.