



## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

Perhaps it is more pronounced in the federal field of government because of the narrow balance of power, but it appears to me what we see is a continuing game of "oneupmanship" rather than sound government. If one party proposes an increase in old age pensions another party takes the figure higher; if one party proposes integration the other rejects it completely; if one party proposes anything it becomes a contest, with the taxpayers as mere spectators. Is it really government "for the people" or is it oneupmanship "for the power"?

The Plunkett Report is getting a lot of study lately at municipal, educational and utility level. A county committee, with representatives of each municipality, has now circulated a request for comments under specific heading from each municipality. The duplication of effort seems quite unnecessary. If the county committee, representatives of all municipalities, want to forward comment to the Minister of Municipal Affairs, fine; but they shouldn't have to pick the collective brains of local municipalities to do it. Let the committee do its own thinking.

I noticed too, that several groups have started an agitation to have the deadline for receiving comments by the Minister extended. It was originally set for the end of the year. There seems little justification for extending the deadline into the new year. It may only serve to

continue the state of limbo that government finds itself in at the present. Everyone is afraid to move, to plan, to progress, in case all is lost in the final shakedown of the report. Let's get it over with.

Local marksmen and those who just like to get away are out hunting these days. Councillor Percy Barr has that hair-raising tale of tale to tell from his excursion, when one of their party was lost for two days and nights in the bush. The 70-year-old man experienced some pretty difficult times in the rain-drenched outdoors before he was found seven miles from camp on the second day. Blistered feet were the only serious damage, but they can imagine the thankfulness of the party and the individual experiences of our champion.

The conversion of reunion to an offset method of printing is progressing, and although you won't see any visible signs until December 7, I thought I should offer a sketchy progress report. The installation of a new major piece of equipment is only part of the story. There are smaller presses, light tables and other elements that will make the change possible. Basically what we plan to do is photograph all the material to be printed, rather than print directly from the raised letters. Our first offset issue is scheduled for December 7. If we're late or our appearance isn't all we hope for, I hope you'll understand during the early weeks of change.



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

I'm a miserable failure in the food-shopping department. I might as well admit it right now, and get it off my chest.

You'll recall last week I promised some revelations in the shopping system, as proof of my idea that men make the better shoppers. I promised to go shopping myself and report on the results.

You win, girls. You can continue to do the shopping. I thought you were spendthrifts but you turned out to be "Mrs. Scrooge" when you wheel those pushcarts up and down the supermarket aisles.

Last week it all looked so simple. I told myself I'd go do the shopping and prove how cheaply you can live if you're careful. The results were disastrous, and what's worse, my wife may never let me loose inside a store again.

Saturday morning, bright and early, I gathered up the food money and rushed down to St. LedLobFonso's to prove, once and for all, that men can do a better job of shopping and bring home the lower priced bargain fare every time.

Well, I got the bargains, all right. They had a special on canned goods at seven tins for a dollar. Can anyone help me get rid of a seven-year supply of pork and beans? Or seven cases of canned spaghetti? Or a pile of... well, never mind, as I told the wife, we'll use it all up sometime, I hope.

She asked me to stop at the meat counter for a small roast of beef, a package of cold meats, some chicken, peaches and some meat for sandwiches. What should have been a \$6 meat order wound up totalling \$14.72, but I had good reason for buying what I did.

There were two nice roasts of beef in the counter and I had trouble choosing one, so I grabbed both of them. My favorite cold meat is cooked ham and I went really wild when I saw it advertised as "on special" for three cents off, so I got \$3 worth. Instead of buying chicken wings or breasts or legs, I settled for a whole chicken. And when it came to getting something to fill up sandwiches, a nice big ham (\$3.75) seemed to fill the bill so I bought it.

Another big problem was the fantastic amount of non-food items the grocery store handles. I had always complained to the wife about the larger and larger amounts of money needed to put a week's grub on the table. But when the grocery list she provided included such incoherent items as floor cleanser, cigarettes, laundry soap, toothpaste, paring knife, cookie tray,

toilet tissue, hand cream, floor wax, bleach, and a dozen other such non-food necessities, I saw where the money was going.

It was also somewhat of a shocker to learn four little items I had requested for use in the bathroom (mouthwash, tooth paste, razor blades and shaving cream) came to over \$4.

The only "extras" I purchased — and I must take sole blame for them — were coloring books and crayons for the kids, some marshmallow cookies (my favorite), a big fancy ice cream pie I took a fancy to, and some additional breakfast cereal that wasn't on the list but I couldn't pass by (because of the spectacular free gifts offered on the back of the box in return for only a few boxes).

The check-out girl, who must have read last week's column in error while searching for the weekly bowling reports published elsewhere in The Champion, could hardly contain herself when I staggered up to her hungry-looking adding machine. Merrily, and with a grin from ear to ear, she punched out the sad story of my experimental shopping spree, as I stood helplessly by to watch the seemingly endless cash register tape grow longer and longer and dig deeper and deeper into my wallet.

Four check-out boys began loading the expensive loot into boxes and bags and running it out to the car in relays, before I could change my mind and put some of it back on the shelves. When it was all over and I crawled out to the car, it looked like I was loaded up for a 98-day, around-the-world cruise with a party of 14 guests. Plus crew.

I won't bother to tell you the grand total of the cash register tape. It's too embarrassing. Suffice to say, it was nearly double my wife's weekly allowance for "food".

She was torn between leaping for joy (at the fact I'd overspent the budget) and crying with despair (at the conglomeration of loot I dragged home) when she saw it all. But she quickly launched a lecture about wise shopping habits and how the woman knows best, and I had to agree with her as I sat there, attempting to juggle the bankbooks to cover the state of financial ruin I was heading into.

The moral is, husbands are good shoppers if you've an unlimited supply of do-re-mi; otherwise it's father who pays but mother who buys.

(And I'm sorry to be such a disappointment to all those hard-pressed husbands who were awaiting the great revolutions I promised in This Corner last week.)

## Organize assistance

There are many avenues of assistance available in a community to a family that experiences disaster difficulty, but too often the avenues are scattered and unrelated. Obtaining the help in the shortest possible time is important. For this reason it would seem wise for the service groups and agencies involved in this type of work to organize some recognizable system.

Service clubs, the Red Cross, the churches — all have an interest in assisting — all have their interest in fire, flood or unemployment. The advantage of organizing the forces would include the prompt action that could be taken, the one investigation that would be required, and the co-ordination of effort that would be most beneficial.

It would seem a logical area in which the new branch of the Red Cross could take some leadership, in organizing the various groups who are willing to participate in community welfare. One of the difficulties might be that the machinery would not be used often enough to keep it active, but if it could be generally known that the Red Cross was the organization to call in cases of need, aid would be possible more quickly.

Organization of the welfare services would be helpful in other regards too. There are always instances in communities where agencies are exploited by those who find their assistance an area for abuse. This type of thing could be overcome, too.

The town also has an interest in welfare work and if the organizations are unable to declare one agency as the co-ordinator, perhaps the town's welfare committee could accept some leadership in linking the various local groups to deal with emergencies that develop.

Some areas of need are not always made completely visible either, because there are those who would rather carry their own burden than seek assistance. With the efforts of all the local organizations operating on one "frequency" it might be possible to offer the quiet, but appreciated assistance in these areas, too.

In these times of seeming prosperity the subject of welfare gains little attention, but it seems worthy of the spirit of the approaching season that some concerted effort be made to organize those groups that would and could assist if emergencies develop.

## Champion Editorial Page

### Some sage advice

Addressing the Milton District High School graduates and students at the annual commencement recently Rev. Robert Rumball dispensed some pretty sage advice. "Learn from your mistakes. Don't look around for someone else to blame", he urged the assembled crowd.

Reflecting a little later on the advice, we became more conscious of just how relevant it was.

The tendency hits us all. So seldom comes the admission of an actual mistake. So frequently it is prefaced with all the possible justifications and rationalizations that would shift some of the blame from our shoulders.

Federal politics has a number of examples, with one party blaming the other for delay in civil service payments; Premier Johnson in Quebec blames former Premier Lesage for all the ills of Quebec; the whites of the southern states blame the blacks for the unrest and civil rights problems; the housewives blame the supermarkets for higher prices; citizens blame their council if all does not go as they think it should; management blames labor; members blame the church for its shortcomings. The list is endless. It is so common to blame someone else, we can readily understand the popularity that phrase "Blame it all" once achieved.

It is disturbing to realize that our circle of self-centredness seems too small to encompass any room for error. The error always appears to have occurred outside our sphere of influence, but inside ourselves we know only too well that some of the mistakes we would drop at the door of others should more legitimately be restricted to our own circle.

In refusing to acknowledge our errors we rob ourselves of a most important

lesson. As the speaker emphasized; "learn from your mistakes". If we blindly assume no mistake has been made we automatically ignore any lesson we might have gained.

We hope the commencement comments of Rev. Rumball may have been carefully noted by the graduates and students. If they have learned from those comments, they may have a tactical advantage over those of our generation who seem intent on finding scapegoats rather than solutions.

Admission of error often takes more courage than many can muster, but in the long run, it earns respect that few will question.

### Editorial notes

"New business" is likely to be the part of the meeting which keeps the participants there far into the night.

Thought for the lazy gardener: If the weeding and cultivating haven't been done by the time tomatoes start to ripen, it's too late and one might as well skip it.

Safety in automobiles should be a feature at least as popular as fins or chrome.

An advantage of not knowing much is that one will never be tempted, to give away a military secret.

Escalation wouldn't be so bad, if there were only a down escalator in the situation.

Inflation isn't so frightening to those old enough to remember the depression, and deflation.



## Harley to Halton

by harry harley m.p.

The stalemate on interim supply continues in the House of Commons. The Conservative Party states that it has no intention of letting interim supply pass until they receive the assurance of the Government that the Bill on Unification of the Armed Services will be sent to Committee prior to second reading. This is a rare procedure and is used only when a Government is not sure that the policy of its bill is correct. In this case, however, the Government is convinced that unification is a progressive move and like other Government legislation will stake its political future on it.

Of course the dispute itself is not an integration but on interim supply which gives permission to have the Government pay its bills and meet other financial commitments. It is expected that approximately 100,000 civil servants will not be paid until such time as interim supply is granted.

There is no reason why this matter can

not be discussed when the Bill on Unification is before the House of Commons and the Conservative Party at that time could make their same objection and have it brought to a vote in the usual democratic manner. Interim Supply is an issue not voted on until everyone stops talking. At this stage all that is required to bring on another election is for the debate to continue and I would think the crisis would be reached by the end of next week. If this is so there appears to be no doubt that an election would have to be held and it would have been forced by the Conservative Party's unwillingness to grant interim supply.

It would be very difficult at this time to hold a general election. With redistribution of the Federal Ridings now in effect, many of the areas are without returning officers and without Poll Divisions and it would be some weeks before this administrative work could be carried out if an election is called.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Ancient Romans used to throw Christians to the lions. Modern Canadians throw lions to the Christians. As the lions are somewhat scarce in this country, they often have to resort to lambs. This is known as layman's Sunday.

Last Sunday I was the sacrificial lamb. I preached a sermon. You think those early Christians had a tough time with the lions?

Layman's Sunday is a special day. Usually, I look forward to it. It's a chance to get into the choir, with the other laymen, and belt out the hymns, serene in the knowledge that most of the others too, are off-key.

Normally, I pray fairly fluently, asking for all sorts of ridiculous things, like a kid writing a letter to Santa Clause. Last Sunday, before I mounted to the pulpit, which is 84-feet high, all that would come out, over and over, was "Lord, help me!"

What is a layman, anyway? The clerical definition is: "One not in holy orders." The worldly definition is, "One who is not an expert." I was fully qualified. A clear case of the blind leading those with 20-20 vision.

Let's have a look at the typical layman. Usually, he's an ordinary soul, a bit baffled by the trials of the twentieth century: kids, wife, job and society.

The kids are expected to bloom like roses, but they inevitably have thorns. The wife is supposed to be a gentle, forbearing creature, a good mom and faithful help-mate. Too often, she is an old harpy.

The job is supposed to be a vocation

of which the layman is proud because of his particular skills. Too often it is fraught with terrible tensions. Society is supposed to be a well-oiled machine which enables him to live with grace, ease and dignity. Too often, he finds the only way he can stand the machine is to keep himself well-oiled.

Upper class, of Grade Three laymen, are the types who are treasurers, elders, fund-raisers, that sort of thing. They don't have to be religious. They merely don't have to raise the loot, pay the bills, pare the expenses, and fire the preacher when he becomes intolerable. They rather enjoy it.

Down one in the hierarchy is the Grade Two layman. He's the earnest soul who gets stuck with the Scout Group or the Bible Club or chaperoning the Young People's Dance. He's usually reasonably religious. But definitely not the executive type, or he'd be Grade Three.

Farther down is the holy Grade One layman. He looks on the church as a slightly shabby service club, but is willing to drive some kids to a youth conference, or tell his wife to make scalloped potatoes for the laymen's supper, or serve ice cream at the Sunday School picnic. Apt to be a keen curler or golfer, but always cheerful. His philosophy is, "I'll leave the church alone if they'll leave me alone."

And at the bottom of the heap, striving with all his might to remain there, and out of sight, is the Grade 0 layman. He takes up the collection, bumblingly, twice a year. He falls behind with his financial pledge. He crosses the street and looks in a hardware store window every time he

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## Pages of the Past

from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, November 14, 1946

One of our Hornby friends purchased a hearing aid recently and in getting used to it, had to try various strengths of battery. Sometimes it was too loud and she could hear even the swishing of her dress, and sometimes it was not quite loud enough. Finally it seemed to settle down to a congenial attitude, and it seemed as though adjustment had been made to perfection. However, at night when she was getting ready for bed, she discovered that she had not had the earplug in at all, and during that part of the day when it did its best work it had been quietly resting inside her dress.

Four men narrowly escaped death at Guelph Junction last week when two freight trains from Guelph, one following the other, collided in the fog. The brakeman and conductor of the first train who were in the caboose, and the engineer and the fireman who were on the engine of the second train, jumped to safety a few seconds before the collision when the engine, caboose and four freight cars were badly damaged.

Veterans of two world wars were headed by the Lorne Scots Regiment band paraded Sunday afternoon to the Princess Theatre and Victoria Park for impressive Remembrance Day services in honor of those who lost their lives during the two conflicts.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, November 16, 1916.

A. M. has the unhappy distinction of being the first man fined in Milton under the Ontario Temperance Act. He was so drunk on the streets last Friday that he was arrested by Chief Constable Jones. He appeared before Police Magistrate Dice on Saturday, acknowledged the offence and informed the court that he had got four bottles of whiskey from Montreal by express and had drank nearly all of it within two days. He was fined \$10 and costs, the minimum under the act. A friend helped him settle and he was released. Though The Champion has never favored prohibition as a promoter of temperance, and though it may be too early for a verdict on its results, it is only fair to say that there has been little drunkenness here since Sept. 15.

The Milton hunting parties returned from the north last Tuesday, each man bringing a deer but generally a small one. Governor Archie McGibbon of the jail says he never saw deer more plentiful, but the conditions were most unfavorable. Long continued rains had flooded the swamps, out of which the dogs could not get the big buck, and on account of this the average size of each deer killed was very small. Two large bull moose were killed, one by R. W. Fox of Milton in the Magnetawan country, Parry Sound district, and the other by Frank F. Savers of Nassagawewa in the mining country, Northern Ontario.

Mr. Smith of the Milton Shoe Co., is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Holroyde at a farewell dinner at the Hotel McGibbon this evening. Mr. Holroyde is leaving town to accept a position as assistant superintendent in a large shell factory, and will be missed by a number of friends.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, November 15, 1866.

The Victoria Oil Company, which has been boring for oil at Carlisle, East Flamboro, has resumed operations after an interruption of some weeks and are determined to sink the shaft to a depth of eight or nine hundred feet. The drill has already penetrated about five hundred feet and the indications are of a character that encourage the company to prosecute the task.

Remember the military demonstration at Omagh tomorrow, when a sword presentation will be made to M. L. Biggar.

We regret to learn that another destructive fire occurred at Acton, Friday, being the sixth that has occurred there in as many years. The village has this time to deplore the loss of the grist mill owned by Messrs. E. and B. Nicklin, which was totally destroyed. The origin of the fire is shrouded in mystery. When the owner left the premises about 8.30 p.m., there was no sign of the destructive element which was so soon to lay the building in ruins. No fire had been used in the mill this fall, and there has been an abundance of water all summer. The engine has not been used since last March. At 10.00 p.m. Mr. Weber, the miller, whose house is near the mill, saw no sign of fire but at midnight the flames were bursting through the roof. The flames spread with such fearful rapidity that it would have been useless to attempt to save the building. The value of the property destroyed is estimated at between three and four thousand dollars; no insurance. We understand the Nicklins intend at once to erect another mill, in which undertaking we wish them every success.

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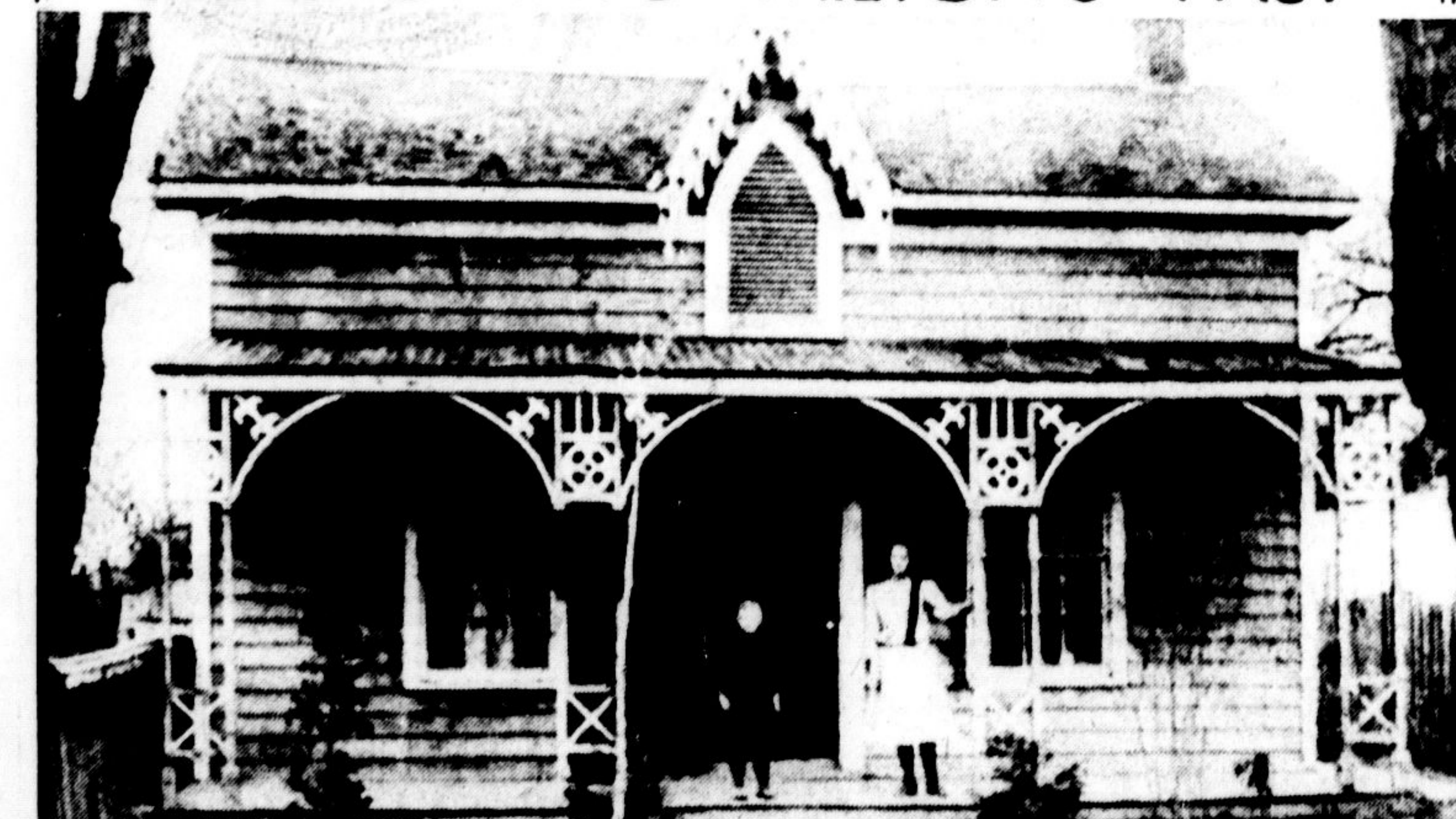
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## PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE Tom Telford, Milton veterinarian, is shown in this early snapshot from the George Jackson collection. The verandah and chimney

have been removed but the fancy peak on the front of the house is still there. Recognize it? It's the present home of Neil Loomis at 76 Main St.