

## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

• Many municipalities that have held elections this year have again faced the problem of small turnouts of voters. It seems interest in municipal affairs is something many feel just isn't necessary. One of the ideas expressed in the Plunkett Report is that larger forms of government of the regional nature, with greater responsibilities, will stimulate interest at the voting level. I'm not sure that is a valid concept. It seems that voting in the newly-constituted boroughs around Toronto wasn't so overwhelming. Perhaps before local government is enlarged on an unsound assumption it should be challenged too.

• Discussion on water meters has been shelved to the first of 1967 now in Milton. While I agree the intensity of activity in December is difficult to cope with, the two year term for council was proposed so it would not interfere with the normal municipal business every year at election time. Now without an election, issues are still being foisted onto the schedule for a new year. Perhaps the problem is that a policy has not been established on whether committee personnel will change at the beginning of 1967 or continue for the two year term of council.

• It is always pleasant to hear words of appreciation and since our last issue the many fine comments I have heard on our new method of printing have certainly been appreciated, and dozens of readers went out of their way to express that appreciation. As the process become more familiar among our staff, perhaps further improvements will be in evidence. The weekly "struggle" to maintain our delivery time of the paper is continuing, and if your copy is a little late in arriving at your newsdealer or in your mail box, I hope you will understand.

• The current big project of the Milton Council is to implement the suggested changes in the zoning by-law. A public meeting is scheduled for January so the changes may be explained to citizens. Previous public meetings on such a subject have not attracted any significant attendance, but it is legislation that affects every piece of property in the town. Protests after it becomes law are pretty difficult to achieve satisfaction on, and the public meeting is a worthwhile exercise in democracy — if the citizens care.

 Nothing blights a family Christmas like a traffic fatality. If you're driving during the busy holiday season, be fair to yourself and others by maintaining firm control over all your senses. Don't let the social drink or the overimbibing get behind the wheel with you. Everyone's Christmas will be the better



A FEROCIOUS MONSTER from the deep? An upright alligator about to speak? No. it's an oddly-shaped branch

photographer Merle Gunby found in a stump fence on his farm.

-Photo by W. Merle Gunby

Editorial Page

# orner

Down[s] in this

"Time is of essence," some great poet once wrote to get a line to rhyme with "presents".

It was a catchy little line and I guess some harassed newspaper editor, some time back in the last century, once repeated it to a cub reporter who was slightly tardy in getting a story ready for the press.

It caught on then, and has been used a lot ever since. Every time something is slow or late, someone invariably comes up with the quote once more.

The quotation was running through my mind the other night when, driving to a meeting, I overheard a radio commercial announcer giving a plug for one of those "instant-on" television sets.

The worried announcer was explaining how much time the average Canadian family can waste in the period of a year, just waiting for their "old fashioned" TV set to warm up and give you a picture.

Did you know it takes about 30 seconds from the time you switch on your set, until you've got a picture? the announcer was moaning. Do you know how much time that wastes in a year?, he wanted to know.

After a blurb on the TV sets he was trying to sell, the announcer let us in on the secret. If we turn on our set just once a day, every day of the year, we will waste over three hours, he reported.

I figured it out myself. An exact 30 seconds, once a day for 365 days a year works out to 1821/2 minutes or three hours, two minutes and 30 seconds of wasted time in a year.

O gentlemen! The time of life is short. — Shakespeare.

Did you ever consider how much

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST

more we're waisting while waiting for things to start?

How much time have you lost while waiting for your car to start (four seconds) on a cold day, for a meeting called for 7.30 to get going (sometimes 12 minutes and 37 seconds), for a waitress to serve your meal (nine minutes, six seconds according to my survey), in line-ups in stores or theatre lobbies (you guess the figure here), for people to answer a ringing telephone (usually at least one or two rings), for stoplights to change (up to a minute), for coffee to cool to the drinkable point (one guy I know waits 15 minutes or more), for a kettle to boil (depends on the newness of the appliance, I find), and for long trains at crossings (one particular point that annoys me no end).

If your a hunter you wait for game to show itself; if you fish you can spend agonizing hours with nary a bite; the hockey player waits for the pass; the football star for the hike; the ballerina for the orchestra to reach her cue; the factory worker for quitting time; the child for Christmas; the writer for words; the teacher for classroom silence; the golfer for the foursome ahead of him; and so on it goes.

We are a waiting society.

Wait for this, wait for that.

And how do you spend your waiting time? Grumbling? Thinking? Doing nothing? Enjoying the solace? Planning your next move? Loafing?

Thought is free. — Shakespeare.

And I agree with old Will 100 per cent. The time of life IS short. Thought IS free. Why waste time waiting for things to happen. Turn those idle moments into time for thought. And enjoy

## Health programs under the direction

Changing faces in places

of Dr. Archie F. Bull, the Medical Officer of Health for Halton for the past 14 years, have advanced considerably from the time in 1952 when he took over the position. Announcement of his resignation recently creates a vacancy in the county organization that will be difficult to fill.

Statistics can produce the best proof of success in reducing communicable diseases and implementing control measures as they were made available. The Salk vaccine program that slashed incidence of polio throughout the county was organized through the Health

Dr. Bull has filled his position well as an administrator and as a personable and communicative individual. The growth and expansion of the Health Unit in line with a rapidly expanding county was ably carried out.

We'll miss Dr. Bull in his role as county Medical Officer of Health, but would certainly wish him every success in his new position with the Ontario Department of Health.

While we're on the subject of county personnel changes, we would be remiss if we didn't also note the advance of years has also brought on the retirement this year of Ford Rogers as county assessor and Roy Smith as county engineer. Both have been part of the county organization for many years and their service has spanned years of advancing rates of development.

The changes come, too, at a time when complete areas of government are under review and those who are following will have new challenges to face and new growth to contend with. As we wish those who have served, pleasant years in their retirement, we wish their successors well in the days ahead.

## Let the Christmas dream grow

Bethlehem - a name often heard at this season — conjures up for most of us quiet beauty under a deep starstudded sky. In reality, the ancient town is more like a fortress than the setting for an idyll. High on a plateau, windswept and austere, stands the Church of Nativity in whose cave-grotto, tradition says Christ was born.

The church above it is very old; it dates back to Constantine in 330 A.D. The present door, starkly simple and very low, was so built in the time of the Crusades to keep rampaging horsemen from riding in to massacre the worshippers. It is a grim reminder that Saracen and Christian let blood here.

Though these realities of geography and history shatter the tranquil image of the Christmas town, they have a sustaining quality in these days of violence and subconscious, if not overt, fear of the future. It is heartening to remember that the thrilling song, "Peace on earth to men of good-will", rang out first in an occupied country at the tension-filled time of a hated census tak-

of Utopia; they were a thrust of light into darkness, and He whose birth we celebrate, found the road from Bethlehem to Calvary both short and bitter. Yet the voices sang truly. We are not porary American has pointed out, "the glory of the Christian faith lies in its ability to work when forces are hostile to it."

Time and again, wise and privileged men, who have found in the Babe their purpose and their peace; and poor and oppressed men who have found in Him their hope, have changed history. A Woodrow Wilson and a Hammarskiold have set our feet, however falteringly, on the road to world govern-

The Tolpuddle martyrs (Methodist lay-preachers) who died for the right workers to organize, have left us legacy of enlightened labor legislation. Martin Luther King and the murdered Civil Rights champions are teaching us, however slowly, that black or white, we are irrevocably bound together. Arthur O'Shaughnessy reminds us: "One man with a dream, at pleasure Shall go forth and conquer a crown And three, with a new song's measure, Can trample an empire down."

May the Christmas song put courage in us all. --Contributed.

To hear the last astronaut crew tell it, three days in a rocket is no worse The angel strains were not heralds than 24 hours on a run-down railroad.

> The computer completes the confusion of the fellow who never understood the slide rule, either.

Building a swimming pool, it may be wholly at the mercy of our circumstan- agreed, is a more amiable way to help ces. As Dwight Stevenson, a contem- a situation than calling out the troops.

> Conspicuous consumption, maybe, is serving an eight-foot wedding cake to guests who aren't hungry.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

We've been talking about it for a long time. It would mean a major upheaval in the family. But it's two against one, and this is a democracy. Unless, of ccurse, your wife happens to constitute the minority.

Today I applied for an exchange teaching job, for one year, in the United Kingdom. I must be out of my mind, but

Daughter Kim is all for it. With the adventurous spirit of the young, and their complete lack of participation in all the work involved, she glows at the pros-

After all, England is the land of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the highest mini-skirts.

England, as the song says, swings like a pendulum do. That's for Kimbo.

She'd like nothing better than to spend a year abroad. Not acquiring a broad education. Never! She looks upon education as small boys do upon washing; the squarest and most useless thing foisted on the young by stupid, loving parents.

No, what she'd like to pick up in England is a Carnaby St. wardrobe and a Liverpool accent, so that she could kneck the local kids dead when she comes home. The "mod" look of Carnaby is bad enough, but the dialect of the Liverpudlian is surely the ugliest in

the world, outside the pure Hottentot. What she doesn't picture, and haven't the heart to tell her, is the truth. If the deal goes through, a year from now she'll be wading through the fog in Little Muddling, or climbing the

cliffs on the Isle of Mull, complete

with rubber boots, raincoat and sou-

wester, approximately 3,000 social miles from the England and London's West

My wife blows hot and cold. One week, when things are particularly obnoxious around here, she's fairly keen. She sees a snug cottage, with vines and a cosy fireplace, shining brass, and an English garden out back. She envisages a jaunt into London every weekend for piano lessons, concerts, lunch and the theatre.

The next week, she's been talking to someone who has just spent a year there and was half frozen for 12 months. Or she says flatly, "If you think I'm going to leave my comfortable home, treasured piano students and all my friends, to go and live in some cold, clammy dump among a lot of strangers etc., etc."

Sometimes, she wavers, and asks me what England is really like. The trouble is, I haven't been there for over 20 years. About all I can do is describe some first-rate pubs, and tell her how easy it was to lose your girl in the fog or blackout, unless you clung to her. Somehow, these descriptive gems don't fan her ardor for the trip.

As I said, no one in his right mind wants to spend a year in the U.K. I know I'll come home either riddled with rheumatism or in a wooden box with a sheen of fog on it.

And it isn't sentiment. Admittedly, there are a few old pubs I'd like to revisit. But they've probably changed into raucous road-houses that serve martinis instead of half-and-half, and the waitresses are insolent pups instead of buxoin barmaids who called you "Luv" or "Ducks".

(Continued on Page 10)



#### Pages of the Past

from champion files

#### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion December 12, 1946

According to Ellwood Johnston, president of the Halton Junior Farmers, there is a strong likelihood that the Ontario Department of Agriculture will hold their annual short courses at Acton during January. Providing a sufficient number of applications are received there will be a short course in Home Economics for the young ladies, and one in Agriculture for the young men. Both courses will be four weeks in length and are open to all.

The Lowville Farm Forum held their weekly meeting Monday evening at the home of Mrs. George Readhead with a large attendance. After the discussion a program was given by Mrs. R. Ellenton, Mrs. Roy Coulter, Mrs. V. Norris, Marion Readhead, Shirley Coulson and Wilda Robertson.

Milton theatre-goers will have an opportunityy to see familiar scenes when the film "The Mapleville Story" comes to the Princess Theatre in Milton Monday. Mapleville is a mythical and composite small Canadian town portraying the life and business institutions that exist in any small coommunity in this country. It is an all-Canadian production, by Associated Screen News. Milton Main Street was photographed by a camera crew early this summer. In addition to Milton there is a long shot of Orangeville, a church in Brampton, a school in New Toronto, a grist mill in Streetsville and a saw mill at Grenville. It is a picture of the communities we all know so well and the farming districts surrounding them.

#### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion December 14, 1916

E. G. Paige, Game Inspector, got a report lately that illegal shooting was going on near the Darbyville School, Nassagaweya. He made enquiries of the pupils and was told that November 23, they had seen a man from Georgetown shoot a black squirrel of which they had made a pet. Mr. Paige found the man at the home of his brother, near the school. He denied having shot a squirrel but said he had shot a rabbit. Mr. Paige took the suspect to the school where the children identified him, and later laid an information before R. J. Campbell, JP. The man came to Milton last Friday and pleaded guilty to two charges, shooting a squirrel and carrying a gun where there was game out of season. He was fined \$15 on the first and \$5 on the second, with a total of \$9.60 costs. Mr. Paige is on the lookout for lawbreakers, and will investigate all complaints sent him. Mr. Campbell says he will fine the next man convicted by him more heavily.

Do not allow mud to stay on a new motor car overnight, particularly for the first few weeks. The finish is brand new and not seasoned, and the mud will almost surely get in its defacing

work if it is given a chance. At Monday's meeting of the County Council George H. Gooderham, Chairman of the Toronto and Hamilton Highway Commission, pressed for action in the matter of the Bronte Bridge, but it was refused. The proposed call for tenders for the Bronte Bridge was postponed.

#### 100 years ago Taken from the issue of the Canadian

Champion December 13, 1866. What are the directors of the Me-

chanics' Institute doing to promote the object of the Society? It looks almost as if their great object was obtained when they got themselves elected, as we have not heard of their doing anything since. A vigorous effort should be made to put new life into an institution calculated to do so much good.

We have seen a letter from the Militia Department stating in substance that the Nassagaweya Rifle Company will be recognized. At first they refused on the ground that Halton had more than fair share of companies, which although very complimentary to our lo cality, did not satisfy the Nassagaweyians, as they replied that they did not think it a fair distribution that Esquesing should have four companies while they have none. On the strength of this representation it was adjudged proper to accede to the demands of Nassagaweva. We hope that they may do credit to their Township.

We hear that John Dewar will run for Reeve of Milton, and that Mr. Mc-Guffin, the present Rceve, will try the mayoralty. W. D. Lyon, who has so effeciently filled the office of mayor is retiring from municipal honors. If this arrangement be carried out it is likely there will be no contest for Reeve or

#### CANADIAN CHAMPION Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

Managing Editor — James A. Dills News Editor — Roy E. Downs Advertising Mgr. — Hyde Parker



Published every Wednesday at 191 Main St., Milton, Ontario. Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. Subscription rates payable in advance, \$4.00 in Canada; \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature. will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate.

In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong Advertising is merely an offer to sell and may be withdrawn at any time.

Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department. Ottawa

of the century was photographed from the Town Hall tower by Featherstone, a local photographer of the day. It was Massey-Harris Delivery Day, when all the implements farmers in the district had ordered were shipped in on a spe-

A CROWDED MAIN ST. around the turn

cial train and they all drove their teams of horses to the station to pick them up. A Main St. parade of implements usually followed the delivery and this is what the photographer depicted here.

Photo courtesy Spencer Wilson.