



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

Many people have been saying it, but it takes a woman of the stature of Mrs. John Roberts to get it across. People don't have to save trading stamps if they don't want to and if they don't want them they don't have to shop where they are available. Plans to outlaw them are ridiculous. Many people enjoy saving stamps and if this is their way of saving for some things they want they should be entitled to it. I can remember grocery stores giving free dishes away years ago and there was no suggestion that should be outlawed. What's the difference?

Houses in rural Oakville and Burlington have street numbers now which are far more helpful to the person seeking a specific farm than a rural route address. I'm never certain, however, which has preference in mail delivery but I assume the rural route is demanded. If there was some way the rural route designation could be dropped and the new street addresses applied, referring to the post office of distribution rather than the actual municipality, it might eventually be clearer all around.

Parkinson's laws have always been favorites of mine because he seems able to state them so succinctly. It was Cyril Northcote Parkinson, you will recall who laid down the axiom "Work expands so as to fill the time available". He turned out a companion law "Expenditure always rises to meet income." His restless mind has now stated another "Delay is the deadliest form of denial". Mr. Parkinson, announcing the new ax-

iom, says the "Abominable No Man" has been replaced in more advanced bureaucratic civilizations by the "Prohibitive Procrastinator". The PP listens and forms a committee. The committee in turn drafts an outline proposal and forms sub-committees. Supported and protected by the proliferating wisdom, the committee sends its report to a commission of inquiry which will convene in about six years.

There's a set of figures for everything I guess. Dr. A. Wood Agricultural Economist, in a recent paper in Food Prices, pointed out the cost of food has fallen substantially, relative to income in the last 12 year period. Dr. Wood says food prices and wages have changed in such a way that the same food can be purchased with a 20 per cent smaller portion of the wages received by Canadians. Now when your wife says it takes more for the groceries she's right but it takes proportionately less. Now... let's try that again...

Premier Robarts' announcement of "a wide ranging study of the Niagara Escarpment with a view to preserving its entire length from Queenston to Tobemory and Manitoulin Island as a recreation area" is welcome. I hope the study is not so wide-ranging as to never be concluded, however. I hope the rights of those who own escarpment property for farming will be given a fair shake in whatever solution is developed to protect this natural asset. It plays an important part in the geography of this part of the country.



SKELETON-LIKE, a tree stands forlorn and naked, awaiting the arrival of spring and nature's wonderful process that will turn it into a thing of beauty once more. (Photo by Merle Gunby)

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



My daughter had a birthday this week, her sixteenth. That's quite a milestone in a woman's life. Rather like the fortieth milestone, except in reverse. Life is beckoning, not waving.

I'd give my right arm for that girl, even though it's ready to drop off from bursitis, and I've already offered it to the highest medical - research bidder. And she'd take it. I can still write cheques with it, and it still works well enough to reach for my wallet.

Ah, I shouldn't be cynical about my baby. She's the only one I have. Thank God.

She's been causing me painful pleasure since the day she was born. Any normal kid, as you know, is born at 4 a.m. Kim popped, literally popped, into the world at noon. And my wife has never forgiven me.

The Old Girl began to grunt and groan about 4 a.m., but didn't want to disturb the doctor's sleep, and told me it would be about 24 hours before anything happened. She knew all about it, having already had a son who took about 36 hours getting out of the nest. I knew from nothing.

So we drove sedately to the hospital about 9 a.m. and booked in. She suggested I go to work, as there was no point hanging around hang-doggedly. I said, fearfully, but with the utmost relief, "You're sure you don't need me?" She retorted (bitterly, I learned later), "Don't be silly. It'll be hours." This was about 10 a.m.

I phoned the hospital at noon to ask if it was OK to drop in on my wife and hold her hand. The nurse chortled, "Congratulations! You have a fine baby girl." And the kid has been getting me in dutch ever since.

There's nothing basically wrong with Kim. Except that she's too much like her mother, as far as I'm concerned. And too much like her father, as far as her mother is concerned. Aside from this she's a perfectly normal, infuriating teenager.

That is, she inhabits the bathroom only about five hours a day. She hates school, but her whole social life is centered there. She loves privacy, with some infernal machine blating beat-noise. She thinks her parents are the square root of two, the only concession she will make to mathematics.

She doesn't like liver, oysters, mushrooms, vegetables, salad, onions or curry which makes for a bland diet at our place. She likes steak, imported cheese and any fruit that is out of season, which makes for an expensive grocery bill.

Like all teenage girls, she gets along beautifully with her mother. They agree on everything. Except just about anything you can name.

Like all teenage girls, she is not temperamental. You can rely on her moods. Either furious or radiant.

She claims her parents won't even try to "communicate". This invariably occurs just at bedtime. She'd love an extra hour of communication. Pronounced gossip.

Her choice of apparel is putting her mother over the brink. Rather than wear the nice matching sweater and skirt she got for Christmas, she'll haul out an old turtle-neck I got from the Red Cross when I was overseas, navy blue, match it with pink mesh stockings and an ancient mustard suede jacket that even her brother threw out, and sally to school.

Nothing: warnings, threats and appeals to deity, stop her from waltzing around the house in her bare feet.

But she still has an endearing quality from her childhood; if she reaches for the salt, she spills her milk; if she makes a batch of cookies, it takes three days to clean up the kitchen.

What does she want to be? A nurse? Agh! A teacher? Yeuch! I think her secret ambition is to be a long-haired shouting singer with a Group.

Unfortunately, her hair is so curly that if she let it grow long, she'd look like a Zulu warrior. But she sure as hell can shout. Especially when she's in the wrong.

As you've probably gathered, I dote on my daughter. I wouldn't trade her for a brand new Cadillac. I'd have to have somebody offer me a Rolls Royce.

Speaking of cars, I guess I've no kick. She's been 16 for two whole days and still hasn't asked me when she can get her driving license. A real scatter-brain.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Oakville Reeve Herb Merry, who's never suffered at a loss for words... and words... and words... and more words, delivered a slur at Milton and coined a brand new word last week.

Speaking at an Oakville council meeting about the delays which have forced the long hold-ups in the opening of Halton's second home for the aged, Martin House, Herb said (and we quote):

"Milton is an un-get-at-able place and it seems the builder's don't want to work there." It's true, construction delays did hold up the new manor construction until it seemed it would never be ready. But I don't think the fact it was in Milton had much to do with it.

Herb's probably jealous that the Martin House is in Milton. Herb's been a victim of green eyes for many years when it comes to Milton's attributes. Herb, you'll recall, is chairman of the Oakville committee attempting to talk Milton into amalgamation with "big brother" in the south.

So far, Milton has been just a little bit too "un-get-at-able" as far as Oakville is concerned. We won't have any part of an amalgamation with any town that can't handle its own problems and looks about (like the drowning man) to grasp at any nearby object it can drag down with it.

So we're "un-get-at-able"? Thank goodness, with such greedy "get-at-ers" as Herb Merry around.

We'd like, while Oakville is on our minds, to correct a serious error in an Oakville daily paper last Friday. The newspaper carried a full page list of "What your town is doing to celebrate Canada's Centennial".

The list included three Milton events that are planned for Centennial year, and each of the dates was wrong. Our municipal celebrations will last from August 19 to September 4, not August 24-26 as listed; the Steam-Era Reunion will be here Labor Day Weekend, September 1, 2 and 4, not August 31 to September 2 as their list reported; and our Old Fashioned Days celebration will be from mid-August to Labor Day, not a

one-day affair on September 4 as the paper reports.

Besides, since when did Milton become part of what the paper considers "our town"?

For Syd Child's sake, we hope the past mayoralty election results in the surrounding district don't set a pattern for Milton in our next municipal election.

It seems every time a council builds a new town or city hall, the Mayor gets kicked out of office. Look at what happened in Burlington, Oakville, Toronto, and Hamilton in recent years.

Burlington's mayor Owen Mullin was defeated after a town hall was constructed during his term. Oakville's mayor Allan Masson lost his bid for a second term after opening a new civic building just days before the election. Toronto's "mavor of all the people" Nathan Phillips lost the Toronto election race a few years ago while the new city hall was under construction. Hamilton's mayor Lloyd Jackson lost out to Vic Copps when the new Hamilton city hall was nearing completion. How's that for a 100 per cent casualty rate?

For Syd's sake, we hope the recent interior facelift and renovations at the Milton Municipal Building don't bear any weight on the outcome of the next election. Of course, we don't get a chance to vote again until December 1967, and by then everyone will have forgotten the town hall job... except on the dates when the tax bills are due.

An unusual hobby is suggested by the Ontario Safety League - try to collect waves.

Not the wet kind. The "Thank You!" kind. The league wants more drivers to exchange courtesies and waves of appreciation.

It's a pleasant gesture. You show consideration for another driver, offering him a chance to change a particular traffic position, and as he takes advantage of it he raises one hand about 15 inches. You see it usually from the side as he crosses in front of your car to get into or out of a driveway; or from behind as he picks up speed in the lane you have invited him to share.

Champion Editorial Page

The old organ in the parlor...

Remember back in the days when almost every parlor had its own organ, a beautiful wooden cabinet with a fascinating range of stops above the keyboard? At foot level there'd be two large foot pumps, which when depressed simultaneously with the keyboard, would produce tone with such grand names as fortissimo, crescendo and pianissimo.

For a small boy it was a fascinating instrument and a source of amusement while grandad and grandma entertained. It seemed to go with the decor of the room which had large prints of Lord Kitchener and King George on the walls, bearded and forbidding leaders of another age.

These strict patricians looked sternly at the small boy who fiddled with the stops, experimented with tunes like "The Old Spinning Wheel in the Parlor", "Old Black Joe" or "Pack Up Your Troubles".

Occasionally when the mood hit them on a Sunday the company would

assemble in the parlor on the floral patterned rug, gather 'round the organ and sing, with a thunderous accompaniment, the hymns which lifted spirits and provided sustenance for another long week of labor. The sabbath would never be profaned by popular songs like "Red Sails in the Sunset" or "There's a gold mine in the Sky", which came from the mantel radio of the day.

The grand old parlor organ gave way to the piano, which in turn went into decline for the television set.

Now there's a swing back in the other direction. Home Goods Retailing says keyboard music, which now covers everything from the low priced chord organ to the electronic unit at \$2,000 or more is growing steadily in Canada. "The swingers", says one manufacturer, "like the organ sound".

Customs, methods and manners may undergo some drastic overhauling but the swingers of another age probably figure tastes really don't change much.

First impressions...

Nothing creates as good an impression on a stranger in a community as the way in which he is greeted as he visits local places of business.

Commenting on the matter, the St. Marys Journal-Argus tells of the reaction of a visitor to that town.

"With more new people moving into our community as time goes on, the merchants of the community should be more than ever aware of the need to serve to the very best of their ability - not only through the wide variety of goods they offer, but in the unique personal service given by themselves or their employees.

"This past week we had a chat about this very matter with a man who is relatively new to the community. He has been most pleased with the service he has been given in some local outlets,

but in more than one case he has found a place where he states: "The attitude is bad."

"By this he means that a few stores and places of service take a very short sighted attitude when it comes to encouraging new business. If a person is a regular customer they are warmly greeted. If a comparative stranger or newcomer enters the establishment, and if by chance they are just shopping or browsing, they are often given anything but a welcome treatment.

"One weak link in the chain of service offered means that there is a reflection of poor reputation rubbing off on everyone.

"Unfortunately, a few short-sighted persons have to be reminded quite often concerning the disservice they are performing on behalf of all."

Psychedelic experience...

Teen-age music? Don't hold up your hands in horror. If you haven't done the frug, the twist, the monkey or maybe the Freddy, accompanied by a "group" - you haven't lived.

Remember back when you danced the fox trot? Smooth, dreamy, music. How about a fast, lively polka. Or maybe you could do a pretty mean schottische.

It's passe now in the lively circles. No more holding a gal or guy close.

The idea now is to exercise. You shake your head, wiggle your shoulders, get those arms revolving in their sockets, sway with the beat and look like a Beatle or a Supreme.

It's healthy for everybody - band included. Some groups can play on their heads. Others would make snakes envious of their wiggle.

It's the end product which counts, though.

I inveighed against the noise coming from one particular radio station for the kids one day. They stopped shaking and wiggling for a moment.

"If you don't like it why are you snapping your fingers and keeping the beat with your feet?" they wanted to know.

Darned if I could think of a good answer.

Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, March 13, 1947.
Our town constable, Mr. Canning, stopped to speak to some very young boys playing on the Presbyterian Church steps the other day. He was kind and if he were reprimanding the boys, his manner didn't show it. He travelled on. One of the clean-faced tidy four-year-olds was noticed to have a dark glowering look on his chubby face and was heard to say in a threatening voice, "If he speaks to me again I'll scratch his face!"
Carol Stevenson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. K. Stevenson obtained 81 marks winning a second prize certificate for piano at the Toronto Kiwanis Music Festival. Annie Rujan received a \$100 scholarship at the Festival and played a violin solo at Massey Hall for the final concert Monday, March 10. Both girls are pupils of Miss Mignon Telgmann.
Trafalgar Township Council met in the Township Hall March 3. Accounts amounting to \$864.74 were passed for payment and voucher no. 2 of the road superintendent's amounting to \$2,272.80 was ordered paid. A grant of \$100 was made to the Oakville Public Library with the understanding the fees will be reduced to residents of the Township who patronize the Oakville Library.

50 Years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, March 15, 1917.
The town bell has been silent since Sunday morning last, having lost its tongue.
Besides considering the matter of the Tansley bridge at its meeting last Tuesday, the good roads committee of the county council laid out its work on good roads for next summer. A good deal will be done in Nelson and Trafalgar. Nassagaweya has no more to do and Esquing will be done this year. Little will be done in the town or villages.
Trafalgar's mad dog experience has led the council to increase the dog tax to \$1.50 for the first dog and \$3 for the second.

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100 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, March 7, 1867.
We learn that Mr. J. E. Harrison is about to commence practice as a Veterinary Surgeon in Milton. He has been at school in Toronto, under the care of a qualified surgeon. We hear that he was very successful in a serious case of complete paralysis of the hinder extremities of a valuable mare belonging to T. H. Harrison, of the Seventh Line, Trafalgar.
Captain Bastedo, commanding No. 6 or Milton Company of the 20th Battalion, received orders last Saturday, to serve out to each man of his company 60 rounds of ball cartridges at once. Most of the members have been supplied, and are anxious to get a taste of frontier service, which at present they seem likely to get. We believe the other companies of the Battalion have received similar orders.
There will be a Reform meeting at the Temperance Hall, Oakville, Saturday, March 23 at 7 p.m. Mr. White and others will be present.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THE SUMMER SCHOOL was held in July of 1918 with a large number of enrollees. Do you recognize any of them? Photo from the George Jackson collection.