

Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

• Reading a number of weekly newspapers from across the country on the weekend, there seemed to be one common kind of story — taxes. And they were all indicating they were on the way up. Hikes in mill rates seemed to be the rule rather than the exception and it seems that Milton and other municipalities in Halton will be following the pattern. Noticed that in north Pickering Township a home-owner with an assessment of \$5,000 will pay \$428 in taxes, an increase of \$87,50 over 1966. The residential rate went up 17.5 mills.

• Ideas for marking the centennial keep popping up. I see where one group in another community is promising cennial coins in change at a function they are sponsoring. That's a neat angle that doesn't cost anything if you can obtain a large enough supply of the 1967 coinage. Some of it seems a little scarce.

• The war in Viet Nam continues in my mind as a modern day piece of foolishness, but I'm tired of hearing every action of the United States ridiculed, rejected or misinterpreted, while the North Vietnamese atrocities, guerrilla attacks and torturing are overlooked in an effort to paint them as the underdogs. The U.S. has offered a bombing truce for negotiations only to have it ignored, yet those who parade at embassies charge the U.S. as the only erring party in the dispute. My father always told me it took two

to fight, and I don't think times have

 Stolen cars can be a problem and quite often the car is stolen through neglect of the driver in leaving the car unlocked or the keys in the ignition. It was surprising then, to learn that 97 per cent of the stolen cars are actually recovered. The Ontario Provincial Police reported recently that of the 9,983 motor vehicles stolen in Ontario during 1966, only 292 have not been recovered. The O.P.P. reports cites the record of recovery as "perhaps the best recovery record on the North American continent".

• One wit observed that four and 20 are the most desirable ages. At four you know all the questions and at 20 you know all the answers.

• A recent metropolitan editorial drove home the problem of hunger in the world with a few key sentences. "Nearly half the world's population suffer from undernourishment or malnutrition Last year the world produced no additional food although it had 60 million additional mouths . . . At the current rate, it will take little more than 30 years to double At present, more than one in every three humans live in China or India and both nations have a population growth of between 2 and 2.5 per cent a year.



COL. JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE, the first the district by Loyalist settlers from the lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, supervised the Queen's Rangers as they cut out Yonge Street in 1795. Simcoe named the highway after Sir George Yonge, then secretary of state for war and an MP from near Simcoe's family estate in Devonshire. It was no meandering bush trail. The Rangers took four months to clear Yonge and their military precision kept it straight as a ruler for most of the 30 miles from York to Lake Simcoe. Extensions pushed through to Georgian Bay during the next 25 years. When the work started, the province was only four years old and the first trees had been cut down in

south only a few years earlier. But already the farms were neatly laid out and growing high-quality wheat. Successive waves of immigrants followed the Loyalists into Upper Canada. Thousands of settlers came from the United States, attracted by free land in the Niagara Peninsula and along the north shore of Lake Ontario which Lord Simcoe gave to those who took the oath of allegiance to King George. Mennonites flocked into the Grand River country. A heavy influx of settlers from the British Isles laid the foundations of Western



Down s in this

As you'll note by the new picture atop this column, Down(s) is beginning to sport a beard. It's part of my personal three-part 1967 centennial project (I'll fill you in later on the other two parts) and I've been having barrels of fun with it.

I grew a beard once before, back in 1957 when Milton had a beard contest for the town's 100th birthday year. I participated, joined the "brothers of the brush" for five long hairy months, grew an inch of fuzzy chinwhiskers and had a ball. Back then, some called me "Abe Lincoln" and a few intimated there was a slight resemblance between me and one J. Christ — in physical appearance only, I hasten to add.

The present crop began on "Good" Friday, March 24. I'm planning to keep it growing (if the fertilizer supply lasts long enough) until at least Labor Day. Today, part one of "A Beard Grower's Diary":

B-Day minus one: Received boss's plans. Been rather lonely ever since.

Wife didn't really approve but didn't holler too loudly, so assumed it was safe to proceed. B-Day minus one: Received boss'

blessing to come to work looking like refugee from cough drop factory. Boss almost decided to join me in project but chickened out soon. Took great pleasure from naving last shave 'til Labor Day. B-Day: Carefully packed away razor,

brush, blades and shaving cream until next fall. Took great satisfaction out of missing morning shave routine. That night at bowling alley, was subjected to sideways glances by host of friends who thought crazy columnist must have forgotten to shave that morning, got worried when nobody said anything to allow me to explain. Decided against advertising fact scruff on face was actually makings of full beard, didn't want to appear boastful but felt silly sitting there with 36 hours' growth and no explanation in

Day Two: Daughter, 5, disowned me. Nearly threw temper tantrum when Dad didn't immediately dewhisker according to her loud demands. Threatened no

more kisses until clean-cheeked again Daughter, 2, just felt and said "scwat-

Day Three: Wife, by now pricing hubby too chicken to continue. (Detectsingle beds in Eaton's catalog, suggested ed note of hopefulness in voice.) Stood firm. Also shaggy. Also scratchy. Oh well, figured another week before beard would be soft and silky. Hopefully.

Day Four: Mother, who liked 1957 beard, looked approvingly on project.

Day Six: Began to get really scratchy, especially around neck where shirt collar rubbed against whiskers. Day Seven: Noted large number of

gray hairs among black. Put it down to sign of maturity.

Day Eight: Yoicks! Few red hairs began to sprout. Traced family ancestry four generations, no redheads among them. Mystery.

Day Nine: Spoke to group of 4-H press reporters at training workshop. Introduced self with apology for appearance, told them this writer too old, too fat and too bald to be a beatnik, so beard must be regarded as centennial project.

Day 10: Mother, who liked 1957 beard, looked again — disapprovingly

Day 12: Whiskers began getting softer but still a bit scratchy. Had trouble keeping face clean during eating process. Began taking serviettes to dinner table and furiously wiping after each mouthful. Praised forefathers for foresight in using moustache cups and wondered where a guy can buy one these

Day 13: Finally broke down and trimmed blasted thing. Found immediate relief at dinner table and in area of collar. Several comments recorded on neater appearance. Felt better, too.

Day 14: Found beard needed trimming again. Decided daily trimming more work than daily full shave. Had severe second thoughts about whole project, but decided to "stick it out" for a while longer.

That's it to date. Next week: Parts Two and Three of personal 1967 projects.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST

Champion

Welcome Optimists

The formal chartering of Milton's thing and make your optimism come newest service club, The Optimist Club of Milton, on Saturday night, harnessed another group of community workers to the task of community improvement and we welcome the group.

The enthusiasm of the group we saw inducted as the charter members of the club was evident, and if they follow the objective of taking an Optimistic approach to life in general and community work in particular, their influence will not be long in being felt.

The sailing will not all be smooth for the group because life and events are not plotted that way, but The Optimist Creed to which the members subscribe can contribute immeasurably if they permit it to direct their thoughts and discussions.

Because we think the creed could be more widely subscribed to, we print

Promise yourself —

there is something in them.

To be strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and pros-

perity to every person you meet. To make all your friends feel that

To look at the sunny side of every-

only for the best and expect only the To be just as enthusastic about the

To think only of the best, to work

success of others as you are about your To forget the mistakes of the past

and press on to the greater achievements of the future. To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature

you meet a smile. To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have

no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of

The Club is now officially launched and the number working in the interests of the community is that much larger. We have no doubts but that the new group will build a record of community service just as other local service clubs have done. Optimists are Friends of the Boy and they will be directing their thoughts and activities in this avenue. We wish them every success.

Editorial notes

Automobiles are coing to cost more, but not enough more to improve the traffic situation.

It's hard for a person to get ahead because he has to spend so much effort just avoiding disaster.

The cost of necessities is going up and the price of luxuries isn't coming down, either.

Texas has another distinction. It's getting to be the world's biggest shooting gallery.

Tradition aside, why shouldn't a bridegroom see the wedding gown beforehand? He wouldn't notice it anyway.

Experts doubt the authenticity of a signature of Henry the Eighth, who was handier with an ax than the pen.

Not yet answered is the question, "How much Asian jungle is worth one American life?"

For whatever reason U.S. money is green, it's a widly popular color.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



One of the great, bruising stresses of modern society to which sociologists pay little attention was imposed on me this week. I traded my car for a new one.

This psychological crisis comes to all of us every two or three years. It bears looking at, as a manifestation of the treendous pressures we have to cope with, and our grandfathers didn't.

What a snap they had. They went to a reputable horse dealer and bought horse. No sweat. They didn't even have to make the agonizing decision of whether to buy a brand new one or a latemodel used. There was no such thing as a new horse.

What's more, they enjoyed it. There was some good-natured dickering which usually ended with both parties thinking they had got the better of the deal. Grampa chuckled as he drove his lively gelding home, thinking of how much trade-in allowance he'd receive for Old Min, the mare, who hadn't much mileage left in her.

And the dealer chuckled as he thought of the gelding steadily going blind and the fact that the preacher, who knew nothing about horses, was looking for a quiet mare like Old Min.

My point is that it was not the wrenching, exhausting thing that a modern car deal is. The average layman then knew whether a horse was sound. He took a look at the teeth, felt the beast here and there, hitched it up for a trial spin, and made his deal.

There was only so much that could be wrong with a horse. He could be blind, or spavined, or windbroken. But didn't rust, there was no chance of his brakes grabbing, his transmission was automatically automatic, and he didn't cost \$1,500 a year for life.

And that's one of the reasons I buy a car exactly the way Grampa used to buy a horse. I look at its teeth. That is, I lift the hood to make sure there's a motor, and open the trunk to make sure there's a spare. I don't feel the beast here and there, but I kick the tires and give the doors a good slam or two. I take it

for a little trial spin. And if nothing falls off and the color suits my wife, I deal.

There are different types of car buyers, of course. There's the kid who makes \$60 a week. He walks up to the red convertible with 80 yards of chrome, buckct seats and dazzling wheel discs, points to it and says "Gimme dat one".

Cheerfully, he signs the indenture papers which will enslave him for four years, and departs the lot with a squeal of tires. Where else can he find power and sex appeal for a lousy \$80 a month?

And there's the born horse-trader, who deal; for the sheer joy of it. He spends most of his spare time in 'car dealers' lots, badgering the salesmen, disparaging the merchandise, and quoting the terrific deal that Honest John down the street has offered him. He seldom has a car more than six months and is deluded into thinking that his lot is improving with every trade.

But for the average layman today, buying a car is an excruciating ordeal. He suspects the dealer. He fears ridicule from his friends, all of whom have made excellent deals lately. He dreads the interview with the bank manager. He trails from one car lot to another, trying to find a Buick for the price of a Volkswagen. And the upholstery must match all his wife's clothes.

Not me. Not no more. Life's too short. Yesterday, I bought in 20 minutes. Let my wife drive it home. Oh, there were one or two little things. It stalled, and we discovered the battery cable was loose. The light in the ceiling wouldn't go out and I had to phone the dealer to find where the switch was. One of the doors won't close. And there was a delightful bit of family excitement when my wife pushed the window-washer button, it stuck, and soapy water gushed over the windshield for five minutes with more suds than a detergent com-

But it'll all work out. Three years from now, it'll be just another rustbucket, almost paid for. And I have probably added a year to my life by buying like Grampa. Try it yourself.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, April 10, 1947.

The Easter weekend storm which brought damage and suffering in many parts of Ontario left its mark on Milton and surrounding countryside. Most serious damage was caused by high winds when it blew off about one-third of the grandstand roof at Agricultural Park. Nearly 40 feet of the roof on the southern section was lifted in two pieces and blown across the race track. One small section collapsed and was found lying on the seats. The seating arrangement did not appear to be damaged. A large tree was blown over opposite the residence of John London, Court St. In other sections of town, trees were given their spring manicure as dead limbs were bro-

Many from Nassagaweya No. 7 school area attended the township music festival at Brookville Hall last Tuesday. A full hall listened to the children of the public school sing their solos, duets, or take part in choral work.

50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion, April 12, 1917. The Town Hall was crowded Tues-

day evening at the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "The Mikado" by the Brampton Opera and Dramatic Club under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross. Receipts totalled \$128. The club was trained by Harry Barron, formerly of Milton. Anyone who may have imagined the club was over-ambitious in attempting The Mikado was deceived. The general verdict was that the performance was as nearly perfect as could have been expected from any company of amateurs in singing, acting and business. Mr. Barron starred as KoKo, Lord High Executioner, and two other ex-Miltonians who had leading parts distinguished themselves — W. H. Moore as the Mikado, and John Farlow as Pooh-bah. Mrs. E. H. Dale was particularly good as Katisha. The fine orchestra of the club deserves special mention.

Fifty-three members of Milton Curling Club turned out yesterday evening to their end-of season banquet at the Commercial Hotel, which did credit to the landlord Kennedy as a caterer. Following the dinner president R. L. Hemstreet took the chair. The usual curlers' and patriotic toasts were proposed and responded to. Members of the winning rink and runners-up in the inter-rink games were each presented with a silk umbrella; J. J. Peacock, skip; C. H. Stuart, Joe Willmott and J. Crowe, winners; and John Maxted, skip; J. R. Martinson, W. J. McLean and J. M. Mackenzie, runners-up. Ex-Mayor Bain's two silk umbrellas were handed to A. S. Willmott, winner, skips and vice-skips and R. Wilson, second and leads.

years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, April 11, 1867.

To the editor: I would ask the mayor of Milton, through you, by what authority he granted licenses for five taverns in the town. By the last special census taken by Council, the inhabitants of the town numbered less than 900 souls. Subsection 4 of section No. 249 of the last Municipal Act passed, strictly limits the number of licenses to be granted — one license for every 250 people. Now, sir, unless a satisfactory answer be given, legal steps will be taken to enforce the penalties of sub-section No. 7 of the same section.

A convincing proof of the ability of our farmers to do without reciprocity with the United States will be found in yesterday's market report. A sale is recorted of 5,000 bushels of wheat at \$1.90 per bushel brought here by an American buyer for shipment to the United States, upon which in addition, he will have to pay American duty. This is a higher price than was ever reached in the days of Reciprocity.

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WHO CAN TELL US who these people building. The photo was loaned by Art might be? Or do you recognize the old Higgins.