



# Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

● As I read the various news reports and articles on Expo, I am more and more convinced it is a show not to miss. Writers seem to have to reach quit far to find any basis on which to knock it in true Canadian fashion, and some of them (like Charles Lynch) have almost gone ecstatic over it.

● A couple of personal experiences relayed to me may ease the thinking of some. There was the story of a mother who took her family of several children, with a lunch for Expo for the day. Beyond admission their only expenditure for the day was 50 cents for some refreshments. So it can be done economically or you can spend a bundle, like another individual who found the dinner bill \$35. It's pretty much up to you.

● Another story was of a man who called a well-known Montreal hotel seeking a reservation for two on the approaching weekend. His request was filled without difficulty, so perhaps the accommodation picture is not as bad as some would have us believe either, although I suspect July and August will find rooms in the hotels hard to get.

● Say, it's good to see the water back in the mill pond again. I'd grown

accustomed to seeing the weedy bottom and the mirror-like quality of the water just added certainly restores the pond's beauty as one of the town's greatest natural assets. I seem automatically to slow down in passing now, just for a better look. Some final trimmings and the removal of the old house at the corner should really set off the town's centennial project.

● I've heard a lot of comment on the price paid for the old house on the pond bank, and questions on how the price was arrived at. I believe it went on the basis of three times its assessed value which is often regarded as a reflection of market value. This house was assessed at something over \$4,000 and taxed on this basis. Assessed value is regarded at about one third of market value, and so the \$13,000 price tag.

● Flags have begun to appear on local homes and businesses in greater quantities than before, and it is a welcome sight. It would be nice if there could be a profusion of flags and decorations appearing in time for the first long weekend on May 20 and continuing through past Labor Day. There are bound to be visitors through town this summer and the flags and decorations could leave a lasting impression.



At sunset

(Photo by W. Merle Gunby)

## Welcome and congratulations

Two significant events scheduled this week indicate the development of the community and its growing position of importance.

The official opening of the province's new Ontario School for the Deaf is an event of particular importance, underlining the town's strategic location. Before the eyes of this area a new provincial institution has taken shape that is authoritatively recognized as the most modern on the North American continent. Brick by brick, building by building the project has unrolled in front of us. Its effect has been felt gradually as new people have been welcomed to the community, and as students have taken their place in local churches and at special events.

It is a school that means much. To the parents of deaf children it is an opportunity for the best in education using the most modern equipment and facilities. For many of the staff it is a desirable type of employment not previously available. For the community it is like a new industry employing over 250 with an annual budget of approximately \$2,000,000. For the town it is one of the best possible advertisements, bearing as it does the designation Milton.

Its establishment at Milton effectively underlines the importance of the town's geographical location.

The other event reflecting the growth and development of the town and area is the expansion at Milton

District Hospital, which will be officially opened on Saturday. Truly a community project, the hospital is one of the most vital community services.

Its establishment has made possible a high calibre of medical service and the ability for patients not to be removed to distant points for hospitalization. The staff of the hospital has maintained a quality of service and care that has won praise from many patients.

The addition to be opened reflects the growth of the area, but it also shows the quality of the people elected to the Board of Directors. Additions are not made by the wave of a magic wand. It takes careful planning, many hours of deliberations, the stamina to overcome frustrations and the ability to reach decisions. The fact the addition is being made without a general appeal for funds to the public is probably the most dramatic indication of the care and planning since the hospital's inception.

The hospital is one of the cornerstone services of the community, and its expansion is one in which the entire town and district may take pride, while offering special commendation to the administrator and Board for their work.

To both the Ontario School for the Deaf which we officially welcome, and to the Milton District Hospital in which we take pride, the best of weather and success in your official openings.

## Champion

## Editorial Page

### It's our birthday

This issue of The Champion marks our birthday.

For 107 years The Champion has been appearing regularly and reporting consistently on the day by day events that transpired from the pre-federation days of its founding through the birth of Canada, the changing complexion of a town, the war years, the development and growth years to the present.

As we read last week of the death of a New York newspaper, hampered from the outset by strife and phenomenal losses, we wondered if it might not have taken as much initiative and imagination back in 1861 to found The Champion as it did for those New York publishers to try to launch a successfully merged publication.

In 1861 James Campbell wouldn't have had much problem in labor relations, probably. He likely only had one or two employees at the time. His four page paper had competition, however.

In fact Milton's history is dotted with newspapers. The Halton Journal and some others pre-dated The Champion by nearly a decade. Just this year we entrusted to the Provincial Archives some early copies of the Halton Journal that had come into our care. With them

went a few later copies of The Milton Reformer that also served the town for a number of years.

The Champion purchased The Reformer and ended the two-paper town tradition in the 1930's.

During the 107 years of The Champion's existence there have been dramatic changes. Gone are the continued novels which were regular front page features. Gone is the laboriously assembled hand set type that was gathered letter by letter to tell the weekly events. Gone are the rumbling slow presses that heaved mightily under the thrust of water power to press paper on type.

But the tradition of The Champion to report the Milton and district events fairly and effectively, to speak practically and understandingly and to appear regularly has, we hope, been maintained.

For the past 16 years we have been charged with the responsibility of maintaining the traditions that have kept The Champion alive while meeting the practical requirements of efficiency and modernization. The community deserves a good newspaper and all of us who labor to produce it hope The Champion may be regarded that way or our efforts will have been in vain.

# Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Did you read in the papers recently about some drug, developed by a Rumanian lady doctor, which keeps you young? Apparently it works wonders. Old Konrad Adenauer, who packed it in not long ago, well into his nineties, was a regular customer.

Wish I could get my hands on some of that stuff. In fact, don't be surprised if you learn that I'm off to Rumania this summer. It's appalling what they expect us old guys to do these days.

When I was 30, I knew I couldn't keep up the pace much longer, and looked forward to life beginning at 40. When I hit 40, I found myself running faster than ever, still in circles. Now I'm wondering whether they let you out of the rat race at 50, or whether you just keep going until you run all those other rats into the ground or fall flat on your foolish face. Dead.

Trouble is, there are always new young rats joining the marathon, which makes it rough on us mature rats, even though we've got our second wind.

It's not the regular work that gets me. No. I come from hard-working peasant, puritan stock, and know that you have to work hard to get rich and/or to heaven. It's the other week piled on top of it that makes me come out an 80-hour loser, red-eyed, surly, frazzled and fractious.

It's when they expect me to be, in addition, as a bonus, a culture vulture, a society butterfly, a dedicated community worker, a fine husband and father, and a general handyman, that I rapidly become a dam' old grump, as my daughter succinctly puts it.

Last week was a doozer, and not untypical. Monday, rush home, write column, then straight off to music festival. Sat on hard chair from 7.30 to 11.30 p.m. when daughter played. Worth it, when she took highest mark in the festival, but had sore bum all next day.

Tuesday, taught my own classes and gave guest lecture. Grade 10 is "doing" the invasion of Normandy in history, since I was the only available living relic of the battle, was asked to tell them some highlights. Like how our air force

bombed our troops at Caen. Like how my squadron dive-bombed a German bridge three days in a row, 60 tons of bombs, three aircraft lost, and never knocked a chip of concrete off the thing, though we did kill a lot of fish in the river below.

This is known as living history and I had to do an encore the next day with another grade. A pack of "old sweat" lies, but they ate it up. It wasn't in the book.

After school, acted as judge in speaking contest. Wednesday night final concert of music festival winners. Kim picked up an armful of silver cups, which helped ease another raw ramp from three hours on wooden chair. Thursday night, Library Board Meeting. Friday afternoon, presented prizes to winners in speaking contest. Friday night, school band concert, with daughter playing drums and another hard chair. Pain in rear slightly eased by post-concert party which produced pain in head.

Saturday, Open House at school. English department display in my room drew much attention. Ketchup on floor indicated last scene of Hamlet, which we did in the fall, and small pile of ashes on floor indicated remains of Saint Joan, which we finished last week. Visitors deeply impressed with new realism in teaching English.

Saturday night, fought all evening with wife and daughter. Latter wanted to go to teen dance, despite fact she had trouble staying awake because of afternoon and evening rehearsals all week. To every one of which I drove her and picked her up.

Spent all day Sunday looking for receipts to send with income tax return, one week late.

Here it is Monday and column night again. And the lawn isn't raked. And tomorrow night I have to play for the Russian Billiard Championship of the curling club, which closed three weeks ago.

And hours to go before I sleep. And hours to go before I sleep. Please pass the Rumanian Gerovitol or whatever.



## Pages of the Past

from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion May 8, 1947.

Winners from Milton at Peel Music Festival held at Port Credit last week included: Under nine years, first place, 88 marks, Susan Gowland (gold medal); Duet under 11 years, second place, 84, Laurie Stevenson and Carol Stevenson, (silver medal); Duet under 13 years, fourth place, 81 marks, Janet Foster and Sylvia Stevenson (no award). These are pupils of Mignon Telgmann. We join with other friends in extending congratulations on their success and the fine showing they made in strong competition.

Believed to be the largest speckled trout caught near Milton was landed by Philip Rolfe last Monday evening several hundred yards north of Martin's dam, just outside the town limits. Phil said he was using an inexpensive rod when the large fish struck at the bait. It weighed three pounds on two different scales and measured 18 and one half inches in length.

Twelve hundred copies of the Champion were distributed to subscribers this week.

A 1939 house that required \$1,000 worth of lumber would show a lumber cost of \$2,828 at the present time, which gives the reason why the woodman is not sparing that tree these days, says the Chesley Enterprise.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, May 10, 1917.

Almost immediately after the declaration of war by the United States against Germany, action for selective service conscription was taken. Canada has been at war nearly three years, voluntary enlistment is at a standstill, though thousands of recruits are wanted to replace recent and coming tremendous Canadian losses in France, yet Sir Edward Kemp, Minister of Militia, told the House of Commons last week that no scheme for compulsory service had been under consideration. Before this Sir Robert Borden had been talking in England of "vigorous action" by Canada. What did he mean? Anything?

From a soldier's letter home — "Just a few lines to let you know I am getting along alright. My wound is painful, but not dangerous. The bullet went right through my leg, but we must be thankful it is no worse. I haven't seen any of the Milton boys for some time. I guess there aren't many or them left. I don't know whether I will get to England or not. I certainly hope I do, as there is a lot going. Be sure to keep this letter as it is written on German note paper. I took it off the fellow that shot me. I guess you know what happened to him. I have his belt and bayonet, too. Will try to send them home."

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, May 9, 1867.

Great preparations are being made in Milton for the celebration of her Majesty's 48th birthday in a manner becoming loyal people. The volunteer company will turn out by order of the Commander in Chief and fire a feu de joie. A large amount has subscribed for games, races, etc. and a gorgeous procession of Caluthumpians will parade the streets, arrayed in costly robes, and the day will conclude with a grand reunion of the institute. Surely this is a bill of fare to suit the most sensational tastes, and we expect to see our streets overflowing with sight seers on that day.

The Prussian press complains that France is still continuing her military preparations.

Last week a man living on the Guelph Road, between Campbellville and Haltonville, was found dead in bed. Cause of death unknown, supposed to be from intemperance.

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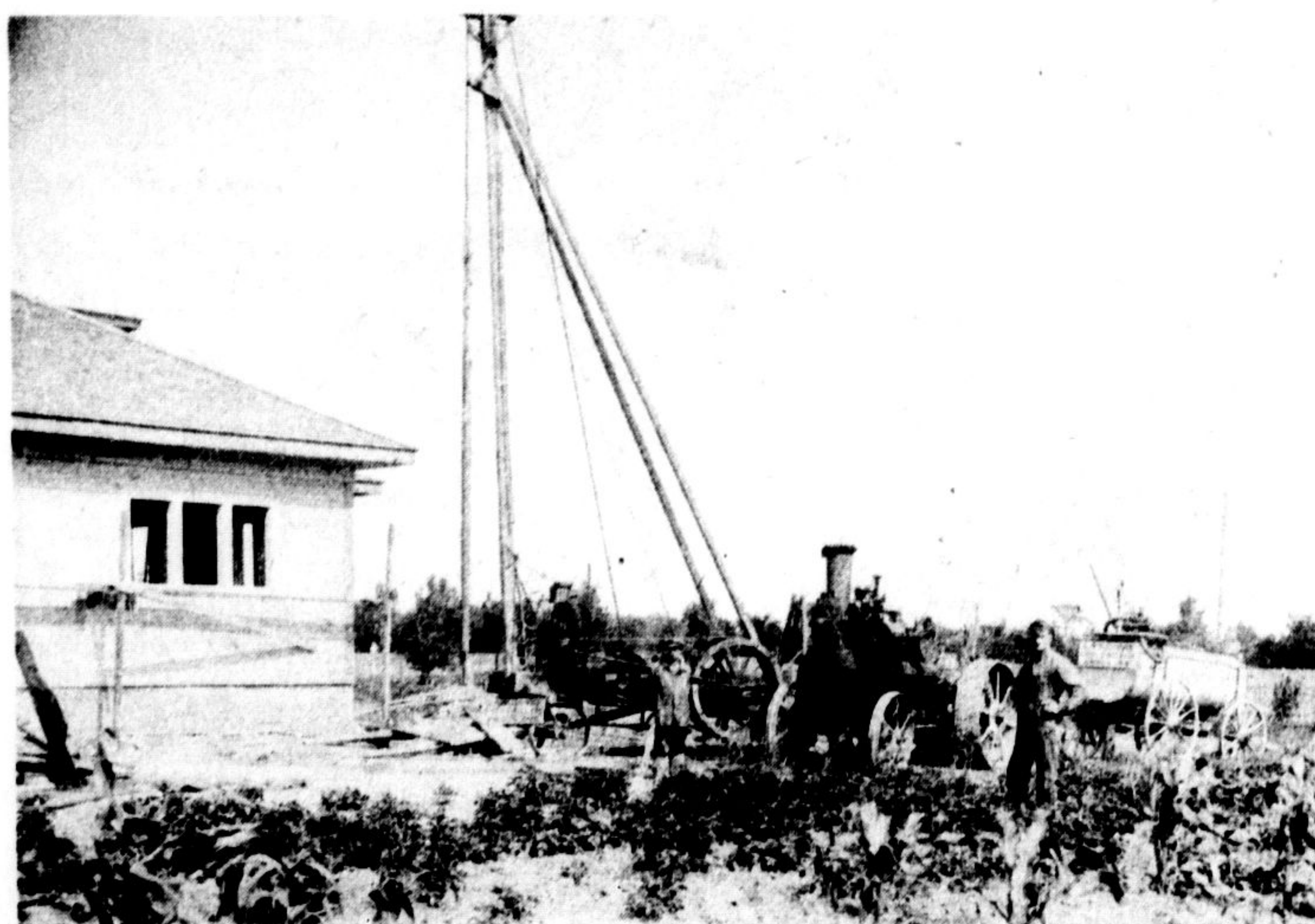
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## PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



G. A. MURRAY of Omagh was a well-known well driller in the early part of the century, and visited many district homes with his impressive well-drilling rig. The photo, loaned by Art Higgins,

shows Mr. Murray and an employee, the drill rig, the steam engine which operated the drill and the water tank which carried water for the steam engine.