



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

• In earlier years communities had more than one newspaper of a local nature. Milton was not unusual at one time in having as many as three. Many will still remember the days of The Milton Reformer which was founded in November 1885 and continued until December 1931. At that time it was purchased by the owners of The Champion.

• Unfortunately any efforts on my part to locate the week-by-week files of The Reformer have been unsuccessful, but occasionally the odd copies keep turning up. The first and last copy of the paper were in our office for some time until recently I preferred to entrust them to the provincial archives for safe keeping.

• Last week, however, I "inherited" eight more copies of The Reformer for safe keeping. All are dated in the 1929-30 era and as usual they provide some interesting reading.

• In those days it was not unusual for those who left town for Toronto to retain their links with the hometown. A June 13, 1929 issue records a meeting in Toronto of Milton Old Boys in which Mayor Syz extended a warm welcome to the 400 present to return to Milton for June 29 when it is anticipated a good time would be arranged. It would take quite an earth-shaking event to round up 400 former Miltonians in one place, at one time now.

• 1929 too was the time for discussion of the Ferguson Plan for schools.

Inspector Denyes was pointing out the problems of the small school sections. He noted there were 17 school sections in Trafalgar Township, each with three trustees, a total of 51, yet all the other affairs of the township were looked after by five men. And now in 1967 with a vastly expanded population the proposal of one Board of Education for the entire county has won some support.

- Milton Oil Refineries, manufacturers of cotton seed, soy bean and linseed oil, cake and meal, were among the advertisers of The Reformer.
- W. T. Barnard who operated a confectionery store was featuring a Saturday Treat of peanut toffee at 25c a pound. The term Saturday Treat caught my eye because I can well remember the importance the little bag of candy, bought on Saturday for Sunday enjoyment, played in a young life. The trip for the usual 25 cent treat to a local confectionery was the weekend highlight, classed with the reading of the "funnies" from the Star Weekly.
- They had more durable editors in those days too. An article in a 1919 issue recounts how William Pantown was in his 65th year of office as county clerk. He was appointed at the age of 18 to succeed his father. For many years he was also editor of The Champion as well as being active in Masonic affairs and the militia. I guess things have changed.



From the Imperial Oil Collection

TECUMSEH AT THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES, 1813: One of the most colorful heroes of the War of 1812-1814 was Tecumseh, a Shawnee chief who was a great admirer of the dashing General Isaac Brock. When Tecumseh gathered an array of Indian tribes to join with the British and Canadian forces, the proud chief rode by Brock's side. Brock died as he led his men to battle at Queenston in 1812. In September of 1813 the Canadians under Colonel Henry Proctor were at a low ebb. Supplies were low, militia were returning

to the farms and the Indian forces fluctuated unpredictably. Proctor burned Fort Detroit and began a long retreat up the River Thames. About 70 miles upriver at Moraviantown, Tecumseh persuaded Proctor to make a stand. It was the last stand for the Shawnee chief and he sensed it. "My body will remain on the field of battle," he told his braves. In the spirit of his friend Brock, Tecumseh died in the ensuing Battle of the Thames, flinging a tomahawk at the American commander as he fell.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



With summer on the wane — and my, how it waned around here — I've made a discovery. With the minimum of encouragement, I could spend the rest of my life as a beach bum.

Never was much of a hound for the beach life before. As a boy, I swam in rivers and lakes, but not at beaches. Anyway, kids are too busy swimming and living and horsing around to be bothered lying on a beach.

As I grew older, beaches still had little attraction. I just didn't like sitting in the sun. I don't tan. I just sort of turn a burnt orange. Beaches were for women, little kids and old people. I preferred golf or fishing.

Well, I'm not a woman or a little kid, so I must be turning into an old people. Someone will think unkindly, no doubt, that it's the advent of the bikini that has prematurely aged me. This is merely a half-truth. I'm not particularly addicted to the sight of navel, though some of the other stuff displayed is mildly interesting.

No, it's the other sights and sounds that fascinate me. Now, I don't like the huge, crowded, commercialized beach. It inspires in me, with its noise and clutter and bawling transistors and screaming humanity, nothing but nausea.

But the beach we go to, almost every day the sun shines, is not like that. It is clean sand and cool, blue water and friendly, relaxed people. There are no loud speakers bellowing the latest beat. There isn't a hot-dog stand or a motorcycle or a beer can in sight.

That doesn't mean it's as quiet as a church. The gulls wail, the mamas holler at their children, the kids scream and fight and cry. But when you stretch out on the sand after a dip, and the sun bores into you, taking away the aches and tensions, it's as though you were hearing it all through cotton wool.

For some reason, "our" beach has become a mecca for newcomers to Canada. Foreigners, as we used to call them in the old unenlightened days. You can lie there all day and scarcely hear a word of English. And what a pleasant change that is. You could be at Odessa, on the Black Sea. My Hungarian and Polish and German have improved tremendously.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 14, 1947

According to C. L. S. Palmer, president of the Halton Crop Improvement Association, an evening meeting is being held by the Association on the farm of George Currie and Sons, Lot 6 of the Seventh Line, Esquesing Township, just two miles above Hornby. On this farm the local crop improvement association in co-operation with the Field Husbandry Department of the O.A.C. laid down replicated variety test with some 18 varieties of oats and barley. Professor James Laughland of Guelph will lead in discussion on these crop varieties and other problems.

Tuesday, August 5, the friends and neighbors from the first and second lines gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Turner to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pickett who have sold their farm and intend taking up residence elsewhere. The evening was spent most pleasantly in conversation, games and music. Miss Margaret Crozier, accompanied by Miss Margaret MacDougall rendered two delightful solos. An address was read by Miss Ada Turner, at the conclusion of which a set of dishes and a tablecloth were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Pickett by Miss Eva Crozier.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 16, 1917

Last Saturday night, after twelve o'clock, Chief Constable Jones arrested two men whom he found hanging around the streets and took them to the jail. They appeared before Police Magistrate Dice on Monday morning, said they had gone from Buffalo to work at Cobalt, but had been discharged and were walking home. They showed passports. They caused a food shortage in jail as there was no provision for extra inmates. They got no breakfast on Monday until after trial, as the bread cart had not come around.

Last Friday evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, the west going flier passed the CPR station here at its usual high speed. Just then a G.T.R. freight train, which had whistled first, was crossing the diamond. The signalman at the diamond prevented a serious collision by derailing the engine and four cars of the flier. The engine stopped about 15 yards from the diamond. As it was, nobody was hurt and no great damage was done, but traffic was somewhat delayed. West-going trains had to take the left-hand track. The auxiliary arrived at about 10 p.m. Getting the heavy engine of the flier back on the rails was something of a contract.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, August 15, 1867

On Friday evening last, the late residence of Mr. Henry Pope was totally consumed by fire. Fortunately it was unoccupied, and the wind being low, the fire did not spread. It was uninsured.

There is some difficulty as to the Nassagaweya Roll, so that it is not known whether the roll for 1865, '66 or '67 will be used. The 1865 list is quite correct, but 1866 and 1867 were sworn before only one Magistrate instead of two as the law requires. The Clerk labored under a misapprehension, by following the proceedings required in Lower Canada, where one Magistrate's certificate is enough. The 1867 Roll was entered with the Clerk of the Peace in time, but the certificate being insufficient was altered on July 15, which would make it completed less than one month before the issue of Writts, which are dated August 7. John A. and John S. Macdonald have been consulted as to the matter. It is hoped that Nassagaweya will not be disenfranchised for a legal quibble.

It is our painful duty to record the loss of fire of the house situated in the east end of town owned by Mr. Farley. The fire took place about three o'clock this morning and notwithstanding the great endeavors of our townfolk, it was impossible to check the conflagration. It was with great difficulty that Mr. and Mrs. Farley were saved, but they were got out and kindly taken care of by Mr. McGuffin. The building was occupied by several tenants and was, we believe, uninsured.

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Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

The past week has been rather uneventful yet full of the "Little" things a columnist can use to fill up this much space in the editorial page.

MONDAY: Heard the latest "Newfie" joke and wondered why people select the Newfoundlanders as the butt of so many stupidity jokes. Reckoned it was just a fad — like hula hoops and elephant jokes and miniskirts — and would soon pass. Made a mental note to visit Newfoundland for a holiday some time in the near future (hint, hint Boss) and research the educational standings of the province. Oh, the joke? Why does it take five Newfies to milk a cow — one to hold the spigots and four to lift the cow up and down.

TUESDAY: Read an interesting article on Dutch Elm Disease as seen through the eyes of a conservationist, who bemoans the loss of our elms. He calls for a nationwide program that would include removal of all dead or dying elms and replacement by other species of trees to be sold at cost through government nurseries. While this disease has been around North America since 1930, it waited until I bought the only lot in our block on Woodward Street boasting a huge elm, before it reached our end of town. Question: why don't the Dutch give up their elm disease production and start a Dutch Dandelion Disease?

WEDNESDAY: Finally took a ride on Toronto's subway. I know it's been there for years, but I never had a chance (or the inclination) to try it out before. The ride was nice, but the view is lousy. Give me Expo's Express any day. Even Chicago's notorious "El" was more enjoyable than Toronto's subway, when you consider the scenery.

THURSDAY: Accompanied 50 Milton members of the "Carlton Showband Fan Club" to CFTO studios in Toronto to participate in the taping of a couple of half-hour segments of "The Pig and Whistle" show scheduled for Tuesday nights this fall. It was the first experience inside a TV studio for most of us and quite an enjoyable evening all around. The actors, the Irishmen's showband that's so popular with folks hereabouts, the TV station's behind-the-scenes gang and everyone were so nice and friendly. And the trip satisfied my long-standing curiosity about how those TV shows are put together.

FRIDAY: Read, with alarm, a wire report from Coventry, England, that

tends to debunk the old tale about Lady Godiva riding naked through the streets. Historians preparing a report for the 900th anniversary of her death came up with a new slant — documents say Lady G was stripped of her rank, not her clothing, over the incident. Seems damn shame, 900 years later, to disclaim a good story like that. Next thing you know, they'll be telling us that Jesus Christ was a figment of some early writer's imagination, or that Cleopatra was an ugly old hag.

SATURDAY: Loran Lahn dropped in to rave over the swell parks and camping sites they offer tourists in Western Canada these days. Just back from a trip to Expo and then on to Vancouver with his wife and granddaughter Mary Lou McLaughlin. Loran was ecstatic over the western hospitality, the scenery of the Rockies, and the fine accommodations offered holidayers in the prairie and western provinces. "Everybody's gone on wheels this year, about one car in every two was hauling a trailer or a tent," he claims. Ontario's camping grounds suffer badly in comparison to those in Saskatchewan, he says. Out west you can get flush toilets, hot showers and good laundry facilities for \$1.50 a night.

SUNDAY: While parks are still in mind, came across a note about a sign in the Otonabee Region Conservation Authority parks which seems a most fitting admonition: "Leave nothing but footprints — take nothing but pictures."

The population explosion campaigners must be behind the idea of a 70 miles per hour speed limit on controlled-access highways. Raising the speed limit from 60 to 70 will just give everyone a license to drive 80 — after all, every one exceeds the present speed limits by 10 miles an hour anyway.

And it might be one answer (al-though a gory one) to the increasing problem of over-population.

If 80 is approved, it will be a far cry from 50 years ago, when speed limits were an "honor system" that weighed the driver's courage against the road conditions — and "dead men" were placed at intervals on well-travelled roads to make you slow down going over the planned bumps.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



65 YEARS AGO the family of Mr. and Mrs. George Twiss, Kilbride, sat down to pose for a family portrait. In the front are Ralph Oswald; middle, Edward, Mr. Twiss, Mary, Mrs. Twiss and James; back, William, George Robert, Franklin and Charles. Photo loaned by Reg. Twiss.



Generous to all others

Successive Postmasters General and officials of that department all through the years have been wanting to charge more for the carriage of second class mail, including newspapers. Originally, it was considered desirable to get papers into the hands of as many Canadians as possible. This played a very important part in the making of Canada and there was a theory that the good Canadian citizen knew what his governments were doing, good and bad, in Ottawa, in the provincial capitals and down at the town halls. It is still important today.

But post office officials are inclined to weigh the matter in another way and to urge that newspapers should pay rates that would make it commercially profitable for the post office to carry the mails.

More than lip service

It is popular to suggest that because county government developed in the horse and buggy age it should be scrapped for the glittering new regional government concept.

It is argued the county system has not been updated, has not been expanded into new and logical areas of service that would complement the local municipal government.

The plea from some of the politicians is for something bigger that would cover thousands more acres and reduce the friction of boundaries.

We are among those who feel that logical services, that could be handled efficiently over the larger county area, have not been developed. But the problem is not with the county government. It is with the local municipalities who have formed extensive departments to cover specific services and seem unwilling to part with them. How the formation of a huge regional system of government will convince the local governments to cut down on their local empires is difficult to imagine.

A county welfare system, replacing the part-time efforts of local clerks and the well-organized departments of the larger municipalities has been proposed. In the smaller municipalities there has been a generally ready acceptance of the proposal but the opposition has been felt from the large southern municipalities.

A county planning board was once proposed. One of the arguments for regional governments is the possibility of integrated planning that would spread beyond today's limiting boundaries. What resulted was the watered down formation of a Planning Association that serves as a forum for discussion and exchange of views with no power.

A relatively low deficit on the second class mailing rate seems small in comparison with the scandalously spendthrift ways of the CBC, paid for by the taxpayer.

There was the proposal this year for a County Board of Education, made after an exhaustive study by knowledgeable men, and it was rejected. Yet the Plunkett view of regional government calls for such a super board of education over a much larger area.

Currently there are discussions on the introduction of a County Assessment Commissioner system. It would involve a single department at the county level that would insure equality of assessment throughout the county. The proposal calls for branches in the local municipalities.

There have been new services in the county recently such as the Family Counselling Service but the addition of fields of common interest to all municipalities seems to be more resisted than invited and chiefly at the large local government level.

In the meantime the province is encouraging, through its carrot-on-a-stick grant structures, a definite drift to what is currently understood as regional government. One example, now well established, is the construction of the Regional Detention Centre to be built in the Hornby direction by Peel and Halton counties with financial encouragement from the province.

Then there was the recent encouragement offered to the Halton Health Unit to study a merger with the Peel Unit because the province was willing to pick up a bigger part of the cost of operation if the two could form a more "economical" unit.

It appears to us that the desired end of regional government by providing larger areas for a common service, could be met through existing county government if local officials, chiefly in the larger municipalities, would pay more than lip service to the broader concept of administration.