Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

- Sometimes in our enthusiasm for a subject, we are led to extremes. The subject of annexation has been a rather frustrating topic for years here and the slow growth of the town can certainly be attributed to lack of land. It should not, however, be assumed the town is destined for ghost status under its present stringent bonds. Certainly there is no justifiable excuse for the province to delay any longer a decision on the Plunkett Report which is still holding up the annexation decision, but I doubt the town will just blow away even if a decion is not particularly favorable.
- I notice the Chamber of Commerce is discussing store hours and a committee will investigate the subject. Unquestionably store owners have a right to set their hours as any factory would, but I suggest shoppers take an interest and express an opinion to store keepers. I'm sure the store operators would appreciate it and after all, the shopper is the most important person to the retail outlet. The shopper opinions could serve as a real guide to the retailer on what hours he would support. Besides it's better to speak now than holler later.
- I got a lift out of the fact some 17,000, mostly young people, undertook to walk 35 miles to raise money for those in another country. The Miles for Millions program in Hamilton saw sponsored young walkers slugging along to help others. I saw a good number of them and some of them were obviously uncomfortable, but they weren't stopping. It seems to prove to me that if we can challenge young people with something worthwhile and a little fun, they will seize the opportunity to help. Every summer hosts of young people are unable to find employment during the summer vacation and if some nationally challenging program could be developed, just think of the spirit and strength that could be mined.
- The opening on Thursday of Martin House at Halton Centennial Manor, followed by the open house on Saturday and Sunday, will be an excellent opportunity for county residents to see the kind of care and facilities available to senior citizens. Things have changed since the first Manor was opened in 1952. Additions have been made and now a completely new unit has been added. All contribute to happier years for hundreds of senior citizens.



LANEWAY DECORATIONS AND SIGNS are springing up throughout Halton County each year, thanks to a competition among members of Halton's busy 4-H club members. Norman Miller of Five Sideroad west of Campbellville was the 1967 winner of the contest for the 4-H awards night. best entrance decoration, with his flow-

er bed centred with two wagon wheels and a name sign, and framed in white stones. (Unfortunately the flowers had died when the photo was taken). Norman, shown with his handiwork, received the county council prize at the recent

(Staff Photo)



Down[s] in this with roy downs .orner

Those "faithful few" always turn up to do the work while the "meaningless majority" sit back and do nothing but complain.

You'll find the "FF" type everywhere -at work, in church, in the club or lodge. They usually represent about 10 per cent of the whole. And they do 99 per cent of the work. The "MM" types stay home and do nothing but watch TV.

It was typical, at that recent Chamber of Commerce general open meeting, that only 13 attended. The 13 included the president and secretary, who had to be there because they called the meeting; also one reporter who had to be there to write a story and inform the "MM" segment about what they missed by staying home. And one was a businessman's wife. And two were members of town council.

So that works out to a net gain of seven actual members, plus the visitors and those who HAD to be there.

Chamber executive secretary Earl G. Black was a bit upset about the attendance. He had mailed out two notices about the meeting to each of the Chamber's 81 members, and each member had received a personal telephone call inviting him to attend. Besides, there were several notices of the meeeting in The Champion.

The attendance (or lack of it) left the "faithful few" to study the business at hand and make the decisions affecting all the 81 members. You just watch; there will be a lot of griping and backbiting from the members who were NOT there. But they had their chance.

There are over 100 retailers and industries in Milton eligible for Chamber membership-vet about one-third of them don't even care enough to take out a annual membership in the organization. Why? Don't ask me.

The Chamber is not a social organization, it's a group of business people vitally concerned with their own and the town's well-being. They plan joint promotions to build business and to publicize Milton and they aim to make the town a better place to live and work.

Some of the topics discussed at the last meeting included the town's need for annexation, the decline in population growth, beautification and parking regulations in the downtown area, and that old nemisis, parking. Who says it isn't important to belong to the Chamber where your views and opinions on

such essential topics can be aired?

I use the Chamber of Commerce only as an example of something which is happening every day in the town of Milton. Every other organization in town is facing the same difficulties. Where will it end-will we have to fold up our organizations and let everyone spend every night in life glued to the TV set? I certainly hope not.

Heard a good story the other night at a meeting of the Ontario Steam and Antique Preservers Association. Bob Raeburn of Malton read a clipping from a newspaper which told the story of Mother Shipton, a woman accused of witchcraft.

Mother Shipton was a prophetess, and a good one at that. She lived from 1488 to 1559 in England and while she did not live to witness it, many of her poetic predictions came true. I haven't got her whole poem, but I was able to copy snatches of it as Bob read the story the other night.

They included:

A house of glass . . . war in Turkey . . . carriages without horses man flying around the world . . women will cut their long tresses

and wear men's breeches . . . mighty wars will be planned in 1896 . . . ships, like fish, will swim below the sea.

Not bad for a woman who lived in an age when there was no Expo, no global war, no automobiles, no scuba divers, no slim jims, no submarines.

And U.F.O. followers will be interested to know of another prediction she made - "men shall be seen in the air, white and black and green."

Practical multiple use

Current plans for an addition at Milton District High School will provide a major education complex to serve this area when the construction is finally finished.

The growth in the extent of buildings indicates a similar expansion in courses and options offered to students, but more than that even, it offers a nucleus around which to expand community activities from the current night school program to recreational and cultural pursuits.

The new addition will provide for a third gymnasium, deemed necessary to handle the anticipated 1,000 students. Busy as these facilities may be during the day, they could earn a good many hours of use by area citizens in the evening if proper supervision and organization could be arranged to cope with this need.

In some American municipalities education and recreation authorities have in the community.

There is no reason, for instance, why the nucleus of a little theatre group surance of competent supervision but might not centre its activities at a it would be hoped a schedule of charschool. Stage facilities exist and under ges for use would be sufficient only to competent and responsible supervision there is no reason why they should not be used to the maximum.

would naturally involve time tabling as well as responsible supervision. No one would suggest that the expensive facilities should be thrown open to groups without discretion. We do, however, feel the existing and planned facilities should be used to the maximum by students and adults. Such a program would require co-operation but the most likely groups to arrange such use would be the School Board and the Recreation Committee.

We would like to see these two groups meet to consider the possibilities of the most extensive use of facililearned the wisdom of combining their ties. Naturally the Recreation Commitefforts for the economic use of expen- tee is not likely to propose programs sive facilities. Not only does this prac- for which there is no support, but with tice make sense to the taxpayer, it an assurance of some facilities they emphasizes the importance of a school might uncover some unfilled community needs.

> The School Board would need ascover costs since the taxpayer, who provides the school facilities, could also benefit through a recreation program.

A new playing field is included in the plans for the addition at Milton District High School. Its cost is estimated at \$30,000, and we would certainly hope it would be used as much as possible by other responsible groups that taxpayers may obtain maximum value.

Multiple use of high school facilities

Champion

The price of remembrance

It doesn't seem possible.

Twenty two years since the destruction, degredation and human suffering of a world-engulfing war ended. Twenty two years since the humble hope of nations of the globe was continuing

In the minds of all of us that peace seemed the only really important thing in the light of the new terror man's invention — the A bomb. The ominous predictions of the results, should a third world war break out, came only in the days as nations leaped to new alliances and the United Nations was formed as the sounding board on which future difficulties between countries were to be pounded out.

The thought of war still stirs deep emotion in the minds and hearts of those who were the real losers of the last two "great" wars. The shattering impact of one of those brief telegrams

"We regret to inform you . . . " is dulled by the balm of passing years for a family or wife whose loved one did not return, but the memory is still vivid. A whole generation has come since

then in the relentless march of humanity. A whole generation sees war as some page of history across which

glories were written, but the generation is untouched by the very realness of the suffering and sacrifice that attended it.

And once each year, in the bitterness of November weather, a service of remembrance is held to serve as a reminder, however brief, that lives were sacrificed for a way of life we now enjoy. Poppies are the silent indications of personal remembrance.

But the real strength of the lessons learned and the remembrance we feel must be in our minds and hearts where a new resolve must be formulated. We must realize the eventual difficulty of hates and prejudices, selfishness and insincerity is conflict. Only as we accept personal responsibility for the events that shape our generation and our age will we be paying adequate tribute to those whose sacrifice was total. No United Nations or League of Nations will be successful while insincerity and prejudice, selfishness and hate abound in the minds of the individuals who must collectively make up the nations of the world.

The price of meaningful remembrance is high, but the sacrifice was complete.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



What will the Flower Children do on Remembrance Day? Will they refuse to buy a poppy because they associate it with past wars? Or will they buy every poppy they can get their hands on and try to infuse a brew of opium, so that they can turn on?

All I know is that they'll have a tough time getting any poppy-juice out of those paper poppies the Legion sells.

My daughter and I have a running battle about the Flower Children and hippies in general. She has a slogan. "Love is all you need," which I find scrawled on things all over the house.

My contention is that these kids don't love anybody but themselves, that they heartily hate anyone who doesn't subscribe to their half-baked philosophy, if you want to grace it with such a term, and that most of them don't know enough about life to wipe their own

This goes over big, of course. I am immediately relegated to that rapidlyincreasing segment of the population that doesn't understand anything, is against everything and can't communicate. Even though she does admit they are prettty snobbish about their "love"

I asked her why she didn't have a whack at the Legion contest. It's open to all students, and they can write an essay or a poem, about the meaning of Remembrance Day. Good cash prizes, and she writes well.

"But it doesn't have any meaning for me, Dad. I didn't have an uncle or anything killed in the war." Well, what do you do? I apologized for the fact that both her war-time uncles are alive, and that I couldn't get myself killed, even with the utmost application of incompetence, just so that she could really enjoy Remembrance Day.

Eighteen seconds later, she's beefing because I haven't given her a driving lesson in a whole week, and she's just got to get her license before the snow

I'm afraid we're going to have to face the fact that Remembrance Day does

not mean much to the average kid today. It's not nearly as important as the latest "soul" record. And it's mild bore, a solemn moment at school, that has no date, or the really important things of

It's just one of those silly things that middle-aged people get "all hung up" about, like hard work and honesty and chasitity and all those other drags.

And it's not just the kids who ignore it. Most young adults sneer at it as a relic of "Britannia Rules the Waves" and "Over the Top" and beery old veterans.

It's much more fashionable to join a "protest group" and march on something or other. City Hall. The American Consulate. It doesn't matter. Break some windows. Splash some paint. And go home sniggering that, "We really showed those fascists."

There's a vicarious thrill in the thought that the police might whack a few heads, even draw blood. Not yours, of course.

I wonder how many of those protesters would have the guts to chamber out of a muddy, stinking trench and hurl themselves into barbed wire, and machine-guns looking for their vitals?

I wonder how many of the people who carry placards, with their little fat jowls bouncing on their white collars, could fly through a thousand acres of red-hot flak, because somebody had to

I wonder how many of the petitionsigners, with their clean socks and their under-arm deodorant, could take a week of puking and getting smashed about in a corvette.

Maybe I sound a little bitter. Maybe I am. Maybe they could and would, some of them. But until they try it, they shouln't spit on others.

War is rotten. War is stupid. But to those who died, "Salud". And to those who live with rotten lungs and arthritis and all the rest of it, know that there are still some of us who think about you on Remembrance Day.

Pages of the Past

from champion files



years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian

Champion, November 6, 1947. The last of rationing is gone. Sugar is now available as needed. Of course, it's going to cost a cent a pound more, but then gasoline also had an increase this week. Only one thing that has retained its old price — your weekly newspaper and all forces are at work to put it in for an increase in subscription price, in spite of anything your editor can do to prevent it.

Milton Public School Home and School Association held its regular meeting Wednesday evening, October 22. Mrs. C. K. Stevenson was in the chair. As part of the program, a forum broadcast from Toronto was tuned in. The subject, "Psychology versus the hair brush" or "How to bring up your children", both interesting and instructive, was dealt with by three speakers. Dr. W. H. Blotz of Toronto University and Mrs. John Hall, directory of nursery school, favored psychology, and Roy Stewart of Toronto favored the hair brush.

Hobgoblins, witches, black cats and bats gaily pranced throughout the town and descended on the Town Hall for the Rotary Club's Hallowe'en party last Friday night. Over 300 children and parents jammed the hall almost to overflowing for the party with parents enjoying the evening every bit as much as the young-

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, November 8, 1917.

About 1 p.m. last Saturday, an airplane circled around Milton and landed in a field on the A. S. Willmott farm, about a mile out of town. Its nose struck a rough spot, the propeller was smashed and the machine was otherwise damaged. There was only one man in it. He was in the uniform of a R.F.C. cadet, but said he was Lieut. Bedier of the French Army and had been at the front from the beginning of the war until he came to Canada some time ago to act as an instructor. He said he had come from Camp Borden and was forced to descend on account of engine trouble. The machine remained where it was until Sunday afternoon, when half a dozen air mechanics came out from Toronto, took it apart and loaded it on a motor trolley, on which they left for the city at 8 p.m. Mr. Bedier went to Toronto by train. A great many people from the town and neighborhood viewed the wreck on Saturday and Sunday.

A great deal of wanton damage was done by Milton boys on the night of the 31st. A number of small buildings were upset, fences broken, a creamery wagon was more or less broken and put in the creek, so was a big gate, the box of a delivery wagon in the rear of the New Royal Hotel was smashed and the seat carried down behind the hill, the pole was

carried off from William Anderson's barber shop, the spout was stolen from the drinking fountain opposite the town hall, and a concrete tie post opposite the Bank of Nova Scotia was upset and rolled across the street. Four boys were brought before Police Magistrate Dice on Saturday. They pleaded guilty to a charge of upsetting a building, were ordered to replace it, and fined \$2 each.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, November 7, 1867.

A great rascal named Jones, formerly of Georgetown, and well known in these parts from his connection with the Jim Jeffrey robbery gang in the robbery of F. W. Gates and Co.'s store, has lately ended his exploits at a town in the Western States, a jury of Judge Lynch's court having suspended his career and his carcass at the same time with a piece of rope. His execution was ordered on the strength of a confession made by a confederate named McDougall, who had previously been lynched at Lafayette, Indiana.

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals eat their food if some lady would hand him a baby. The lecture was

not illustrated. Truly we know not what we may be or what a day or an hour may bring forth. The tranformation of the galalnt Col. Chisholm, almost the hero of Limeridge, from a high-toned Loyal Conservative Candidate for the Commons to a common informer, is not a whit more surprising than the metamorphisis of the young lady into an owl. (Col. Chisholm was the major layer of charges against M.P. John White, in which Mr. White is accused of bribery to obtain

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PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



WAITING FOR A TROOP TRAIN, a crowd of Miltonians were photographed at the C.P.R. station on Court St., probably around 1914 or 1015. Ine

Waters of Milton says he remembers helping to build the station in 1913. Photo courtesy George Jackson.