



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* My call for suggested names for the mill pond, more in keeping with the pleasant sounding Centennial Park which it faces, brought only one proposal. Nip Gervais proposed that it be called the Best Pond to Fall In. He recalled he used to average a couple of dunkings a year when he ventured on the ice too early or too late, for a game of shinny.

* Since some patches on the pond have been cleared for skating I've heard a number of recollections of how popular skating on the pond used to be. One recounted the ice cutting operations that were common there for years, and another heaved a sigh of relief as he acknowledged the trees along the bank couldn't talk about all the late night walks that took place, while skating was in swing on the pond.

* Unfortunately efforts to smooth out the ice on one large patch, by a flooding, didn't achieve much success when a mild night combined with a snowfall to wipe out a valiant effort by Parks Boarders Howell Hopkin and Dave Smith. The ice, as it is in a few places, would have been superb if the experiment had succeeded.

* Reeve Austan Ledwith performed well when he peeled off 101 strokes of the town bell as Centennial Year was rung out and the first year of a brand new century was introduced. The crowd on the street below joined in Auld Lang Syne and the sharp cold quickly brought the little event to a conclusion. One sometimes wonders if

the events in Times Square maybe started like that a long time ago.

* There's an opening in the Bell Ringers Club for 1968. Who will ring the town bell to usher in the new year or will the embryo tradition fade away as just a Centennial Year memory? I undertook to sound the bell to usher in the year 1967, Austan Ledwith got it out and welcomed 1968 and now I'm looking for a volunteer for next time. Any volunteers?

* Anniversaries have a way of creeping around. Just realized that this column winds up the first ten years for Jim's Jottings. It got started in January 1958 and I can still remember the enthusiasm with which I "sold" the idea to my father who knew the disciplines of producing something regular. I haven't been sorry I started it, but I've been aware on many occasions of the difficulties involved in producing the required material to meet the demands of relentless deadlines.

* All the streets in town have been named, many of them with family names and those representative of early events. If annexation should ever be concluded it is possible that new developments would open up. I'd like to see a Planning Board compile a list of worthy names which could be commemorated in future developments rather than call on developers to apply whatever names they choose. It shouldn't be too hard a job and no doubt the developers would be happy to co-operate.



THROUGH AN ICY WINDOW, the sun attempts to peek. Millgrove photographer Merle Gunby presents an interesting art study with this photo of the frosted glass and the antique bottles on the window sill.

Champion Editorial Page

Tragedies must be averted

The tragic loss of six young lives within a month, in two separate level crossing accidents, drives home the urgency of introducing additional precautions before further lives are lost.

Rural roads with rail crossings unprotected by flashing or warning lights, are a particular hazard on the dark winter days and the seasonable fog that sometimes develops. Add to that the greater speeds at which trains are travelling and the mixture becomes particularly potent.

Unpredictable road conditions during the winter add to the seriousness of the problem and from the motorist's point of view there are an increasing number of in-car noises that can obliterate any warning whistles. Heaters and radios in cars often blot out warning sounds from outside a vehicle, and thus the whistle sounded a distance back from a level crossing is often not sufficient.

An inquest jury inquiring into the

death of four 17-year-old boys on November 25 recommended the application of a fluorescent type of reflective material on low railway cars particularly. This in itself would be a terrific help in giving warning that a train was on the track, whether or not there were warning flashing lights. Admittedly the installation of warning lights or gates at railway crossings is expensive but the cost-sharing arrangement under which it is done is such to encourage such action.

The councils of Esquesing and Nassagaweya would do well to survey the existing level crossings, considering the extent of use of the railroads and the urgency of the situation.

It must be realized the assessment of need cannot be made entirely on the basis of cost. The two tragedies that have taken place have involved young people but the hazard knows no age limits and life is far beyond a price tag.

A necessary step

One of the most logical steps encompassed in the major revision of the proposed amendments to the Criminal Code is that which makes breathalyzer tests mandatory.

For years safety organizations and enforcement officers have sought by slogans and fact to drive home the significance of impairment that develops after drinking. The death toll on roads has continued to rise.

Unquestionably the problem of rights gets mixed into the argument. Is it fair for a person to be forced to incriminate himself? On the other hand, is it any more fair for him to involve others in an accident that may easily rob others of life?

The permission to operate a motor vehicle is a privilege and not a right. Like all privileges it is accompanied by certain responsibilities. One of these, we feel quite fairly, is to retain all the necessary faculties to operate a vehicle to the best of one's ability. It is always possible that some drivers may be as safe half drunk as others are cold sober. This is not sufficient justification, however, to permit more incompetence on the roads.

High speed driving, throughways with limited and sometimes complicated accesses, and the importance of travelling only on the proper side of these roads, enforces the necessity of retaining all possible ability behind the wheel.

Police have been hampered for years in trying to adequately prove lack of sobriety. Charges have been laid under impaired and drunk clauses but the weight of proof required is considerable, and debatable. In future the proof will depend on a blood-alcohol level higher than a stipulated maximum, not actual impairment as such.

Preliminary reports from Britain indicate the effects of stiff new laws designed to keep drinking drivers off the roads is satisfactory, while reports poured in of a rising toll in Canada.

There are three basic facts which appear to outweigh all the arguments and hair splitting debate. There are too many drunk or impaired drivers on the road; present controls have not proven adequate to meet the problem; and there is no available method, more effective than the breathalyzer.

In the face of mounting death tolls on the highways it becomes more and more essential to minimize the hazards. Drinking drivers is one of them.

Editorial note

An optimist, possibly, might rejoice at the thought of people getting 60 per cent of their rights.

Conspicuous consumption, maybe, is serving an eight-foot wedding cake to guests who aren't hungry.

The performer cannot always be sure whether the applause is enthusiasm, or sympathy.

The man who married a raving beauty lived to wish he had listened before he leaped.

The Viet Cong, it is said, are coming to believe their own propaganda, a mistake cynical Westerners never make.

What the individual wants is an economical guidepost showing him the way to Easy Street.

Building a swimming pool, it may be agreed, is a more amiable way to help a situation than calling out the troops.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Well, to get off to a profound start, we're all a year older than we were when we entered 1967.

As usual, there are exceptions to the rule. Some of us weren't born until June, and are only six months older. Others, after the Dionysian rites of the New Year's Eve, are eight years older.

But count your blessings if your bursitis, your blood pressure and your belly are not hurting more, up more, or sticking out more.

And count some more if you've made a friend, had a thrill, done one good thing, loved somebody, and stayed out of the clutches of the boys with the strait-jackets.

I've managed to do all these things; these simple things, and feel that this makes up, in some measure, for the fact that 1967 was probably the most harrasing year of my entire life.

The last year has been one of those nightmares in which you only realize you're awake when you pinch yourself and it hurts. And when you pinch yourself and it doesn't hurt, it means only that you're so numb you can't feel.

My first born quit college and went on the bum, the bum. Mexico, New Orleans, Montreal, Expo and now New York, where he's studying acting. My brown-eyed baby, to whom I once told bedtime stories about Munkle-Uncle-Unkie and others, hates school from the depths of her soul and wants to go away and be a waitress and LIVE. My wife is a kept woman (kept by me, I might add) in the city, and when I do see her, wants to talk until 4 a.m. about Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and a lot of other people I can't even pronounce, let alone spell.

Sometimes I feel like crying, bursting into tears, and letting the drips fall where they may. But I can't. The floor has just been polished. And somebody has to take out the garbage, and drive the cleaning lady home.

But, as you can see, there's something

cheering about the whole thing. There's no place to go but up.

Maybe Hugh will become a famous actor. Maybe Kim will become a waitress who doesn't have her thumb in the soup. Maybe the Old Lady will become normal.

And who knows, maybe this is my big year. Maybe I'll break 100 in golf? Maybe I'll write the Great Canadian Novel? Maybe I'll get my Christmas tree to stand up?

Thus, hope springs eternal in the human breast. One milestone nearer the grave, but also a milestone passed in the effort to live life with dignity, humor and love.

Perhaps you'd prefer Rectitude, righteousness and religion. Or industry, intelligence and integrity. Fair enough.

I like mine because they're more difficult. I find it extremely hard to be dignified, no matter how I try. It's almost impossible to retain a sense of humor when you have Rotten Kids. And it's extremely difficult to love. Truly and without qualifications.

This is all very abstract. Let's get down to concrete examples. Have you ever tried to be dignified while performing a flying tackle at your daughter in the snow in the back yard as she's leaving home for good, at midnight?

Have you ever tried to retain a gay sense of humor when your home form has given you, for Christmas, instead of the crock you confidently expected, a bottle of shaving lotion? (Some people can drink it; I can't.)

Have you ever tried to love someone with bad breath, a constant sniff and dirty fingernails, but who is basically a good, dull person?

Ah, well, the heck with it. It's another year. Once a square, always a square. And all three members of my family agree that I'm the most perfectly rounded square they've ever met. But I'm trying to become at least a parallelogram in '68. And the same to you.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Telephone service in Milton and district has come a long way in the past half century.

Those who remember the early communications systems in this part of the world can hardly believe today's direct distance dialing, touch-phones, Expo's view phones and all number calling. Progress in the industry, unfortunately, has brought with it the inevitable rate hikes about which everyone grumbles, but you can't fight city hall.

Mrs. Burdge R. Gunby of R.R. 3, Campbellville was thinking about the newly-introduced extended area calling last week when she unearthed a 1913 telephone company invoice her husband's father William Gunby of Kilbride received in 1915.

Mr. Gunby's service for a year cost him \$15 with the Nelson Telephone Co. Limited, which operated from the central office in "Highville" at the north end of Lowville. "I thought this bill might interest you in the face of extended phoning area. I can remember how upset my family was when the Bell Telephone took over the Nelson Telephone and cut us off from our friends and relatives in the Milton area" she wrote.

The Gunby family made 12 calls to Milton, Hamilton and Waterdown in one year, and all but one of the long distance calls cost 10 cents. The expensive one was 15 cents.

*At that time the Gunbys had to go to Kilbride (from the West Town Line near Seventh Conc. East Flamboro) to get their mail. Mrs. Gunby explains. "I believe the rural routes in this area must have been established around 1915 when the Gunbys received their mail from Millgrove Post

Office by way of carrier on R.R. 1, as they still do today. Now the farm is in Burlington and so more confusion arises about that."

And while we're on the subject of telephones, did you know the Bell Telephone is giving something away, and I'm displeased?

The Bell company, which has a monopoly on telephone service hereabouts, isn't known for giveaways but lately they have been dispensing something extra (and we're not paying extra for it) and I'm wondering why.

The giveaway concerns sounds. Did you know that if you dial a number and get a busy signal, the Bell gives you 63 busy "beeps" per minute? And if you dial a party and the telephone rings unanswered for awhile, you'll find you're getting 11 rings per minute.

Now why can't the Bell, with all its magnificent equipment and technical know-how, cut those 63 busy "beeps" to 60 per minute, one per second. Those extra three "beeps" are confusing. If they gave you 60 a minute, any time the hydro goes off and you want to boil a three-minute egg, you could just dial your own telephone number and count three times 60 while your egg boils.

The way it is, you have to count 189 "beeps" to boil a three minute egg, and 189 is a hard figure to remember. So is 63. But a "beep" a second would be simple.

(I know, you're going to ask me how I boil a three-minute egg with no hydro.

(Continued on Page B5)

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THE RESIDENCE OF GEORGE HUME, J.P. was photographed around the turn of the century. Recognize it today? It's now owned by Norman Hare and sits on Queen St. at the intersection of Thomas St.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, December 31, 1947.

Readers may be interested in some of the results of the filing of qualifications for candidates' nomination Monday. In Esquesing all offices were filled by acclamation, including reeve George Cleave, deputy-reeve George Currie, councillors George Leslie, H. Craig Reid, Wilfrid Bird, R.N. Brown was also nominated, but withdrew.

Two former councillors are seeking the office of Reeve in Nassagaweya, election to be held January 5. Alex Near, a former councillor and reeve, who was nominated for both that office and council failed to qualify. Reeve Lloyd Crawford, who earlier had announced his intention of retiring this year did not qualify. Altogether six residents were nominated to fill three seats on the School Area Trustee Board. Three qualified and were acclaimed.

The annual Christmas tree entertainment of the Ebenezer United Church Sunday School was held on Monday evening, December 22nd with a big crowd present to enjoy the program, and the distribution of presents by Santa Claus. Rev. R.W. Pickersgill was chairman for the occasion. The pupils of S.S. No. 6, Omagh, with their teacher Mrs. Robert Brownridge held their Christmas concert in the school Wednesday. A fine program was given, followed by an exchange of gifts.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 3, 1917.

On Tuesday Pte. Arthur Mayes, who returned from France last year, went on duty at the jail, Sheriff Webster having appointed him turnkey, to succeed W.H. Reid, resigned. The sheriff is an advocate of the employment of returned soldiers in all positions which they are capable of filling and was consistent in this appointment. At that, a soldier's training specially qualified him for the handling of prisoners.

The Daughters of the Empire have secured Jack Miner, the greatest bird man in the world, to give his famous illustrated lecture on bird life and habits at the Princess of February 1. This will be a rare treat for the people of Milton. Keep the date open.

Just at noon yesterday a fire started in the partition between Hunter Studio and John Wallace's Shoe Shop. The alarm was sounded, the fire brigade turned out and soon extinguished the fire, which would have been serious if not handled so promptly.

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