



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* Snowmobiles were a popular way of combatting the snow-snarl on Monday morning. Noticed John Noble making good time on his way to work along Mill St.

* The need for improved communication is so often recognized as a problem between groups. Saturday school board representatives, teachers, and some interested citizens talked together at a conference in Georgetown and each found the other quite human, I gathered. Unfortunately salary negotiations have a way of annually erecting road blocks to communication between boards and teachers and each side fails to see and understand the other. Perhaps the conference will herald such approaches at the local levels which would be beneficial in extending understanding and appreciation.

* Cec Davidson writes from Georgetown to suggest the mill pond be renamed "Pearson Pond" for several reasons; first, Lester B. Pearson is something of an honorary citizen of Milton because of his relatives having been residents. He is also one of our great Canadians who has done much over the past thirty years to bring honor to Canada. He gave us our own flag, and having helped bring in many reforms, has now had the good sense to retire with dignity from his high office. Mr. Davidson suggests that no matter what name is given the body of water it will still be the Pond to most, "but if Mr. Diefenbaker can have his lake . . . there is no good reason why Milton should not honor Mr. Pearson by giving him a pond . . ."

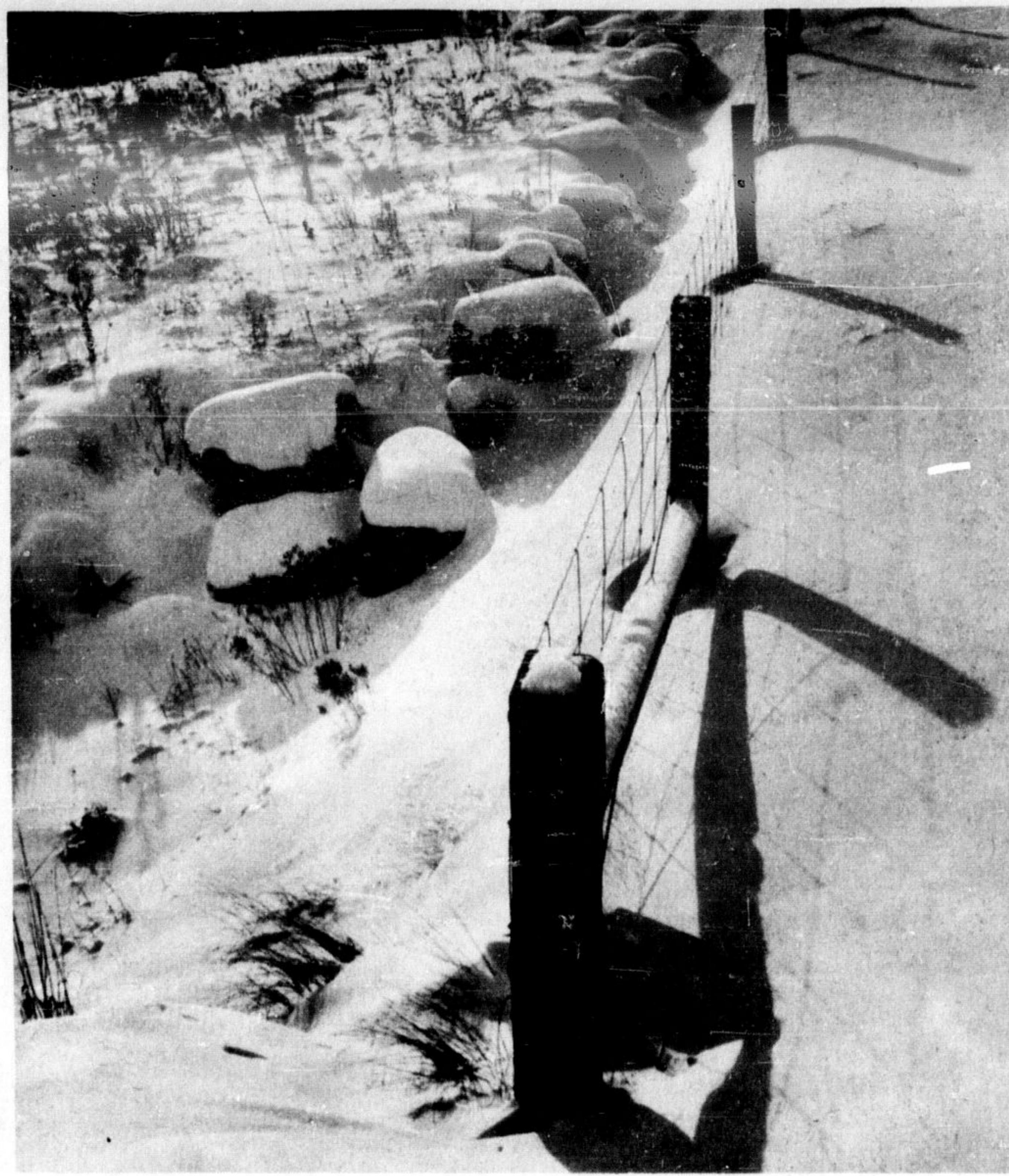
* Recently the Pacific Ocean paradise, Pitcairn Island, was reported to have received its first telephone service. The 98 residents were served by 15 telephones. One wonders just how that modern innovation may affect the serenity of such a location. With only 15 phones though, the service should be sufficient for emergency situations and not much more. I doubt if the serenity will be visibly disturbed.

* The value of the town-purchased snow plow mounted on a truck was seen this week as town streets were plowed out during the storm early Monday morning. Our street got attention much earlier than it used to when the grader was depended on to do all the plowing. The plow was purchased last year rather late in the season, but it was very effective this year.

* And I can't overlook the tremendous effort the town crew puts in to keeping the local streets open. Congestion is avoided by getting the main thoroughfare cleaned in a hurry and while parked cars will always be a problem, the works crew seems to overcome the obstacles the best it can and give the business section the benefit of a thorough job.

* The fact we didn't have a major power interruption was no accident. Manager O. Hadley once told me a lot of problems are avoided by keeping branches pruned back from the lines. After hearing the inside temperatures that resulted in homes in other municipalities we can be thankful we were spared a hydro interruption.

Fence posts



(Staff Photo)

Champion Editorial Page

One to speak

As the pace of life quickens in tune with the frantic times, not many are prepared to speak out for Sunday in an effort to preserve it from the imposition of an equally frantic schedule.

Last week a tour of municipal facilities was proposed by Milton Council and the most suitable day seemed to be Sunday since it was assumed this would not interfere with any business commitments. As almost general agreement was evident one voice, that of Councillor Barr, quietly suggested town business should not have to be conducted on Sunday and Sunday was a day all should be with their families.

There was no opposition to this position and a Saturday was agreed on even though it was understandably inconvenient to some of the members.

It took just one person to speak for Sunday.

But too often there is no one to speak for Sunday. The result is that Sunday attracts more and more activities and before long it will be quite possible to be as busy on Sunday as any other day. We can't think that is desirable.

A year of change

Halton County Councillors have chosen their new warden for 1968 and William Hunter, of Georgetown will fill the position.

In his address to the council Mr. Hunter suggests it will be a year of changes and this is becoming abundantly clear as more and more dramatic moves are being made or forced at the local level by the province.

The introduction of the county board of education concept is just one of the changes which will have to be arranged this year and when this is accomplished it is conceivable the whole county local government structure will be overhauled.

It seems unwarranted at this point, however, to force the merger of the

health units of Halton and Peel until a more encompassing blueprint for larger or regional government is drawn.

The introduction of a county system of assessment is, however, a logical move and one which the new warden as well as the retiring warden have expressed the hope of seeing this year. We join them in this endorsement and hope it will bring about a more acceptable equalization of the assessment which will provide the logical and reasonable tax base on which school and local taxes will be levied.

We wish Warden Hunter well in his appointment as we commend retiring Warden William Coulter for an active and effective year just completed.

Who, me?

Who is to blame for traffic accidents? And how are we going to achieve more success in preventing them?

The answers to these questions came through loud and clear at a traffic safety conference of close to 1,000 community leaders in Toronto.

The main blame for accidents rests with the driver himself, the fellow who lets his attention wander or who takes unnecessary chances. The best way to prevent accidents is for drivers to stop trying to blame something or somebody else, and to accept their own responsibility to drive with care and com-

mon sense.

At the Road Safety Workshops there was impressive unanimity on these points from representatives of the Provincial Government that makes the laws, the police who enforce them, the courts that uphold them, and a diversity of groups with a special interest in safety — educators, manufacturers, traffic engineers, civic, union and church leaders, among others.

This individual approach is not a popular one. But if we accept it, there is a real chance for a breakthrough in traffic safety.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Whatever you want most in 1968, I hope you get. But don't count on it. There's nothing you can be sure of except those old reliables, death and taxes. And with the government taxing us to death, the twain will soon be one.

When you're young, a year seems an age, and each new year is filled with promise and hope of new experience, new adventure. As you get older, the years begin flipping past like the pages in a book, and you realize the new is going to be pretty much like the old one.

There'll be wars and rumors of wars. There'll be one crisis after another. There will be scandal in high places. There'll be race riots and protest marches. There will be a lot of rotten TV fare. Canada will be licked in the world hockey playoffs.

And a lot of the other old inevitables will be there: higher taxes and lower morals; shorter skirts and longer faces; louder music and softer bellies; more people and less housing; great political promises and minuscule political action. And so on. Make your own list.

On the personal level, the picture is about the same. If you're a man, you're probably going to lose some hair and gain some girth, pick up another ache or two, grow a little more grouchy or pompous and wonder loudly what the hell the world is coming to.

If you're a woman, you're probably going to lose some shape and gain a chin, pick up a few more furrows in the face, grow a little more bossy, and nudge your husband another degree toward an early grave.

Whatever your sex, if you're over 30 you're going to find that a little more of your get-up-and-go has quietly got-up-and-went.

But don't worry about that. Gird up your loins, seize fortune by the forelock, spit in the face of fate, get some hormone shots and face another year with courage, dignity and burtsitis in both shoulders, like me.

For, whether we like it or not, we happen to be living in one of the most exciting

times in human history. Many of us often wish we could be living in a simpler age, when black and white, right and wrong, were clearly established. Alas, we ain't.

But perhaps, when we feel a twinge of regret, we should also remember that in those "good old days" it was every man for himself. The rich were richer and the poor were starving. The strong grabbed from the weak. The white used the black as an animal. The mentally ill were swept under the carpet. And closets were crowded with skeletons.

Now, today's technological advances are frightening, but fascinating. Everyone's going to the moon. Personally, I don't want to be on the first scheduled flight, but the very idea is staggering in its reflection of man's eternal curiosity and ingenuity.

But even more exciting, in my opinion, is the social revolution that is sweeping our world. Modern man is examining himself as he never has before. He is literally picking himself up by the heels and shaking. As a result, long-held ideas are revealed as poppycock, rigid dogmas are shattering like shards.

It's as though an ancient, dusty attic, piled with valuable antiques, had had its roof blown off, and a fresh clean wind had blown away the must and dust and showed most of the relics for what they were — junk.

Today's society is, perhaps for the first time ever, concerned with being its brother's keeper. We are trying to do something about our weak and our poor and our old. Prejudice and intolerance are still with us, but they are attacked rather than accepted.

Divorce, abortion, homosexuality and mental illness have been dragged out of the shadows and into the light. Capital punishment is almost obsolete.

Mind you, it's painful. The whole process of growing up is always painful. But I don't want to live in ancient Greece or Elizabethan England or 2068 AD. I want to live in 1968 and see what happens. How about you?



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Red-faced officials of one Canadian Bank are blaming their printer for a mistake in their 1968 calendar, which gives you one extra day in September.

The calendar doesn't stop at September 30, it goes on to list September 31 as an official date this year. Now everyone (except the printer, obviously) knows that "30 days hath September, April, June and November."

We are already getting an extra day in 1968. It's Leap Year (woe betide all eligible bachelors) and February has a 29th day for the first time in four years. Thank goodness, it's a payday for me!

But I got to thinking about that extra day in the bank's calendar -- how wonderful it would be if everyone had one "free" day each year. Just imagine it, an extra day with no work, no school, no planned activities, no clocks to punch, no rush-rushing around to complete the 1,001 tasks that usually crop up each and every day of the year.

If I ever get to be Prime Minister, I'll get parliament to pass a bill granting each Canadian one "free" day per year, and we'll put it right on the calendar so that everyone will be able to enjoy it. For that one day all work will be suspended, no televisions or radios will blare, no telephones will ring, no stores will open, and every man, woman and child in Canada will be free to do as he or she pleases.

Myself, I don't know what I would choose to do with that free day. Wash the car? Clean the basement? Read a good book? Go for a long walk? Drive someplace I've been dying to go? Sit and contemplate on my life? Write those letters I've been meaning to write? Clean out a clothes cupboard? Sleep all day? Luxuriate in the bath? Visit a friend?

There are probably a million things a person could do with a day like that. Ponder it yourself. If I get enough supporters in the near future I may even run for Prime Minister this year, so we could all begin enjoying that "found" day as early as 1969.

One chore Milton Council should look into this year is the possible re-arrangement of the polling stations.

It was pointed out by a ratepayer following last December's election, that the Municipal Act says every polling subdivision should have not over 450 voters. There were anywhere from 485 to 765 voters listed as eligible in each poll in that December election.

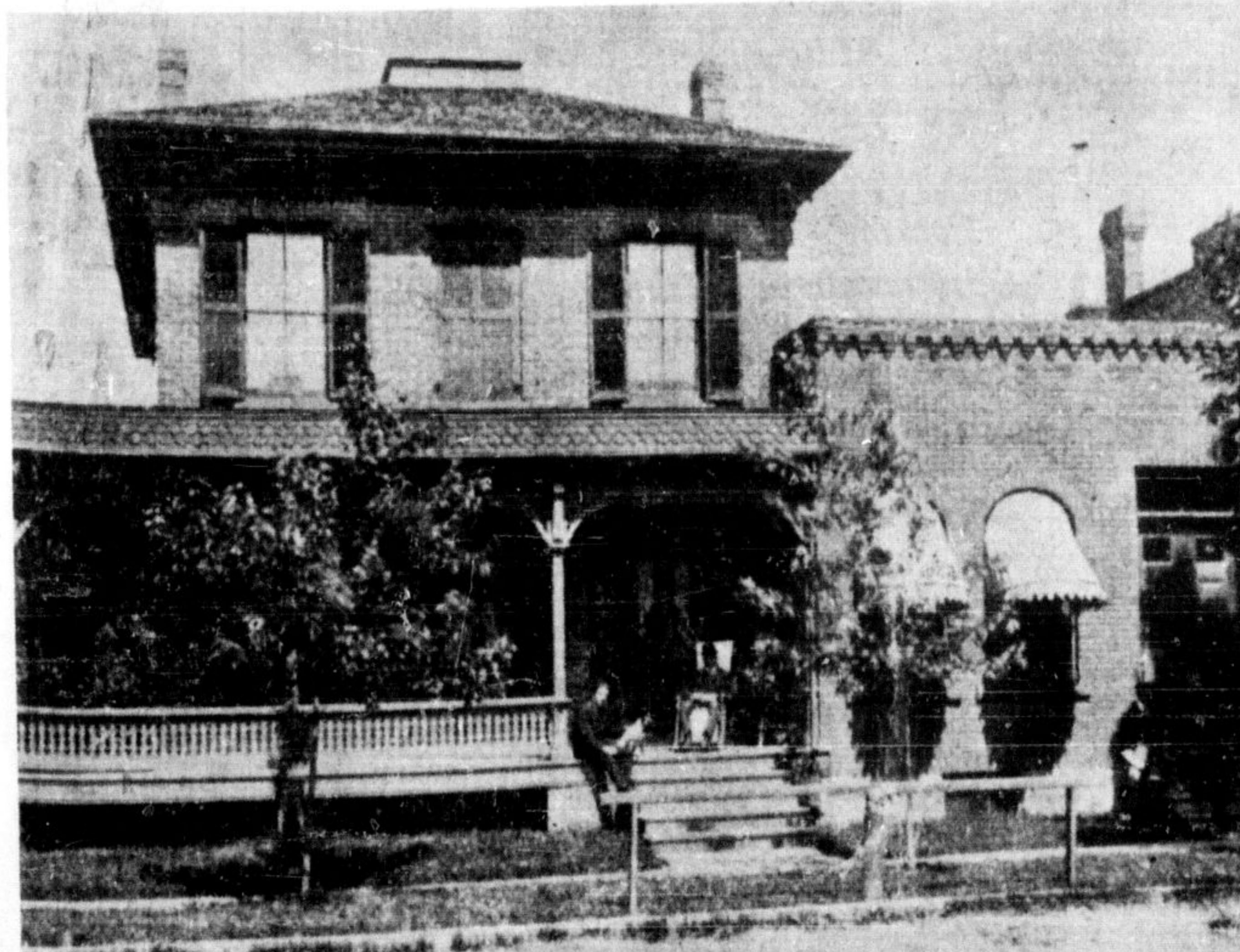
The abundance of eligible voters never causes much concern, because usually only half the voters show up on election day. But it does create a mob situation around supertime each election day, when half of those intending to vote usually show up at the polls.

The December election had a 54 per cent turnout. The largest vote was at the one half of the south ward, where 421 cast ballots. Perhaps, with the Municipal Act ruling in mind, council could study the situation and see if changes are warranted.

DESK AND CHAIR

One expense that all business people endure is providing desk space for the day (or week) when a government auditor wants to do his stuff for unemployment insurance, income tax or whatever.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THE BANK OF HAMILTON, predecessor of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in Milton, was photographed about the turn of the century. The present bank occupies all the property

shown here. In the early 1900's, when A. G. H. Luxton was the manager, the bank was the tiny building at the right and the remainder was the manager's residence.

Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 15, 1948.

The annual meeting of the Milton Red Cross Society was held Monday evening, January 12th. The treasurer's report showed receipts for 1947, \$2,285.77; Expenditures \$1,579.65; Balance Dec. 31, 1947, \$706.12. Articles shipped to headquarters in 1947 numbered 1,491 with 160 on hand ready for shipment. The following officers were elected for 1948; Honorary President Mrs. M. Dewar, president, George Dawson; vice-president, H.C. Morris, secretary, Mrs. M. Ezeard; treasurer, Cecil Wood; committee Mrs. R.M. Clements, Mrs. K. Agnew, Mrs. J.E. Marcellino, Miss Laura Chisholm, Mrs. G. MacKenzie; auditors, A.D. Sproat, G. Goodchild.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 16, 1868.

Sir: In regard to a certain article in your paper on Thursday 9th, headed "Startling" in which you say that owing to Dr. McGarvin not bringing the Poll Book in time, Col. Clay was declared elected. It is true I did not make my return until 4 o'clock on Wednesday, but when it is known the cause of the delay, not so much blame can be attached, as you would lead your readers to believe. I will state the facts so that all may judge for themselves. The first is, I was called to attend a mid-wifery case, on Monday evening at half-past ten o'clock and was engaged all Tuesday until five o'clock in the evening. The second is, I was not aware the poll-book had to be returned the following day. I endeavored to get the statute from the magistrate in this place, it happened to be away and could not be found; and having access to the Consolidated Statutes of Upper Canada, I found I had three days to make my return, and I took it for granted that this was correct. Now with regard to the last clause of your article, I will say that you are incorrect for I never was a political friend of Mr. Clay's. I never voted for him and the voters in this section do not impute any such motives to me. I am happy to say that the people here do not accuse me of any sinister motive in regard to this case, more especially as they know how I should have used my influence had I had the opportunity. I feel satisfied that Mr. Clay will not choose to take any ad-

vantage of any informality in the return of the poll books. His high appreciation of honor would forbid his doing so.

--Dr. McGarvin, Returning Officer, Acton.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 17, 1917.

The storm which set in Friday evening and continued until Sunday caused a tie-up of railway trains all over Ontario, the worst on record. There was a 60-mile an hour gale. Here the CPR was stalled for the first time since the line opened, but, as usual, conditions were worse on the G.T.R. The train from the north due at 10:32 a.m. passed through at 2 p.m., but got only as far as A.S. Willmott's farm before the engine stuck in a drift. An attempt was made to get to the train with sleighs to the rescue of the 14 passengers, but it failed. Mr. Willmott took them in. He had spare beds for the women for the night, but the men had to sit up. On Sunday all the passengers managed to get to the Hotel McGibbon, where they remained until Monday morning, when a start was made. The engine was frozen in and was dragged out by two others. It was damaged in the operation. The regular G.T.R. service did not resume until Tuesday. On Saturday evening three C.P.R. passenger trains left Toronto for the west. All three were stalled all night at Streetsville Junction. The flyer got back to Toronto at 6 a.m. Sunday.

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