



# Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

\* At the risk of belaboring the subject I return this week briefly to a couple of little incidents about the Sheltering of the Scouts after their Jamboree was washed out a week ago. As noted last week all the stories will never be told but one in particular came to my attention.

\* Seems a local family was surprised on the Sunday morning to see a car wheel into their driveway. Out got one of the boys who had been an overnight guest there on the Thursday. This time he had a lovely cup and saucer for them in appreciation. The family had driven over from Kitchener with the gift. The boy didn't know the name of his hosts so the family toured local streets until they hit the familiar house.

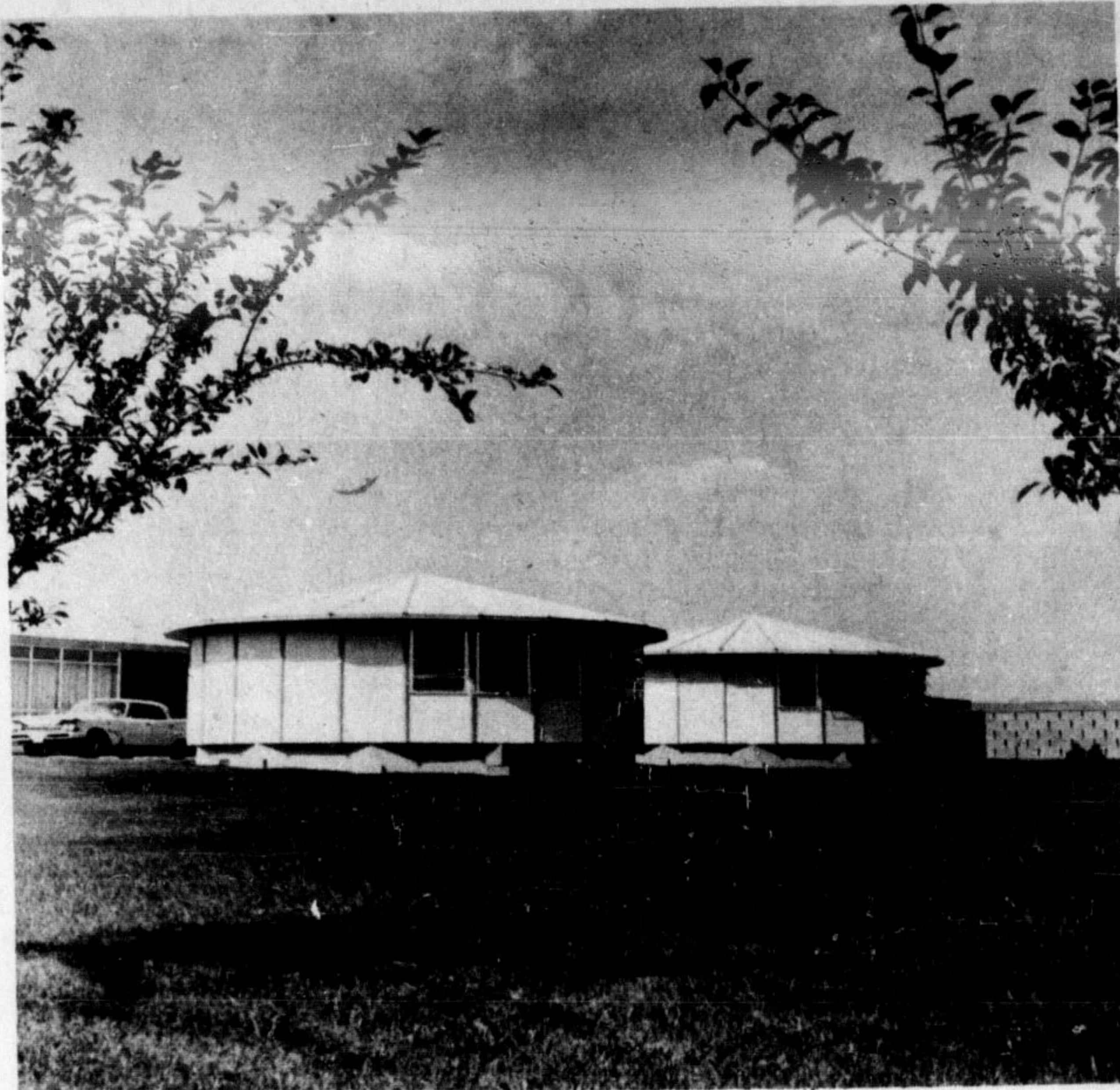
\* Many letters have been pouring into local homes from some of the boys and their parents who expressed appreciation for the hospitality locally. A good many have directed letters to our office not knowing another adequate address. One of the pages this week carries as many as we could accommodate and I hope you'll take time to look them over. Quite obviously they are sincere.

\* And one final comment on the Jamboree. The Champion mailed over 1400 copies of the special section last week to points in England, Australia and the U.S. as well as all across Canada. Presumably a lot more people now know where Milton is and will have a friendly spot in their hearts for it.

\* Special spots close to home are often the last visited. That's the way it was with Dundurn Castle in Hamilton and we got there last week largely because someone else made the arrangements. I recommend it for a visit. It compares favorably with some of the restorations I've enjoyed in the U.S. and the Sound and Light performance adds a special dimension to the building itself. Coupled with the famous gardens at Hamilton, Dundurn is a fine addition to the attractions of that city.

\* Spent a couple of hours touring Nelson Crushed Stone property south west of Milton and I was impressed at the efforts made there to make a quarry a good neighbor. The tree plantings, reclamation of quarried out land and the efforts to reduce dust all contribute to making the quarry a reasonable industrial operation. Closed conveyors aid in winter operation but they also contain a lot of the dust. The pile of overburden stock-piled for later cover makes a suitable ski hill. The unnecessary and unwanted water that is encountered is contained and stocked with rainbow trout. There's a definite effort to make the quarry acceptable now and plans for the future see it as something more than a scar on the landscape. It can be done it seems.

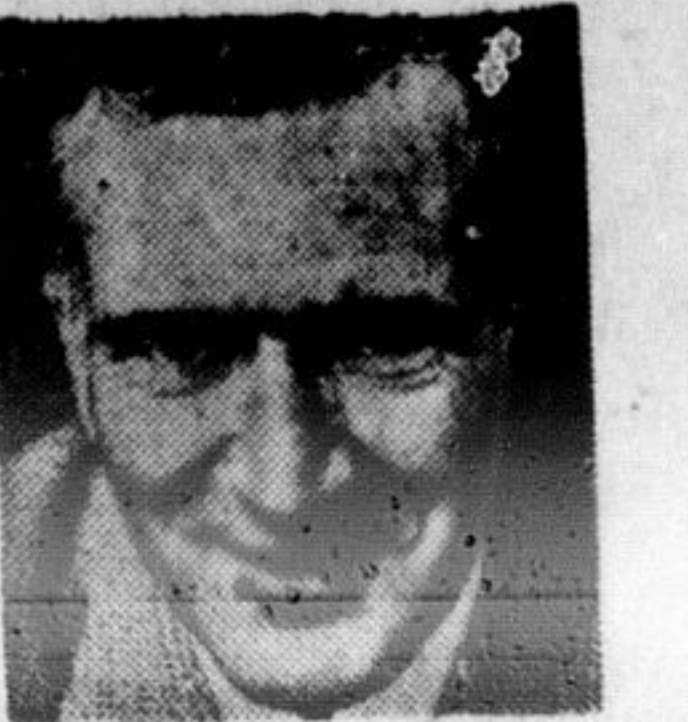
\* I thought the participants at the Steam Era made a definite reduction in the whistling and the noise that is expected during the event. I'm sure many citizens appreciated it and it would make the weekend for those close to the grounds that much more pleasant.



THE NEWEST LOOK in education is on display at Ontario School for the Deaf this week, where classroom accommodation will reach a new peak when an estimated 510 students enroll today. Two circular portable classrooms have been erected at the rear of the junior school section, to house some of the students. (Staff Photo)

# Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Every year about this time, I have an affair, whether my wife likes it or not. I fall in love and let the chips fall where they may. I have my September Affair.

In movies and novels, that title means that a man, or woman, falls in love in the fall of his or her life. It has a sweet, nostalgic note, with a touch of sadness in it.

But I've had a September Affair since I was a sprout. Every year, I fall in love with the month of September. And it is sweet and nostalgic and a little sad. And achingly beautiful.

As a tyke, it meant coming home from two months of wild, free running about at the cottage, one of a big family. We were sun-burned and bramble-scratched and just a couple of jumps ahead of the gopher or the ground-hog, socially.

What a thrill to be home! Flip a light-switch, flush a toilet, in the big, old house with the high ceilings and cool rooms, after eight weeks of grubbing it.

And then, the magic of modern living rediscovered, it was out into the streets to find the "kids" and race around in the glorious September evenings, playing Run, Sheep Run, and Redlight and Hide and Seek. Mothers called, but nobody came. It was the first fascination with the September Affair. Our mothers seemed to sense it and let us have a last fling before life became serious and autumn dimmed the lamps.

As a teenagers, working five hundred miles from home in September, I had my Affair. There was a churning yearning to get back to school, friends, football and the interrupted romance with the brown-eyed girl. It almost hurt physically.

As a youth, there was the headiness and tension of going off to College, a big word, in September. A strange and frightening place. A small-town boy in a big puddle. New people. New manners. New everything. A September Affair.

And at college, first year, there was the wrenching affair with a South American wench. Sylvia. We met by chance and it

was wrenching because she had to go back to Rio in four weeks, and I was really gone, and I knew I'd never see her again, and we wandered in the soft, September dusk, hands clutched, and my heart turned over in its grave.

Then came the war years and there were a few memorable Septembers. One on the Niagara Peninsula, with the grapes and peaches lush, and the thrill of knowing I had passed elementary flying school and could put the white "flash" of a pilot in my cap.

One in England, hot and hazy and languorous after a cold, wet summer. And the weekend leave in London, twenty years old and a pretty girl on your arm and death lurking in the wings, and caring not. Too fast it went.

One in Normandy and jump to Lille, and jump to Antwerp and life every day on a tenuous, white-hot wire, and the beautiful weather and the terrible daily disappearance of Paddy and Mac and Taffy and Dingle Bell and Nick and Freddy.

And that long, hot September of 1945. Home. Alive. Unreal. Really unreal: the family, the places, the peace, the boredom, and then the silly young people back at the university. But the September Affair with the trees and the cool blue sky and the long dark hair and yet another pair of brown eyes, browner than ever.

And the next September. Marriage to the brown-eyes and a wonderful week at the old cottage in Quebec, with this strange woman. Canoeing and swimming and me teaching her how to cook. And she's just as strange today, 22 years later. And just as brown-eyed.

And a lot of Septembers since, golden and blue, with the last breath of summer in the green trees and the first kiss of fall in the cool nights, and the magic that makes me fall for the ripe charms of that ripe old lady of the year, September, oozing with plentitude, gorged with the fruits of summer, yet wakening with a sigh to the brisk business ahead.

I have a bad crush on the lady.

## Champion Editorial Page

### A gold star

The announcement this week that Milton District Hospital has been granted full accreditation is like a gold star being awarded and not only should the hospital officials be proud but the whole community.

How significant is accreditation? Well, of the 240 hospitals in Ontario only 95 have complied with the standards for patient care, safety and operation that earn the status.

According to hospital officials, accreditation recognizes high standards of care of patients and it gives physicians the assurance that their patients will benefit from the services of trained personnel in the best possible environment.

The certificate also indicates a high standard of housekeeping as well as reflecting sound construction

and optimum safety precautions in the building itself.

Milton and district has always been proud of its hospital and while we've not personally tested its accommodations, we've heard many favorable reports from those who have.

The announcement that the hospital has achieved the required standards to earn full accreditation adds to our confidence of this institution. It has undoubtedly taken the co-operation of a great many people in meeting the standards. The Board, Administrator and staff can share the honor realizing the community is even more proud of the service and accommodation provided by the Hospital and even more confident of the services provided.

### Direction please

At some point common sense must come to the fore and all the reports and reports on reports will merely provide the background to decisions on local government. But how long will it take.

Currently this section of the province would seem to have been subject to enough studies and reports to encourage action and direction. Not so though. Local municipalities are now being asked to study and comment on the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Transportation Study. Local comments are to be in to the province by the end of the year.

The study, incidentally, started out as a consideration of transportation in a large section of southern Ontario. It was soon realized transportation was affected by and itself affected development so the study broadened out beyond the realms of transportation.

But just as the study is coming under the spotlight locally, the province announces a project to turn 3,000 acres of farmland in the Kitchener-Waterloo area into Ontario's first new town site.

This is within the area being considered in the MTARTS Study. Will the local comments on the study really mean anything? Does the province already have its own ideas about what can and will take place and is it merely going through the motions of asking opinions? Or is there such a colossal lack of liaison between provincial departments that one doesn't know of the inter-related actions of the other?

Halton has had its Plunkett Study which the vast majority of municipalities found unacceptable. Another similar study is underway at

the Burlington-Wentworth end of the county and then there is the Smith Report that looked at the province and proposed some local government boundaries.

Stir into this the fact that education is going to the county level at the end of the year and a decision is upcoming on whether or not assessment will be moved to the county level and we find a confused picture in government generally.

Isn't there some hope for direction? Will it take yet more reports and studies to reach acceptable conclusions?

How soon, we wonder, will the province take the first necessary step and decide whether, in fact, there is to be any move to regional government. The province has not formally committed itself in this direction, although moves such as that to consolidate school boards and boards of education at the county level, indicate some commitments are being made toward larger units. Whether they will be regional or an updated county scheme is not clear.

And if local government gets its lines clear and boundaries well established we wonder how meaningful they will be. Are they liable to overcome some of the major problems encountered when a landowner finds a price is right even though the proposed use after sale doesn't fit into the master scheme? We doubt the firming up of areas of government on a larger or smaller scale can overcome the difficulties of making the best use of our land.

It might be helpful though if some firm direction could be given in the field of regional, local or county government. But then that's the reason for all the studies. Now it seems we need decision makers.



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

A few notes on the Bruce Trail this week, as gleaned from a recent monthly newsletter "The Bruce News" published by the Ontario B. T. Association.

The Trail has just been walked, end to end, by a 12-year-old boy named Elmer Cserhalmi of Caledon Hills. It's a 434 mile trek to trudge the trail from Tobermory to Niagara, and Elmer is believed to be the youngest to traverse the entire length.

He did it on 28 separate trips, mostly on weekends, and he averaged 15.5 miles per day. Besides walking it, he pushed a bicycle wheel to clock actual mileage, and his findings will be published in the newest edition of the Bruce Trail guidebook.

How's that for an example of ambitious youth?

The same newsletter reports on two Toronto ladies who also completed the trail from end to end.

"However we feel that the future is rather bleak for all those who have completed the entire Trail," comments newsletter editor Doug Brown of Cooksville. "After all, what is there left to do? It is clear we need more hiking trails in Southern Ontario to satisfy the voracious appetites of our more energetic members."

The newsletter makes an appeal to the local Halton Region Conservation Authority to preserve the Hilton Falls dam and reservoir area in Nassagaweya in its present natural state, and not make a wide-open public parksite there.

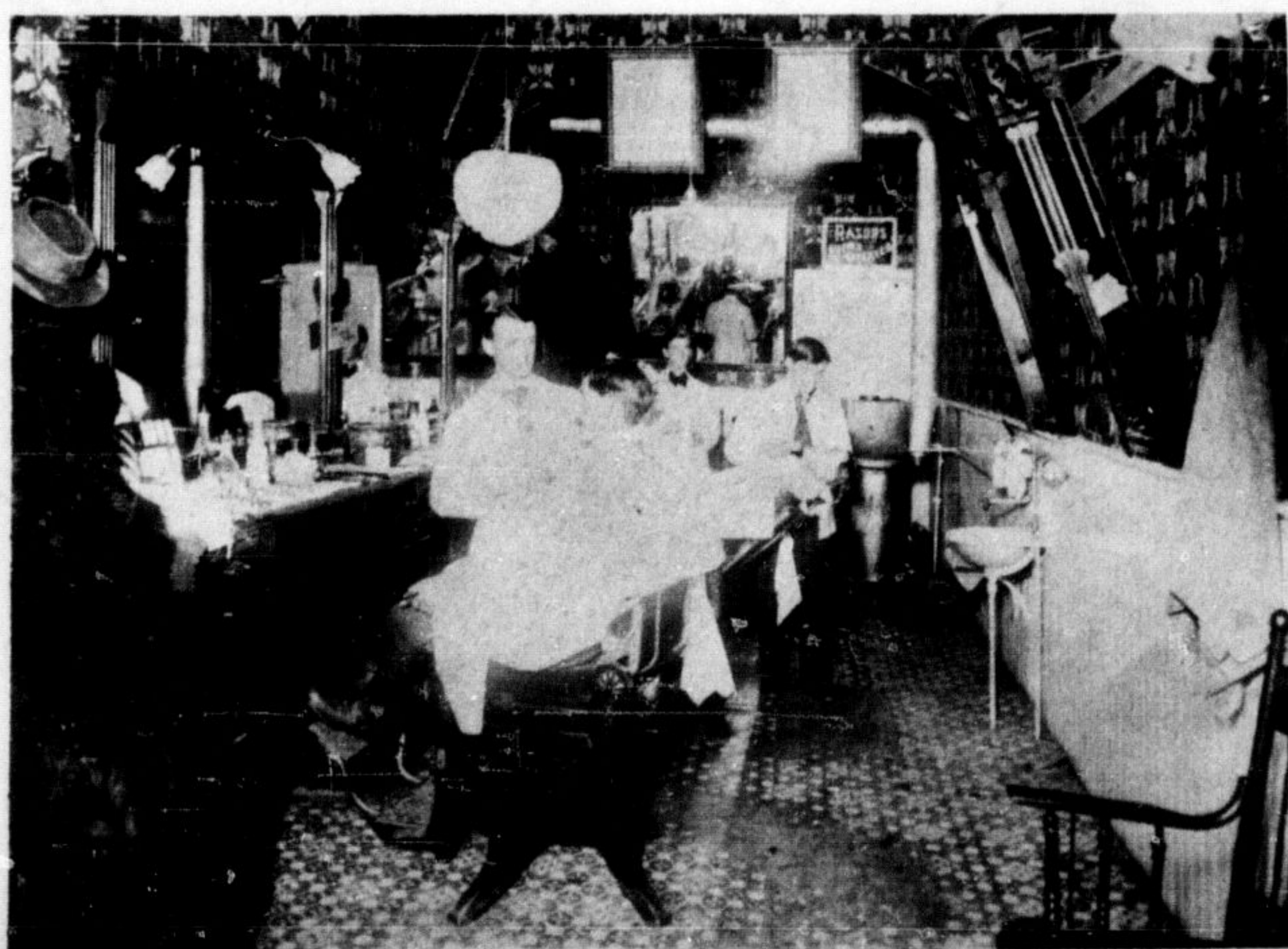
Apparently alarmed at a newspaper's suggestion that a camping ground for tents and trailers might be built within the area, the Trail newsletter makes an urgent plea for preservation of the area in its

natural condition. I'm sure the H.R.C.A. feels the same way, as there have never been any proposals to make the Hilton Falls area another Kelso, where recreation overshadows the original purpose of water shortage.

"The Hilton Falls area is within a larger tract of wilderness adjacent to the escarpment, consisting of beaver swamps, mixed hardwood forests and abandoned meadows. The tract is unique, being by far the largest forested region close to the golden horseshoe of Lake Ontario. In addition it contains unusual limestone outcroppings (e.g. a natural bridge), large fissures in the rock, vertical limestone cliffs, a cascade, a picturesque waterfall, and several deep valleys with boulder-strewn streams. The abandoned meadows, many now overgrown with thorn trees, are natural havens for all kinds of birdlife and are favorite haunts of birdwatchers. This whole wild area has an atmosphere of remoteness which is amazing considering much of it is within a mile's distance of Highway 401," says editor Brown.

"What we are really trying to suggest is that the area is fascinating just the way it is, and that it would not be wise to destroy it by overdevelopment. It would be a disaster if the uniqueness of the region were sacrificed to the expediency of attracting the largest possible crowds. We feel that quality of use is sometimes of greater importance than quantity and that a few areas should be set aside with this in mind. By "Quality of use" we do not mean to imply any qualitative difference between birdwatchers and trailer campers (they are sometimes one and the same), but rather good use of the natural facilities already present in the area. We feel that the Hilton Falls area offers a perfect opportunity to establish the principle of qualitative use," he concludes.

## PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



ANDERSON'S BARBER SHOP near the turn of the century, showed the old style fittings that once adorned a men's tonsorial emporium. William Anderson, shown cutting hair in the foreground, owned it then and his son Charles An-

derson still operates the shop in the same location. Note the con coat, the wallpaper, the potbellied stove, the linoleum and the chairs in use during that period.

## Pages of the Past

from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion September 2, 1948.

Only two were injured on Wednesday morning when two freight trains collided about 5:30 at Georgetown to pile up one of the biggest wrecks that has been seen in this district. Twenty cattle were killed in the two cars or had to be destroyed, and about 15 cars were derailed, piled up and their contents strewn over the railway tracks. All travel on the line from Toronto to Stratford was suspended on Wednesday as well as the line north and south from Barrie to Hamilton and through Milton. Engineer Harry Hendrick suffered a broken ankle and fireman Leonard Fairly was badly cut about the hands and face. Both were taken to hospital. Both jumped just before the crash after the brakes had been slammed on and a collision was seen unavoidable. The accident occurred about 5:30. It appears that the caboose and several freight cars were standing on the main line in Georgetown just west of the station while the engine was taking on water. The noise of the crash was described by nearby residents as similar to heavy thunder. The fire siren sounded shortly after the crash and many thought an explosion had occurred. The Georgetown brigade confined the fire to one car which caught fire right after the collision.

Over 400 people jammed the Princess Theatre last week to attend one of the best local-talent shows staged in Milton in many years. It was a benefit concert with a score of artists from Milton, Campbellville, Bronte and the surrounding districts taking part.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion September 5, 1918.

We are getting another lead in the United States, that of the saving of gasoline, by the dropping of all pleasure riding on Sundays. Sunday sales of gasoline are prohibited and car owners are asked to conserve gasoline, as it is so essential for war purposes. They are responding splendidly. The few who do not respond and take their cars out on Sundays are hooted, it is reported. A movement is on foot in Toronto for following the American lead. It should be successful and result in not only a big saving of gasoline, but a big increase in church attendance.

A garden party will be held at the U.P. Mansel, Manswood, on Friday evening, September 13.

A grand school children's parade will leave the town hall, Milton on Fair Day,

October 9 at 1:30 p.m. T. B. Galbraith offers a large flag, value \$10, for the best chorus of pupils.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 5, 1868.

In the last official Gazette we find the following patents granted to citizens of this County:—James Nichol, of the Township of Nelson, in the County of Halton, Mill Wright, "A new and useful machine or apparatus for cleaning the boilers of Steam Engines" — Dated Ottawa, May 1868, Jacob Lawrence, of the village of Palermo, in the County of Halton, Machinist, "A certain new and useful improvement in the Cutter Bars of Reaping and Mowing Machines" — Dated Ottawa, 10 July, 1868. Jacob Peart, of the Township of Nelson, in the County of Halton, Yeoman, "A new and useful application to the land wheel of Marr's Patent Plough Holder" — Dated Ottawa, 1st April, 1868. William Stephenson, of the village of Knatchbull, in the County of Halton, Blacksmith, "A new and useful wrought iron Plough share" — Dated Ottawa, 11th May, 1868, George James Baker of the town of Oakville in the County of Halton, Livery Stable Keeper, "A new and improved Washing Machine" — Dated Ottawa, 5th June, 1868.

A Mrs. Flint sold a hen's egg in Chatham the other day, which was eight and one-half inches by seven and one-quarter inches, and weighed four and one-half pounds. Mrs. Flint herself weighs 337 and one-half pounds. What a country this is!

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