



# Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

\* Agreement was won from County Council to refer back to committee the Rotary Club's request for purchase of a sliver of land at Halton Manor, but there were plenty of indications the item wouldn't receive kindly treatment on the second round. The Club has been negotiating and discussing for nearly a year on the use of a half acre for construction of the proposed senior citizen housing project. Comments from the chairman of the county committee responsible for the initial rejection, indicate he has not changed his view and there is every possibility the club will be starting to look all over again for the necessary centrally-located site.

\* In Toronto, Chatham and Sault Ste. Marie, citizen groups are currently devoting one night a week to classes conducted by the Ontario Conference on Local Government, to gain a broader understanding of local government. The course covers the history of local government in Ontario, its present operational procedures and an idea of how to become more actively involved. One official has described the course as a program designed to reach and interest

those citizens who feel the municipal scene is running away from them. Seems to me that's most of us. Maybe such a course would have local appeal.

\* The high school commencement this week honors many students who have achieved success in completing their secondary school education, or in achieving certain standings along the way to that goal. There will be a good many of them and in these days of reading so much about the protest movements, and the uproar in schools and universities it is worthwhile to slow down for a minute to salute those high school students who have quietly gone about the business of obtaining a high school education.

\* I think the organizers of the tribute to Dr. MacDonald at Kilbride deserve some commendation. Too often saying thanks publicly is done only with flowers when an individual is in a casket. I'm all in favor of saying thanks to people who have earned a special tribute, while they themselves can enjoy it and in future years draw strength from it. Dr. MacDonald isn't retiring but people just decided it was time to say thanks—and I applaud them for it.



A SEA OF COLOR surrounds us each autumn, and Halton's picturesque escarpment is a popular spot for Sunday drives. This is the view from the Campbellville sideroad just east of the village. (Staff Photo)

# Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Last month, I wrote of my annual love affair with September. It seemed to hit the spot. Fan mail doubled, from two to four letters. I even received a declaration of love from a lady who shall be nameless.

But October is another matter. I think we Canadians love it in a different way, this most glorious month of the year. It's the month when we wake up, come alive, feel the blood coursing through our hardening arteries.

It's a shattering experience for someone from another country to visit Canada in October. They are used to a change in the fall. Their leaves turn pallid browns and yellows. But when they see a vista of woods and water on a golden Canadian October day, they are literally stricken breathless.

We say, "Pretty, ain't it?" An Irishman might say in awe, "Dear God, Himself has dumped a rainbow, all but the blue, into your woods. And the blue He has flung, entirely, into your water."

But the vast, mad artist's palette, thrown across the country, is only part of the October scene and mood.

There's a quickening of the spirit that infects everyone. Fall fairs, those stubborn relics of a pioneer day, add their special flavor. Parades and pumpkin pies, hot dogs and horse races, and the warm, yellow wine of a Canadian October day, are unforgettable.

Hunters go into their special trance in this month. They crouch in duck blinds, they crawl through fences, they curse their misses. (And sometimes their missuses, who can't see the point of it all.)

Golfers go goofy in October, desperately trying to get in the last few rounds, losing balls by the dozen among the fallen leaves, and praying for one more good weekend.

Sailing enthusiasts snatch every chance to get out in that perfect weather the month so often provides: nice breeze, warm sun, water so blue it makes your

heart leap. And so cold it makes your hands ache.

October is ecstasy for the sport fan. World Series, pro hockey, and football at its height. He can sit staring at the machine until he hears senility and has to be spoon-fed.

Great month for the student. He has got through that middle of September, and can now settle down to the serious business of falling in love, falling behind in his work, and falling into deep water, in that order.

And then, there's the burning of the leaves, a ritual which should be on the Canadian coat of arms. There's a tremendous satisfaction in scooping up a bushel basket of dry leaves, piling them on the fire on a dusky October eve, and seeing the orange and yellow flames spear skyward, searing the telephone wires.

Every year, I feel a pang of pity for the apartment-dweller, with no leaves to burn. He's like a kid who never gets a firecracker of his own to set off on the 24th of May.

And when does the city-dweller ever get the sheer, human satisfaction of seeing a sprightly north-west breeze pick all the leaves off his lawn and deposit them accurately on the lawn of his neighbor, who hates leaves and is always trying to keep his lawn raked?

And the thrill of the apple crops. The soft little fruits of September, the peaches and pears that go rotten so quickly, are gone. And you drive through the orchard country, trees drooping with red, and you pick up a bushel of spies, and you bite, and the juice spurts right over your shoulder. Food for the gods. Provided their teeth are not falsies.

And there's just enough sadness, as October nears its end, and days shorten, and trees bare, and gloomy November puts his clammy nose over your shoulder, to heighten all the joys of this most remarkable month, and make it something that is distinctly Canadian and distinctly you.



# Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

I am constantly amazed at the scope of credit buying in Canada. These days you not only charge your gas and your clothes, you can run up a tab for car repairs, meals, hotel accommodations and just about anything else you fancy.

The credit card is becoming so much a way of our life, we seem to be heading toward a cashless society. But the credit card people haven't got me fooled—I hold a couple of cards and I know from experience that the simple possession of a charge card encourages people to buy more than they can really afford.

It's happened to me—more than once—and that's why I've limited myself to just the two cards. One's for gas for my car, the other lets me go on wild shopping sprees at a large department store. Really, the department store card is like a millstone around my neck, for my wife and I are forever charging things we probably need but can't afford, but \$10 a month seems so much easier than paying cash as you go when the kids need clothes, and really the store does have a lot of things we can use, and they'll even deliver to your door, and—well, darn it, you see what I mean!

The reason I'm writing about credit cards this week, is because I've recently been deluged with new cards and several suggestions I should apply for more cards. In the past two weeks I've had five offers and it's a little disturbing that so many people are so willing to let me buy things on time.

First came a new credit card from a gasoline company, all made out in my name and everything, accompanied by a letter explaining that I was such a solid citizen the company didn't mind me owning one of their cards. To save me the trouble of filling out all the forms, they simply made out a charge plate in my name and sent it in the mail.

A couple of days later a large department store at Burlington Mall did the same thing—their charge card arrived in the mail, all made out in my name and ready to start piling up the bills. Both these firms suggested if I did not want to use their card (horrors) I should either mail it back or destroy it.

(Aside: a friend tells me several people in town received cards from the same department store. One was found on the main street, where it had fallen from a garbage can, and the honest finder was good enough to cut it in half before he threw it away. But what would have happened if some unscrupulous character had picked up that card? If he had gone on a spree at the Mall and signed the proper card owner's name, would the card owner not be responsible for the charges?)

My next offer came from an automotive supply firm, who mailed me a pile of propaganda and an invitation to join their chain store credit club. Included with the literature was an application for a credit card.

Next day a bank invited me to apply for another new form of credit card, a banker's guarantee that my cheques are good anywhere, anytime. It comes complete with colored photograph of the card-holder.

Short of both gas and cash one night, and being nowhere near a service station where my gas credit card is valid, I decided to try out a station that proclaimed from a large sign out front that any gas credit card would be honored. They honored my card alright—the deal is that anyone holding any company's gas card is eligible to receive, right there on the spot, both a tankful of gas on credit plus a form to fill out that brings you one of THEIR credit cards. Being stuck, I used it once, and threw it away.

What next, may I ask?

# Champion Editorial Page

## A breath of fresh air...

The resolution of County Council last week in calling for some action on regional government was like a breath of fresh air in the report-strewn history of the topic.

For once the county showed some leadership. The unanimous endorsement of the call for some Provincial assistance showed how sick even the politicians are of reports and endless debate.

Specifically this is how the resolution read: "Whereas the need for Regional Government has been firmly established;

"And whereas the Provincial Government through the Select Committee studying the Report of the Ontario Committee on Taxation (Smith Report) have indicated a willingness towards Regional Government; therefore be it resolved that the Council of the Corporation of the County of Halton petition the Minister of Municipal Affairs to acknowledge the desire of Halton County and proceed with the transition to Regional Government in Halton County."

The resolution isn't the end, it's only the beginning. No boundaries are proposed and no preconceived notions are outlined in the resolution. It does appear, however, the county may have assumed the

present county boundaries would form a regional unit.

Despite the arguments against this in the Plunkett report, the Select Committee on the Smith Report appeared to favour such a solution. So too, does the logic of this area at this particular point in time.

Reports to the Interim School Organization Committee reveal there are not the disparities between the urban and rural sections of Halton that are often assumed, lending support to the concept that Halton is a reasonable unit of government.

Despite efforts to magnify them too, there are not the problems at the County level where sharp north-south positions are taken. Rarely do we see a vote in which positions are based on geographical location. A case in point was the assessment commissioner system which was defeated—not entirely by the southern representatives.

There is a long road yet to any revision in local government but it may not be as strewn with impossible road blocks as it once was. A revision of the present system of County government may be all that is required and logic may prevail in pointing that out if the existence of parochial "empires" is not allowed to encumber the politicians' thinking.

# Pages of the Past

## 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion October 28, 1948.

Following postponement, ideal weather conditions prevailed to make the annual inter-school track and field day for Acton, Georgetown and Milton Public Schools, one of the best since its inception. Pupils from the three schools vied for honors in the different events, and in many cases competition was very keen. While there were no individual champions decided, it was a rule that one competitor was only eligible for two events as well as being a member of the relay team. Three Milton pupils, Frances Lemon, Ruth Brazier and Don Wilson, had the honor of winning two events each and amassing a total of 18 points for their school.

A sentence totalling 20 years in Kingston Penitentiary with 80 strokes of the strap was meted out to five young men convicted on a charge of assault with intent to rob while armed, by Magistrate Kenneth M. Langdon in Magistrate's court in Milton last night. The five were jointly charged with the offence in which a shot was fired while they were attempting to rob Donald Anderson Allan, a Bronte druggist October 2. Evidence disclosed Allan was wounded in the abdomen.

## 50 years ago

To prevent an epidemic of influenza at Oakville, regulations similar to those here are being enforced. The Record said last week, "Oakville so far has had no case of Spanish influenza. There are many victims of la grippe." Oakville, like Milton, thanks to precautionary measure, has the situation well in hand, but in making a distinction between Spanish influenza and la grippe, The Record differs with high authorities in Canada and the United States, who say flu and la grippe are identical. In the same issue, the Record reported the death of a little girl, adding, "she took ill about a week ago with influenza and about 12 hours before her death it developed into pneumonia."

Burning the leaves as they fall is waste. If piled up and covered with a little oil to keep them from blowing away, they will rot and make an excellent fertilizer, which will give body to a light sandy soil or loosen a stiff clay.

The Omagh Women's Institute has decided to cancel the November meeting that was to have been held at the home of Mrs. Henry Turner, Tuesday, owing to the danger of spreading influenza. A committee has been appointed to pack the boxes for the soldiers. Will the Institute

Mr. Kennedy announces that he will give one of his vocal entertainments in the Town Hall on the 12th prox. The Hall will doubtless be crowded to excess, as it is only once in a lifetime we can have such a favorable opportunity to hear the great Scottish vocalist.

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# PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



MILTON BRICK WORKS employees posed for a photograph earlier in the century. Standing in front are an unknown man, Jack Fetter, Bert Knight, Tom Cochrane, Matey Marshall and Jim Transom. Second row, sitting, includes Ernie Archar, an unknown man, and Tom Perry. Kneeling behind them is Albert Charlton and the top row is an unknown man, Bob Pell and Henry Fetter.

# Cry from the heart...

Perhaps the best comment on the recent budget in which a two percent increase in personal income tax was included, is this eloquent and indignant letter from a small businessman in a recent magazine.

Dear Editor:  
I regret that the condition of my bank account has delayed payment of my subscription.

My shattered financial situation is due to the effect of federal laws, provincial laws, municipal laws, county laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, traffic laws, by-laws, outlaws and inlaws.

These laws compel me to pay excise taxes, municipal taxes, business taxes, custom taxes, sales taxes, and federal and provincial income taxes.

In addition, I am forced by the strong arm of the law to pay for a business licence, dog licence, hunting

licence, fishing licence and marriage licence.

For my own protection, I carry life insurance, hospital insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, property insurance, fire insurance, rent insurance, compensation insurance, mortgage insurance, accident insurance and old age insurance.

My business is so governed that I am regulated, inspected, disrespected, suspected, rejected, dejected, examined, re-examined, summoned and fined, until I have no time left to devote to the business itself.

I can tell you in all honesty, sir, that but for a miracle which has occurred I would not be in any position to forward the enclosed cheque. The wolf that comes to so many doors these days has just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them, and you get the money.  
Yours etc.