



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* Hamilton is all upset because Stelco officials have indicated they plan to move their head office to Toronto. It's not hard to sympathize with them. Perhaps it was unspoken but Milton people felt similar twinges when the head office of the P. L. Robertson Co. was moved from Milton to Rexdale, after being here since the firm was established more than 50 years before.

* The recent furor about students of Oakville schools taking drugs has attracted a good deal of publicity and undoubtedly caused concern in many areas. Some figures on the incidence of drug using ran fairly high but a student council poll has set the figure at 10 per cent. I don't find a great deal of relief from this lower set of figures either, though. If even 10 per cent are involved there is still a good deal of room for concern. Hopefully the amount of brain damage that can occur from the use of drugs will be kept well below that figure, even though we hear little of the very dangerous side effects that can develop from drug using. All the trips aren't good and that's the salient feature for young people to remember.

* The first issue of a new little publication called Tempo crossed my desk this week. It's a publication for the amateur poet and this issue includes a poem by Ken Brown of Milton which is reprinted from our Youth Front. The booklet is a fairly thin one but it is encouraging to see that someone is interested enough in poetry to amplify the

work of some of the very good amateur poets. Those who follow some of the poetry by youth on the Youth Front will know the art of writing such material is far from disappearing. Congratulations to Ken, too, for making the first issue of Tempo.

* Observing the American election from a distance didn't seem to leave me with any greater enthusiasm for any of the candidates than the observers closer to the scene. I'm frankly not impressed with Richard Nixon, perhaps mainly because I'm not too sure his attitude toward Canada will be that which we might desire. I'm prepared to wait and see.

* It may be that some day it will be hard to recognize friends seen after lengthy separations. What with new hearts, new kidneys and now artificial corneas a friend could become an overhauled stranger.

* For fast information on Canada it's hard to beat Quick Canadian Facts. The little pocket-size book crams in thousands of facts on geography, history, government, politics, people and every other phase of Canadian affairs. All in 160 pages, too.

* I was surprised to receive a certificate of appreciation from the Boy Scouts Association during the Sunday ceremony in front of the town hall. It is one certainly shared by all the staff at The Champion for the team work that made possible the coverage of the Jamboree. The thanks of all of us goes to the Scouts for this recognition of our collective efforts.



THEY'RE STILL PLOWING with horses in recent Halton Plowing Match, turning a neat furrow each time around. (Staff Photo)

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



It's deer-hunting time again, and though I've never been known as The Deerslayer, I have been under attack. The worst deer hunter in the whole entire world has come out in print charging that I am the worst deer hunter in the world. I'll go for second worst, but I'll not be slandered like that.

All I can say is that "Skinny Wyonch must have the gout again." As I've pointed out before, this was the greatest one-line filler ever used in the newspaper business.

A filler is a little item used in newspapers to plug a hole. They can run up to ten lines, but they can't be any shorter than one. When we were desperate for a one-liner to fill a hole on the front page one time, we stuck it in. "Skinny Wyonch has the gout." And he did. He couldn't even sue us. Next time we were frantic for a one-liner, we inserted, "Skinny Wyonch has the gout. Again." And he did.

Now, probably suffering from gout, he has written a scurrilous article in which he beats around every conceivable bush, including the mulberry, (and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd been into the mulberry, which would give him the gout) trying to suggest that I am a worse deer hunter than he.

This is not only like the pot calling the kettle black. It is like one politician claiming that his opponent is a bigger liar than he is.

Skinny now sits in my old editorial chair, once occupied by the second worst deer hunter in the world, now by the worst. In a recent article, gout-inspired obviously, he recalled the time we'd gone hunting together.

As far as it was in his nature, he told the truth about me. He said I had no sense of direction in the bush. Well, any damn fool can get lost in the bush, and thousands do every year. That proves nothing.

He said I didn't know how to chop wood. So what? I didn't hire on as a wood-chopper. He said I fell in the lake every time we climbed into the skiff to cross the bight to the island. Some of those pansies along were afraid to get their feet wet. Just because it was November.

And he suggested that I put 3.55 rifle shells in John Desjardin's 32 rifle. That's a lie. It was Teemy Wright's 30.30.

But it is incredible how feeble his memory has become (possibly gout-induced) about the important things. He didn't mention that he never once fired his gun at a moving target. He shot at a tree once and very nearly hit it. But I actually fired twice at a deer, about 40 seconds after he had disappeared into the cedars. I think it was a deer.

It has not seeped back into his consciousness how I solved the food problem. We were stormbound for four extra days on a desert island. The others, eating like hogs, wanted to cook that last roast of beef. But I was in charge of food rationing. When I finally decided to unwrap it, it turned out to be five pounds of cheese rather than beef, but nobody starved. Some of us have foresight; some hindsight.

And he's completely forgotten that trip home from the island, after ten days of 40-mile-an-hour wind and snow. "My wife'll kill me," was the plaintive whimper. I knew it was too late for that. I knew mine would boil me in oil.

But at their urging, these manly hunters, we took off into the pitch-dark, in a snowstorm, 12-foot waves, a leaking boat, five deer on the top deck, and the electric pump on the bummer.

They lay in their bunks, green and groaning, while the old fighter-pilot, the well-driller and the middle-aged guide saved their skins.

No sense of direction indeed. You should have seen me steering through that black snowstorm, while John got up on the pee-deck (no poop-deck on this boat) to take a look into the nothing, and Teemy manned the pumps.

I don't mind him, gout-oppressed, trying to bolster his ego. But I resent it when he shows no gratitude for the people who saved his life.

Champion Editorial Page

County board elections...

It seems entirely possible that Milton citizens may choose their single representative to the new County Board of Education in the quietest way possible, while other communities in the county reflect more interest.

It's as close as next Monday that citizens throughout Halton will begin the process of selecting the people who will form the first County Board of Education.

In Nassagaweya, Esquesing, Acton and Georgetown it ties in with the regular municipal elections. But in Milton, Oakville and Burlington, where it is an off-year for municipal elections, only the county board will be contested. Candidates in most municipalities are popping out of the woodwork from school boards and boards of education. In Milton John Noble, chairman of the Milton District High School Board, is the only declared candidate for the single Milton seat on the county board. It well may be an acclamation.

Nassagaweya voters this year will also be casting votes on the question of permitting Sunday racing at Mohawk. Bill Coulter and Ross Gordon will not be seeking re-election and there is, as yet, no declared opposition to Bill Hoey's announced candidacy for the reeve's chair.

In Georgetown the Mayor has two opponents, if he seeks re-election, as has the mayor of Acton. We haven't heard any formal reports from Esquesing on

challengers or candidates there but it's likely some interest will have developed by Monday. This year Esquesing has allowed a longer period of time between the nominations and election than it has in previous years.

Elections for the County Board of Education and for the County Separate School Board this year have provided some interesting twists. Acton citizens, who share a representative to the county board of education with Nassagaweya must go to the township to nominate to that position. Separate school supporters who want to participate in nominating two representatives to the County Board must go to Burlington while nominations for the single seat on the County Separate School Board for Milton, Esquesing and Nassagaweya will be made at Milton.

Elections that follow are uniformly scheduled throughout the county for December 2.

The introduction of the county board of education this year, should in itself create some unusual interest in the nominations and election. Milton, for instance will be replacing its seven member public school board and its seven member district high school board with one person. It may well be the size of the job itself has frightened off a good many candidates.

However it shakes down, Monday night is the night citizens shine—if they care, that is.

Adventure in Brotherhood...

The presentation to the citizens of the town of Milton of a Medal of Merit by the Boy Scouts Association, underlines the importance of the individual in community accomplishment.

The presentation was in recognition of the response of citizens to the crisis which developed when the Ontario Scout Jamboree was rained out of its Kelso site in August. The 2,500 Scouts and leaders evacuated the site to points in Milton. Citizens, alerted to the problem, took the boys and leaders into their homes drying clothes, feeding them and billeting them overnight.

It wasn't some inanimate "town" that accomplished all this—it was the individual citizens, the families and the understanding parents who would have wished for their own boys, in a similar situation, the same kind of warm, open-hearted treatment.

The communication of the problem was accomplished through various "networks" but the mobilization was swift and successful. It might even be regarded as one of those modern day miracles which gives us a glimpse of what can be accomplished through a generosity of understanding.

The staff of the Jamboree was particularly aware of the reception received by boys and leaders. The responsibility the staff faced in caring for the boys in the face of this crisis was a heavy one. The fact they appreciated the concern and care of the citizens was tangibly expressed in three park benches presented Sunday by the staff members themselves, to the people of Milton.

Certainly the Scouts and their leaders benefited from the experience at Kelso and Milton. But more important, we feel, was the benefit to the people of Milton



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Following too closely is one of the most common, most dangerous, most obvious and least checked forms of bad driving.

Tailgaters come in assorted shapes and sizes, all repulsive. You find them everywhere, but mostly two feet from your rear bumper. Undertakers love them, drivers hate them, empty highways frustrate them, and who knows what prudes them.

A tailgater is ignorance with a weapon at its command—death with a gleam in its eye—stupidity with the power to kill—irresponsibility with a driver's licence. His is the diet of Dracula, the energy of a 400 horsepower engine, the curiosity of a rear bumper inspector, the enthusiasm of a horseman in hot pursuit of Lady Godiva, and the bashfulness of a fullback three yards from the enemy goal lines.

No one is more familiar with hospitals or traffic courts. When you don't want him, he's grinning at you in your rear-view mirror. Nobody else can cram into 20 years of driving, 40 cars and shoved-in front ends.

And when he gives you the "snap", "crackle" and "pop" of your upper vertebrae in a rear-end collision and comes to visit you while you're in traction, he has not lost his power to bring tears to your eyes. He does it with those ancient, familiar words: "I ain't got no insurance."

The Champion, like many other newspapers, averages at least four readers per copy, probably more if borrowing, lending and sending each issue is taken into consideration. All of which brings forth a little story which was first published more than 40 years ago. Some of the phrases have been up-dated but the moral remains the same:

It seems that a factory worker sent his young lad across the street to borrow the neighbor's newspaper. On the way the boy upset a hive of bees and was stung about 50 times. His father, noticing the boy's predicament, rushed to his aid, catching his foot on the ground wire of the television antenna, causing him to fall and sprain an ankle, at the same time breaking a \$185. occasioned the excitement, upset a case of beer into the fish bowl, causing the guppies to become inebriated, occasioned the excitement, upset a case of beer into the fish bowl, causing the guppies to become inebriated.

While out of the house the electric iron she had been using burned through the ironing board, setting fire to the house. In extinguishing the blaze the firemen broke all of the windows and chopped a hole in the roof. The baby, left unattended, managed to eat the better part of a jar of dill pickles and the doctor's bill for pumping his stomach was \$62.

Meanwhile the young, attractive daughter who didn't have anything to do while all of this was taking place, ran off with the hippie who lived up the street; the dog became rabid and bit the neighbor's child, the sump pump quit working and the basement became flooded, and the union boss phoned to tell the factory worker that he had just gone on strike.

Oh, yes, the moral—Subscribe to your hometown paper, don't borrow it!

Off the cuff ..

You've heard of the crackerjack salesman who could sell refrigerators to the Eskimos. He exists! A department store in the Yukon reports a brisk business in freezer sales, especially in Whitehorse where there are 2,200 homes with electricity.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



JUST BEFORE the Lorne Scouts went overseas in 1939, this group gathered with their favorite ladies for a farewell party.

Can you recognize any of them? (Photo Courtesy George Homewood)

Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, November 11, 1948.

Four people narrowly escaped serious injury when their cars were in collision on the First Line about a mile south of Milton Saturday night. According to the investigating officer, James Lyons was proceeding south and a car driven by Garnet Colling of Lowville was travelling north when both cars were in a side-swipe collision. The impact forced both cars into the opposite ditches, Provincial Officer Al Lemmon said. He estimated damage to both cars at \$150. Mrs. Lyons, an occupant of the Lyons car, with Miss Colling riding with her brother, were uninjured. Both cars were later towed to Milton garages. The accident occurred about 200 yards north of the Lyons' farm home.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, November 14, 1918.

Milton was not behind other cities and towns last Monday in celebrating the gloriousness of the signing of the armistice, the abdication of the last of the Hohenzollerns and the end of the bloodiest war in the world's history. Mayor Earl proclaimed a half holiday. There was a great display of bunting. At 3 p.m. a procession was formed near the public school and proceeded, headed by the band, via Main and Brown Streets to Victoria Park. There were many motor cars, decorated with allied flags, etc. That of Sheriff Webster, on which there was a life-sized effigy of Kaiser Bill, uniformed, with hack boots and upturned mustache would have carried off the prize had there been one. There were calithumpians and bands of boys blowing horns, banging tin cans and two of them carrying effigies of the execrated men of the war. There was a tremendous turnout of the town and people in the surrounding country. At the park, Reeve Little was chairman, and after a prayer by Rev. O. F. Cooke, gave a short

opening address and introduced the speakers, Judge Elliot and Dr. R. K. Anderson, M.P. The speech of His Honor, the Judge, was on the same lines as that of Sir William Hearst on the Sunday, concluding with a logical and stirring appeal for victory loans.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, November 13, 1868.

A brute entered the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, a few days ago, and offered a despatch addressed to a lady, couched in language so profane as to raise the question of the propriety of its reception. Are we supposed to know or recognize the language or despatch? Must we not accept everything offered to us? Are we to be the judges of the morality of messages? Such are the questions which sometimes puzzle receivers in the performance of their duty. In the case referred to, an appeal was made to the chief executive officer, who promptly endorsed upon it as follows, "This message must be refused, no matter what the consequences may be." This was formerly, and we trust now will be the understood rule. No brute should be allowed to use the wires for the conveyance of his vulgarity, and messages of this character, essentially profane or obscene may with safety be refused. In the reception of messages having in view the commission of crime, the law rejects the idea of an obligation on the part of telegraph companies to receive whatever is handed to them.

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themselves. A new community spirit was kindled, the satisfaction of accomplishment was felt and that glimpse of what can be accomplished through generosity of understanding, was experienced.

We thank the Scouts and their leaders for their presence in Milton. The experience shared gave us all a meaningful Adventure in Brotherhood, the theme of the Jamboree itself.