



Jim's Jottings by jim dills

* Change permeates the air. In this area change is so dramatic and constant I often wonder what it would be like without it. The railroads are involved in change. For Milton it means, subject to the approval of the Canadian Transport Commission, that there will be no agent at the C.P.R. station. Does it really matter or would a fight to retain an agent here merely be a nostalgic attempt to thwart what is labelled as progress? I'd like to get some letters on the subject. In Acton a major effort was launched on the matter dealing with the CNR there. It was successful enough to impede the move and the railway now must justify its actions and plans. Does anyone here really care about removal of the CPR agent?

* In mid-January, when the Halton County Board of Education established its headquarters in Oakville, I called editorially for the board to rotate some of its meetings through other municipalities. The Board has now announced that its next meeting will be in Acton on February 27. On March 27 the Board will meet in Milton and on April 24 in Georgetown. There's been so much talk about the County Board that it will now be interesting to see how many people are interested enough to attend a meeting arranged in their "back yard" to see the Board at work. I hope people in all the communities are interested enough to do more than talk about the Board and its activities.

* A recommendation that the Victorian Order of Nurses be expanded to north Halton areas was formulated for

consideration of municipal councils recently. It strikes me as one of the more worthy services that could be made available and the cost is minimal. How much happier many would be to recuperate at home if it was known competent nursing service was available on a visit basis. How much more economical it would be than building and building and building hospital facilities. Hopefully municipal councils will take a reasonable approach to the subject and its possibilities.

* The three men Halton County Councillors named to meet with the Minister of Municipal Affairs carry a large load on their shoulders. The difficulty councillors had in arriving at any appointments illustrates that. All are concerned about their municipality and its future. Will the representatives chosen be big enough to consider the whole county, even over their own municipality's interests, remains to be seen. It's a big load to carry and the end result is bound to lead to a measure of unhappiness.

* Do you have hard back books, good paperbacks, National Geographics or Reader's Digests that could be helpful in stocking the library on the Oshweken Public Library of the Six Nations Reserve? To the end of February only, you can leave them at E. B. Clements office on Main St. or Mrs. A. H. Tufford's at 146 Mill St. Last week we reported the spontaneous effort of a group of area women to meet a need. Perhaps you can help, in the next two days.



Down[s] in this Corner with roy downs

Some random questions on being stuck at home with a head cold:

How come I can be this sick with a disease that doesn't even have a national foundation?

Why do all the lousy TV movies show up on the days I'm home sick, while the good shows are all scheduled for the evenings I have to work?

Have you ever tried to rest quietly in bed, like all the aspirin commercials say you're supposed to, with two youngsters playing a combined game of cowboys and Indians and monster in the next room?

Did you know most of Canada's industrial plants report their worst period for lost time through illness is the two month period following Christmas? It seems everyone gets worn to a frazzle by the time the big celebration comes along, and most of them collapse with a cold or flu as soon as it's over.

How come they can shoot a man into space, split the atom and send a message around the world in seconds, yet they still haven't discovered a cure for the common cold?

Do you know how many other words you can form from the seven letters in the word "aspirin"? Fellow Scrabble game devotees will do well at this one, so give it a whirl. Come on, try it and write down your words before you look at my answers below.

What prompts all your long-lost friends to call you up and invite you out for the evening, when you're home suffering from a cold?

And why do I always have to get sick on weekends, and not through the week when my infirmity might warrant a few days off work?

Small change...

An ever increasing part of personal income goes to support activities in which the taxpayer has little, if any interest, and over which he has no control, except in an indirect way at election time.

Take the National Museum of Man, a typical product of someone at Ottawa who has a hobby-horse and likes to ride it. Recently the fount of governmental largesse awarded \$300,000 in varying amounts—a relatively small sum, but still money—to certain people in Canada. Among those who received slices of the melon are: a lady who is to "produce a puppet-show illustrating Canadian folk-tales for permanent exhibit;" a man who is conducting "experiments in the effects of vocal and instrumental music on the germination and growth of plants;" and a man who is making "a comprehensive study among Canadian Eskimo groups on man-dog interaction in its several forms."

Take the change out of your pocket right now and realize where some of it is going to end up.

In the big league of governmental generosity is the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, which bears a price-tag of \$46,000,000. True, the original estimate was a mere \$9,000,000. Some may say that's small change for a national edifice of that nature, but it is not a trifle on the tax bills.

In June a festival will be held at the Centre, the predicted cost of which is \$625,000, of which "it is hoped that \$125,000 can be recovered at the box-office." Another half million for which the taxpayer must pay.

The people buy a few beers at the weekend. The government does likewise, but its "beers" are all too far beyond the "few" of the ordinary citizen who has to count his pennies before going out on the town.



Down a country lane

Editorial Page

Adventure of the spirit...

Contemporary life is not notable for cultivation of the devotional spirit. The stance of meditation and prayer rarely makes headlines, but on the first Friday in March it comes into its own.

The World's Day of Prayer is exactly what its name suggests—a time when in Canada about 150,000 women and girls of many denominations (joined of late by Roman Catholics and Greek Orthodox) gather in some 3,700 different locales to sing the same hymns and pray the same prayers that women on six continents and at least 147 countries are also using during the identical 24-hour period.

It begins in the South Seas and moves westward finishing on the St. Lawrence Islands in the Arctic. Each year the service is prepared in a different part of the globe; in 1969 African women from South Africa, Zambia, Kenya, Nigeria, Ghana and the Congo wrote the material which was subsequently translated into 1,000 languages and dialects. The co-ordinator was Miss Cox van Heenstra, a staff member of the All Africa Church Conference.

In Canada "the day" becomes

yearly more inclusive. At Hagarville, Ontario, in 1968, 45 women from the Six Nation Reserve participated along with their Caucasian counterparts. In Sechelt, B. C., Indian women took part for the first time and Indian children sang. Dixville, Quebec, and Norton, Vermont, which lie on either side of the international boundary joined forces with Canada as host; they will reverse this season.

Preparations in settled communities are made by an inter-church committee, and in big cities services are arranged in districts so they are readily reached.

The offerings which last year were more than \$75,000 are used for humanitarian and educational work in many parts of the world—Inter-church aid and service to refugees; missions to lepers; books in Braille.

In the midst of international tensions with nuclear power all too available, this conscious linking of many diverse peoples in a fellowship of the heart stirs the imagination and gives rise to hope. We may yet learn to live together—indeed, we must, to live at all.

On the minority...

It is common knowledge that students who want to burn down colleges, kidnap deans and the like represent only a small minority of their contemporaries. But when confronted with that fact, they shrug it off by saying most students have been brainwashed by the high schools and need only to be enlightened.

Somewhat this recalls the arguments of the agitators of the past.

Much of the campus disorder across the continent is more agitator-inspired than the public realizes. The disorders on university campuses are providing the Communists with their biggest opportunity to gain influence since communism went into decline as a result of Stalinism.

The so-called revolt of youth is giving Communists a chance to renew their strength by manipulating a mass movement, just as a generation ago they attempted to use the labor unions.

Most of the students are not involved in this, just as a generation

ago most of the workers were not. But young people can be exploited now just as their fathers were then.

Notes...

Some people stand in the present and watch the future dissolve into the past.

To be successful today a man must have the horsepower of an optimist and the emergency brake of a pessimist.

It seems that a necessity is a luxury that the Joneses have.

Most people have a gambling streak in them somewhere—particularly cigarette smokers, and drivers. The Ontario Safety League says that in an automobile collision at 20 mph the odds against suffering a fatal injury are 1,000 to 1. At 75 mph, the odds are reduced to 2 to 1.



Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

My mind is so scrambled right now that I'll be lucky if I can write three understandable sentences.

I've been trying to explain to my daughter, in an hour or so, such things as Marxism and Communism, why the Russian and Chinese types are different, where Fidel Castro fits in, why, where and when the nation of Israel was created, and why the Jews, notably non-belligerent for about 15 centuries, have a chip the size of a brick on their shoulders these days.

From there we wandered to Mahatma Ghandi, the Congo, nationalism in Africa, separatism in Canada, the Black Power movement in the States, growing anti-semitism among Negroes, and her biology test on the dissection of rats, which takes place tomorrow morning.

Golly, it would be nice to have once again a little girl, who asked such simple questions as, "Dad, does God have to go to the bathroom?"

It all began with a discussion of the student militants at universities. She is appalled at the violence of the hard core of "pacifists" who, lurking in the forefront of all the young idealists and the middle-aged "liberals", deliberately resort to violence in their efforts to catch headlines, be martyrs, and destroy an idea which has taken almost 1,000 years to build—The University.

Thankfully, we agreed that violence begets violence, and that neither of us wants any part of the whole stupid business.

Admittedly, the universities are sitting ducks. Over the years, they have grown as sleepy and fat and insolent as an old tom-cat who has been "fixed".

They have almost taken pride in their administrative inefficiency, their moribund traditions, their cosiness with The Establishment. Write a letter to a university. Three weeks later you will receive a reply, either a form letter or something completely alien to what you asked.

And admittedly, students, universally, have always been among the vanguard of rebels against the system, political or social. That's because they are idealistic,

want action, and are inclined to see things in blacks and whites (or today, blacks and reds).

But the fact remains that the universities, over the years, have become the only truly free centres (albeit timid) of sound criticism of society and its ills, in addition to their normal function of teaching people to think and/or learn a professional skill.

And another fact remains. The universities, on the whole, under pressure from within and without, have made a tremendous effort to rouse themselves from their stately torpor and scramble into the twentieth century. Even though it's two-thirds over.

In the process, they have leaned over backwards to free themselves of the rigid, puritan traditions of even 20 years ago. When I was there, living in men's residence, we were allowed to bring girls into the place once a year, on a Sunday afternoon, for a heavily chaperoned cocoa and cookie party in the common room. Now, wow!

I'm not advocating a return to those days, when university men and women were treated like bright juveniles who were basically sex-fiends and alcoholics.

But I am dismayed to see these once-great institutions cowering and cringing under the attacks of malcontented, Marxist wolf-cubs who represent a fraction of student opinion.

As Mordecai Richler pointed out recently, the real yuk of the whole affair is that while the student activists endorse anything, up to the burning of buildings, they are scared stiff lest they get a police record, which would be a serious detriment when they try to get a job in the system they are trying to destroy.

The solution? Kick out the hard-nosed boys and girls, for whom democracy is a sham anyway. Sock it to them with the law when they disturb the peace or commit vandalism. And get back to the business of educating, or teaching to think, the vast majority who want those things.

So now I'm a fascist, and a tool of the imperialistic press. I knew it at heart.

Pages of the Past from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 24, 1949.

Two Milton people escaped serious injury from an illuminating gas explosion at Gord's Lunch Room on Jane Street, Toronto, last Tuesday morning. They were Gordon Hill, proprietor, and his sister Pauline. The explosion occurred about an hour after the wind had blown out the gas flame in the oven at the rear of the store. Pauline lit another jet and returned to the front of the lunch room and while talking to the patrons there was a tremendous blast. Coffee cups bounced, chocolate bars fell from their racks, and a large glass window of the store was blown out. The two employees and five customers weren't even slightly injured by the explosion, it was reported. Except for the window, valued at \$200, there was no other damage caused to the store. "We're lucky," Gordon Hill said later, "I guess if the gas had been on longer, there would have been more in the room and we'd have gone out with the window."

At a special meeting of Nassagaweya Township council held Thursday, Feb. 15, 1949, a resolution was passed appointing George S. Fulton, assistant assessor to assist in completion of assessment under the Permanent Plan. Other members of Centennial Reunion Committee met with the council appointing committees reviewing work done by the Historical Committee, and decided on holding the reunion on July 29 to 30, 1949, at Brookville.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 27, 1919.

Mayor E. F. Earl, Judge Elliot and C. H. Stuart addressed the county council on Tuesday on the subject of the Halton-Peel Children's Shelter, and the council passed a resolution accepting their views. It is understood the shelter will be maintained on a system similar to that of the House of Refuge, with a matron in charge, each county paying its share. A number of branches of the Children's Aid Society will be organized. They will see that neglected children are sent to the Shelter, provide them with clothing and look later for suitable homes for them.

The matter of the completion of the Tansley Bridge came in for a lot of discussion by the county council on Tuesday afternoon and night. A new contract for Norman McLeod Ltd. was submitted, but it did not satisfy all the members. It was referred back for some

changes or additions. When these have been made another meeting will be called and, if the contractor does not object to them, we may expect a resumption of the work when spring opens. According to the engineers, Messrs. Bell and Connor, if the completion of the work were to be given to new contractors, that would add greatly to the expenditure.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, Feb. 25, 1869.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 10th inst., at half past five o'clock, the large frame house owned and occupied by Mr. James R. Switzer of Norval was destroyed by fire. It is supposed that the fire originated in some ashes which were kept in a barrel in the shed. The alarm was given at once, but by the time assistance arrived the flames had made their progress so much that it was found impossible to subdue them. The furniture was partially saved, but as is usually the case, was badly injured while being removed. We regret to add that the greater part of Mr. Switzer's bedding and wearing apparel was destroyed by the flames. There was no insurance on either house or furniture. We are sure Mr. Switzer has the sympathy of the entire community, as his loss is a heavy one, the house being one of the finest in the township of Esqueness. We understand that the inhabitants of Norval and vicinity have kindly offered to rebuild the house, but Mr. Switzer declines to accept this generous offer.

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