



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* It's nice to see that snow disappearing, but it certainly leaves a mess behind. All the clutter carelessly disposed of during the winter, and hidden by a fresh fall of snow periodically, now is laid bare. That's why spring becomes a clean-up time. Active campaigns, usually under the leadership of the Chamber of Commerce, have accomplished some benefits in past years and I'm wondering if it takes organization of whether people will go about the clean-up on their own? It's one of those things that can make the difference in a town.

* Educational change is a necessary thing but parents generally seem to be getting lost in the maze. It seems every time the Minister of Education makes a speech he introduces something "new". Now it seems even teachers are facing an increasing maze of change which requires constant re-training and up-dating of techniques. Impossible as it perhaps is, I think many parents would appreciate a "freeze" on changes until they can get within breathing distance of today's educational system. Even the trustees, at a recent meeting, expressed their doubts about some of the types of report cards in use and the effectiveness of communicating their child's progress.

* The accommodation for the public, provided at the meeting of the County Board of Education at the Halton County Council Chambers, was filled last Thursday. It was the largest crowd of spectators to attend a regular board

meeting this year and indicates the local interest in the activities of the Board. Holding meetings in various municipalities of the county seems one of the most desirable ways of establishing some public contact between board members and citizens.

* The high regard in which Dwight D. Eisenhower was held, both as a general and as a president in the United States as well as in Canada, is indicated by the many words spoken and written at his death. As Canadians we viewed him in the White House as a friend and as a General we saw him as a hero. His release from a lingering illness is welcome but we'll miss his brand of old-fashioned honesty.

* The success that is possible when a community harnesses its full resources is best seen in a place like Elmira where the Maple Syrup Festival last Saturday was another accomplishment. Thousands of people descended on the tiny community to see maple syrup being made, have rides on wagons, and tour the area. I still regret that Milton's Old Fashioned Days, which garnered extensive publicity for the town, couldn't be kept alive long enough to grow. It's timing, just prior to the Steam-Era was a natural, but alas it takes community-wide co-operation and that, along with enlistment of volunteers, just couldn't seem to be achieved during the holiday months of the summer. When it was a success it was because of the spirited leadership of one man. No project can last for long on such a thin structure.



ALONG A COUNTRY ROADSIDE, the black waters of a spring-fed creek meander through snow-covered banks and beneath a fallen log. —(Staff photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I don't suppose many of you know what it's like to be a director of a company. . . On the surface, it looks great.

Some big operators, like Robert Winters or General Lostafew, are directors in half a dozen companies, and it doesn't seem to bother them. They go to directors' meetings, vote the way they're supposed to, and pick up their annual director's fee, anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000, depending on who they are and how much prestige is attached to the name.

By some legal fluke, I am still a director of the company in which I started a brilliant newspaper career, on about 28 cents. The rest was cash money, borrowed from relatives, insurance policies and everything else short of armed robbery and selling my wife.

But I guess I'm nobody and the prestige attached to my name is somewhere below zero. Because I don't get any director's fees. And I don't sit around an oval table with a lot of other directors, with the cigars and sharpened pencils and the notepads and the dicking over whether we should sell 5,000 shares of Amalgamated or buy up 20,000 shares of Moose Factory Refineries.

Our directors' meeting usually takes place in the back shop (the printing area) of a weekly newspaper. I don't even rate a cigar, let alone a sharpened pencil, and I find myself operating as labor-management arbitrator, father confessor and den mother.

Somehow, I'd rather have it that way. The only time I smoke a cigar is when someone has a baby. And our problems are more human. They're things like, "How are we going to keep the framatogal working on the linotype machine?" Or, "The trout are scarcer than hen's teeth this spring."

Sounds simple. But you've no idea how difficult it is being a director in your old home town. The trouble is, almost everybody is a director. They're all unpaid, like me, but they have a stake in the paper.

Maybe it's only the fact that their son graduated, or their daughter is not going to

reform school, after all, but they know how the paper should be run, and they are not loath to say so.

There are the directors who buy a five-dollar advertisement twice a year, but expect the paper to carry two pictures (flattering) and a two-column account of their daughter's wedding, for free.

And there are the directors who scream with outrage when you report, in all honesty, that they've spent two weeks in Florida or California or Mexico. They don't want their customers to think they're making that kind of money. And, of course, they'd be equally furious if you hadn't mentioned it.

And there are the directors who are fanatics about the WCTU or the Fall Fair committee, who expect seven columns to be devoted to their work, and spend four dollars for an ad, or go to the opposition to get their printing done.

And here and there, about as numerous as the White-Footed Beagle-Breasted Thorny Pink Owl, there are the directors who say, "You're putting out a good paper; keep it up." These you try to stuff, mount and put up in front of the building. But they often object.

But it's worth it, to revisit the old town. This week, I met an old buddy with two broken ribs, in considerable pain. He cracked one rib in a fall, and I was too polite to ask how he did it. Got it all strapped up by the doc.

His wife sleeps on the inside of the bed, next the wall. She had to go to the bathroom.

"I know," I said, "she put her elbow in your ribs, climbing over you." He replied, grunting with agony: "Elbow be darned. She put both hands, backed by her 138 pounds, on my ribs. I had one cracked rib. Now I have two broken ones."

Exactly why we need directors. If he'd had a Director in charge of Climbng Out of Bed When You Have to Go to the Bathroom, he would not be in that shape today.

Editorial Page

A community asset . . .

The annual reports of the Milton District Hospital heard at the annual meeting reflect an impressive record of accomplishment. Certainly the operation of a hospital, and its contribution to the community, can never be recorded in cold hard statistics alone. But in both statistics and community service, the record places Milton District Hospital among the best.

Later this year the hospital will have been in operation for 10 years. During that decade the hospital has been converted from an empty building to a community institution. Countless patients have received attention within the building and it is estimated, for instance, that in 1969 about 8,000 emergencies will be dealt with. X-ray examinations have increased 350 per cent since 1960.

But of course the progress of a hospital is not all statistics. When one enters a hospital there is a natural concern that the quality of care will be of the highest. During the last year Milton District Hospital was awarded Accreditation Status by the Ontario Hospital Association and the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. This is a major accomplishment and places the hospital in the "blue-ribbon" league. The laboratory department at the hospital was awarded a Clinical Laboratory Certificate.

The expansion of the hospital by the addition of the second floor, has been justified in the increasing use of the facilities. Talk of a further third floor addition which would provide an additional 50 beds to the hospital

is already quite frequently heard.

And the local hospital is involved in projects beyond the boundaries of its area. The Credit Valley School of Nursing has been established on a regional basis to train student nurses and Milton hospital representatives have been involved in the establishment of this project. A Regional Hospital Council is being considered for Peel and Halton hospitals and Milton is playing a part in that.

The review of the hospital and its successful operation would not be complete without some reference to the work of the hospital auxiliary. Many of the original 235 members are still among the active workers in the organization and since its establishment more than \$32,000 has been raised for hospital equipment and services. This is an indication of the success and accomplishment of the group.

But the staff and administration must be the vital link that make the hospital a community service and an institution to be proud of. Efficiency is reflected in the fact the per diem rate went for a 1967 figure of \$34.21 to a 1968 figure of \$34.28—a seven cent increase. Believe it or not the per diem rate projected for 1969 is down to \$32.85—a challenging objective indeed.

Through the Board of Directors, through the Administrator Dalton McQuaig, Director of Nursing Mrs. I.L. Verrall and all the staff of doctors and nurses the Hospital can be a source of pride for the community and satisfaction to those who invested in it at the outset.

Our role in research . . .

The telescope was developed by Galileo in 1609 and has probably contributed more than any other single invention to what little we have learned about the universe in which we find ourselves swirling. But the actual invention is credited to a comparative unknown, Hans Lippershey, a year earlier. And he in turn could never have invented it without the prior discovery of glass, centuries before.

Similarly, invention of the Salk vaccine in 1955, which effectively solved the problem of paralytic polio, could never have been accomplished without many earlier research projects, including one from Canada which produced the medium in which the vaccine was finally grown.

In this way research scientists are able in a sense, to stand on the shoulders of the people who worked on similar problems before them. Just as John Donne realised that "no man is an island", no research worker is sufficient unto himself, particularly today as the sciences become vastly more specialized than

ever before, and at an increasing rate.

It is at least 300 years since people started trying to figure out cancer—how it is caused, and how it can be cured. It is the longest, most costly and most determined fight ever waged by human beings against a single disease. Eventually as polio and many other diseases have done, cancer too will yield to man's persistent probing, and one of mankind's most stubborn foes will have been defeated.

Canadians are playing a significant part in that battle. Many of the milestone research facts being used in the laboratories all over the world to push ever further into the unknown were discovered by Canadian scientists, working with funds contributed by Canadians to the annual campaign of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Once again we are being asked to contribute, and once again Canadians will respond with typical generosity and humanitarianism to a cause which is noble because its ultimate objective is more happiness, less misery for all people.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

I'm a little alarmed at council's decision last week to allot \$700 in expenses for a councillor and a town employee to attend the waterworks convention in Vancouver.

While both waterworks chairman councillor Charles Fay and works superintendent Bruce McKerr are doing a fine job, this trip to Vancouver seems a bit exorbitant in a year when every taxpayer in Milton is already facing a hefty hike in his tax bill. I can certainly see the value of some conventions—the formal speeches are all informative and thought-provoking, and the informal sessions are always a good place to compare problems with fellow conventioners. But a junket to Vancouver, with the taxpayers footing the \$700 bill, is a bit out of line.

Last week council was predicting a \$101 increase in the "average" taxpayer's 1969 tax bills. About \$73 of this increase is earmarked for education and council expects the county rate to cost homeowners an extra \$5 this year . . . but the remaining \$23 will be caused by council expenditures. I realize knocking \$700 off the town's spending this year won't lower each tax bill by much, but it would make me feel a little better when I pay my tax dollars over to the town to know part of it won't be going for a junket to a convention in Vancouver.

Last week in This Corner we were commenting on the various signs of spring around town. One important sign which I forgot to mention was the sight of the street sweeper making its rounds, and brushing away a winter's accumulation of sand and dirt.

You can always tell it's spring in Milton, when you see Porky Gervais riding around town in his automated sweeping machine.

Did you try the word game yet?

You'll remember we used the letters in the word "aspirin" to form 44 other words, and Ron Harris mentioned a word which can form 171 other words. Well, the word was "plaster" and if you don't believe what those seven letters can do, try it yourself. Then you can check the following list and see how you compare:

Plaster, platers, plater, plates, plate, plea, pleas, pleat, pleats, pal, pals, pale, pales, paler, palest, past, paste, pasteur, pastel, pat, pats, pate, pates, pater, paters.

Par, pars, parse, pare, pares, part, parts, pea, peas, peal, peals, pelt, pelts, peat, peats, pet, pets, pest, per, pert, petal, petals, pear, pears, pre, prate, prates, pearl, pearls, psalter.

Lap, laps, lapse, last, laster, laser, late, later, lea, leas, leap, leaps, least, let, lets, lest, a, ape, apes, aper, apers, apt, apse, ale, ales, alter, alters, alert, alerts, as, asp, aster, at, ate, are, art, arts.

Spa, spat, spate, spar, spare, spear, sprat, slap, slat, slate, slater, slept, sap, sal, sale, salt, salter, sat, sate, staple, staples, step, steal, stale, staler, strap, strep, sea, seal, sear, seat, set, sepal, star, stare.

Tap, taps, tape, tapes, taper, tapers, tale, tales, tar, tars, tare, tares, tea, teas, teal, trap, traps, ear, ears, era, eras, earl, earls, eat, eats, east.

Rap, raps, rape, rapes, rapt, rasp, rat, rats, rate, rates, re, reap, reaps, repast, real, ret, rets, rest.

So there you go, 171 words. Can you top it?

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS of St. David's Presbyterian Church, Campbellville, was pictured around 1914 by local photographer Sherman. Recognize anyone? In front are Charles Hurren, Bob Weir, teacher Len Chisholm and Harvey Elliott. Second row, George Mitchell, Bob Laking, Gordon McPhail, Lawrence Sharr and Tom

McPhail. Third row, Cameron Agnew, Clare Laking and Ross Alexander. By sheer coincidence, this photo was loaned to The Champion twice within the same week. This copy came from Lloyd Chisholm (son of the teacher) and Bob Laking of Milton turned up with an identical copy a few days later.

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