



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* Milton people who were involved in the accommodation when the first Ontario Boy Scout Jamboree participants were washed out at Kelso won't soon forget the experience. The Scout organization isn't forgetting its jamboree either. A 1970 calendar features two pictures of activity at the jamboree prior to the storm problems. It's an attractive calendar and one I'm pleased to receive from Joe Turner, provincial Scout executive.

* Seems to be a never-ending trend. At September 1 there were 73 work stoppages and during August 42 strikes ended and 44 began according to the Department of Labour. The 73 work stoppages involved 54,000 workers. At the same date last year there were 94 work stoppages involving 21,300 workers. Wonder if we'll ever find a better way to solve problems?

* The Central Ontario Regional Development Council has aimed a questionnaire at 400 elected representatives of municipal government in Halton, Peel and York. Tabulating the opinions, the council proposes to send them to the government as direction on the topic of boundaries in the Peel Halton region. I'll be interested to know how many elected representatives take the time and do the necessary homework to complete the assignment. It might even help firm up individual opinions on the

rather important subject.

* Responsibility goes with rights and sometimes that simple historic fact seems to get overlooked as I read more and more about lowering the voting age, the demand for extension of students' rights and the cries of activists for more power and freedom. It seems their desire to separate the two and select only rights or power, but unless some new formula for living has been uncovered it just isn't possible.

* Introduction of the new ambulance service from Milton District Hospital places a vehicle in a logical location for this kind of service and brings to the area a long-sought program. It's the first time Milton has had an ambulance vehicle on 24 hour call permanently located in Milton since the local funeral directors went out of the business a good number of years ago.

* Council was given the word last week that if cocktail and dining lounges were approved in the December election, the petitioners would have a year in which other applicants, who didn't petition and pay for the voting, would not be granted a license. Don't know who made the regulation but it does seem something like buying a license doesn't it? If you don't sign the petition, you're out of the running for at least a year.



IT'S FALL FAIR TIME in Halton County. Acton Fair was held Sept. 20, Milton Fair was on Sept. 27 and Georgetown Fair is lined up for next weekend. The midway and the ferris wheel are the focal points for

the youngsters but the older folk like to see the agricultural displays, the farm animals and the buildings full of flowers, fruit and vegetables.—(Staff Photo)



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Writing a column like this and the editorials in the next column on this page are a cinch!

At least, that's what many people tell us. Every day of the week I meet people who tell me they have been thinking about writing an editorial, or letter to the editor, about some pet peeve. But they never get around to it, they just say they're going to.

Then I hear comments like: "Why don't you write about the really important things? How about that council — boy, if I owned the paper I'd soon shake those guys up." Folks who utter such inane observations are, unfortunately, a dime a dozen. They can stand on the street corner and expound on local politics by the hour. But ask them to write a letter to the editor, and they "don't want to get involved" or "with my job I can't speak out." They must think it's easier for me to do the dirty work.

At the other end of the scale are people who are constantly amazed that a columnist (not me, but any other columnist) can come up with a fresh new idea each day or each week. "How do you get all your ideas?" they want to know.

Well I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Most of the time I'm what is known as a "batch" writer. I sit down when the mood strikes me and write a "batch" of columns—maybe three or four or even five at a time. It takes a few hours but I believe in striking while the iron is hot (or the brain is in gear).

I just can't reserve every Friday morning or every Monday afternoon for column-writing chores. In this business, there are a million and one other things that can (and usually do) happen at such an appointed time. So I write what I can, when I can, if I can.

For instance this column is the third I've completed today. It might appear next week and it might not appear for a month—depending on a lot of factors. Because this one isn't too timely, it could appear anytime when I run out of timely column ideas.

And how do I write? Usually I like to be alone when I write a column, so they get written in the evenings or on weekends. Columns written under the pressure of the deadline, or on a day when the phone is ringing off the hook and interruptions are coming three to the minute, just aren't conducive to writing a piece for This Corner.

You have to start with oodles of paper—this gives a guy lots of confidence. You stare at a stack of blank paper five inches high for long enough, you're sure to get an idea, if only in desperation. Besides, I throw away a lot of partly-written columns (usually after the second paragraph or so). They tell me in daily papers the reporters just yank a sheet out of the typewriter and toss it over their shoulder onto the floor, where the cleaner-upper eventually gets it. Thank goodness I'm neat enough to subscribe to the use of a wastebasket—some days my office floor would be hidden beneath a two inch thick pile of scrap paper.

I've often started writing a column or editorial and gone through four or five sheets of paper before I finally get it worded properly the first time around. Other times I make several false starts, look over the mess of ruined paper and give up, postponing the writing chore until later in the day or the next day.

And some days the columns come out a little short of the required length. That's where I shine. A columnist in this position has a choice—either write a spazzy opening and a jazzy conclusion and pad it through the centre, or have on hand several little filler pieces that will fill the hole that's gaping there at the end of the piece he's written. Like the one you're going to read now:

Mayor Arthur Meers of St. Joseph, Missouri, received an envelope containing some ashes and a note that explained "in protest of increased overdue book fines I have burned my library card."

Champion Editorial Page

Transition in fairs...

Fine weather blessed Milton Fair on the weekend and no doubt the program will be judged another success. The crowd was normal and exhibits represented some of the best produce and animals in the country. But the winds of change are catching up to fall fairs too.

Agriculture in this section of the province is changing. No longer does the fair attract pretty well every farmer and countless urban housewives to display their animals or their domestic skills. In some sections only a few exhibitors competed and the prizes were awarded. The number of exhibitors does not seem to be on the increase generally.

It takes a good deal of work to prepare animals for exhibition and competition. For the farmer there is some desire to just go to the fair and see friends rather than spend the day trucking animals, caring for them and showing them.

In some of the field crop competitions there were not sufficient entries for the classes to be judged. Urban housewives are not

given to preserving and sewing the way they once were.

Fall fairs must change as agriculture changes. There is no guarantee that continuation for a number of years is assurance of future accomplishment or attraction. The role of the fall fair is an important one, putting agriculture on display as no other event can do. It plays a part in the cultural life of an area providing a meeting place for friends, fun for the children and a base for competition that stimulates those in agriculture.

But some hard headed thinking will have to be directed at the fall fair as agriculture goes through a transition unlike any in the past 100 years. In this area the growing urbanization dictates initiative and innovation in the fall fair programs if they are to continue to play the leading role they do in the area.

Milton Fair has always been the best in the county and we hope it will always continue to play a leading role in its field. With new ideas and new programs that leadership will be continued.

Required readings...

The copy of the restricted area by-law that Milton property owners received in the mail last week is pretty forbidding reading. It's a weighty document but no other will have as long-lasting effect on your property.

We recommend you puzzle your way through it. We can't give a short course in how to do that but primarily you'd better locate your piece of property on the map at the back, determine the zoning applied to it and then check the text for an outline of what you can do with your property, and what you can't.

The last date for filing objections to the by-law is October 8.

When the by-law gets its final Ontario Municipal Board approval, either as it stands or with amendments, it can be a costly and time consuming business to get any changes.

The by-law is the result of many hours of deliberation by council and more particularly planning board. They've done their best and now it's up to the individual to participate.

It's in your own interest to look over the by-law now and act if you're not happy.

For auction action...

It's the season for Auction Sales again and there are few more interesting events to attend.

Everyone is a bargain hunter at heart and that's what makes the auctions so interesting. There's a sort of mood that develops between the auctioneer and his crowd that keeps the action fascinating.

Champion columns list more

auction sale notices than any other Halton county paper and that's why so many of our city friends follow the columns closely.

If you're looking for auction action, attend the events that are being scheduled through the fall months. It's amazing what you can pick up.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

The flood of applications for PORK (Parents Of Rotten Kids), which was launched last week in this column, has not yet begun to give local postmen the blind staggers, but it will. It will.

In the meantime, I've received a letter from an Ontario woman, commenting on a previous column entitled, "The Kids Are Pathetic." She certainly qualifies for PORK and is hereby accepted as a full-fledged member of this fledgling organization, with all the disadvantages and lack of privileges appertaining thereto.

She writes: "I myself must admit to being a parent of a 16-year-old daughter now living in such a commune as you describe, right in downtown Toronto, and I am helpless by law to interfere."

"Such is our society today that we have been forced to accept not only common-law living amongst adults (Ed. note: I'm not against that), but also now with children of such an early age. I myself have left no stone unturned in an effort to help resolve the situation, by writing or contacting every available society from social workers to the Hon. John Yaremko, with the final realization that in Ontario a child is free from parental guidance and authority at 16.

"This same law, however, contradicts itself by not allowing them to marry until 18 without a parent's consent and signature. In B.C. the age limit for a child to break away from parental authority is 18." In short, Ontario laws are driving young people to, as we used to put it, living in sin.

She goes on: "Recently in an interview with a large daily newspaper, a professor of applied psychology made the following statement: 'The mother in the home today is an anachronism. The role of the housewife used to have dignity and respect. There is no need any more for a home manager.' His remarks are more than a little off-beat."

I quite agree with you, dear lady, and with most of the other things you go on to say. I tried four days of "batching it" recently. The only place there's no need for a home manager is in a pigpen.

My wife came home a day early and

caught me cold. I had put my dinner on and just shut my eyes for a moment while the fish was cooking. She opened the door and found the house full of smoke, the kitchen full of dirty dishes, and an armchair full of me.

I can't smell, of course, not even fish burning. And it was the nervous strain of looking out for myself and the cat for four days that had made me flake out like that.

Lady, you have my deepest sympathy concerning your daughter and the laws which create such an impasse. And the kids know the law. They have us right over a barrel. It's easy enough to say, "If they want to go, let 'em go. Kick 'em out." This is the favorite advice of non-PORK-ers. It's not so easy to do with a basically good, naive kid who is almost totally unequipped to cope with a world that is not exactly Eden.

I've been teaching the play Hamlet this fall. Perhaps you remember the part where Ophelia's old man warns her that she is to have nothing further to do with Prince Hamlet. She was about 16 and this took place in the Thirteenth Century. She obeyed him reluctantly, but without hesitation.

I asked my students what a girl of today would do if her father told her such a thing. They got it second crack. The first student said she'd say, "Drop dead." The second said she'd say, "If I can't go out with Hamlet, I'll run away." And she would.

It's emotional blackmail, and they know it. The only real solution, I suppose, as with real blackmailers, is to call their bluff. But again, it's a wrenching decision when you love the child and when you realize what will probably happen.

However, fellow-PORK-ers, thumbs up. We know there is a golden day coming, when our FK's will have matured and mellowed. And they will come and pick us up in their big car, when we are feeble and rheumatic, and take us for a drive, and stop before this big, handsome building. And they'll say, "Sorry, Mu m and Dad, that I was such a worry to you."

There it is. Gateway Haven. See you on visiting days, if we can get a babysitter."



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Sept. 29, 1949
Raspberries season seems to have been extended this year as a number of local growers have reported extra lovely berries being picked this week. Mrs. Clarence Hill of Peru and Provincial Constable J. A. McNiven showed proof to The Champion.

Breaking all previous records, a crowd of over 9,000 people acclaimed the 97th annual Milton Fair as best since it was first organized in 1853. While threatening weather prevailed on Friday, the opening day, it was ideal for the day on Saturday. The monster fair, officially opened by F. A. Lashley, director of Agricultural Societies, Ontario Department of Agriculture, paid tribute to the late E. M. Readhead, long secretary of the Halton Agricultural Society. "Milton Fair had the best cattle show in history," beamed J. E. Whitelock, agricultural representative. While the exhibitors' hall was missed, directors attractively assembled the different exhibits in the former cattle building. The hall was wrecked earlier this year to make way for a new building. While there was a slight decrease of entries in some classes, others topped other years. A new feature was a parade of old fashioned costumes, competed for by four Women's Institute groups and won by Omagh W.I. The women representing Omagh were Mrs. Kenneth McDougall, Mrs. A. H. Tufford and Miss C. Joyce.

The baby show drew 25 entries, 11 in one class for girls. Special prizes were awarded for the oldest man and lady attending. George A. Hemstreet, 96½ was the oldest man and Mrs. E. McPhail, Milton, 91, the oldest woman to register. The poultry building was crowded to overflowing with 674 entries plus 24 in the children's class.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Oct. 2, 1919.
Chief Constable Chapman had three motorists, two of them farmers, before Police Magistrate Dice last Monday for not having their cars properly lighted on Saturday night, Sept. 20. They were fined \$2 each with costs.
Standard time will be resumed by railways and by cities and towns which have not already done so after 2 a.m. on Oct. 27.
Found, auto lamp No. 7254, last Friday evening between Ligny school and town line. Owner can have same on paying for this advertisement.
Every woman who is interested in her newly acquired franchise, the best possible

government for Ontario and an efficient handling of the vital issues that are today affecting the welfare of the citizen and the home are invited to attend a meeting to be held at the Princess Theatre on Friday, Oct. 3 to discuss these important matters.
Potatoes sell at \$3 a barrel in the Maritime provinces. The Milton price is 50 cents a peck and importation would pay.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Sept. 30, 1869.
A Frenchman thinks there will soon be a comet that will strike the earth in its passage. We hope the earth will strike back.
The "oldest man" in Indiana is dead, and they want to buy the one we have been nursing so tenderly in this Province.
We believe the 20th Battalion, Halton Volunteers, will shortly be called together for drill at Oakville. We shall then endeavor to give our readers an account of the Battalion.
The first fall dog fight has taken place and the season may now be declared as fully open.
Astronomers are still puzzling over the spots on the sun and they can't make out whether they are boils or blisters.
The Agricultural Show for the Township of Trafalgar will be held in Palermo on the 5th and 6th of October. A brass band will be in attendance to enliven the proceedings. Active preparations are also being made to hold a concert on the evening of the second day in the agricultural hall when the audience will be entertained by both local and foreign talent.

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PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



CHURCH OF CHRIST, the Anglican Church at Omagh held a picnic in McCartney's Flats near the Boyne in 1900. The boy on the left is identified as Clifford Beatty, the small girl standing in the centre with the white dress and bonnet is Margaret Devlin, and the boy with the cowboy hat on the right is Jimmie Devlin. Can you

identify the rest? Families listed on the church register at the time included Beatys, McCartneys, Devlins, Gibsons, Pattersons, Hutts, Dents, Askins, Dolbys, Taskers, Biggars, Lindsays, Robinsons, Perrys and Foxes. Photo courtesy Miss Margaret Douglas and W. H. Devlin.