



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* "Did you ever see an area after a hurricane hit?" Tom Chudleigh asked me as I visited his pick-your-own apple orchard on the weekend. I'd arrived at the tail-end of the onslaught of wedged apple pickers that had descended from various parts of the province.

* Despite the staff of 25 involved in supervising the operation, there never seemed to be enough. Tom observed as he outlined the "fun thing" in picking your own apples from the dwarf apple trees in which he specializes.

* I was fascinated by the hay-wagon rides that follow routes to take the pickers to an area of the orchard and bring them back to the check-out area. Unquestionably the adults were enjoying the outing as much as the children. And children get special attention in the operation with a little instruction on how to pick an apple properly.

* Pickers must have taken tons of apples away in the shopping bag containers provided. With an increase in production this year as well as the maturing of three more orchards, there are plenty of apples at the Chudleigh farm to meet the heavy demand.

* A huge field was provided for parking on the farm and when it filled the crowd continued to arrive for a beautiful fall day of apple picking, with cars lining the sides of Highway 25. With the efficient operation and the evident organization there was plenty of accommodation.

* The anticipated enjoyment of the outing, on the part of many visitors, was evident in the picnic lunch they brought

with them. And for the small children there were some action toys on the lawn to keep them entertained.

* The pick-your-own plan, as I've said editorially before, has a certain something about it that puts people into the action while they also enjoy a trip to the country. And the Chudleighs have their apple-picking operation at its efficient best for fun and to meet the practical problems of harvesting.

* And with the thanksgiving weekend coming up they expect the crop to be at its best and the supply still large enough to fill the demand. With last weekend's example they'll undoubtedly be geared to handle the crowd efficiently.

* Being a bit of a nut on onion soup with croutons I've done a lot of experimenting trying to get that crouton so it doesn't go soggy and still get the cheese melted on top. I've had it in Montreal, Chicago and Toronto and everyone seems to be able to produce the dish far better than I can. The recipe books don't seem to have the answers and the prepared croutons on supermarket shelves aren't quite the solution. Maybe someone in the great "out there" has the answer. If they have I'd appreciate hearing from them and I'm sure my wife would be happy to have me quit messing around in the kitchen. There's got to be a right kind of cheese too that seems to be eluding me, so maybe the "expert" that turns up will have that answer as well.

* And this weekend keep in mind that the two barrelled word Thanksgiving has its greatest impact in out reach rather than in take.



THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE is empty as autumn comes to Halton. The sylvan setting, the diving board and the rope swing will have to wait until next May or so before they resound once more with the laughter of happy youngsters.—(Staff Photo)

MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1969

Champion Editorial Page

County-carving exercise...

Put seven reeves in a room, take a map of Halton County, stir in personally established pre-requisites, divide into sections, allow to simmer, add seven deputy-reeves, provide exposure and examine the result.

That's the recipe Halton has chosen for cutting up Halton into five units and the final action will come when the current proposal, released in last week's issue, is presented to Halton County Council. Then the deputy-reeves will be into the action to either approve, amend or set aside the result of the deliberations of reeves.

The "cutting" operation came about simply enough. First the Minister of Municipal Affairs suggested a Halton-Peel merger with the area in Halton being divided into four local units in the bigger regional government program. The proposal slashed across rural townships dividing them and raised an outcry against such division. The County committee countered with a proposal for five local units.

The Minister then invited the county committee, made up of the reeves of each municipality, to show how they would divide Halton. Then the fun began. The pre-requisite that has dominated is that the two northern townships are not to be cut in segments. Thus we have Nassagaweya choosing to ally with Acton and taking as much of the township in tact as possible.

In the Esqueping-Georgetown alliance, Esqueping chose to remain largely with Georgetown and add in a slice of Oakville so Georgetown could obtain its long sought 401 exposure. Corners of Esqueping and Nassagaweya were eroded to Milton and Acton.

Oakville ages to have been amenable to slicing off the northern

section completely, from the lower Base Line, and allowing Milton the whole width of the former township land. Burlington, on the other hand granted some two concessions to Milton retaining its other northern link to the Base Line.

It is best, perhaps to point out, the map has not necessarily reached its final stage and at best it forms the basis for a submission to the Minister of Municipal Affairs.

Two things concern us with the preparation of the map as it has been handled.

One of course is elementary in that some consideration should be given to the services emanating from the urban areas and their extent now and possibly in the future. It seems too logical to overlook the need for a practical approach to future servicing requirements, if the plan is to stand the test of time rather than being a future battleground for more boundary haggling.

The other point of concern is the evident greed for more and more area without the application of any realism and this is more evident in north Halton than in the south.

Georgetown indicated immediately after the Ministers' proposal that it wanted land on highway 401. This has been a guiding criterion for the town in its deliberations, without thought of servicing or any of the practical problems for future development that should be part of such consideration.

Milton has pressed for the whole central part of the county on the basis of its potential to service even though the central part of the county spans two watersheds and reaches an unrealistic width.

Acton seems to have been intent on getting out of the Minister's proposed alliance with Georgetown and has gladly linked up with Nassagaweya. The union would give that municipality some highway 401 exposure which Georgetown seems to regard as the golden goose but it places the present town of Acton far from the geographical centre of the area.

This business of seeking the largest possible area doesn't appeal to us. Unfortunately it's an age that has been brainwashed into believing that bigness is the answer to all problems when in fact it breeds only more complex problems.

It seems obvious to us that most municipalities are out to get as much area within their individual boundaries as possible and this just doesn't seem to us to be realistic way of planning.

We even suspect Darcy McKeough may find the whole exercise a little amusing as he watches the infighting and outfighting that results when local politicians do the county-carving bit. They were rather quick to condemn his proposal but before the dust settles they may welcome him to referee the fray in Halton.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Sometimes we shoot an arrow in the air, which comes to earth we know not where. At others, we drop a pebble in a pool and the ripples made are really cool.

Something like this happened recently to my father-in-law. On our last visit to him, inspired by who knows what hidden emotions, he flabbergasted us by quoting, verbatim, hundreds of lines of poetry he had learned in public school, some little while ago. (He is 78).

This was an entirely unexpected facet of Grandad's personality. We gawked with admiration and he lit up like a neon sign with modest pride.

Most of us can't remember an eight-line poem for two weeks, after memorizing it. How many can remember hundreds of lines after almost 70 years?

But one thing bothered him. He couldn't remember all the stanzas of an old favorite, "The Village Blacksmith." It had one verse in particular which he wanted to get straight, because it was a solace to him in his loneliness, since the loss of his wife. The smith had lost his wife, too, but was pressing on.

Most of you middle-aged and older folk will remember the poem, or at least a few lines, as I do:

*Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And something, something,
something arms
Are strong as iron bands."*

Grandad is a man of great persistence, and he determined that he'd remedy the lack. He wrote to a farmer's magazine, the Free Press Weekly, and asked if anyone could help supply the missing verses.

He was overwhelmed, almost physically, by the response. Approximately 150 letters came pouring in. People from ten years old to those in their nineties wrote him. Some remembered studying the poem and chatted about the good old days of the one-room rural school.

Others sent the whole poem. Some wrote it laboriously with rheumatic fingers. Some had it typed. One lady had torn the poem from an old reader (a school reader, that is, not an old person who was reading it). One customer went to the trouble and expense of having photostatic copies made.

What really delighted Grandad, though, was the kindness of the notes and letters that accompanied the poem. One lady sent a long list of other poems from the old Grade Three and Four readers. And the letters came from as far east as Nova Scotia and from B.C. in the west.

Thus my father-in-law learned of the power of the press, something I learned years ago. But I also learned that the term is misleading. The people who plan and execute editorial policy and news coverage for the daily papers have the hilarious idea that they have tremendous power, that they influence people's thoughts and actions.

It is to laugh. Elections are surest proof of this. The dailies could be unreasoning in supporting one man for a certain position, and as likely as not the Canadian people, with their own sense of when they are being pushed around, would elect his opponent.

No, it is the little things that demonstrate the power of the press, something which touches a chord or a nerve in the reader and rouses him from his habitual apathy to heights of kindness or fury.

I've recently had a good example. Not long ago, I mentioned here, in one paragraph, a woman who is struggling to raise a family of six, decently, on welfare. A good and kindly woman of Riondel, B.C., read it and responded. She wrote and offered to send a box of clothing for boys.

It arrived today, and I've just had a call from the woman on welfare. She was terribly excited. The whole family said it was "Just like Christmas."

There is a lot of warmth in the world, still. Let's help spread it around, in a generation that needs to realize it.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Embarrassing encounters between urbanites and wildlife are on the increase, according to the Department of lands and forests Lake Simcoe District biologist, Allan Wainio.

The other day a lady phoned the district office at Maple and insisted that someone come to her cottage immediately and remove a groundhog. It was inside the house upsetting flower pots, climbing over chairs and tables, peering into glass cabinets, and poking into closets. This did not sound like a groundhog. When the conservation officer questioned her further and obtained a description of the animal, "with a black mask and furry, ringed tail," it was obviously a raccoon.

She had closed the doors when she discovered the creature inside, and the poor 'coon was probably just searching for an exit. The lands and forests officer told the lady to let the animal out, and in future to lock the doors and block any possible entrances whenever she left the house. She was reassured but nevertheless sounded rather disappointed that no one was coming out to help her. All she had to do was open the doors!

During one summer in Don Mills a pair of raccoons clattered about in the empty swimming pool, on the back porch and TV aerial of an elderly couple. By means of live traps the gentleman finally removed them from the neighborhood.

What really irked him was the way the raccoons would climb his aerial tower at night, sit on it by his window and stare into his bedroom. When he shone his flashlight on them they just blinked their eyes and stared right back. When he rapped on the window to scare them away they bent closer. It was unnerving, he told the department. He and his wife couldn't sleep knowing those creatures were peering through the curtains. A pair of Peeping Toms in Don Mills!

A young housewife frantically phoned about a cricket she wanted removed from her house. Apparently she and her husband had recently moved into a newly constructed house in Etobicoke and since they had very little furniture they slept on a mattress by the fireplace.

During the first night a cricket had serenaded them to sleep. The chirps echoed pleasantly throughout the empty house. "It had been very romantic," she said. But after two weeks the constant chirping was driving them to the point of madness. They could hear the cricket but they couldn't find it. They were both desperate for some undisturbed sleep. She insisted that lands and forests come to the rescue. A spray was recommended and she was jokingly reassured that if that failed the lands and forests' "cricket patrol" would be sent over.

In early summer a woman phoned from her Toronto home by the Humber River, north of Bloor Street. She was almost in tears but managed to explain that a muskrat was eating her prize, ornamental flowers. She was heartbroken about the flowers she had already lost.

While talking to the officer she stood by the window, watching the muskrat ambling about the garden. Halfway through the conversation she suddenly cried out, "Oh,

he's starting on my geraniums now." The officer suggested that she quickly take a broom and shoo the creature away. She was too frightened to do that. She had locked herself in the house and was not venturing out until the animal left. The officer told her to spread some moth balls about her flowers when it departed and the department would send over a trapper later.

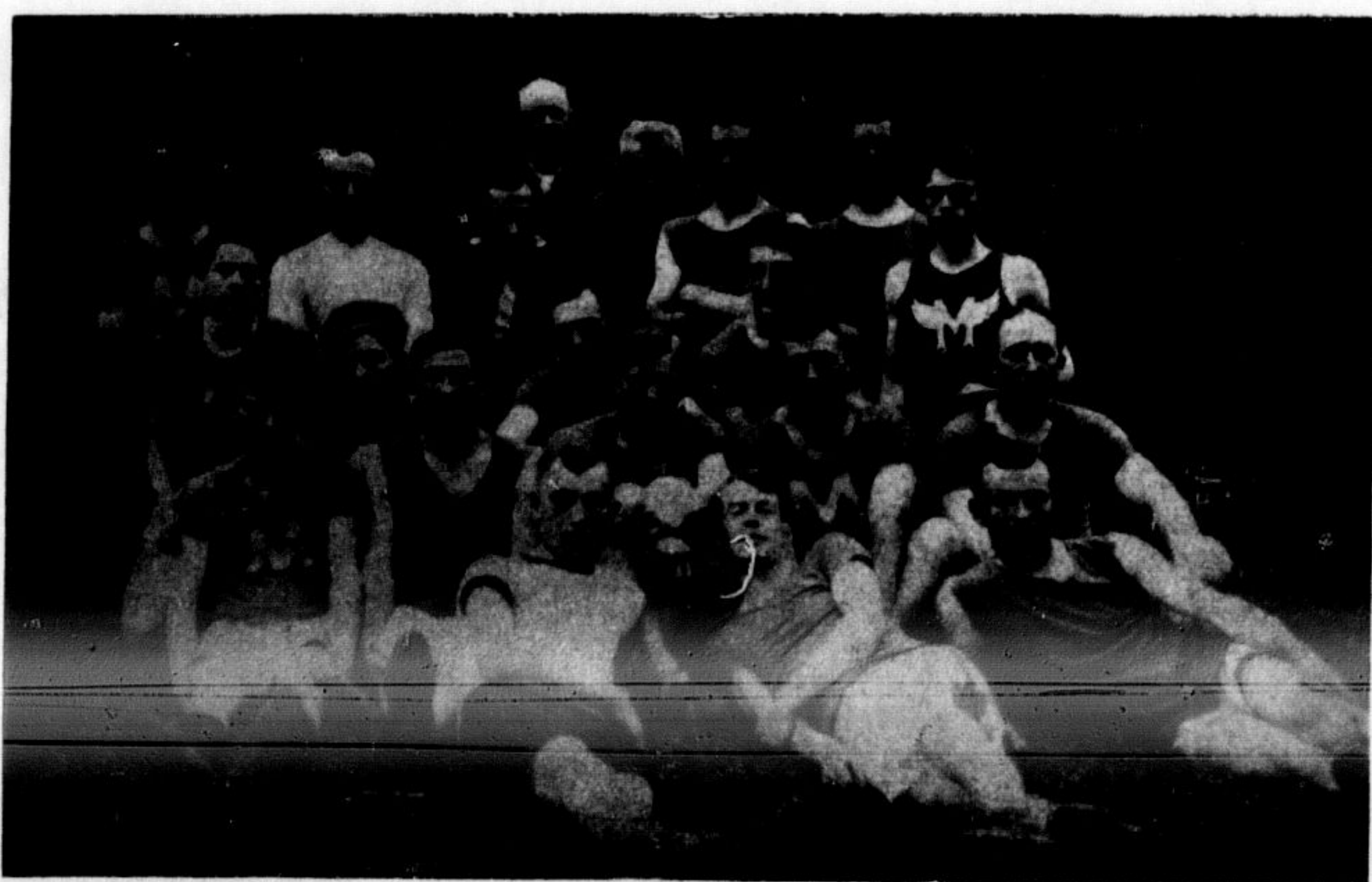
Another woman, also barricading herself in the house, phoned from Holland Landing to report that large snapping turtles were raiding her backyard. It was late spring and the large turtles were crawling about her sandy backyard rooting up radishes, carrots and beets, excavating holes for their eggs. She went out with a broom to scare them away but the large, armored creatures stretched their necks up at her, hissed and opened their large, sharply-beaked mouths. Terrified, she raced back to the house locking the door behind her.

When she finally located the department's number she was still unnerved. The lands and forests man pacified her by saying that once the eggs were laid the turtles would return to the river. He warned her they would be back next spring.

Unable to even curb his anger and frustration over the phone a man shouted that a porcupine was eating his car in his own driveway. This occurred in the fall near Toronto and there was probably some salt on the car. That is what the porcupine was after.

The man had been sitting in his car when he first heard a steady, scraping noise by his side. He poked his head out the window and there was the porcupine gnawing away at the back fender.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



THE RUNNING TEAM...Milton Fire Department's hook and ladder running team was photographed around 1910 or 1911. They included Chief Earl, Tom Chapman, Ute Hartley, Alf Waldie, John Little, Chet Hill, Tom Chisholm, Dutch

Gollop, Tray Lott, Bert Jones, Cal Fleming, Nelson Ryder, Con Toletzka, Cam Wynn, Eb Wynn, Bill Galloway, Matt Telfer, Charlie Jones, Cecil Earl and Jack Armstrong.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 6, 1949.

James Pawis, 30, an Indian farm laborer, was burned to death late Saturday in the small frame shack he occupied on the farm of W. H. Post on the Eighth Line of Trafalgar Township. Four persons asleep in a second cabin only a few inches away escaped although their cabin was scorched. Chief Wright believes the man had fallen asleep while smoking.

Digging operations on sewers at Fulton and Oak Streets yesterday were halted for a few hours in the morning when the large digging machine became mired and almost up-ended. The hold-up happened when the large caterpillar machine was backing along the banks of the Sixteen Mile Creek where fresh earth had been put in as fill previously. The machine slid in backwards, miring it up to the cab.

Council met on Tuesday evening and discussed at some length the conditions of roads and ditches as a result of sewage excavations. They passed a motion that "in view of the fact natural drainage on town roads has been destroyed due to the fact that ditches have been filled in, and following each rain water lies on our roads unnecessarily long," no further payments are authorized for the sewer contractor until the conditions are corrected.

The council has increased the salary of Sam Hall, night constable, to \$1,800 per year. Council also approved the sale of five lots owned by the corporation on the Barton Survey, at \$100 each. At midnight Mr. Johnson of Johnson's Garage came to council to notify them the sewer opposite Jasper St. crossing Martin St. had caved in. The information was passed on to the construction company for immediate action in erecting a barricade and lights before other motorists are caught in the two feet deep ditch.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 9, 1919.

The accommodation for the high school are already overtaxed, with the prospect of the erection of a high school building becoming compulsory in the near future. The entrance who carried off a parcel from the tractor of the Milton Shoe Co. building is advised to return it at once and avoid trouble.

That Canada faces a winter of more unemployment than since 1914-15 is the opinion of Bryce M. Stewart, head of the Labor Department's employment bureau.

Next Monday, Oct. 13, will be nomination day for the Provincial elections. The elections will be held one week from next Monday on the 20th inst. There will be five polling booths in Milton,

one in the east and two each in the north and south wards.

Favored by the finest weather on both Tuesday and yesterday, the annual fair of the Halton Agricultural Society was a record breaker. The returns are not all available today but Directors have informed The Champion that 13,000 is a conservative estimate of yesterday's attendance. Motor cars were parked in all the spare space in the grounds, Victoria Park was crowded with all of them, as were the streets.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 7, 1869.

The Town Council have ordered the collector of taxes to proceed forthwith to execute his duty. It will be well, therefore, to prepare for his visits, as the money is wanted immediately.

On Saturday night the 25th inst. we are informed that the house of Mr. Adam Laing, of Nassagaweya, was entered and a sum of money carried off. It appears that the servant girl left the door unlocked, and when the inmates were asleep the robber entered the house and carried off a desk which he broke open outside, rifled it of its contents amounting to about \$8, and then left it behind him. An ugly club was found standing beside the door with which it is supposed the thief intended to do battle if disturbed.

The 20th Battalion Volunteers, assembled at Oakville in pursuance of orders from headquarters, on Monday, to the number of about 500 to put in their annual drill.

A married lady, being asked to waltz, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer: "No thank you, sir; I have hugging enough at home."

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