



## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

\* After an exasperating experience with our computer type-setting equipment in the plant I can understand why one publisher was recently critical of the possibility of computer editing.

\* If you had difficulty reading the final paragraph of a letter to the editor in last week's issue, you have my apologies now, on behalf of the very ultra-sophisticated, computer-like machine that apparently went berserk and produced type that looked o.k. but read very peculiarly.

\* Actually our typesetting has changed more in the past five years than it did in the previous 50. Where the linotype was the standard machine for a generation in producing the columns of type, we've changed to two other systems in the short span of about five years.

\* The latest creation has an operator typing all the material on a key board similar to a typewriter. While she is producing the usual typewritten product on a sheet of paper, she is also transmitting all the material onto a magnetic tape, like a tape recorder.

\* Since there are bound to be some errors, the typed copy is proofread and errors are corrected on a second tape, keyed in by line number. When both tapes

are placed on a second machine, not only are the two tapes read, the corrected line is inserted in place of the line with the error. Automatically the material is reproduced and each line is letter or word spaced to make the columns even on both sides.

\* I can only imagine that something went awry last week, perhaps in the merging of tapes, and the most ridiculous nonsense provided the final paragraph to a serious letter to the editor. Newspapers have always had mistakes, the hard part is that they always appear in irrecalable black and white, but when the computer takes over you can count on the mistakes being more grandiose than when they were tempered by the human element.

\* Now when there's talk about editing a paper by computer I shudder, along with Jack Howard of Scripps-Howard Enterprises. To have news copy edited on the basis of how a story fits a given space, and then allotted a given number of lines, all by computer, just seems to be too serious a prospect to consider.

\* "I guess I'm old-fashioned but I think that writing is important—the figures don't really prove it—but to me it's more important than it used to be," said Mr. Howard and I'm just old-fashioned enough to agree.



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

It was a beautiful day, a week ago Sunday, when the wife cajoled me into taking her and the girls for a walk on the Bruce Trail.

I was pretty busy at home at the time, cleaning up some work from the office, and in a way I resented the intrusion. But after five minutes on the trail, it was all worthwhile. We all had a wonderful outing.

We "borrowed" another little girl from the neighborhood and took off to hike a section running west from the Appleby Line above the mountain. (We've walked just about every other piece of the trail in Halton County but had somehow missed that one.) It was obvious on our arrival we wouldn't be alone on the trail—there were about nine cars parked around the intersection and a steady stream of traffic was coming and going, up and down the Appleby Line.

Sure enough, once we got a few hundred yards down the trail from the road, it was so busy we wondered how soon the Bruce Trail would have to bring out pedestrian policemen to sort out the traffic jams. Perhaps that's an exaggeration, but in 90 minutes on the trail we must have met, passed or been passed by about 90 other people.

Bruce Trailers claim they're the "friendliest people in the world" and you've gotta believe it. Everyone said "hi" as they passed and many stopped to chat about the weather, the trail, or some rare sight of nature they had just seen. If you're looking for a nice section of trail to walk, I'd heartily recommend the piece running west from Appleby Line.

We only walked in a mile or so but in that short space we spotted millions of leaves changing to their fall colors, discovered dozens of different varieties of ferns, saw a spot where coons had been raiding a farmer's cornfield, encountered several young couples hugging each other as they walked, spotted a chipmunk and a bluejay, and to top it all off got a good look as a small flight of Canada geese, honking and heading southward in their V formation.

It was a grand walk and I sure went back to the drudgery of homework a lot more refreshed than I was before our hike.

Diet faddists will be thrilled to know there's a new "diet cook book" on the market. It's supposed to outline a way of eating without the frustration of most of today's pound-shedding rituals—you know, the grapefruit diet, banana diet, egg diet, drinking man's diet, calorie diet, carbohydrate diet, etc.

The puffsheet I received says it contains 500 calorie-counted recipes and 300 menus, suitable for everyone's use.

It's amazing how many people keep saying the printed word is "dead". To my way of thinking it's the liveliest corpse in history, so there Mr. Marshall McLuhan.

They claim TV and radio are taking over the communications world. They are making inroads, I'd be the first to admit, but the day they replace books, newspapers and magazines will never come.

Read an interesting quote from Arnold Gingrich, publisher of Esquire magazine on this subject. Arnold says:

"What has always amused me about the McLuhanites is that they all, from the master himself down to the last and least of his disciples, all have to resort to the printed word to convey the awesome tidings that the printed word is dead. Not the least ironic is the recent announcement that Marshall McLuhan is getting out a newsletter, doubtless to proclaim, in an early issue, that as a form of communications the newsletter is as dead as the eighteenth century broadside. These pronouncements, ranging from the news, so long and loudly reported from the McLuhan camp that books will be museum pieces in another decade—since which faint flash of doom McLuhan has himself written three more books—all the way over to the other extreme, of the proclamation from the Bonhoeffer disciples that God is Dead, seem to share one pathetic fallacy: they make the assumption that things can, at a given point in time, be written off as finished business."

Quote of the week: "An Ottawa statistician has figured it would take 50 people, working day and night for 175 years, to make the same mistakes an electronic computer can make in only three seconds. I think the point is heartening and self-explanatory. Remember that ultimately, the moon bug was landed manually!"

The quote came from a talk on "communications" by the Hon. Stanley J. Randall, Ontario's Minister of Trade and Development at a business conference held in Toronto a while ago. His topic was, "If you'll stop talking, I can say something."

Have you ever asked why something was done in a certain way, only to be told "Because that's the way we've ALWAYS done it"?

Perhaps the classic example of this kind of senseless and stubborn adherence to precedent occurred when Bismarck was ambassador to the court of Alexander II. Looking out a window of the Peterhof Palace, in 1860, Bismarck noticed a sentry standing watch in the middle of the lawn and idly asked the Czar why the man was there. The Czar asked the aide-de-camp. He didn't know. The general commanding the troops at the palace was summoned. He didn't know either.

"Then find out why and report to me," commanded the Czar.

It took three days of intensive investigation, but finally the general came back with the answer.

It seemed that in 1780, on a fine spring morning, Catherine the Great had looked out the window and had seen the first flower thrusting above the frozen grass. She had ordered a sentry posted to prevent anyone from picking the flower, or inadvertently stepping on it. And 80 years later, a sentry was still there. No one had ever asked that simple, one-word question: "Why?"

A computer has replaced the "information" booth in Frankfurt, Germany. At the main railroad station a \$30,000 machine answers any one of 4,765 questions and in 30 seconds will pass out a sheet of paper with the requested information on it.



TIPTOEING THROUGH THE TULIPS? Or maybe just pondering the petals. The spring tulips seen here are an example of the many fine bulb varieties that can be planted in the fall ready to bloom at winter's end. October is Bulb Planting Month in Ontario, and the Ontario Department of Agriculture and Food recommends planting begin now before severe weather sets in and bulbs are unable to root properly.—(Photograph by Malak of Ottawa)

## Champion Editorial Page

### Conceive the best...

In just one month Miltonians will be nominating those who will seek election for a two year term as members of Milton Council and Milton Hydro Commission. The date is November 17.

The next two years will undoubtedly see the transition to regional government and to say they will be crucial years in the history of the area, is an understatement.

Indications that there will be changes in the group that has met for the last two years as a council, are already evident. Deputy-Reeve Ron Harris has served notice he will this year seek the position of reeve. Other rumblings on moves up and moves out have been circulating as well as rumors that some former candidates may seek a mandate to return to council.

During the past two years, from the granting of additional land by annexation, the town has been launched on an expansion course. This has required considerable groundwork and countless hours of effort which is not always evident. The matter of the new official plan and zoning by-law is an example. Weighty documents, they have not only been costly, but they have taken countless hours of deliberation by planning board and subsequently council.

They are the required blueprints to which the town's growth must be tailored and the pressures to amend and change them, once they obtain final approval, will be constant. It's virtually impossible to consider them final.

The installation of the trunk sewer is, in effect, like the creation of a backbone to serve the town and the new acres which the town gained from annexation. When the required horizontal "ribs" or sub trunks are added they will extend the value of the main trunk and permit development of the town.

### Explain please in detail...

With all the information being bombarded at the north Burlington area by that town's fire chief, through the various news media, perhaps it's time for north Burlington residents to invite Chief Reg Law to a public meeting and explain just what he intends in fire protection for Kilbride and the north.

The decision has already been made to withdraw north Burlington from the Milton Fire Area and we suggest residents of Kilbride and Burlington are entitled to details.

No one can argue with the need for adequate fire protection. It has a significant bearing on insurance rates as well as the preservation of lives and property. In this light we

Proposals for growth, for new subdivisions, for new condominiums and apartments are being presented with an increased tempo. For a town that was fenced into restrictive boundaries for several years, it is natural that expansion should follow when additional land is made available.

While all of this will provide a basis for council deliberations in the next two years and occupy the minds of members, the most significant change which will take place will be the transition to regional government.

At the moment the process seems to move at a painfully slow pace but there are indications that Halton is giving it more consideration than Peel where there has never yet been any attempt to draw boundary lines as Halton reeves have done.

After all the ideas are in and all the reports presented, regional government will mature into fact and paving the way for the change will be the council that gets elected this December. Much will depend on its competence and its knowledge.

November 17 will be an important date because it is at that point that personal decisions must be made by individuals about whether to seek office or whether to leave the job for someone else. Decisions must be made, too, about whether to support candidates or whether to sit back and consider the campaign the latest entertainment on the local scene.

November 17 is the time the 1970-71 council and hydro commission are in the embryo stage. The life expectancy is two years and death could come sooner if regional government arrives in 1971, but the period of life will be critical to the future of the area.

Will you be there to conceive the best?

wonder about the adequacy of the proposed \$950 fire pumper, mentioned in one daily newspaper story, which would be stationed in Kilbride. The last fire pumper purchased for the Milton Area department cost \$35,000. There has to be a difference.

The Burlington council has also indicated it intends to purchase fire protection for sections of Burlington from the Milton Fire Area. With no costs for this established it does seem worth exploration to determine just what those costs are going to be, and how they will affect tax levels in that particular area.

Our confidence in the \$950 pumper is further undermined when the chief is quoted as suggesting if



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

This column is not going to have one theme, but several. Fair enough? I've just returned from an exhausting weekend, taught eight 40-minute periods of English and attended a department heads' meeting which ended by six p.m., with everybody snarling.

We went to visit our daughter at university. A mistake, but you love them. First few weeks are bad enough, but when you add a tooth extraction, with complications, it's 'orrible.

Complicate that with loneliness and you have a pretty sad kid on your hands. (Funny, isn't it? Kids spend years telling you how glad they'll be to get away from their rotten parents and be FREE. And a week later they're desperately homesick).

But it wasn't all bad. We had a good dinner, out; and Kim ruined her new leather skirt by dropping a fried shrimp on it. This is the only skill she has really mastered, after 13 years of education. Dropping things.

And then there was Dennis, the cab driver. Rotund and jolly, he talked steadily as he drove us in circles and squares, looking for an address. When we finally found it, we realized we could have walked in half the time.

And Dennis, striking his forehead violently, remarked: "Geez, I shoulda known dis place. I work right across de street dere at de garage two nights a week."

But he gave us a refund, which you'd never get in most cities.

Perhaps the highlight of the weekend was The Newlyweds. We were coming down in the elevator on Sunday. A very large man, in his late fifties, and stoned to the eyeballs, joined us at the fifth floor. He was accompanied by a statuesque blonde, in her early fifties. Also stoned, but a lady. Couldn't say a word.

"Wantcha to meet the wife," he burbled deliriously. "Just got married yesterday."

We were delighted at this manifestation that love knows no race, creed, or age, and congratulated them heartily.

"We got 12 kids", he announced proudly. Seems she had four sons and two daughters and he had four daughters and two sons, by previous marriages. Lots of grandchildren.

They were just off to Boston on their honeymoon. Now, don't ask me why anyone would go to Boston on a honeymoon. There isn't that much time to talk while you're going down five floors in an elevator.

But they seemed extremely happy, and God bless them, and I hope they made it out of the city without being thrown in the impaired driving tank. He almost wiped out a bellboy as he backed away from the hotel entrance. But love and peace to both of them. How would you like to start on a honeymoon with 12 kids?

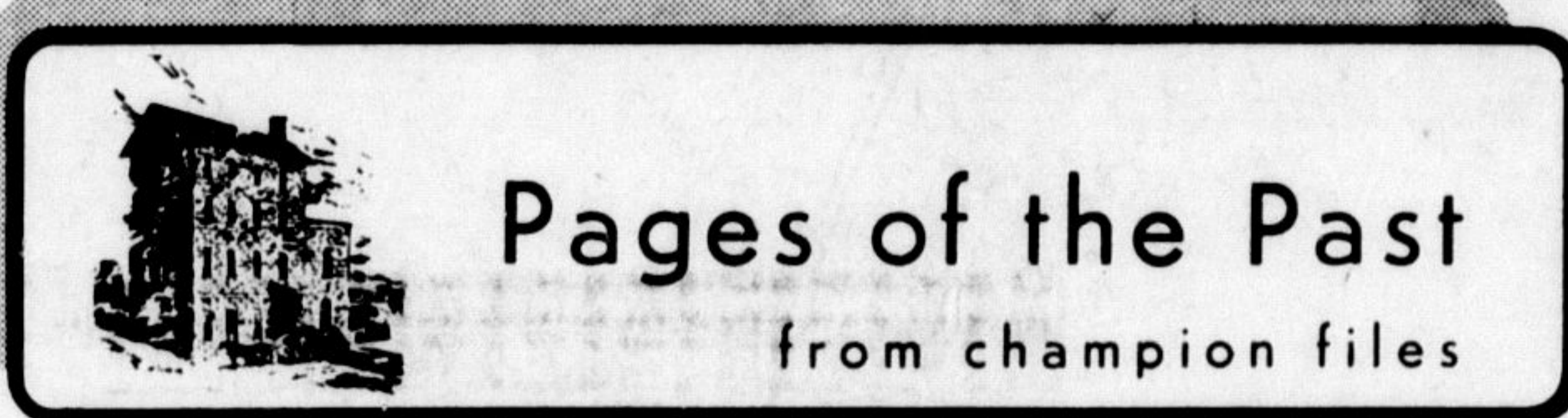
Personally, I love and admire anybody who believes in love and admiration after the age of 50. But 12 kids! And all those grandchildren. Wow! It's like going over the trenches at dawn with a cap pistol and a string of firecrackers.

Theme two. Does anybody in his right mind understand Medicare? I take it from the silence that the answer is a resounding "No!"

This will replace that, and that will replace this, and I can get a hearing aid, which I don't need. How about a smelling aid for those who can't smell? My wife, after carefully reading the utterly confusing directions, has the idea that we belong to four different medical plans, none of which will pay all our medical bills. The only thing that comes through to me, loud and clear, is that it's going to cost more money.

Theme three. Do you realize that a high school with about 1,400 students in it, is a snake pit? Confine about 1,600 people (counting staff and janitors) into a shoe factory about a city block in size, and what do you get?

A learning situation? No, a burning situation and a gaggle of paranoids. More about this later, when I'm feeling better. And I feel better already, just having said it.



### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 13, 1949.

Athletic prowess was featured at the Milton Public School's annual field day last week. Champions of the different age groups were Anne Clarke, girls over six years; Joy Robertson, girls six and under; Billy Brush, tied with Douglas McCutcheon for boys' junior champion; Gary Ellis, boys over six years; Carol Tufford, girls' junior champion; Dolly Kelman, senior girl champion; Donald Finn, boys' intermediate champion; Bob Sales, boys' senior champion; and Ruth Brazier, girls' intermediate champion.

Mrs. Mark Gray of Crosswell, Michigan celebrated her 90th birthday on Tuesday, Sept. 27. She is the former Jennie Hume of Nelson and Milton.

A small outbreak of petty crime was discovered by local police during the holiday weekend. Beginning early Saturday morning sneak thieves systematically pilfered milk bottles of residents on Mill St. Later it is believed the same two stole two bikes from a Main St. home. When they encountered a flat tire they left this bike and stole another.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 16, 1919.

Jos. Marks of the Mark Bros. attractions has made arrangements to present D. W. Griffith's artistic production "The Great Love," with special orchestra and refined vaudeville, at the Princess Theatre, for one night only, Thursday, October 30. Seats will be on sale at Mackenzie's drug store.

Lost, a black ostrich feather ruff, on Friday evening last, between the G.T.R. station and Robt. Campbell's, corner of Victoria and Elizabeth Sts. Reward.

the town decides to use it for flooding ice rinks or works department jobs, he has another pumper he can send to Kilbride. The value of the unspecified pumper was not quoted.

Nothing is more frustrating than to have a building on fire and a neighboring department restricted from fighting it. We hope this would never happen in this area but we feel the people of Kilbride and north Burlington should have adequate assurance that the Burlington Chief's proposal is sound. A public meeting in Kilbride would seem the logical forum for such explanations.

Full returns of the elections will be given at the Princess on Monday evening, as soon as received by telegram, with a good program of pictures.

The annual meeting of the Milton Curling Club will be held in the Sheriff's office, at the court house, Milton, at 8 p.m., Friday, October 17th. Election of officers and general business.

There was a very pleasant card party at the G.W.V.A. rooms yesterday evening. The veterans propose to continue semi-monthly parties till next spring.

Deer hunting licences for sale at The Champion office.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 14, 1869.

Mr. Thomas Colling of Lowellville informs us that he planted one pound of Early Rose Potatoes, which yielded the nice little crop of one hundred pounds.

A man whose name we did not learn stepped against a section of the knife of a reaper at the Milton Foundry on Tuesday, and it entered the calf of his leg, making a dangerous wound. He was carried to Dr. Freeman's surgery but fainted from loss of blood before medical assistance could be procured. Under the doctor's care, however, he was able to return home.

The Concert in the Town Hall, Milton, on Tuesday evening, in aid of Grace Church, was largely attended, about four hundred people being present. The musical entertainment gave entire satisfaction.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur was employed yesterday in visiting the Ottawa lumber mills, and in running the slides. The departure on the Upper Ottawa trip takes place today.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Published by DILLS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. LTD. 191 Main Street East Phone 878-2341 Milton, Ontario

James A. Dills, Publisher Roy E. Downs, Editor Marvin Grove, Advertising Manager

Published every Wednesday at 191 Main St., Milton, Ontario. Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association. Subscription rates payable in advance, \$5.00 in Canada; Carrier Delivery in Milton, 15 cents per week; \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, the portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate.

In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell and may be withdrawn at any time.

Second class mail Registration Number—0913.