



## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

"I got the same kind of cold. The day, cold, when those below-freezing temperatures..."

"That's the conclusion I reached after a flying visit to a paper mill north of Timmins..."

"I had good opportunity to experience the bone-chilling cold as I waited on a frozen river for a truck-load of logs to arrive..."

"While I've covered a lot of newspaper with words I've never actually seen it manufactured..."

"I was interested in the reforestation of the cut-over areas when I found this mill cuts 35-40 square miles of timber annually...

to its needs. The process is simple. The black spruce resists the cut-over area more effectively than man could. Evidence of this can be seen today in areas cut over 20 or 30 years ago..."

"The cutting of timber may not long be what it has been though, where men with saws and axes harvested the trees. An experimental model of a piece of equipment..."

"Eating at a bush camp cleared up any preconceived notions I had about the quality of the food served. It was excellent from Swiss steak to Chinese food..."

"None of the woods workers were complaining about the temperature. It takes cold weather to allow equipment over some of the roads and into the swampy bush..."



SCENIC SETTING graces the banks of the mill pond at Centennial Park in the centre of Milton. It's a pretty spot for a winter's walk.—(Staff Photo)

## Champion Editorial Page

### Honesty on both sides...

There's a good deal of comment about consumer protection these days and undoubtedly there is need for methods to deal with unscrupulous businessmen.

Similarly, however, there is some need for protection of the businessman as one such individual pointed out to us this week.

Take the matter of NSF cheques for instance. Technically it's illegal to present an NSF cheque in payment for goods or services but it does happen and not always innocently.

### Panic attacks...

It has seemed to us that the increasing intrusions in the areas of substitutes for foods and the interference with nature has produced a number of panic actions that are producing an almost constant sense of crisis.

Air pollution is a current headline-grabber but even the Greeks complained about the Roman army of occupation, because its soldiers habitually burned garbage within city limits.

Now, of course, we have become so conscious of air pollution it is necessary to obtain provincial approval to burn a community's Christmas trees.

There are two days in every week about which you should not worry, two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains.

All the money in the world cannot bring back yesterday. We cannot undo a single act we performed; we cannot erase a single word we said.

The other day we should not worry about is tomorrow, with its possible adversaries, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance.

Tomorrow's sun will rise, either in splendor or behind a mask of clouds—but it will rise. Until it does, we have no stake in tomorrow, for it is as yet unborn.

This leaves only one day—today. Any man can fight the battles of just one day. It is only when you add the burdens of these two awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow—that we break down.

It is not the experience of today that drives men mad—it is remorse of bitterness for something which happened yesterday and the dread of what tomorrow may bring.

Let us, therefore, live but one day at a time.

(Author Unknown)



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Snow is something you like or dislike. You can't just ignore it. At least not around these parts. If you ignored it at our house, they'd find you in the spring, in a high state of decomposition.

When I was a kid, I loved snow. The more the better. Fighting in it, rolling in it, making "angels", washing girls' faces in it, throwing it at the enemy, and coming home for supper rosy-cheeked, warm as toast, and soaked to the skin.

Somewhere along the line, our love affair has withered and gone stale. Oh, I admit it's beautiful to look at on a bright winter day, when there's been a fresh fall of a few inches, and the whole world is like Adam and Eve.

But when it keeps coming down and coming down, and you have to get rid of it, you remember that the above-mentioned pair got kicked out of paradise, and the rest of us have had to slug it out ever since.

Putting out the garbage is a simple thing. But when the snow is over the top of your boots, and you have to carry the cans 80 yards, it's a minor nightmare.

Deciding in the morning whether or not you can ram your way through the three-foot bonus from the snowplow across the end of your drive is similar to Russian roulette. I tried it once last week and had to leave the car sitting there like a stranded whale, tail sticking out into the street and body straddling the sidewalk.

We have an excellent system of snow clearance in our town, except that the operators have a diabolic sense of the perfect moment to strike.

The big street plow lurks around the corner while you shovel your driveway. Then the driver's mate says, "O.K. He's all ready," and they whistle around the corner and dump about three tons of new snow back into the driveway.

Then we have a sidewalk plow. If you

beat the big plow, the little one will get you. He comes around when you're at work and kicks out a one-foot pile on the street side and another on the driveway side. This is frozen into crusty snow-ice by the time you get home, and you need an Alpenstock to break it up.

One big help though, is the kids. They're right on the job. If it snows two inches of fluffy stuff, they're at the door with big, boyish smiles. "Can I shovel you, Mister?" You could do it yourself without strain, but figure on assisting free enterprise, give them the job, and over-pay them.

Comes a real downfall, say ten inches of that wet slushy stuff, when every loaded shovel weighs six pounds and is a potential coronary, and they're all home watching television.

The final aid is the snow-blower. When the banks have built up to a height where you can see only your neighbor's roof and a bit of sky, when the banks are so high not even the Abominable Snowman would tackle one, the blower comes around. And throws 2 tons of snow, salt and sand well up onto your lawn. Great for the grass.

Well, if you can't beat them, what do you do? I've been turning over a scheme. No dopey snowmobile. No downhill skiing, because of a couple of crook knees. And if I wanted to ski, I could do it in my own backyard, practising jumps off the picnic table.

No, I've decided to re-learn to fly. Take lessons at the local airport. Surely some of the old skill, such as it is, is still there. I've done plenty of winter flying and it's great up there, except when you run into a snowstorm and have to set her down in a farmer's field.

But I could sail along at a couple of thousand feet and sneer down at the snow. I enjoy its beauty, and maybe even get to like the filthy stuff again. It would be a lot better than having the snow sneer down at me, as I try to hoist a loaded shovel onto a seven-foot bank, and wait for that sharp pain in the chest with each hoist.

## Pages of the Past

from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 19, 1950.

Reeve of Nassagaweya Township for the past three years and former councillor for 10, William Vansickle of Campbellville was unanimously chosen Warden of Halton County for 1950 at the inaugural meeting of County Council, held at the County buildings last Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Thomson were at home to their friends Tuesday afternoon and evening Jan. 17 for their 25th wedding anniversary.

At the inaugural meeting of Esqueving Council Jan. 9, a by-law was passed granting permission to the Reeve and Treasurer to borrow money to meet the current expenditure of the Township and the blanks be filled with the sum of \$50,000.

A Brampton man was assessed \$25 and costs of \$16 or 20 days in jail by Magistrate's Court here yesterday.

The only product we can think of that seems able to withstand the panic-attack is the cigarette. One chemist told us last week there is more nicotine in cigarettes than DDT but still after the impact of each public pronouncement on the dangers of cigarettes, a dip in sales is followed by a climb.

Panic-attacks have a way of losing their effectiveness when one is followed by another, is followed by another. As long as we continue to develop substitutes, and seek to alter natural cycles we can expect more panic-attacks. It would, of course, be preferable for adequate research to precede introduction of new products or methods. That might take some of the panic out of today's high-powered living.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 29, 1920.

Messrs. C. H. Heslop, T. J. Brown, John Macted and Charles Jones were nominated last Monday for the vacancy in the town council due to the death of the late Councillor William Maddocks. Messrs. Macted and Jones have withdrawn and there will be a poll next Tuesday for Messrs. Heslop and Brown.

On the 19th inst., Walter Bews, formerly of Milton, was elected Mayor of Revelstoke, B.C. which has a population of about 5,000 and is alleged to have been under the control of a rough and lawless element for some years. Mr. Bews was the candidate of the law and order element, who elected all its slate, Mayor and council, after a hot and close contest.

The executive of the Halton-Liberal-Conservative Association met in Milton last Saturday. There was a

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, January 27, 1870.

The sleighing in this neighborhood is very good, and business has been doing very well.

The icy conditions of the roads for some time past has been the cause of a large number of upsets, but we are happy to chronicle that there has been nobody hurt.

The County Council at its late session appointed P. A. McDougald, Esq., trustee of the Oakville Grammar School, and Rev. John Gillespie, Trustee of the Milton Grammar School. Both of these appointments will give the greatest satisfaction.

Boston Church, Esqueving, in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church, will be opened on the Sabbath, the 30th inst. The Rev. Mr. Mikie of Oakville will preach at 11 a.m. A collection will be taken morning and evening to defray expenses.

The vote for County Warden being equal, the reeve of Esqueving broke the tie and was elected Warden for the county.

Baker's expedition of discovery has been heard of. On the 1st of January they were at the headwaters of the Nile.

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## Et Cetera...

Consider the sad case of Dr. Roger Egeberg, top U.S. government health officer. He returned to Washington after dense smoke and smog prevented his plane from landing in Detroit where he was to address a clean air conference.