



Jim's Jottings
by jim dills

* Perhaps Thornton Burgess and Walt Disney have unduly colored my attitudes to animals, but I don't like to see animals needlessly injured or in pain. Their cries of anguish or pain are every bit as real to me as those of a human. Perhaps you could call it soft-heartedness.

* Patches was a stray, unnamed cat that came (or was led) to our house a number of years ago. She seemed to fit in with the family automatically and one loyal "looker-afterer" was assisted periodically in the chores attending the arrival.

* Ever-ready for affection, Patches had a four cylinder purr that could not be mistaken or overlooked. Her sharp claws often prodded some undiplomatic screams or complaints but she taught us to have a healthy respect for animals and their ability to defend themselves from a pulled tail or a rougher-than-usual petting.

* It was disturbing that despite the food available inside the house she often found it necessary to stalk the birds and other small animals in the area. It became more disturbing when she was successful and left remnants in various locations. The event could only be understood if it was realized that in the animal kingdom it was animal to animal with instincts in-bred over hundreds of years.

* Friday night Patches limped home with a gaping wound in her side and an obviously broken back leg. Her agony was evident and only the most gentle movement could be tolerated. There was no fight left in her to ward off our efforts to move her into the house. Her complaints were vocal but she seemed to sense the intent was to help.

* The obvious conclusion was she had met her superior in a bush-encounter and had suffered the wounds of the loser. You can be philosophical about that because man has not yet, fortunately, altered nature so greatly that animals change habits in terms of friends and enemies.

* The distressing part came when we learned the wound resembled that inflicted by a shot. X-rays didn't reveal the remnants of any such shot and the "looker-afterer" in the house did a little trailing in the snow. A three legged cat with a sadly trailing tail isn't the most difficult animal to track in soft snow.

* Near the point of what seemed to be the encounter were marks of a ski pole but no skis. One wonders if it could have been a ski pole hurled with such force that it would puncture the skin of a cat and badly break its leg. Or could it have been a shot from some weapon in the hands of an unthinking person?

* It is extremely doubtful that we'll ever know, but the purpose in writing about such a possibility is to hope that if someone is wielding a ski pole or other weapon in pursuit of small animals, they stop. Outright death is so much more merciful than the severe wounding that will more frequently result.

* At this point Patches' future is uncertain. There is only so much that can be done or should be done for a family pet. It bothers me that there are those who might not be aware of the damage and of the suffering they can do. I hope in an age when compassion is so much required we might all have a little more of it.



POOR OLD DOBBIN—He's gradually being replaced as a workhorse with all those new-fangled instruments of mechanization on the modern farm. Fortunately there's a big boom in pleasure horses today, so the horses will never disappear from sight altogether.

Champion Editorial Page

Hasty hiring . . .

The future of Milton's municipal police department looks a little brighter now, after council gave full endorsement to the Ontario Police Commission's investigative report on the local force.

Council wisely requested the OPC to come into town and study the reasons for the high turnover in police personnel after repeated resignations among the junior members of the force. A council investigation might have turned up the same answers but all can rest easier now that the two-man team of outside experts has brought in impartial reasons and recommendations.

While the investigation was launched to find out the facts and come up with the answers on what appeared to be a minor problem, the very idea such an "investigation" was under way caught a lot of newspaper ink and created many rumors around the town. We're glad the investigators found only "minor" problems when they delved into the whys and wherefores of policing in Milton.

Main point of the report seemed to be that the town had been too hasty in hiring police recruits. This is understandable—in any nine-man operation the absence of one employee means the work has to be spread out over the remainder, and when a vacancy occurred it was only natural to try to fill that vacancy as soon as possible. Perhaps the town ended up hiring the best prospect among the few who applied. Perhaps none of the applicants was really worthy of the position but that

vacancy had to be filled and the best man got it. It seems to us one reason for the multitude of resignations was that many of the newer constables were young men who wanted to try police work but were not really sure if that was the profession they wanted. A few months on a small town force was enough to make up their minds, and they left in search of greener pastures.

Council's decision to adopt new hiring procedures and their intention of basing their decisions on background plus qualifications seems like a sound policy. The OPC report also turned up other minor problems—too much flowery language in reports, too much paperwork, too many statistics, a need for better communication, abuses of overtime privileges, the need for a rotary system of holidays and the problems of shift work.

The underlying tone of the OPC report indicates the chief has been to blame for some of the problems. Yet the investigators found him co-operative and willing to accept constructive criticism on areas of improvement. The chief has been mildly rebuked and appears agreeable to changing the department's operational methods to keep the men happier. And now, with the report presented, adopted and made public perhaps we can get on with the job of building the Milton Police Department back up to full strength once more. The recommendations in the report should help a lot.

Progressive Step . . .

Pollution is a common problem today inflated by headlines and with much finger-waving attached.

We're pleased to see that one of our local industries has announced plans to do something practical about the problem which has existed here on occasions.

P. L. Robertson Manufacturing Co. has received approval for a \$70,000 plan to overcome the possibility of pollution from some of the effluent connected with their manufacturing process.

Acid ponds which are clearly visible from Bronte St. will no longer be used for treating plant waste and the effluent is to be treated in the plant. This, we hope, will remove the discoloration of the creek which sometimes developed as it wended its way through the town. The company has invited the town council to use the pond area north of the plant for dumping clean fill and in time the ponds should disappear.

Most of us are guilty of polluting the atmosphere, the streams, the parks and the streets by our careless habits but industry does come in for more blame than perhaps it should have to shoulder.

It is encouraging then, that local industry is taking a constructive



Sugar and Spice
by bill smiley

It was a close squeak, but I retained my position as President of PORK (Parents Of Rotten Kids) at the annual election of officers held in my study recently.

I was given the honor of leading, once again, this progressive and widespread organization, with members in every town and city in Canada, because my daughter quit university after one term.

We now have the situation of our son, who dropped out two years ago, and dropped back in this year, urging his kid sister not to be a slob, a ninny, a quitter, a lazy bum, just as we urged him when he did it.

The reason for Kim's decision is rather fuzzy in our eyes, as she wasn't failing, and even seemed to like some aspects of it. But I think the main reason was that, after 13 years of school and piano lessons, she had simply had enough, and wanted to find out what real life is all about.

I haven't figures (but I'll bet they're shocking) of the number of bright young people who quit college in their first year. The reasons are obvious. It is boring, it doesn't live up to their expectations, or they can't stand the new freedom and fall behind, hopelessly, in their work.

It's a bitter blow for parents with high hopes, especially for those who couldn't afford it themselves and want something better for their children. There are tears and exhortations and beating of breasts. There is the rational approach, the plaintive approach, the thunderous condemnation.

But you might as well try to reason with John Calvin or an oak stump as with a stubborn 18-year-old who has made up his or her mind about something. The favorite expression is that they want to "find" themselves, to learn to live in a world that is not cotton-wrapped or institutionalized. This argument brings ulcers, apoplexy and fallen arches of the soul to parents.

And I have some sympathy for the kids. As long as they're not my own. They want to get out of the rat-race of mortgages, taxes and striving for security in which they see their grey-faced parents engaged.

They are simply sick of a system with a stick at one end and a carrot, in the form of a piece of paper, at the other. For some kids, the system is fine. And I especially admire those who, without too much natural ability, and practically no money, haul themselves through school by their bootstraps, on plain hard work.

For others, a minority, the system is rotten, and to some extent I agree with them. They want a simpler, cleaner way of life.

It's a tough decision for them. Often, it takes more courage to quit than to conform. They hate to hurt their baffled parents. They are labelled as lazy punks and dropouts. They are told they can't face reality. They are confronted by nagging, bullying, threats and bribes, along with their own feelings of guilt. They often become emotionally disturbed, or pretty tough on the surface.

But there's one thing parents must do. They must stop trying to live through their kids, especially when the latter are old enough to work, to marry and to live their own lives.

Parents should do the same—live their own lives. They should go on loving their offspring, if possible. They should help them, if they need help. But they should stop trying to manipulate them, to mold them into a design they think is the right one.

Please don't think I'm defending all dropouts. Some of them are lazy bums, and quitters. But I can't help wondering what I should do, if I were 18 today.

When I went to university, it was a way of getting off the treadmill, of escaping a dull job and a limited future and a life of diapers, and boiled cabbage, and hamburger four times a week, and never enough money.

Today's affluent kids are getting off another type of treadmill in a different way. They have my sympathy, but my heart bleeds for those who won't make it, and discover, too late, that they have exchanged a treadmill for a squirrel cage.



Down[s] in this Corner
with roy downs

I have been taken to task by a reader who claims The Champion erred in giving front page prominence to a story on groundhog day and the sighting of the first robin last week.

"This town is full of controversy and yet you gave page on treatment to a story about the silly groundhog and somebody seeing their first robin," he berated me.

My defence (and I'll present it to you just as I presented it to him in case there are others who feel the same way) is just this:

A—Sure, there were controversies raging last week. But The Champion didn't ignore them. While the groundhog-robin story did occupy five column inches of space at the bottom of the front page, the hospital story included a picture and 56 inches of page one space, the zoning by-law hearing commanded 31 inches of treatment on the front page, and the Police Commission report also took up 31 inches of space.

Five inches about groundhogs and robins doesn't stack up too well against 118 inches of type concerning the three major news topics of the week, now does it?

B—In a town wracked by controversies at the hospital, waiting with bated breath for the release of the police commission report and wallowing in legal terminology surrounding the zoning by-law and official plan, don't you agree we needed a bit of light-hearted treatment, a touch of humor on the front page?

C—Just because the front page is the page reserved for the major news of the week in Milton and district, doesn't mean it's the only page in the paper. Readership surveys indicate buyers read ALL the paper, not just the front page, the editorials and the classifieds. This is more true with the community weekly press in Canada than with the big, multi-sectioned dailies available from the nearby cities. Hometown papers like The Champion are chock full of LOCAL news . . . that's our purpose. We don't care if there's a riot in outer Mongolia, a flood in Windsor or an awards night in Jacksonville, Fla., unless someone from Milton and district is involved. So the whole paper is a completely local news package, readable from front to back, with pictures, news and advertisements, geared to satisfy a local audience. You may find more of interest on page five or page B7 than you do on the front page, but we all have to start somewhere, now don't we?

Seems to me, with regional government only a hop, step and a jump away, we ought to be running a contest to find a new name for the future city of Halton and Peel.

Once this shotgun wedding is over, the unblinking bride (Halton) will want to sign her new married name in the register. Are you satisfied with Peel-Halton or Halton-Peel, or do you agree with me we

need a completely new monicker? Here's one idea.

There's a place in Wales where the townsfolk claim fame for having the town with the longest community name in the world:

"Llanfairpwllgwyngllgogerychyrndrobwllllantysiliogogoch."

Perhaps we could combine the names of all the existing municipal entities in Halton and Peel and come up with one even longer than that:

"Miltonoakvillegeorgetowntactonmoghurlingtonbrookvillehornbydrumquinalpalm onelsoncampbellwillemoffatashstewarttown esquesingnassagaweyaashshotlowvillekibri lliamstrafalgarbronteaidershotlowvillekibri demiltonheights" would nicely cover the whole of Halton—and just think of all those towns and townships and villages in Peel that could be added on.

What happened to all our letter writers in recent weeks? For a while there The Champion was flooded with lively letters from readers on a host of contentious and interesting topics. In recent weeks they have fallen off. Is everybody too busy, too complacent or too lazy to write us a line expressing their opinions?

My column about having trouble assembling Christmas toys struck a responsible note at one local household. A lady reader writes she and her husband used to have quite a time putting together those "easy to assemble" toys until they hit upon a quick solution.

"You are going about it all wrong," she wrote. "It is really quite simple. We have an agreement with Santa Claus to start with. He only gives the children presents that are already assembled. My husband and I give the children the things that come in hundreds of small pieces with directions that would stump a master mechanic."

"We simply hold open house for our friends on Christmas eve. We supply the liquor and sandwiches and they supply the muscles and brains. One of our friends is an English teacher who knows what the big words mean, another is a Frenchman, and of course they are the foremen on the job. One is a mechanic, which helps enormously as you can well imagine; the rest of the fellows supply the muscle."

"Our daughter received the same blackboard your daughters did. It only took us an hour and a half to assemble the beastly thing perfectly. It took a bit over an hour to put together a wooden wagon with racks, and 45 minutes to assemble a miniature pool table for our son (with three or four hours' playing time to be sure it was perfect, of course). A lovely time was had by all."

"Do you want the address of our friends?"

Pages of the Past
from champion files

20 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 9, 1950.

100 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 17, 1870.

Fines were levied against two men, as the aftermath of a street brawl which occurred in front of a local hotel last Saturday night. The men were fined \$20 each and \$12.50 costs or 30 days in jail.

On Monday evening, Feb. 6 in Knox Church schoolroom, a series of colored slides on landscaping and the growing of roses was presented through the courtesy of the Downham Nursery of Bowmanville through their representative Mr. Bunting. While the slides were being shown Mr. Bunting in a clear and instructive talk gave the audience helpful advice on planting nursery stock.

Plans for strong entries in the Halton Association were made at a meeting of the Milton Ball executive last Friday. Besides choosing officials for the respective departments officials decided new uniforms would be purchased for both the junior and senior entries in the Association.

Milton Intermediates dropped their last scheduled game with Georgetown to the visitors 11-9 at the local ice palace last Friday night. One of the largest crowds of the season turned out to witness the battle between these two top teams.

An Oyster and Pancake Supper will be held in Hornby Orange Hall Tuesday Feb. 21.

Come to Bell's Schoolhouse on Friday, Feb. 10 at 8:30 and learn the true facts concerning Fairview School at Lowville. Transportation of pupils to Glenwood School for manual training and household economics will also be discussed.

50 years ago
Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 12, 1920.

J. H. Shields says he found two robins in his grounds on Tuesday and fed them.

Motorists are warned that Monday, Feb. 9 was the time limit for using last year's motor vehicle markers.

The flu epidemic is abating in Milton but Hamilton's outbreak is increasing fast. Yesterday 183 new cases were reported, making the total to date 839. There is a scarcity of trained nurses and a demand for volunteers, male as well as female.

J. P. Secord of Orillia was here at the nominations last Monday. He was a pupil of the late Rhomas Reagan in the old Milton Grammar School. He is a personal

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