

Guest editorial

Good news at Easter

An Easter message from the Ministerial Association of Milton and District, prepared by the Rev. D. R. Nicholson, minister of St. David's Presbyterian Church, Campbellville:

Crucifixion was the most terrible form of capital punishment which Imperial Rome could devise. At the threat of it, men who feared nothing else, would recoil. The cross, on the one hand, was the symbol of Rome's stern domination and, on the other hand, it was the ultimate degradation to which a human being could be condemned. Yet, there was One who chose a course which He knew would lead to a cross. Jesus Christ himself declared, "For this cause came I unto this hour."

The road that led Jesus to the cross, however, did not end there. It is true that our Lord paid the supreme sacrifice by dying on a cruel cross for the purpose of forgiving our sin. But the story of God's salvation for man continues through a mournful Friday to a victorious Easter Day—the Day of Resurrection.

Followers of Jesus came to the grave on the first day of the week with oil to anoint his body. They were not expecting to see Him alive again. Other disciples went dejectedly back to their former occupations, discouraged and defeated. Against their own will, however, they became convinced that the Jesus of Nazareth, whom they had followed for about

three years and whom they had laid in a grave just three days before, had been raised from that same grave. What a change this fact made in their lives. Their despondency and doubt was transformed into faith and action. They were now ready, if necessary, to turn the world upside down for the sake of their living Lord and for the purpose of announcing this 'good news'.

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is the cornerstone of Christianity. Without it, says the Bible, "we are of all men the most miserable and we are yet in our sins." However, with faith in the risen Christ who conquered sin, death and the grave, we can say with confidence, "Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This is the message of 'good news' that the Church, and all who profess the name of Christ, are commended to share with others.

What difference does it make if we believe this message or not? It is actually a matter of life or death. Living is what our existence in this world is all about. Jesus said, "Because I live you shall live also." Our Lord came to give meaning and purpose to life. Without God as our eternal Father and Jesus Christ as savior, companion and friend, life is not worth living. In the words of our Lord; "I am the resurrection and the life, he who believes in Me shall live."

Our tourism business

Everybody in Ontario has two businesses—his own and tourism—the Hon. John White, Ontario's minister of industry and tourism told the Association of Tourist Resorts of Ontario members at their annual convention recently in Toronto.

His "two businesses" idea should certainly be heeded by every man, woman and child in the province. We'd like to see the challenge carried out in Milton, too—for tourism is a virtually untapped but growing business in this area.

Milton's location between two major cities, in the heart of the fastest-developing region in Ontario, brings the town more tourist business through default than through promotion. Yet our local resources make this town and district an ideal place for travellers. The things we take for granted—the escarpment, hiking trails, beautiful scenery, golf courses, quiet country roads, the Kelso park, swimming facilities, good restaurants—the things the tourist is looking for.

This area's major drawback is its lack of motel and camping accommodations. Facilities for both are limited now, but if the tourist business increases, new motels and campgrounds would spring up as the demand

arises. The area's closest campground at Milton Heights will be in full operation this year.

For a start, let's all do just three things to help develop Milton's tourist industry. Walk erect, smile, and take the initiative in speaking a word of welcome to strangers. As Mr. White says, "tourism is primarily a matter of treating tourists as friends. So blessed be the gas station attendant, the bus driver, the waitress or the store clerk who has learned that a stranger is a friend whose acquaintance you haven't made yet."

The friendly smile and the warm handshake are as important as the big fish, the soft mattress or the fancy dessert, says White. In essence, tourist promotion is friendly communication and human relations.

The minister also offered these suggestions for increasing—and holding—the tourist trade. "Market your available resources with know-how and know-why. Provide standards unmatched anywhere. Build a reputation of extras. Offer all the comforts of home—with none of the conflicts."

Remember, you have two businesses—your own, and tourism.

Commenting briefly

From the House of Commons debates: "Mr. David Lewis (York South): Mr. Speaker, I should like to ask the Prime Minister a question. An honorable member: Don't bother. He is reading a book."

For the 14th year in a row it's a pleasure to extend a hearty "welcome to Milton" to all the young men visiting town this week to participate in the Tri-County Juvenile Hockey Tournament. The tourney, which started on Saturday, runs through to this Saturday night and the arena will be a hive of activity every night this weekend. Those who appreciate good hockey will be treated to some fine entertainment throughout the week and especially at the championship games Saturday. Be sure you extend a friendly welcome to all the young visitors and officials who are here for the tournament.

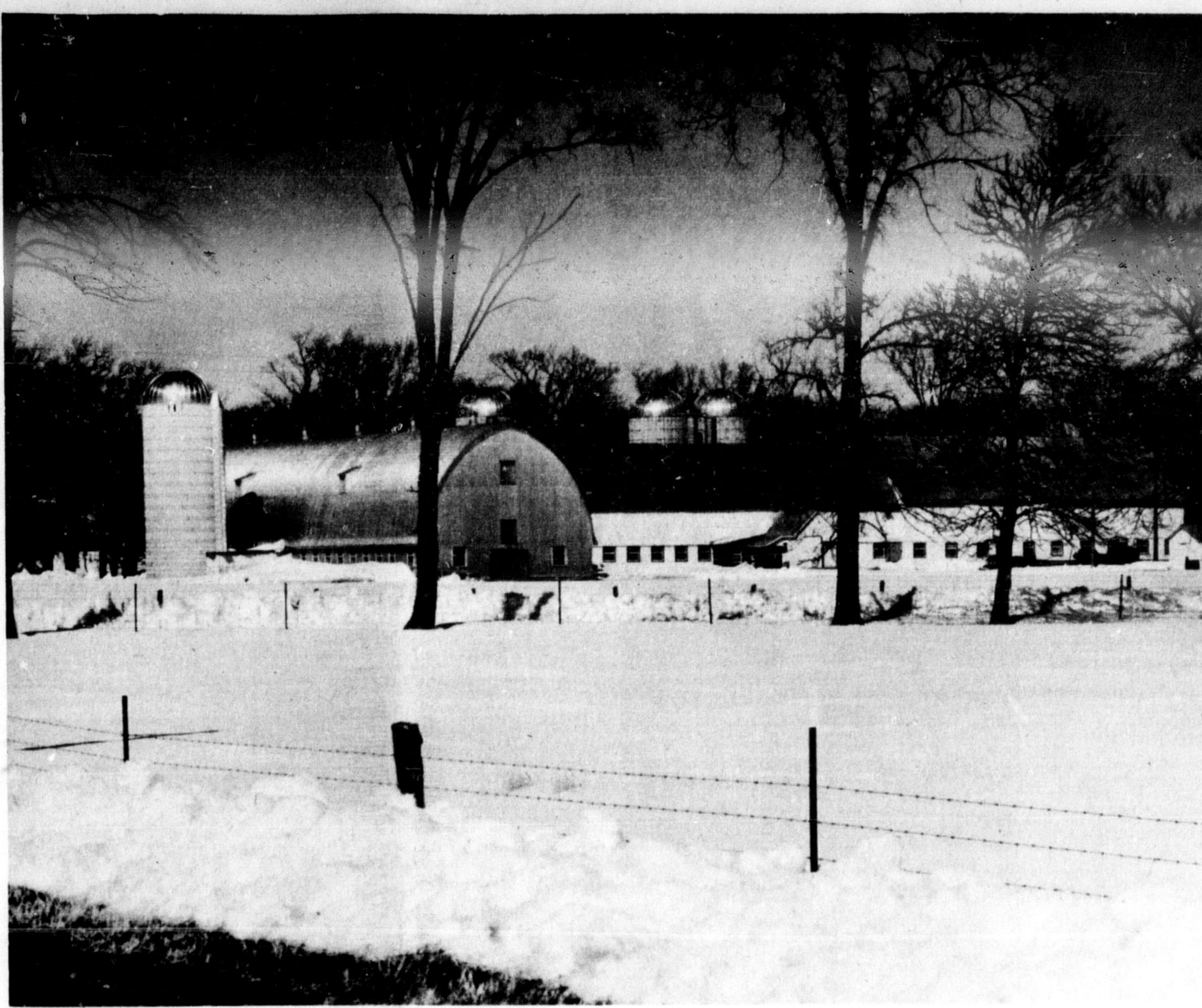
There was no intention, in a "commenting briefly" item in last week's Champion, to slur the Cancer Society for the good work it is doing. We simply asked the question, "how

come more money is spent on cancer research than on traffic safety?" Dave Brush of the local cancer society wanted to point out there's a good reason more money goes into cancer research than traffic safety—people canvass for the cancer fund and they don't take up a door-to-door collection to battle traffic safety. "Traffic safety is a combination of proper training and common sense, while cancer is a disease," he said.

Senator Harry A. Willis, who died Thursday, was the father of a Milton woman Mrs. Wallace (Margaret Anne) Gray.

Sen. Willis was widely known as a Conservative party fund-raiser and was a director of several companies. He was appointed to the Senate in 1962 and from 1943 to 1963 was federal chairman for Ontario of the Progressive Conservative Party.

There are so many Ontario residents visiting the State of Georgia each year during the spring school break, the state celebrates the week as "Ontario Week."



WINTER ON THE FARM—The snow is crusty and high along the roadside, as the naked trees sway in a gentle breeze and the buildings glisten beneath a strong sun.

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Second Section



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Let's see. The first New Zealander I ever met was a French teacher called Jeannie Cameron. I kissed her up in an apple tree one day. She was 26, and lonely. I was 19—and 19.

She wasn't a New Zealander then. She was a high school teacher. And I was a student. In fact, when the word got around that I was kissing my French teacher up in an apple tree, it very nearly ruined me with my 15-year-old girl friend, who thought teachers should be seen and heard, but not touched.

However, that's another story. Jeannie fell in love with a New Zealand airman, during the war. His name was Andy. Said he owned a sheep ranch. But I reckon he was a shoe clerk.

He was no different from thousands of Canadian servicemen, who married lovely little English ducks on the strength of their big cattle ranch, or gold mine, back home. The girls came out expecting The Ponderosa, and found they were the sole mineral on 120 acres of cedar and rock. Or Johnny didn't happen to own that gold mine. He just worked in it.

The chaps were not being dishonest. After all, if you said to an English girl, "The old man has 120 acres", it sounded as though there must be at least ten servants. If he said, "I'm a gold miner", it sounded as though he had a gold mine.

Well, Jeannie went to New Zealand with Andy, and I hope she slept well, counting those non-existent sheep as they leaped over the shoe counter.

The next New Zealanders I met were in training, in England. They spoke English, but it was a little different. Once I asked two of them what they were doing that evening. One replied, "We thet we'd weck ecess a cepple o' pedlocks anev a bayah."

Much research divulged that this meant they thought they would walk across a couple of paddocks (fields) and have a beer at the pub.

Then I got to a squadron. Three of us in a tent. Two Canadians and a New Zealander. By this time I could talk New Zealand. Nick was an old guy, about 25. Good type. Earthy, practical, realistic. The other Canadian, Freddy, was 19, virginal, idealistic, and credulous. I was sort of in between.

Nick used to tell that boy stories that curdled his blood and even curled his hair slightly. He told us the biggest lies about the fish and the deer and the sheep and the women of New Zealand that I blush, even now, to think of how I half believed him.

Freddy was sold and we formed a syndicate, then and there, to go to N.Z. after the war and get rich in two years. The syndicate was rather shattered when Nick and Freddy were killed in one week, and I was shot down the next.

In prison camp, I knew another Newzie. He was a squadron leader. Everybody else thought he was around the bend, but I knew he was just another Newzie. He'd come to my room in barracks every so

often and bellow, "Smiley, do you know where I can buy a truck in Canada?"

His plan, after release, was not to go back to N.Z. by ship, with the others, but to head for Canada, and drive across the country by truck. It's quite possible that he planned to drive it right across the Pacific, too, but I couldn't remember a single truck dealer, so I don't know what happened.

This seems like a long preamble to something, and it is. Writing a column is one of the loneliest jobs in the world. Once in a while, shouting into the void, you hear an echo. It warms the heart. Such is this, from Auckland, New Zealand.

"Thank you, dear Bill Smiley, for your delightful column. Here I am, 7,000 miles from home and I felt that my little world was crumbling around me. We are gradually losing everything and at present may lose our house as we try to make a go of it in New Zealand."

"As usually happens at times like these, minor problems seem major also and it seems impossible to hold your head up in a positive manner. So this is where I was last night when the Statesman arrived from Bowmanville and I flipped it open to your column... and read about 'men and weather make mistakes'. Well, I nearly died laughing. And it felt so good to laugh."

"Well, to make a long story short, it was with a much lighter heart that I swung out into the balmy night to put the milk bottles out. Things didn't seem to be so bad after all. And I was still chuckling so much that I suddenly realized that my head was high, my stride confident, and the night sky down here is really beautiful and God is up there... how had I forgotten? Just to be able to laugh again at something. It really does do good like medicine."

Thank you, dear lady.

museum. They've been watching a comedy show on TV called the "House of Frightenstein" and I guess they figured the display at the Falls would be along the same lines. Did they ever get a surprise!

Both of them were scared, almost to the point of tears, when the life-like wax dummies in the exhibits went through their paces. They clutched my hand and murmured something about wanting to get out but there was no escape... we had to see all the exhibits and they got gorier and gorier as we went along. After it was all over, Christine summed up their feeling of disappointment that the exhibits were so scary—"I thought it was going to be funny," she said.

That's the TV influence for you.

And the falls were beautiful, as usual. Encrusted in ice, shrouded in spray and illuminated by colorful lights each evening, they are a wonderful attraction and a sight you'll never get tired of seeing. I've seen them at least 10 times now, summer and winter, day and night, and they are still enchantingly beautiful and majestic.

Besides, it was a treat to just drive the car right up to the lip of the gorge and walk 10 feet to a railing to see the falls, in all their splendor. In the summertime you can't park within 10 blocks of the falls and people are usually three-deep staring at them.

It's rather refreshing, visiting Niagara Falls in the winter. Try it sometime and see.

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, March 27, 1952.

Milton goes on the air Monday, March 31. Yes, the story of The Canadian Champion and the story of George Hemstreet, Milton's grand old man will be on CFRB.

For the second year a Folk Festival has been held at the home of Mrs. Roy Coulter, Campbellville, from March 19 to March 23. This year four boys from Grey County joined with four girls from Halton County to participate in an interesting program.

Acton Junior Farmers defeated Palermo Junior Farmers 7-4 in a sudden death game played March 20 in Milton Arena.

Representatives of all the clubs in the Halton County baseball association except Acton and Clarkson met at Hawthorne Lodge on Saturday March 15 for a chicken dinner, the annual meeting and election of officers. Peter McMullen was elected president and secretary treasurer for the year will be J. Waldie. Both are of Milton.

The North Trafalgar Farm Forum wound up their winter season activities with a very successful social last Monday evening.

Thorold Orphans came to town Monday night and the Co-ops were fortunate to eke out a 5-4 win to claim the first game in the three out of five series.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

To be a woman is to open your heart to confidences, yet keep those confidences within the locked door of your heart. A woman should be able to keep secrets. A woman should encourage a man to be the best man he can. A woman is a mother to every child who approaches her.

To be a mature woman is to meet success with poise and humility and to accept failure with courage; determining to try harder the next day. She should never give up. She should keep hope in her heart. It is not easy to be a woman in this busy world we live in today. It's not easy to be an inspiration to all people and a source of joy and comfort to those you love. But these are the things which make a woman special. And being a woman is truly wonderful, believe me it is.

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A praying person finds that prayer is an open line to a "Greater Power". There are no busy signals, no party lines or interruptions on this service. The lines are never dead, out of order, crossed or cut. No voice will say "Sorry," you're three minutes are up." There are no charges, rates, or monthly bills. You don't have to dial long-distance on this prayer line. It's a direct connection, which is the same all over the world.

There is no Atlantic, Pacific, Eastern, Western or Daylight Saving time. No matter when you call, "Your Party" will answer. This service was not invented by Alexander Graham Bell or any other human being on this universe. It's been in existence since the beginning of time. No repair men are needed to fix the line, and it isn't used enough to wear it out.

If you haven't made your call today to the "Prayer Service," try it. Find out for yourself how quickly your "Party" will answer your call.

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These are some of the things we cannot do in life:

- Teach happiness.
- Have all your needs met by one person.
- Explain fun.
- Fake something for very long.
- Receive love on demand.
- Carry someone forever or expect to be carried forever.
- Have good weather when you want it.
- Love everyone equally.
- Love everyone all the time.
- Have everyone love you.
- Do everything right.
- Be understood by everyone.
- Save the world.
- Be where you want to be all the time.
- Share all your secrets.
- Agree with all thoughts and beliefs of your loved ones.
- Regenerate dead love.
- Hold a friend or lover through guilt or obligation.
- Go all day without breathing or blinking.
- Wash anything whiter than white.
- Prove God, love or humor.
- Have your own way all the time.
- Live in the past or future.

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