

Undesirable, but here

No one likes it, yet every community encounters it occasionally. It's called vandalism but we think it's wasteful destruction and those most often paying the price are the innocent taxpayers who initially offered the facility or service.

Recently someone climbed the fence around the Community Pool in Rotary Park and toppled one of the guard towers into the empty pool area. It smashed and had to be replaced at \$125.

Last week someone took the length of rope that was indicating parking spaces on the Mary St. parking lot. Probably the cost of the rope was about \$10 but the installation required considerable time and effort by one who had done the job voluntarily. In this case it wasn't the cost, it was the waste in the required duplication of

effort. There are probably other examples too, and if you include the littering, resulting from laziness and carelessness, many are guilty. It disturbs us to see drivers throw their cigarette boxes out the window of a car, or a child unwrap a chocolate bar and drop the wrapper despite well-placed litter containers.

Vandalism takes many forms and each results in the unnecessary use of tax dollars and voluntary effort.

The solution, of course, is for residents to all become more aware of those they may see causing damage and reporting the incident to the police. It's not the popular route but it has a way of being effective.

No one likes vandalism and we hope it doesn't become prevalent, but it takes some vigilance from all of us to deter it.

No father

Perhaps with Father's Day in the background we might turn our attention to those boys who didn't have a father to honor. It's to this group that the local Big Brothers organization turns its attention regularly and in which it can also use some help.

Being a Big Brother is a very personal thing, we discovered as we listened recently to Rev. Bob Foster discuss the role of a Rotary meeting. The whole objective is to provide boys between seven and 15 years with an adult male image so that in some small way the absence of a father is overcome.

The relationship is something that needs attention. It may be sharing outings, hobbies or interests but it is giving the "little brother" an opportunity to relate to a man.

Yes, there is a local need for Big

Brothers but it's not the kind of thing in which "arm bending" should have to be applied to get "volunteers". We think it's a personal thing in which you want to participate or you don't. It's sharing of experiences and interests as you would with a son of your own. And it has to be one of the most constructive undertakings you might ever undertake because, as the organization puts it, "no man stands so straight as when he knows how to help a boy".

If you're moved to assist don't prejudice your ability and get discouraged. Give Bob Foster a call at 878-6065 and let him talk to you about it. Perfection isn't a requirement because, of course, it's an imperfect world.

Make the move to find out more. The help you may be able to offer could be repaid in the moulding of a boy beyond your wildest dreams.

Commenting briefly

Slogan-scrawling tourists and the ravages of time are endangering ancient petroglyphs (rock carvings) dating back to 600 A.D. in the lake district north of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, according to a news release we received the other day. These petroglyphs are on canoe routes once used by the aboriginal peoples of Nova Scotia and after the Indians vanished, the fishermen and lumbermen using the same waterways left their own legacy of sailing ships and lumber camps etched on the rocky ledges. Now the federal government has engaged six university anthropology students (at a cost of \$7,200) to take steps to record the petroglyphs with maps and photographs—before the tourists completely deface them. It's a sad commentary on Canadian life, that tourists and their silly slogans like "John loves Mary" can ruin such a unique part of Canadian history.

St. John Ambulance workers in

Milton earned a trophy for communications at the annual meeting of the St. John, and it is an honor they have duly earned. The Milton division is an active force of community servants which contributes countless hours of service over the space of a year. Across the province last year 3,733 volunteers in 68 communities supplied first aid coverage at public events and gave 350,000 hours of their spare time providing this free service. They also taught 36,170 free mouth-to-mouth and manual resuscitation techniques.

+ + +

Recommended reading: "A Parent's Guide to Drug Abuse", a new booklet issued by the National Health and Welfare Department to help parents understand the causes and implications of drug use among young people. The book is available free of charge from the Non-Medical Use of Drugs Directorate, Place Vanier, 333 River Rd., Ottawa.

A "picture-book" province of contrasts

By Jim Dills

Accept the call of the sea, the quiet rural countryside, and the rhythmic tides. Visit with me the charm that is New Brunswick — its historic landmarks, its contrasts, its tongue-twisting place names, covered bridges, good roads, and its invigorating climate.

In a scant four days I travelled 600 miles in New Brunswick, a guest of the province with 15 other Ontario weekly newsmen, being exposed to the attractions new and old that have carved for this province a growing role accommodating a mounting tide of tourists.

This brief series will ignore the vagaries of travel, time-tables and routing to share instead the interesting points I encountered and my wandering observations on such things as fishing on the Bay of Fundy in the rain, enjoying the delicately prepared sea foods in unpretentious dining centres, the camping appeal of familiar Fundy and the newer Macataquac parks, chatting with a long-time employee of the Roosevelt family at Campobello Island, a few brief minutes at Fort Beauséjour and Keillor House and the "magnetism" of Magnetic Hill and the woman who made it world-famous.

City of contrasts

They call the province Canada's "picture-book province" and I really couldn't

apply a more suitable label. Vast areas in the north are untouched but our route took us more in the southern area, touching down at the historic capital of Fredericton. That city introduced me to the contrasts that are evident. Within a square block in front of the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel the new and old are in vivid relief. A smooth spire in the modern style contrasts with an ornate cast iron mounted on almost opposite corners. The heavy stone blocks of the Legislature across the road are a sharp contrast with the sparkling new Beaverbrook Art Gallery or the nearby Playhouse.

Stately elms still grace the streets and the impressive frame homes add the charm of earlier loyalist and Acadian beginnings. The Legislative Assembly Building is the pride and joy of Sgt. at Arms Leo F. McNulty who greeted us to introduce us to the building where the province used to be the province in architecture, it houses a massive spiral staircase reaching to the top of the building supported only by the walls it touches. The Assembly chamber is of course the main area of the building with members of the assembly gathered almost informally on the floor, flanked by large galleries above along two sides.

The chandeliers in the chamber are original, having been converted from the gas installation to electricity.



A WATERY REFLECTION of nature's handiwork glistens in a pool, which is shallow in depth but deep in imagery. The photo was taken beside a section of the Bruce Trail near Hilton Falls in Nassaga-weya Township. (Photo by D. O'Reilly)

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MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1972

Second Section



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

About one more birthday and they can include me out. Last Friday was my birthday, and I arrived home exhausted to discover that friends of ours had invited the whole gang to dinner, to celebrate. My birthday. I was overwhelmed. I didn't think anybody cared any more. Even though Kim gave me a kiss and a big hug and two golf balls when I got home.

Yes, the whole gang included Kim and her husband, Don, the artist. But maybe I'll get around to them later. My accounts of their wedding has tripled my fan mail to three letters a week.

The party was a roaring success. A roaring success is when everybody else is roaring at everybody else over some idea that, examined the next morning, seems about as exciting as a biography of MacKenzie King.

A good time was had by all and Rap, their massive Labrador retriever who, when he is happy, can knock you right off your feet with one wag of his tail. I was wined and dined and punched in the ribs into the small hours.

I didn't mind the wining and dining, but got a little sick of the pokes in the ribs. My wife kept smashing me with her elbow and hissing, "Get up and make a speech. Express your appreciation."

Every time she did it, I like one of Pavlov's dogs, got up and made a speech. They were all one-sentence shots, such as, "I had to go to the bathroom," or "I'd like to make a toast to me."

My speeches tended to go over pretty well, though drawing no thunderous

overtures, but my wife was hitting me so hard toward the end that she dislocated her elbow. It was just as well, because by this time I wasn't even getting up to make my speeches.

Three nights later, last night, to be exact, a friend and his wife asked us to come down and celebrate his birthday. I should have known better. At least, after the first birthday party, I was able to sleep in a bit on Saturday morning. But this one was on a Monday night. We got home at 3.15 and the alarm went off at 7.15.

My old lady, who is down on the voters' list as "housewife", didn't stir. I stirred, and stirred, and stirred one more magnificent time, and made it. It was not one of my most inspiring days on the job. I'm afraid I didn't make many young minds flower. But I pulled through on sheer dedication.

However, it was a dandy party. Our host was a captain in the German army. His wife is a Scottish Belgian. Another couple dropped in. In fact, it was the perfidious couple who had held the first birthday party. His wife is an English war bride. And us. My wife is a nut.

And of course, Courvoisier was in. Large quantities. No, he's not a Frenchman with a big family. He's a liqueur that looks like water and tastes like burning coals.

But we had a great time, and sang songs in German, French, Scottish, and a few old English music-hall numbers like, "My Old Man Says Follow the Van, and Don't Dilly-Dally on the Way."

We put a terrible dent in that Frenchman

and ate about four pounds of highly aromatic cheese, and would probably still be there belting out "Lili Marlene" and "I Belong Tae Glasgie", had not our host, with that German dash that makes them win battles but lose wars, sprang to his feet and announced that he was going to bed.

That's what he thought. My wife couldn't find our car keys. He had to drive us home, after which she found them.

So, enough of birthdays, for a few days. I wound up with two golfballs and two headaches. My German friend was luckier. His invitation was rather a spur of the moment thing, so we had no chance to buy him a gift, not even a ball for golf, which he thinks is a silly game, which it is when you play as I do.

My wife bought him a three-quart jug of milk and a tie she bought at the milk shop, (it was a real beauty, as you can imagine), and a hamburger, which she ate herself.

I was rather nonplussed, but dived into my tool box (he's a great carpenter, for a doctor of philosophy) and came up with a beautiful, rusty key-hole saw which I had inherited from my father.

As I hadn't sawed any key-holes recently, I didn't figure I'd miss it. And it really is a beautiful little thing. A family heirloom, you might say. It has this blade which retracts and suddenly pops out. A sort of 19th century switchblade.

I can tell you there were tears in Karl's eyes as he ran his finger over the teeth of that little rusty, dull beauty and murmured something like, "Lieber Gott im Himmel."

I think that, in English, means something like "Dear God, it's heavenly." Never did I think that I'd see a captain from Rommel's desert troops break down like that over a simple little sentimental thing.

In fact, he was so touched that he offered to come up and fix my picnic table. And I suppose we'll have to have a birthday party for the blasted picnic table, which is three years old this week.

Oh, well, maybe I can hack it for one more birthday party.

Pages of the Past

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 19, 1952.

While this year's tax rate for Nelson Township was not definitely set Monday of this week due to some adjustments having to be made, it is believed there will be an increase over last year's general rate which was 28.5 mills.

Official opening of the Halton Centennial Manor is scheduled July 6 when 10,000 people are expected to pass through the building. Honorable W. A. Goodfellow, Minister of Welfare, will officiate.

North Halton High School District Board will supply text books for grades nine and 10 in the three schools, it was decided in Acton Monday. The students will pay a \$2 deposit and if the books are returned in good condition they will have the deposit returned.

Athletes from Georgetown and Acton Public schools gathered in the agricultural grounds in Milton with the Milton Public school for the annual inter-school field meet on Monday of this week. Georgetown claimed top honors for the day, winning the trophy for the greatest number of points on the events.

Miss Jane Emerson received a \$25 scholarship presented by the Gillies-Guy Co. of Hamilton as an award in the class for speech, arts and drama in the recent Westdale, Hamilton, Kiwanis Musical Festival.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, June 22, 1922.

Last Thursday afternoon Police Magistrate Shields tried a Kilbrin man on the charge of assaulting John Finnamore with intent to commit murder. The accused was convicted of assault and fined \$20, with \$43 costs.

Miss Jean R. Pantan, B.A. left last Friday to take a postgraduate summer course in chemistry in the University of Chicago.

G. A. Wilson has bought Alex Fleming's farm, fourth line of Esquering.

Mrs. F. A. Wilson has gone to Bronte to spend the summer there.

Jasper Park Lodge, Jasper Alberta was opened to the public last week, June 15.

Captain J. R. Peacock left on Friday for camp at Niagara with the Milton contingent of the Halton Rifles, 17 or 18 men of an extra good type. The camp will break up on Sunday.

The mutilage on the postage stamps of the United States is made of sweet potatoes and is mixed in the basement of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Many Ontario towns have set apart camping grounds for motor tourists which will attract many visitors when the list of grounds is published. Cannot Milton provide such a ground?

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, June 20, 1872.

The Town Council met on Monday evening. No business of importance was transacted; a few accounts were paid.

We are pleased to learn that under Dr. Biggar's treatment young Mr. Main, Trafalgar, is recovering rapidly from the smallpox, and is now nearly better.

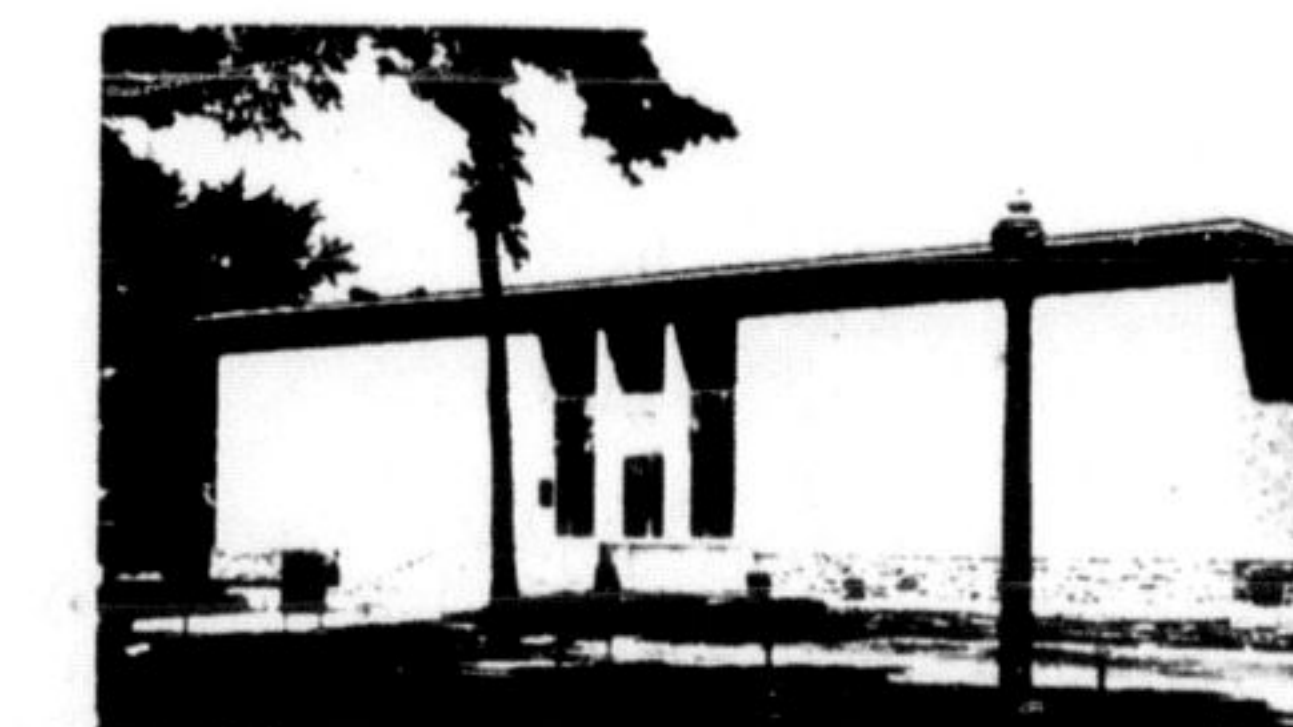
The Town Council has decided to strictly enforce the by-law relating to the impounding of pigs, horses and geese found running at large.

The correspondent of the MAIL at Niagara Camp, writing about the inspection of the Queen's Own and Halton Battalion, says that one of the best companies for steadiness and physique was the company from Milton.

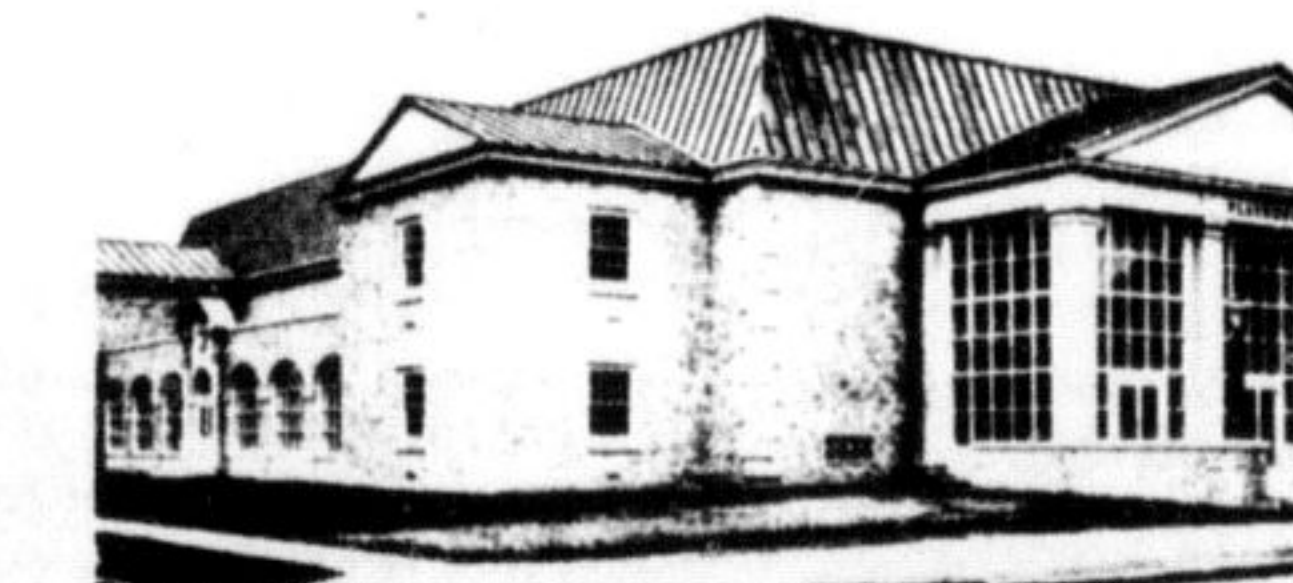
In the election for the Medical Council, Dr. Freeman was defeated by Dr. Macdonald, of Hamilton. We understand that Dr. Freeman has protested the election, and he can show gross partiality on the part of the returning officer.

A monster temperance picnic is announced for Halton County on Dominion Day, at Georgetown, at which some 16 lodges of Good Templars are expected to be present.

Potato growers in this neighborhood should be on the look-out for the Colorado Potato Beetle. A diligent and timely search among the plants may avert mischief by preventing the propagation of the marauders to an extent beyond remedy.



Art Gallery



Playhouse

America with a wooden upward-pointing hand instead of the customary cross, on its steeple.

But there is more of this province to see and next week we'll take a look at three of the camping spots you may want to plan your trip around.

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