

Ignorance is bliss

Although regional government has been the subject of reams of publicity in this and other county papers, we suspect few residents really understand what it is all about.

We suspect the full impact of the new system of government won't be felt until residents are in receipt of tax bills or until they seek

information from a municipal office only to be referred to a regional centre, in some cases several miles away.

We've heard no complaints other than those from politicians and municipal officials. We can only assume the people are happy. We hope they remain so.

Get together

There are a lot of new people in town and there are some who have been here a little longer. The theme of the July 1 Community Day, being organized, is to give everyone a chance to get together and have some fun in the park.

Name tags are being provided for everyone and the events that have been planned are casual. Planned for Rotary Park, it is a kind of drop-in-anytime-and-stay-as-long-as-you-want event.

All ages are being looked after with swimming and water safety demonstrations, free swimming, baseball by the minors, low priced hot dogs and soft drinks, a band concert, fireworks, tennis tournament and other events.

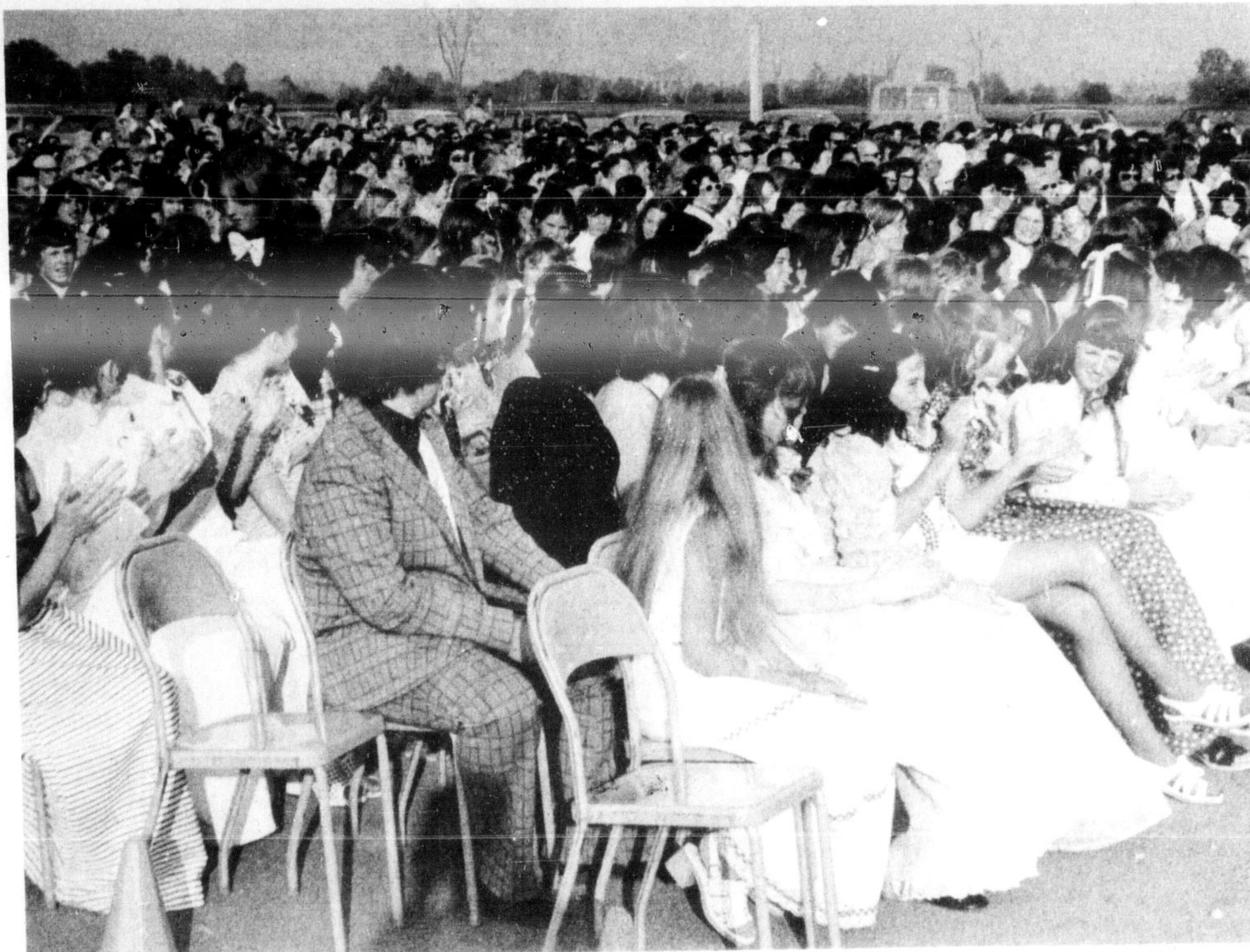
The award-winning Halton County film that shows scenes of Halton County including Milton, will be shown, the community centre building will be officially opened, local entertainers are contributing their talents.

Everyone is welcome for all or any part of the program and organizers are planning as well as they can for the unknown number who might attend. If the weather is fair it might be many.

We would caution you not to go and expect to be entertained without any effort. From experience we've found those who get involved enjoy it more than those who sit back and wait for it all to happen. From what we understand if someone wanted to organize some other activity they could probably carry it off.

As the town grows there are few opportunities for citizens to get together on a casual basis. We are reminded that the millionaire developer William Teron, who is now president of CHMC, when he developed Kanata, 12 miles outside Ottawa, refused to allow household mail delivery. People had to walk to the post office to get their mail, but they met their neighbors and those chats nourished the development of a real community.

Let's hope Community Day will provide some opportunity for all the residents of Milton to get together in a friendly way at Rotary Park and expand and build on the kind of community spirit which is still in evidence. Growth won't destroy that spirit if citizens work at maintaining it and at knowing their neighbor.



JUNE IS GRADUATION MONTH for students in senior schools in Milton and district, a month for year-end trips, cramming for exams, closing presentations and wind-up parties. We wish all the grade eight graduates well as they end their elementary school learning and

prepare for the challenges of high school life. In this photo, some of the 1,000 students and parents attending Stewarttown Senior School's graduation party Wednesday are pictured on the lawn beside the school.

(Photo by R. Downs)

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MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1973

Second Section



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

This year, as I mentioned previously, my wife taught English in a private school. It was her first crack at teaching, aside from kindergarten and music, and she taught a Grade 13 class, so it was no cinch. She worked hard at it.

But the strain on me was something else. Every day when I got home from teaching 150 students, I had to endure a two-hour monologue about her "kids" and what they'd said and done today. Once in a while I'd try to get in a word or phrase about what my "kids" had said and done, but it was like trying to stop Secretariat, in full gallop, with a piece of thread.

At the first of the year, she was worried about a few of them, who gave promise of becoming recalcitrant. But by sheer charm, and her innate interest in other people, she was able to establish a close and friendly relationship with every single one of her huge class of ten.

By the time the last day of school came around, she was almost in tears as she realized she'd probably never see any of them again, or only as comparative strangers.

This is something that happens to most teachers who really like youngsters, especially when it's a graduating class. There is generally a mutual warrath on the last day of school. The students suddenly realize that it's their last day in high school, surely one of the happiest times of their lives. The teacher suddenly realizes that this is the last day, that he's made it once again without going around the bend, and that this is a pretty good lot of kids.

Some of the youngsters are actually scared when it comes upon them that another umbilical cord has been cut and the great big hard world is waiting to swallow them. Occasionally there are tears.

One young lady wanted to know, as she wept, "How did you feel when you left high school?" She obviously meant that she was almost heart-broken. But she received the realistic answer, "Great. It was the happiest day of my life."

At any rate, the last day of school usually produces a feeling of fondness and exchanges of, "Have a good summer, sir," and the response, "Will do. You too. See you in the fall". Or, if they're graduating, "Come and see us when you're home from college." They usually do. Once.

Of course, the longer you teach, the tougher you get. In my first couple of years, over a decade ago, I was almost stunned by the good will on closing day. The class president would advance to the front, watched by 35 hawklike pairs of eyes, each pair of which had kicked in a quarter, and, after a shy, unintelligible mumble, present me with a handsomely wrapped gift.

Now, when the kids are choosing their class president, at the beginning of the year, I assure the reluctant nominees that, "there's nothing much to the job, except to collect the money for my Christmas and end-of-year gifts." It shakes them a bit, but it pays off.

Over the years, I've been the recipient of dozens of golf balls, a bottle of good wine, a smart desk set, a lawn chair, and shelves

full of fancy shaving lotion and exotic talc and stuff I never use.

This year, I didn't have a home form. No present. But I got a pleasant surprise. Last class I had with my four-year Grade 11, a group I would have considered least likely to do it, they kicked through.

Marlene came up and said, "Mr. Smiley, this is for you, for being such a nice teacher." Not a good teacher, mind. Just a nice one. And speaking of nice, it was one of the simplest and nicest speeches I have ever heard.

Half suspecting a practical joke, for this was a group I'd tangled with in the fall, I opened it standing well back. No joke. There was a handsome little book of inspirational poems and prayers. I thought this might be a pointed suggestion that I needed both, and was still slightly wary.

Then I opened the other package. It contained an eternal match. This is a fancy type of cigarette lighter. You pull a sort of stick out of a little round barrel, it strikes a flint, and you have a long match-like light. It would be great for a pipe-smoker.

Unfortunately, it wouldn't work when I tried it. Typically, Marlene had tried it thoroughly before wrapping it, so thoroughly that she'd used all the fuel. She tried to get it going for me, and was greeted with hoots of derision when she couldn't.

However, the thought was there, and they yelled at me that I could take it back to the store.

A small thing, in their busy lives and mine. But it's warming to know that somebody out there loves you a little bit, even though you are a teacher, and is willing to ante up a dime or even a quarter to prove it.

I'd rather have that, once a year, than a gold watch and a stupid scroll at the end of 25 years.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 25, 1953.

Milton's Roxy, with about 25 other Ontario theatres, is to have Cinemascope installed. It is the simplest way yet perfected to give the illusion of third dimension. National Theatre Services Ltd. has ordered Cinemascope installations from Twentieth-Century Fox, the only producer, for 25 Ontario theatres including Acton, Burlington and Georgetown.

Postmaster in Milton since 1934, R. M. Clements is retiring this week after 19 years of service to the community. He will be succeeded by W. T. Randell.

More than one-third of Milton's new 12-inch pipeline from the springs to the town has been completed. Work on the line was delayed by recent heavy rains but is again proceeding satisfactorily.

More than 1,200 people attended the annual Halton County Federation of Agriculture field day held at the Halton community centre on Friday, June 19. Most were rural school children, who had come to play and cheer for their township champion or all-star ball team. In the baby show, judged by Mrs. George Thomas, Miss Cameron, Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Vansickle, the champion baby prize went to Ronald Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Campbell of Zimmerman.

Damage estimated at \$700 resulted when a stolen truck led pursuers a wild chase along Milton streets late Friday night and crashed on the outskirts of town. The truck was owned by Murray Grenke of Milton.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, June 28, 1923

There was a heavy thunderstorm in Milton on Thursday afternoon. In the lower part of Nassagaweya and the south corner of Esquering it took the form of a cyclone and followed the path of one which took place about 33 years ago. It dropped off the mountain and crossed the Second Line, Esquering. Large trees were uprooted and fell in different directions. At the Cottrell farm a number of apple trees were smashed and ruined. At Mount Dairy farm the ice house was struck by lightning and the roof carried across a field. The building was damaged by fire. At the MacNabb farm a barn was moved four feet from its foundation and badly damaged.

The defeat of the Drury government in last Monday's election was anticipated, but hardly that it would be swamped as it was. One of the chief causes of the U.F.O. rout was the extravagance of the government, the greatly increased provincial debt and increased taxation.

The graduating exercises of Macdonald Hall took place in Massey Hall on O.A.C. campus, June 22. One of the graduates was Miss Margaret M. Stark, who was awarded the Home-makers Diploma, and in addition received the St. John Ambulance Home Nursing and First Aid Certificates.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 26, 1873

We are pleased to learn that the building fever induced by the Credit Valley Railway has reached Campbellville, and that in anticipation of the future importance of the place new buildings are being planned out. Old buildings have been repaired and the appearance of the navvies on the railway will be the signal for a general upward movement in building material.

On Saturday a baseball match was played between the Sycamores of Milton and the Restless Club of Georgetown, on the ground of the latter. The Sycamores had an easy victory, 88-21.

There were extensive bush fires in Esquering and Nassagaweya last week, and great exertion had to be made to keep the flames from extending to farm buildings. The glorious rain of Monday must have effectually drowned out the flames.

The Sons of Temperance, Division No. 242, of Acton, will hold a festival in their new hall, on the evening of July 1. The proceeds will be applied for the purpose of clearing off a small debt still remaining on the building. The Acton Brass Band will be present.

It is reported on good authority that the Dominion Government had solicited and are likely to obtain the disallowance of the act of last session authorizing the Committee of the House of Commons to swear witnesses in the Pacific Railway investigation.

Commenting briefly

Now is the time to break out the Canadian Flag and wave it for the Dominion Day holiday. It would be a pleasant surprise to see the streets, downtown and around the town, colorfully bearing the country's flag at its birthday.

It is depressing to see the extent of damage vandals can inflict in a music room and for some reason, the high school music room is a popular target. We can't understand the attitude of those who would be so destructive. Is there someone who does?

What does a fellow like Parliamentary Secretary Arthur Meen do when he's finished the difficult task of shepherding regional government legislation through? He's hoping to get in some fishing and relaxing this summer. After driv-

ing thousands of miles, attending dozens of meetings and supervising the legislation and debating with politicians, we suspect he deserves that relaxation and we wish him a pleasant summer.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

Take time to laugh, it is the music of the soul.

Take time to think, it is the source of power.

Take time to play, it is the way to perpetual youth.

Take time to read, it is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to pray, it is the greatest power there is.

Take time to love, it is God's given privilege to us.

Take time to be friendly, it is the road to happiness.

Take time to give, life is too short to be selfish.

Take time to work, for it is the price of success.

OUR READERS WRITE:

WE NEED SUNDAY AS A DAY OF REST

Dear Sir,
I regret I wasn't able to read the editorial in the May 23 edition concerning setting aside Sunday as a day of rest because I was on vacation.

Although I didn't read it, I'm all for setting Sunday aside as a day of rest.

Why shouldn't it be set aside, it was way before Milton was thought of and it seemed to work out then!

Sometimes I think the human being is crazy, the way he wants everything, gets most of it and then pats himself on the back, saying "What a good boy am I, that I provided all this for myself." We never stop to think enough of just where have all our riches and provisions come from.

When I think of it, I have no other answer but to believe that God provided everything I have.

No, I'm not the most innocent 'Sunday observer' in the world, but I'll support every effort I can to see Sunday observed as a day of rest from everything from the grocery store to this crazy Sunday racing and even a drug store open for part of the day, but still does it have to be during a time set aside for church in the morning?!

I appreciate your sending a copy of this to MPP Jim Snow, but I also think that every person commenting on this has the right to have their views published in our

paper. I hope you will please do so. Thank you for your understanding and co-operation.

Sincerely,
Michael Benson
Box 113, Campbellville.

OUR CHILDREN NEED OUR SUPPORT

Dear Sir:

We hear every day on the radio or read in the newspaper about the terrible lack of support by parents who live in the large cities and towns across Canada whose children participate in sporting events below the Junior level. We who reside in small towns must feel very secure that this lack of support is not present in our sporting events, or is it?

When was the last time you attended your son's or daughter's soccer, baseball or hockey game? When was the last time you volunteered your car or your time to help out these young sportsmen as they carry Milton's name to their sporting events? Or, for that matter, when was the last time you cheered for a Milton team in any aspect?

If you can honestly say, I attend, I volunteer, I cheer, ... then congratulations to you. If not, then when your child comes home today, why not ask him or her, when their next game is and take them and cheer them on. Don't you think they would love to see you there?

Roy and Marlene Young,
254 Sydney St., Milton.

Canada Week, June 25 to July 1

We must work hard at our unity

peculiar problems, we must work hard at our unity. Harder than most countries.

Going about our daily duties and being good citizens is essential to a healthy country but we need more than that. We need excitement and some outward signs to enliven others about the promise of Canada. We need to be emotionally committed. Canada is home. We need to protect its virtues and promote the potential. Throw the question to the World and listen to the response: 'Canada, how lucky can you be, enjoying the best of two worlds.' We

have been labelled 'unknown country' but I prefer to call Canada boundless and bounteous.

Canada has North American newness and drive, British balance, French freshness and wears a coat of many colors. We have a confluence of cultures rather than conflict and conflagration.

Let us be proud of Canada. Let's work to make it stand tall among the nations of the World. Let us be builders, not bystanders. Canada Week is a good starting place.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

The first person we must learn to love is one's self; if you do not love yourself you are not able to love anyone else.

Keep life simple, avoid watching for a knock in your motor. Learn to like work and have a good hobby. Learn to be satisfied, say kind things.

Wasn't it thoughtful of God to lift the curtain of life one day at a time?

Children need models more than they need critics.

There is no reward offered for "lost time."

Waste no tears over the sorrows of yesterday, life is far too short to live in the past.

They say money won't buy health, but it's not doing much for sickness these days either.

There is only one way of being cured of sadness, and that is to dislike being sad.

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