

Counting you counts

There's another counting coming up.

This month the census of municipalities will be taken by the province and it's important that everyone be properly counted.

Ultimately some provincial grants are paid to local municipalities, such as Milton, and they're based on the number of residents. To those hard-pressed municipal leaders who are trying to garner every provincial dollar possible, the numbers are important.

There won't be an election in Milton or elsewhere in Halton this year, so the information normally required for preparation of voters' lists will not be put to use.

The census does, however provide other necessary information.

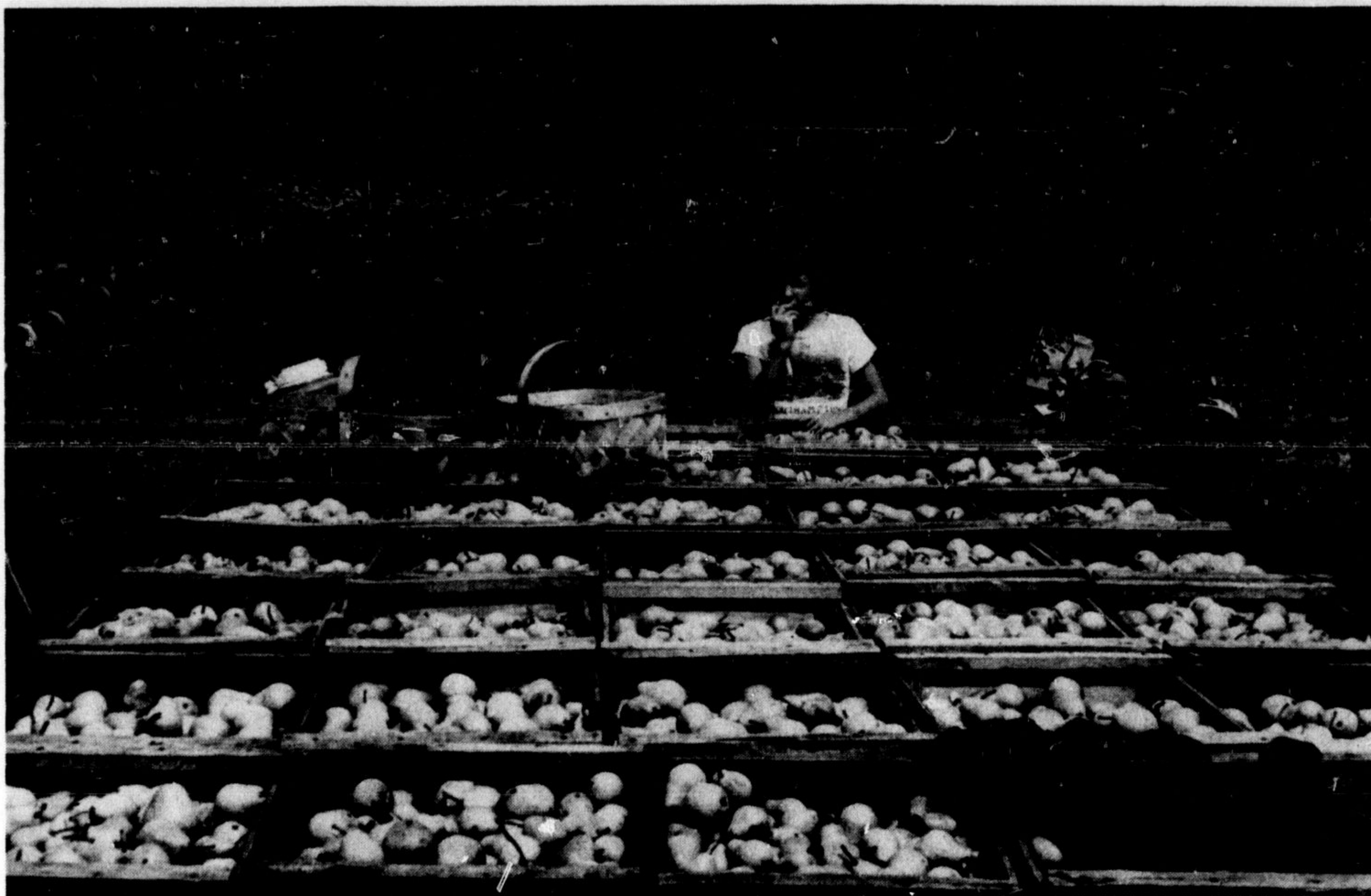
The division of property taxes for public and separate school boards is based on information you'll be asked to provide, jurors' lists of those eligible to serve will be compiled from the information,

and local population statistics for adequate planning will be provided by the census.

Re-arrangement of boundaries in Regional Halton have sometimes clouded population figures and this census will be the first real test of earlier estimates. Currently Milton's population is referred to between 16,000 and 18,000 — depending on who you talk to. The results of the census will give the first really accurate figure and then population boards can be changed on highway signs with some authority.

Those conducting the census will carry identification cards and if you're in doubt, don't hesitate to ask for the enumerator to show the card. They'll also be carrying large blue binders containing the enumeration forms.

It's a counting that is important to municipalities and can actually affect provincial grants. Besides, the enumerators may be known to you and a friendly greeting won't hurt.



A WAGON LOAD of fresh-picked pears is an enticing sight. Chris Williamson, 9, tries one and pronounces it "delicious" at a pick-your-own farm in north Oakville. The farm is featured on page B-10 of today's Champion.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Perhaps I sounded a bit grumpy last week because this has been one of those summers when a chap feels that he hasn't done anything, seen anything, or been anywhere. And it has.

But that is not to say that it has been without interest and incident. Last week, I whined about our scanty social life: one funeral, one wedding.

However, we've had some very interesting visitors. Almost every day roofers, painters, a columnist, a student, a syndicate man, a physiotherapist, and—the most interesting of all—my grandbaby.

And I reckon I've learned a wee bit about human nature in the process. Perhaps that's what it's all about. I like physical nature as well as the next man, but I am fascinated by human nature.

Physical nature is interesting and fairly predictable. You plant a seed properly, nurture it, give it plenty of fertilizer, the right amount of sun and water, pluck out the weeds around it, and you wind up with a dandy cucumber or turnip, or whatever you planted.

But you can't do that with humans, though you try. Maybe we give them too much fertilizer, or don't pluck the weeds. We plant what we think is going to be a rose, and it turns out to be a cabbage. Or vice versa. Any parent knows this.

By the way, don't get excited, or nervous. This is not a tract on Freudian sexual symbolism. It is merely a middle-aged man trying to express his astonishment at the variegation of the human species.

Once again, I drift into one of those remote channels that end up in a swamp. Why not stick to the main stream? Back to our summer visitors. There are two categories: those who caught us at home, and those who did not.

Those in the latter category came around when we were out doing something exotic, like shopping. Or at night, when we were cringing in the TV room, lights out, doors locked, phone off the hook, arguing about whether we'd watch the John Wayne 1940 western or the Audrey Hepburn 1953 dazzler.

Among these were two people who left notes. One was Doris Humphries, a lively columnist in the Renfrew Mercury. "Darn you, Bill Smiley, I came all the way from Renfrew. . . . Sorry, Doris. I'll buy you a dinner next time. I read your column every week in one of Canada's best weeklies. And remind your boss that he still owes me a dinner. (He was a terrified infantryman when I was a terrified Typhoon pilot).

Another note was from a student. Sharp mind, headed for university and law. Beware, you lawyers of five years from now. Don't fool with this young lady?, punk?, woman?, person?. She'll murder you. Typically, with the deep respect my students have for me, her note began, "Hi Smiley, I came around and you didn't even have the decency to be at home. . . ."

A few of the visitors caught us at home. One was Bill Craig, of Argyle Syndicate, who has more to do with getting out this column than anyone except me. Our previous acquaintance had been on the phone. I expected a smart-alec young punk

Jim's Jottings

Missing the book buying

By Jim Dills

Getting back to school isn't as much fun now as I seem to remember it.

The first morning bright and early, friends grouped, trotted off to school early to get a good seat in the new classroom, and met the teacher. The preparations that had gone ahead of that event were probably similar to today's where clothing was planned, perhaps new shoes arranged or a half sole applied. That much hasn't really changed, I suppose.

After greeting the teacher, getting a seat close to friends, (not too close to the back to warrant suspicion, but certainly not too close to the front to encourage continuing scrutiny) it was time to think of all those lovely new books.

Teachers always produced a detailed list of the number of scribbles, the text books, pencils and other paraphernalia that would be required when you reported for classes later.

Later, I seem to recall, meant after lunch, but that soon advanced to mean the next morning. The time between was filled with scurrying from store to store (there must have been two or three) to find exactly the right texts or scribbles.

Pure pages
Those scribbles were always fascinating with their pure unmarked pages that were to contain the first, carefully written notes in the new class.

But the gathering together of the books was by far the most exciting experience. The drug store that seemed to be the mecca for wildly scurrying youngsters, had school supplies carefully piled on tables, set in an already-narrow aisle.

It developed in me an early interest in the stationery business and I still find stationery stores one of the most intriguing in which to browse.

With the chore of choosing books an expected event, if somewhat burdensome one on parents' meagre pocketbooks, it was necessary to obtain the funds. Vividly I remember (with another member of the family) being entrusted with the stupendous sum of \$5. It was to be carefully and wisely used and the change returned when the buying expedition had been completed.

Amid the hustle and bustle it was lost. Such a sickening feeling I have felt only a few times since, when the trouble I've found myself in was of equal significance. What to do? Steps were retraced, pockets were searched and finally the confession framed

and stoically delivered. It couldn't be overlooked but perhaps we should check to find if it might have been turned in at one of the stores.

Honesty rewarded

The attempt was made and there in that poky dark drug store the flashing lights of relief were overpowering when the owner asked us to identify the amount and then willingly returned it to us. The matter of a reward was looked after with great relief and some thanks for the kind of honesty which the event reflected.

With the transactions completed and the books assembled, the first days in class were mesmerizing. There was a whole procession of new books to start. The clean pages of the text, or at least fresh if the texts were second hand, had an exciting effect. The fresh new scribbles were entered with a style and care in writing that was impressive. Its deterioration in style and care seemed always to start on the third or fourth page as other interests began to intrude and the activity schedules became more hectic.

Graduation to loose leaf pages was a great relief because those pesky ink blotches, resulting from the careless use of the ink bottle in a well on the desk, were easier to get rid of by removing the page. In the scribbler, such an attempt usually resulted in a completely dismembered book with sheets falling out at both sides.

The eradicator

Those ink blotches had obviously attracted the attention of earlier generations and the emerging technology had produced an ink eradicator. It was first a two solution process and later refined to a single chemical that was supposed to erase ink. It had unfortunate side effects when dropped on clothing and the bleach was sometimes strong enough to also put a hole in the paper. Whatever happened, it was very difficult to write over the erased area.

No doubt the young people off to school today for a first time or another time will have their own happy reasons for getting back to a routine but it always seemed to me the excitement of returning to school was greatest when it came time to buy the new books, mark the clear pages of the fresh scribbles and assemble the correct combination of pens and pencils. With so much of that gone now, being doled out by the "system" something must be missing. If it's only the levy on the parental pocket book, I have to be happy it's gone. Nostalgia can sometimes be expensive.

of about twenty-six with the big sideburns, the big pants, and the hearty manner.

I was shattered. He and his wife Betty arrived for that notorious pre-dinner appetizer. They have an eighteen-year-old daughter and a sweet, shy little son, James, who is five. Bill is a Korean war veteran. He demolished me at two games of chess, and played a fair piano. So much for preconceptions.

Some of the others who caught us in were the painters and the roofers. When we were up at the crack of dawn, ready for any questions, they didn't show up. When we were up at the crack of noon, not expecting them, they were buzzing the doorbell at 8.30, like hornets. I report, not happily, but just as an observer, that they were all stung severely by a number of hornets in our roof and environs.

Then there was the Scotsman. He is a physiotherapist. Boy, that's a hard word to spell. He wanted work, after hours, so he could buy a house. I was rather intrigued by the idea that a young man actually wanted to work. And then there was my bad back, which comes in handy very often. He's an excellent gardener, and our place looks better than it has in a decade.

But there, I've run out of space, and I haven't even told you of the party in our backyard for retarded adults, of the hellery of my grandbaby. He has just arrived again, and I can hear him shouting downstairs for Bill, or somebody who understands that when he's asleep, he is pure angel, and when he's awake, he's pure devil.

Our Readers write

PROPERTY OWNERS CLEAN-UP HALTON

Sir: Have you noticed this past year that your rural neighbor has been tidying up and painting his buildings, etc? Ten chances to one they are one of the competitors in the Farmstead and Rural Home Competition in conjunction with the International Plowing Match.

How about you showing a pride in your county as well as your home by cutting the weeds, moving those old wrecks of cars and trucks out of sight, gathering up the dead limbs, etc. Even without pain, cleaning up will make your place look much better. So let's start today as the plowing match is only a few weeks away and probably 200,000 people will visit the match south of Georgetown Sept. 24 to 28 this year.

The Farmstead and Rural Home Committee, G. H. Carton, Chairman.

Philosobits

by Edith Sharpe

Always try to be a little kinder than necessary.

Blaming your faults on your nature does not change the nature of your faults.

Money is like fertilizer, it must be spread around before it does any good.

At least Adam never had to listen to Eve name the other men she could have married.

A person can change no one but himself.

We sometimes feel if we had been born into different circumstances, or received the same breaks as another, our life would be different. We do not realize that each of us was born with his or her own particular set of talents. Sometimes we never use them or leave them to lie dormant for long periods of time. If we believe others were given something we do not possess, we are implying God plays favorites, which is so untrue. He gave us each certain gifts in the form of talents and abilities. If we haven't used these gifts or used our inner potentials, then we are to blame. We should all take stock of ourselves. We're greater than we think.

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 9, 1954

Garbage disposal again headlined discussions at the regular meeting of Milton Council as representatives of Sheridan Equipment showed movies and explained the operations of an Allis-Chalmers machine that could be used for the sanitary landfill method of garbage disposal as well as other jobs.

Building has continued on the upward trend it started in January of this year, according to recent figures reported by building inspector F. McNiven who has issued building permits for \$187,700 during August as compared with permits in 1953 during August for only \$36,700.

The Oakville and District Rod and Gun Club has released its 2,000 pheasants throughout Trafalgar Township in preparation for the club's hunt this fall.

Fred Truck of R.R. 1, Hornby, recently found an egg measuring 7 3/4 inches by 9 inches.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 4, 1924

The prizes in the Shorthorn classes were awarded at the Canadian National Exhibition on Monday and Tuesday. Campbell and Amos of Moffat, got 14 of them.

The high school re-opened on Tuesday with 183 pupils and six teachers—Messrs. O. M. McKillop, J. A. Hamilton and C. J. Pilkey and Misses J. L. Linklater, M. Wallace and M. Kelly.

The public school buildings were painted during the vacation. The school re-opened on Tuesday with 366 pupils and 10 teachers.

The Labor Day celebrations at Kilbride drew a very large attendance and was a great success in every way. The baseball tournament in the afternoon was very interesting. Four teams played, Burlington, Campbellville Juniors, Carlisle and Watford. Burlington won first prize with the Campbellville boys second. The Ionic Quartette of Brampton and the Port Nelson Orchestra furnished the evening program. George Hillmer, MPP was chairman. The proceeds amounted to about \$600.

Last Friday was press day at the Canadian National Exhibition. The Halton newspapers, represented by their editors, were the Burlington Gazette, Acton Free Press, Georgetown Herald, Oakville Record and News, and Milton Reformer and Champion.

Rev. F. W. Hann, of Ebenezer Church, Nassagaweya, is in Guelph General Hospital, suffering from the severe shock he sustained at the burning of his parsonage.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 7, 1899

A number of our most enterprising farmers have their fall seeding operations completed. Some little bird must have told them of the rain.

Messrs. Alf Shepherd and Lockart Spence left for Toronto last Sunday afternoon on their bicycles.

The kissing bug has made its appearance in town. Several of our citizens have seen it.

The Beach residents are packing up their household effects and emigrating back to Hamilton. The sands will be deserted by the end of the week.

The 22 horses taken from the railway wreck at Christie's crossing on Wednesday last week were brought to Milton on Thursday and shipped to their destination, Montreal. The two stallions so badly burned in the same accident, have since died.

The model school opened on Tuesday with Principal Inman in charge. There are in attendance 13 scholars, 10 of whom belong to the gentler sex.

Fashion notes: Veils of white and cream colored and plain tulle without dots take the lead. Pique, linen, crash and duck skirts are elaborately embroidered and appliqued. Spanish turbans, with jetted brims and pompons of tulle give dashing and daring effect. Parasols, narrow tucked from the center to the edge, is the greatest novelty offered in any one line of sunshades in years. Stocks should be drawn tight about the throat. The loose, untidy way in which many women wear their ribbons is anything but correct. Black stocks should never be worn except with black waists or figured waists with a black ground. Black accentuates the lines in the face which add age and tend to make most skins look sallow rather than white.

Thank you, Steam-Era

Thank you, Steam-Era, for providing some fun and entertainment on what might otherwise be a dull, end-of-summer weekend in Milton.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for keeping alive the memories of the past for those old enough to enjoy the nostalgia connected with early days on the farm. You have given them a picture of a past all but gone; you have kindled a spark in their memory of that first tin lizzie, that first ride on a steam engine, those early implements that helped the farmer do his work.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for educating our youth in the ways of life of 40 to 80 years ago, when steam reigned until the gasoline engine pushed it aside, when the nights were spent 'neath the glow of a coal oil lamp, when the telephone was a luxury, when threshing bees were an annual social event, when the horse was a farmer's best friend.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for bringing together admirers from near and far and putting a smile back on people's faces in an era where smiles are getting fewer and further between.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for the work that goes into each reunion. Not many appreciate that it takes a year of planning to make a three-day reunion a reality.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for showing us how it was so we can more fully appreciate how it is today.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for presenting a "clean", family-type show that's just as much fun for the young as it is for the old.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for bringing us an entertainment we don't sit down to view—a participation show where visitors can roll up their sleeves and get in on the fun instead of having it presented on a silver platter.

Thank you, Steam-Era, for making Milton your headquarters for the past 14 years. "Milton, The Steam Capital of Ontario" is a title the town proudly bears and your annual reunions have helped spread Milton's good name to all the corners of the earth.

And thank you, Steam-Era, for a successful 1974 show with record exhibits, record crowds and three more days of fun.

Commenting briefly

Today about 50,000 Halton students are returning to classrooms after the summer break. They represent almost one-quarter of Halton's population. This means there will be extra pedestrian traffic on our roads and streets, so drive carefully.

Halton-Wentworth Liberal candidate Eric Cunningham must think there's another federal election in the offing. He has left one of his "Vote Cunningham" signs on the tree on Guelph Line near Derry Rd. since the July 8 election. Perhaps it's time the sign came down. Political signs are eyesores at election time but they're even worse two months after the race ends.

Everyone acknowledges that Milton is growing but the physical changes are difficult to keep current on. Driving through a new area here or there seems necessary on a regular basis, just to be conscious of the new streets that are being carved out, the new developments that are springing up and the new factories that are emerging. When is the last time you drove around a new area in your Milton?

Programs of night school courses, recreation events and fall

and winter activities seem to offer almost unlimited opportunity for interesting evenings. The Board of Education and Sheridan College have events lined up, the Recreation Department has a schedule of activities, the Rotary has a travelogue series, the Library is planning a festival of Canadian films, choirs are planning fall schedules and service clubs will be back at it. Hockey schedules are being planned and girls' hockey will start. If anyone finds Milton has nothing to do, perhaps they haven't looked far enough or their interests are too limited.

Close to 900 children were under the supervision of the Milton Parks and Recreation Department this summer in a variety of programs. None were lost and there were no serious injuries and this has to be some kind of a record. The leaders and leaders-in-training are to be congratulated on their attention to duty as well as their good-natured endurance. The programming was at all times stimulating and interesting but readily changed by the leaders if not suitable to the moods of the children. These young leaders made summer an exciting adventure for the boys and girls and a pleasant reprieve for their mothers.

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