

Champion Editorial Page

A tremendous event

The Santa Claus parade on Saturday was a smashing success in more ways than one.

First of all it was a good show. It got off on time and the floats were attractive, well thought out and reflected a lot of effort on the part of promoters and participants.

The kids certainly enjoyed it and we suspect adults would have to admit they got a thrill out of it too. The weather was nippy but the overcast skies didn't dump the white stuff until Monday and that should have allowed everyone time to get their float home.

Secondly, the parade was one more tremendous example of a kind of latent community spirit that exists in places like Milton just waiting to be tapped or stimulated. We counted the people in the parade and the total came to nearly 800. That's just the people in the parade.

For many of them there were likely two parents on the sidelines and for every float there were probably five or six workers who didn't show in the parade.

A little mathematics indicates just how many people it takes to put it all together, but more importantly, how many are willing to get involved, some in small ways

and some in large ways.

Speaking of getting involved in large ways, the members of the committee deserve mention. It wasn't a large committee either but the members persevered through some weeks of apathy and seeming lack of co-operation, to finally get the spark of enthusiasm ignited into the kind of flame that produced Saturday's show. Rod Lewis headed the group with representation and support from service clubs like the Kinsmen, Optimists, Rotary, Lions, Chamber of Commerce as well as from the Parks and Recreation Department and contributions from many merchants.

The organizers are quick to point out there is room for improvement on some aspects but from the sidelines it looked pretty good and we hope they can sustain or remuster their enthusiasm to do it all over again next year.

Santa Claus arrived on Saturday and by Monday the town's Christmas lights were on so it appears the festive season is upon us after Santa arrived Saturday with his sleighful of good wishes preceded by a dramatic display of co-operation and good community spirit.

The simple view

Communication is the "in" thing these days.

Organizations, governments and big businesses are all valiantly trying to open up lines of communication with their various publics. Public relations personnel are deeply involved in tracing motivations, reactions and impacts.

Periodically a government or utility decides it needs public hearings to work out the lesser of the two evils that may face an area and a format is agreed upon.

Sometimes, not always anymore, the format requires submission of a specified number of copies of a brief in advance, appearance at a certain daytime hour, and other impediments to free dialogue and effective communication.

The result too often is that semi-professional agitators or pseudo experts who have free time expend their views while the average citizen is so intimidated he or she is afraid to speak despite the fact they may have a simple idea

that is worth exploring.

Our pseudo experts are often equipped with the latest jargon that makes their message seem to have greater impact, but so often the quiet individual may have a germ of an idea that is worth hearing.

So often a simple point can be made quite effectively in a few sentences and the words don't have to be large. Effective communication requires understanding and couching a view in a multi-page brief, or in the latest flood of jargon, does not add impact.

In fact it seems to us the views so often "communicated" would be much more comprehensive if they were stripped down to simple language.

If governments and organizations want to effectively communicate with people they should realize that public hearings often scare off those whose simple view might be helpful and attract those who have the time and the inclination to speak in volumes.

Commenting briefly

Wicked Willie (better known as Bill) Johnson says he doesn't hold any monopoly on dumpsite protestations. Last week Bill proposed two Highway 5 sites which would be better suited for the region's landfill site needs, than the site the experts picked out for Halton, near Asngrove. Bill, who is usually the first to protest any new landfill sites, admits no-one wants a municipal dump nearby. "I'll be disappointed if the people in these areas on Highway 5 don't oppose my selections," he candidly admits. But he still claims the Highway 5 area is the best suited for landfilling. Bill also points out the experts' study cost the region \$60,000 while Bill's research cost him in the neighborhood of \$10.

Planning a Christmas event and wanting to sing some carols? Drop in at The Champion for some carolling songsheets, available in limited quantities, at no charge.

Use your credit wisely—that's a good motto for any time in the year but it's especially important right now at the peak of the Christmas shopping season. There is always pressure in the holiday season to live and spend beyond one's means...and unfortunately easy credit facilitates this process. Consumers should also be aware that the use of credit inflates the

overall price of goods and services. If you want to know more about the wise use of credit, write Ontario Consumer, Queen's Park, Toronto, and ask for a free copy of the booklet "Using Credit Wisely".

Milton is fortunate to have not one, not two, but three excellent choral groups. We're referring of course to the Haltones, seen recently in concert at a Campbellville church, the Holy Rosary Folk Choir, participating in Saturday's Santa Claus parade, and the Chansonettes which gave two splendid pre-Christmas concerts last week. Each group contributes in its own way to the musical and entertainment progress of our community and every member of the three choirs deserves a pat on the back for being so meaningfully involved in community life.

Philosobits

by Edith Sharpe
Politeness is saying and doing the kindest things in the kindest way.

Poise is the art of raising your eye brows instead of the roof.

If you are too busy for your friends, then you're too busy.

A little girl was saying her prayers and at the end she said "Dear God, I hope you'll take care of yourself, because if anything should happen to you we'd all be in an awful fix." Amen!



THE FIRST SKIFF of ice glazed the Mill Pond last week as the winter bite set in for the first time. It may come and go for a few weeks yet but the crisp bite of the air combined with a bright sun and clear skies presented a glimpse of winter at its best. Centennial park continues to provide a scenic glimpse of the seasons as one dissolves into another.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

One of my real pleasures in life is "batching it." I've just been through ten days of it, and have another stretch coming up. I look back on the one with nostalgia, and forward to the other with anticipation.

There are a lot of men who go around with a long face when their wife is going to be away for a spell, and they'll have to look after themselves. Some of them would literally starve to death if there were no restaurants. Others actually "miss" their wives' constant babble.

And there are a lot of women who are convinced that their poor weaklings of husbands will be hard done by if they leave them to fend for themselves for a few days. There are also a lot of women who are convinced that their husbands are going to miss their presence dreadfully. Both convictions are erroneous, in my case.

I love my wife, but oh, you happy, carefree days of batching it. I feel the way I used to, about nine years old, when school is letting out in June.

For one thing, there's no teacher at me all the time, trying to make me behave, clean up after me and learn something new, all at once. This is hard work, and I'm lazy.

Nope, when I put the old battleaxe on the bus, or see the car drive off, I try to look mournful, and wave a fervent goodbye, then I give a great sigh of relief, and feel

like a fellow who has just walked out the jailhouse gates.

I'm not saying that marriage is synonymous with prison, though it is a life sentence. I'm just saying that it's nice to get a weekend pass once in a while, for good behaviour.

First thing I do when the old girl disappears over the horizon is kick my shoes off, settle down in a comfortable chair with a beer and the evening paper. I read it through with quiet enjoyment, no interruptions.

Nobody relating how she changed the beds, did two washings, called the plumber. Nobody wanting to talk about decorating the spare room. Nobody telling me I had to go over the bills with her. No, just me and the paper. I read front page, editorials, columns, sports and entertainment. Normally, I never get past the front page.

Nobody saying, "Dinner's nearly ready don't open another beer which would you like canned peas or frozen spinach." I have my dinner when I jolly well feel like it. Maybe nine p.m., or ten.

And when I do, it's a gourmet spread. Unlike some of those snivelling wretches who can't boil a cup of water without spoiling the flavour, I was brought up in a large family, and was a pretty good, rough cook when I married. A far better cook than

the bride, I might add, sotto voce.

And since then, I've filed off a number of the rough edges, and can turn out a good meal. Chops and sausage, bacon and eggs are child's play, along with steak. I can turn out a creditable turkey, ham, roast of beef. I can make stuffing, bake a fish.

So, when I'm alone, I don't go hungry. Oh, not that I roast a beef, or turn out a golden brown turkey. That's a big much for one average appetite.

But I don't settle for the baked potato, fried pork chop and canned corn routine, either. That's for workaday cooks and workaday appetites and workaday marriages.

Nor am I one of those fancy-dans who fop around covering the essential blandness of their cooking with a lot of spices and sauces.

I'm more apt to turn out a nice mixed grill: bacon, a small fresh lamb chop, a sausage or two, a bit of liver, and a gram or two of kidney. If they're not on hand, I get the latter two items out of a can of cat food. It has a distinct, unique flavour.

When all is sizzling a la perfection, as we say, I carefully put the meat on a paper towel, and fry two large slices of golden-brown bread in the drippings. I top these with tomatoes and melting cheese. By this time my stomach can scarcely stand the aromas mingling.

Then I put the whole works into the cat's dish, open the refrigerator, take out a frozen chicken pie, heat it, and eat it, garnished with a sprig of cabbage. The cat and I are both happy.

By this time, it's 11.30 p.m., so I watch a late movie or two, with no one saying, "Isn't it time for bed?" I climb into bed at 3.30, read for an hour, and sleep until 7 a.m.

Every time my wife comes home and I've been batching it, she is appalled by my appearance. "Your eyes look like two burned holes in a blanket." They do, but I've enjoyed every burn.

Then the inevitable question: "Did you miss me?" Hah! Miss her my foot. I didn't miss her any more than I would my teeth, or my right arm.

OUR READERS WRITE:

REGIONALIZE ALL SERVICES

R.R. 2, Rockwood, Ont. Nov. 29, 1974

To the Editor,

Dear Sir:

It seems to me that if we are to have Regionalism it should be implemented with no half measures. Fire protection, Police Finances, Solid waste, Sewage disposal, Hydro, Roads, Education, Planning etc., even the telephone system should conform to regional boundaries.

The local calling areas within the region should be toll free. Each of the above services should come under one Department Head who should be responsible to a Commission consisting of our elected representatives, who in turn should advise Queens Park.

Today we are in a sorry mess. Bureaucrats have much more say in our affairs than our elected representatives. Police and Fire Protection are needlessly duplicated.

Bell Telephone is in utter confusion. Acton is a toll free area to Georgetown, but not listed in the Georgetown book, the Campbellville exchange has only what can be described as Smoke Signal service. Surely the only logical way to run a region is for all services to be regional services. Today, for instance I tried to phone the Ministry of the Environment, a Zenith toll free number clearly listed as for Milton and Campbellville callers, only to be told that the toll free did not apply to Campbellville. Eventually a supervisor made the call, after I registered my complaint. It was accepted as a collect call by the Ministry. It is inequities such as this that frustrate people.

It has been announced that in early 1975, Acton, Milton and Guelph will be in an extended toll free area. On enquiry to the Bell I find that Campbellville will not enjoy this service. Are we not now the Town of Milton? I realize that boundaries have to be set. I maintain these should be regional

boundaries, and each region should be toll free.

William A. Johnson

WHAT HAPPENED TO RATEPAYERS

R.R. 2, Rockwood, Nov. 29, 1974.

Dear Sir,

Whatever happened to the Nassagaweya Ratepayers Association? Did it wither and die after the Hydro Line controversy? It seems to me that the initial meeting elected a steering committee to run things for a few months and then elections were to be held.

There are many issues affecting Nassagaweya Housing developments (and their services). Non-conforming uses of land and residences, Bell telephone service, Roads, etc., etc.

I think another meeting is long overdue.

William A. Johnson.

WHICH IS WORSE: DOG DROPPINGS OR GARBAGE?

Dear Madam Mayor,

So doggies must go at home? Oh calamity! Is Milton Council to succumb to a minority group? A minority group in one segment of the town? A minority from a majority whose wishes I would have thought to be to integrate and enjoy the rural scene of Milton and not to tear it down? Is this proposed by-law at all practical? It undoubtedly could be enforced within the immediate town boundaries, but what of rural Milton? Did the administration committee give it any thought to the added garbage collection problem, let alone the thousands of little plastic doggy bags adding to Milton's refuse? What is more hygienic, droppings on the grass that dry out, and disintegrate naturally within days, or the bulk storage of pre-wrapped droppings? When I moved my family to Milton one of

my prime motivations was to get away from the cold indifferent narrow-minded attitudes of city life. I felt the quality of life would be considerably improved in the rural township of Milton. And so far it has, but do I now find the city mind imposing itself here? Are the 28 objectors of Joyce Blvd. concerned with themselves or their children? I imagine the latter, and I can clearly sympathize with their concern over the dog allowed to wander loose, accompanied or otherwise. The solution is simple, however, improve the 'dog-catcher' system and for the leashed animal, allow nature to take its course, on public not private property (i.e. boulevard). But 28 objectors remember, you have responsibilities too. If your children are old enough, teach them to keep their feet out of the street for the chances are there are greater dangers to experience than a mummy irate over a pair of dirty shoes.

Let's not weigh down the town by-laws with impractical amendments that are enforceable only from the living room windows. Dog walkers and objectors alike, I'm sure, can be more reasonable. Give doggie a chance to exercise and don't let's take action that may cause his total confinement or even in extreme cases his extermination in Milton. Encourage our Council to devote its valuable time to the far more meaningful and necessary problems of this town. Let's keep the streets clean in a neighbourly fashion, be practical, or nit-picking by-laws will cause us all to live dogs' lives.

Sincerely,

Lester Wood, 548 Woodward Ave., Milton, Ont.

DOG LOVERS ARISE AND UNITE!!!

Dear Sir:

The Town of Milton will soon be 118 years old, and, during a portion of this period, I have spent my lifetime, and along with the other established residents have

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Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

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

The remaining walls of Milton Heights school were knocked down this week, declared unsafe after the school was gutted by fire last Saturday. The two room brick building caught fire when no one was in the school. Mrs. Isaac Hilson, the caretaker, discovered the fire and her daughter Betty turned in the alarm.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frank, long-time Nassagaweya residents, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary Monday in a packed hall at Brookville where over 350 friends and relatives gathered to wish the happy couple many congratulations.

Minor Hockey was promised support by Milton Council at their regular meeting on Monday night when A. McDuffe and D. Coates appeared to explain the increasing number of boys made the present free time at the arena insufficient. Tuesday night would be available if payment of \$40 was made. Mr. McDuffe explained the Rotary Club last year had 10 minor teams and P.L. Robertson's sponsored the juvenile team. These two groups were willing to contribute \$10 each night if the town would contribute \$10 and possibly another local group \$10. A maximum of 20 nights would be used.

Milton entrants won several scholarships at the Guelph Music Festival. Allan Emerson won a \$25 scholarship and challenge trophy in vocal solos. Donald Wilson won a \$50 scholarship from the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. for his flute selections in band instrument classes. Harold Wilson won the Simpson Sears scholarship for \$12.50 for vocal solos, 10 years and over.

50 years ago

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

According to the Acton Free Press a suit for damages may result from a farmer dumping a load of hay on the road near Speyside, with the result that a Toronto taxicab ran into it, turned turtle and three of its occupants were hurt.

The cold snap is not welcomed by farmers of this part of Ontario whose wells are dry, with little water in the streams, on account of the long continued drought. They do not want winter to set in now. They want mild weather and plenty of rain.

Mrs. William Tucker of Nelson township sustained a broken right hip on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were walking along the road on their way home, when they stepped to one side to avoid a passing automobile, only to be run into and knocked down by a horse and buggy. Mr. Tucker only received slight injuries, but Mrs. Tucker was not so fortunate.

Read the Graham Shoe Home advertisement in this issue. Notice the cut of the new Adjusto Golosh. The newest and neatest golosh—Life Buoy Brand.

At the Princess Theatre "The Social Code" from the story "To Whom It May Concern" by Rita Weiman. Next Wednesday Larry Semon in "The Girl in the Limousine," a comedy-drama in five reels, also a 2-reel drama "Coming Friday and Saturday "Scaramouche."

75 years ago

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

STOPPED THEIR SWEARING: On Thursday night, just as citizens were returning home from the lecture at Knox Church, two young men from Trafalgar met a Miltonian with whom one of them had had a business dispute. An argument began in front of a Main St. shop, became loud shortly and the two Trafalgar men made use of shockingly blasphemous and obscene language. One of the proprietors of the shop, who is an athlete and a boxer, ordered the foul-mouthed youths to move on. They did not move nor cease their bad language. On being ordered a second time to move, they began to abuse the proprietor, who is a man of deeds, not words, and promptly knocked them both down by smashing blows, which decorated their faces most beautifully. They moved on promptly and quickly, having got all they wanted. There was some talk of prosecuting them for their profanity, but as they were so well punished as it was, nothing more was done.

Samples of brick and ornamental work in a number of colors have been shipped by the Milton Pressed Brick Co. to the Paris Exposition. The company employs forty heads of families at their works just outside of the corporation, and put a large amount of money into circulation weekly.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION published by DILLS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. LTD. 191 Main St. East Milton, Ontario Phone 878-2341

1974 PRIZE WINNER CANADIAN COMMUNITY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION

Published every Wednesday at 191 Main St., Milton, Ontario. Member of the Canadian Community Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association. Subscription rates payable in advance, \$6.00 in Canada. Carriage Delivery Extra. AUCTION, 15 cents per week, \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada.

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