

Editorial Page

A New Awareness

Milton's newfound awareness to the need for emergency measures planning is indeed gratifying. The town is not alone in its lack of direction along civilian defence lines, for most Ontario municipal councils are just now waking up to the fact that war is a grim possibility and many could still be saved. These councils have taken a passive attitude to the subject, and the lethargy has spread to the people. Even local public officials seem in the dark about the part they could play in either a wartime or natural disaster.

Recently The Champion asked police, fire and hospital officials just how prepared they were. The answers were typical — all have thought about emergency measures plans, but none had any concrete ideas and no specific direction has come from civil defence authorities.

Police Chief Ray Andress explained that Trafalgar Police Chief Fred Oliver had been named to co-relate police activities in the event of a county-wide natural disaster or wartime bomb blast. But to date there has

A Clear Decision

The plebiscite in Nassagaweya on Saturday certainly leaves little doubt about the opinion of the voters. There can be no arguments with the representative nature of the vote. Indeed, it carries a lesson for much larger centres.

When approximately 85 per cent of the eligible voters cast their ballots it puts to shame such centres as Milton and Toronto where a 50 per cent vote is recognized as pretty good.

It indicates too the interest and enthusiasm that were generated in the plebiscite and the ability of the residents of Nassagaweya to affect their future through voting power.

The decisive vote now clears the path for the construction of a race track estimated to cost \$3,500,000. It will be a significant step in the future of the township and one that follows the construction of Highway 401, which has been an important factor

An International Loss

A man we never met, never talked with, never even saw in person, yet one who had earned our respect and that of countless thousands was Dag Hammarskjöld.

To us he was the United Nations. His strength and determination of purpose were unique in an international organization that has its value in an unbiased approach to every crisis.

His death in a plane crash came as a blow to the free world and we feel it was probably a blow to the Communist world too.

The role he filled in the United Nations was described by his predecessor, Trygve Lie as "the most impossible job in the world." As we watch from a rather remote point we can appreciate how difficult, exasperating and frustrating it must be to chart the course of the United Nations activity and action.

In 1956 for instance, there were two crises. In the Suez crisis Hammarskjöld risked the displeasure of Britain and France

That Time of Year

Fast talking carpet, aluminum wares, magazines, vitamin and china salesmen have a way of making more frequent appearances at your door about this time of the year.

It's a simple thing for the householder to ask to see his town peddler's license and it's a form of protection too. It means that he has already been in touch with local police and town officials and made his contribution to the town treasury.

Exempt from the town's hawkers and peddler's by-law are local residents and produce salesmen, but all the others must first obtain a permit from the town police before they begin their door knocking.

Some reputable door-to-door salesmen may have overlooked the need for a town license but your request to see it will merely advise them of it. If there is any doubt about their integrity or their offer they will be

less than anxious to take the trouble to explain their proposal to town officials. The hawkers' and peddler's by-law is quite simply a method of protecting the public from unscrupulous operators and of collecting revenue from those who sell to citizens, just as tax revenue is collected from local merchants. The by-law can only be as effective as the citizens of the town want it to be. Obviously all the door to door salesmen don't knock on the police or town office door first.

You can help by asking for the salesman's license when he appears at your door. If he can't produce the license contact the police and advise them of his whereabouts. Such action will see the dishonest salesman disappear as fast as his promises, while it will strengthen the case of the honest salesman.

But in each case, planning has not progressed to a stage where the various units could swing into action if a multi-megaton bomb warning came right now.

Thanks to a ratepayer's pointed questions last week, councillors have assumed a new awareness to their lack of planning and their lack of knowledge about what could be done. Let's hope planned discussions with service organizations, hospital, fire and police representatives put Milton into a better preparedness without any panic.

in extending development to Nassagaweya.

The campaign that was conducted in the township prior to the plebiscite did not degenerate into public name-calling and mudslinging for which all can be thankful. Neither activity provides any great enlightenment to contentious questions.

The Yes committee outlined the advantages and the No committee looked at the disadvantages while the voters made their choice. While our opinions didn't co-incide with those of the majority their expression, we feel, may have encouraged greater participation in the decision. We have naturally been assailed and commended on the position. It's inevitable when a position is taken.

We cannot argue with the decision of the voters of Nassagaweya. It was representative on the basis of pure statistics. We will be, with others, looking for the development of Nassagaweya and the construction of the race track.

by creating the world's first international police force. In the Hungarian revolt he risked the displeasure of Moscow by insisting that Russia admit its repression.

In other crises too, Hammarskjöld took firm positions and certainly there must have been none more challenging than the present African problems. It is unfortunate that he was not allowed to complete his mission.

His death leaves the United Nations weakened unless a man of similar stature and strength can be found quickly. If Russia is intent on destroying the United Nations it will insist on its plan for a three man rule with a representative from the western, neutralist and communist blocs, each with the power of veto. Under such a plan the U.N. would be so weakened as to be useless. Russia has already indicated its use of veto too extensively.

We never knew Hammarskjöld but like thousands of others, we felt his loss almost like a personal friend.

Each day has an expectant stillness. Mother Nature sprawls in the yellow sun, tired, but content with the latest fruits of her womb. The September air is as sweet and clean as the first kiss of a sixteen-year-old. Each day is precious and perfect.

The evenings are smoky and a little sad. Night comes quickly and there is a new excitement in it. The moon sails high and calm. There is a stirring in the blood. The air is cool. The breath of furnace and fireplace are welcome.

In September, we eat like gods. Huge, sun-ripened tomatoes, cold and juicy. Sweet yellow corn, slathered in butter. New potatoes, boiled in their skins. Rosy peaches in sugar and cream. Grapes bursting with sweetness. Apples so crisp they snap when you bite them.

City-dwellers have retreated once again to their concrete canyons. The small towns, where the tourist reigned supreme in summer, have regained their identity, renewed their intimacy. Life is more leisurely, yet there is a bustle of living, new and ancient, with each September's return. There is the color and excitement of fall fairs and track meets and football games. There is the last lovely boat

"Heading South"



—Photo by Esther Taylor



Jem's

JOTTINGS

BY JIM DILLS

• IT WAS news to me, but recent changes in the provincial statutes make it illegal for a child under 16 to be out after 9 p.m. at night. I can well remember a local curfew by-law that used to get us home at night and I'm sure parents rather welcomed the idea. Chief Ray Andress startled me when he told of finding a group of boys under 12 out to past midnight, "just sitting". I couldn't help wonder what the parents of those boys must have been thinking or doing. Incidentally there's a penalty for parents who permit their children to be out after 9 p.m.

• THIS IS certainly "new car week" and the pages of The Champion will prove once again that there are few towns in which

you can get a better car display than Milton. Every major car seems to be represented in town. It's another reason too, why you can get as good a deal here as anywhere. 1959 car registrations in Halton ran to 31,898 over 7,263 in 1946 which indicates the growth in importance of the car in this area.

• IF THE beautiful fall weather we've been having holds for Milton Fair Friday and Saturday, it will help bring up another successful event. Equipment is already on the grounds for some of the attractions.

• WHAT HAPPENS to the sugar from sugar beets? I wondered the other night as I noted all the sugar in our house was

labelled pure cane sugar. I've intended to ask but perhaps some reader can tell me what happens to the sugar beets we grow in this country.

• NOTE FOR sidewalk superintendents: The big equipment is active on the site of the School for the Deaf building mountains of top soil, roads and levelling fields. You can watch any day from 7 a.m. to dark.

• STEALING A TV program is subject to a maximum penalty of two years, I noticed recently. Seems this can be done by hooking up to one of these community cable systems without the operators knowing about it. Guess that's something we won't have to worry about around here.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL SMILEY

ride, the last trout trip, the final game of golf.

Yes, as far as I'm concerned, September is the ultimate in every respect. Except for one thing. It's full of the same old people, trying to drive you up the wall.

Take my kids, for example. Except that they're a foot taller than they were a year ago, they're the same old kids—demanding, expensive, cheeky and lazy as coon dogs when it comes to anything but enjoying themselves.

Take my wife, as another for example. Every year, as summer ends, she plans to "get organized," settle down, do some preserving, get on a schedule, start baking cookies, keep up with her ironing, hang onto her temper, stop talking so much, and provide a quiet, gracious home, where everybody is pleasant-spoken and well-mannered.

And every September, she plunges into some wild, new undertaking that upsets the present shaky system, precludes all possibility of organizing a new schedule, and has us all running around in right-angled triangles.

This year, she's up to her ears, and ours, in a new job and a new house. The job, of course, doesn't affect us. Not much. She has taken on the position of organist and choirleader in the church. All this means is that young Kim has been press-ganged into the choir, young Hugh has to serve as an altar-boy, and old Dad has already been approached about teaching a Sunday School class and taking up the collection Sunday nights, when all the other sidemen want to stay home and watch Ed Sullivan. So we can all kiss Sunday goodbye.

The new house has already caused a few ruckuses, and I can see a good many more looming. There's nothing wrong with the house, and it sits on a fine, great walloper of a lot, which I like. But therein lies

the fly in the ointment that's brewing up a storm, the pebble in the shoe of the horse of a different color.

My idea of gracious living is to come home after work, rip the top off a cold one, and sit in the sun on a lawn chair, in the middle of the estate, watching the black squirrels hijacking acorns off my property. Her idea is that I come home after work, rip off my good clothes, chase a sputtering lawnmower for an hour, gulp my dinner, lift our "shabby old furniture" out of the living room again so we can try the rug four inches to the south, then sit around for two hours talking about drapes and wallpaper.

Sometimes I almost wish I had married a fat, simple little girl who had never even taken a lesson on the mouth organ, who believed that interior decorating had something to do with good cooking and who realized that a woman's place was in the house, not in her husband's hair.

However, this little conflict between idealism and realism has been in progress for 15 years, and neither of us has lost an inch of ground.

So I managed to enjoy the lovely month of September as much as ever. Although I hope the leaves start falling soon so I won't have to mow the lawn. And then we'll need an early snow so I won't have to rake the leaves. And if we have an early snow she'll be after me to shovel the walk, all 300 yards of it. Oh, dear, there's no end to the work a fellow has to avoid these days, if he's to maintain his principles.

454
FATALITY FREE
DAYS IN MILTON

THE TURNING POINT

by J. M. STARR

It's no use crying over spilt milk: it only makes it salty for the cat!

Recently I heard a friend giving her son a fine boost up the ladder of happy living. The boy had just come in from school very upset because he had missed getting perfection on a spelling test. He had only made one error. His mother didn't attempt to offer sympathy . . . nor did she reprimand him. She simply asked him if he was now able to spell the troublesome word properly. He immediately spelled it correctly, and in a few seconds of silence that followed, as his mother steadily held his gaze, he began to smile . . . slowly and a little sheepishly to himself, as he realized the good purpose his error had served! This wise mother had brought her point home, and the boy strode off with renewed confidence and cheerfulness, using his spelling mistake as a stepping-stone to something better, after realizing that in losing, he had gained — if it was only never to spell one particular word incorrectly again! I could not help thinking what a lucky child that boy is. So many parents still follow the pathways of their own parents, by stressing to the children the "guilt" surrounding an error rather than pointing out to them, carefully, the "lesson learned".

If you punish a child . . . or even yourself, for an error in judgement; an indiscretion, or even a failure to come up to expectations; you are not carrying out any worthwhile service, if you do not consider, and bring to light at the same time, the values extracted from such mistakes. Only by doing these important things can we elevate character and develop reasoning. If we were to reprimand and penalize ourselves, or others, with the sole emphasis on the blunder, and the feelings of guilt surrounding each particular "faux pas" . . . rather than the lesson learned, neither we nor anyone else, can hope to benefit by the error, no matter how grave or costly it may have been. It is unfortunate that so many of us are anaesthetized by these heavy guilt complexes that are carried along; compounds of all our wrongs; to the point where our feelings of wretchedness over any unpleasant issue numb us to the real values that can be gleaned from them. Isn't this the very reason why we find ourselves making the same errors over and over again? Eventually some of us do develop foresight and awareness regarding our ways, and put these mistakes to work for us . . . but how much better if we had done so in the beginning?

We all know some who have become so steeped and infused with the fear of experiencing "conceivable guilty misgivings" that they draw away from any responsibility that might result in criticism or blame, should their judgement be found wanting. They no longer feel able to rely on their own personal discretion . . . even though they know deep within themselves that they have the ability. We lose our identity in this way, and become like sheep . . . or as the poet Longfellow said: "Like dumb driven cattle" . . . casting aside our free and true selves and falling into line with someone else's thinking . . . whether that thinking is good or bad being of no consequence . . . providing the majority have given their "pat-of-approval"!

The next time you blunder and feel yourself being overcome by guilt, remember that no one on our earth is perfect, and you would be so painfully alone if you were! We all make mistakes. Reflect on the reason for your error, and think it through, so that you may extract the good from it. Only then can you cast aside all your misgivings, shed your coat of guilt, and carry on . . . harboring no regrets for they are quite useless, only bogging one down so that one is apt to make other errors . . . eventually undermining self-confidence and self-respect. The art of progressive thinking is only learned through trial and error. The more we experience, the more we learn, and greater and more precious becomes the meaning of life. From Shakespeare's "Hamlet" we take our quote for today:

"There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so!"

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

50 Years Ago

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, Sept. 28, 1911.

Porter Bros. of Appleby were quite successful in exhibiting their shire horses at Toronto and Ottawa. At Toronto they were awarded six 1sts, three 2nds, four 3rds. At Ottawa they were awarded eight 1sts and four 2nds.

Dr. and Mrs. Anderson will leave at the end of the week for two weeks of holidays and after his return the doctor will resume his practice.

Toronto Eyes Specialty here Saturday, September 30th and October 2, 3, and 4. We will sell our regular \$3.00 to \$5.00 gold-filled spectacles and eye glasses for \$1.00.

A. C. Bastedo has entered Toronto University this week for the arts course. He matriculated some years ago.

Baseball—Acton and Milton seniors will play at the fairgrounds on Saturday at 3 p.m. It will be the last game of the season and a good one. Go and see it.

R. B. Anderson will offer his old livery stable, the building only, not the land, for sale by public auction within the next two or three weeks.

For sale, stone house adjoining Grace Church. Apply to W.I. Dick, Solicitor, Court House, Milton.

Last Thursday's election was one of the most keenly contested in Halton's history. A large vote was polled, 235 more than in 1908, but the fight was clean and personalities were avoided. The following are the official re-

sults: Henderson, 2618; Smith, 2199; Henderson's majority, 419.

Wm. T. Ward, of the hardware department of Taylor and Forbes, Guelph, was in town yesterday. He left Milton for Guelph in 1884.

Milton Heights — The annual Thanksgiving Services will be held at All Saint's Church on Sunday, October 8th at 3 p.m.

Shoe factory to open — the by-law to guarantee the bonds of the J. W. Williams Co. was defeated at Brampton on Monday and that town will not interfere with the location of the factory in Milton. Mr. Williams was in town on Tuesday making preliminary arrangements.

OBITUARY

Mary Adene Wiggins John Maxted's Sister

Mary Adene Wiggins, born in Norval in 1872, died at the home of her brother, John Maxted, 115 Thomas St., Milton on September 16.

Mrs. Wiggins was the widow of the late W. T. Wiggins. She leaves one son, W. Earl Wiggins of Halifax, and a brother, John Maxted of Milton. She had resided at her brother's home for five years since coming here from Toronto.

The funeral was held September 19 with Rev. D. A. Powell the officiating minister. Pallbearers were Harold Coulson, C. E. Boun-sall, R. T. Harmsworth, E. P. Harmsworth, H. Barker, and W. T. Graham. Interment was at Hillcrest Cemetery, Norval.

AROUND THE DISTRICT

WITH ROY DOWNS

OAKVILLE—Sunday hockey got the "thumbs down" treatment from the arena board, although figure skating is allowed to continue on Sundays. The local intermediate club had decided to try Sunday games this year to get better crowds.

BURLINGTON—Grey Cup football day just isn't a good day for a municipal election, so Burlington councillors turned down a suggestion to hold this year's vote on December 2. The date chosen was Saturday, December 10 from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

ACTON—Thursday morning of last week artificial ice equipment was moved into town for the arena. Workmen are making renovations to the arena floor and when their work is done, brine pipes will be laid and the ice plant will be ready to go.

BRAMPTON—An outstanding scholastic record has been announced by Brampton high school officials. There were 28 graduates earning first class honors in June, and over 93 per cent of the total grade 13 class passed. Nine students have won 16 scholarships and awards worth over \$10,000, and an additional \$2,000 in scholarships and prizes will be awarded at commencement.

GEORGETOWN—Those who criticized the 1961 council for raising its own pay and now plan to try out for the 1962 council have a new problem. Council last week voted to have the 1962 council set its own pay scale. "Council was severely criticized this year when meeting fees were raised from \$13 to \$20 and some of the critics are now talking about seeking council office . . . and looking for the same pay rate next year, said Mayor Hyde.

The Canadian Champ on

Published every Thursday at Main St., Milton, Ont., Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the C.W.N.A. and the Ontario-Quebec Division C.W.N.A. advance, \$3.00 in Canada, \$4.00 in England and other Commonwealth Countries; \$5.00 in the U.S.A., and other Foreign Countries. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.



G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
James A. Dills, Managing Editor
Published in the Heart of Halton
Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.
BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE TELEPHONE TR 8-2341