

Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* Reading some of the recent articles on the pollution of Lake Ontario and the dangers that exist to that lake was rather interesting, after listening to two days of debate on Milton's application for annexation. There the suggestion was that Milton should pipe its sewage effluent directly to the lake as all the lakeshore communities are now doing. Wonder if that is really the long-term answer to Milton's development, or whether technological advances may not supply a more practical and real answer?

* The total cost of Milton's annexation application will never be known because of course there are costs to other individuals and organizations as well as to other municipalities. To August 1967 Milton had spent some \$27,399 over a period of several years. The largest appeared to be in 1963 when costs went to \$10,612.78. Glancing around the hearing room in Toronto last week I counted seven lawyers, five engineers, two planners, a treasurer, and auditor plus an assortment of civic officials and interested landowners. This, of course was in addition to the two members of the Board and the court reporter. Hearings can be expensive and it is to be hoped this is the last one that will be required on this application.

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* There are inevitably touches of humor in an O.M.B. hearing which are welcome additions to what can otherwise be very dull procedure. I think Doug McConachie won the humor award, however unintentionally. When the going was getting pretty thick on the number of people that could

"Your car color reveals the type of

The headline caught my eye, because I've

just bought a new car and for the first

time in my life I've given up my normally

conservative feelings toward colors. My

new bus is turquoise -- with a little more

green than blue in it -- and really sporty

So naturally I had to read what the news

story said about car colors telling about

It seems each of the main colors in car

models is tied in with your personal way

of life. The article was probably the re-

sult of some bored reporter on a slownews

day, sitting at his typewriter and dreaming

it all up as he went along. But maybe the

I was disappointed there was no separate

distinction for the owners of turquoise cars.

article's description for green and blue.

Guess I'll have to settle for the best of this

If you own a green car, you're adventur-

ous, fresh, young, and vital. You enjoy

outdoor life and you're full of the pioneer

spirit. You enjoy people and you take a

Wow! How about that! It sure doesn't

sound much like me. I'd go for the outdoor

life and enjoying people parts, but other-

wise they're talking about someone else.

blue car owners: Hmmm conserva-

tive (small "c"), even tempered, reliable,

traditionally quiet with strangers but ex-

ceedingly loyal with friends, usually mid-

dle-of-the-roaders, fence sitters, never out

Welll That doesn't quite suit me to a

"T" either, but it's closer than green.

Maybe I should have followed my first im-

The same article has some information

about other car colors which might interest

you . . . depending on the color of your

Red car owners enjoy living, loving and

laughing, so it says here. Red means pas-

present vehicle.

pulses and bought a blue car after all.

in front but never lagging behind.

Let's see what they have to say about

your personality.

writer has a point.

liking to small talk.

person you are," screamed the headline

in a recent daily newspaper edition.

be included on gross and net acres of developed land, he got a little tongue tied for the instant and began referring to gross people on net acres, which soon rippled the room with laughter.

* Oakville presented some very attractive graphs and exhibits for the explanation of some of their points. They were to bolster the town's opposition to any significant room for Milton to grow because of the danger of effluent from the town polluting the stream. After the presentation was complete it struck my biased view as being overdone and many of the graphs irrelevent.

* On the other hand Milton had little in the way of visual presentations and while no one can say it was a disadvantage, there were some things that could have been more easily explained with some

* The Ontario Municipal Board has a convenient headquarters on Queen St. with plenty of parking in the underground City Hall garage. I found, after trying to cut through the evidence of the hearing that the message in the washroom wall was something of further "legalese". It read like this: These accommodations are provided solely for your comfort and convenience. You will confer a favor if you will exercise the ordinary care and cleanliness in their use that you observe in your own home". The Department of Public Works is to be commended for coming up with such brevity.

sion and it's fundamentally a warm color.

White attracts artistic people who like

pretty things and feel they themselves are

good to look at. White does not distract

from the focal point, therefore a person

sitting in a white car is more conspicuous.

They don't offer any definition for black,

The car manufacturers say color prefer-

ences run in cycles. Right now green is one

of the most popular, yet just after the sec-

ond world war they couldn't sell a green

car. It seems everyone was fed up with

anything closely resembling khaki in color.

Blue they say, has never been a leader,

In the past twelve years I've owned five

cars -- two blue, one dark green, one jet

black and now the turquoise job. Forget-

ting the black, and taking the turquoise as

half blue and half green, I guess you could

call me a blue car fancier more than any-

Better put me down as a conservative,

guess. Please that's a small "c"

-- I'm in enough political trouble without

getting myself definitely labelled as an

adherent of one political party. (Besides,

next week's column will be more along

political lines, as I attempt to sit down and

assess the campaign to date and do some

prognosticating on the eventual winner.

One parting thought -- now that I've told

you how to judge characters of your ac-

quaintances by the color of their cars,

please don't brandish the information un-

wittingly about. At least, not until you

check with the car owner to see whether

he OR HIS WIFE made the selection of the

You may think he's a smooth swinger in

his fire engine red convertible, or a mid-

dle-of-the-roader in his chintzy blue bus,

but be careful -- that may be his wife this

Aren't you EXCITED about it?)

car's color.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST

column is describing.

but it's always a contender for the "most

brown or yellow. But I'll bet they could be

It gives the idea of fire and enthusiasm.

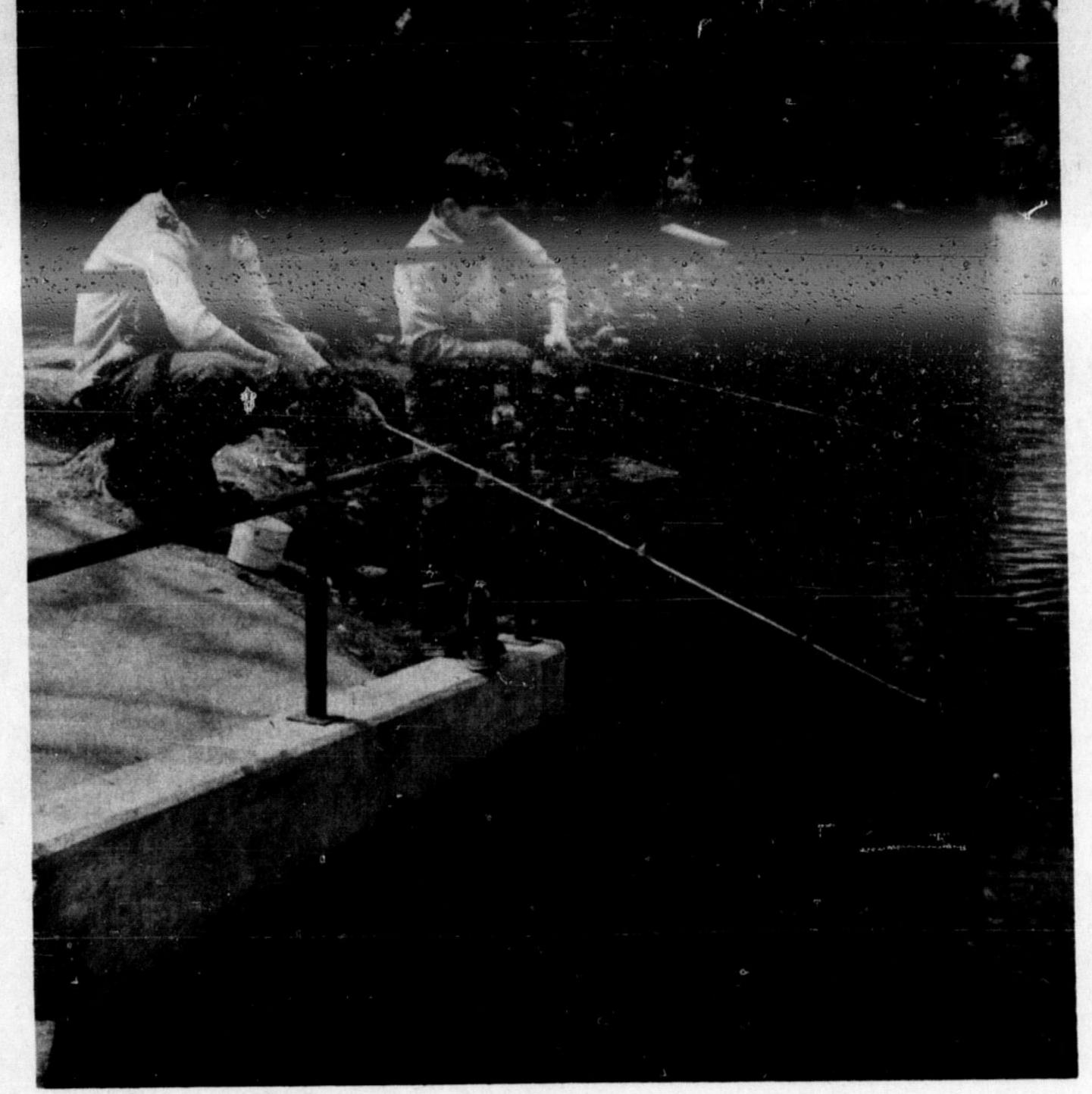
corner

Down[s] in this

interesting.

popular" honors.

with roy downs



the elusive trout in the mill pond at try their luck at the spillway. Centennial Park in Milton. Recently stocked with over 2,000 new fish, the

A POPULAR PASTTIME for young fry pond is a drawing spot every day of and old fry is the constant search for the week. Here young Isaac Waltons

(Staff Photo)

Champion

Reflection of incompetence

After sitting through the two latest days of Milton's application for annexation before the Ontario Municipal Board, we are left with an overpowering feeling that Oakville officials have concluded this town is people and administer-

Milton should be given any room over and above its immediate needs for which it might plan intelligently. The objective of Oakville is instead that Milton should be granted as little as possible "in case it becomes dangerous". The Oakville insinuation strikes us as being that Milton is incompetent to cope with development and expan-

Of course Oakville's avowed concern is that Milton will pollute the Sixteen Mile Creek which flows through the town before emptying into Lake Ontario. The Oakville experts cite projections and prognastications to prove it is just impossible for Milton to get too big without this happening. In fact a population of 20,000 which has acknowledged as acceptable in the 1965 hearing, is now regarded as excessive in 1968 because you now have to increase the dilution factor. That puts the town's upper limit at a population of 10,000 in the eyes of Oakville now.

Milton naturally presented evidence to dispel this limit, noting the engineering possibilities by which the town could grow to 20,000 or to the planner's projected 16,000 by 1986 without

Milton officials, we suspect, are aware of the pressures for development which will occur if land is grant-

that existed in Oakville when the town and township merged.

Presumably Oakville had its difficulties in staging development within realistic limits and it's just possible Milton too will experience the normal difficulties of growth. To imply, as Oakville seems so capable of doing, that Milton is utterly incapable of dealing with such difficulties, strikes strong responses of resentment toward the "big brother in the south".

It may be difficult for Oakville to realize it has struck few warm friendships with its citizens of the area adjacent to Milton. This is one of the factors borne out in the repeated hearings, petitions and letters of intent. Most of the annexation area residents realize the possibility their taxes will increase, yet they have on every hand indicated a much stronger allegiance to the Milton community to which they are so firmly oriented. An overwhelming majority of the citizens are supporting the application for annexation which must set some kind of record in annexa-

Quite obviously Oakville has no plans for any development in this area. This was acknowledged in the evidence. Anything above No. 5 highway is expected to remain undeveloped and this is logical for much of the area. It does not, however, preclude reasonable development around Milton within the limits and capacities of the services which can be provided.

Any annexation will provide Milton with its challenge's but the town has surely proven consistently through protracted delays and debates, its desire to grow and its capability in coping with the service requirements. We are confident Milton will obtain additional land, hopefully without further delay, but the amount of the land and the extent to which it will be granted reasonable limits, lies with the Ontario Municipal Board.

Editorial Page

ed by incompetents.

None of the arguments which were once used to substantiate the Oakville-Trafalgar amalgamation in its bigness are now granted any credence for application to Milton's position.

It is not accepted, for instance, that

Safeguards such as the Ontario Water Resources Commission requirements, which are considered sufficient in Oakville, are not quite tight enough to constrain Milton, it is implied.

ed. They will be the same pressures

tion hearings.

Using what we have

Within the next few weeks local the September term.

We hope that some day in the near future it won't be necessary to close such expensive facilities for such a long time.

The increasing length of annual vacations for industrial workers and a growing desire for new and interesting leisure activities could surely be combined with some training programs in vacant high school shops that feature some of the most modern equipment available.

Laying around in the sun will someday lose its appeal after a week or two and the third week of vacation that many workers are now receiving could surely be put to practical and beneficial use in a course that would freshen one's outlook and skill. That third week of some voluntary training could be likened to the summer courses teachers take most years. It could extend present knowledge or open new horizons.

It may be argued that retraining of staff is a management responsibility but we suspect there is still room for some personal initiative. An employee who took several applicable summer courses would surely be in a better position to move up the ladder than the one who wasn't interested in additional training.

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Did you ever sit down and make a list of the things you like and dislike, love and hate? It's good therapy, and if you try it, you'll learn something about yourself.

I like sleeping and can sleep 14 hours without a twinge of guilt. But I don't like going to bed. Seems such a waste of time.

And I hate getting up, but I like being alive and part of the human race, once I've groped through that first fearsome fog of reality.

I like sports, but not the spectator variety. I love to fish for speckles, all alone in a vast swamp; to deliver a curling stone right on the nose; to sink the black ball in the corner pocket; to make one crisp golf shot out of three. But I wouldn't give 20 cents for a ticket to the World Series or the Grey Cup final.

I like parades, any kind; trees, any kind; grass, green; water, rough or calm, green or blue; babies, either sex.

I dislike Italian food, Chinese food and most other "foreign" foods. Yet, when we go out to eat, I'm always the guy who orders something exotic like jugged hare or boeuf sauvage or chicken moulin rouge, only to find that I'm eating baked bunny, raw hamburg or fried chicken with paprika sprinkled on it.

And yet I love swill. That's what you get when you decide to have something different. Like the other night. Things were not marching in the cuisine. In fact, the stove hadn't even been turned on. So I pitched in. Literally. I pitched in a can of salmon, one of mushroom soup, one of vegetable soup, one of wieners and beans. Then I pitched in all the leftovers in the refrigerator; a chunk of corned beef, a glob of cheese, half a tomato, some olives, two hard-boiled eggs and four limpish sardines.

It was delicious. In fact, it was so good that the rest of the family couldn't bear to desecrate my masterpiece by eating it, and I had it three times a day, for three days. On toast. I even gave it a name --Then Burning Belch.

I like women and men, in that order. Women because they're not like men, and men because they're not like women.

I like fires, everything from bonfire to barn-fire. Though I'm bone-lazy. I actually like work. I love loafing in the backyard, with a cold beer, and the black squirrels and the cocky robins.

I like shaving, but despite electric razors. I like peace and order, but my study is a model of confusion, and my life is a masterpiece of strife, internal and external.

I like to be alone, but I hate loneliness. I like money, but it apparently doesn't like

I like people, especially those with courage and humor, but I dislike mobs. I detest violence, but I love western movies in which 10 people bite the dust.

I could write a book about the things I like, a few paragraphs about those I don't. But, as you have craftily surmised, all this is leading up to something.

I HATE PAINTING AND DECORATING. Sorry to shout like that, but it's true.

I mildly dislike dogs and cats, bores and hypochondriacs. But I can put up with them. However, when my wife starts saying, "Which do you like, the turquoise or the aqua?" that is a house of a different color, and I begin to see red.

She's in one of her annual Spring frenzies and the house is littered with wallpaper books, color charts and carpet swatches.

Normally I snort, "Why the hell didn't you marry a painter?" and the battle is on. But she's been low, physically and I let my principles droop. I painted. And painted. And swore. And grouched.

I stood up to ease my aching back and caught a cupboard door corner right in the ear. And the blood spurted and I vented a most mighty oath which I haven't heard since World War II. She didn't even squeak for 20 minutes, knowing that one word would have sent her, paint brush and can out the door.

Oh, well, I guess one can't be perfect. Now, make your list.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 3, 1948.

Milton, the County Town, has attracted two new businesses, which have begun operating during the past week. On Main Street in the Nixon Block, next door to the Princess Theatre, the White Bakery opened for business last Saturday. They carry a full line of pastries and home cooked baking besides serving light lunches. A former Miltonian, Earl Woodcock, has set up stone crushing machinery on the Hardy property about a mile west of Milton. Mr. Woodcock has said his business will be known as Milton Crushed Stone, which at the present time is capable of turning out 200 tons of crushed stone for building purposes daily. He hopes that later permanent machinery will be installed to take care of the heavy call for that material.

Shades of 'old time' political enthusiasm bounced out of seclusion at the official nomination meeting of candidates held at the Town Hall, Milton, last Monday afternoon. Many moons have crossed the sky since questions, impromptu speeches, applause, boos and catcalls greeted a speaker. In fact, past nominations became so tame, in some elections, speeches by the candidates were called off. Stan Hall, sitting member and Progressive Conservative candidate for Halton, bore the entire brunt of the interruptions for both Liberal and C.C.F. supporters. At times he was unable to be heard, while the chairman Dr. C. A. Martin eagerly called for attention.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 6, 1918.

On Thursday an aviator, a cadet who lost his bearings and ran out of gasoline landed safely close to the Guelph Road a little south of Campbellville. The only damage done was the bursting of a rubber tire. On Friday an instructor flew from Toronto, adjusted another tire, got everything in order, rose, and flew away. The cadet then rose. When about as high as the tops of the trees he seemed to lose his head. He flew into the top of a tree. His machine was wrecked, but he was unhurt.

On Monday Governor McGibbon said he had nine prisoners in the jail, an unusual number for this season, and none of them vagrants, but all either serving sentences or awaiting trial for alleged offences. Unfortunately, there is no stone to break, nor

any work for them. On Monday a boy employed at Buck's Garage attempted to crank a Ford car. This was not his work and he did not know that the spark was wrong, as it was. There was a backfire and his arm was broken between the elbow and the wrist.

The Acton robber is supposed to be

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Milton, June 4, 1868.

100 years ago

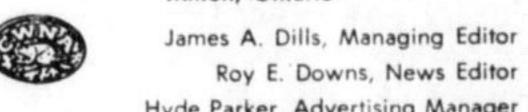
nabbed at last. On Friday morning last, between one and two o'clock, an attempt was made to rob Clark's Hotel. The burglar was detected in the act of climbing through the window and was caught and sent to Milton to stand his trial here. He resides near Clark's and is called Clifford, an old Crimean veteran with his good conduct medal. He boasts of being one of the "noble six hundred."

Many of our residents will be astonished to learr, that there are wolves in Esquesing but we are credibly informed such is the case. Many sheep have been destroyed by them, as can easily be seen by the peculiar manner in which they are bitten. Messrs. S. McNaughton, Turner, Fisher, Stewart and others are losers in this way. They ought to have been killed in the winter, when they could have been tracked.

Saturday the Halton Battalion had orders to be ready to move out, and in the evening the Acton Company was called out to get their haversacks, etc. ready. The members living in the country were all brought into the village fully accoutred and there lie in wait for the signal to start for the front. The greatest excitement has existed there since Saturday, and men poured forward to the Captain, beseeching him to enroll their names and give them arms. Several took the oath after the Company was filled preparatory to being handed over to any other Company that may have room for them. A subscription was set on foot by Mr. Sharpe to provide the Volunteers with suitable underclothing and \$50 was raised in a few

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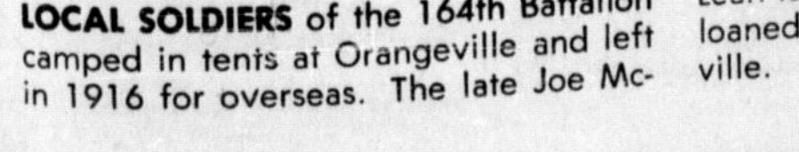
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LOCAL SOLDIERS of the 164th Battalion Lean is third from the left in this photo, camped in tents at Orangeville and left loaned by Dave Howard of Campbell-

schools will be closing for the summer months. The annual scrubbing will take place, there'll be some painting to freshen up classrooms, construction will be in earnest at the High School and things will be generally prepared for

(Continued on Page B8)