



# 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 \$10,612.76. 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.

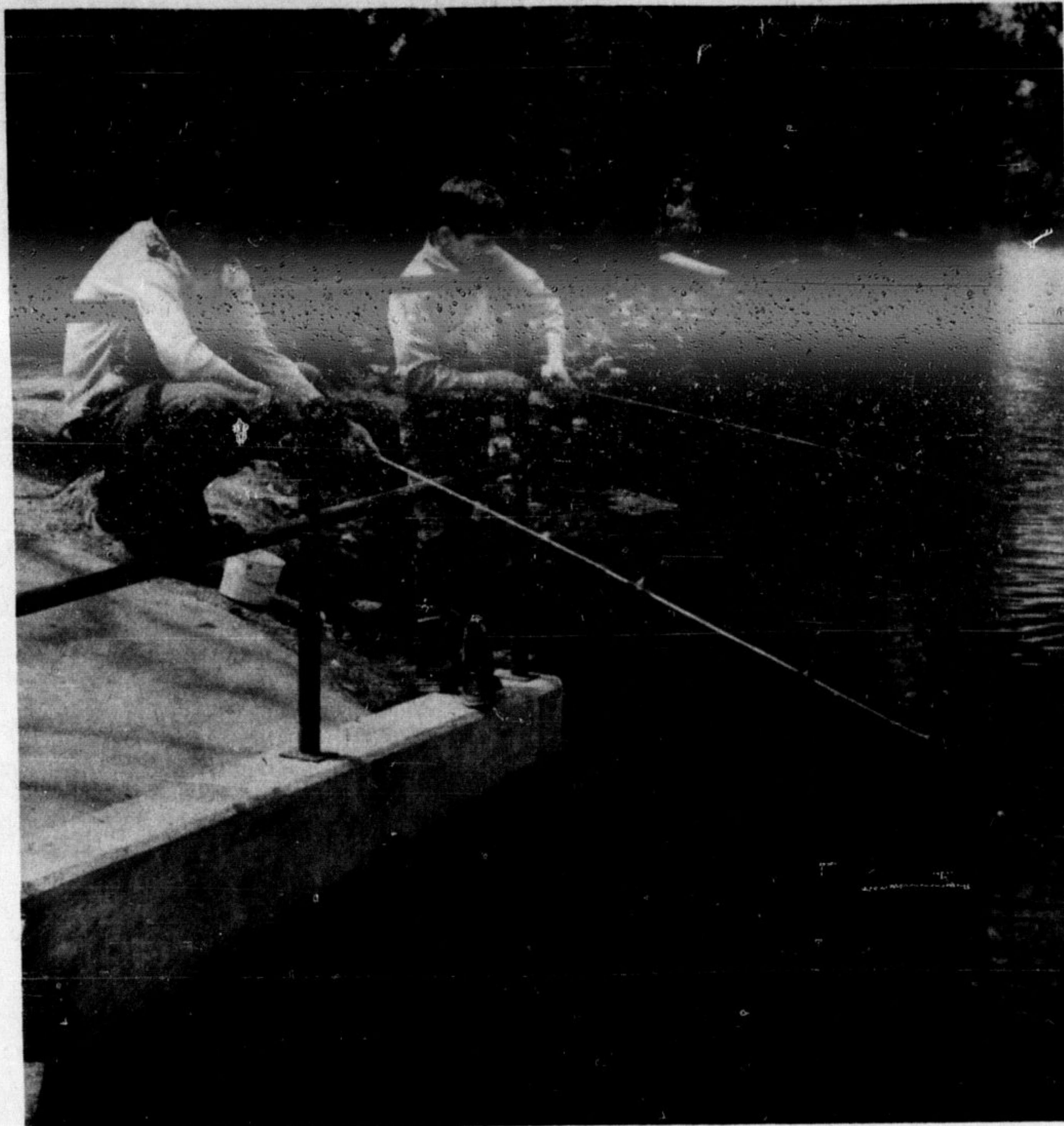
\* There are inevitably touches of humor in an O.M.B. hearing which are welcome additions to what can otherwise be very dull procedure. I think Doug McConachie won the humor award, however unintentionally. When the going was getting pretty thick on the number of people that could

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 irrelevant.

\* 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 graphics.

\* 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.



A POPULAR PASTIME for young fry and old fry is the constant search for the elusive trout in the mill pond at Centennial Park in Milton. Recently stocked with over 2,000 new fish, the pond is a drawing spot every day of the week. Here young Isaac Waltons try their luck at the spillway.

(Staff Photo)

## Champion Editorial Page

### 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 administered 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 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 expansion.

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.

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 prognostications 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 difficulty.

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

ed. They will be the same pressures 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 annexation hearings.

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 challenges 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.

### Using what we have

Within the next few weeks local 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 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.

(Continued on Page B8)

# 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 beef sauvage or chicken moulin rouge, only to find that I'm eating baked bunny, raw hamburger 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 me.

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 groused.

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.



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

"Your car color reveals the type of person you are," screamed the headline in a recent daily newspaper edition.

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 looking.

So naturally I had to read what the news story said about car colors telling about your personality.

It seems each of the main colors in car models is tied in with your personal way of life. The article was probably the result of some bored reporter on a slow news day, sitting at his typewriter and dreaming it all up as he went along. But maybe the writer has a point.

I was disappointed there was no separate distinction for the owners of turquoise cars. Guess I'll have to settle for the best of this article's description for green and blue. If you own a green car, you're adventurous, fresh, young, and vital. You enjoy outdoor life and you're full of the pioneer spirit. You enjoy people and you take a liking to small talk.

Wow! How about that! It sure doesn't sound much like me. I'd go for the outdoor life and enjoying people parts, but otherwise they're talking about someone else.

Let's see what they have to say about blue car owners: Hmmm... conservative (small "c"), even tempered, reliable, traditionally quiet with strangers but exceedingly loyal with friends, usually middle-of-the-roads, fence sitters, never out in front but never lagging behind.

Well That doesn't quite suit me to a "T" either, but it's closer than green. Maybe I should have followed my first impulses and bought a blue car after all.

\* \* \*

The same article has some information about other car colors which might interest you... depending on the color of your present vehicle.

Red car owners enjoy living, loving and laughing, so it says here. Red means pas-

sion and it's fundamentally a warm color. It gives the idea of fire and enthusiasm.

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

\* \* \*

The car manufacturers say color preferences run in cycles. Right now green is one of the most popular, yet just after the second 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, but it's always a contender for the "most popular" honors.

\* \* \*

In the past twelve years I've owned five cars -- two blue, one dark green, one jet black and now the turquoise job. Forgetting the black, and taking the turquoise as half blue and half green, I guess you could call me a blue car fancier more than anything else.

Better put me down as a conservative, I 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. Aren't you EXCITED about it?)

One parting thought -- now that I've told you how to judge characters of your acquaintances by the color of their cars, please don't brandish the information unwittingly about. At least, not until you check with the car owner to see whether he OR HIS WIFE made the selection of the car's color.

You may think he's a smooth swinger in his fire engine red convertible, or a middle-of-the-roader in his chintzy blue bus, but be careful -- that may be his wife this column is describing.

## PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



LOCAL SOLDIERS of the 164th Battalion camped in tents at Orangeville and left in 1916 for overseas. The late Joe McLean is third from the left in this photo, loaned by Dave Howard of Campbellville.