



## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

\* Halton County is still pressing to have the county remain as a unit of regional government but the hand writing of provincial government policy certainly appears to be on the wall. Two notable examples that might be considered handwriting are the recent shift in assessment. Halton and Peel have been grouped under one assessment commissioner and this designation becomes effective on January 1. Then the other example is in the Health Unit field where the pressure has been on Halton and Peel to get together. By pressure I mean the attractive grants that would be made available to a merged unit compared with those available to two separate units. Will Halton survive as a unit under all this pressure?

\* Listening to debate last week at county council about the boundaries for local units of a Halton regional government I was interested in the observation of Deputy Reeve Gillies of Oakville. Eyeing the area proposed for Milton he dragged out the old red-herring of whether Milton could supply water for the area. He warned that the entire county would have to pay for a major line from the lake if the Milton supply ran out. He expressed no such concern for the Acton-Nassagaweya area which is of a considerably larger size, or the Georgetown-Esqueving area which reaches to highway 401. Isn't it about time Milton didn't have to justify its servicing capacity any more than Oakville has to justify its ability to reach up to that long-standing industrial area it controls along the CPR near its northern boundary? with water and sewer services?

\* Debate on the Middle School concept of education at the recent and a previous meeting of the Halton Board of Education, leaves me wondering just what kind of school we've got at Martin St. School and according to the guidelines it isn't a middle school. It has also been written off as a pilot project middle school because it isn't big enough. The fact that grade six, seven and eight students attend it is justified by officials on the basis of accommodation rather than program or operation. It used to be a senior public school and then the grade six students were added. Can anyone tell me what kind of a school it is.

\* Last week's snow, now long since a part of history, provided one of the most beautiful concoctions of nature. Brightly colored leaves of fall mingled in a bright sun with crisp whiteness of new fallen snow to produce a fairy-land-like beauty. Certainly it brought with it a share of problems but I just couldn't get excited about them with all that dazzling beauty in evidence.

\* Members of the Oakville and District Labour Council are right in urging more parking be provided at apartment buildings not only to accommodate guests but also the auxiliary equipment like boat trailers and snowmobiles. Unfortunately, like the provision of any facility, the provision of a greater number of parking spaces will increase costs of accommodation. We're being idealistic if we think it isn't so. There's no something for nothing in this age and auxiliary facilities can have the danger of pricing accommodation out of the market it is aimed at.



WINTER CAME TO HALTON last Tuesday when an unseasonal record snowfall came down from the skies. Residents awoke on Wednesday morning to find a three to four inch layer of the white

stuff covering everything. The snow turned the district into a picture postcard as this view of the Third Line Esqueving Twp. indicates.—(Staff Photo)



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Well, Thanksgiving has come and went, and here we are heading into dismal November, and I'm farther behind with everything than I was last June.

On the second day of July, I began cleaning up the basement. And I can prove it. There's still a sordid little heap of dust, detergent and other basement garbage sitting there, proof positive that I got one corner swept out. It's in a direct line with the washer, so that you have to walk around it every time. This creates some interesting comments.

My major project of the summer was to have been putting a new top on a little back porch, under which we put our garbage cans. There's an ingenious lid that opens, made of two-by-fours. One hinge was going and a couple of the timbers were loose.

With winter coming on, both hinges are broken right off, and when you want to put something in the garbage cans, you don't lift the lid. You lift eight two-by-fours, singly, pile them up, put the junk in, then replace them. It takes only about five minutes. And every time you go through the operation, it's raining.

Another plan was to rent a chain saw and cut up all the huge oak limbs piled along the fence, for use in the fireplace. They're still there. Speaking of fences, there was to be a new one this year. But I couldn't get at the old one because of all those oak limbs piled against it. Pretty frustrating.

Then there was the hedge. I was going to tear it out and plant a new one. The old one was getting rotten in spots. It's still there.

I was going to play a lot of golf and get fit. I even asked my wife into playing, and paid her fees. I played about eight times, and got fit all right. I now fit size 33 pants instead of 31. But my wife had a great season. She shot her first game last week: Five holes, at \$16 a hole. And the club is closed now.

With such an active, strenuous summer behind me, it was good to get back to the orderly job of teaching, where you have to do things, whether you feel like it or not.

And ever since, I've been as owly as a wolf with a toothache, because we have a new system.

There's nothing wrong with the new system except that, like every other new system, it's lousy, compared to the old one, which was also lousy. As I prophesied a year ago, costs have escalated in direct proportion to the increase in red tape and inefficiency.

It's something like the Book of Kings. Paperwork begat more Paperwork, Rules begat Regulations at an alarming rate, and Committees begat Committees like so many rabbits. (There goes my chance of ever getting anywhere in the profession).

Don't worry. I can stand systems. I wasn't in the air force for four years without learning how to beat them. You don't defy them, you just chew away from within, like a termite, until they collapse.

Thanksgiving I looked forward to a chance to get caught up on everything, get out in the open and relax, see the colors of fall, and forget about the system (after all, just a lot of honest men trying to do a good job. No women, strangely enough).

So my daughter came home from first month of university: bewildered, full of hang-ups about courses, and desperately lonely.

For the past two years, my most frequent comment to her was, "Now, you be in at a reasonable hour." This time, we couldn't get her out of the house. On the Saturday, I drove her downtown and said, "Get out of the car and go and see somebody." She was home in an hour.

And now it's the ruddy leaves, no pun intended. I have ten maples, three elms, one butternut and two vasy oaks. The maples come down like a shower of dandruff. Elms and butternut trickle down with malicious perversity. And the blasted oaks wait until everything else is raked and the snow is falling, before they condescend to contribute their confetti.

Oh well, life is the only one we have. But I can tell you one thing. There'll be no more \$54. phone bills for one month of wife-and-daughter talks about nothing.

## Champion Editorial Page

### Road to improvement? . . .

At a time when ratepayers are looking for improvements in the educational system, wrought by the new county boards of education, it is discomfoting to see the difficulties now being placed in the way of the North Halton Music Festival.

Educational structure has changed and now schools apparently don't have their music teacher but classroom teachers have their consultants. That's not enough to do the groundwork for a music festival which, apparently contrary to all popular approaches to education, contains competition.

In Milton only the senior public school has a music teacher. The same is true in Esqueving, and in Nassagaweya one teacher covers two schools. The majority of music

instruction in the balance of the schools is by the classroom teacher.

The absence of auditoriums at all schools makes it difficult in many parts of the county to ever give students any preparation for appearing on a public stage. We were chagrined to find that some of the senior staff present at the Music Festival meeting weren't even aware of this disparity and considered the Christmas concert still a tradition of all northern schools.

We think it's time officials did some "homework" on the facilities of the northern education area and we sincerely hope the questionnaire proposed, to chart a new course for the music festival, provides a realistic and appropriate solution. What is passe in the south isn't automatically rejected in the north.

### Ban hunters? . . .

The carelessness of the minority of hunters is threatening to ruin the sport for the majority who obey the rules. The hunter controversy has already passed through the Oakville and Burlington areas, resulting in complete bans on the discharge of guns in both municipalities, and now the topic is rearing its head in the rural township of Nassagaweya. Before long it may be illegal to use a firearm anywhere in the county.

It's unfortunate the careless or stupid antics of the proverbial minority can cause such alarm that it can ruin the sport for thousands. But it's happening and there's a growing wave of opposition facing the modern hunter—not just in Halton but right across Southern Ontario.

Until now we've all been prone to place the blame on the city slickers, the New Canadians and the thrill-seeking youths. But that doesn't ring true, especially in Nassagaweya, where Department of Lands and Forests officers claim local residents are the biggest lawbreakers.

Another problem is the lack of staff to enforce the hunting laws. There are laws for motorists and Halton has hundreds of policemen patrolling the streets and highways to make sure the laws are not broken. There are laws for hunters, too, but Halton has just one man assigned to cover the county. This man told Nassagaweya Council last week he spends 75 per cent of his time in that township, and has charged over 30 people in the last four months.

These days it appears too easy to obtain a hunting licence without

knowing all the safety (and courtesy) rules of the sport. Sure, they have safe hunter training courses and all new hunters have to take the course to obtain their first licence. But there are no retraining programs and once you've got your licence you just keep renewing it year after year. There seems to be no provision for teaching safe gun handling to the older hunters who have held licences for 20 or 30 years.

We heartily agree with campaigns to ban hunting in built-up areas—like the lands south of Highway 5 in Burlington and Oakville. But it's too bad to take away good hunting lands—like the rest of Halton County—because of the misdemeanors of the few.

What's the answer? Perhaps a stepped-up education (or re-education) program, plus a larger staff of law enforcement officers would allow hunting to continue in Halton's rural area. It would also mean increased licence fees to offset the added costs.

Meanwhile let's hope Nassagaweya Council takes a long, hard look at the hunting problem before it calls for a complete ban on guns in the township. Remember, they haven't yet banned smoking although it is known to contribute to lung cancer . . . they haven't scrapped all the cars and ripped up the highways despite the daily carnage on our roads . . . and they haven't banned swimming because a few hundred people drowned last summer in Canada. Let's look for the positive approach to the problems of hunting before we ban it completely. In that the provincial government should be taking leadership.



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

I'm really looking forward to the day we can enjoy that three-day work week everybody's been promising us for about the past 10 years. Matter of fact I've already got my own time all planned for the day there's just three days of work in the seven day week.

The experts claim it will be a reality in Canada by 1975 . . . and boy, I can hardly wait.

Being the type to plan for such things well in advance, I sat down the other day and mapped out my own schedule for the future. Counting on my work days to be Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, I've lined up the rest of the week thusly:

**SLEEP DAY**—That's the one we presently call Thursday. After three days of working hard, I think every man needs a whole day to sleep and rest up from his labors. After 1975 don't bother telephoning me on a Thursday, I'll be asleep. All day, I haven't figured out yet what I'll do when the day is over—I sure won't feel like sleeping any more by the time suppertime rolls around. But I'll probably manage to rest on the couch.

**HOMEWORK DAY**—That's my new name for Friday. Everybody in the world has a pile of work just waiting to be done around the house. I'll devote my Fridays to catching up on the homework—washing the car, raking the leaves, cutting the grass, shovelling the snow, trimming the hedge, digging the garden, painting, cleaning and tidying up. Once the three-day week starts I'll probably spend my first nine Fridays up to my ears in junk in the basement. Friday will also be the day for us all to catch up on our writing . . . you know, writing cheques for all those bills the mailman brings, writing letters to distant friends, maybe acquiring some pen pals in foreign countries with whom frequent correspondence might fulfill my lifelong wanderlust. Maybe I could even devote that day to another personal dream, writing novels or history books.

**RECREATION DAY**—That's my lineup for what is now known as Saturday. That'll be my day for long walks in the bush, hunting, fishing, golfing and exercising in the great outdoors. I could spend my Recreation Days watching hockey, football and baseball games, or going to all the new shows, or maybe just walking around the countryside. I'll bet a fellow could cover a lot of scenic spots if he went for an all-day walk once a week.

**FAMILY DAY**—That's our present Sunday. In 1975 I'm looking forward to spending the whole day with my family, younger generation and older generation too. It'll be fun to have a whole day with the kids and the grandparents, playing games, going for drives to see the countryside, planning and eating big family feasts, and getting to know one another better.

And there you have it—my plan for the future. Maybe I'm dreaming but I'm hoping it all comes true, if not by 1975 at least sometime during my lifetime. Let's face it, anything would be better than the present seven-day week I'm working now.

In recent weeks here at The Champion we've had a little problem accommodating all the news in the paper. It's a little heartbreaking for staffers and correspondents who go to all the work of preparing a story for publication, to find it omitted from the Wednesday issue and held over for another week. But it's one of those problems we have to face.

In case you're wondering, the number of ads determine the size of the paper—it's the only economical way to run a business. If we have enough ads to finance a 22 page paper, that's how big the paper is. If the total swells and we can afford a 24 page newspaper, that's what we print.

Unfortunately some weeks there's an over-abundance of news, and that's when we run into problems in the newsroom. It's happened a couple of times in recent weeks and we have been forced to delay publication of some news items for a week. That's when a wedding write-up, a bowling report, a meeting story or a letter to the editor get put on the "leftover" list. In a case like that the stories and photos prepared early in the news week take preference over some of the later items submitted—which all leads up to our request to organizations seeking space in The Champion's news columns, to get your news in as early as possible.

On experts: Experts have a difficulty for every situation.

Some experts are so busy learning the tricks of the trade, they never learn the trade.

An interesting experiment in Oakville during the past summer was judged a success, when over 5,000 youths used Halton County Board of Education school facilities for a six week "youthville" recreation program sponsored by the Oakville Recreation Committee.

The young people used a school gym for indoor sports including basketball, ping pong, badminton and touch rugby, plus the art classes and workshops. They also organized a trip to Centre Island, a swim in a quarry near Georgetown and a barbecue. One group even made a film.

The whole program cost \$2,300 and for Oakville's young people it was a groovy way to spend the summer.

In these days of miniskirts, teeny weeny bikinis, topless dresses, peek-a-boo clothes and nudity on screen and stage, do you suppose people would bother to look if Lady Godiva did a re-run on her naked ride through the streets?

I think they would—after all, you seldom see a horse on the streets any more.



## Pages of the Past

from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Oct. 27, 1949

Decisively drubbing Clinton in the third game of the semi-final playoff series by a score of 21-12, Milton now advances into the OBA Intermediate baseball finals. Milton plays Little Britain at Milton Saturday at 3 p.m.

Six Burlington youths pleading guilty to a theft of gasoline a week ago when they appeared in County Magistrate's Court here yesterday were each fined \$50 and costs or in default of payment were to serve a month in jail. The six, according to evidence, were found syphoning gasoline from a car owned by G. Trimble. After several miles of chase at high speeds the gang was arrested by Constable S. Hall.

It is not often the local fire department is called to subdue two fires on one call, but it happened here on Saturday afternoon. The brigade was called to a chimney fire at the home of Mrs. R. Mountain, Pine St., which was quickly brought under control. Firemen said the high wind blew leaves into the chimney and when a fresh fire was made it filled the house with smoke. While the fire trucks were still standing by, one of the spectators noticed the hedge at the Bowling Club, Commercial St. blazing merrily. The firemen backed the truck to the scene.

Possible serious injury was averted Monday while workmen were busily engaged in laying the sewers on Main St. George Prisiak escaped when a portion of the side wall of earth collapsed into the trench. His leg was pinned and bruised.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 30, 1919.

When it was learned last Friday morning that the Prince of Wales would pass through Milton at 12:40 p.m. on the G.T.R. en route for Hamilton, Mayor Earl tried to arrange that the special train would make a short stop at the station. He failed, but was told that the train would slow up and the Prince could be seen at the rear end of the last car. This was made known to the citizens, a large number of whom turned out, with all the pupils and teachers of the high and public schools. The train, which is a long one, all the cars steel, arrived on time and its speed was considerably slackened. The Prince was seen where it was understood he would be, standing on the platform at the rear of the observation car. He wore a grey suit, with a

### 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 28, 1869.

On Tuesday, Mrs. William Logue slipped on the snow and fell on her left arm so violently as to fracture the bone at the wrist. Medical assistance was procured and at last account the patient was doing well.

As the hacks were waiting to be exhibited at the Nelson Show, a splendid animal, owned by Joshua Freeman, Esq., which obtained the first prize, took fright at something and dashed down the street at a furious pace, upsetting the rider and creating a panic in the crowd. After running about a mile, he was captured without damage being done.

We regret to learn that on Tuesday night last, the sawmills of Mr. Readhead, in Nelson were totally consumed by fire. The fire is supposed to have arisen from a defect in the furnace. No insurance. The loss is estimated at \$1,500.

The Telegraph favors annexation—of Yorkville to Toronto.

A series of destructive fires, supposed to be the work of incendiaries, occurred last Sunday morning in Montreal.

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