



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* Sitting through more than half the Ontario Municipal Board hearing on Milton's new Official Plan and Zoning by-law is an education in itself. It's unfortunate the citizens generally just can't give that much time to an important subject. You can be assured the developers and large land owners were out in force.

* Shakespeare said "All the World's a stage and all the men and women merely players". That's what crossed my mind as I studied the different attitudes, attitudes and appearances of a variety of legal and planning talent that crossed the "stage". From the natty, ram-rod erect "characters" to the more modishly dressed younger representatives it was an interesting study in contrasts.

* The words of the chairman, on which a good deal hangs for a large land-owner, were received in a variety of moods from respect to consternation. An occasional outburst of impatience seemed to have a noticeably speeding up effect on those making presentations.

* The individual citizens who came to lodge their own protests did so with a good deal of knee-knocking and foreboding. Unfamiliar as most of us are with procedures and what is expected of us, we are naturally nervous at the unknown. There's nothing new about that and when the Official Plan represents 33 pages of document plus 55 pages of maps and background papers and the oning By-Law a further 95 pages there is room for confusion and doubt.

* The significance of the two documents will be felt over the next months and years when they are finally approved. They will have a bearing on every structure that is to be built and every piece of land that is to be developed within the present town of Milton. If you want to build a carport or add to your home these are the documents you'll run into.

* For the municipal, presentation of the documents was something of a mile stone. When annexation was granted almost tripling the size of the municipality, it was necessary to review and amend existing official plan and zoning legislation. I doubt if anyone has any accurate records of the hours of discussion that went into the documents at the planners', planning board and council level. Always controversial, the work was completed last year and council gave its blessing and sought an Ontario Municipal Board hearing.

* Already there are a number of development proposals before the council and the problem in some cases is that the new legislation has not yet been formally approved. Thus some work is under the former by-law and some under the proposed by-laws. There will undoubtedly be discussion on such problems as development proposals proceed.

* In the meantime a number of developers are champing at the bit to get the paper-work cleared up before the spring construction season opens. And more may be heard of that before long, too.



LONG SHADOWS filter across the snow-covered surface of the mill pond at Centennial Park. This view is taken from the narrows at the west end of the pond, looking eastward toward Martin St.—(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I've been thinking seriously about giving up my job as a teacher, and settling for a lot less money and a lot more peace of mind. And I'm not the only one.

Colleagues, right and left, are unhappy. One would like to go into the hotel business. Another dreams of buying some rough land on Manitoulin Island, and raising sheep.

Others, who have been teaching a long time, are planning to quit soon and take a reduced pension, rather than battle it out to the full term. They can't face another five years of teaching apathetic, lazy and insolent kids.

Another friend, who has taught happily for 23 years, says he used to look forward to every day of it. This year, he admits, he faces each day with a sort of vague horror. Still another is socking every nickel he can spare into investments so that he can get out while he retains his sanity.

Had lunch the other day with a chap who this year, after some years of running his own business, came into teaching—in the technical department. On his own, he worked 10 or 12 hours a day. At this lunch period, he didn't stop talking for half an hour. From the outside, he thought teaching was a snap. The pay was good, and the holidays looked great. Now, he's exhausted at the end of a teaching day, though he's done no physical labor. He said: "I never knew there were kids like these."

Perhaps we sound like a bunch of old fogies who are getting tired. Most of those I've mentioned are in their 40s, not quite in the old-fogey class. And they've enjoyed their teaching for years.

But another colleague is talking about going to the Northwest Territories. Another is thinking of taking a job in a steel plant. His wife, also a teacher, wants to get out and do social work, at less money. They are all in their 20s.

All of us are making quite reasonable salaries. It would be quite a wrench, financially, to quit, especially for those

who have roots in the community, a mortgage, and growing children to educate.

But the malaise is there. And it's difficult to put your finger on the trouble. Our wives are getting worried. They ask, "What is wrong, specifically?" And it's difficult to give an answer that doesn't sound trivial. It's a host of little things which add up to one word—frustration.

What is the trouble, then? I think there are two major sources. First, the pendulum has swung too far—from a system that was archaic to one with end permissiveness. Everyone is supposed to do his own thing. Sad truth is that a majority of teenagers haven't got a "thing" to do. They want to be entertained, not learn.

They'll sit happily through a movie at school, chewing gum. But try to get them to talk about it, express their ideas, relate it to their own lives, and they groan with boredom. They're mentally lazy, as most teenagers have always been. Their favorite comment on a thought-provoking, stimulating movie, is "Stoopid."

I've never believed in corporal punishment, either as a disciplinary deterrent or as a spur. But I'm beginning to wonder. I am hurt and alarmed at the increasing lack of courtesy, the "who cares?" attitude of the kids, and the increase in plain, dirty talk. (The language you can hear in a modern high school, especially among girls, would curdle your blood.)

You can imagine the joyous rapture of my wife to my proposal that I quit. Like the good little wife she is, she said she'd go anywhere with me, and do anything, as long as I was happy. She made up a great list of where and how we could save money, without the salary.

But the reaction has set in, and in 100 casual, little hints she is revealing the utter folly of it all. But I was prepared for that, and I'm going to keep her thinking about a shack, and a pot-bellied stove, and potatoes, and porridge for a while yet. It'll do her good.

Champion Editorial Page

A reputation can crumble . . .

A reputation, built over a period of years, is still a flimsy straw in the wind when it is attacked by rumor and gossip, fanned by an unfortunate development.

And so it is with Milton District Hospital.

Over the past week we have heard rumor upon rumor after announcement in the Champion last week of a threatened walk-out following a dismissal and suspension.

Despite the fact Milton District Hospital had developed a strong reputation in the community and in the province; despite its accreditation; despite effective service there were more who leaped to spread the rumors than to discourage them.

At this point we have no specific information on the problems which

may have given rise to what has transpired at the Hospital. We have heard all kinds of references to strange things and to staff turnover but we have not yet received enough information to form responsible judgments. We expect detailed information will be obtained before this issue goes to press, in the interests of the community and in the interests of the future hospital.

May we, however, suggest that everyone give a little thought to the consequences before they fan their latest "gem" of information into something worthy of being passed on.

The Board of Directors will, we hope, clarify the developments at the hospital in the interests of those involved and in the interest of the community which the hospital serves.

Provincial action welcome . . .

The Mayor of Kingston has indicated the province will consider direct tax grants to that city to compensate it for the non-taxable university property in that city.

If such is the case we hope Milton will also receive some similar consideration. This community's tax exempt property accounts for 33 per cent of the total assessment. Much of

it is in county facilities and in provincial facilities. The only federal building involved is the Post Office, on which grants are already received.

Kingston maintains its exempt property is 33 per cent and so Milton can be considered in the same light. The province's prompt treatment would affect the local tax rate more significantly than anything else at the moment.

A concern to share . . .

No creature fouls its habitat more than man. The evidence is everywhere. It is not just the filth that hangs like a cloud in our polluted air. Nor the oozing waste that poisons our waters.

It is also the litter, the debris of our new, improved way of life, that most of us, at one time or another, have been guilty of spreading.

The Ontario Department of Highways, for example, estimates that it costs \$55 a mile a year to remove broken glass, waste paper, cigarette packages and other junk from 13,000 miles of roadside. The total costs, \$700,000. In 1969, will soon exceed \$1-million annually.

Our lakes and streams, for example, the ones in which no chemicals or effluent are deposited, are littered with bottles, broken glass and other signs that say man has passed this way.

In one northern community, members of a sportsmen's club collected 20 hampers of man-made and man-distributed garbage along a quarter of a mile of stream. Multiply this by the thousands of miles of streams and lakesides in the more popular areas across Canada and you have one big mess.

Unfortunately, all levels of government have only lent an inattentive ear to the problem of litter. Although litterbugs may be fined, there are not enough policemen to enforce the law.

It seems that now, especially with the new throw-away bottles and cans and all the other disposable wonders of our technology, it is time to educate and to enforce against littering. For if we fail to do this, the outdoors and the town streets will become a pigsty.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

No ardent trout angler (like me) would ever go back to crawling through dense bush and wading tiny streams in search of elusive brook trout, after being spoiled rotten on a winter ice fishing trip like I enjoyed last week.

My days of stream fishing may be over. It's too hard compared to ice fishing, North Bay style.

Consider the poor trout stream fisherman. He loads up the car with a trunkful of bedding, cooking utensils, foodstuffs, fishing gear and mosquito lotion and heads north on the 24th of May weekend to rent a dilapidated and sparsely-furnished so-called "cabin" on some northern back road.

He cooks all his meals on a hotplate, walks 100 yards to the lean-to outhouse, walks half a mile to draw water from a well, walks another mile through the bush to get to his stream, swats mosquitoes and black flies 12 times a minute, gets soaking feet when he slips off a rock, loses \$14 worth of tackle a day in the logs and rocks, and might, if he's lucky, come home with a dozen or so Speckles after a tough weekend of roughing it. At least, that's the way my spring fishing trips to Bracebridge have worked out for the past five or six years.

But not any more. I'm convinced ice fishing has that all beat, and I'll tell you why.

The ice fisherman packs a small suitcase, period. No bedding, no cooking tools, no food, no fishing gear and NO skeeter-skatter. He drives to North Bay (or Lake Simcoe if you prefer) and checks into a posh, modern motel on the shores of Lake Nipissing. It comes with central

heating, hot and cold running water, hydro, telephone and TV and a full bathroom with shower and tub.

In the morning the proprietor telephones him to wake him up and serves him a beautiful breakfast in the motel's dining room. He walks 200 yards to board a covered-in, 12-seater, heated Bombardier snowmobile and gets chauffeured seven miles out on the lake to a large, heated, comfy cabin sometimes known as a "fish hut" where he finds his lines and hooks already set up and just waiting to be baited.

There, the proprietor uses a power auger to drill 10 inch holes in the ice (inside or outside the hut, depending on your choice) and supplies him with coffee-maker and supplies, minnows and a box lunch fit for a king. Then he's left on his own to fish for the rest of the day until supertime rolls around and he's transported back to the motel in the Bombardier. He can enjoy eight solid hours of lazy fishing in solid warmth and comfort.

And it actually costs LESS (about \$16 a day plus the cost of your supper, the only thing the motel doesn't supply) than that spring trip into the wilds on a trout fishing trip. And there aren't any mosquitoes, either.

My perennial fishing partner, my father and I tried out the highly recommended facilities at North Bay for two days last week and we had a grand time. Even caught 10 fish—pike, whitefish and pickerel were biting well.

Man, that's the easy way to fish. It sure beats all the bother of spring fishing.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



SIX LOCAL SOLDIERS had their pictures taken at Camp Niagara in May of 1918, before departure for overseas. This photo, loaned by Mrs. Wilbert Ford, includes

William H. Devlin, Wilbert E. Ford and Harry Brown in the front row; Roy Harrop, Douglas Ismond and Harry Price in the back row.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 2, 1950.

Plans for the erection of a Halton Home for the Aged began to materialize when County Council officially approved of the purchase of a site at its regular meeting. Members approved of a by-law to purchase 20 acres of land east of Milton for the sum of \$6,000. Three northern municipalities did not vote in favor of the by-law. The majority of council favored payment of architect's fees following lengthy discussion in which members of Esquimes voiced strong opposition.

Visitors and sporting enthusiasts from near and far crowded into Town Hall last Thursday evening to attend the presentation and dance in honor of the Milton Baseball Club which won the Ontario Intermediate "C" Championship and Halton County Championship for 1949. Mr. McMullen presented the Buck trophy to Boyne Clement, captain of the team who won it for the seventh time.

Allan Dixon of Milton was chosen to head the Halton Agricultural Society for 1950 at the annual meeting held last Thursday at the County Buildings. He succeeds Lorne Walker who was president during 1949.

A Milton youth escaped injury last week when a loaded 22-calibre rifle accidentally discharged wounding him in the left shoulder. Maxie Norris said he had picked the rifle from its case to clean it and when the stock of the gun struck a piece of furniture the gun discharged. The bullet entered near the collar-bone coming out the tip of the shoulder. He was removed to Milton Hospital where fragments of the slug were removed but he was later released.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 5, 1920.

There are still a great many cases of grippe or influenza in Milton, but the outbreak is abating. There is a decrease in the number of new cases. Dr. C.J.O. Hastings, M.O.H., estimates the number of cases in Toronto at 20,000. The number reported in Hamilton is 50.

The U.F.O. objected to orders-in-council by the Dominion Parliament, but having come into power in Ontario it lost no time in passing one of its own requiring censorship of all moving picture advertising in newspapers or by posters, etc. The result is that the Princess Theatre had to drop its newspaper advertising in local papers for a short time. On account of strong protests, the order has been rescinded.

On Tuesday, Dr. C. H. Heslop was elected to fill the vacancy in the town council caused by the death of the late William Maddocks.

The C.P.R. train going east at 9.30 a.m. will stop regularly at the Milton station in the future.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, February 10, 1870.

Francis McCuskeo died at Streetsville on Monday last at the advanced age of one hundred and five years. He had been in only two days, and retained his faculties to the last.

While grinding a grist at the Wellington Square flour mills on Saturday, one of the stones burst into a thousand pieces. One large piece struck the miller on the leg, but, wonderful to relate, no bones were broken. The large fly-wheel of the engine was completely smashed—one portion of it went through the stone wall like a cannon ball. Considerable damage was done to everything inside the mill.

Oakville is the scene of public indignation meetings, on account of a disgraceful affair which occurred there not long ago. On Thursday night, a procession, consisting of about five hundred men and boys paraded the streets of the town, leading a mammoth effigy of a taurine quadruped appropriately decked out with mottoes. After a number of groans from an eminent cordwainer, the crowd separated.

The Legislature of New Brunswick will not likely accept the terms of Confederation offered by the Dominion Government.

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