



## Removing the blights

Concern for our environment makes the matter of new legislation to govern quarrying operations in the Niagara Escarpment of some significance in this area.

This section of Ontario is apparently rich in the kind of aggregate most in demand. It has the added advantage of being close to the metropolitan area which keeps its delivered cost competitive.

Those who live in this part of the province, however, and particularly in Milton, or who travel along highway 401 can't miss the imprint of quarrying on the landscape.

Municipal councillors have wrestled with the problem of quarries for a long time. They have felt the frustrations of trying to satisfy perturbed citizens while quarries continue to blast or emit dust. The step to provide some new provincial legislation

someone's hand in developing workable solutions.

One report was prepared which representatives from a number of municipal organizations, found biased. They submitted their own combined views.

The hub of the current difficulty is that the Minister of Mines will be issuing quarrying permits. The municipality, however, is not without some control. If the zoning in the affected municipality does not permit quarrying in a specific location, a rezoning application would be necessary. Undoubtedly this would require an Ontario Municipal Board hearing where objections could be presented and a ruling obtained. If a rezoning was approved, the application for a quarrying permit would then be considered by the Minister of Mines.

Nassagaweya Councillors aren't satisfied with this provision. They also want the right to appeal the decision of the

Minister if he grants a quarrying permit over their objection.

The Niagara Escarpment Protection Act is aimed at protecting the face of the escarpment to a depth of 300 feet. When he introduced the act May 6 the acting prime minister described it in general terms: "It will impose a measure of strict control over the area. It will give the Government the power to prohibit any new mining operation of a type or in an area we feel will endanger the future recreational use of the escarpment area."

It might also be implied it will have some bearing over the operation of existing quarrying operations. Indications of some of those changes may emerge shortly and we would hope they would not only include a limitation to any further damage to the face of the escarpment but also rehabilitation of that damage already done.

If we are to be conscious of our environment we might be more enthusiastic if we saw some of the quarrying blights in this area removed.

Champion

Editorial Page

MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1970

THE SERIES ENDS—For the past three months The Champion has been printing editorial page photos of the store fronts in downtown Milton, in conjunction with its editorial suggestion that Milton was due for a Norwich Plan of redevelopment. This photo montage shows stores from St. Lawrence Fruit Market to International Bakery. A meeting is being held in September to discuss the Norwich Plan and what it can do for a downtown area.—(Staff Photos)

## Awesome implications

The mile by mile trip of a trainload and now a boat load of poison gas, on its way to burial at sea indicates the frightening implications of continuing to manufacture such deadly material.

All the great powers have stocks of chemical weapons which for some reason they feel they cannot destroy.

The latest move by the United States can probably not be considered any major breakthrough along this line but we would hope some of the other great powers might begin a program of destruction.

We are not expert enough to determine whether the burial at sea is the safest method of destruction. It has awesome implications in our mind but neither are we

confident the burning of the nerve gas would be any safer method for eliminating the deadly properties of the material.

Certainly the existence of poison gas is not new. It was painfully in evidence during World War I and there were many veterans who suffered the agonies of its destruction for a number of years. The technology has been refined now, of course, to include germ weapons as well as a range of destructive poison gases. This awesome arsenal is just as frightening as the atomic arsenal and the sooner it is reduced the better.

If governments could reach agreement on the issue it would be a milestone along the road to peace and the risks of annihilation on this planet would be reduced by at least one.

## Air patrols

Here are some facts about the use of aircraft for selective traffic law enforcement by the Ontario Provincial Police in 1969; quoted by the Ontario Safety League.

There were five chartered fixed-wing aircraft operating in the London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Sudbury areas—and they logged 3,793 flying hours. In 1970-71 a sixth plane will be engaged between Peterborough and Belleville. The program is now in its fifth successive year.

In 1969 the aircraft observed 8,338 hazardous moving traffic violations, resulting in a charge

being proffered every 10 minutes of air patrol. Cars travelling between 90 and 130 mph, which normally escape pursuit by ground units, were apprehended.

Reporting this to the Legislature, the Attorney-General said it demonstrated the value of aircraft by practically eliminating highspeed pursuit and the inherent dangers to the public and the police in such cases. Commenting, an opposition member said: "I would think that about the only way we could stop them from going 130 would be to bomb the road."

—In this age of protest movements I think there are grounds on which cigar smokers should be summoned to their placards. On an Air Canada flight I noticed the sign clearly indicates "Cigarette Smoking Only". Now, I ask you if that isn't discrimination. All the tests have proven the cigarette smokers are jeopardizing their life span and no such damage has been proven of cigar smokers or pipe smokers. But here on an Air Canada flight only cigarettes can be smoked. Cigar smokers should unite in protest.

—There are all kinds of slogans around it seems. It's understandable too because they do stick with you. A few picked up in recent travels may be interesting.

—A sign board on the outskirts of Winnipeg suggests motorists "Smile you may be on radar" and it's signed by Mayor Steven Juba. Another in the same vicinity suggests "Speeding does not pay, ask the undertaker". And when I get back to Milton...



## Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

someone pointed out an out-of-province car had a bumper sticker proclaiming "If you don't like the police, the next time you're in trouble call a Hippie".

—Sometimes the use of the English language gets to me. Abuses creep in and they seem to be perpetuated by frequent repetition. Currently my pet peeve is the phrase "for free". Obviously the word "free" doesn't need any help from the word "for" but in some of the generally best written publications I find the phrase ap-

pearing. I hope it has been successfully banned from this paper but then I'll probably live to regret that assumption.

—Lest you think there's nothing going on in Milton you might tally up the municipal and private projects underway. Obviously there's the main street reconstruction, then the construction of the bakery building. In addition a new pump house is under construction at Kelso to augment the town's water supply. A start on the Senior Citizens' housing project is im-

minent. Then in the private sector an excavation for a major apartment building on Ontario St. has been completed and there are plans for an industrial complex north of the Base Line Rd. by Alliance Building Corporation. Oh yes, there are things happening but sometimes they just never get added up at the one time.

—The picture at the top of the page this week is the last in the series on the appearance of the Main St. Interest in a Norwich Plan for the refurbishing of the street has been expressed and at least two local meetings are planned on the topic this fall. Where it goes from there will depend on owner-interest and the possibility of co-operation. I think the street has unique characteristics that can be emphasized to the general advantage of the business community. We'll see how deep the interest is later in creating something unique which would make the town something more than ordinary to shoppers and visitors.

This summer I feel distinctly that some malicious witch or warlock has put a curse on me. Don't ask me why. I ain't done nothin' to nobody.

There's been nothing serious or tragic. Just a lot of little things that seem to wind up spelling hex.

Why, for example, should there be a huge wasp's nest in the middle of my hedge, when the filthy little brutes have never built there before?

Why should I trip over a rock, take a chunk the size of a silver dollar out of my shin, and sprain my thumb trying to save myself?

Why should my waist-line suddenly leap from 31 to a snug 32? Why should my daughter fall in love with a guy of whom she says, "I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world"?

But it's not just what happened to me. I seem to be carrying the spell around with me, and am beginning to feel like a Jonah.

Went to a delightful party. Everyone was pleasant. Except that a couple of 200-pounders wound up in a state of deep umbrage. That's a sort of purple. One had told



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

the other, during a discussion of exercise, jogging and waistlines, that he was "just a big, fat pig." Not nice. But why was I the only male left to keep them from coming to carnage? All 140 pounds of me.

Went sailing with friends on a perfect summer day. Why did a terrific storm come out of nowhere? Because I was on board. I'm sure of it.

Last Sunday, went out as crew with a friend who races his sailboat. He didn't figure on winning, with a crewman who doesn't know a luff from a larboard. But he also didn't figure on winding up two miles behind every other boat, including one he beats regularly. We hit every patch of dead calm in the bay, while the other boats invariably caught a breeze which would vanish by the time we got there. Why?

Another friend invited me for a day's fishing. Came the day, ideal for fishing. Came also a phone call saying he'd put a rod through his crankshaft, or something equally horrible, and his motor was ruined. You think that was just coincidence?

The other night I did go fishing with my brother-in-law. Good boat, good motor, lots of worms and minnows, perfect time of evening, and a hot spot where he'd picked up some nice bass the day before. I don't have to tell you what we caught. About four pounds of weeds, while a chap in the next boat hauled in a lunger.

Last night we went out to visit another brother-in-law. They'd taken a cottage to get away from the terrible heat of the city for a week. That brief visit fixed him. Today it's sweaters and long pants weather, with a

howling wind and the temperature down about forty degrees. They'll have a miserable week, thanks to me.

These are just a few incidents from a catalogue as long as your leg. But I'm beginning to think that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. And I'm getting mad.

I can put up with my normal stupidity. Like a dinner from the revenue people for a \$65 fine. Or going out to put our suitcases in the trunk of the car and finding it full of elm blocks for the fireplace which my father-in-law had given me last spring, and having to unload them in the heat and my brand new sport shirt. Or having the cat claw me about the head and shoulders on three separate occasions, because she doesn't like driving in a car. That was my wife's stupidity.

But I can't help feeling that there's something sinister, some kind of a trend, in all the other little "accidents." Somebody out there is trying to get me.

Today I'm convinced of it. Woke up with violent stomach cramps that turn me into a white, sweating wretch about every twenty minutes. Ate and drank the same things last night as the others in the house. Why should I be the only one to wind up with dire rear? Why?

The commander of an infantry division has to be a little cold-blooded in assessing the risks. If he plans on invading an island with 10,000 men, he might decide that the plan is feasible if casualties can be held to 20 per cent. By this logic, the loss of 2,000 men becomes "acceptable".

So the general goes ahead with his invasion, loses his 2,000 men, and the affair goes down in the history books as another glorious chapter in the history of warfare. The world leaders don't drop whatever they're doing to go to church to pray, presidents don't fly halfway across the world to greet the survivors, and so on. Aside from the grieving relatives, about all that happens is that some company back in Connecticut has to stamp out an additional 2,000 Purple Hearts.

And back on the ground, the nation can contemplate the fact that more than 40,000 young Americans have died in Vietnam. And while this contemplation goes on, there is a continuing debate over whether it constitutes cruel and unusual punishment to send convicted rapists and murderers to the gas chamber.

Yes, it's all very puzzling.

Here's a tip for Milton's Operation Survival group members. Next time you're out in the country and spot some garbage dumped beside the road by careless humans, pore through it looking for some identification.

If you can find some clue—a book with a name inside it, a letter, a grocery bill, that's all you need—send the suspected dumper a nice little note, something like this:

"Dear Sir (or Madam):

"While out for a drive and soaking up some sights, sounds and smells of nature in our clean, fresh, unpolluted country air on Sunday afternoon, I came across an awful sight. I found a pile of articles which belong to you, which some thief has obviously stolen but dumped by a roadside in his attempts to thwart the wheels of justice. They must belong to you for I noticed your name attached to a (fill in: book, letter, etc.) and I know how anxious you must be to have them back.

"The pile was disposed of beside the (fill in name of road) in the municipality of (fill in name). There appeared to be several valuable articles there, including your (list



## Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

everything recognizable). The thief who stole these items from you must have been chased by a police car and got rid of them in a hurry to avoid being apprehended.

"I have gathered everything up and taken it to my home. Please come and get it all as soon as possible, otherwise I will parcel it up and send it CN Express to your home, collect of course.

Yours very truly, etc., etc."

+ + +

I read an editorial recently, following a near-disaster with one of the moon flights, in which the writer made an impassioned plea for greater safety in space shots. This guy

contended that no expense should be spared to avoid a repetition of the risk to the lives of the astronauts.

Which reminds me that I have always been puzzled by our curious double standard toward death and the value of a life. For some peculiar reason, we attach a greater value on the life of a man who is not earthbound and tend to ignore the poor wretch who dies an ignominious death on the ground.

The whole world was concerned about the lives of the three astronauts. Meanwhile, back on the ground, a couple of hundred Americans died in Vietnam and nobody—except for relatives of the troops over there—batted an eye.

## Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, August 17, 1950

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, August 18, 1970.

Milton Band played at the Beverly Centennial Church Service in the Rockton Fair Grounds at Rockton, Ontario on Sunday evening Aug. 6.

An overheated light bulb brought the local fire brigade into action at about 12:30 a.m. Sunday morning when they were called to a blaze at Milton Department Store. The prompt action and early discovery restrained the flames to a small area close to the ceiling on the west side of the store. Damage to the store and stock was not extensive.

A possible solution to sewage problems in Nelson Township looms in the offing with a proposed new system used in the Maritimes and recently introduced in Ontario. The system provides for a gravity feed and other features much less expensive than a central system.

On Thursday evening, St. George's Church Members, Lowville gathered to join with the Sunday School teachers and pupils for their annual picnic at Lowville Community Park despite inclement weather.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion Thursday, August 19, 1920.

On Monday, before the baseball tournament, members of the Oakville nine were practising alongside the Hotel McGibbon. A wild pitch or passed ball went through the front windows of D. A. Hewgill's store, smashing a large pane of glass, worth about \$9. The Oakville coach apologized for the accident and promised to pay for the broken window.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Alfred S., widower, for non-support of his children. After refusing payment he left town on the 7 inst., with a young girl. It is not known whether he married her or not. He is understood to be at —, and his capture is expected.

D. D. Christie, of Guelph, was one of the first in town Saturday for the old boys' reunion. He said it was 48 years since he gave up business in Milton. He is putting the summer in on the old homestead, opposite the Christie Lime Works.

R. L. Hemstreet is on vacation in Muskoka.

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