

# Preserve our trail

A new threat to the solitude of the Bruce Trail and the wilderness is posed by various mechanical contrivances now being used as "sport" vehicles. . . snowmobiles, dune buggies, swamp buggies, hovercraft, trail bikes and mini-bikes.

These marvels of modern technology enable those type who once spent their weekends slumped before the boob-tube to join the dedicated hikers and nature-lovers on the trail. It's a shame, because the trail was made for walking and is definitely not the place for motorized vehicles to be roaring around.

These mechanical toys do constitute a real threat to the future of the trail and its enjoyment by the masses. According to a recent Bruce Trail newsletter, evidence of snowmobiles is commonplace in areas where the trail is of sufficient width. Each spring the Toronto club (which looks after the trail locally between Kelso and Terra Cotta has to send out a work party to repair farmers' fences which have been ruthlessly cut during the winter joyriding

months. "Presumably a pair of fence cutters is standard equipment with snow vehicles. Do you suppose they are included with the price, much the way a bumper jack is with an automobile?" asks orle disgruntled Bruce Trailer.

Snowmobiles have severely damaged some laboriously built wooden steps up the side of a steep bank in the Caledon Hills area and at Beaver Valley, where trail enthusiasts built an overnight shelter, hikers have often made their way there to find it occupied by parties of snowmobilers who monopolize it for the entire weekend. The list of incidents goes on and on.

In the meantime there is a possibly bigger threat to trail hikers—the use of motor bikes on the trail. We know this is true in the Milton area, from personal experience. Twice while enjoying family walks on the Bruce Trail we have been forced to leap out of the way and make room for mini-bikes piloted by thrill-seeking youngsters.

One manufacturer advertises his motor bike will "go anywhere

you can walk" while another model described as "Canada's Roar Machine" advises potential buyers to "hit the roar path."

Ever since the Bruce Trail was opened 10 years ago we have been encouraged by the enormous growth of interest in hiking, not only in the escarpment area of Ontario but all across North America. We had dared to hope that Canadians might be encouraged to develop some of the vigor, stamina and muscle tone admired in many Europeans.

We suppose it was inevitable that when walking trails were finally built in Canada, the resourceful types would soon develop machines capable of driving on them. We have no quarrel with snowmobiles and mini-bikes, in their place. But their place is definitely NOT on the Bruce Trail. Let's save the trail for those hardy walkers who enjoy communing with nature and getting their exercise on trails far from the din of urban living and roar of the traffic.



MILTON FROM THE AIR—The south-east section of Milton is shown in this picture from a helicopter. Grace Anglican Church is recognizable in the foreground while in the background, Ontario School for the Deaf's complex of buildings sprawls easterly from Ontario St. —(Photo by Phil Aggus)

MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1970

THIRD SECTION

## Champion Editorial Page

### Editorial notes

Milton can be proud of its nine year record in the field of pedestrian safety. The town received an award from Hamilton Automobile Club last week for nine years without a pedestrian fatality. The only other community to receive such an award was Stoney Creek and we hear that town won't be eligible for a 10-year award next year because it recently had a pedestrian killed. If Milton can continue its pedestrian safety program the town could be singled out for a fatality-free decade this time next year. Let's all work to maintain the record.

days of rain and sunshine are not the only contrasts. There's the change from summer holidays to back-to-school routines. September's the month the grass gets green again after a dry summer when it was more brown than green. It's Steam-Era time and Milton Fall Fair time once more and the month when most organizational activity resumes after a summer recess. And it's the last month you can take a week's holidays with hopes of catching some good weather.

Don't forget Milton Fair on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25 and 26. This year's 117th annual edition of the fair promises to top all previous fairs in exhibits and attendance. Meet your friends at Milton Fair.

September is a month of contrasts in Milton. The warm days and cool nights and alternating



### Pages of the Past from champion files

#### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, Sept. 14, 1950.

The trouble with the Nelson township school board continues this week over the closure of three rural schools. Last week 20 youngsters attended school in support of their teacher Mrs. Hazel Leslie, who had taught in that school for eight years. Tuesday, however the term ended as Mrs. Leslie closed the school, saying the chairs were too big for the children and not good for them.

Marjorie R. Buck of R.R. 6 Milton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Buck recently won \$250 scholarship for the academic year of 1950-51 for her work at Nelson District High School.

Five hundred and seventy cobs of corn was the toll after a community corn roast sponsored by the Hornby Ball Club held on August 24. About 150 from the district were there.

#### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, September 16, 1920.

During last Saturday afternoon's storm, lightning struck the dwelling of J. H. Turner, 1st Line Trafalgar, near Milton. It entered at and wrecked the chimney and tore up the flooring. His two daughters had a narrow escape. They were stunned but soon recovered. About \$100 repair should cover the damage to the house.

The joint committee on the proposed Milton and four townships soldiers' monument, to be erected in Milton, met at the town hall on Tuesday evening. Members who had inspected the monuments elsewhere reported on designs and expenditure. No definite objective was named, but \$10,000 was suggested. Milton will be canvassed to raise some of the money.

—Town clerk Jack McGeachie received an expressive lapel badge when he recently attended a CORDC Conference on the Toronto-Centred Region report. It wouldn't do much for one's ego, though. He was labelled as hailing from the Town of Nutton. This, after the town of Milton had been left off a number of maps on the proposal, is perhaps ironic enough to make local politicians wonder if they really do hail from the centre of Nutton.

—The chairman of the town's first Parks Board, Gord Collinson was back in town recently. He had spent about a year and a half in San Francisco and is now in San Diego with his family. Gord remembered the town fondly and it was fun bringing him up to date on local changes in the parks system since he left town. He's finding life in the U.S. quite enjoyable despite our frequent reading of troubled times in the country.

—Interesting to see a new community

In a burst of blind fury, I made my wife get off her tail and go with me on our Big Trip, in the last week of holidays

It had started out, back in May, as a leisurely trip to the British Isles. It shrank like a dowager on a crash diet.

There was no formal opposition, just a lot of little feminine tricks, something like the Chinese water torture. Drop after drop. Insomnia, nothing to wear, can't afford it, who'll cut the lawn, absolutely must have the so-and-so's for a weekend. You know the gamut.

By mid-July it was a trip across Canada, with a trailer. Looking up friends and relatives, not driving too far in a day, enjoying the camaraderie of the trailer camp.

By mid-August, it was a mad dash to the Maritimes. But Kim was home and, "We can't leave her alone" (and she didn't want to go with us, after just having been there).

Well, spilt milk isn't much use. We finally made it. Left on Thursday afternoon, and got home Sunday evening. How's that for a Big Trip?

However, perhaps it was worth waiting for all summer. It was different. We bought

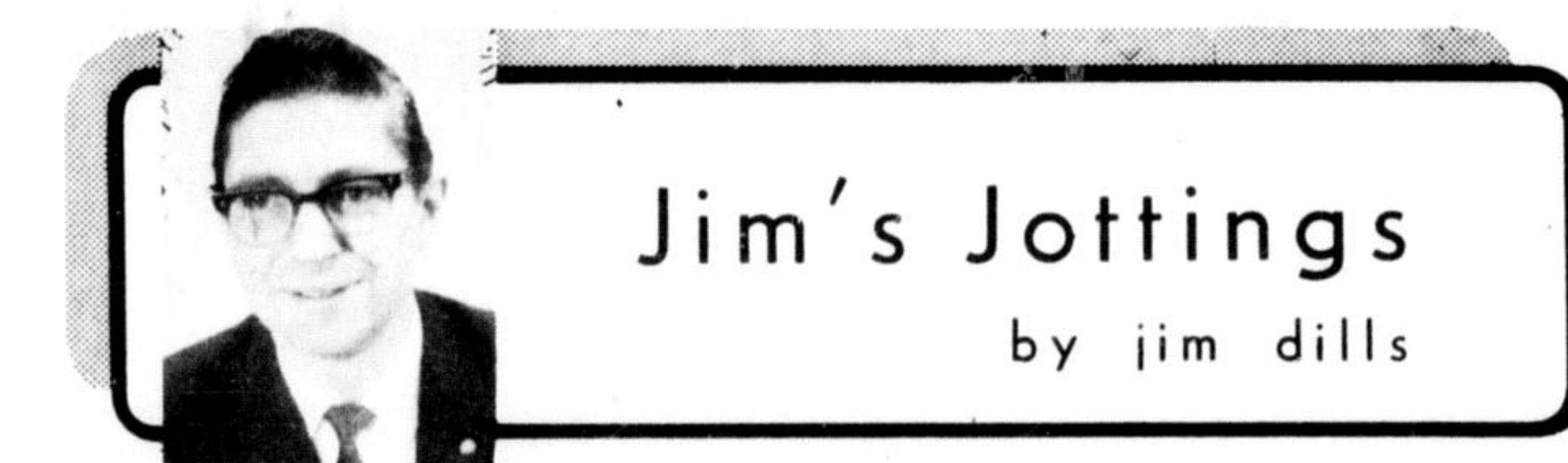
The plane trip to and from Prestwick Airport in Scotland was just one highlight of our family's holiday jaunt to the British Isles this summer. I could probably devote a couple of columns to our rented car and the narrow, winding roads in that country.

Let me explain first of all, that it WAS a family holiday—I didn't go there for the express purpose of gathering story or column material although I did take a few notes here and there. My wife's parents Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dukes of Meadowbrook Dr. were planning a trip overseas and they invited Dorothea, Kathryn, Christine and I to accompany them.

For the first eight days we toured Scotland, then headed for England for nine days (including five in swinging London) and then returned to Scotland for our final four days. We were warmly welcomed by relatives in Scotland and England and it was a grand reunion for Mrs. Dukes—her first trip back to Scotland since she came to Canada 40 years ago.

Our travels took the six of us from Prestwick to Ayr, Glasgow, Lock Lomond, Perth, Aberdeen, the northern part of Scotland, Edinburgh, down the west coast of England through Lancashire to Wiltshire, along the southern coast to Southampton, up to London, then up the east side and back to Edinburgh before heading back to the airport for the return flight home.

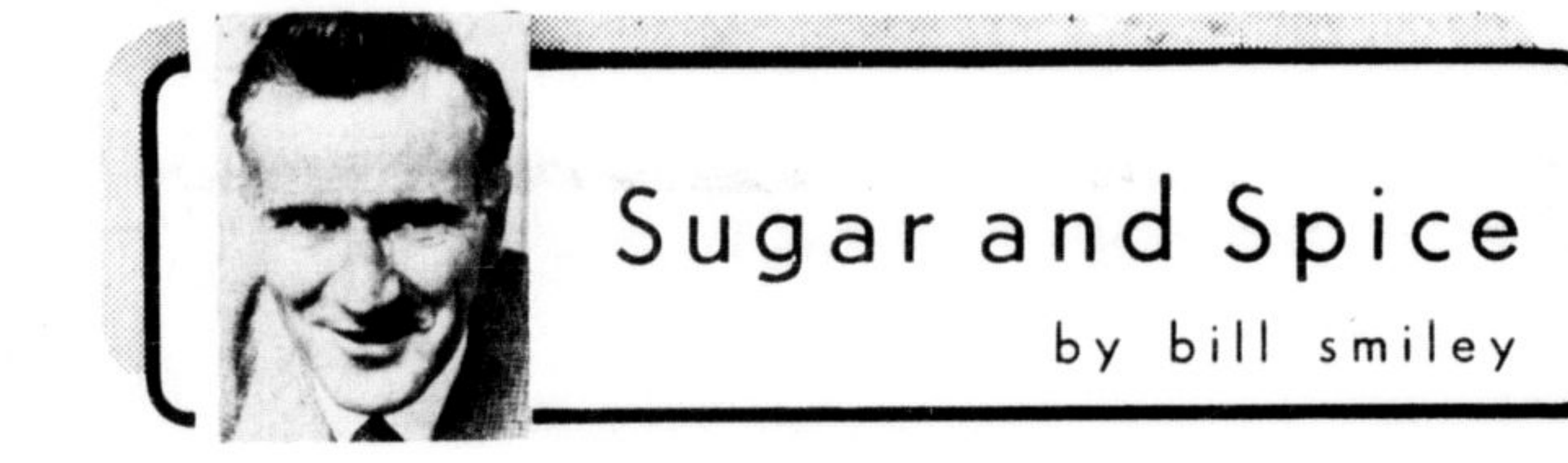
It was easy to fall in love with Scotland's scenic charms—the quaint little villages, the rolling farmsteads, the heather-topped mountains, the locks and bens (lakes and mountains), old stone houses, castles and the delightful babbies who were never too



### Jim's Jottings by jim dills

choral group being launched. There are some good singers around town and area and I hope they can co-operate for some enjoyable times. The group is being backed by the Rotary Club after surveying some of the areas where community interest might exist in programs not already organized. The Musical Society, it is hoped, may eventually be the nucleus around which other musical interest might centre.

—I've talked so much about the Norwich Plan and its possibilities for an enhanced Main St. that I hesitate to mention it more, but the Chamber of Commerce has set up a dinner meeting for tonight to provide further explanation in the form of a film. It would help those interested in getting a clearer picture of the concept, and I understand all are welcome.



### Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

a Coleman stove, as we planned to cook along the way. Anyone interested in a brand-new Coleman stove that has never even been lit?

And, of course, we bought food here and there, to cook on our new stove. Arrived home with two huge boxes of groceries. I swear I had 12 meals in a row of bacon and eggs and beans. No mean fare. But we've still got two weeks' supply.

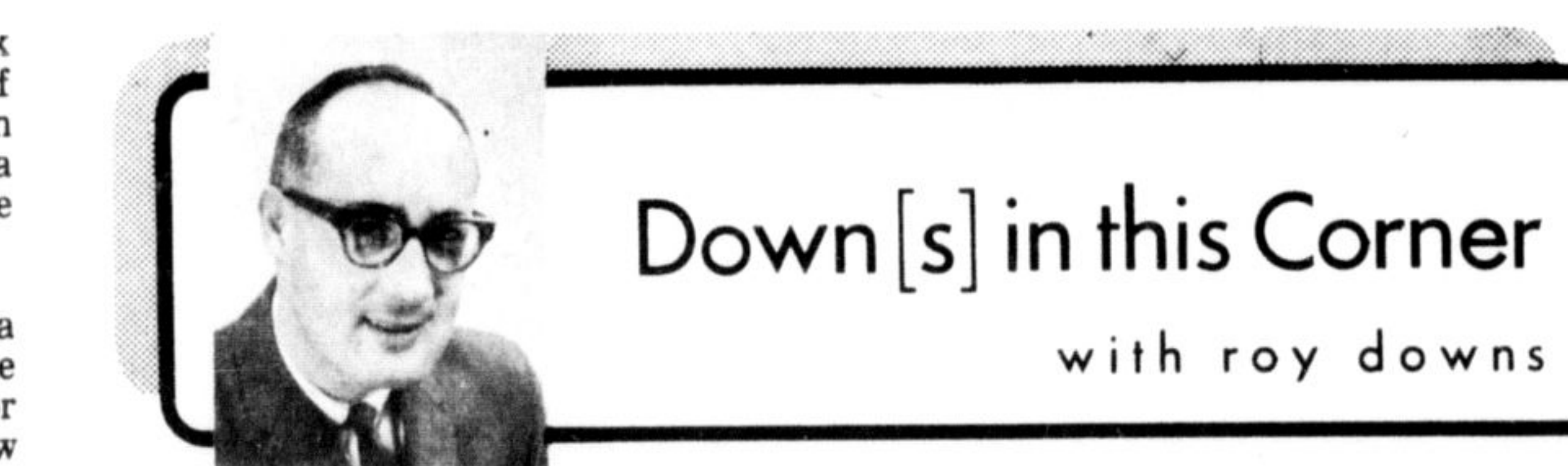
We just drove until we felt like stopping. North and north. And we wound up spending a couple of days in a cabin on a lake and loving it.

It was a run-down, old-fashioned tourist resort. We got one of the deluxe cabins. No bell-hops, no broadloom, no TV, but a real

washroom, with running water. In fact, the water was running all over the floor, from a leak or something, when we checked in.

Strangely, my wife loved the place. At home, she's a psychotic emptier of ashtrays, sweeper of floors and maker of beds. At the cabin, she cheerfully walked around in grit up to the ankles, and actually chuckled when the Trans-Canada train went by three or four times a day, rocking the cabin like a cradle.

For a couple of days we forgot about pollution and population-explosion and other such poppycock. It was enough to wrench the door open, look at that great, clean lake 20 yards away and wonder what the rich people were doing. Sunshine and sand and bacon and eggs and beans.



### Down[s] in this Corner with roy downs

busy to stop and direct some bewildered tourists around their cities. Practically every home has a little garden out front and the flowers are carefully tended. It didn't seem to matter that some homes only had a strip of front yard two feet wide and 10 feet long—it was full of flowers anyway.

England's northern and central industrial towns weren't quite so impressive, but we loved the seaside resort areas, especially in the south along the English Channel.

Great Britain is steeped in centuries of history. We Canadians who think something is old at 100 or 200 years, got a real lesson in history as we toured ancient public buildings and castles which go back 800 or 1,000 years. Edinburgh Castle, for instance, dates back to year 400 A.D. although the oldest building inside the castle wall, a chapel, was built just recently—1076. And in London we saw a piece of the Roman Wall built in 200 to 300 A.D.

It took us a while to catch onto driving on the left side of the road, of course, and shifting gears with the left hand instead of the right. The six of us, plus five big pieces of luggage and about eight handbags were crammed into a four cylinder Vauxhall

station wagon but everybody over there kept saying what a nice "big" car we had.

Most of the roads are narrow, just like the cars, and full of curves. They don't build shoulders on their roads, they put up a little stone wall about two feet away from the pavement to keep cars out of farmers' fields. Every few miles or so you'll come to a "lay-by" where you can pull off the road to check your roadmap or settle your nerves before heading on again.

We drove one whole day on some of Scotland's secondary highways where the longest stretch of "straight" road was about a quarter mile in length, and we came up with the impression that Scottish engineers get extra pay for putting lots of curves in the roads. About three curves per mile was average. But someone pointed out to us the country was so small, they just couldn't spare any more productive land for roads—as it is, new roads and development eat up the equivalent of a whole county of land each year.

Although they keep the cars small to match the roads, most trucks in Great Britain are the same size as our trucks here in Canada. Which makes for some in-

—There's been a good deal of criticism about the Main St. reconstruction program. No doubt some is justified, but I did notice the street was all surfaced in time for the arrival of Steam-Era and I think that deserves some commendation. Mind you I didn't hear any, but I have no doubt the criticism would have been enormous if the deadline hadn't been met. That's the way we are, of course.

—The Steam-Era crowd was an interesting one. People came from other provinces and from the U.S. They were young and excited, old and reminiscent. They came to town orderly and without traffic jams and they left the same way. They were good visitors and interesting people. It was nice to have them.

—Next it's the Milton Fall Fair on September 25 and 26 when friends will meet, hopefully under pleasant skies.

Evenings were just as paradisaical. Campfire until midnight, then into the hut with the little gas stove sputtering cosily, a novel, a nightcap, and no phone ringing or car door slamming to indicate callers.

We had a special treat on Friday night, when the proprietors held a dance. The rock band made the railroad train sound like a muted whizzer. We didn't go to the dance, but it was just like home, when Kim was a record on.

But idylls must end. Third morning, woke to a wild wind, a driving rain coming in around the front door, and the worst storm of the summer in full flight.

Drove the long way home in rain that was worse than a blizzard, with sundry morons tail-gating, cutting in, passing on corners and hills and over the white line, when you couldn't see the front of your car. Shaky.

Things didn't improve. They just got back to normal. Discovered daughter engaged to fine young chap who had two cents. Literally. I know it's hard to believe in this affluent age, but he had two (2) cents cash when he proposed.

Interesting driving when you're touring the rural areas on those narrow roads. Truck and bus drivers gleefully roar around curves with one wheel two feet over the white line, seemingly daring the car drivers to get out of their road or be squashed.

We met one of those types on a narrow curve on the road bordering the scenic Lock Lomond and it was suddenly a case of hitting him or the stone wall which was built so precariously close to our side of the pavement. We chose the wall and ended up with a \$50 scrape down the left side of the car.

Yet contrasting with the quaint little country roads are the big new Motorways they are building all over the country. These motorways resemble our Highway 400 and 401 except they are all three lanes wide, the speed limit is 70 for everybody, and the median strips are only about 10 feet wide and level with the pavement. It's a good way to make time if you're in a hurry to get from place to place but they're not as scenic as the rural roads.

Next week: Chimney pots, castles, monkey business, bed and breakfast, but tours, London's orators, dirty dogs, liquor laws and pollution.

### Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

Faith and fear are merely two ways of thinking, each uses the same power.

There is no real success without happiness, no happiness without peace and no peace without spiritual security.