

A tiresome game

All this speculation over the possible location of the new federal jumbo jetport is getting a little tiresome.

Transport Minister Don Jamieson promised to reveal the proposed sites in early September. Then he came to Halton on Nov. 6 and said he'd make the sites public within two weeks. Now it's the middle of December and we're still in the dark over whether a Halton site has been chosen or not.

The only current suggestion is that sometime around the end of the year an announcement will be made. After all the earlier delays there are no assurances the minister will keep his word then, either.

Meanwhile the uncertainty over the jetport location is helping delay decisions on two other rather important moves that also affect the Halton area — the issue of regional government and the possibilities of implementing the design for development in the Toronto-Centred Region plan. Certainly if a big new airport is to be plunked down on 50,000

acres of land in Halton it will have a gigantic effect on land for miles around it, so the regional government issue really depends on whether or not the jetport comes to Halton. The provincial government cannot consider the Toronto-Centred Region report if there is no clarity on the jetport — no matter where in south-central Ontario it is located, it will seriously change the blueprint the province has drawn for future development.

Meanwhile the speculation that Halton will be the site grows bigger and stronger each day, and residents in the northern townships of Halton are getting concerned. Land speculation and increased commercial activity in the north of Halton have stepped up in recent weeks, leading us to believe that someone, somewhere, have some inside information.

It's about time Mr. Jamieson spilled the beans. We're anxiously awaiting to hear the news, be it good or bad. This "waiting game" is getting rather tiresome.



FIRST REAL BLANKET OF SNOW to cover the countryside this fall came last week. It softened the harsh outlines of trees and branches which pierce grey skies with patterns. The white comforter also brought rail fences into vivid relief as they

intersect grassy fields. This scene, above Acton on 25 Highway, catches some of the serenity as the first hint of winter months.

20 Years Ago

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

High praise to retiring warden William Van Sickle for his services to the County of Halton during the past year and different appointments were featured at the concluding meeting of Halton County Council held at the County Buildings last Tuesday.

For the first time in Halton's history the annual Warden's Dinner was held in Nassagaweya in Brookville Hall. Warden Van Sickle was host to about 200 guests. The Nassagaweya Women's Institute served the meal. Judge W. N. Robinson was the master of ceremonies.

Jack Patterson was elected president of the Milton Branch of the Canadian Legion at the annual election of officers. Other officers chosen were Frank Shannon, Cecil Brookman, R. H. Ptolemy, F. Johnson, R. Sprague and C. Kelman. Committee chairmen are Harry Smith, H. Allen, H. E. Earl, R. McDowell, F. Barnes, Tom Bradley, Stan Wilson, Dick Clements and Harold Magee.

50 Years Ago

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

Last Sunday night Charles McNally was killed by a horse in the stable of his employer Hugh Logan, Glen Williams. He had apparently been drinking heavily, walked into the horse's stall, fell or lay down and rolled under the horse's feet. An inquest was held and the jury decided the death was accidental.

On Monday afternoon the local G.W.V.A. gave the pupils of the local public schools a rare treat in the Princess Theatre, movies being especially chosen for the youngsters who turned out in full force, crowding the theatre.

We are sorry to learn that Alex Chisholm, who was hurt so badly in an accident two years ago, is not well, the shock having caused a gradual failing of health. He quit work last year and is only able to walk down town on rare occasions.

The jail had nine inmates at the beginning of the week, two of them being vagrants.

Mr. Hume has installed a Powers 6-B picture machine at the Princess, which will be an improvement in the showing of pictures.

A very largely attended meeting of the Milton Athletic Association was held on Monday evening to arrange for the coming season's hockey, which will be managed by the Association, as it was last year, to the satisfaction of fans. It was decided to enter an O.H.A. Intermediate team and that all of last year's players would be available along with some new prospects.

100 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, December 15, 1870.

We are pleased to learn that the health of Mr. McNaughton has greatly improved.

We are pleased to learn that it is the intention of the Council strictly to enforce the by-law relating to the cleaning of snow and ice off the sidewalks during this winter. Owners of vacant lots will therefore have to attend promptly to their duty.

Next Monday the electors will be called upon to nominate candidates for offices of reeves, deputy reeves and councillors. In the townships we believe there will be considerable excitement, but the towns are usually quiet. In Milton W. D. Lyon in response to the solicitations of a number of electors will be a candidate for the reeveship, and so far no opponent has appeared. The present mayor Dr. Freeman will probably be re-elected.

Tonight the anniversary of the Acton Branch of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society will be held in the Presbyterian Church at 7 p.m. The Rev. Mr. Eastman, the newly appointed agent of the society, and other gentlemen are expected to address the meeting.

The Georgetown Cattle Fair came off better than expected. Numerous people attended and a good price was got for all livestock.

Editorial notes . . .

Hate to remind you, but there are just seven shopping days left before Christmas. Next week's Champion will be coming out a day early on Tuesday, Dec. 22 with ideas to help with your last-minute gift shopping.

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Premier John Robarts has been a strong leader in his 10 years at the helm of the Ontario Progressive Conservative party and the Ontario Government. He leaves a big pair of shoes to fill. We cannot picture Darcy McKeough, Bill Davis, Robert Welch or Stanley Randell taking over his job as party leader and providing the same kind of dynamic yet reliable leadership that John Robarts has given. There should be some local interest in the PC leadership race with the possibility that Halton's own George Kerr of Burlington may be one of the candidates for that post.

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We hope that when next year's Milton municipal election is called, the council will go for a one-year term to tie in with elections across the county. All councils except Milton opted for terms of varying lengths to coincide with the County Board of Education elections in 1970—Milton figured regional government would be in force by now and it wouldn't be necessary to hold any further elections. Now that regional government is stalled until at least 1972 and possibly later, Milton Council should be making plans to elect a council in 1971 for the year 1972 only.

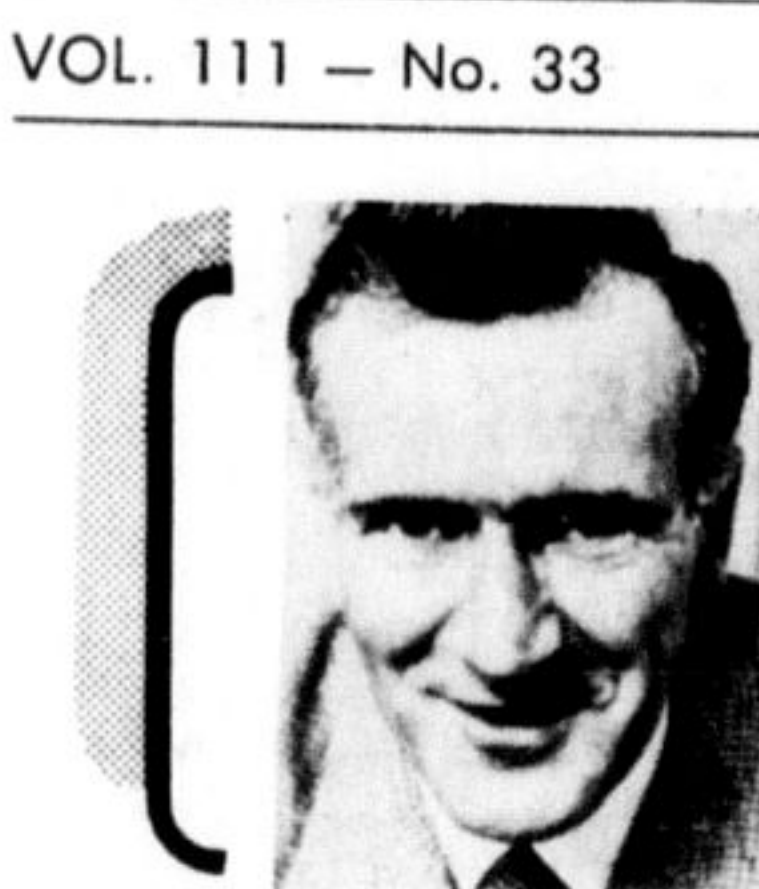
Glad to see the newly formed Milton Music Association Choir's Christmas concert was such a success last week. The founding Rotary Club, conductor Reg DiCola, all the choir members and others who helped deserve a standing ovation for introducing something fresh to the musical scene in Milton. We wish the choir just as much success in its future endeavors.

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Acton had the best voter turnout in last week's municipal elections across Halton — an outstanding 46.9 per cent of those eligible cast ballots. That sort of knocks the wind out of a story from Oakville that Oakville's 45.19 per cent turnout was possibly the highest in Canada. Burlington had just under a 40 per cent turnout. Georgetown's percentage was low too as only 4,433 of the town's eligibles bothered to cast a ballot.

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Often these days, we hear of accidents on the highways where injured people have lain for precious minutes while dozens of motorists drive by without stopping. In one case a man stopped to help an injured man and tried unsuccessfully for 20 minutes to get another car or truck to stop so he could ask them to call police and an ambulance. We can understand some people don't want to get "involved" but surely they would be able to stop for a moment to see if any help is required. Perhaps those who refuse to stop and help would feel differently if they were lying there injured and awaiting medical aid. . . .



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Canada's old-age pensioners may not have a swinging Christmas, but they can warm themselves with the thought of what a whee of a time they're going to have in 1971, when there will occur instant prosperity; the basic old age pension will be raised from \$79.58 a month to a smashing \$80.

Can't you see all those male old-age pensioners when they get their first new cheque at the end of January? Straight to the pub and blow the whole 42 cents on an orgy. Two draught beers and a tip for the waiter.

This will produce a moral degradation never equalled since the days of Dickens, when gin was so cheap you could get high for a penny, stoned for six-pence, and dead drunk for a shilling.

Can't you see all those old-timers lying around in the snowbanks every time their pension cheque arrives?

And what about the women? They'll be worse. You know how women squander money. They're just as apt as not to go out and blow the whole 42 cents on a plastic doily or a couple of rolls of pink toilet paper. There'll be no holding them.

That's only one of the faults in the white paper introduced by a benevolent

government. Further excesses are in sight. Do you realize that the government is going to retain the cost-of-living escalator formula up to a ceiling of 2 per cent a year for pensioners receiving the supplement (but eliminate it for those who get only the universal old-age benefit.)

This means that even if the annual cost-of-living increase crashes down to a mere 5 per cent, these people will get their 2 per cent increase. It's incredible. The dawning of a new, golden age in Canadian socialism.

If you were 65 and lived to be 75, your standard of living might drop by only 30 per cent, with that magnificent escalator clause built in.

The whole country is going to be lolling in luxury; there's no question about it. Did you know that a single pensioner can get up to \$55 a month in supplement or up to \$135 a month when his basic old age pension is included?

The key word there is "can". But if he or she decides to make a few extra bucks shovelling walks or taking in washing, some eagle-eyed social worker will be Johnny-on-the-spot, and the supplement will be cut, dollar for dollar.

In other words, you are pegged at \$1,620 a

outstretched too; if the candies were thrown they scurried around, pushing other adults and children out of their way in their never-ending campaign to gather up as many toothaches as they could.

And to top it all off, they ended each candy skirmish with gleeful shouts of joy and loud counts on how many candies they had gathered up that time.

After one of the men almost stepped on my six-year-old's hands as she bent down to pick up one candy, I instructed our girls to forget about the treats and concentrate on the parade. There wasn't much sense trying to compete with that greedy group, although I had an inner urge to push the whole works of them under the first heavy float that came along.

While the children next to us went home from the parade with pockets brimming over with goodies, our girls ended up with only a few that were pressed into their hands by passing clowns. Both the girls were pretty disappointed and several times since the parade, they have mentioned how greedy and rude those other people were.

I think they learned a good lesson that morning.

And by the way, I wish they wouldn't toss candies from parade floats in the first place. It's downright dangerous. During that same parade I watched a four-year-old come within one inch of getting his right hand run over by a truck wheel. He had stepped into the traffic to retrieve a loose candy.

In Georgetown, they have banned the distribution of candy during the annual Santa Claus parade, simply for the safety of the children. I think it's an idea that Oakville could follow.

Children are well enough entertained with a good parade, they don't need free candy to get into the spirit of Christmas.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

You will never reach second base if you keep one foot on first base.

Our minds are like computers, we program ourselves for the way we behave and what we will experience.

Big people talk about ideals, average people talk about things, but small people talk about each other.

Always be yourself. God made only one of you.

We are all God's children, black, white, red and yellow.

One needs no other rosary than a life strung with beads of living thoughts.

Gentleness is combined with strength to make an excellent character.

Man was made in love, by love, and for love, by his Creator.

What one does, one becomes.

Faults are thick where love is thin. A good deed is never lost, he who sows courtesy reaps friendship and he who plants kindness gathers love.

You know we can't control the length of our lives, but we sure have something to say about the width and depth of it.

Do you realize that when you help a person climb a hill, you yourself are that much closer to the top.

To be able to carry money and not spend it,

To bear an injustice without retaliating, To endure some long sorrow without being bitter,

To do one's duty when no one is watching, To keep on a job till it's finished,

To make use of criticism and not let it whip you,

To make and keep friends,

And to do more than you need to do, These things are the road to happiness.

Ten commandments for motorists:

1. Hold nothing in thy hands but the steering wheel.

2. Do not make yourself the God of horsepower.

3. Do not take the centre line in vain.

4. Remember the driver behind you and help him pass you.

5. Honor your father and mother and all other passengers.

6. You shall not kill.

7. You shall not commit inebriated driving.

8. You shall not steal—your neighbor's eyes with your headlights, his ears with your horn, or his enjoyment with your litter.

9. You shall not bear false witness with your signals.

10. You shall not covet your neighbor's right of way.

We were born with two eyes and one tongue. We can see twice as much as we say.

The person who stops to think twice is usually too late.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

I'm forever getting into trouble over calling women by their wrong title — seems if they're a Miss I call them "Mrs." and if they're married I end up calling them "Miss."

Perhaps it's partly my habit of looking at people's rings (a habit which, no doubt, stems from my late teenaged years when a guy sized up a girl via the figure and the fourth finger left hand). Nowadays, it seems, married women often go ringless, while the teenagers are sporting large "dinner" rings and it's getting hard to tell which is which with a quick glance.

And it always seems like I'm pulling a big boner when I goof on a woman's marital status. Usually a Mrs. I've "miss'ed draws herself up to her full height and announces in a loud voice that she's happily married — as if I was trying to make a pass, or something. And of course the one you call "Mrs." and turns out to be a "Miss" is usually quick to point out that she is quite single and darned happy to be so.

What I'm leading up to is an old idea of mine which I see someone has finally brought out in the open. A New York congressman, Joseph B. Bingham, has finally said in public what I've been thinking in private for years — Let's call them all "Ms." (pronounced Miss), and make it all very simple.

After all, if "Mr." is okay for a man whether married or not, why can't a woman

have a simple title to suit both occasions too?

Tell you the truth, I've been working somewhat along that formula for years. Whenever I've been stuck to address a woman by her proper title you may have heard me mumble, rather quietly, "Mizz Jones." The "Mizz" is close enough to both "Miss" and "Mrs." to get you by in a jam.

"Ms" for one and all would be much simpler.

Took the family to Oakville a couple of weeks ago to see the Oakville Jaycees Santa Claus parade. They always have an excellent Christmas parade and we hardly ever miss it.

But we came away a little disgusted with the human race. Next to us on Kerr St. stood a family of three men, two women and four children whose main object was to gather up as much free candy as possible. They seemed to pay little attention to the parade — they spent all their time scooping up candies which were tossed their way from the passing floats, or thrown around by marching clowns.

Two of the men in the group were the worst offenders. Whenever someone came along with a handful of candies these men pushed their children out into the street and shouted "here, here". If the candies were handed out the adults had their hands

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Published by DILLS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

191 Main Street East Phone 878 2341 Milton, Ontario

1970 STATE WINNER CANADIAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION

James A. Dills, Publisher
Roy E. Downs, Editor
Victor T. Leagas, Advertising Manager

Published every Wednesday at 191 Main St., Milton, Ontario. Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Newspaper Association. Subscription rates payable in advance: \$6.00 in Canada; \$7.00 in all countries other than Canada.

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