

Are you there, Ottawa?

If the advertising a publication carries is to be of value it must be believable and honest. The media generally accept that belief despite the protestations and attacks by politicians seeking to latch on to the latest criticism attracting public attention.

But if the government wants to be involved in insuring advertising published or broadcast is factual, it will have to pull out some of the bureaucratic back-stops that apparently bog down when a clear-cut decision is to be reached.

Quite often we refuse to accept advertising that doesn't meet our standards, is misleading or ambiguous in the offer it makes. In December we received a sample of material an American advertiser wanted to carry in The Champion. It concerned a hearing aid and we didn't feel qualified to judge its truth or to determine if the offers made could be substantiated.

A letter, with the insert, was sent to the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs where Ron Basford holds forth in loud terms denouncing the extent of advertising. The best his department could do—10 days later—was to forward the material to another department for its consideration under the Food and Drugs Act. It was December 18 that that stupendous decision was reached and

communicated.

A month and more has gone by but the other department hasn't apparently been able to come up with one of those clear-cut pieces of confusion that come from so many government departments and so we haven't heard.

By now we suspect the advertiser, if he were serious at all, must have completely lost patience with us and eliminated us from further consideration in carrying his message. That's o.k. because we'd rather not accept it than be wrong about it anyway, but we wonder whether the wheels of government will ever be made to move fast enough to avoid strangling the economy completely as the government forces move deeper and deeper into the decision-making areas of running a business. The small businessman hasn't time to read government regulations by day and by night they induce drowsiness quite prematurely.

Before politicians flail in all directions wildly trying to get their steed in front of the latest whim of the public, they must be sure their stable boys back at the office are ready to deal intelligently with the innocent inquiries that might precede the return of the great white leader with all his answers.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER won the race against the snowplow snowbank after a recent old-fashioned storm. —(Photo by Eleanor Coulter)

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MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1971

Second Section



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Even a winter sour-puss like me cannot but be affected when we hit one of those rare and perfect winter days.

Today is one of them. Snapping twelve degrees. Sun grinning down like an old, yellow lecher as fresh snow lifts virginal, blue-white, pleading hands. Sky as cold and blue as Mr. Benson's heart.

Ugly, fallen-down fence in back yard has vanished until spring. Picnic table is a loaf of white bread rising. Big spruce by the garage holds with dignity, in sagging, blue-green arms, the big lumps of heavy white cotton.

In the country, evergreens are startling black clumps of contrast. Ancient rail fences with jaunty, snow-capped posts run their erratic charm through the bluish drifts. So do the snow-shoers.

Skiers whiz down like gulls swooping for scraps. And the damned snowmobiles grunt and bellow about like bulls in a chaste china shop.

There, I knew something would spoil it. Don't worry. I won't go into a diatribe about the stinking things. I consider them beneath my dignity. I wouldn't ban them if I had the power.

They're a wonderful machine for farmers, trappers and others who need to get places they couldn't before. Some of the kids at our school, who live on islands, 'way out in the bay, cross the ice on the things, catch the school bus, drive forty minutes to school, then make the return journey in the afternoon. You can't knock that.

And they're fine for recreation, too, if they're used with some sense. But there's the rub. As a cabinet minister remarked recently, on the subject, "You can't legislate against stupidity." And some of the most stupid people I know own snowmobiles. (Not you, gentle reader, not you.)

You don't go flying solo after an hour's instruction. And you have to pass a fairly stiff test nowadays to get a car driver's license.

But it seems that any nyurp of a kid (or adult) who can get one of the THINGS started, and not necessarily stopped, is free to go out and commit mayhem or suicide.

When I see some kid belting along at full throttle, on an icy road, or trying to pass a car on the right, I shudder. And when I see mature, middle-aged people attempting climbs and jumps and crossing thin ice that

even an intelligent ape would shy at, I shake my head sadly. It seems that every third person you meet has a twisted ankle or a sprained shoulder or a bent bum.

Then there are the gangs. The only difference between a motorcycle gang and a snowmobile gang is the speed and the time of year. Both are likely to be half-stoned, and both are prone to vandalism and indifferent to the feelings of others.

There's only one thing more boring and annoying than the abuses of the things. And that is the constant conversation about them, at practically any gathering of people, anywhere, in midwinter.

Boring? It's enough to make the mind boggle. One used to go to a party and have a party. One used to curl and sit around afterwards discussing the game. One used to sit in the teachers' staff room with a group of fairly intelligent people and talk about cabbages and kings and sealing wax and things.

Now, all you hear is a melange of carburetors and tracks and horse-powers and feats of derring-do, most of the latter gaining in each interminable repetition.

I know they wonder why I don't eat lunch in the staff-room any more. But I'd rather sit in the cafeteria with 400 noisy students than sit in the staff-room with twelve or fourteen snowmobilers belowing at each other, each trying to top the other's story.

I told you I wasn't going to write a diatribe. And I won't. The car started this morning. Classes went well. My wife's in a decent mood. And my daughter got 88 and 90 on two essays.

And it was a beautiful day, before that silver lining turned into a black cloud.

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion Jan. 25, 1951

Councillor F. Thompson, chairman of the Fire, Light and Police committee of Milton Council requested council's opinion in regard to improved street lighting and pointed out the work should be done while the sewer mains were being laid. The request was considered and the committee urged to discuss the matter with the hydro superintendent.

The annual meeting of the Halton Agricultural Society was held recently and Allan Dixon was elected president for another term.

Indicative of the continuing growth and progress of Milton telephones in service here at the end of the year showed an increase of 79 over 1949.

North Halton High School Board rejected a motion to build a high school in either Georgetown or Acton.

J. K. Giles of Palermo was re-elected chairman of the Trafalgar Township area School Board at its inaugural meeting in January.

50 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion Thursday, January 27, 1921

The County Council met on Tuesday at 2 p.m. and finally adjourned at 10.20 p.m. As expected, Reeve John R. Elliott was elected Warden. Messrs. Hillmer, Harris and Barber were nominated, but declined. W. H. Mordey, last year's Warden, was appointed House of Refuge Commissioner and Reeve Blain, of Milton, as the council's representative on the Gordon Home board of management. The home received a grant of \$250. Other grants were \$50 to Halton-Wentworth Teacher's Institute and the Institute for Sick Children, Toronto. C. W. Martin, Milton, Wm. Busby of Oakville, C. B. Dayfoot of Georgetown, and Mrs. Wm. Symington, Burlington were appointed High School trustees.

The curling District Cup competition, District No. 6, came off at Guelph on Tuesday. The clubs competing were Guelph Unions, Guelph Royal City Galt, Galt Granites, Waterloo, Ayr and Milton. Guelph Royal City downed Milton in the first game 40 to 26.

Milton's fine new high school was opened informally on Monday morning, with numerous short addresses by trustees. The informal opening will be held at a date not yet fixed. The building has cost a great deal of money, but it is commodious, modern in every way and a credit to the town.

Don't forget about the hockey game on Tuesday evening when Burlington Intermediates will play Milton. Game time is 8 p.m.

100 Years Ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion Thursday, January 26, 1871

Remember the concert next Friday evening in the Town Hall Milton. From the names of those who are taking part, we may expect a first class entertainment. Misses Strango and Clarke, Messrs. Benner and McMillan of Rockwood, and Messrs. Morse, Harrison and Stearn of Milton, Miss Cross of Stewarttown, and Misses MacIntyre and MacKenzie of Milton will contribute to the musical part of the entertainment. The literary part of the event will be supplied by Messrs. Hay, Christie and Narraway.

The annual convention of the County S.S. Association will be held in the Presbyterian Church, Georgetown, on Wednesday and Thursday Feb. 1 - Feb. 2. The program issued by the executive committee, shows that the meeting is designed to be of eminently practical character and all Sabbath School workers must feel the importance of availing themselves of this means of preparation for the more efficient discharge of their duties. A number of ministers and other Sabbath School workers will be on hand for the meeting.

The match for the point medal of the Milton Curling Club was played on Friday. George Wilkinson was the winner.

Commenting in brief

—Candidates for the leadership of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party and thus the premiership of the province, are busy making statements that are worthy of study. In none that we've seen is there any suggestion government spending will decrease. There are indications that all are not happy with the cost of education but the give-away approach still seems uppermost in the minds of would-be leaders seeking votes. Doesn't that just mean give us more of your money since we can spend it so much better than you can?

—Some time ago a parent dropped a piece of school seat work on our desk. The sheet required linking pictures that began with the same sound. The flag was used as one of the illustrations. To the parent's dismay and our concern the flag pictured was the American flag, because of course the seat work had originated at Oak Lawn, Illinois. Surely in all our

enlarged and unified school system, in one of the most progressive counties in the land, we're told, someone could have altered, for the benefit of all staff members, the seat work to insert the Canadian flag rather than the American flag.

—For involvement in the Snow Festival we recommend snow sculpturing. The Champion is offering 50 silver dollars as encouragement and we're looking forward to seeing figures lining the streets. It's a good chance for family fun in the snow if the children can't get enthusiastic by themselves.

The Champion was mentioned three times on CBC's "Neighborhood News" radio broadcast Sunday morning. The program mentioned Milton's first Snow Festival winter carnival, reported on the 15 Sideroad improvement controversy and wished a happy 102nd birthday to Mrs. Edith Greene of Halton Manor.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

For quietness I like unspeaking trees, for fulfillment, someone to please.

For cares, a hike in the country, for laughter, hearing little children talk, for reassurance, a hand to hold, for strength a friendship old, and for hope, I turn to God.

A person who is always in a stew, goes to pot.

Life is what our thoughts make it.

To win the respect of others, we must first respect ourselves. When you have self respect you are safe from others. The price we set on ourselves is the one we are valued at by others.

The world judges us pretty well much the same as we judge ourselves.

We get back from the world what we give out, a smile for a smile, love for love and hate for hate.

WANTS POND CLEARED OFF

Dear Editor:

I returned to Milton today to skate on the Milton Pond my favorite winter childhood haunt, with my children. I was rather disappointed that there was so little cleared off area to skate on and that which was available was taken by hockey enthusiasts. It is too bad that Milton Pond could not be enjoyed recreationally as much in the winter as it is in the summer and that some means of clearing it off could not be employed — perhaps the unemployed would be glad of a part-time job, or if not, some small machine.

At any rate it seems a shame that it could not be used more for skating than it is, both for children and adults. I spent so many pleasant hours there while growing up and wanted my children to have that pleasure also.

Sincerely,
"Former Miltonian with Fond Memories"

FORM "PENTHOUSE PEEKERS CLUB"?

Having read of the new 17-storey apartment with penthouse restaurant, proposed for erection on Main Street, opposite the Presbyterian Church, I intend to apply for a license to operate four of those scenic binoculars (similar to those in use at Niagara Falls), one to be placed on each corner of the tower roof. Moderate fees of 25c per peek or 75c for the privilege of looking from all four corners are tentatively proposed.

Surely the citizens of Milton will not object to strangers looking over their back yards, watching them as they relax on their patios or in their pools, if they have them. After all, we must not hinder progress and we do have a precedent in the Old Testament where it is recorded that a very famous king walked on his roof and watched his neighbor's wife bathing in her garden. There were some unpleasant results that time, but we will not let anyone look too long in one direction, so it should be all right to enjoy a spot of neighbor watching.

We could form the "Penthouse Peekers Club"; town dignitaries would naturally be honorary members.

On bright days we might even have a

clear view of those notorious quarries up in the wilds of Nassagaweya.

Mrs. Muriel Kernighan,

Copy to Town Council

CAN COPE WITH NATURE BUT NOT WITH PLOW

Dear Mr. Dills:

Recently there was an article in The Champion about snow-clearing off sidewalks.

When I was a child I was always told the walks in front (and side, if corner lot) were to be kept clear of snow and debris.

O.K. I'll struggle with what Nature sends, but what about the heavy, dirty, salty mess left behind after the plow?

A widow

WHERE IS HIGHWAY 404? NOT HERE, APPARENTLY

Dear Sirs:

In the Jan. 13 issue of The Canadian Champion there was a report on the CORDC board. Throughout this report the new proposed Highway 404 is mentioned.

I was wondering if it could be possible to put a diagram of the proposed route of this new highway in the paper. I'm sure there are many others who are just as interested as myself as to the effect this new highway will have on the Milton district.

Mrs. R. Hotchkiss,
Lot 5, Sixth Line Esquering,
R. R. 3, Georgetown.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—We'd like to draw a diagram but even the Ontario Department of Highways hasn't got that far yet. Our informants tell us Highway 404 will run east of Highway 48 which connects Markham and Sutton and descends to Highway 401 in Toronto. How far east of Highway 48 it will go, nobody seems to know. In any case it's reassuring to learn the new superhighway won't be in the Halton area and therefore if the federal government listens to CORDC, the new jetport won't be anywhere near Milton.)

(Continued on Page 84)

Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs



Groundhog Day doesn't officially arrive until next Tuesday, Feb. 2. But I've already met the great harbinger of Spring so you'll have to pardon me if I "spill the beans" on the long-range weather forecast before the official date.



GROUNDHOG PROGNOSTICATOR

Met him on Sunday afternoon as I strolled along the Bruce Trail in the vicinity of Rattlesnake Point. As I rounded a bend in the Trail, I came face to face with the furry little critter.

"What are you doing out of your burrow so early?" I asked. "You're not due until Feb. 2 and you're 10 days early."

"Hmmp, couldn't sleep with all that racket going on around me," muttered the intelligent creature. "Roar, roar, roar, those damn snowmobiles are just upsetting the whole balance of nature," he continued. "It's getting pretty tough when a groundhog can't get a full winter's sleep without being blasted into consciousness by the steady drone of those motorized toboggans."

"Well now that you're up, what's the prognostication for the next couple of months, weatherwise?" I asked. "According to legend, you groundhogs are supposed to nose out of your hole on Feb. 2 and if you see your shadow, you head back into hibernation with the prediction there's another six weeks of winter. I understand if there is no shadow you stay awake and winter's over."

"Yes, the legend is right," came the groundhog's reply. "I won't venture a guess about shadows and predictions on Feb. 2, but today I can see my shadow quite clearly in the snow. Winter's here for another six

weeks, and that's for sure. Now if only I could find a good place to dig a new burrow and get back to my hibernation..."

"Try the main street of Milton, snowmobiles are banned there, and the whole town is comparatively quiet from midnight to 7 a.m. Thanks to the new snowmobile by-law," I ventured.

"No thanks, cousin of mine once had a hole down near town. Couldn't sleep winters for the noise of the trains and the blasts from the quarries," the groundhog replied. "Shook him up real fine, that quarry blasting. Say, young fellow, how come you're so interested in the weather anyway?"

"Oh I'm really just interested in the second week of February, around the 7th to the 14th — got any predictions for that week?" I wondered.

The wise old groundhog paused for a moment, shut his eyes in deep thought, and came up with a reasonable answer: "Plenty of snow early in the week, cool temperatures in the 20's and 30's throughout the week, and lots of clear and sunny days. Sounds like a good week. Now how come you're interested, son?"

"Oh, I'm just helping to promote some of the events in Milton's first Snow festival winter carnival scheduled for that week," I said. "And your weather prediction sounds like all our work in planning the Festival will end up in a bang-up celebration for the town. Care to amble down the mountain and join in our week of fun?"

"No thanks," concluded the groundhog. "I'll be sound asleep that week, if I can just find a spot where the snowmobiles won't bother me. Look me up again around the second week in March." And with that he yawned and scuttled off down the trail.