

End public flaying

We suspect the public is about as sick of the public flaying between secondary school teachers and the Board of Education as we are.

One week the teachers reject a settlement endorsed by their negotiating committee and turn on the Board for what they term injustices. The next week the Board, having had time to prepare its carefully couched observations, attacks the weaknesses in the teachers' argument.

Each side is clearly playing with figures and the negotiations are non-existent while each attempts to gain public sentiment. It's a typical management-employee hassle and each side naturally thinks they're right, but Joe Public who has his hand on the cheque book is caught in the confusion being generated.

For instance take the percentage of increase the teachers are seeking. The Board says it's one figure and the teachers say another (lower). The teachers don't calculate in their figure the annual increment they would have received on the basis of their previous agreement. The Board says the annual increment is still an increase in pay and is thus reflected in the percentage increase being sought.

Let's face it. For the taxpayer every cent over last year's salary is an increase despite the intricacies of where it was in last year's contract or

this year's.

We hope the rounds of attack will not continue indefinitely but it is a little surprising to find the teachers don't expect to resume negotiations until after the two month summer holiday. The teachers maintain summer studies have scattered their negotiating committee and argue that if negotiations had been scheduled by the board so they could have been continued through meetings of sufficient length, greater progress would have been made. They object to meetings from which the board representatives must excuse themselves after a limited time to attend other scheduled meetings.

Presumably the issue will be settled in the fall and the "fullness of time" but it disturbs us that the annual haggling goes on and takes its toll on the respect we've sensed for education in general. It disturbs us too that as part of the press we're being "used" as messengers between Board and Teachers for attacks between the key partners in Education.

And we think that taxpayers are not quite as confused as some might think. The cost of operating schools is not declining and no matter how you cut the cake, more than 70 per cent of the costs are related to instruction. That's why Joe Public is still going to have an anxious eye on the final settlements.



EVERY GOOD GOLF COURSE has its beauty spots and clubhouse makes a wonderful attraction for stray shots.—Hornby Towers is not without that. The pond near the (Staff Photo)

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Second Section



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

During the winter, I literally grind my teeth when I know I must make a trip to the city. The idea sours my soul, my stomach, and my normally sweet disposition.

I don't just think, I know what to expect during any part, or the whole, of the 180-mile round trip.

"Freezing rain". That means crawling along, half blind, peering out the window because the windshield has a quarter-inch of ice on it, and wondering when some idiot is going to come out of nowhere and clobber you.

"Scattered snow flurries." That is a weather department euphemism, in these parts, for a howling blizzard. The only thing that is scattered are the wits of the weather forecaster.

"Slight drifting conditions." That means a 40 m.p.h. wind sweeping white clouds across the road just as some jerk is trying to pass you and there's a ten-ton gravel truck right in front of you.

Oh, they can't fool me. But I just grin and swear it. However, I get my revenge in July. I sit under my oak trees and chuckle — yes, chuckle — as I think of all those poor, tormented creatures belting their way through the mad traffic, trying to get to

where I am.

It's not a nasty chuckle. Those chaps have my utmost sympathy. It's just a little sort of revenge chuckling. The kind of thing you might hear Boris Karloff emitting as he sends his creator, Dr. Frankenstein, up in flames.

Sometimes, when my chuckle gets out of control, I am decent enough to take a walk downtown and stroll around looking at all those sweaty, frustrated, infuriated tourists, snarling at their spouses and children.

My natural sentiments take over, and I can scarce forbear to weep, as I think of what they've been through to get here, what they are going through now, and what they have to do to get home.

When my emotion gets quite out of control, I sometimes drive soberly to the beach and survey the scene. This usually plunges me into further depths of compassion. Everybody is so fat.

Over here is a 200-pound lady in a 12-ounce bikini, dragging two kids, a beach chair, assorted towels and 200 pounds. She is utterly miserable as the sweat destroys her makeup. And don't forget she has to walk half a mile back to the cottage, hauling whimpering offspring, and prepare dinner for her husband, who is fighting his way up

through the circus on wheels, her mother and father, who have been invited for a week, her Aunt Jessie and Uncle Tom, who have just dropped in on their way through. For a few days. Poor lady.

And down there, near the water, is an elderly gentleman, flaming red from bald dome to calloused toes. Enjoying himself. His paunch begins just below his chin and continues almost to his knees. How happy he seems as the children jump over him, spraying sand and cold water. What a delighted smile he produces when the teenagers' football hits him squarely in the belly. He's at the beach for two weeks, and he's having fun if it kills him.

The little kids are wonderful, too. Never a dull moment. If they haven't lost their sand-pail, they've cut their foot on a rock, or they want money for pop, or they're out too far, or they've simply vanished and are probably drowned.

And the teenagers are grand. It just restores your faith to see them go into the water occasionally. And there's something cute about the way they lie around on the beach, not smashing anything, or waving any signs. Just lying there, about eighteen kids to twelve feet of sand, smoking and chatting intellectually. It makes you feel sort of good all over, to know that they're not out on the highway, doing goodness knows what, but right here on the beach, doing nothing.

Golly, I envy those city people who come up north to get away from it all: the air-conditioned buildings, the home-cooked meals, the playgrounds, the privacy of their own backyards.

I wish I could get a break like that in the winter.

They also hold the dubious record for paying taxes, although you will probably exceed them in this.

While they have done all these things they have also had some failures. They have not yet found an alternative for war, nor for racial hatred. Perhaps you, the members of this graduating class, will perfect the social mechanisms by which all men may follow their ambitions without the threat of force, so that the earth will no longer need police to enforce the laws, nor armies to prevent some men from trespassing against others. They made more progress by the sweat of their brows than in any previous era — and don't forget it. And, if your generation can make as much progress in as many areas as these two generations have, you should be able to solve a good many of the earth's remaining ills.

It is my hope and I know the hope of these two generations that you find the answers to many of these problems that plague mankind.

But it won't be easy. And you won't do it by negative thoughts, nor by tearing down or belittling. You may and can do it by hard work, humility, hope and faith in mankind. Try it.

Philosobits

One way to get more exercise, they say, is to have teenagers who drive.

Many people get killed by guns that aren't loaded, and by drivers who are, says Ontario Safety League.

An old-timer is a person who can remember when air and water were clean, and sex was dirty.

Here's an apt description of "Canadian politics".

In B.C. it's a sport; on the prairies it's a protest; in Ontario it's a business; in Quebec it's a religion; and in the Maritimes politics is a disease.

Strangers are friends we haven't met.

Many things we think are unsurmountable have grown out of a small hurdle: one man can hurdle blindness while another may fall over a small eye defect. The real problem, then, is doubt.

The ability to listen is also the ability to learn. To listen is an art and not too many people have learned it.

Health grants unfair

Members of Halton County Board of Health are upset about the province's formula for subsidizing public health costs in the province. Judging from information presented at a recent meeting of board members and provincial representatives, it would seem members have every right to query the system.

The provincial government in its wisdom has seen fit to pay 75 per cent of the public health costs for those areas designated as District Health Units. A District Health Unit is found in areas governed by Regional Government or in areas where two counties have joined for the purposes of providing health unit services.

There are 30 such units receiving the 75 per cent subsidy in Ontario, while 11 counties (Halton included) receive only 50 per cent grants.

It would appear the province felt it necessary to subsidize the larger units to a greater extent, but by doing so are penalizing those not yet under regional government or District Health Units. Taxpayers in those 11 counties should not have to subsidize the larger units across the province.

Members of Halton County Council are further aggravated when they look at York Region with a population totaling 40,000 less than Halton County. York was granted regional status without amalgamating with any other community. The same proposal from Halton was turned down at Queen's Park. Comparing the two, it seems the only difference is in the name.

It would appear the province is trying to force some of the county health units into unwanted mergers with other neighboring units, in the interests of capitalizing on the higher grants. A Halton-Peel merger was hinted in the past but Peel vehemently rejected the idea.

If the Ontario government can justify giving higher grants to regionalized health systems, Halton has a right to hear the reasons. Bigness, alone, cannot be the criterion or York would not enjoy its 75 per cent grants when Halton's higher population rates only 50 per cent subsidies.

The system sounds highly unfair. Perhaps Ontario's enthusiastic new Minister of Health Bert Lawrence should be invited to look into the subsidy situation. Halton will be listening for his answers.

Commenting briefly

Pedestrians and pram-pushers of Milton extend a sincere "thank you" to the Canadian Pacific Railway's works crews which have resurfaced the CPR pedestrian crossing on Martin St. It's much smoother now.

A new system of painting pavement markings will go into effect on Ontario highways next year, to conform with standards being adopted by most provinces and states in North America. On two-lane highways the centre line will be yellow and pavement edge lines will be white. On multi-lane undivided highways the centre line will be yellow and lane markings and pavement edge lines will be white. On freeways and other divided highways both lane markings and pavement edge lines will be white. Basically, yellow lines will separate traffic flows in opposite direc-

tions; white lines separate traffic moving in the same direction; solid yellow lines indicate passing is not allowed and solid white lines indicate that lane-changing is not allowed.

Did you know, there are 13,000 miles of King's and secondary highways in Ontario? Pavement markings on the Ontario highway system cost \$1,500,000 a year and require more than 200,000 gallons of paint plus 1,300,000 pounds of tiny glass beads to provide reflectorization.

Next week is Farm Safety Week across Canada. Modern farming requires modern safety methods, too. Everyone engaged in agriculture is urged to take special note of the special week and keep their farm safe.

OUR READERS WRITE:

CANCER CANVASSER QUESTIONS REMARK

Dear Sir: As one of the canvassers for the cancer drive for a number of years, I am wondering what Mr. Dave Brush was referring to when he was quoted in a recent Champion that the

organization had trouble with the canvassers this year.

I don't know exactly who he is referring to in this case, but I feel the public should know that we canvassers have a lot of trouble with people, too. We go out on these drives with hopes of getting the amount to fill the need, but we get more excuses and

(Continued on Page B5)

This is the season when fresh-faced graduates emerge from high schools and universities, to face the rigors of the working world.

Some are brimful of confidence, others radiate prosperity, but there are others yet who have a jaundiced view of the outside world and the generations who went before. It is these disconsolate youths who argue there is a generation gap — wide, empty and full of empty dreams, broken promises — and pin the blame directly on the generation before them.

Few of the older generation bothered to defend themselves, because youth has always been critical of the generations that went before. Some always rebelled against the values of their parents. But today's disillusionment seems to go even deeper.

But a few of the more articulate members of the older generation are starting to speak out about the positive things the older generation has accomplished during its time on the globe. Dr. Eric Walker, president of Pennsylvania State University, delivered an address to a graduating class at the university recently, aimed directly at dissenters, which has been widely printed. I think it deserves printing again. That's because I'm over 30!

Here it is in part: Ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class: This ceremony marks the completion of an important phase in your life. It is an occasion in which all who know you can share in your sense of pride and accomplishment. But no one has more pride in your accomplishment than the next group I'd like to introduce to you.

If you of the graduating class will look over onto the bleachers to your left or right, I would like to introduce you to representatives of some of the most remarkable people ever to walk on the earth. These are people you already know — your parents and grandparents.

These are the people who within just five decades have increased life expectancy by approximately 50 per cent and who, while cutting the working day by a third, have more than doubled per capita output.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

These are the people who have given you a healthier world than they found. And because of this you no longer have to fear epidemics of flu, typhus, diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever, measles or mumps. And the dreaded polio is no longer a medical factor while TB is almost unheard-of.

Let me remind you that these remarkable people lived through history's greatest depression. Many of these people know what it is to be poor, what it is to be hungry and cold. And because of this, they determined that it would not happen to you, that you would have a better life. You would have food to eat, milk to drink, vitamins to nourish you, a warm home, better schools and greater opportunities to succeed.

Because they gave you the best, you are the tallest, healthiest, brightest and probably the best-looking generation to inhabit this land.

Because they were materialistic, you will work fewer hours, earn more, have more leisure time, travel to more distant places and have more of a chance to follow your life's ambition.

These are also the people who fought man's gristliest war. They are the people who defeated the tyranny of Hitler, and who, when it was all over, had the compassion to spend billions of dollars to help their former enemies rebuild their homelands. And these are the people who had the sense to begin the United Nations.

It was representatives of these two generations who, through the highest court of the land, fought racial discrimination at every turn to begin a new era in civil rights.

They built thousands of high schools, trained and hired tens of thousands of better teachers, and at the same time made education a real possibility for millions of youngsters, where once it was only the dream of a wealthy few.

And they made a start — although late — in healing the scars of the earth and in fighting pollution and the destruction of our natural environment. They set into motion new laws giving conservation more meaning and setting aside land for you and your children to enjoy for generations to come.

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, July 19, 1951.

Fire destroyed the barn of Archie Metcalfe at the corner of Sarah and Hugh Streets on Tuesday morning at 11 a.m. Bob Waldson's house a few feet away was undamaged except for shattered windows and a slightly scorched eave.

Under the auspices of the St. David's Church, Campbellville, a monster Garden Party was held on Saturday, July 14 in the athletic grounds of the village. Badenock faced Campbellville in a ball game that opened the entertainment for the evening.

At the annual carnival conducted in Bronte by the Bronte-Trafalgar fire department the method of putting out fires with water that is wetter than wet was demonstrated. The Saturday night display was directed by George Alexander of the Ontario Fire Marshal's office.

Milton Intermediates played the Waterdown boys to a 3-2 decision in the Merchants' town Wednesday of last week. Highlight of the game was the twirling handled by Peanut Early for the locals when he was touched for only one hit in the seven inning stretch.

A five-year-old boy playing with matches was perhaps to blame for a fire which destroyed 20 tons of baled hay and threatened the home of Adam Bell on Highway Five.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, July 21, 1921.

Last Thursday's thunderstorm was terrific in the Campbellville neighborhood and in the upper part of Nelson. There was a cloudburst near Campbellville, a tremendous downpour with high winds. Two storms seemed to meet. George Stokes' barns were burned by lightning, with their contents, crops, two horses, a cow and a pig. His loss was about \$5,000, with \$2,000 insurance. Ben Turner's house was wrecked by the wind, silos were blown over and sheaves of grain were scattered in the fields. In Milton there was heavy rain and the lightning was almost continuous. The P. L. Robertson screw works were severely struck and four employees were shocked, but they soon recovered. The electrical generator burned out and repairs may take some time. The wind was not particularly high. The Atlas Brick Co. works, three miles west of Milton were struck and the electric plant put out of business.

The following Milton candidates have passed the lower school examinations for entrance into the normal schools: H. G. Cartwright, Marion D. Chisholm, F. J. Clements, E. Ford, E. Galbraith, Ruth Gorham, R. O. Lindsay, E. McCann, A. T. Moore, H. Peacock and C. Walker. Miss M. Crozier has passed for entrance into model schools.

The pay of Milton brickworkers was reduced by five cents last week. The current wage is now 30 cents an hour and the men do not object to the decrease as there is so much unemployment.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, July 20, 1871.

The town council met last Monday evening and unanimously passed the by-law granting a bonus of \$30,000 to the Credit Valley Railway. Some accounts relating to streets and sidewalks were passed, and ordered to be paid.

A race for \$50, mile heats, best two in three is to come off at Norval, between "Brown Bill", owned by Mr. Henery of Cheltenham, and "Toll Boy", owned by Mr. Robinson of Norval. Local people are interested in this race.

Joseph Barber Sr., we learn, purposes engaging in the manufacture of paper blinds at Georgetown. We also learn that Mr. Shaw is about to commence operations in the same line in Mr. Dayfoot's large buildings, formerly used as a tannery.

A lad, 12 years old, son of Mr. Low, while driving a mowing machine near Brampton on Saturday, was suddenly thrown from the seat while crossing a ditch and landed on the ground in front of the knife. Both of his arms were cut off above the elbow instantly. The necessary surgical operations were promptly performed and it is thought he will recover.

The monthly cattle fair will be held in Georgetown next week.

R. A. Lyon, formerly of Milton and now of Mantoulin Island, paid a short visit to town last week.

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