

Champion Editorial Page

Downtown stimulant

Redevelopment of Milton's downtown core is a difficult subject. The town, if it follows its own official plan, will encourage high-rise development in the downtown core and some concessions will be necessary to obtain the development that is most desirable.

Some cloud of confusion surrounds the Dorel 17-storey tower of stores, offices and apartments that was proposed for Milton's central Main St. The builder is short 14 parking spaces and confusion stems from council's most recent decision to insist the builder provide actual physical parking spaces within 500 feet of the project. Town policy indicates the developer can pay the town \$1,100 in lieu of an actual parking space, but the council decreed the spaces were needed more than the \$15,400.

A motion approved by last year's council indicated payment in lieu of parking would be acceptable. But a more recent resolution demands the developer provide the spaces. And there the \$2,000,000 project apparently fell through.

In some quarters the developer is being accused of scuttling the project without further negotiations with the town, after learning it was impossible

to purchase land within the required 500 feet of the building for the extra parking spaces. The developer, on the other hand, maintains that after more than a year of frustrations he was not prepared to spend any more time hassling over the project. He chose, instead, to abandon the plans for the tower and offered the assembled land—three prime downtown properties—for sale to the highest bidder.

Since then some businessmen and ratepayers have indicated unhappiness about the cancellation of the Dorel project. They saw it as a great stimulant for redevelopment of the downtown core.

It is doubtful the Dorel project will be reactivated, but this case may perhaps provide a lesson in the difficulties that lie ahead in redeveloping the existing business section to serve the future estimated population of 20,000.

Council is currently considering engaging a consultant to study the development of the downtown core, but there is a \$10,000 price tag on the study. We think the redevelopment will always have to depend on the private developer who has the vision and the capital to foresee the future and build toward that goal, study or no study.

Rural planning

"The process of migration into the surrounding countryside is an age-old phenomenon. A certain percentage of the population making their living in the urban centres wants to live in a rural setting with lots of open space around them.

"People living in the rural area, or contemplating moving there, are desirous of extremely low density housing with maximum privacy and a genuine rural setting where they can be free of noise, pollution (especially water) and traffic. Therefore, the goal in planning the rural area is based upon the concepts of large lots and preservation of the rural scene and ecological values.

"If land division is not planned and controlled, then the rural landscape can be completely ruined and scarred with ribbon development everywhere. The lots become smaller and smaller, scattered throughout a large region which results in high cost of services, roads, education, etc. The end result is total destruction of agricultural lands and the rural setting. The original dream of living with the beauty of nature will be completely lost to the

pollution of all types such as air, water, noise, visual, etc."

The foregoing, published verbatim from a description of a proposed new zoning plan for the north section of Burlington, hits the proverbial nail right on the head. You can't have your rural lot and your country living unless someone, in this case the Burlington planning experts, takes steps to protect that environment on your behalf.

While Burlington's new zoning plan for the north won't be popular with many of the present landowners, it is a practical plan. Only through looking into the future can the ills of rural "sprawl" be halted.

Only through proper planning now can present property owners' investments be protected.

If not, north Burlington can become a series of roads cluttered with homes, a separate "town" of 28,000 people, a sprawling subdivision in itself.

The Burlington zoning plan's overall concept is a good idea. There may be some areas where the zoning will be held in dispute, but it is up to the ratepayers to study the proposal and make their feelings known.

Commenting briefly

Wish we had space to publish the text of all the speeches given by seven young Milton boys at the Optimist Club's public speaking contest last week. The boys spoke on "Our Challenge—Involvement" and they made some excellent points on the need for citizens to be more involved with their community.

It's budget time in Halton and it would appear that while the education rate is down, the conservation and county rates are up. We hear rumors the town ended 1971 with a healthy surplus—perhaps there won't be a mill rate increase this year after all.

We're glad to hear the Chamber of Commerce is considering the revival of Milton's "citizen of the year" award. This award was given for several years during the 1960's but it was dropped. The council has a program for honoring citizens for service on town boards and commissions and has approved expanding that system to allow citizens to nominate people for recognition for a variety of good works. The "citizen of the year" tribute would complement that program.

Main St. will be undergoing another reconstruction program this summer. When Halton County Council approved its 1972 budget last week the reconstruction of Main St. from Martin to Bronte Sts. was left in the estimates. The work will be a nuisance while it's in

progress (remember the work on the section east of Martin St. two years ago?) but the end result will certainly be an improvement. Especially if you've noticed the rash of pot holes developing.

One of the best books on Canada we've ever seen came across our desk the other day. We have no hesitation in recommending it for every home in the nation—it's interesting, factual, colorful and complete. "Statistics Canada" compiled and edited the 336-page reference handbook and it went on sale at \$1.50 this week in private bookstores across the nation. It's designed primarily for the general public and for students of high school age. Every home should have one.

How come department: How come more money is spent on cancer research than on traffic safety? A speaker at a recent safety conference noted the average cancer victim dies at 63.4 years. Does anyone have the answer?

A correspondent in Toronto sends along a batch of poems for publication in The Champion, Sorry, we don't publish poetry.



THE SIXTEEN MILE CREEK flows through Milton and its scenic beauty was really in evidence after the March ice storm coated everything with a half-inch layer of ice which shone in the morning sun. Council and Halton Region Conservation Authority are currently working on a flood control scheme for

the town which will turn large stretches of the scenic creek into a concrete-lined channel and there is a growing resentment among neighboring landowners against the scheme. — (Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Like most people who have one foot in the grave and the other foot butting out the cigarette that's putting them there, I become increasingly averse to change.

Why can't my wife be the way she was when I married her: sweet, dumb, innocent and believing that my opinion was more important than hers? Why can't my daughter say, "Yes, dad", instead of "Look, Dad"?

Why can't my son do something besides shake his head in agony when I expound on the virtues of hard work, meeting your payments, and all that crud?

It seems that the only people with whom I am still on the same wave-length are old friends.

Now, I'm not going to give you an analogy comparing old friends to old wine. Although I do think they should be kept in the same place: a cool, dry spot, to be brought out at the exact moment.

I have brought out some of my old friends at the wrong moment. One in particular, can wreak havoc with my domestic relations. We're having a lovely barbecue, for example. His kids are drifting in and out. And then he says something like, "Smiler, remember the night we picked up those two..." And I leap smartly into the breach and holler, "Oh yeah, those two unusual clamshells at the beach", while his and my wife exchange looks and make mental notes and prepare future third-degrees.



Down [s] in this Corner

with roy downs

Last week I gave the inference that Jean-Claude Killy, the famous skier and I have something in common. We do. We were both born under the sign of Virgo.

I'm not an astrology "nut" like some people I know, but I have a friend who follows the daily horoscope columns and buys and reads everything he can get his hands on in that line. He claims his life is ruled by the stars and he faithfully follows the guidelines laid down by the experts who interpret his horoscope for him.

The Chase Almanac tells me I (as a Virgoan) am doing just about everything wrong. My lucky day is supposed to be Wednesday, but that's one of the worst days of my week. My lucky number should be two, but I prefer seven. They say my flower is the Morning Glory but I prefer roses and probably wouldn't know a Morning Glory when I saw one.

However, as they say when they don't know any other way of getting back on the track, some old friends preserve not only their sanity, but their sense of humor.

Recently had a letter from such. Dave McIntosh, a toiler in the bleached vineyards of journalism. He says he has been writing politics in Ottawa for the Canadian Press for two centuries. This is known as understatement, or litotes, if you are taking English from me, and aren't you glad you aren't?

We went to University together, "fought" (mostly our way into the Regent Palace in London) together, and he set me up with the coldest woman I have ever met, when he couldn't keep a date and had me fill in.

Dave was the only non-freak in North House, which sounds like something out of Dickens, and was a "residence". It sounds like a modern euphemism meaning someplace you are put away. Many of the inhabitants of the men's residence should have been put away then, and some have been since. Which proves nothing.

The "jocks" didn't like him, because he laughed at them. If you are not up on the latest slang, jocks were the, in those days, crew-cut boys who knew that the way to get ahead was to be on the team, marry the right girl, and kick the right people in the face as you climbed the ladder. They, unfortunately, are still with us. The only difference is the ferocity of their sideburns, as compared with the shortness of their crew-cut.

What's worse, I've married the wrong girl. The Almanac says my marriage partner should be a Libra or Scorpio—I married a Pisces.

The one place the Almanac description of Virgoans suits me is in colors—they say mine is blue and that just happens to be my favorite.

When the Almanac goes into my personality, I am both praised and criticized. Here are the GOOD parts: I have tact, discretion, leadership qualities, a talent for self-expression, firm ideas on a wide variety of subjects, mental superiority, diplomacy, and intellectual power.

And the BAD parts: I prefer privacy, I criticize others, I don't make friends quickly, I am withdrawn and uncommunicative and I'm conceited. Oh dear.

The aesthetes didn't like him, because he laughed at them. If you are not up on aesthetes, they are the people who chuckle over the latest vicious review of a play, who parrot anyone who has ever uttered a bon mot, who are seen at all the right places, but couldn't write a paragraph or a scene, or a poem.

They are the flies who buzz around a carcass. It must be dead. If it shows signs of life, they shriek with alarm and retreat into generalities like, "Well, after all, he's only doing his own thing." If his "thing" is vomiting on the carpet, that's fine.

Sorry, chaps. Didn't mean to get mean. I have a toothache. Mac and I became friendly because I was the only non-freak in Middle House.

We were talking about old friends. And in his letter, Dave said something that struck me. He said, "Weeklies are a gold mine." He's right.

And that brings me to another old friend — my favourite weekly. Naturally, it's the weekly of which I used to be editor. It was with great delight that I read recently a letter to the editor in said weekly. It stated, "The former editors (that's me) were gentlemen." I agree.

Latest issue states that Bill Smiley is "a fine man and a great writer." I think the writer of the letter thus proclaiming has either a drinking or a mental problem, but I don't even care. Although I think it might have been a fine writer and a great man.

Another gem, same issue. Classified ad: "Notice: Would the person who got my gloves from my car Thursday evening and left me two pounds of butter please phone..."

A local correspondent begins, "Hi, dears, let's see what's on the old swizzle stick this week..." A lady who has never even licked a swizzle stick, I swear. It's gold, all right.

My future, the next five months of it anyway, looks dreary. This month I'm supposed to be having difficulties with "successful competitors" and in April I'm due for some money problems. In July I'm to run into unreliable acquaintances.

So there it is—what makes Roy Downs (and all the other people born between August 24 and Sept. 23) tick. I don't believe it all—just the parts I like.

A department store clerk who shattered sales records modestly shunned all credit. He explained to the boss: "Customer came in and I sold him some fishhooks. 'You'll need a line for those hooks,' I said, and sold him some line. Then I told him, 'You'll have to have a rod to go with the line,' so I sold him a rod. 'You ought to have a boat so you can use your new rod in deep water,' I suggested, and sold him a boat. Next, I told him, 'You'll need a boat trailer,' and he fell for that. I said, 'How can you pull the trailer without a car?' And guess what — he bought my car."

"But," the boss puzzled, "I assigned you to the greeting card department." "That's right," the salesman nodded, "but this customer came in for a get-well card for his girl, who had broken a leg. When I heard that, I said to him, 'You haven't got anything to do for six weeks, so you might as well go fishing.'"

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, March 20, 1952.

Milton Council agreed to buy land at the corner of Bell and King Sts. so the creek in the southern part of town could be straightened when the new culverts were installed.

An exhibit prepared by Milton Junior Farmers for the Halton Seed Fair and Bacon Show won first prize.

Bob Reid was elected president of the Milton Rotary Club at the regular meeting at the Milton Inn this week. Frank Bell was elected vice-president, Mike Ledwith secretary and C. Dobie treasurer. Directors appointed were G. MacIntosh, W. McCutcheon, C. Clarke and D. Thomson.

Thomas Dickson and W. S. McMullen addressed more than 300 Halton farmers at the Saturday afternoon sessions of the 17th annual Seed Fair and Eighth Annual Bacon Show, sponsored by the Halton Crop Improvement Association and the Halton Hog Producers' Association in Milton Town Hall. Mr. Dickson is the manager of the Ottawa Dairy Farm and Mr. McMullen was a representative of the Dominion Livestock Branch in Toronto.

Milton Co-ops won the group title when they defeated the Oakville Shores 5-4 at Oakville Memorial Arena on Monday night. The tempo and tempers were high as the 1,700 fans watched a real thriller.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, March 23, 1922.

Elgin Ford is out again after about two weeks' illness.

Hear the Brampton Male Chorus at the Methodist Church tonight. (Thursday)

Farmers of this neighborhood say the fall wheat looks well at present and should do well if conditions tend to be favorable.

The brickmakers' strike at the Toronto Company's Works has ended. The men have accepted the pay, 30 cents an hour, which they had refused.

The Green Bird Bus Service began a Milton-Hamilton service last Monday, via Kilmorie, Carlisle, Flamboro and Aldershot.

Monthly euchre at Farmers' Club Tuesday, March 28, at 8.30 p.m. R. R. Fleming will give an address on "Feeds and Feeding."

The 1922 edition of the popular little encyclopedia of the Dominion—"5,000 Facts About Canada"—will be warmly welcomed by the public, which regards it as an indispensable booklet.

It is said that the population of Iceland is wholly illiterate—no small accomplishment in a country so sparsely settled. The outstanding fact of the educational system is that parents are responsible for teaching their children the elementary subjects.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, March 21, 1872.

As evidence of the morality of our country, we are happy to say the jail is now without an occupant.

A gang of burglars has been actively at work in Woodstock. Some three or four business establishments were entered by them in one night, safes broken open and otherwise pretty thoroughly ransacked. But it seems the thieves did not obtain much of what they desired—cash.

The examination of the Milton public school will commence on Wednesday, March 27 at 9 a.m. All friends of education are cordially invited to attend.

The bachelors' rink of the Milton curling club, composed of A. P. Robertson, John Dewar, W. Pantan and Jasper Martin, skip, has come off victorious in a series of matches for the rink medal.

A musical and literary entertainment will be given in the Temperance Hall, on Monday at 7.30 p.m.

The nomination for the South Riding of Grenville, was held at Prescott on Tuesday. Mr. Christopher F. Frazer, of Brockville, and Mr. William Ellis, of Prescott, were the candidates nominated, the former declaring himself a supporter of Mr. Blake's Government.

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