

Champion Editorial Page

Catalogued and counted

We're being catalogued and counted, surveyed and studied, analyzed and added. Statistical reports abound and business is required to accumulate more and more data. Trends are probed and predictions made. Graphs are drafted and computers are burdened with mountains of information.

or what have you. It is equally beyond imagining how many civil servants are required to open, check and file the reports received.

Computers, like new toys, are being overworked as memory banks are plugged with vast quantities of data to be recalled, re-arranged or simply re-gurgitated.

As we see another report, we wonder just how long business will passively accept all the demands on it to produce statistics, collect taxes, pay premium taxes, serve as the scapegoat for untold causes, be the villain called private enterprise and still continue to provide employment, produce goods and contribute to a growing standard of living.

Will we not see the light until it is but a faint glimmer managing to pierce through the enveloping mountain of paper and statistics? Will governments never consider the burden they place when they require yet another form to be filed and another employee to check it? Will those who require such exhaustive statistics to solidify their decision never realize that sometimes common sense has served equally well?

Where will it all end? We get the feeling, as we see another government statistical report being prepared and consuming man hours in preparation, that in a sudden avalanche of paper, of nightmare proportions, we'll all be gasping for simple common sense that must have been applied before we had access to so much information.

Accountants annually think they'll beat the problem of preparing the statistical reports and vow that another year the data will be accumulated progressively. It works beautifully until the form arrives next year, calling for different data.

No one has ever chanced an estimate of the man hours required to prepare the statistical information, much of it duplicated, but required by different Acts, departments, ministries

Stifling ideas

Countless good ideas are never revealed, we suspect, because to advance an idea so often results in being given the responsibility for carrying it out.

Attend any number of meetings and you gather all kinds of evidence that indicates the typical reaction. You advance a suggestion or idea and the chairman has you immediately fingered to carry out the total project without regard for other current involvements. It may be nicely done. Words like "since you understand the idea best, would you carry it out" or "would you look into it and give us a report".

The result quite obviously is a hesitancy on the part of many individuals to get caught offering an idea or a solution. Willing workers who are often great "idea" people have just as limited a capacity as those who don't always generate ideas as quickly.

One editor has suggested editorially there should be a moratorium in organ-

izations that would prevent the one advancing the idea or solution from becoming immediately responsible for carrying it out.

Inevitably there are those who can develop ideas but who don't necessarily have the organizational ability, the time or the energy to implement those ideas. Organizations are the poorer if they are denied the ideas of those who might willingly make suggestions if they didn't automatically feel they might be assigned a task they can't carry out.

There is no way of knowing how many good ideas have been silenced by the fear of added responsibility, but we think most organizations can plead guilty to the "railroading" technique of providing committee chairmen or project leaders from among those who advance ideas.

Every organization will be the better if it can avoid stifling good ideas by immediately coupling with it the responsibility to implement them.

Commenting briefly

It's nice to know department: Recently a magazine conducted a survey in 14 industrialized countries to find the "most habitable" country and Canada scored the highest. All countries surveyed were scored on murder rates, population density, car ownership, economic growth, infant mortality and other social indicators.

It must be spring. Litter is everywhere. Be careful driving around the parking lot at the plaza, the glass-breakers have been let loose again.

Not only is open air burning a fire hazard, it's a health hazard too, say the experts in air quality at the Ministry of the Environment. Even small fires (leaves, grass, brush, stumps, fallen trees, trash or crop stubble) cause "considerable" amounts of air pollution, particularly in built-up areas. Next time you think about putting a match to a pile of leaves, think about this: One pound of leaves burned in the open can release 600 times as much pollution as a pound of coal burned in a furnace. And you can be charged under the Environmental Protection Act if emissions from an open fire cause discomfort to people, loss or enjoyment of normal use of property, interfere with the normal conduct of business or cause damage to property.

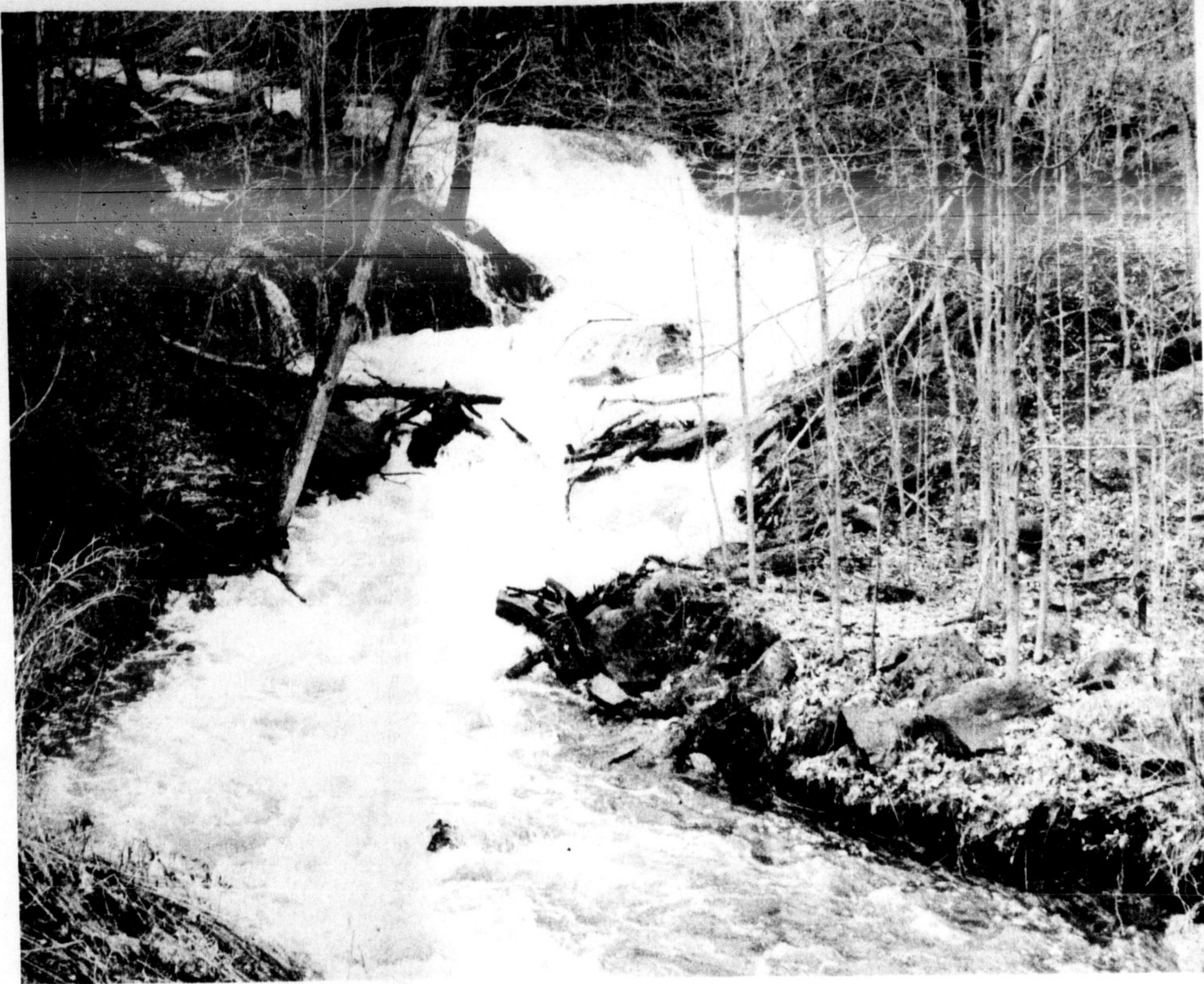
A consulting engineer in Britain has come up with an idea for cutting down on rush-hour traffic in city centres. John Ogilvie suggests creation of "white areas" in cities and the issuing of car licences at varying costs for rush hour and non-rush hour periods. Cars

with non-rush hour licences would be banned from white areas and better mass transit facilities would be provided in city centres.

Those clothing drop boxes at Milton Plaza bother us. If the charity group which wants people to leave things there was really anxious to have the goods, they should be sending a truck more often for pickups. On several occasions in the past we've noticed the boxes full and overflowing.

We have to give Councillor Colin Smillie credit for his actions at Monday night's council meeting, for criticizing Bell Canada for its refusal to pay more of the costs of replacing a sidewalk Bell crews want to rip up on Bronte St. Smillie is a Bell employee so he may be biting the hand that feeds him, but he's determined that neither Ma Bell nor any other big corporation is going to walk roughshod over the town council. Council has asked that a five foot wide sidewalk replace the present four foot walk, and offered to split the cost with Bell 20-80 per cent. Bell refused that offer and made a 50 - 50 counter-offer. Council finally decided to make a 35-65 split, against Smillie's opposition. Until the motion finally passed on an 8-3 vote he held out for the 20-80 split in costs.

"I don't know where I'll be working next week," he muttered as he made his final valiant pitch to make Bell pay four-fifths of the cost. We may not agree with everything Councillor Smillie does and says, and that's our privilege as observers and watchdogs of the public purse. But we can't fault him for his refusal to bow to Bell Canada, his employer, and that's his privilege.



SWIRLING WHITE WATERS cascade down the valley near Cedar Springs Rd. in north Burlington as the headwaters of the Twelve Mile Creek wind their way toward Lake Ontario. The usually placid stream roars and rushes in springtime as April showers and melting snow combine to turn it into a rushing torrent. (Photo by R. Downs)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I'm sure you are sick of reading about my daughter's wedding, but hang on. She's the only one I have, and it will be all over this Saturday. (The last typewritten with crossed fingers.)

If she ever does want to get married again, she'll get exactly three words from her old man, "Beat it, kid."

However, there's something to be learned by every experience, and both the kid and I are learning. Fast.

For several weeks, she has been floating around aimlessly, telling her mother, who is a fussy-budget of the first water, "Stop worrying, Mom. There's not that much to do. It's a simple wedding, and I'll be here to help you get ready." Typical of today's youth.

Naturally, she wasn't here most of the time, and she didn't help at all, though her intentions were impeccable.

Then fate stepped in. A week before the wedding, just when the throttle was going to be opened wide for the final drive, her mother went into hospital.

For the kid, it was like having a malicious goose snatch from under you the magic carpet on which you are flying.

For me, it was like picking a bouquet of wild flowers for the wedding, and discovering that what I had picked was poison ivy.

This is Tuesday, and the bride still hasn't got her wedding dress. This is Tuesday, and

the estate looks much as the world must have when old Noah finally found some dry land.

The house was to be spicked and spanned. The house is a shambles. The yard was to have been immaculate. The yard is a melee of last fall's leaves, broken picnic table and lawn chairs, fallen limbs and cat dirt.

Don't worry. We'll cope. We'd better, or Kim and I will be taken away, about 3 p.m. on Saturday, by the chaps in the white coats.

Today I came home and found my baby wringing her hands and head and feet. She'd been going like a whirlwind, doing all those "little things" she kept insisting her mum not worry about.

Like clean shirts and socks for dad, shopping, cooking, washing dishes. Ordering flowers. Trying to get shoes to match the non-existent wedding dress. Feeding and throwing out two cats, one of them pregnant; visiting her mum.

Same for me. Trying to get a gang of boys to rake the yard, and it rains all day. Trying to cope with people who want to know whether the wedding is on or off. It's on. I think.

But there are going to be some short-cuts, in which I am a firm believer, and of which I have tried to convince my wife for years.

The windows will not be washed. Who looks out the windows during a wedding ceremony, anyway? Anyone who does

should be ejected.

The furniture will be dusted. But only in the living room, where the event will take place. I don't intend to have a lot of people running around our bedrooms and wiping their fingers across the ledges.

In fact, I don't intend to have a lot of people running around our bedrooms at all. If they want to look at something, they can go outside and look at my two dead elms.

The cups and saucers will not all be washed. They will be dusted. The silver will not be polished. It, too, will be wiped with a dry cloth, and if there's an egg-stain on a spoon, tough toe-nails.

Everything bulky, ugly, or out of place, will be stuffed smartly into the basement or the attic, and the doors thereto locked.

I've found that Kim and I, without her mother around to heckle us, have a similar basic philosophy: "What's it all going to matter ten years from now?"

Oh, we're not complete nudniks. I will shine my shoes and she has promised me she won't get married in a T-shirt, even though she has to wear her brand-new peach-coloured nightie over jeans.

There'll be solemn vows, and candles and food and drink and children of all ages. What more could you want for a happy wedding?

There's only one thing that upsets me. If her mother is out of hospital in time, she'll give us hell for practically everything. And if she isn't, we'll all regret it all our lives.

But don't worry. It won't be Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. But my daughter will be a beautiful bride if I have to dress her myself.

I'll let you know.

curtain long hair. Students with long locks and hippie-style clothing are being banned from classes. Army inductees in Mexico, of course, are forbidden to let their hair grow.

The traffic department came up with a sensible reason for refusing to take applications for licences from anyone with long hair or a beard. A spokesman said, "It's only a matter of identification. Their picture has to appear on the licence and if we take their picture with long hair or a beard and later they shave off the beard and get a haircut, nobody will recognize them."

Here's a sure sign that spring is here. Charlie Laundon phoned one day last week to tell us he saw a man wearing a straw hat.

Many thanks to those who expressed their condolences to the writer, after they read last week's column about my physical state after assembling and erecting that monster of a storage shed in my back yard. I'm pleased to report I'm fit as a fiddle now. But please, don't offer to let me help you build yours.

And an apology. A month or so ago I wrote a column about the peace and quiet which descended over the Downs' house, when the TV went on the blink. To those who inquired, and to those too shy to ask, I'm sorry to report the set has been fixed. Cartoons, gunshot, blaring commercials, music and the news are back again, disrupting the peace in the Downs' mansion. The wife and kids are happier, though.

And thanks to our anonymous friend who sent The Champion a happy 113th birthday card. We love you too.

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of the Canadian Champion, May 15, 1952.

The annual inter-school field meet this year between Acton, Milton, Georgetown and Erin was held in Georgetown on Wednesday of this week. School spirit mixed with linament for a close point by point battle in the late afternoon as Milton and Acton vied for top honors of the day. Milton topped the day by a matter of points and cheers, shouts and general rejoicing broke loose in the Georgetown Park. This was the second consecutive win for Milton, since they captured the trophy last year.

More than 300 entries competed in the 21st annual two day Halton County Music Festival staged last Thursday and Friday in Knox Presbyterian Church, Milton, where the 37 vocal classes were judged by Mrs. F. G. Russell, Mrs. Bac, Music Director of the Toronto Normal School, and one of the first to start music in Halton County schools. Mrs. Russell expressed pleasure at the way music in Halton had progressed.

After a number of suggestions were rejected in turn, members of Halton County Council named the new home for the aged Halton Centennial Manor. Queen Elizabeth Manor, Mountainview Manor and Halton County Home were among those names rejected.

Dr. James M. Mather, Director and Medical Officer of Health at the Halton County Health Unit since its inception in 1947, has resigned his position effective July 1. Dr. Mather has accepted an appointment as Professor and Head of the Department of Public Health in the Faculty of Medicine, University of British Columbia, Vancouver.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, May 18, 1922.

Miss Hazel McMillan of Hornby was one of the nurses who graduated from Galt General Hospital last Friday.

Negotiations are now proceeding at Geneva, says a Reuter despatch, to send 15,000 Russian refugees who are now at Constantinople to Canada and Australia.

A dozen alleged moonshiners in jail at Pineville, Kentucky were found intoxicated from whiskey they had made right in the jail from sugar and corn bread.

The movie "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" will be played at the Princess Theatre, Milton, tomorrow (Friday) and Saturday.

D. R. Hutcheon, former Reeve of Nassagaweya, was in town on Tuesday. He moved about the end of last year to Galt, where he is in the real estate business.

Interest in golf has been aroused to such a pitch in Milton that it has been felt necessary to call a meeting with the idea of forming a club. A nine-hole course has already been laid out in the town.

Esquencing Council met on Monday. A number of ratepayers were present, wanting work done on roads in different parts of the township.

Miss May Hitchen, of Hamilton, spent Mother's day with her parents here.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, May 16, 1872.

We are happy to learn that James Robinson, Milton, has passed the dread ordeal of the primary examination before the Benchers of the Law Society at Osgoode Hall, and is now enrolled as a member of that society.

Mrs. Johnson Harrison will give a social in the basement of the Wesleyan Church, Milton, on Wednesday, May 22. The public are cordially invited.

The newly appointed high school trustees will meet on Saturday at 2 p.m. for the purpose of organizing as a board and for the transaction of general business.

The first baseball match of the season will be played in Milton on the Queen's birthday. The committee on the celebration have offered two prizes for the best clubs.

We have had numerous complaints of the highly disagreeable odor arising from the waste drain of the tannery. At times the balmy breezes are almost overpowering. Probably the councillors will take some action to remedy the evil complained of.

The program of sports for the Queen's birthday has been issued by the Milton Committee and a lively time is anticipated. We understand that the crowd of visitors is going to be larger than ever before on such an occasion.



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

They say you can't keep a good man down, and that's quite true when it comes to Alf Waldie. Alf, the town's third-generation blacksmith, served with Milton Fire Department for 38 years before he retired from the fire service in 1967. But he's still chasing fires, despite his retirement.

Alf's shop is on James St. near Main St. and in his firefighting days, whenever the fire alarm sounded Alf would head for the Main-James corner to await a ride to the blaze. If the truck was heading that way it would stop and pick him up, or if one of the firefighters passed by with a car they would give Alf a ride. Often heading to the scene of a fire, I've seen Alf standing there beneath the trees beside St. Paul's church and have given him a lift to the fire.

One day last week the alarm went when a motorcycle caught fire on Bowes St. Heading there in my car, I went up Mill St. and across James and it only seemed natural to see Alf standing there at the corner, as if awaiting a ride. I had a momentary lapse of memory and forgot that Alf has hung up his boots and his helmet. Just like in the good old days, I stopped and offered Alf a ride to the fire.

"Don't you know I'm not in the fire brigade any more?" he belted back.

Then, before I could mumble an apology, he had a change of heart. "Guess I'll go along and see what's happening," he said as he slid into the front seat beside me.

We got to the fire, I got my picture, and Alf wandered around chatting with his old friends from the brigade. "Be sure you mark me down as present," he chuckled to Chief Babe Clement and Deputy Chief George Bundy.

Yep, it's hard to keep a good man down.

Some of the "long-hairs" in Milton have been trying to tell us the local police give them a hard time. Just because the hair is shoulder-length, say the young men, the police are suspicious and they often get questioned.

Maybe some of those curly-locked young men should try going to Mexico where, according to a friend who sent me some newspaper clippings, long-hairs aren't even tolerated.

Mexico City's traffic department is refusing to handle applications for long-haired or bearded youths and the public education secretariat has launched a campaign at the junior high school level to

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