

## A public meeting

Public meetings are not usually notable for the number of citizens they attract. It's the age of non-involvement. It's easier to let someone else carry the responsibility and confine one's complaining to street corners or social conversation. It's also much easier to have an opinion if one's mind isn't clouded with all the facts.

We hope the public meeting that has been called for Tuesday May 30 at the Denyes school by a group of citizens, concerned with the fate of the Sixteen Mile Creek as it passes through Milton, will run contrary to the non-involvement pattern.

Plans have been finalized for the implementation of a flood control report which would see the stream lined with cement to augment its capacity to speed flood waters through town. An ultimate diversion is also planned to take the water from the Ontario St. area down the centre-of-

town stream as well.

Objectors to the plan see the stream being converted to an unappealing cement ditch, void of aesthetic qualities. They maintain the channel has been designed to carry an unrealistically heavy flow of water which has necessitated the cement lining.

In an attempt to bring together the divergent views, with development overtones, a group of citizens is trying to gather together all the decision-makers involved to explain the project and answer the questions which have developed. At stake is the kind of stream we will have for generations to live near or to look at.

It should be an opportunity to obtain answers to unanswered questions if people who care, get involved enough to attend and concerned enough to express opinions.

## What should be done?

What do you think should be done with the Bruce St. School when it closes in June as a school?

That's the kind of question we've asked a few people and nothing seems to have emerged but surprise they should be asked.

The school of course concludes its service as a school at the end of June. Halton County Board of Education has decided it isn't worth keeping open as a school, and the 115-year-old building isn't worth fixing.

Last month Bruce St. principal Stan Shepherd asked his students to jot down their thoughts on what should happen to the school and the land when the institution closes. Their answers proved the question, "what should be done" is a thought-provoking one.

Some would like to see a recreation complex, some students stressed the need for more sports for girls, and an arena, park, tennis courts and baseball fields where also suggested by the students attending Bruce St. today.

Several would like to see a memorial cairn or statue at the site, if the school is ever torn down.

Milton Community Service Clubs organization has its eye on the Bruce St. property for a site for their civic complex—arena, swimming pool and community centre building. Halton

East MPP Jim Snow came out with a suggestion it would make an ideal site for a large complex of senior citizens housing, because of its close proximity to shopping facilities.

We'd like to toss out another suggestion for the old school. We feel it would be more spacious, more central north education centre for the board of education. Its present facilities at the old Milton Heights school are cramped and the Milton site would offer more advantages and space.

No matter what happens to Bruce St., whether it continues to or not, it is time Milton Council took a long hard look at the site and came up with some suggestions for its future. Disposal of the school came up with some suggestions for its future. Disposal of the school and the land are the board of education's responsibility but a suggestion from the local council may carry some weight.

If the school ever does come down, over a century of memories will come down with it. Hopefully the board will erect a suitable cairn on the site to commemorate the part the school has played in the lifestyle of Milton for these 115 years. The old bell which sits atop the school would make an ideal cairn.

What do you think?

## Commenting briefly

There are 300 farm operators in the Township of Esqueving, but how many of them are "true" farmers? A survey undertaken during the past winter by Halton Federation of Agriculture shows that only 159 (a little more than half) were full time farmers with no other regular occupation. Another 104 were part time farmers who have another source of income besides farm work; and 37 were farm owners who only live there and lease the land to someone else. You'll note that the part time farmers and non-farming residents form a group almost equal in number to the full time farmers. It shows a prevailing trend in the north Halton area. The situation is worse in Oakville and Burlington — experts claim there are more farms owned by speculators and part time farmers than full timers.

Milton Post Office employees always complain when we cite slow postal service in these columns. "Why don't you tell the people when you notice some fast service," they always say. Okay, we'll tell you. Mayor Brian Best says his parents get their Champion delivered to England in about 19 days most of the time, but recently it has been arriving in about nine days. The newspapers going to United Kingdom go via sea mail but this year the Post Office decided to fly such mail if there is any spare cargo space in an overseas plane. Obviously some of The Champions have been getting there by air, some of the time.

Switching office hours from the old 9-5 routine to 8.30-4.30 for the summer months sounds like a great idea for the employees. It will give them a longer evening during the good-weather months. Both the Department of Agriculture and Food office and the

Halton County administration staff are changing hours this summer.

Another unsigned letter arrived last week. If "Concerned" who is upset about dogs running loose, will visit The Champion and sign his or her name, the letter will be published. Letters to the editor can be printed with a non-duplicate, but the editor must know the identity of the writer.

We think the investment young people make in time and effort to produce a play or other stage presentation is one of the most worthwhile they'll make. It does something for poise and confidence and it also gives them an opportunity to hear the ring of approving applause. The presentation last week by the Grade 12 students at Milton District High School of "Goodnight Mrs. Puffin" deserved larger crowds than it got but we don't think that detracted in any way from the fun and satisfaction the young people gained. Acoustics in the large gymnasium aren't ideal but we thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

Sometimes a few words successfully embody a basic philosophy widely shared but seldom verbalized. Gerald LeDain, chairman of the LeDain Commission of inquiry into the non-medical use of drugs had a few words worth repeating. "I think if my work on the commission has done anything to me personally, it has been to reinforce my belief in the human spirit. It came through again and again, in the hearings, that technology is child's play beside the human spirit. You could feel an aspiration toward goodness, a groping for it. The experience definitely reinforced my faith."



TRILLIUMS ARE IN BLOOM throughout Halton and this flower protected by law, and must not be picked or transplanted. (Photo by J. Jennings)

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Second Section



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Well, you can stop holding your breath. The biggest thing since the building of the pyramids, in the opinion of some people is accomplished. Our daughter is married. And off our hands after 21 gruelling years. It says here.

I hope there's some ancient saying like: "Stormy wedding day, sunny marriage."

Not that there was anything stormy about the wedding itself. It was positively seraphic, and some people were smiling with sheer delight for the first time in years.

But the weather was something else. The day before was sunny and still. The day after was the same. The wedding day was the most rotten day of a long, rotten spring. Driving rain and bone-chilling wind.

I know. I was there. Out in it, doing all the last-minute chores: ice cubes, cream for the coffee, smokes, mix, dry-cleaners, etc. I have neither a hat nor a raincoat and I couldn't find my wife's umbrella, so I was soaked to the skin from the navel both ways.

However, I mustn't complain, even though I have my first bad cold for three years. It was KIM'S DAY, as everyone kept telling me for about a month, and what matter if her dear old Dad has double pneumonia.

So, show, as it so often happens, everything fell into place. Her old lady talked her way out of the hospital, then went three solid days and nights without one wink of sleep. She was so nervous and exhausted she was positive she'd have to take to her bed before the ceremony. But from that subterranean depth which most of us don't possess, she not only made it, but came

through with flying colors.

The rug-cleaning man had been here and everything was spotless. This was bad, because everybody would have muddy feet. But it was good, because everybody wiped their feet or took off their boots.

A gang of boys had arrived the day before to rake up the lawn. This was good, but it was bad because everybody was too wet to notice.

First arrival was Shelby, an itinerant young actor, one of the men Kim had shared her apartment with all year. No, he was not the bridegroom. This was bad, because Kim was still talking and laughing with him, in jeans and T-shirt, with one hour to go before the ceremony. But this was good, because Shelby is a great mixer, and later on, when we ran out of mix, he went out and got some.

Next guests were two drenched urchins who had hitch-hiked through the torrent some 65 miles. Soaked right through. I didn't know what to do with them. Son Hugh, all the way from Montreal for the day, provided a solution that no middle-aged square would have thought of. He took them downstairs, had them take off their jeans and threw them, (the jeans, not the kids), in the dryer.

Then both front and back doorbells started to ring like a five-alarm fire, and yours truly, the only one dressed, sprinted back and forth, accepting gift-wrapped parcels from little boys and delivery men, hanging up dripping coats, and trying to introduce perfect strangers to each other. Chaos.

But chaos often works better than logistics. This was to be a Baha'i ceremony.

The bride and groom, with their typical acumen, had not even decided on the order of the ceremony, and were - well, not squabbling, but arguing - until the moment of truth.

Kim hissed at me, "Dad you say our prayer after Marlene. That's all you have to remember." And that's about all I did remember.

There is an old cliché: "The bride was beautiful in a . . ." Well, I'm here to tell you that the bride was beautiful, in a long, svelte, borrowed dress that looked as though she had stepped out of a Botticelli painting, long auburn hair, huge brown eyes and infinite youth. The groom looked pretty good, too, but his father can write his own column about that.

Most weddings are like funerals. This wasn't. There were prayers, short. Mine, perhaps subconsciously, was a General Thanksgiving from the Book of Common Prayer. Chopin's mazurkas rippled quietly in the background. Brother Hugh sang a haunting song in French and English.

Then came the most dramatic and poignant part of the ceremony. Tapers were lighted, without one ember dropping on the rug. A single candle was lit from them. The bride and groom faced each other, eye to eye, and made their personal oaths (not repeating something after a minister). They had kept secret from each other what they were going to say.

Shelby kissed the rings, put them on the appropriate fingers. The couple kissed. Four beautiful nieces each brought one white rose to the bride. And it was over.

I think it was simple, spiritual and joyous. If I ever get married again, God forbid, I'm going to have a Baha'i ceremony.

I think my daughter said goodbye. I remember a kiss on the cheek a deft hand extracting from my pocket the promised cheque, and my son-in-law going down to the basement to pick up the double sleeping bag I'd bought in case nobody else did.

Now, how about some grandchildren.

foil package is being redesigned to used as a litter bag for all the other little pieces you end up with when you use Polaroid films.

Sorry if our earlier article gave you the wrong impression. It was published as a warning to hikers and park visitors in an effort to curb littering — not to curb the sales of the popular instant picture systems.

One final note — animals can die if their digestive tract is blocked by eating any bulky litter — this includes Polaroid discards, paper cuts, newspapers, candy wrappers and hundreds of other paper products.

The motto is, don't litter. With anything.

**Philosobits** By Edith Sharpe

To have "faith" is to believe in things we cannot see. To have "belief" is to have faith in the things we can see.

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

## 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, May 22, 1952.

Most stores in town have endorsed the plan to stay open for business on Friday evening until 10 p.m. and close on Saturday May 24.

With the delivery of new fire fighting equipment and a truck, the Milton Fire District No. 2 will be inaugurated. Following two years of arrangements and planning, most of the problems have been agreed upon by the committee set up by the four townships surrounding Milton.

Limited operations of the assembly plant will start by early summer next year and if it is finished on schedule, 3,000 persons should be on the payroll by October or November, Gordon Carbutt, director of public relations of the Ford Motor Company of Canada said Tuesday night at a meeting of the South Central Trafalgar Property Owners' Association.

Milton council approved an expenditure of \$3,265 for repairs to Milton's Town Hall at their recent meeting. Bob Reed and Gordon Gowland were present at the meeting representing the Rotary Club and informed council the club was buying Martin's Flats as a playground. It consists of a swimming pool, kiddies wading pool, tennis courts, bandstands, ball diamonds and a community hall. This area will be landscaped and shrubs planted. The work will be done progressively. The club hopes the town will form a parks board so the project can qualify for grants.

## 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, May 25, 1922

Oakville has organized a lacrosse club. The Honourable Dr. Tolmie, Minister of Agriculture in the late Dominion Government, will address a mass meeting in the town hall, Milton, on Monday, June 5.

A proposal guaranteeing to bring western Canada within three years 400,000 settlers picked from among the agricultural people of Eastern Galicia and Bukowina, in Central Europe has been submitted to the Honourable Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior.

Six million silver rubles have been stamped out of the treasurers confiscated from Russian churches, and it is expected that 30 million more will be coined.

A search for oil in the Hay River district of Alberta will be carried on this summer by a new syndicate which will be known as the White Beaver Oil Co. The new company has 20,000 acres staked in the district.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. MacNabb and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McDuffe left this morning on a motor trip to Renfrew.

Last week Brierley Brown left for the west, where he will do missionary work for the summer. At the recent examinations at Trinity College, Toronto, in divinity, Mr. Brown carried off the honors for his year. He stood first in the majority of his subjects.

## 100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Thursday, May 23, 1872.

Emigrants are arriving in large numbers in Manitoba.

Horace Greeley has resigned the editorial management of the Tribune until further notice.

A special from London to the New York Herald says that Mr. Stanley, the special correspondent of that paper, has interviewed Dr. Livingstone in Ujiji. Particulars are not yet given.

Oakville has made little or no preparation for the May 24 holiday.

Tenders are invited for a new bridge at Mr. Center's factory.

The long looked for and much needed rain came on Saturday evening, and has been coming ever since. Now all nature is smiling under its beneficent influence.

We understand that an exploring expedition from Hamilton, while searching for Lake Medad, found they had strayed up to Nassagaweya. They however reached their destination all correct.

Cole's Circus exhibited in Oakville last Thursday. We understand it was rather a poor affair. The Hamilton Times insinuates that if some of the parties connected with the concern would drink less whiskey, it would be an improvement.

The Carlist rising in Spain is being crushed.

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