

Champion Editorial Page

No longer a plan?

When is a plan not a plan? The Ontario Government introduced its Toronto-Centred Region plan in 1970 and since then it has dominated planning discussions locally many times.

Among the objectives of the plan was one to limit growth in some areas. North Halton was largely placed in zone 2, an area which the then treasurer, the Hon. Charles McNaughton said would have limited growth but "our intention is to prevent large scale development and excessive damage to the environment there."

Locally politicians began to feel the thrust of the provincial plan when certain approvals were sought, although the plan itself was never formally adopted. It was apparently for guidance when proposals were being viewed by provincial officials.

Pressure currently within the province for housing and particularly cheaper housing, has led the province now to apparently ignore those growth limits which were considered so entrenched at one time. Now the pressure is to open up more land as quickly as possible in a hope the market may be flooded and land prices reduced.

Halton Hills council was told, in effect, last week that in an effort to speed up housing construction the population limits would be removed. It was also indicated that that council that some overloading of sewage plants would be allowed as long as the municipality was committed to a new plant.

One of the significant thrusts of the Ministry of Housing in its attempt to get more lots on the market, is in reducing the time lag required to clear provincial departments for approvals. It is interesting in the light of known delays encountered in the past.

For instance, growth beyond a

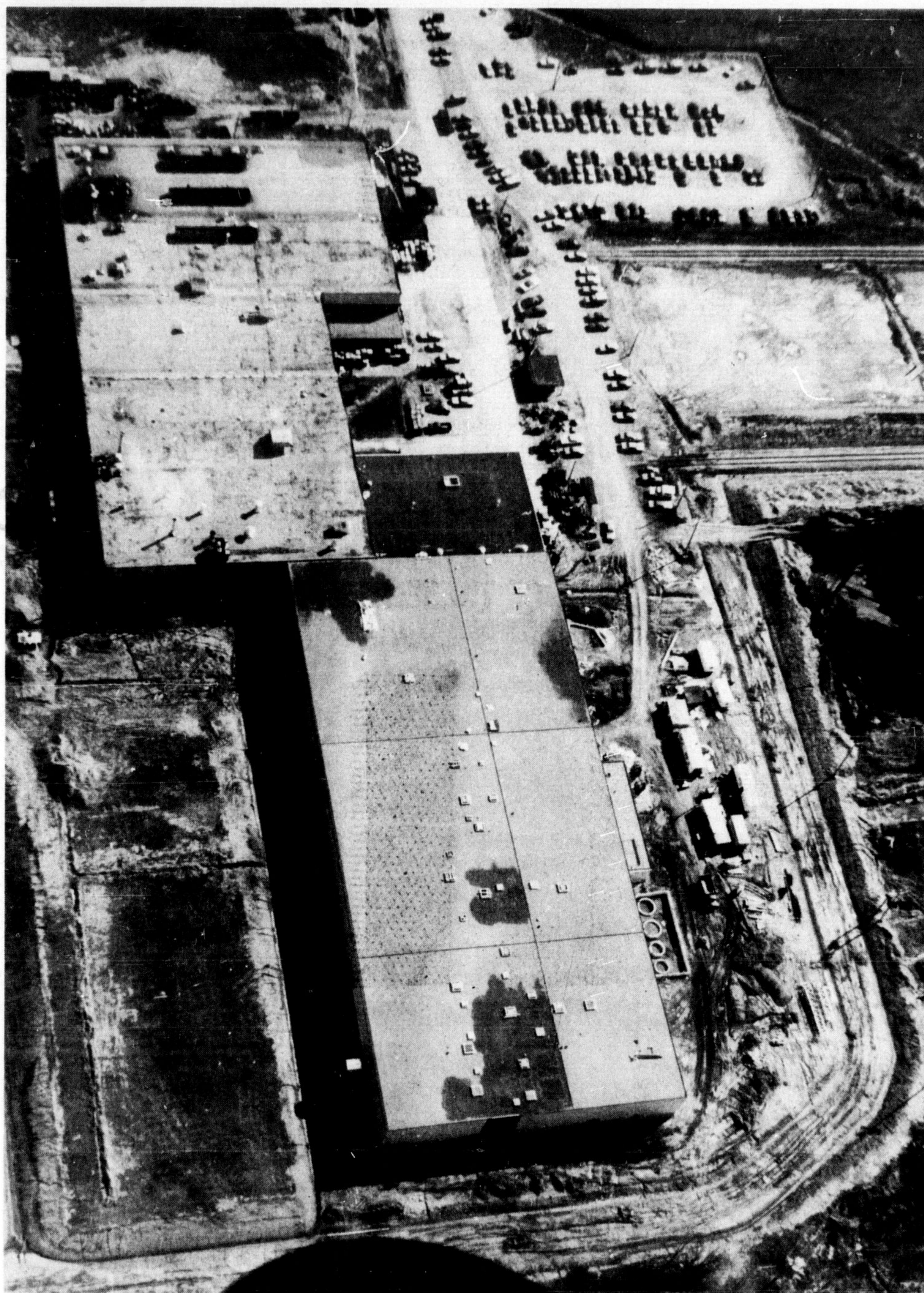
certain limit for Milton is dependent on the ability of the sixteen Mile Creek to accept the treated effluent from the sewage treatment plant. Studies undertaken last year on the stream have not yet been released apparently and that delays availability of land in this area. How long such reports should take for the Ministry of the Environment we don't know, but we certainly suspect the results must be available somewhere by now. When construction times for such treatment facilities are added to report times, it becomes a matter of years before the second phase of development can become even a possibility.

The pressure for housing and the abandonment of at least some of the guidelines of the Toronto Centred Region Plan have left some confusion in this area, which is yet to be clarified. Esquering, for instance, developed its Official Plan with some reliance on the goals of the Toronto Centred Region Plan.

Development of plans locally has now been made more difficult for local officials with the province's rejection of earlier principles.

Speaking at the introduction of the Toronto Centred Region plan the Hon. Darcy McKeough, then Minister of Municipal Affairs, told officials: "The province intends to use this concept as a set of reference points in considering official plans, official-plan amendments, proposals for subdividing land, and any other applications submitted for approval. It would seem reasonable to expect all such proposals to be consistent with the Regional Development concept."

With the growth factors removed now, we wonder if the plan is no longer a plan.



Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion June 17, 1954

With Wednesday morning and a school board members and local officials participated in the sod turning at the J. M. Denyes school. Mayor "Doc" Heslop remarked that this had been a long awaited occasion and suggested the school would probably be ready just a little later than September.

After a full week's test under average working conditions, Trafalgar's new police radio setup was adjudged "highly satisfactory" by Chief Fred Oliver. The station, antenna and five car units cost \$2,490, he said.

It has been announced that in September the Ontario Municipal Board will begin hearings on Oakville's application to annex 5,946 acres of southern Trafalgar township. The issue will be exactly 27 months old since Oakville first gave two readings to its annexation by-law in June, 1952.

Ontario Hydro crews moved into Milton this week to begin the door-to-door job listing of all frequency-sensitive electrical equipment owned by domestic and commercial customers, in preparation for 25 to 60-cycle changeover in the town. According to Hydro Chairman R. H. Saunders, the actual changeover to 60 cycles of equipment in Milton homes, offices and factories is now scheduled to be carried out during the last two weeks of January 1955.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 19, 1924

In a retreat well hidden from observation, on a mountainside farm between Campbellville and Speyside, six stills and six worms for making liquor were uncovered last week by Revenue Preventive Officer Edward Flood, Toronto, and County Constable Mosdy, Campbellville. The place where the distillery was carried on was in a bush, which was surrounded by a picket fence. The officers came upon the stills while they were quite warm, and gave evidence of having been operated the night before. Twelve large barrels of mash were close by, but any liquor that had been manufactured had been taken away. Three kerosene stoves completed the liquor-making plant. Unable to remove the barrels and equipment from the bush, which is thickly wooded, and rocky, the officers broke up five of the stills, the barrels and stoves, keeping only the one still and worms for evidence in court.

At Tuesday's meeting of the county council, William Hall of Oakville, was given a contract for the cement roadway on the 7th Line, Trafalgar, from the middle road to Dundas St., 33,700 square yards at \$1.13. Oakville has an epidemic of measles.

Milton should look its best for the Old Boys' Reunion. Let every citizen tidy up his grounds. There are weeds and long grass on the boulevards and next sidewalks, which need cutting, under the direction of the streets and walks committee of the town council.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 18, 1874

Smaller places than Milton have their streets lighted. It would not cost a great deal and would be of immense advantage to all our citizens. Port Dover, a much smaller place than this has been lighted for four or five years with coal oil lamps at a trifling cost. Let us have light.

A sale of town lots will take place in Milton on Thursday next. We hope to see buyers from a distance present. Now is the time to invest.

The work of fencing the Credit Valley Railroad is now being pushed on with vigor. When may we expect to hear the cheerful whistle of the locomotive?

Why is it that we do not have two mails a day between the station at Bronte and this town? We think the attention of the Government should be called to the matter and the want supplied. Who will move?

Not a single criminal is now confined in the County Jail in Milton. This speaks volumes for the morality of the County. A good place to live in.

What do the inhabitants of our town intend to do with themselves on Dominion Day? In almost every city, town and village in this extended Dominion, our natal day is celebrated with appropriate honor. Let us have some kind of a celebration.

New look at museum

A proposal has been made to the Regional Municipality of Halton, by Halton Region Conservation Authority, to study putting the Halton Museum located at Kelso under MRCA jurisdiction. The Region fell heir to the county museum in January and has administered it through the Community Services Committee which is quite different from its earlier operating committee of citizens drawn from various parts of the county.

Friends of the Museum, the auxiliary body, held their annual Summer Festival Sunday. It was an exciting event with the Milton Girls' Pipe Band and Oakville Citizens' Band providing music as people enjoyed the romantic setting. Local craftspeople demonstrated weaving, nature dyeing, blacksmithing and knitting in this natural setting of log house, blacksmith barn, carriage house and historic shop.

It is hoped more interest in the museum will be shown in the event the Conservation Authority takes over. This yearly festival could become a regular affair throughout the summer, promoting local talent

and encouraging the public to take more of an interest in our rich heritage.

HRCRA involvement would also hopefully solve the ridiculous fee arrangement at the gate, where a parking fee is collected by the Authority and museum admission is charged at the door. It would broaden the scope of the museum by making full use of education and artistic personnel currently employed by the authority.

We have an opportunity at the museum to promote and encourage a pride in Halton history. With the Region having such difficulty binding the county together, perhaps this common meeting place of artists, craftspeople and the public could create a focal point for pride in Halton.

If studies show it can more effectively be done by the Conservation Authority, no doubt the region would be willing to transfer responsibility. No matter who operates the museum however, it requires interested dedicated people such as those in the Friends of the Museum to have some say in the operation.

Commenting briefly

Support for the Sunday closing of most stores is general as revealed in many surveys, but the only really effective way to transmit the message to retailers is for shoppers not to shop on Sunday when they have the opportunity. No one will win from a wide-open Sunday and encouragement towards such a day can be stopped when shoppers stop patronizing on Sunday those major stores that stay open. Shoppers could do it without any legislative "big stick" but we doubt they will.

Despite the rain, farmers' market shoppers had a happy smile for the opening day of the season. Attendance under such

circumstances naturally wouldn't set any records, but that market certainly does attract people to Milton.

Political campaigning covers many subjects but inflation and whether or not the controls proposed by the Conservatives will be effective, seems to grab the headlines and the theme of political ads too. Locally the issues are pretty much the same as those on the national front.

Changes have been proposed in the boundaries of ridings for provincial elections but so far we've had difficulty getting a map



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Had a birthday recently. Some people, especially women, are rather daunted by certain birthdays.

For a young, attractive woman, having her thirtieth birthday is almost as horrible a prospect as having all her teeth out.

After a couple of years in the early thirties, she realizes that she is really just coming into her best period, that of a mature woman, still mighty attractive, and with a new emotional maturity she didn't have in the Gay Twenties. She's in the Flirty Thirties, and enjoying it thoroughly.

But with the fortieth milestone looming, panic sets in. She suddenly is convinced that anyone in the forties is over the hump, headed into a wizened old age.

Strangely enough, after a couple of years in her early forties, she admits to herself and anyone else who will listen, that she's in the prime of life.

She can still draw a whistle when the light is right, get her bum pinched if the party is rowdy enough. She's probably a grandmother, but she's a "young" grandma. With a good dentist and contact lenses, she can disguise the fact that her teeth are still there only through sheer will power, and that she's blind as the proverbial bat.

Then that grim reaper, the gaunt visage of Fifty, comes over the horizon like a wolf sweeping down on a lamb. This time, there is no panic. Just sheer despair. She knows, with a little mathematics, that anyone in the fifties is away past Middle Age, and has one foot in the grave and the other on a piece of dog defecation. She is OLD, and there's no hiding the fact.

Yet five years later, in her mid-Fifties, she's striding about in a golf course, or lying by a pool in Florida, holding in her gut and convinced she's in the Golden Age.

outlining them. Proposals would split Halton into three ridings rather than the present two, but the boundaries we've read about seem to ignore some local situations. Presumably there will be opportunity to debate the boundaries but debate can hardly start until some effort is made to present the public with at least maps of the situation.

Of course, Sixty is IT. The old man with the scythe is lurking everywhere. There's no longer any way of disguising the wrinkles and the wattle. At 62, she gets a good tan, hides the eyes with shades, and maybe even has the jowls tucked up beneath the ears. And a good girdle does wonders.

At 65, she's collecting the old age pension, her late husband's pension, living in a house with the mortgage paid, and jaunting off to Europe or California, where she picks up her second husband, a well-off widower. She's never had it so good.

At 80, widowed again, she's a swinger in Sunset Haven, playing bingo and the piano, and giving the eye to every fresh octogenarian who enters the place.

And that's how women are daunted by birthdays. Personally, I am never daunted. I have a lot of dents, but not a single daunt.

Things have changed a lot around here. My birthday used to be a small something. Carefully coached by their mother, the kids used to come up with gifts which I—aw, shucks, you shouldn't have done it—accepted gratefully and gracefully. Nothing great. Maybe a fishing-rod or some golf balls. And the old lady would bake a cake—a ready-mix.

When they were older, away from home, they'd call (collect) on the occasion, wish me Happy Birthday, and suggest that they could use a little financial aid.

Now, I call them up, and after the usual exchange of amenities, ask coyly, "Know what day this is?"

"Yeah. Sunday. Why?"

I try again. "No, I mean what day of the month?"

"Not really; wait'll I check the calendar."

I try again. "No, I mean what day of what month of what year? How old are you? How do you know how old you are? What day reminds you?"

"Oh, golly, Dad. Why didn't you tell me it was your birthday? I would have sent a card. Or something."

No, I am not daunted. But I never, ever, forgot my father's birthday. Let's see. I can still remember it. It was April 3rd. Or was it November 3rd? Anyway, I always sent him a card, even if I didn't remember until a

NORTH AMERICAN ROCKWELL'S Milton plant is currently growing to double its size. A 72,000 square foot addition (foreground) valued at \$3,000,000 has been added at the west end of the original plant for expansion of the leaf spring operation. Rockwell's Oshawa plant will soon be closed and some of the Oshawa employees will be transferring to Milton to work in the expanded plant.

(Photo by S. Dills)

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

Did you hear about the unlucky fellow whose ship finally came in—while he was waiting at the bus station?

Truth may be clear as a bell, the only trouble is, it isn't told.

We can be completely selfish in the sense of only liking people when they do something for us and provide us with entertainment and hospitality or lend us some kind of special status with people we want to impress. It is easy to become people who take without giving and then go on to using others for our own ends. We use people when we converse with them only because there is no one else available. Only friendship worth having consists of giving as well as taking. It is a two way relationship with mutual interests and considerations. Even when we can make people do what we want, the end result is never satisfying and they soon discover that we are out to use them. We should always remember the Golden Rule in friendships as well as everyday dealings. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

FOR SALE—One cross, we cannot carry it today and keep up with the world and its people. One talent, has been hidden for years, may be used if practiced a while. One bundle of opportunities, were never used so were forgotten about. Above items are stored in basement on "Neglect St."

Some people are as proud as peacocks but I always think of a peacock today as but a feather duster tomorrow.

month after the occasion.

Anyway, I got one call on my birthday this year. It was from my big brother. After grumpily asking me what I was doing in bed at noon on my birthday, he revealed the real purpose of his call. He wanted to know if I had my little brother's address in Germany. I didn't. Some birthday greeting.

But I did receive one birthday card which touched me deeply. It was from my insurance agent. He never misses.

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