

## Dumping never popular

There is no such thing as a popular choice for a sanitary landfill site or dump. Authors of the Solid Waste Management Study for Halton Region were no doubt aware of that, even before they started the study two years ago.

Residents of Esquesing and the Ashgrove area in particular will need a lot of persuading however before the logic of trucking the great bulk of garbage from the south to the north is ever accepted.

The fact that 80 per cent of the region's population is in Oakville or Burlington is a point lakeshore politicians belabored during discussions on the location of temporary regional headquarters.

From a regional point of view it seems the recommendation to truck 80 per cent of the garbage north, rather than 20 per cent to the south, would be an expensive one.

The report, drawn up by consultants at a cost of some \$60,000, will now be subjected to both public and political scrutiny. The report suggests the region is not quite ready to get into any reclamation projects on a major scale. That

point in particular will be attacked by the various environmental groups in the region.

A recommendation that areas trucking garbage more than seven miles be compensated at a rate of 16.7 cents per ton mile after the first seven miles will also provide interesting discussion.

Staff made that recommendation to the Regional Public Works Committee when Milton started to haul garbage to the Oakville dump early in the year.

The committee composed essentially of members from the southern communities turned the proposal down. They argued it was no one's fault that Milton would have to cart garbage and no subsidy or compensation was warranted.

With that precedent set, it will be interesting to see how the regional politicians wrestle with the recommendation now.

From reading the report, country cousins must get the idea they are being asked to provide for the urban garbage from the south and help pay for the transportation costs as well.

## Environmental answers

The spectre of cities buried under their own trash, of pollution blotting out the sun for weeks on end, of marine life dying because of polluted oceans is becoming more real. In the past, it was merely an ugly vision in somebody's imagination. Today, the dangers of pollution have become all too obvious.

One doesn't have to look very far to find causes: First, the world's population is growing at an unprecedented rate. Secondly, we have not disciplined ourselves to avoid pollution. So far, ordinary people everywhere have not begun to realize the devastating impact of filth in our air and our water, of mountains of wrecked cars, both in cities and even in the countryside. Noise pollution is now considered a definite health hazard.

What then is the solution—if indeed there is a solution? Man must discipline himself, must discipline his wasteful consumption habits in the affluent lands. The more consumption, the more pollution. Urban planners must pursue the concept of satellite cities—connected in future years by rapid transit systems of various kinds. Satellite cities, which so far have not won wide acceptance, avoid the urban overcrowding that leads to so much pollution.

There must be local, provincial, national and international action if the environmental "doomsday" discussed by United Nations environment chief Maurice Strong is to be avoided. Future generations will thank us if more people are educated to fight actively against pollution of the air, the land and the water.

## A brightener

"Good morning".  
"What's good about it?" came the reply.  
Suddenly we rebelled at the response.

The sun was shining, both of us were healthy and walking around. Neither of us were hungry. We had employment. Both of us had friends and family. We lived in a country that had a high degree of freedom. We were all responsible for a say in the kind of government that was in power.

The list seemed impressive and as our thoughts turned to the positive advantages of living at this time in history, with its attendant challenges, in this kind of country with its opportunities we thought back to the number of times we'd heard just such as negative response before.

It's usually a real dampener. Of course Norman Vincent Peale made a tidy sum talking and writing about the power of positive thinking. But still the discussion

seems to have so much more impact if we talk in negatives and that's what so many of us tend to do. See the dark and dreary side, turn a sunny day into an overcast one with our very outlook.

That's not to suggest we should be blind to problems or difficulties. They exist and will continue whether we think negatively or positively, but sometimes they lose their over-powering impact if we adopt a little of the Polyanna approach and seek out the good side of even the most serious difficulty.

"Good morning" is a hackneyed expression, often thoughtlessly overworked and delivered without much prior thought, but the underlying message is a good one.

The next time you use it, reflect on the things that make it a good morning, or a good day, or a good evening. Often the "good" is more prevalent than the bad that seems to command our attention too frequently.

"Good afternoon".

## Commenting briefly

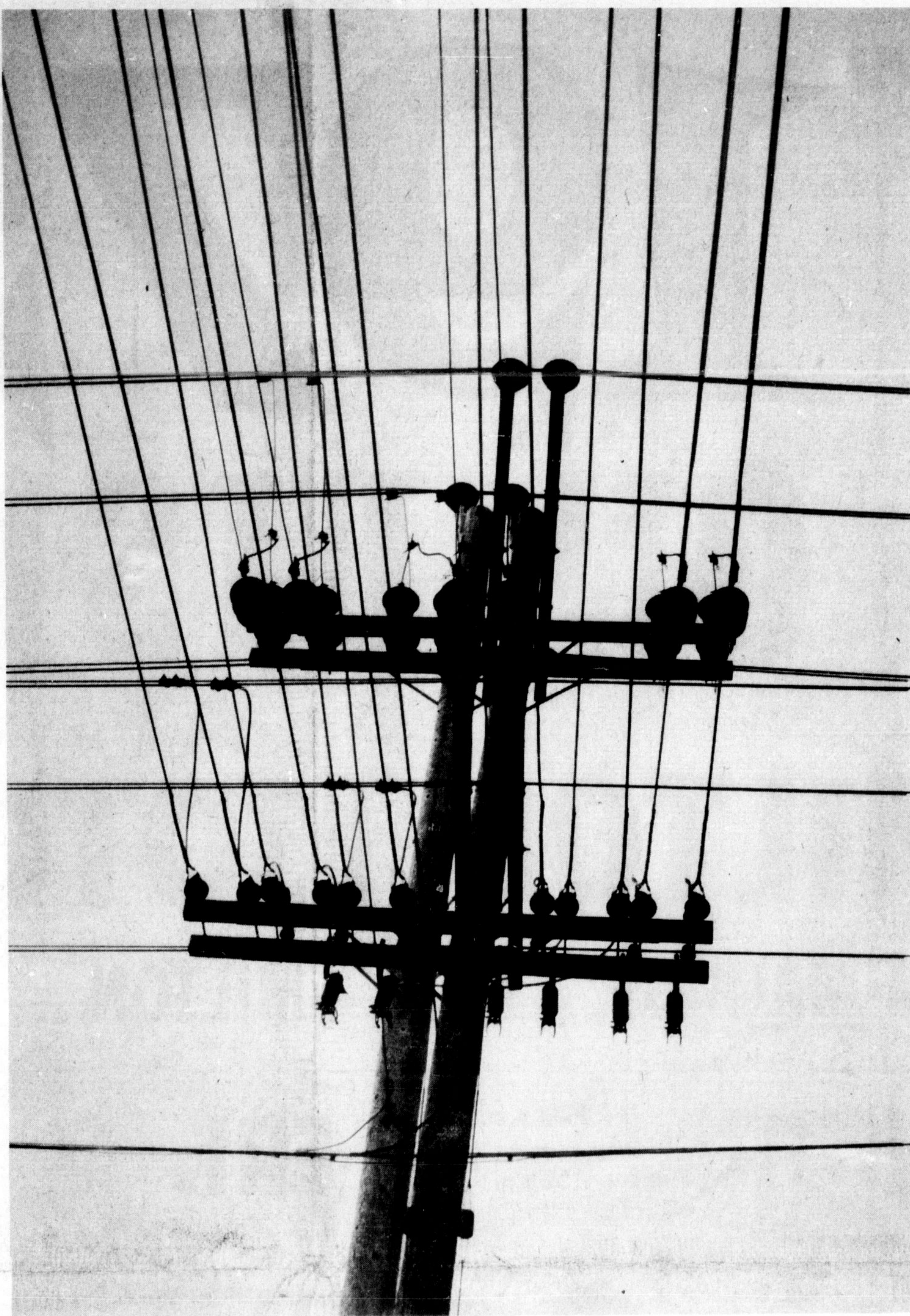
Have you planned your visit to the plowing match yet? Remember there's more there than plowing and the tent city itself is worth a trip. When it's this close you really shouldn't miss it. Bus service from Milton, advertised in this issue, makes it doubly easy to get there.

Volunteers enjoy providing leadership in minor hockey and fortunately there are many of them. More are still needed. Give it a thought.

Sorry to hear that recent accidents have slowed down (though not stopped) two important workers on the Halton Committee for the International Plowing Match, secretary Henry Stanley and publicity chairman George Swann. Both were injured in mishaps involving animals during the week preceding the big match.

But in typical "show must go on" style, both were seen busily working to the best of their ability at the match site on Monday.

Canadians then, in their pawky, stubborn and often stupid pride, would go to almost any lengths to avoid "going on relief." This was almost a sin, and always a



CROSSED WIRES: Wires for every direction meet at the junction of the pole in the picture. That's right, there is only one pole

in this picture. The double image was created at the print stage to add to the picture. (Photos by S. Dills)



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

I've just finished a book called "Ten Lost Years". In my opinion, it should be required reading for every Canadian under twenty-five, and pleasant, if occasionally bitter reading, for everyone over fifty. The rest are too old to care, and too late to save.

With another depression coming up, and remember, you read it here, it might serve as some sort of survival chart for the young people heading into the next depression, and a justification for the older people, who are so hymie about such things as electric lights that aren't turned off, food scraps that are thrown out, and clothing that is perfectly good but ten years out of style.

It's impossible to tell young people about your own experiences in the Great Depression. And it deserves the capital letters.

When you try to tell the rising generation about your own Depression experiences, they merely groan, roll their eyes, and think, "Yuk. Here goes Dad, or Grandad, again, whining about what hard times are really like. What a drag!"

That's why the young people should read the book. They simply can't realize, as they scoff their two-bits worth of french fries, that grown men worked ten hours a day for that same two-bits, during the Depression.

They can't realize, as they shoot a quarter into the pop machine for a Coke (capital C) to wash down their french fries, that if you took out a girl during the Depression, and had a quarter in your pocket, you were rich.

According to the book, the hardest hit areas were the Prairie Provinces, the Maritimes and Quebec. Ontario and B.C. were the only provinces in those days which weren't in really desperate condition, and they were bad enough.

This is a very credible book, to anyone who lived through those Ten Lost Years. The author went out with a tape recorder and interviewed hundreds of people who went through them. The results are funny, tragic, and extremely Canadian. It could never be misunderstood as a British or American book, though these countries suffered equally.

Canadians then, in their pawky, stubborn and often stupid pride, would go to almost any lengths to avoid "going on relief." This was almost a sin, and always a

last resort. And "relief" could be ten or twelve dollars a month, for a family. A nickel had to do the work of a dollar.

After three years of drought and grasshoppers, many prairie farmers just walked away and left everything: house and machinery. The average cash income from farmers in the Maritimes, including the wealthy ones, was something like 40 dollars a year. What a modern kid from a middle-class family would spend in a month on clothes and treats. People died, not of starvation, but of malnutrition.

Oh, I remember! I was only a kid at the time, but I remember. It all happened sort of gradually. My father was a fairly prosperous merchant, but he was too kindly a man, bless him, to crunch people who were hard up. He gave them credit. He lost his business. He had too much money on the books, and not enough in the till to meet the mortgage.

Stunned, in his late forties with five kids, he sank into depression. There were no jobs for anyone, let alone middle-aged men. My mother took over.

She took in boarders. In the summer, we rented rooms to tourists. A clean bed and a huge breakfast for \$1.50. She sold homemade baking. She was an Avon lady. And we went inexorably into debt: the butcher's, the grocer's, the coal man. But there was no way WE were going to go on relief. It was shameful.

Somehow, we staggered through. My older brother got a job in the bank at six dollars a week. My sister got a job in a store at eight dollars a week. They kicked most of it back to my mum. That was the deal in those days, everybody pulling together. But it was mighty hard on the young workers, who, today, would be going to college on government grants.

We never went hungry. A lot of hamburger, at three pounds for a quarter. A lot of baloney. A big, perpetually simmering pot of soup. If the porridge wasn't finished in the morning, it went into the soup pot.

And I remember the odd time when we had something I've never tasted since. This was when the butcher would advance no more credit, and there wasn't a cent in the house. Potato-skin hash.

I wouldn't mind a good feed of that to-

night. You take some baked potatoes and put them through the meat grinder. With the color of the potato skins, it comes out looking like meat and potatoes. Fry it up in a pan with some onions, dirt cheap, and you had a pretty good dinner. Top it off with home-made bread and raspberry preserves, and you'd had a gourmet dinner.

It beat hell out of the modern frozen TV dinner, both for nourishment and flavor and was probably better for us than most of the garbage modern kids eat.

No, we never went hungry, and there was always a bowl of pea soup and home-made bread for the hoboes who arrived at the kitchen door, half-frozen and half-starved.

But I never realized what miracles my mother and father performed in those days, and I wish I had, sooner.

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## Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 30, 1954

14,000 attended the 102nd Milton Fall Fair. Agricultural progress of the county was mirrored in exhibits and competition. His Excellency the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton, officially opened and blessed Holy Rosary School on Sunday as parishioners and citizens numbering about 200 gathered at the Martin St. site.

The township garage was officially opened in Nassagaweya last week. It is built of cement block with steel girders and is the township's first new public building in 27 years. The cost of the building was \$14,000.

At a special service Sunday in Knox Presbyterian Church a memorial window was unveiled and dedicated. It was erected by their children in memory of the late Donald Stewart Robertson and his wife, Katherine Marie Dewar.

Mrs. Jane Scott, writer of religious thoughts in the Globe and Mail was guest speaker at the fall Thankoffering meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of St. David's Church in Campbellville.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 25, 1924.

ELECTRIC BAKING — Last Saturday George Gilbert, baker, closed his shop on Main St., the erection and equipment of his new bakery built of cement blocks at his home on Mill St. having been completed. He has the latest and best of electric ovens, supplied by the Hamilton Oven Co. Its capacity of baking is 112 large loaves and it can turn out a batch every half hour. There are no coal gas fumes and cleanliness is absolute. His bread wagon delivers his output of bread, buns, etc.

David Menzies got back to Milton last Friday, after spending more than a year in the Yukon country, where he has an uncle. He says his experience was interesting, but he had all he wanted of the far north. He will not go back.

It is said the price of coal will be increased after Oct. 1.

FOR SALE: Six roomed frame house, with large pantry and summer kitchen in good condition, hard and soft water, good garden. Price \$2,000.

### 75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, September 28, 1899.

If there is any truth in the saying that a plentitude of nuts means a hard winter, we would advise all to save their money and buy fuel. The small boy reports a great crop of hickory nuts, butternuts and beech nuts.

A cinnamon bear at one end of a chain with a Dago at the other end led a procession of small boys down Main Street on Saturday afternoon. Another Italian announced their approach by a few bugle calls. The outfit remained in town over Sunday and departed on Monday morning.

Miss Bastedo, of Milton, one of Ontario's best known artists, is visiting friends in this vicinity. She is on a sketching tour in the Northwest and will visit the most important points, but may decide to form a class and remain in the city for some time. Miss Bastedo has studied with J.W.L. Forster, Canada's greatest portrait painter, and received high recognition for her work at the World's Fair and Toronto and London exhibitions. Her pupils have been most successful at the leading eastern art exhibitions.

William Caldwell Sr. showed us some fine peaches taken from a tree which grew from a peach pit planted by Mrs. Caldwell four years ago. A good-sized basketful was picked from the tree, some measuring nine inches and more.

## Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

God made our world beautiful, the ugliness you see now is man's idea.

You will never regret showing kindness to others.

You have not lived a perfect day unless you have done something for someone who will never be able to repay you.

A good listener is not only popular, but he learns a lot.

It is hard to express love with a clenched fist.

Love is like an onion, we taste it with delight. But when it's gone we wonder whatever made us bite.

"Putting on the dog" is done by those people who think they must be more important and better than the rest of us. The reason they do this is because they can't accept themselves for what they really are. If only they realized everyone can see right through them.

There's always time for kindness.

Loneliness is a burden to many people, but we cease to be alone the moment we start to care about others.

How much energy do you waste trying to be popular and trying to please everyone? Well, you know it isn't very important how popular you are, it is important only to have your own beliefs and values in life and stick to them regardless of others.