

Dangerous precedent

Milton Council has set a dangerous precedent in approving a project which did not clearly meet the town's own zoning regulations for the particular site.

Council members approved construction of a building for a use that conflicts with a zoning by-law approved by the same council just last year.

As far as we can gather a meeting was held between a representative of a commercial firm, the mayor and the planning director. The representative then proceeded to purchase land on Steeles Ave. opposite Oakville Automotives and make plans to erect a building.

It was some time after that when a building permit was sought, that Building Inspector Ray Weido became concerned about a by-law that prohibited retail uses on the land zoned for industry. He saw "large grey areas" and refused the permit until council considered the project.

At the council meeting Clerk Jack McGeachie clearly said the project was in contravention of the town by-law. He suggested any "grey area" was removed last year when council tightened up the permitted uses in the industrial zone to prevent retail uses in that zone.

The project is a "Do-it-yourself centre" and permitted uses in the zone are a builders' supply, a tradesman shop, a whole sale outlet, a service shop, a work shop or a warehouse.

The clerk pointed out the

operation contemplated is primarily a retail one and is not accommodated within the existing by-law. He suggested a rezoning would be required to legally clear the way for the project.

During the debate the Mayor acknowledged "I did something I shouldn't have, I guess", but council supported the action and authorized it to proceed.

Last year council's action was to fortify the intent to keep retail uses out of industrial areas. Council's action has now been to draw the whole by-law into question.

The Planning Director R.J.L. Zsandanyi told the zoning administrator the project "basically conforms with the zoning by-law even though the type of operation possesses retail-commercial facets inherent in its design."

In an explanatory note with the by-law approved last year it was stated: "In an endeavour to limit the establishment of future retail uses to only the commercially designated areas, as opposed to having large retail areas created within the industrial zones, the Town proposes to delete the provision in By-law 31-69 that would allow the creation of future retail floor area within the industrial zones as an accessory use to one of the other permitted uses in that area."

It would appear the council has supported the mayor in broadening the terms of the municipality's zoning by-law. In doing so, a dangerous precedent has been established.

A Canadian of note

Canada has a host of interesting personalities who are too often forgotten in the onslaught of American-oriented super heroes via the television tube.

It was gratifying recently to preview a CBC-TV drama-documentary on the life of Lord Beaverbrook and talk briefly with writer-producer John McGreevy.

Lord Beaverbrook—Max Aitken—was born in New Brunswick in 1879. Through a combination of perseverance, energy and sheer bravado he became, by the time he was 30, one of the wealthiest men in Canada. Having achieved enormous wealth he headed for England where he involved himself in politics and quickly became acquainted with the principal political figures.

He was a zealous press baron,

and his papers were the leading propagandists against Britain getting involved in the Second World War.

There is much more of Beaverbrook and McGreevy has not covered all the seamier sides of his life in great detail. He has chosen to try to present the man and his drives that took him past 85. He has probed in interviews the aspects that fill in the gaps that present a fuller picture of an amazing Canadian.

We don't often plug pictures or television programs, but when the presentation is scheduled it is well worth a look. We enjoyed it, particularly in a Maritimes setting where so many towns and cities show the benefit of Beaverbrook donations to community projects.

Commenting briefly

The nation's postal service is probably one of the most often criticized departments of government at any level. The quantity of mail that is misdirected is incredible. Each day several pieces of mail directed elsewhere reach this office. Recipients of this misdirected mail can't be blamed if they are frustrated at mistakenly opening, then returning it to the post office.

New Ontario regulations banning beer and soft drink cans and ensuring province-wide availability of refillable, returnable containers, puts the onus on the customers. Will they opt for refillables and help cut down on pollution problems, or will they keep using those throw-away containers?

A piece in the Oakville Journal Record shouldn't go unchallenged. "The regional councillors must face the fact that the dump's gotta go up in Milton," the paper says. The rationale for some regional decisions is weird, to say the least. Dealing with an administrative centre, it was argued the site should be away from the geographic centre but close to the centre of population. It will go in Oakville. But a garbage dump—now there's something we can stick

in the geographic centre of the region, well away from the masses.

Subject to the whims and wishes of the electorate, Milton could again have three former school teachers representing the town at the regional council level next year. Mayor Anne MacArthur, a former high school teacher, has announced her plan to seek re-election, as has Councillor Jim Watson. Councillor Marjorie Pow has announced she is dropping out of politics to return to the classroom. Councillor Jim Kerr who resigned recently from his job at a Peel school will run regionally. Mayor MacArthur devotes full time to politics while Councillors Watson and Kerr are both currently employed in real estate.

Philosobits

by Edith Sharpe

We should all feel "at home" with ourselves, we must have a good opinion of ourselves in order to live life. We should find ourselves jolly good company to be with.

It isn't the things you talk about, no matter how fine and true; it isn't the way you seem to live, nor even the things you do; it isn't the creed you call your own, nor the motto on your wall, the only thing that really counts, is what's in your heart—that's all. It isn't the many friends you make, it's only the friends you keep; it isn't the you that people see, it's the real you down deep. It isn't what people say you are—just let them talk as they please; it's what you know you are inside, for what counts is what "God" sees.



A SUNNY DAY during the week provides a perfect opportunity for some local swimmers and boaters to enjoy Kelso Lake without crowds.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Now that the Games are over, and all the tears have been shed, it's time to look ahead to the 1980 Olympics.

What the International Olympic Committee needs like a hole in the head is new ideas, but I'll give them one anyway. It's simple: give everybody a second chance.

I'm sure people like Debby Brill and Bruce Simpson and Yankovich Strmzlwzski will agree with me.

Most of us get a second chance in life, whether it's falling down on the job, impaired driving, or being married. Why not the Olympic athletes?

I got a second chance once upon a time, and I was ecstatically grateful for it. It was a long time ago, and the Olympics had been cancelled for The Duration, but there were some pretty serious games in progress, just the same.

It is one of the great ironies, and my students simply can't understand it when I try to explain, but yours truly, and a lot of others, were involved in a bitter competition. We were trying to become fighter pilots, so we could be killed.

Isn't that silly? But it was so. No Olympic athlete suffered any more tension, anxiety, or frustration than we did when it came to the big day, the final event, our wings test.

Long before that, of course were the eliminations. First one was the physical examination. It was tough. Many a youth with dreams of dicing through the clouds in a dogfight was shot down in the M.O.S. office because he had flat feet or was color blind.

Next came the preliminary heats. These were known as Elementary Flying Training. If you came through about 60 hours of flying training without being terribly air sick, without bouncing more than 40 feet on landings, and without running into another aircraft and killing yourself, you made the semi-finals.

We lived in constant fear. Oh, not of killing ourselves. Nobody was concerned in the least about that. The dread phrase was "washed out". That meant that you weren't going to be that dashing figure—a fighter pilot—but that you were going to be retrained as a mere navigator, wireless op or tail gunner. In other words sent to the minors.

If you survived the heats, off you went to finishing school, known as Advanced Flying. This was like making the Olympic team, but knowing you'd probably finish in 31st place.

I was sent, with a lot of other young idiots dying to be killed, to Camp Borden. It was quite an august group, including one Jake Gaudaur, the large, jovial gentleman who is now the commissar of the Canadian Football League, Hi, Jake.

Despite the augustness of the group, we trained in mid-winter. We flew in snow, we landed on snow, we crash-landed into snow, and occasionally an intrepid student, usually an Australian, proved once again that an aircraft falling 6,000 feet will not penetrate the ice of Georgian Bay. The whole deal was not unlike Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

And all the time, leaning over our shoulders, was the ugly face of that thing called Washed Out.

It seems incredible, looking back, that we were in such terror of that creature. If all the young fellows in the world had managed to have themselves washed out, there wouldn't have been anyone to fly and kill and die.

But we suffered all the palpitations of Olympic contestants as we edged closer and closer to that triumph of sadomasochism, the Wings Test.

This consisted of about one hour of psychological torture in which the student flew the aircraft through a number of uncomfortable and alarming exercises while an instructor, sitting in the front seat, snarled imperativeness.

Came my big day. Everything was great. I was shaking like a wino. It wasn't quite snowing, but it wasn't quite not snowing. And the intercom wasn't working.

Normally, this isn't a big deal. The intercom was just a little sort of telephone into which the instructor shouted obscenities and the student ground his teeth.

But on a Wings Test, it can be something more than a minor nuisance. My instructor would shout at me to do a steep turn to the left. I would guess at the muffled instructions and do a loop. He would yell at me to do a loop, and I'd do a sloppy slow roll.

After half an hour of this blind man's bluff, he indicated with a ferocious gesture of his thumb that he was taking over and we were going to land. We did. He climbed out, speechless, I climbed out with my tail well between my legs.

He just looked at me, and shook his head. I just looked at him, and wagged my tail.

We both knew that I was Washed Out. He walked away. I looked around for some immediate means of committing suicide. The only thing I could see was a whirling propeller and that was a bit messy.

There must, of course, be a climax to this fascinating narrative. And there is. Next morning I was moping about, feeling as though I'd just learned my mother was a prostitute and my father a quack abortionist.

A voice: "Smiley, get your gear on!" Another instructor, widely known as a Mean Bastard. We took off. I hate to brag, but with the careless abandon of a man who knows he is off to the gallies anyway, I flung that aircraft around the sky in a dream Wings Test.

Two days later, I not only had my wings, but had suddenly become an Officer and a Gentleman.

So. Everyone deserves a Second Chance. And that is my contribution to the XXIIst Olympics. I'll let the committee figure out the details.

OUR READERS WRITE:

Labor is co-operating

Oakville, Ont.
August 17, 1976.

The Editor,

Dear Sir:

In the battle against inflation, with the Consumer Price Index showing definite signs of moving steadily downward (only a 6.8 per cent increase July 1975 to July 1976) and from negotiations proceeding between business and government on profit margins, the other area of concern expressed to me by many constituents is of course the extent of wage increases.

Data released to me recently by the Government of Canada indicates that there are encouraging signs in this area also, even considering the early nature of this first transitional year of the Anti-Inflation program.

Collectively bargained settlements in the second quarter of 1976 displayed a lower rate of wage increase than those of the first quarter 1976, the lowest recorded increase since the end of 1973 according to a report issued by Labor Canada.

The 143 settlements during the second quarter produced average annual increases in base rates of 11.5 per cent in compound terms. The comparable figure for the first quarter of 1976 was 14.5 per cent.

The figures are based on an analysis of collective agreements covering 500 or more workers in industries (other than construction) within both the federal and provincial jurisdictions.

There were 89 settlements in the second quarter which were classified as two-year agreements, 35 were classified as one-year agreements, and 19 as three-year agreements.

While the 143 agreements settled in the second quarter provided for average annual increases in base rates equal to 11.5 per cent, in one-year agreements it was 12.4 per cent. In two-year agreements the annual average increase was 12.7 per cent for the first year and 8.4 per cent for the second year. In three-year agreements it was 20.9 per cent for the first year, 7.3 per cent for the second year and 5.2 per cent for the third year.

Of the 143 settlements during the second

quarter of 1976, 36 provided for a cost of living allowance (COLA); and the average annual increase in base rates for these settlements was 10.1 per cent (excluding the effect of the COLA clause). The remaining 107 settlements without a COLA clause provided for an average annual increase in the base rates of 12.6 per cent.

During the 12-month period ending with the 2nd quarter, 1976, (starting in August 1975, 3 months before the Anti-Inflation Program) there were 470 major collective agreements settled. These settlements provided for an average increase in base rates of 13.8 per cent.

Of the 470 settlements, 235 were classified as one-year agreements, 154 as two-year agreements and 81 as three-year agreements.

The 235 one-year agreements provided for an average annual increase in base rates of 15.7 per cent. The two-year agreements provided for increases of 16.8 per cent for the first year and 9.7 per cent for the second. The three-year agreements provided for increases of 17.9 per cent in the first year, 8.3 per cent in the second year and 4.9 per cent in the third year.

There were 133 settlements negotiated in the 12-month period ending with the 2nd quarter, 1976 which provided for a COLA clause. These 133 settlements provided for average annual increases of 14.9 per cent.

It should be noted that, where confirmed data was available, the settlement statistics shown above take into account the effect of rulings of the Anti-Inflation Board, and their subsequent ratification by the bargaining parties.

It is obvious from these figures that they represent a significant improvement over the 1975 average wage increase of 18 per cent plus, and that in spite of some of the rhetoric presented through the popular media, both labor and business have been co-operating with the Canadian Government in its determined attempt to defeat inflation through the Anti-Inflation program to the benefit of all Canadians.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. Frank A. Philbrook,
Member of Parliament,
Haltom.

Thanks playgrounders

Dear Mr. Downs:

As the summer playground session comes to a close, I would like to take this opportunity through your paper to express my appreciation and thanks to the playground leaders and LITs for the fantastic job they have done over the past two months.

My daughter attended the playground at Robert Baldwin this summer and was always eager to go because of the many varied and interesting things the leaders had planned for the children to do. They went on many trips such as the circus and Bronte Park and although the weather was not very often in their favor, the leaders made sure the children had a good time.

I don't think many of us realize the work

these leaders do, not just during the day, but after hours, planning the next day's activities or another trip. I also feel sorry for the leaders who plan activities, such as penny carnival, to show parents what they are doing at the playground, and only one or two parents show up. Unfortunately, some parents consider playgrounds a glorified babysitting service, and that is not what they are designed to be.

In closing, let me just thank you again, leaders, for a job well done. As a summer, I know you have helped to make this summer interesting and more enjoyable for my children and hope you can now go on your holidays, knowing you have done your jobs well.

Sincerely,
Gayle Rae (Mrs.)
765 Willow Ave., Milton

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Aug. 23, 1956
Elmer the Safety Elephant is coming to Milton schools. When schools open in September, the Elmer safety program will be inaugurated in both public and the separate school, by Const. Ron Rupert of Milton OPP.

Haltom County has 22 Holstein exhibitors registered at the Exhibition. The Bell School Square Dancers will perform at the Ex. Aug. 30.

Concerned over the numbers of livestock killed in the township by dogs in recent months, Esquering Councillors last week set a \$5 payment for dogs destroyed while in the act of killing livestock. In recent weeks 14 sheep and a heifer have been killed by dogs.

Campbellville won their first Haltom championships by taking Milton in three straight games. Oakville and Milton have won all the previous Haltom championships. Members of the Campbellville squad include Bill Cairns, Stan Henderson, Ed Dernosi, Ken Moore, Bill Elliot, Earl Cairns, M. Seeny, Elmer Dredge, Harry Hamilton, Al Wingrove, Jack Roberts, Jack Laking, Lloyd Early and manager Len Andrews.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Aug. 26, 1926
Patrick J. and James T., both of Toronto, appeared in police court yesterday charged with drunken and disorderly conduct and were given 30 days by Magistrate J. H. Shields. Both culprits admitted drinking rubbing alcohol.

The heavy rain and wind on Monday night, last, flattened crops, particularly corn. So that of last Friday night. Much of the corn was when in the Bronte neighborhood. Some wheat had sprouted before last week and much of it was still in the fields. A great deal of it has sprouted and will be useless except for feed.

The new Crosley C-5 Radio Set has arrived. The performance and great volume of this set are more than was expected. The price is right, less than \$150, fully equipped and installed. This constitutes the greatest radio value ever before offered to the people of Milton district. The set may be seen and heard at Cavell Battery Service, Milton. Phone 245.

In connection with the unveiling of the soldiers' war memorial on Sept. 5th, all war veterans are earnestly requested to assist in forming a Guard of Honor. Will all willing to parade kindly report at the armories on Monday, Aug. 30th, at 7.30 p.m. for information and equipment.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Aug. 22, 1901
Rud T., a young Englishman who has been working as a farm hand in his neighborhood, went to Toronto last week, and was arrested on suspicion that he had broken into a house. He was remanded. Here he was considered harmless, but lately showed symptoms of insanity and it is said that he was in a lunatic asylum for some time a few years ago.

John Featherstone made a \$5,000 shipment of stock on Monday, consisting of 250 hogs, two car-loads of cattle, and some sheep and calves.

John H. Bradley, teacher, S.S. No. 4, Nelson, offered a silver medal, suitably engraved, as a prize to the pupil from his school who obtained the highest marks in the recent entrance examination. The medal was won by Gordon Peart.

On Friday night a man named R., who has been working at the carpet factory here, stole a valuable watch belonging to Mrs. Geo. Golds from Wm. Sloan, jeweler, with whom it had been left for repairs. The thief made for Streetsville, Constable Brazier followed him on Monday, was too late to catch him, but recovered the watch, which had been sold for \$2 to Mr. Noble, hotel-keeper. After selling the watch, the thief stole another from A. E. McCutcheon, of Milton, and left for parts unknown. Milton Model School will open Sept. 3rd. Applications may be sent to the Principal, or else students may register on the first day. Information as to books, fees, board, etc., will be given when school opens.

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