Speak up now, or . . .

The location and financing of Milton's second ice surface promises to be a hotly debated item on Milton Council's agenda next week-Monday, Jan. 31.

Since the old Armstrong Arena on Brown St. was ordered closed by the provincial Ministry of Labor last summer, a new ice surface has been a controversial subject. Now council, at Mayor Don Gordon's insistence, plans to lay all of the proposals on the table, study them thoroughly, and try to make a decision.

Such decisions don't come easily, and whatever is decided probably won't suit everyone. There are several alternatives open to council and proponents of one or the other choice are sure to make their feelings known.

The 1976 Council thought it had made the final decision on the arena question, when it voted to twin Memorial Arena on Thompson Rd. That plan was thwarted, however when (a) tenders came in away above the original estimates, and (b) a 1,000-name petition urged council to restore the Brown St. rink. The whole arena question was put away in mothballs late last fall and the approaching election probably had a lot to do with that.

Council has since listed five open alternatives—twinning Memorial, temporarily renovating Armstrong, completely rebuilding Arm-

Two of Milton's service clubs this

month marked important mile-

The Optimist Club of Milton last

week celebrated its 10th anniver-

graces the cake at the Rotary Club

two such dedicated social organi-

zations working hand in hand with

the community. Each, in its own

way, contributes heavily to the life-

Rotarians were, for many years,

the only avenue of club fellowship

and service in Milton. Since then

Milton is indeed fortunate to have

sary and this week a big "30 years"

stones in community service.

of Milton's birthday party.

style of Milton.

Two milestones

strong, or building a new arena on either the fair grounds or high school property. Another alternative, that would use a townowned site on Steeles Ave., also lurks in the background.

Council is almost unanimous on only one thing, that a second ice surface is necessary. But there are some who still aren't yet convinced two arenas are needed. (After almost a full winter of operation on the one-rink system, it might be interesting to assess the results and see just how badly a second arena is deemed to be necessary.)

There are some citizens promoting the twinning of Memorial Arena, while others lobby for the Brown St. site. Those groups are sure to be heard from, and council has invited comments from organizations and citizens on each of the proposals.

But what of the majority of taxpayers, those stay-at-homes who don't join organized lobbies but may also have definite views on the second ice surface quandary? Many answered a Champion opinion poll, published at the suggestion of former Mayor Anne MacArthur, and the majority of respondents favored rebuilding Armstrong Arena.

The best way to be heard is to write down your opinions and forward them to council. But do it now. Next week is too late.

ized areas. We're not forgetting the

Legion, the Masonic Lodge, the

IODE and other women's groups

either, although the latter are more

specialized in membership and

avenues of work than the "service

A special feature published last

week detailed the aims and

progress of the Optimists, and this

week The Champion spotlight turns

to the Rotarians. No need to dwell

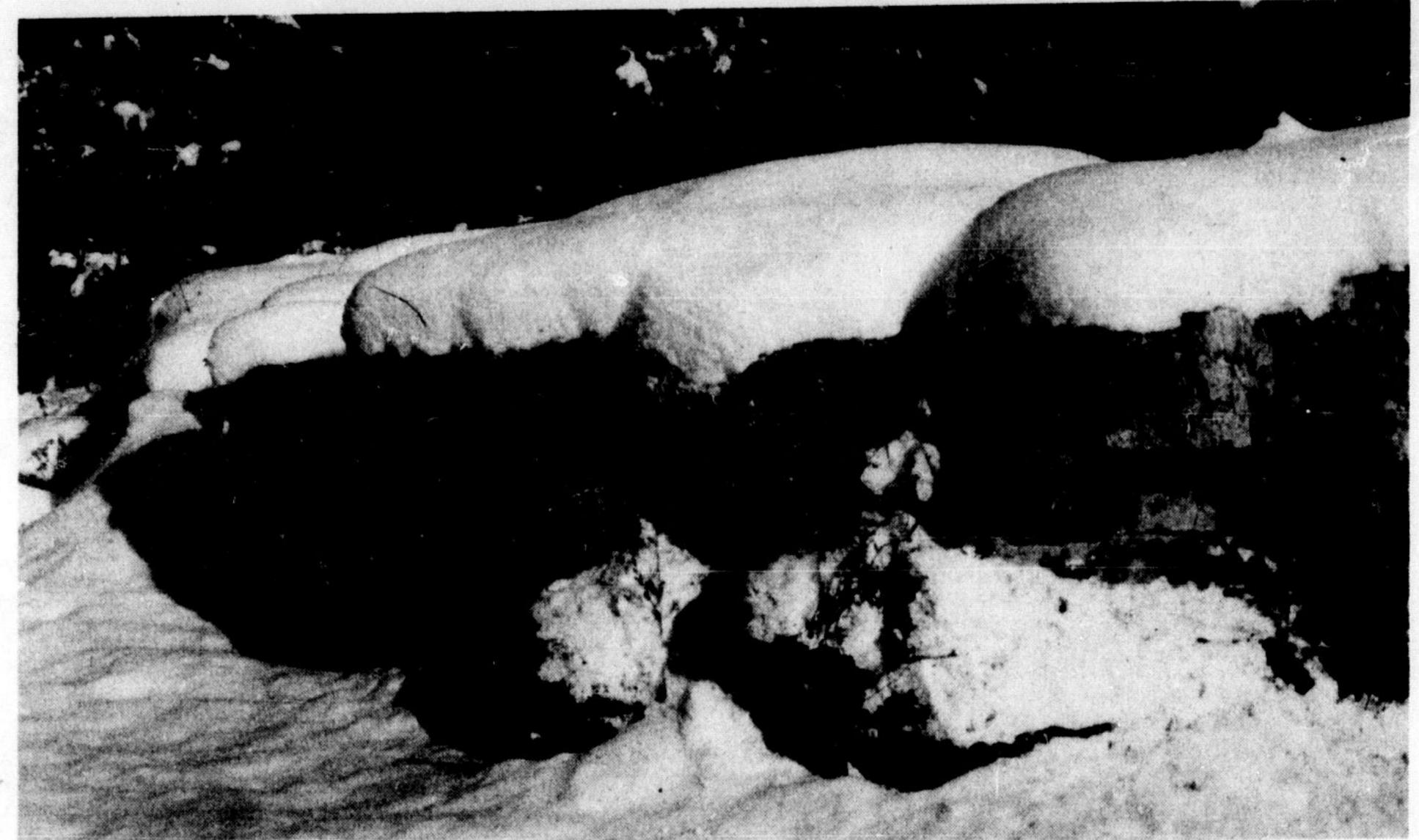
here on their various accomplish-

ments except to say that both

groups have amply fulfilled their

aims in stewardship in the com-

clubs".



SNOW CAPPED rocks stand out on roads near the Niagara Escarpment.



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

HAD the 'flu this week and took a couple of days off work. That made 10 days in the last 15 years on the job. And I rediscovered the reason I will, time and again, totter off to work when I'm practically on my hands and knees with some ailment.

It's because I nearly go out of my skull with boredom when I'm home sick.

I'm not saying my wife isn't a delightful conversationalist or a charming companion. She is. But when you have the 'flu you want neither delight nor charm. You just want to be left alone like an old dog, to live or die as the Lord decides.

She won't leave me alone. She brings me a big breakfast to bed when all I really want is s sharp harikari knife. After once spending a year in bed, in a sanatorium, l hate eating in bed. Trying to balance a tray on the knees. Spilling coffee on the sheets, with the inevitable blast from the laundress. Dripping gooey egg down the front of your pyjamas.

Then by lunch-time, I'm so bored with bed that I stagger up and dress, dying or not. And she starts again. I should have some lunch to keep my strength up. Have you taken your anti-biotic pills, dear? Maybe you should watch TV for a while to keep your spirits up. Would you like another cup of tea?

I don't want another cup of tea. I'm drowning in it already. I don't want any sardines on toast, or cheese bits in the oven, or nice tasty soup. My pills make me dizzy. TV makes me want to throw up. This has got to be the swine flu. Am I really dying or will I just be paralyzed for life. Does God really exist? if He does, why is He dumping this on me?

Well, all that is bad enough. But during this session, the worst happened. I ran out

of reading material. By the end of Day Two I had whipped through three library books, two daily papers twice a day, and half-a-dozen weeklies, a couple of news magazines, and the directions on the cereal box, in English and French.

The inevitable occurred. I was forced to read one of those women's magazines that my wife buys occasionally at the supermarket when she sees an interesting recipe. It plunged me into an even deeper, almost suicidal, depression.

One of the feature articles told me I must love myself first, if I were going to amount to anything. I plowed through it with growing disgust, considering that at the moment I despised myself, modern medicine, my wife, and almost anything else I could think of.

When I got to a list of things I must stop doing if I were to love myself, and read, "Not having orgasms," I threw up all over the livingroom rug.

After settling my stomach with a hot toddy, and finding nothing else around that I hadn't read twice, I picked up the magazine again, in sheer desperation. The other feature article plunged me once again into abysmal gloom. It was called, "Chart Your Way to Success."

When I read about the author that she is a professor of educational psychology, I should have stopped right there. I know how much those birds know about real life. They live in a dream world of stuff like "positive reinforcement" and "negative feedback.'

But I pressed on. After wading through three sacharine endorsements from people whose whole life she had changed, I went on to this: "You too can follow in the footsteps of Lee, Mark and Doris. You can define and attain your own success."

cesses for each period and opposite each, list why it was a success for you.

the first period, from five to 15, I could think of only one success. I won one fight with a belligerent urchin named George Cornell, with whom I tangled frequently. It was a success for me because it was the only one I ever did win.

In the second period, from 15 to 30, again I could think of only one success: I learned to fly an airplane. But this wasn't such a great success since, because of it, I spent a stretch in a German prison camp.

think of a single success. I became a newspaper editor through sheer accident. All that got me was 10 years laboring as a galley slave to pay off the mortgage on the

Then I became a teacher, which any damfool could become in those days. They were pulling bodies in off the streets because of the baby boom hitting the high schools. I became head of the English Department purely because nobody else was qualified, not on merit, experience or dedication.

chance. All that gets me is a deadline hanging about my neck like a big old alba-

By the time I'd finished making out the chart, I realized, not for the first time, that I was an utter failure, and that it was going to take a lot more than a chart to change

Immediately I made this resolve, I felt a lot better, and next morning was back at

It seems that all you have to do is make a chart, divided into three periods, each representing a third of your life, beginning at the age of five. Then you list three suc-

Out of sheer ennui, I started a chart. In

In the third period, from 30 on, I couldn't

I became a syndicated columnist by

It was then that I made my one and only resolution for 1977. I will never again, should I be forced to peruse nothing more exciting than the small print on toothpaste tubes, read another woman's magazine from a supermarket.

So happy birthday, Optimists and the Kinsmen, Lions and Optimists Rotarians. May you both remain in have offered others a chance for service for a long, long time. service in both general and special-

Commenting briefly The blood shortage at area Red Cross blood banks has forced postponement of some elective surgery cases, and special clinics are being held to gather more supplies of fresh blood. If you live in Milton and district and want to halp alleviate the crisis, you have two choices. You can give a donation now at a clinic in one of the nearby communities, or circle Feb. 17 on your calendar and be sure to attend the next regular Milton Red Cross clinic scheduled for the Legion Hall on that day. Blood is the gift that only you can give.

There's a new column on the editorial page this week—One Year Ago. We hope readers enjoy this backward glance at some of the

news that was happening just 12 months ago. The popular 50 and 100 years ago columns will return later. Right now we are short some of the historical issues from which those columns are drawn.

It could have happened here. Yes, that million dollar, 37-car freight train derailment in North Burlington on Wednesday could very well have happened in Milton. The train had just passed through Milton on the elevated CN by-pass line when it reached Burlington. Fortunately the accident happened in an unpopulated, industrial area near Walker's Line. If the derailment had come a few minutes earlier, we could have seen railway cars spilling all over the embank-

Snow in Florida

Chilly winter holiday

by Jim Dills It wasn't part of the plan,

Florida last week was like being at some historic event. Yes!, for all you who were suffering through some bitter cold weather, you were entitled to chuckle about the plight of those who had at-

warmer climate. cold in Fort Lauderdale newscasts failed to mention the impact the first snow in Lauderdale's history was having on the economy and the tourists. Three or four inch letters were used in one newspaper headline to the proclaim SNOW.

vision any snow banks. What outdoor tourist cruises on the snow I saw was very thin and quickly disappeared, but the the boats to be closed in with winds on summer clothes were quite penetrating. Most places seemed

to have lost track of the "off" button on the air conditioning system. I began to feel like a block of ice after sitting tempted to escape to the through a morning meetings in a room, while the maintenance staff fought valiantly to get the air conditioning switch turned off

and the heat turned on. Cool for golfing The view of the ocean and the bautiful expanse of sand isn't nearly as inviting when chill wind requires sweaters and more. Golf And they just aren't ready enthusiasts returned from the for that kind of cold. Don't en- course thoroughly chilled and

inland waterways required

High winds drove doors open and the hotel staff was forced to put stoppers in front of them to keep out the chilling blasts, while they wore heavy coats at the registration desk.

everybody

talked

talked Tourists Residents talked about it. Comedians had a new flock of jokes about it. Television programs did indepth analyses about it. The commentators inaugural in Washington talked about it. It was un-(Continued on page 5)

Comment

No way for press to behave

A commentary By Ann Hauprich-Nielsen

It was embarrassing to be a member of the press corps last Thursday when a battalion of news photographers closed in on Maureen McTeer as she delivered a speech on Family Law inside a small auditorium at Sheridan College in Oakville. The wife of National Progressive Con-

servative leader Joe Clark had just taken her stand at the microphone-studded lectern when a blitzkreig of flash pops and shutter clicks began by over a dozen members of the media brigade. Scribbling notes less than six feet away

from the woman who may be Canada's next first lady. I felt the urge to wriggle underneath my chair as Ms. McTeer's discomfort and subsequent irritation with the press became more and more apparent. And who could blame her?

On defensive

Invited as a guest speaker for the college's "Herizon" series for women, Ms. McTeer was put on the defensive—calling for a "cease fire" on numerous occasions in order that she might concentrate, and so her voice could be heard above the clicking "Do you really expect me to be calm and

at ease, with you snapping in my face?" she interrupted her prepared speech to ask one particularly ambitious photographer who had propped his camera on the lectern to get close-ups of her. "You know," Ms. McTeer told those pre-

sent, "It's very difficult to act natural with all this going on-but I'll do my best." Ignore appeal

Undaunted by her appeal for quiet, however, those responsible for the photographic blitzkreig continued until Ms.



MAUREEN McTEER launches her speech, to the clicking of close-up cameras and the popping of flashbulbs, during her Sheridan appearance.

McTeer again paused, hands on hips, to ask: "How many rolls are you taking?"

But for some reason, this remark only prompted many to reload their cameras and continue taking shots - rather than retreating to a distant corner of the room. Ms. McTeer appeared understandably

over and she sank down into a chair behind the lectern with a glass of water. But — as a question and answer period was scheduled to follow- she was asked to

relieved when her 15-minute speech was

stand up at the lectern once again so those present might hear her better. "You mean to get a better picture, don't you?" Ms. McTeer retorted as she rose to

her feet

Unnerved

By this time, the 24-year-old third-year university law student was visibly unnerved by the way her appearance was being covered.

At one point during the question and answer period, a woman seated in the back of the auditorium asked that the press please refrain from clicking their cameras" so Ms. McTeer's answer might be heard.

This request was greeted with loud cheers from the mostly female audience also openly angered by the photographers' performance.

Then, later, when a press photographer raised his hand to ask a serious question, Ms. McTeer recognized him with the words: "What's the matter? Aren't I standing right for you?"

Took flack

Ironically, the photographer who took the flack in this instance was The Champion's Rod Jerred, who had kept a distance of 20-25 feet throughout Ms. McTeer's talk using a "zoom" lens on his camera so as not to distract the wife of the PC leader.

Ms. McTeer later told Mr. Jerred she was sorry for having singled him out. But, in fact, what she had done was only a

normal reaction following the half-hour seige by over-zealous media photographers.

She had automatically labelled Mr. Jerred — and everyone else with a camera around his neck that day - as just another boorish member of the local press.

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files.

One year ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Jan. 28, 1976

Halton Board of Education has announced plans to bus as many as 159 students from the Robert Baldwin School area to Pineview School six miles away. Continued residential expansion coupled with strict Ministry of Education guidelines is causing serious overcrowding in Milton's elementary schools.

Police are investigating the possibility of arson being the cause of a fire which gutted the former Hornby Presbyterian Church on Steeles Ave. the afternoon of Jan. 14. Three youths are suspected of setting the blaze.

All that snowy white stuff is starting to get to people. Complaints are pouring in from Ward One and Dorset Park areas about unplowed roads and council Monday authorized the works superintendent to hire more staff and rent more equipment to improve the snow clearing operations.

Regional Councillors as a gesture of good faith in troubled economic times, have voted 12-11 to take a 10 per cent pay cut for this year. Their \$8,500 salary was set two years ago.

Stuart Smith, a Hamilton psychiatrist and rookie MPP, was named Sunday as the man to head Ontario Liberals out of 33 years as an opposition party in govern-

Speed limits on many highways will be reduced this weekend. Highways like 401 will go from 70 to 60 mph while the King's Highways will be dropped from 60 to 55 or 50. Milton hairstylist Ralf Johnston, 36, was 10th out of 20 contestants in a nationwide competition held in Winnipeg.

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Jan. 24, 1957

Scores of visitors were welcomed Friday night an an open house in the new Bank of Commerce, by manager Cec Dobie. W. I. Dick, one of the bank's oldest depositors, was among the visitors.

Bruno Sclisizzi of Milton, owner of Bruno's Beauty Salon, left last week on a two month hairstyling lecture tour of Western United States. He recently returned from a similar lecture tour of the eastern and southern states.

Nearly 1,000 Halton Conservatives packed the town hall in Milton Friday night to name Charles Alexander "Sandy" Best of Stewarttown as their candidate in the next federal election. Mr. Best, 25, is the youngest Tory candidate ever named here. He won the nomination on the first ballot over Mac Sprowl of Acton and Rev. G. Lockhart Royal of Norval. He promised to revive the old canvassing practice of trying to visit every home in the riding, which was recently revived by his predecessor Miss Sybil Bennett, who died in November after holding the Halton seat for five years.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Jan. 23, 1902

On Thursday Orlando C., and his son, alleged lunatics, both of Campbellville, were brought before Drs. Robertson and Buck, J.P.'s. It appeared from the evidence and the statements that they had been taking lessons on hypnotism by mail and that their studies had upset them both. Both claimed to be omnipotent, or at least, inferior in power to God only. They were committed for medical examination.

The Free Press says that the precautions at Acton have been successful in preventing any new cases of smallpox there and that the original cases are progressing favorably. The corporation will claim compensation from Toronto Junction for the negligence of the medical health officer of that town in allowing Mrs. Vance to go to Acton. In a similiar case the town of Mitchell had to pay \$2,000.

The heavy snow storm of Tuesday night and yesterday morning blocked Milton sidewalks and provided plenty of shovel work. Sleighing has been improved, but would be better if it were not for the many drifts and bare spots. The storm was very heavy at Toronto where 18 inches of snow fall. Trains were delayed and street cars impeded. The Star says that the cleaning of the streets will cost the city \$2,500. The storm was general and heavy everywhere judging from reports from Hamilton, Montreal, Buffalo, Goderich and far-off Alberta.

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