



STILL ON THE VINE and in the fields, these pumpkins are anxiously awaiting their annual fate of cutting, gouging, slicing and even splattering at Hallowe'en. The cutting and gouging take place as the pumpkin is being prepared as a Hallowe'en decoration, the slicing, as in pumpkin pie, and the splattering is done by young rascals who decide to spread the decorations around the streets. (Champion photo by Peter McCusker)

Passing of an era

The passing of Stan May Friday night marked the passing of an era. For many years now Stan has been involved in Halton Plowing matches and other events that are so vital to the farm community.

Neither Stan nor his team of work horses were at the 1977 Halton Plowing Match. As a matter of fact it was the first year since 1866 that there were no horses at the match.

The history of the plowing match goes back along way. The first match was held in Nelson Township in 1966 at the farm of Jacob Cline. It is interesting to note that the site of the match is at what is now known as the corner of the Queen Elizabeth Highway and the Walkers Line. It was probably inconceivable for participants at that match to ever think that the land would sometime be used as one of the province's busiest highways.

There were 12 teams of horses in that first match in Nelson. Eventually the Nelson Plowing Match was expanded to the Halton match.

By 1949 interest had grown and in that year there were 65 teams of horses entered along with 23 tractor pulled plows. By 1964 there were 55 tractor pulled plows and only two teams of horses.

This year with the passing of Stan May there were no horses, apparently for the first time in the history of the match.

But organizers feel the event is still a popular one. For the farming community it serves as a time when the rural folk come together and the sport serves as a tie with the past.

Regardless of whether the plow was powered by a team of horses or a high powered tractor the quality of the furrow has always served as an indication of the kind of farmer a man is.

Some of the large four furrow plows and tractors with enclosed cabs, radios and CB radios make plowing a different sort of sport. But the annual event continues to serve as a binding force in a farm community.

Stan May will be missed by his family, friends and the many people he came into contact with through his extensive involvement in the farming organizations and related groups.

Try common sense

If we become confused it might because we're trying to follow the advice we keep hearing from Ottawa. The alternative seems to be that, in the early stages, we should just tune out the instructions and apply some common sense.

We've been hearing about the sad state of the economy, the effects of inflation, the bad times on the stock market and the unexplainable unemployment levels for some time.

Governments, as frequently happens, are pressed to solve all these problems with their levers of power. But the traditional remedies haven't worked and we're still watching a declining dollar.

So enter the latest government suggestions. We're told on one hand to reduce our expectations and increase our productivity. Then we're told to reduce saving and start spending to get the money back into the economy and create jobs. This tends to be confusing.

It's also hard for anyone touched by the depression, to spend when such depletion of reserves could mean hungry days if a job is lost. And when the present and future aren't being painted with the rosy glow common in most of the past 20 years, the tendency is to built up

some savings if possible "just in case." Even if the dollars saved are worth less in the future they would provide some back up in an emergency.

We're also told that some staggering sum will be spent in "make-work-projects" and we get edgy again. Every new program at the government level generates a new department or bureau and when the "make-work-projects" are long gone, the civil service is still larger. In a business they might think of it as ongoing overhead and any businessman will tell you that's what can kill you. In government it tends to be different.

If we might be permitted an opportunity to try and cut through some of the confused instruction that is coming from Ottawa we might summarize it this way: "we really don't know what's wrong and we really don't have any solutions."

Common sense isn't always politically palatable and so sometimes leaders can't expound it. But really the citizens probably know as well as anyone how to face the difficulties at their own level. If that common sense can be applied to our life styles, our expectations, and our objectives we might survive despite the confusion from Ottawa.

Can't wash hands

There is a tendency for political bodies to want to pass the buck when they have an unpopular issue to deal with.

Milton Council is no exception. From time to time councillors have attempted to excuse this and the last council from any responsibility for the rapid rate of residential growth in town.

They would have you believe that the planning and final commitment for all of the housing developments on stream or about to come on stream is the doing of previous councils which sat prior to 1974 and regional government.

It is true that previous councils provided a major incentive for growth and did the initial planning on the Victoria Wood development which will bring another 5,000 people to town.

Frequently councillors have attempted to wash their hands of any responsibility for the approval of that development.

Those councillor who are in their second term would do well to think back to 1974. One of their first deeds was to endorse the Victoria Wood project.

The Ontario Municipal Board sent the whole package back to the new council because the old one had approved it on its way out of

office and the OMB wanted the new council to take a fresh look at the proposal.

The council approved the plans and sent them back untouched. Because they did, they can not realistically wipe their hands of all responsibility for rapid growth in Milton.

If growth and providing homes for families was still a popular idea, we wonder if the councillors would be as eager to forget about their role in bringing housing to Milton.

A reality

Volunteers are out collecting funds for Milton's new Sports Centre. The Centre is to be a reality. It's already under construction. Wintario funds are available if, as a community, we are prepared to contribute. There is \$2 in Wintario dollars for each dollar you contribute and the committee and the community are depending on sufficient support. Do what you can for the volunteer who is giving up time and effort to be at your door. Support as you can in the interests of getting the centre off on a solid financial footing.

Reed jokes about his banjo playing. He



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

It's a pretty good idea to stop once in a while and give thanks. It doesn't have to be Thanksgiving Day, but it's a good time as any. It's a day to take stock, look around, be glad you're alive, and if you have anything at all to be thankful about, perhaps mutter "Thank God."

There are a few—a very few—who haven't one single thing in the world to be thankful about, and my heart goes out to them. But most of us, if we are honest, can find all sorts of things if we dig around in the detritus of our lives.

For example, my wife is inclined to get bags under her eyes on the slightest provocation. I never get them, which makes her furious, because she is five years younger than I and infinitely better looking.

"Why do you never get bags?" she snarks at me.

"Because I have a pure heart and a clean mind," I retort, which doubles her fury.

She is the one who does Yoga exercises and goes on diets. And gains weight. I am the one who never does anything more strenuous than take the cap off a bottle of beer, eats anything in sight, and has a waist like a wasp.

You see, there's lots to be thankful for. Just being alive is one thing. Millions of people aren't. And while things may be pretty groovy in heaven, and pretty gruesome in hell, I doubt seriously that either has as much to offer as being a human on this rotten earth.

I have bursitis in my shoulder, arthritis in my foot, disintegrating discs in my spine and a tooth that falls out every time I bite anything more substantial than a banana.

But on the other hand, I don't have cancer, a bum heart, high blood pressure,

diabetes, or the crud. I can still hobble around 18 holes of golf, catch a fish, and stay up till four o'clock in the morning and put in a good day's work. Boy, am I thankful.

I'm happy to be a Canadian, although it gets a little harder each year, what with inflation, unemployment, pollution, separatism and a Liberal government that is trying to get every nickel out of me before I die so I can't take it with me.

But even the government can't destroy our delight in a Canadian fall.

I've been in England, Belgium, Holland and Germany in the autumn. And believe you me, baby, none of them is within 1,000 light years of our wild and glorious October, when the Mad Artist starts throwing the colors on His palette.

I am delighted to have two grandsons, although I would be enchanted with a granddaughter, and have spoken seriously to my daughter about this. And I am deeply grateful that the little one, who went into hospital with meningitis last spring, suffered no lasting effects and is about as sturdy as a Sherman tank.

I am quite thankful that only three of the shutters are missing from my house. Instead of three, they could all have blown off in those terrible storms last winter. And I expect to have the three back on any year now.

This year, I am thankful to have a Grade Nine class to teach. What a pleasure their bright minds and faces are after coping with the blasé apathy of senior students for several years.

The boys are naive and eager. The girls haven't yet decided to become sextops. They haven't really formed yet the masks they will present to society in a year or so.

In fact, I'm exceedingly thankful to have a job I like. Many, many persons don't have a job at all, or hate the one they're doing.

I can take keen young minds, and within a year or two have them writing and spelling like this: "The squirrel wich was in the tree leaped onto the fence were he seen several aykorns reddey to be ate." It's fascinating, how one can mold young minds.

Another thing to be extremely thankful for is the ability to sleep. My wife has insomnia. A lot of my friends have it. I can lie down after any kind of a hellish day and flake out like an old rubber boot, to rise, fresh and dewey-eyed (no bgas remember), for the next day's fray.

I'm glad I'm not ugly. I am far from handsome, but I don't scare little children. Hell, if I got my teeth capped, dyed my hair and had a face-lift, I could pass for 58, which I will be next June.

I'm thankful that I have a few friends, and doubly thankful, that they are all in worse shape than I.

My nose has been broken so often I can't smell a thing. This detracts a little from enjoyment of food. But it also means I can't smell onion breath, whiskey breath, body odor or dead mice between the walls. That's the good old silver lining.

I'm a little resentful that my wife is so young and vibrant. But at the same time, I'm thankful. When I get old and miserable, and start dribbling down my front, I'll have a built-in nurse. Provided she doesn't run off with the mailman. If he isn't on strike.

Finally, I'm sincerely thankful that: our cat has taken off for greener pastures; my garage hasn't fallen down; my wife tolerates me; and I have nearly finished this column. Thank You, God.

Pages of the Past
From Champion Files

One year ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, Oct. 27, 1976

An estimated cost of \$310,000 to repair the Fred Armstrong Arena has convinced the majority of Milton Council members that a new arena is needed. The Ministry of Labor closed the arena last spring when it was found the arena, now 51 years old, did not meet 1970 National Building Standards for wind-snow loads.

Possibility of a new Milton Post Office rising on the present Armstrong Arena site and Milton Council taking over the present post office building at Main and Martin Sts. for an extension to the municipal complex, met with favorable reception from councillors Monday evening.

Officials are gearing up for Milton's municipal election on Monday, Dec. 6 and chief returning officer Jack McGeachie and his assistant Campbell Thompson this week outlined the procedure for candidates and voters interested in the 1976 election.

Mrs. Rose Harrison announced her candidacy for a seat in Ward Two this week. She is one of five newcomers joining the race in that ward.

Twenty years after his birth, Milton Mall "came of age" last week when owner John Tamai officially opened the fully enclosed climate controlled indoor mall. Mayor Anne MacArthur officiated at the ribbon cutting ceremony, using a pair of inscribed gold plated scissors to slice through a string of 100 \$1 bills fastened to a red ribbon, later donated to the Optimist Club for its various youth work programs.

20 years ago

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

Milton Rotary Club will again carry on the minor hockey program in town this winter, it was decided Tuesday. Players eight to 20 can sign up. If enough are interested, a junior team will be formed.

Halton's deer population was reduced by one Saturday, when a 500 lb. buck was struck by a car driven by Glen Colbeck, Milton, on 10 Sideroad near Appleby Line.

Milton's new zoning by-law is published in its entirety in today's Champion. It takes up two whole pages of the issue.

Advantages of metering residential water were explained to Milton Council this week by a representative of Neptune Meters. In Fonthill, they cut consumption by two-thirds, he said. "The meter is the cash register which treats everyone equally," he said.

Milton's population when he closed out the 1952 assessment rolls was 4,592, assessor Frank McNeill reported this week. However since he closed the rolls some more families have moved in and the figure has probably topped 4,600, he said. He predicts 4,700 by the end of this year. There were 4,525 on the rolls last year.

The five local taxi operators have announced a rate increase. Calls which were 35 cents are 50 cents now.

75 years ago

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

Peter Sayer's sawmill in Nassagaweya, near Brookville was burned on Wednesday, 8th inst., and was a complete loss, there being no insurance. Mr. Sayers had bought a mill in Acton and was running it, while his sons managed the old mill. When they finished work, a little earlier than usual, everything appeared to be all right. It is not known how the fire started.

Orlando C., of Kelso, who was in jail last winter as a lunatic, was in town on Monday. He said he had been assaulted and beaten by a neighbor and that he had enemies who sought to poison him or murder him by some other means.

He is still insane and a fit subject for an asylum.

The formation of the Milton Civilian Rifle Association has been authorized by the Government, and on Saturday the 10 rifles arrived here, one for every four members, also 4,000 pounds of Lee-Enfield ammunition, 100 per man.

Two wagon loads of gypsies went through town Tuesday. They carried on one wagon a sign, probably to put on their tent. It read: Royal English Gypsies.

Editor H. P. Moore, of the Acton Free Press, fell while playing golf, broke a bone in one of his legs, and will be laid up for some weeks.

On the News Beat



By Bob Burr

It was shortly after the 1975 election and Julian Reed's first trip to Queen's Park that NDP candidate Bill Johnson tagged him with the nickname the "song and dance man."

It was with a certain amount of contempt that Wicked Willie placed the title on the newly elected MPP. But since then the MPP has proven to be very much a song and dance man and the title is an appropriate one, even though Reed carries it to his credit instead of a detriment as Johnson first intended it.

Reed's background is in theatrics and drama so you shouldn't be too surprised when he pops up at a social event leading a sing song instead of delivering a political sermon.

As is the case with all politicians, Reed is frequently called upon to attend a dinner or banquet and say a few words.

In his case though, he is just as apt to sing a few songs as say a few words. It is probably not a bad idea either. Most folks would just as soon hear a few verses of "This Land is Your Land" as a lecture on the sad state of the nation or sad state of the governing party.

Besides, there is probably no quicker way to please an audience than with a well sung song. Reed's banjo can only boost his personal popularity in the riding and with a leader like Stuart Smith, personal popularity is nice to have.

Reed jokes about his banjo playing. He

hadn't been elected long when he began to get invitations to be the guest speaker at Liberal functions around the province.

"Don't kid yourself, they don't want to hear me speak, they want to hear me play my banjo and sing," he said.

It's like the MPP says, if you can't laugh at yourself and look on the lighter side of things from time to time, the whole business could become awful depressing.

Former Regional Solicitor Noel Bates made one of his rare appearances in the Halton Regional Council chambers two weeks ago to present a brief to the Bill 151 Committee.

After listening to conflicting and often unfounded statements for months on end about the proper role and future of regional government, the Bates presentation was like a breath of fresh air.

Bates says that the real issue to which the committee should be addressing itself is, how local government can be established so that it is capable and free to run its own ship.

The way it is now the municipalities, local and regional, are very much creatures and servants of and to the province.

For years now, provincial politicians and highly placed civil servants have been jibbering about returning power from Queen's Park to the municipalities.

That's all well and fine, but it is not

happening. In every instant where the province claims to be returning responsibility to the municipalities, there are conditions and strings attached.

Bates maintains that with the coming of regional government and the larger local units, the expertise to run the show exists locally. But even now the region and area councils can hardly move without the blessing of the great white father.

A large percentage of the town and regional budgets are paid for out of provincial coffers. Most municipal officials, elected or appointed, agree with Bates when he says the decisions should be made locally—but not many of them offer much hope of ever winning autonomy and severing the apron strings from the powers that be at Queen's Park.

Milton Councillor Jim Watson put it succinctly: "We're like children wanting to run away from home but we still need the allowance, so we stay home."

Roads is probably one area where the paternalism syndrome is most obvious. Each year the province allocates funds to municipalities in the province.

But before allocating funds the province insists that the municipalities hire consultants to provide what is known as a roads need study. The study comes for no less than \$25,000 and it tells councils exactly what local staff could have told them in a 15

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