

All about / **People**

A recent Champion editorial (Something to remember, July 12) sparked a responsive note in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. U. J. Waters of Milton. They had a pleasant experience on a recent trip to England, and didn't mind sharing it.

Apparently they were in Southampton and asked how to get to Penzance in Cornwall, and were told to change trains at Salisbury, then change at Exeter. On arriving at Exeter station they almost boarded the wrong train, but a man across the aisle set them straight. It turns out there were two stations at Exeter and the second one was the right one.

He not only told them how to catch the right train, they said, "he got into the train with us, saw that we were comfortably seated, shook hands with us and wished us a happy holiday." The stranger's friendly help made their trip a much more pleasant one. The moral is, we should all be friendly to visitors — it pays off.

Halton Community Credit Union officers and staffers are proud of the fourth branch office, which was opened recently in Georgetown. Phil Winer, formerly of Milton, is branch manager there. Mayor Tom Hill of Halton Hills cut a ribbon of \$100 bills to officially open the branch at Moore Park Plaza and Credit Union President Ben Reis, Vice-President Gordon Krantz, General Manager Jules Frijters, Director Gus Tielemans and founder Jim Harkin were among the officials participating in the opening ceremony.

Later this month Bruce Hood is bringing in some top-notch NHL officials to instruct referees at his International School of Refereeing, which will be staged at Drury School the last week of August. One of them is John McCauley, who's just back from the world field lacrosse championship. John, of Georgetown, was assistant coach of the Canadian team, which defeated the US team 17-16 in overtime to claim the championship at Stockport, England July 9. It was quite a thrill for the former mentor of the Brampton Excelsiors, who had lost the Mann Cup in 1976.

John's son Wesley, 6, accompanied his dad on the trip to England, as team mascot. During a break in one of the games, the P.A. announcer informed the crowd that Wesley had scored all nine of his team's goals in a recent 9-5 victory in the Brampton paperweight house league.

Paul and Sandra Mathies with family Douglas, Patti-Ann and eight month old Jennifer are in Milton for their annual visit. Paul says it's seven years now since the family moved to the sunny Florida climate and they still enjoy living there. Scotty Paton, Sandra's father, has remarried and is currently in England for a trip. Actually the editor's office at The Champion is in the former Cottage Delicatessen the Mathies operated before moving.

Most people probably wouldn't think to look at the serial number on their paper money, but Cecil King of Lowville did. He discovered the serial number of a \$2 bill match their home telephone number, in the precise same order—3351046. Now, he is wondering if anyone else has come across a similar incident.



Across the Editor's Desk

By Roy Downs

I thought readers might get a kick (as I did) out of reading this "news report" of a church mission society meeting, which was published recently in a district newspaper.

The local paper's editor had made an editorial plea, one week, for group news correspondents (or public relations secretaries, as they are officially known) to be a little more truthful, and descriptive, in their submissions to the paper. The editor's earnest call to "tell it like it is" produced this epistle, submitted by the church group's regular correspondent:

(Only the names have been changed, to protect the innocent)

The Afternoon Auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society shivered on the Manse veranda last Thursday afternoon. The members had been carted there (some against her will) through the obligatory efforts of Mrs. M—. Once arrived, some were very reluctant to leave the safety of the car, deeming having got into it sufficient athletic prowess for one day. However, by dint of much prodding and hauling on the part of those who had already accomplished this intricate feat, and grunting on the part of those who had not yet achieved, the car was finally emptied.

Before the meeting got under way, one caustic tongue accused Miss A—, the president, of being bossy. Miss A— stoutly defended her attitude, proclaiming that, since most of the members were senile, they were strongly in need of being bossed.

Some guests were half-heartedly welcomed by the president, the legitimate members loudly and vehemently declaring that they certainly had not invited them and glaring spitefully at them, from time to time. Their baleful looks were met with extended tongues.

The roll call was answered by a Bible verse, some members angrily declaring that others had stolen the one they had decided to give and accusing them of doing it on purpose.

The scripture lesson was observed by the recitation of the twenty-third psalm in unison some recalling only "The Lord is my Shepherd." The prayer was eliminated, since not even God could hear anything because of passing traffic.

Since it was the annual picnic and, therefore, not necessary to be too religious Mrs. W— and Mrs. L— filled in the time with contests testing the skill and knowledge of those present. Mrs. W— gave

one on familiar names of people of the Bible, of which the majority of the members knew practically nothing and Mrs. L— had two very long and very hard ones on the famous authors of fine, classic

al books and the town streets, both of which everyone knew even less. Mrs. W— had intended to give one on trees, also, but it had to be confiscated in order that the paper would have sufficient space to print a picture of somebody's precious offspring eating a hot dog.

There was much squabbling and quarrelling over the prizes, some maintaining that the booty awards were of more value than those fairly won. Indeed, at times, these differences of opinion developed into a real scuffle, but Miss A—, in her bossy manner, was able to quell the revolt before it came to blows.

During the lunch, a young man came in, in whom we seemed to recognize some semblance of one of the sons of the Manse, but we could not be certain of this, since his facial features were almost totally obscured by a profuse growth of manly shrubbery.

Throughout the meeting one member, in an audible mumble, expressed her delight at the elimination of the contest on trees, insisting that it was not true that only God could make a tree, she herself, having made one last Christmas.

A pot luck lunch (much pot and some mere luck) brought the pleasant afternoon to a close, during which juicy bits of gossip about the minister and his family and prominent members of the congregation were much enjoyed.

Our readers write

Health problem

Dear Mr. Downs:

I would like to find out why a very bad situation is allowed to continue in our town. I have a very bad lung condition, which is gradually getting worse. This condition is being aggravated by the Imperial Oil Company operation which is adjacent to our back yard.

They park their four big oil trucks and half ton truck with the tail ends backing into our yard, so we get all the fumes from these trucks.

When I asked the owner to do something, he paid no attention to me. So I have written to the mayor, I called Pollution Control in Oakville, I had a man from the Health Unit here and I spoke to the big shots from Esso's head office. No-one does anything about this health hazard.

The firemen have seen the oil-saturated ground, which is a fire hazard, but nobody does anything. As a taxpayer and lifetime resident of Milton, I am wondering why no-one seems to be able to put a stop to what is going on — in the centre of town.

Talk about eyesores — this is an outstanding one.

Anne MacArthur our new council member was here, but she lives in the country (as does Don Gordon) and they are not the least bit concerned.

I am now going to the press, to find out why Imperial Oil is allowed to pollute the environment and people's lungs, and get away with it. Money can talk, but it can also kill. I hope the powers-that-be will give me a good reason why I should have to inhale all these fumes — which are killing me and my husband, day by day.

Yours Truly,
Edith Sharpe,
429 Pearl St., Milton.

Save office

Dear Sir:

I think the town council should not tear down the post-office building. If you knock down the building, you knock down the clock which is a characteristic of our town... even though it is not always the right time.

The old post office building and the clock are part of the history of our town.

Claudine Lambert
Age 10
79 Martin Street

OUR READERS WRITE:

Rules for hikers

Dear Editor:

In recent days there has been much controversy with respect to the Bruce Trail. Many people do not realize that a large portion of the Trail passes over private property. Instead they think that this footpath is owned by the government and that, while on the trail, they can behave as they like. Users of the trail should realize that we can hike along the Bruce Trail only because kind property owners have their permission to use their property.

In order to maintain this good rapport between landowners and hikers it is important that trail users follow the white blazes and do not stray from the trail. It will be helpful to know that the Bruce Trail Association publishes a guidebook and that this book, with colored maps, is available to non-members for a cost of \$7. The book can be obtained by writing the Bruce Trail Association, 33 Hardale Crescent, Hamilton L8T 1X7.

The continued existence of the trail will depend on hikers respecting the rights of the public-spirited landowners by strictly adhering to the following Trail Users Code:

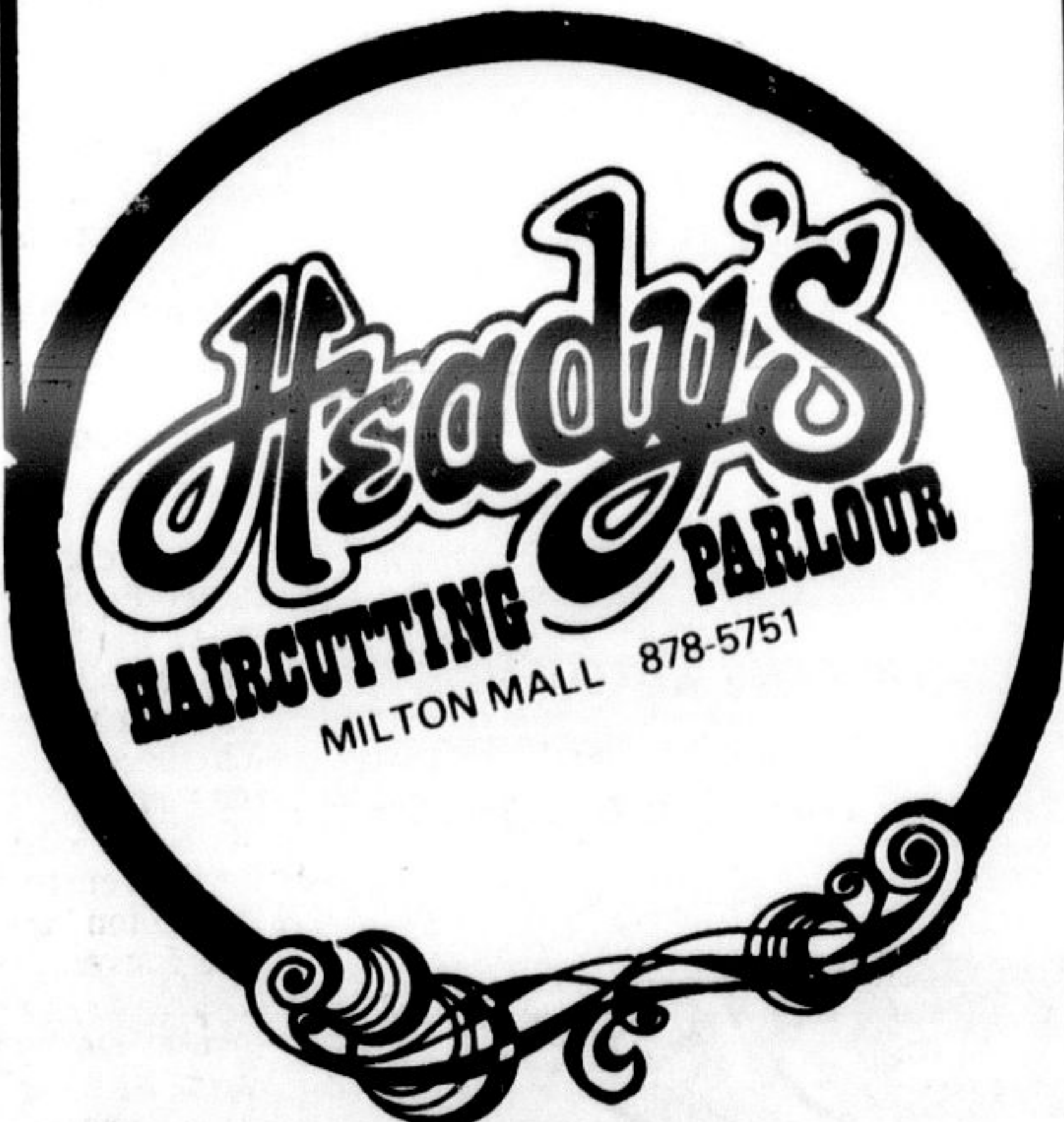
- Hike only along marked routes.
- Do not climb fences—use the stiles.
- Carry out all garbage (if you can carry it in you can carry it out).
- Light fires for cooking at official campsites only—drench fires after use. (Better still, carry lightweight hikers stove.)
- Leave flowers and plants for others to enjoy.
- Never strip bark from trees.
- Keep dogs on the leash, on or near farm land.
- Walk around the edge of fields—not across them.
- Protect and do not disturb wild life.
- Leave only your thanks, and take nothing but photographs.

Yours sincerely,
A. Matulewicz, President,
Caledon Hills B.T.C.,
1162 Queens Blvd.,
Kitchener

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