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The Canadian Champion

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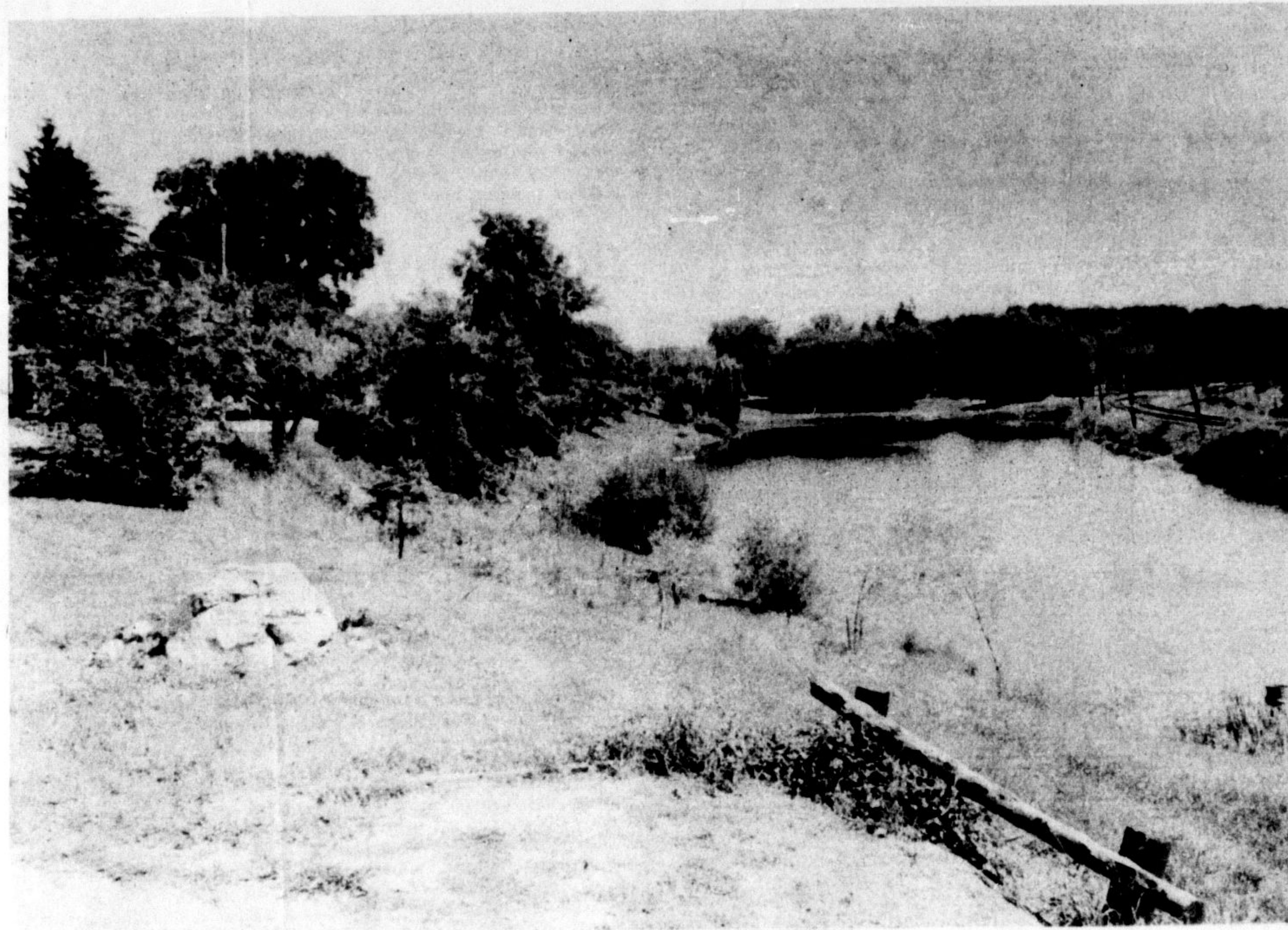
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Champion Editorial Page



SCENIC POND graces the village of Campbellville on a sunny summer's day.

Bulldoze history?

It seems incredibly presumptuous that the chief administrative officer of Halton Region would recommend to a committee that the historic jail and court house on Brown St. be demolished.

But he did just that and the recommendation is to be considered at a meeting today (Wednesday).

Zap—just like that. The easy way to get rid of the problem is to demolish it and lease the site to the town of Milton for use as a public park.

He would retain the old registry office for region office space, the police department could stay in the former jailers' house, and the health unit building should be sold.

While acknowledging that uses by community groups were suggested, the chief administrative officer writes them off. "Experience with public buildings turned over to private agencies, particularly clubs and citizens' groups, has in the past not produced the best results," he writes. No supporting experience and no investigation of alternatives that might include reference to provincially funded heritage groups.

At this writing we can't anticipate what the attitude of the administration committee of the region might be when it receives this report. We find it astonishing that such a recommendation would ever get this far. It reflects an insensitivity to the historic and architectural features of the property that dates back to the origin of Halton.

There is no doubt that the property presents some problems. To be useful it will require expenditures, but it is astonishing that this property was not worthy of more than the usual canvassing of local government departments in seeking some alternatives.

This is not just a modern building without roots or character. This is a building that has been the scene of county government in Halton for more than a century. Its design is unique, it faces a park and its solid stone construction reflects stability.

There has been no real opportunity for public input beyond presentations, hastily put together, by some groups who expressed

No help needed?

According to Ontario Housing Corporation, there just aren't enough families who need assistance with housing accommodation to justify the construction of a 21-unit, rent-gated-to-income complex in Milton.

The statement is simply and absolutely ludicrous. Ten years ago when OHC surveyed the area, it claimed a need existed.

Since then rents and real estate have increased dramatically. But now we are told there is no need.

So where have all the needy people gone, while they waited a decade for OHC to shuffle paper and convince town council that the project should go?

With more people on welfare and unemployment than at probably any other time in history, it's difficult to believe there is no need.

Could it be that the paper-shuffling bureaucrats never left Toronto in their efforts to determine need?

interest when the subject was first presented to the public. They themselves, during the holiday period, have not had time for the detailed study which would produce more concrete plans.

There seems to have been no consideration or reference to the Ontario Heritage Foundation or other such groups that might be interested in the future of the building. Indeed, the region itself has not apparently even considered a feasibility study on the property which might uncover the very practical ways in which the property could continue to be used. If such a study cost a few thousand dollars it would still be dwarfed by some studies on other projects undertaken by the region.

It is not that the community has been completely silent on the issue. The Legion has indicated its interest in the property, the Kinsmen and Senior Citizens have indicated an interest in the original registry office. The Milton Council has coordinated requests to the region. The Historical Society has underlined the important historic aspects of the property.

If the region is serious about doing something with, rather than simply destroying to rid itself of a problem, it could publicly seek input from all areas of the region. Certainly those with an appreciation of the county's history are aware of the importance of the old jail and court house, no matter where they may live in the region.

It has been logical for local groups and interests to communicate with their local council expecting some hearing at the region. From the regional treatment of local input, and the recommendation of a staff member, it is clear that the region must be the focus for input, however difficult that may be for volunteer organizations.

Hopefully clearer political minds will see the seriousness of a recommendation to destroy the County Court House and Jail. Hopefully they will require more than a flip suggestion a parking lot is better. Hopefully they will be prepared to give the subject much more serious study.

But clearly, time is running out and individual citizens are now required to make their voice heard for the preservation of the historic buildings before the bulldozers line up.

Sugar and Spice

Guest column: Highway paranoia

By Bill Smiley



YOUR Heading this week is misleading. When this appears, Bill Smiley will be in Rome or somewhere, tossing nuns in a fountain. The perpetrator of the following is Roger Bell, a young English teacher, poet, motorcyclist and general disturber of the status quo. He is also a wit, satirist of the first order, idealist, lousy golfer, and unusual farmer. His radishes look like red softballs. Take it away, Roger.

I am, as Smiley stated in his rather flattering introduction, a novice motorcyclist, recently introduced to this liberating and exhilarating pastime. Lately, however, this freedom and excitement have become tempered by all-consuming fear, and I am falling victim to a psychological malady called Highway-Biway Paranoia.

It happens almost everytime I crank up my two-wheeled beast and ramble down the roadways—some idiot, in his four-wheeled, gas-guzzling monstrosity attempts to verify the natural law which states that, if struck by an auto, bounce 12 times on his cranium before skidding to a halt on gravel-gouged hands and knees.

It has reached the point where I question how most of these pilots of destruction received their licences in the first place. Some, obviously, were given the right to run over anything that twitches, in the days when a driver's requirements consisted only of being able to see the end of this nose, and having the ability to spit and walk simultaneously.

Others must have received their permits from mail-order universities or boxes of Crackerjacks. A third group is those having connections high up in the Ministry of Transport. The rest, I suppose, were granted licences out of sheer desperation by harassed examiners who were afraid of further risking their lives with those people in future tests.

By now you're feeling I have an over-blown ego. "This turkey," you scream, "thinks he is the world's best driver." I am. At least, I have to feel that I am, in

order to survive the army of motorized assassins who lurk in the asphalt jungle surrounding my home.

This army has all types of killers, each trained in his own special method of annihilation.

There are the snales, those decelerated demons who poke along, waiting for some unsuspecting victim to hurtle into them from behind and get a mouthful of tail-light.

At the opposite end of the spectrum are the quicksivers, who feel that dogs, kids and little old ladies are hindering them in their attempts at setting a new land speed record.

The gawkers usually inhabit country roads. These are rubberneckers, who, slack-jawed at nature's beauty or intoxicated by the aroma of fresh cow dung, allow their vehicles to meander drunkenly across centre lines, onto the shoulder, wherever.

There are also the creepers, those timorous souls who halt at stop signs, then nose forward into traffic, and their black-sheep cousins the ignorants, who feel that God put them on earth to be aggressive. Why should they yield the right of way? Let the other slob stop.

We have the opposites, a bunch who signal a left turn, then swing right, catching unwary fools who follow the rules by surprise. Occasionally they will cross up potential victims by signalling at all, then abruptly changing direction.

Finally, we examine the just plain malicious, those loonies who delight in scaring the hell out of others by approaching at Warp Factor Five from behind, then taigating for five miles. They gleefully speed up when someone attempts to pass them, leaving the passer stranded and fair

game for oncoming cars. They slobber with joy when they can run a cyclist into the ditch or squash someone's family pet. They are the most formidable and dangerous road opponents because, instead of being incompetent, they are irrational.

What frightens me more is that, instead of declining, this horde of motorized maniacs is proliferating. In view of this, I have some solutions for self-defense.

I could mount a recoilless 30 mm tank cannon on my handlebars. Whenever the need arose, I could blast the offender to Kingdom Come, and sail obliviously onward.

I could buy a war surplus tank and clank fearlessly along, crunching snails and opposites undertread, secure in the know-

ledge that whoever ran into me would suffer more than I.

The government could come to my aid and institute a new licensing system with only two categories—Good and Bring in the Ambulances. Those drivers in the latter category would be required to have flashing neon signs on their car roofs to warn good drivers of their presence, giving us time to seek sanctuary.

It is unlikely, however, that these solutions will prove acceptable to the powers that be, so I continue my present tactics of self-defense—riding along with fears in my mouth and a wall of profanity around me so thick that a jet-powered Mack truck couldn't penetrate.

Turning the Pages of the Past

From the files of The Canadian Champion

One year ago

Taken from the Wednesday, Aug. 24, 1977 issue

About 173 workers in the Milton and Scarborough plants of Frankel Steel Ltd. walked out Friday at 10.30 p.m. when negotiations over a new contract reached an impasse. The main stumbling block as far as workers are concerned is the company's proposal for a three-year contract.

Wheelabrator Corporation of Canada Ltd., manufacturers of cleaning materials and environmental systems for air pollution control, has reached an agreement with Barber-Greene Canada Ltd. to purchase their building and property.

The fate of the Glen Eden Ski expansion at Kelso Conservation Area is presently in limbo awaiting the Ministry of Culture and Recreation's approval of a \$133,333 winter grant for the project.

Ontario Public Health Nurses have been without a contract for over two years and some nurses are feeling the pinch. "We are living on 1975 salaries," complained Sharon Campbell, the president of the Halton local of the Ontario Nurses Association. It is because of the public health nurse's job qualifications that the nurses are demanding wage parity with hospital nurses.

Construction on Milton's first major youth centre is expected to begin in about two weeks. Bob Lives, president of the Milton Optimist Club which is sponsoring the \$375,000 project, said the centre has been the dream of the Optimists since 1967.

20 years ago

From the Aug. 21, 1958 issue
Halton Council has accepted a gift of 100 acres of farm land, for Reforestation and conservation purposes. The land is being donated by Dr. Juliet Turney and Mrs. Hazel Matthews, and is on the Base Line of Trafalgar between the Fifth and Sixth Lines.

Governor E. G. Ryder of Halton Jail appeared before county council this week to ask for higher guard salaries. He blamed his failure to hire an extra guard for a position open since April, on the \$2,800 starting rate.

A small air conditioner is working wonders these hot and sticky Monday evenings, in Milton Council Chamber. The machine cost \$421.

Milton's watering restrictions by-law was given some "teeth" Monday, in the form of a \$50 fine for those who disobey.

A new class for goats has been added to the fall fair prize list this year.

Halton's volunteer civil defence organization is looking for more volunteers. There are 192 now and Brig. G. E. R. Smith wants 8,000.

Danny Kaye, "Clown Prince of Comedy", headlines the CNE which runs Aug. 20 to Sept. 6 this year.

Construction of roads or overpasses can be seen by motorists throughout this area. Highway 25 South is being torn up and on the Base Line between Trafalgar and Esquesing, workmen are erecting a cement overpass, 124 feet long with a 24-foot clearance over the CPR tracks. Trees are being cut down on Highway 25 north of town and workmen are busy building overpasses for Highway 401. Just over a million dollars' worth of grading and overpass contracts for this area were recently given out by the Department of Highways, for preliminary work on 401.

75 years ago

From the Aug. 20, 1903 issue

Mrs. Matthew Clements died on Sunday evening at about 7.30 of pneumonia. She had been ailing for a long time, and though her recent accident no doubt accelerated her death, it was not its direct cause.

W. N. Scott got home on Sunday from his trip to the Canadian Northwest. He looks as though it agreed with him and he says he was greatly impressed with what he saw of the country and believes it has a great future before it, though in his opinion the wheat crop of this year is not as good as reported.

The public school buildings have been improved during the vacation. The inside woodwork has been painted and new ball bearing individual desks for pupils have been put into Miss Pattison's department.

Robert Pewtress, of Trafalgar, left last week for a three month trip to the Pacific coast.

Robert Darrah went to Hamilton on Monday, intending to remain until the end of the carnival, but he returned yesterday evening tired out. The crush was too great for him.

M. E. Mitchell, of the Queen's Hotel, Brampton paid Milton a visit on Sunday.

A number of the members of the Milton Rifle Club turn out every Saturday for practice at the ranges near the works of Toronto Pressed Brick and Terra Cotta Co., and the tyres are improving fast.

Newsbeat

He'll live to fight again

By Bob Burt



Ric Morrow established a reputation as a scrapper shortly after his debut in municipal politics some 10 years ago.

During his term in the chairman's office he earned the reputation of a tough, stubborn, hard-nosed politician.

Many of the councillors who chose Morrow for the chairman's job saw in him someone who would read council's wish and pursue it through the appropriate channels.

They were soon shocked, disappointed and angry with Morrow's behaviour on the throne. They had criticized his predecessor for a lack of leadership and control over council. But for those who disapproved of Morrow's performance, it wasn't because of a lack of leadership. Once Morrow established which way he was going on any issue, he poured every ounce of energy into the fight, pushing, pulling, duping colleagues along the way.

If you were reviewing his performance at the head of the 48-foot monster you'd have to give him full marks for guts. Morrow has taken leadership and shouldered the full brunt of criticism for stands he has taken on controversial issues.

Morrow pushed for new headquarters, he took the landfill issue by the horns and it is largely due to his pushing the issue that the thing will finally come to an Ontario Municipal Board Hearing. The route he has taken on landfill is one I find difficult to condone or tolerate, but the fact is — he had the guts to take a stand when a lot of councillors were content to let things ride with no obvious answer at hand.

His stand on uniform water rates has caused opponents to heap abuse and personal criticisms on him.

Morrow, like Allan Masson before him, continuously battled against a solid wall of resistance when he tried to explain the virtues of regionalism and specifically sharing costs for water and sewers.

The most recent clash on that count came Wednesday when council once again turned down a bid for equalized water rates.

Morrow is bound and determined that uniform rates is the way to go. He may have lost the battle on that one, but the war will wage on and you can be certain Morrow will have another stab at that one before concluding his term this fall.

Morrow avoided being tagged as a parochial chairman during his term. It wouldn't be fair or accurate to say that he did any sort of special favors for the north.

But he did carry with him a perception of the north that probably won't be equalled by whoever his successor is. The sheer voting power that the south has, makes it impossible for a chairman to short shift the south, — but the converse isn't necessarily true.

Morrow is viewed by his cohorts on council as a political animal who needs politics to keep the adrenalin flowing.

They almost unanimously agree that what Morrow is looking for is a rest, not retirement. They claim that he'll live to fight another day.

There's little doubt that Morrow will enjoy the sanctity of his home and the sanity of coping with only one job for a while.

How long?, is the question, and just where he'll pop up is another question. His name is already been connected with the Halton Hills mayor's office, the region and the legislature.