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**The Canadian Champion**

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**The bond of pride**

Across the scene of belching smoke stacks, purring models, power-laden tractors, a whirling saw mill or sweating threshers at the weekend Steam-Era was a strong undercurrent of pride.

The weather was right, the crowds came, the displays were impressive and the setting seemed ideal, but the common bond was pride.

Steam-Era, now having completed its 18th show in Milton, is one that draws crowds year after year from the area and from great distances. It is automatically linked with the Labor Day weekend and planning seems to begin for the next show when one has just ended.

It's more than a show, of course. It's a reunion and those veterans who have now been participants in every annual get-together share among other bonds, the bond of pride.

What else would motivate people to seek out, restore over long hours, and display for all to see, the sources of power that would otherwise have been lost?

Watch one of the enthusiasts work with a piece of equipment, lining it up to provide power for threshing, for a saw mill, or for a parade. They're proud of the equipment and probably a little nostalgic about earlier times when the heavy equipment was in

regular use. Sharing that pride in the hulking steaming giants, or the small purring models, or the tractors of various vintage and styles, is what Steam-Era is all about.

The people who keep Steam-Era going year after year are dedicated to preserving that equipment of earlier times and the annual display develops new fans each year. Where once it was older men who remembered the operation of the equipment, it is now their sons who bring their sons to see a living demonstration that is so much more exciting than words or stories retold.

The restoration work will continue while there are still remnants of equipment to be obtained. Men are still proud to return a piece of equipment to its earlier glory and their pride in displaying it for others to see is what keeps Steam-Era an ongoing event.

The smoke and dust have settled for another year on another show and reunion, but far from having dimmed the interest, it has probably stimulated new interest in others who will find pride in coming again, perhaps with their machine. And there seems always to be a returning group of show veterans who are already planning for Milton next Labor Day weekend.

**Beneficial involvement**

Regardless of the amount of enthusiasm of a group the improvements made on a street, the planting of new trees, or extensive promotional efforts, the prevalence of flying papers, clutter and debris can undo it all.

At one time crews swept the main street and others on a daily basis. It showed. But rising costs made that impossible and the schedule was reduced. The unfortunate result is that those who carelessly throw debris on the street after an evening of lounging around, leave a scar which is clearly visible each morning.

Some merchants attack the problem regularly with a broom and sweep the sidewalk clear of the debris by pushing it into the curb. That doesn't really answer the problem.

Some merchants solve the problem by sweeping the sidewalk and picking up the debris. That's the answer, although it isn't a popular one.

Some of us need to be reminded of the problem and that's enough to get us going again when we've become lax. There will unfortunately always be those who will shrug it off as a town

responsibility, but that's just adding to the tax burden unnecessarily.

On Labor Day, the street presented an attractive appearance. It had been cleaned sometime, probably early in the morning, because normally the overnight accumulation of pop tins, chip bags, chocolate bar wrappers, cigarette packages, styrofoam cups and endless other junk is clearly evident.

Waste containers will catch some of it, but those who are irresponsible about litter, would rather tip one over than use it and we've given up hoping for a change in attitude in that type of person.

Main St. isn't the only area that can benefit from interest and participation in the clean up. But as we drove around a number of streets over the weekend and saw tidy lawns, attractive gardens and well surfaced streets, we realized how a little extra effort makes everyone's view a lot more pleasant.

Cutting the litter or cleaning it up isn't something to leave to someone else. We can all be involved, beneficially.



THE PAST CAME TO LIFE AGAIN in Milton on labor day weekend as the 18th annual version of the Steam-Era reunions was staged in the fair grounds. The Saturday parade through town was one of the highlights and part of the parade is pictured here as it winds its way up Main St. before

one of the largest crowds in recent years. Steam engines, gas tractors and vintage cars and trucks made up the parade. More Steam-Era news and photos throughout today's Champion.

**Sugar and Spice**

By Bill Smiley



**By all means, go to Europe**

If you have the constitution of a bull moose, the alimentary ability of an earth-worm, the faculty of sleeping anytime, anywhere, like a cat, a cast-iron stomach, and a very friendly bank manager, by all means take a trip to Europe.

If, on the other hand, you have fallen arches, constipation, hemorrhoids, a tricky stomach, insomnia, an aversion to heights or public toilets or foreigners, and less than twice as much money as you think you'll need, by all means don't.

You start off eagerly to Europe to look at ancient ruins, and come home looking like one.

They tell me there are 50 million little old ladies tearing around Europe taking notes and pictures, missing none of the sights, eating the most incredible food, and slugging down the vino when they wouldn't even take a sherry at Christmas, back home.

I believe it. I've seen them. But there's one less now. I set off in pretty good shape, in my prime. I came home feeling like a little old lady.

If you have a loathing for winos, don't go. You'll probably come back one yourself. If you aren't gregarious, don't like people, feel some kind of phobia in mobs, don't go. You'd be miserable.

If you tend to get sick on buses, airplanes, trains, and boats, better stay home. You'd be sick all the time.

If you are going with a spouse or companion, you'll end your trip either full of deepest hatred, or with a new tolerance, love, whatever.

After these preliminary alarming notes, I'm forced to admit we had a trip that was merveilleuse, bellissima, fantastic and wunderbar. See how travel broadens one?

It's not the only way travel is broaden-

ing. I can eat and drink anything and never gain an ounce. But I watched with growing horror as some of the ladies in our group, who began the trip fairly svelte, went up like balloons under a steady barrage of French pastries, Italian pasta, Dutch du lings, Swiss chocolate, and a five-course dinner every night.

I mentioned our "group". Yes, we were bourgeois enough to take a guided tour. Many people, particularly the young, sneer at this. "That's no way to see the real Europe," they pontificate. To some extent, I agree. The best way to do it is with a back-pack, a year to spend, and a sucker of a father back home, ready to bail you out.

But middle-aged couples who can hardly carry the garbage out aren't fit to slug around all day with a sixty-pound pack on the back.

Most young couples with three weeks holiday haven't the time. And many other people, who have both the time and the strength, just don't want the grubbiness of hostels and hitch-hiking, suspect water, filthy toilets and the ever-present danger of being ripped off or winding up in the local clinic for some unknown reason.

Unless you are filthy rich, have a good working knowledge of several languages, and have plenty of time, take my word. Take a planned tour.

We were lucky, lucky. We were a mixed bag of about 42: Americans, Australians and Canadians. There wasn't one our apple in the barrel. Everybody was concerned when someone was lost, or sick, or a bag was missing. We shared picnic lunches on a train, bottles of wine on a boat, hair-dryers and irons, kisses and hugs and jokes and worries.

Everybody kept an eye on the ubiquitous Larry, 8, and game Granny, 75, both of whom came through with flying colors. We became a large family. Two sprightly

ladies from Texas insisted (and they weren't kidding) that we all have a reunion in that sovereign state at Christmas.

When we had our farewell party in Paris, it was a combination of New Year's Eve and the Mardi Gras. I was kissed and hugged and wept upon by so many ladies of various ages, shapes and accents that I was wishing the trip was starting all over again.

Perhaps that was the greatest thing we learned on the trip, although the whole thing was a tremendous educational experience in art and history—that almost all people have a warmth and decency and plain goodness in them, once the everyday facade is broken through.

There was another way in which we were extremely fortunate, as well. We

had—and I say it without qualification, the best tour guide and the best bus driver in all of Europe, Annette and Giovanni.

For the first couple of days, I thought Annette, a blonde Dutch girl, was a relic of the Gestapo, as she bullied, pushed, pulled, urged, and rounded up stragglers like a sheep dog. I thought Giovanni was a rather surly Italian. How wrong one can be!

By day three, we all knew that Annette knew her way through Europe as we know our way around our own houses, that she knew how to get us, ahead of the mobs, to the best place to eat, to shop, to go to the toilet. By the time Giovanni had taken us through the hair-pin roads of the first Alps, and had helped every lady off the bus at every stop, with a smile, we knew he was prima. More later.

**Turning the Pages of the Past**

From the files of The Canadian Champion

**One year ago**

From the Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1977 issue  
Normally an 11-year-old centre-left winger would have no problem registering on a pee wee house league team in the Milton Minor Hockey Association. However, because Tracey Horne is a girl, she is not allowed to play organized hockey with the boys.

The financial foundation for the Community Sports Centre Campaign '77 was poured Friday night as the fund-raising committee deposited \$1,200, in the kitty and sold over 150 tickets on the trip to Hawaii draw.

A Sunday opening—the first for the annual Steam-Era reunion in Milton was met with mixed reactions over Labor Day weekend in the fair grounds.

Milton Jaycees will attempt to meet charter requirements of membership Monday evening as they meet at the Bavarian Restaurant in Milton Mall. There are 10 members now but 15 are required before a charter will be granted by Canada Jaycees.

On July 31, 31-year-old Cheryl Wakely was knocked unconscious at Sauble Beach when lightning ripped through her neck and shoulder, travelling across the top part of her body. According to doctors who have treated her, only one other person, a woman in Holland has ever survived such an experience. She died about six months later. It has been estimated the woman received millions of volts from the lightning bolt.

**20 years ago**

From the Sept. 4, 1958 issue  
Trophy winners at the annual P. L. Robertson golf tournament Saturday at Cutten Fields, Guelph, were Jim Sproat and Bob McPhail. Sproat won low gross with 87 and McPhail won a sudden death playoff for low net honors, over George Carruthers. Roy Weston was acclaimed "most honest golfer" on his first trip to the greens, with a grand score of 161.

Following the resignation of L. O. Skuce, Robert F. Bornhold has been named inspector in Halton, after serving as Mr. Skuce's assistant for the past six years. W. Leonard McNeil will join the inspectorate staff this week. He is a former principal in North York.

Raymond Long, formerly of Waterdown, took over the position of principal at the new W.I. Dick School when classes opened

**On the Newsbeat**

**Lull before election**

By Bob Burt



Within the next two months municipal politicians will return to the platforms in schools and community halls to report on their stewardship over the last two years.

The political scene seems extraordinarily quiet. Although almost all of the incumbent town councillors have expressed their dissatisfaction with our current leader, none of the 10 incumbents have publicly indicated intentions of going for the brass ring.

Many onlookers are keeping a close eye on former mayor Anne MacArthur. Mrs. MacArthur enjoyed a brief sabbatical from public life after being turfed from the mayor's office last time around.

Council appointed her to fill the vacancy created by the departure of Councillor Emmerson McCready. The appointment was made much to the chagrin of Mayor Don Gordon.

The feeling in some circles is that Mrs. MacArthur won't be content to run as a councillor and will be back for a rematch.

In spite of reports quoting her as saying that's a no-go situation, some people find

that story a tough one to buy. Regional Councillor Jim Kerr was once touted as a mayoralty candidate but he apparently has discarded the idea. Kerr has come off looking badly in a couple of clashes with the mayor and that would probably work against him.

Veteran Councillor Gord Krantz seems to be the most popular choice among the councillors themselves. But Krantz hasn't announced his intentions. The last time I asked about his interest in the job, he smiled from ear to ear. You'll have to interpret just what that might mean.

Gus Goutouski and Bill (Wicked Willie) Johnson will both seek regional seats. Neither are on council now.

Both are colorful characters and both hail from rural Nassagaweya. Goutouski's not saying where he'll make his assault, but Johnson will give Councillor Jim Watson a run for his seat, assuming Watson runs again.

Watson represents rural wards one and three on regional council.

Johnson is a fiery little character who has

carved a reputation as a fighter. Johnson says he'll run on an independent ticket, without any support from the New Democratic Party which he has served on two occasions as a candidate.

Johnson's past history is a classic example of the NDP. He's been the kind of guy neighbors turn to when they have a problem—but not the kind of guy they elect when the time for that comes.

Word is that Blanche Hinton will give it another go. Blanche ran the last time around, but didn't make it.

She made her debut into local politics during the great arena debate. When the final salvo was fired in that battle, the rink she was fighting to save was subjected to the demolition crew.

Blanche carried a high profile for weeks in her efforts to save the rink. The real problem with that issue is, the town seems split down the middle. And while she picked up some real avid supporters, she probably ended up with as many people against her as there were for her.

Elections are almost a month early this