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**The Canadian Champion**

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## Testing the water

The need for an indoor swimming pool for Milton has been discussed many times, but the Parks and Recreation department is taking a logical step in surveying to determine a tangible indication of interest.

There is no doubt construction of an indoor pool would require some form of campaign for donations. Those who canvassed for the Laurier Ave. Arena were apparently often told individuals would support a pool, but not an arena. Hopefully the survey being undertaken by the department will clarify the extent of support as well as use for an indoor pool.

Without a clear indication of support not only of a financial nature but also in interest and willingness to spearhead a campaign, it will be difficult for elected officials to press forward on the project.

Recently, municipalities constructed pools in conjunction with high schools. The Board of Education, in return for use of the pool by students, paid the operating costs annually. The Board is taking another look at that policy. A new cost sharing formula will be developed and it will be that formula that will apply if Milton builds a new pool, in conjunction with a school. Milton is the only town in Halton without a public indoor pool.

The advantages of an indoor pool hardly need to be enumerated. It is the one community resource that can be used by the youngest and the oldest citizens. It is one facility that caters equally to boys and girls.

Some of the advantages have been felt by the community in the limited availability of the pool at the E. C. Drury School. For some years now access has been provided, although perhaps not as much as would be desired.

Had the town not required a new second arena it is conceivable that a pool would have been built. There was, however, a commitment that if funds remained after construction of the Laurier Ave. arena, it would be the foundation of a pool fund. We understand a pool fund does have a start as a result of that plan, if the community chooses to move ahead.

There should be no misunderstanding, though. Pools are not cheap to build, nor to maintain. Locating a pool to the satisfaction of everyone will be difficult, if not impossible, and unless there is a deeply committed group of citizens spearheading the program it will be extremely difficult to achieve.

We hope when you are surveyed on the need for a pool you will reflect your honest feelings, so the survey can be a realistic barometer of the public mood.

## Commenting briefly

### West of where?

Our award for the Most Glaring Omission of the Week goes to Glenn Platt who, in Sunday's Toronto Sun waxed poetic about the beautiful homes built by Sandbury Homes in a place called "Timber Lea Estates". Platt describes it as "just west of Mississauga" and "10 minutes' drive west on Derry Rd. from the Mississauga Town Centre" and suggests the homes would be great for "people who work in west Metro Toronto." How to get there? Drive west three miles from Trafalgar Rd. on Derry Rd., says he. Hey, isn't that in Milton, isn't it our new Timberlea subdivision he's talking about? Sure is — but nowhere does the article mention Milton. We don't think Milton's such a bad place, but obviously if you're selling real estate it's better to be "just west of Mississauga" than in Milton. We think The Sun owes Miltonians an apology.

### In the wings?

By-election results will continue to be interpreted but there are some hard lessons in the outcome for the Liberals. Perhaps the hardest may be that the magic of Pierre Trudeau has lost its sparkle. And will John Turner remain in the wings?

### Dark curb

There's a sharp narrowing of Commercial St. now as you drive north past Sydney St., a reader pointed out the other day. The curbing, painted white, might catch more attention and keep someone from taking a nosedive over the bank. Currently the dark colored curb can be hard to see in the dark.

### More vandalism

We seem to moan a lot about street vandalism but it really gripes us. Prior to the July 1 events on the street we had the waste container repainted and lettered. It lasted about 24 hours before someone with a sharp point engraved ob-

scenities. We opted to leave it. Someone else obliterated it. Recently the container was turned around, exposing another untouched side. That has also been vandalized. Paint spray cans have been used to transform clean brick walls into graffiti displays. Doesn't anyone ever see it happen?

### Shortsighted

Halton Recovery House, the local home for recovering male alcoholics, will likely have to close by Christmas, due to provincial spending restraints. It's a shame the funds had to be cut off, for in less than three years the House has assisted 34 men who would otherwise have had to be hospitalized, jailed, or left without aid. Its work probably saved the equivalent of its annual \$26,000 budget, but its loss means the end of another good health care agency.

### Healthy sign

More candidates are emerging for elected positions and the deadline is next Monday for the filing of nomination papers. It appears there won't be a shortage of candidates for the positions, which indicates a healthy community. The date for everyone to remember is Monday, Nov. 13 when you have a chance to mark your ballot for council and board of education representation.

### Suitable honor

Driving around the roads of the new Timberlea area (east of Ontario St. and north of Derry Rd.) we were pleased to see one of the streets is Gowland Cres. The name honors a family that has had considerable involvement in the community. By way of interest it was Dr. M. E. Gowland who was president of the private firm that built the now-demolished Brown St. arena. In those days the town didn't build much in the way of sports facilities.



LOVELY WEATHER for a Sunday drive in the countryside to grasp a final glimpse of the colorful fall splendor mother nature has painted. The carriage and period dress is a promotion for the 1978 Royal Winter Fair to be held at the Canadian National Exhibition Nov. 9 to 17.

## Sugar and Spice

# The pleasures of being a writer

By Bill Smiley



One of the deepest satisfactions in writing a column of this kind is the knowledge that you are getting into print the angers and frustrations of a lot of other people, who have no recourse for their resentments, and consequently take them out on the old man or the old lady.

How do you know this? Well, because people write you letters cheering you on to further attacks, and other people come up to you, perfect strangers, shake hands warmly, and say, "By the Holy Ole Jumpin'! Bill, you really hit the nail on the head."

This can be a little disconcerting, as you are never quite sure which nail they are referring to. If the congratulator is a woman, I smile weakly and change the subject. Because sure as guns, though she thought you were one of nature's noblemen for your assault on male chauvinism last week, she'll turn on you like a snake when she reads tomorrow's paper, with the column exposing female chauvinism.

Speaking recently to a class of potential writers in a creative writing course, I tried to pass along the personal satisfaction one gets from this type of personal journalism.

I emphasized the "personal" satisfaction, because there's a lot more of that involved than there is of the other kind, financial satisfaction. Columnists and freelance writers have no union working for them, nor any professional association, as have doctors, lawyers, teachers.

They have only their own talent and wit and perseverance with which to penetrate the thick heads and thicker skins of editors and publishers.

But it's a great feeling when you vent your wrath, say, about the rapaciousness of mechanics, and you are button-holed six times in the next three days by people with horror stories about mechanics you can scarcely believe.

Trouble is, they all want you to write another column about mechanics, and put some real meat into it. This means, in effect, that they would happily stand in the

wings and applaud when you were sued for libel.

Some readers would like you to be constantly attacking whatever it is that they don't like. Capitalist friends are aghast when you refuse to launch an assault on capital gains taxes. Wellarist friends think you are a traitor and a fink when you won't attack the government for not providing color TV for everyone on the take.

I am not by nature an attacker, and I think there is nothing more boring than a writer of any kind who tries to make a career of being a "hard-hitting" journalist.

Once in a while my gently bubbling nature boils over. Throwing caution and syntax to the winds, I let my spleen have a field day and try to throw some sand in the grease with which many aspects of society are trying to give us a snow job. And that's one of the finest paragraphs I've ever written, if mixed metaphors are your bag.

Fair game for the hard-hitter are: garage mechanics, plumbers, postal workers, supermarkets, civil servants, and politicians. Most of them can't hit back, and everybody hates them, except garage mechanics and their wives, plumbers and their wives, etc. etc.

Smaller fry are doctors, lawyers, teachers, used car salesmen. They all squeal like dying rabbits when attacked, but nobody pays much attention to them except doctors and their wives, etc. etc.

There are a few areas that even the hardest-hitters avoid. When have you, lately, read a savage attack on greedy farmers, callous nurses, or unloving mothers? And yet, there are lots of them around.

One of these days, perhaps, one of the hard-hitting writers will muster enough guts, after about five brandies, to launch an all-out attack on the audacity of women, thinking they're as good as men. Boy, that fellow will learn what real hard-hitting is all about.



IT NEVER FAILS... some birds just don't appreciate modern conveniences. A Milton family has erected a nifty two-storey birdhouse atop an old tree stump but the birds still favor the nest they made in the branches at left.

Personally, I can't stay mad at anybody long enough to be a voice of the people, or a public watch-dog, or any of those obnoxious creatures who try to tell other people how they should feel.

The only constant in my rage is the blatant manipulation of self-seeking politicians who will twist and warp and wriggle and squirm and bribe for self-perpetuation in office.

Otherwise, I get a great deal more joy from touching the individual life than inflaming the masses. When I get a letter from an old lady in hospital, crippled with arthritis, who has managed to get a chuckle out of my column, it makes me feel good.

Recently, I got a letter from a young Scot who has immigrated to Canada. He says: "I have learned more about Canada and Canadians through reading your column than all the accumulated wisdom from the Canadian newsmagazines, novels and TV programs I have absorbed."

Now there is a man with his head screwed on right. If I, as a newcomer, tried to get my impressions of this country from newsmagazines and TV programs, I'd catch the first boat or plane home.

So, I guess I'll just try to go on talking to people, getting sore, having some fun, looking for sympathy in the war between the sexes. That's what life is all about, not plumbers and politicians and other horrors of that ilk.

## Turning the Pages of the Past

From the files of The Canadian Champion

### One year ago

From the Oct. 19, 1977 issue

Developers holding close to 1,100 acres of land in Milton just east of the Third Line had reason to be excited several months ago when a three man team of hearing officers recommended deleting that land from the Parkway Belt regulations. The developer's glee has turned out to be short-lived. A report released last week from provincial treasurer Darcy McKeough shows the 1,100 acres in the parkway had frozen once again.

The Wintario gala evening in Milton saw no big winners from the audience, but for more than 800 people who came out to the draw, it was a night to remember. One of the nicest surprises for Milton that evening was an announcement from Fred Davis, confirming a Wintario grant to \$215,000 to the Optimist Club for their new youth centre to be located at Brian Best Park.

War was declared in Milton on Monday night—the pigeons which roost on the town hall roof. "It's a terrible mess," said Councillor Gord Krantz. He proposed the town get a local rod and gun club to come to the town hall and shoot off some shotguns, to scare the birds away.

Halton Board of Education expected a drop in enrolment this year, but the decrease turned out to be more than expected. A report was presented to trustees Thursday showing enrolment has dropped 1,247 students from last year. There were 52,488 pupils in Halton public schools last year.

### 20 years ago

From the Oct. 16, 1958 issue

Skunks have been seen around town lately. Two were caught in a trap on Lydia Ave. Friday and one was seen in a window well on Oak St. Saturday. All were apprehended and escorted out of town.

A girl in Oakville may have set a new world record with a hula hoop. She made it revolve 1,181 times—while she read a comic book.

Duck and pheasant hunting seasons are open. Rabbit season starts Oct. 25.

Sam Nadalin of Milton lost out in the Trafalgar Golf and Country Club championship Sunday, to Hodge Wooland of Oakville.

Milton Arena opens its doors on Monday, headed by a new arena board which will pilot the local ice palace through another successful season. A committee of town

council has run the arena since it was purchased in 1956. Howard Griswold is chairman of the arena board with Bruce McKerr secretary-treasurer and members Glyn Roberts, Harold Kelson, Jack Charlton and Charlie Johnson.

Oakville's new \$5,000 bookmobile began service last week. It will visit 19 stops in Oakville, Trafalgar and Bronte, carries 2,500 books and will serve the people five days and three nights a week.

The Chamber of Commerce in Hamilton is protesting a proposal to name the new skyway bridge the Burlington Skyway. The Hamilton C of C wants it named the Hamilton Skyway.

Judges had quite a time Saturday at a hula hooping contest in the fair grounds. Over 60 children entered four classes.

Roman Catholics in Milton observed the death of Pope Pius XII with a solemn Requiem High Mass Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Carton celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary with an open house.

### 75 years ago

From the Oct. 15, 1903 issue

News was received here on Wednesday morning of the death of Robert Brush which took place at Hamilton. Deceased was one of Milton's oldest residents and was in his 67th year. He had been ill for some time and his death was not unexpected.

Miss Mary Ferguson, of Shelburne, aged 24, employed by J. R. Lindsay, was struck and killed on Monday night when walking on the track a mile west of Georgetown. She was in a cut when the east-bound express came. She tried to avoid it by climbing up the steep bank, but slipped and fell back under the wheels.

The commencement of the public school, held on Tuesday evening at the town hall, drew such a large attendance that many people had to stand and others could not obtain admission.

The Milton Branch of the Halton Women's Institute will hold a meeting at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) Robertson on Wednesday, Oct. 21 at 3 p.m. A very interesting paper on "Hints on Home Life" will be read by Mrs. Luxton. Five minute addresses will be given by other members of the institute on practical subjects such as "The Care of Lamps," "Decorating the Home" and "Breadmaking", followed by a short discussion on each subject. All the ladies of Milton and vicinity are invited to attend the meeting, whether members of the institute or not.