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The Canadian Champion



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A cruel blow

Someone who bought a house in the Campbell Heights Subdivision thought he was going to pay low fire insurance premiums.

With hydrants scattered throughout the subdivision and being easily accessible to the Campbellville substation of the Milton Fire Department, plus having plenty of water nearby as the result of the Halton Region Conservation Authority's dam, the proud homeowner would have thought his investment was a safe one.

Perhaps, now, he isn't too sure. His insurance company is probably charging him a hefty dollar for fire protection. They have suggested he install smoke detectors. And the reason is the fire hydrants — they simply don't have sufficient pressure behind them to be of use if a fire breaks out.

Water pressure is estimated to be a maximum of 60 gallons a minute, one-tenth of the minimum 600 gallons a minute which firefighters know they can get out of a fireplug in Milton.

As this newspaper was informed, it would be better if the fire hydrants weren't there, because of the false sense of security they bestow.

The low pressure is due to the fact the pipe leading out of the well which feeds the subdivision, is too small.

There is a three-inch diameter pipe going into an inch and a half diameter meter. Such an arrangement is ridiculous.

A three-inch pipe is insufficient in the first place. But to then feed it into a meter half the size, borders on the insane.

Yet this was done and no-one noticed until the region took over five years ago.

Campbell Heights Subdivision or Flamborough Estates as it is also called, was approved during the days of Nassagaweya Township.

Obviously, the council at that time was eager for additional tax assessment and a new subdivision was easily approved.

There appeared to be none of the stringent regulations which developers have to abide by today.

The shortcomings of the hydrants have been inherited by the region. Although recent improvements are going to improve water pressure for domestic use, they fail to meet the requirements for fire protection.

The reason is cost. A 35-home subdivision does not merit spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to bring the fire hydrants up to a sufficient water pressure.

Current homeowners chose to live there because of the advantages of rural living.

One of the drawbacks to such a lifestyle is high fire insurance premiums. That has always been a fact of life in the country.

However, to someone who has paid more than \$100,000 for the house of his dreams, to be informed the hydrant in front of his place is useless, is a cruel blow.



NEWS ITEM: LACK OF WATER PRESSURE IN HYDRANTS POSES DANGER TO CAMPBELLVILLE SUBDIVISION.

Sugar and Spice

Cancel my two minutes on the boob tube

By Bill Smiley

Chap wants to do a television shortie about me. I have deep suspicions about that particular medium, and a very low regard for the vast majority engaged in its machinations.

First of all, TV is one of the most pernicious influences on the imaginations and vocabularies of the young, to whom I am trying to teach the subtleties and beauties and clarities of the English language.

There is almost nothing to stretch the mind, to titillate the senses, to improve the language. Most television drama is one-dimensional. It's laid out flatly before you. The language is brutalized. Suspense is childish. Acting is insensitive.

And if, once in a blue moon, there is an intelligent, suspenseful, sensitive and imaginative piece of work on the screen, the mood is constantly shattered by noisy ads, or distasteful commercials about ring around the collar or underarm deodorant.

It's a pity. Television, in the right hands, could become the most warming, enlightening, enlarging experience in the lives of many people, aside from their personal experience with other human beings.

But 90 per cent of it is aimed at the intelligence of a slow six-year-old. The tinny, artificial "applause." The ever-increasing sexual innuendo. The constant shouting of so-called comedians. The dull and derivative dance routines. The blatting and snarling of rock groups. And perhaps worst of all, those insane, greedy game shows. It is literal fact that I can scarce refrain from throwing up when I come across one of those, with the bellowing master of ceremonies, the fawning contestants, and the idiotic audiences.

You know, when television began, it had a good many flaws, but most of them were technical. At the same time it had a vitality and reality that swept all before them.

Drama was done live, and we had such

great plays as Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty*. Compare that reality and pathos with the slobbering, sugar-encrusted stuff like *The Waltons*. Compare shouting, leering Laverne and Shirley, or the late unlamented Maude with the great comics of the early days: Art Carney and Jackie Gleason, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. You can't. There is no comparison.

Perhaps it's because the big boobahs of television have treated their massive audiences with more contempt than any other medium has ever done, including the Hollywood of the big studios.

And those appearing on television respond like fawning puppets. Hockey players get into needless fights so that they can display the big macho on the screen. Football players don't just score a touchdown any more, and leave it at that. They do a dance, or they bounce the ball hard off the ground and run around with their arms up in self-congratulation.

Learned and intelligent professors allow themselves to be made ridiculous by rhetorical questions from ignorant interviewers. Politicians allow themselves to be chivvied by churlish reporters, just to get their images on the boob tube.

Talented people in show business will appear on the screen with an ape or an alligator, and allow themselves to be insulted by a late-night-show MC, just to get in the picture.

Only very occasionally does someone with great powers of articulation and a certain inborn arrogance, someone like Malcolm Muggeridge, manage to break through the banality of the typical television interviewer. Only rarely does an interviewer, someone like Patrick Watson, break through the carefully guarded porridge of the interviewee.

With very few exceptions does a news reporter depart from a delivery as monotonous as a metronome. The National, Canada's 11 o'clock news, 11.30 in Newfie, is

about as exciting as a funeral service. We had smarmy Lloyd Robertson with the oiled tonsils, reading the news as though it were the phone book. Then we had contemptuous Peter Kent, who gave the impression that he was doing us a favor. These days we have dull old solid, stolid George MacLean, who delivers the news as though it were a warmed-over pot-roast. Which it is, on most occasions.

In short, TV is dull, dull, dull. I have great sympathy for two groups in our society. One is the oldest and shut-ins, who have so little left in their lives, and rely on television for a diversion, something to take the mind away from the aches and pains and the loneliness. What they get is a combination of the utmost pap and crap that only a sadist could devise: cheap, ancient, Grade C movies; soap operas; sickening game shows.

And the other group that gets my sympathy is young children. With a few exceptions, such as *Sesame Street*, all they have to watch is pictorial pablum, great, uplifting epics like *The Flintstones*, or violent and bloody movies. What a pity, when the medium could educate their minds, stir their senses with color and music, and send their imaginations soaring.

Andy Warhol, a New York pop artist, said everyone eventually will be a celebrity for 15 minutes.

If that's the case, include me out. The TV chap told me it would take only two hours of my time to make a two-minute epic about me and my column. I have no particular desire to look like a turkey for two minutes and spend the next two days feeling like one.

Turning the Pages of the Past

From the files of The Canadian Champion

One year ago

From the Dec. 7, 1977 issue

Milton was struck by a paralyzing snowstorm which forced many businesses to send employees home early Monday night. Others were not as lucky and ended up spending the night at their place of work. OPP said there were a number of abandoned cars and small accidents.

A Wasaga Beach man escaped from the Maplehurst Adult Training Centre, was recaptured, moved to Milton Jail, and escaped from there.

Milton Council went on record as being in opposition to the building of a 283-acre industrial park by Halton Hills. The main reason for the objection was Halton Hills would be in competition for industries with Milton which plans a similar 1,400-acre industrial park immediately adjacent to the proposed Halton Hills park.

A survey conducted by students at J. M. Denyes School on the television-watching habits of students indicated 38 per cent of those surveyed watch five hours of television after school. A large percentage of those surveyed (44 per cent) said they felt television violence had no effect on them, but a surprisingly high number (39 per cent) expressed uncertainty about its effects on them.

Education Minister Tom Wells was on hand to officially open the new Acton and District High School.

20 years ago

From the Dec. 4, 1958 issue

Eleven graduates of Milton High School were honored Friday evening at the school's 37th commencement program. Diplomas and certificates went to 32 grade 12 grads and 68 grade 10 students.

A new ratepayer organization was formed last week when 45 residents of northern Burlington formed the Upper Burlington Citizens' Forum. G. F. Harshman is president.

Stan Hall, MPP, officiated at the ribbon cutting which opened Stewarttown's new five-room school last week.

Milton's election Monday drew 786 voters, or 28 per cent of those eligible. R. C. Cunningham was returned as reeve, defeating Art Desjardine 383 to 380; William Rowney won the hydro commission race 402-212 over Norman Pearce while Frank Jones polled 143 votes. Brian Best was elected school trustee, defeating Mrs. M. Kernighan 195-145. On the question of a

playroom for Denyes School, voters rejected it by a 345-306 vote.

A grand jury was named at the general court sessions last week and toured the county facilities. The jurors called the old jail "antiquated" and recommended several improvements. They also found the washroom facilities in the Halton County Health Unit building unsuitable.

Reeve John A. Milne was returned to office in Nassagaweya Monday. He received 258 votes to the 78 polled for Arthur Padbury. All other township offices were filled by acclamation.

"Milton area is the centre of the mushroom-growing industry in Canada," Bob Reed, president of Tangmere Mushroom Co., told Milton Rotarians at their regular Tuesday meeting. Of the five million pounds of mushrooms grown in Canada, nearly two million are grown in Halton, he said.

Milton's new Main St. fire hall was officially opened Saturday night when Alec Phillips, chairman of the Milton Area Fire Committee, presented the keys of the building to Chief A. E. Clement. It is a former bowling alley.

75 years ago

From the Dec. 3, 1903 issue

There was something like a blizzard in a seven-mile belt in the neighborhood of Oakville yesterday. There was tremendous wind and the snow fell so thickly that the men on the railway trains could not see 50 feet ahead. Trains were delayed 30 minutes. There was no snow at Toronto. Enough snow fell in this neighborhood to give us fairly good sleighing but the wind was not particularly strong.

We are sorry to say George Cottrell is in very critical condition as a result of his recent accident reported in *The Champion* two weeks ago. He had been doing well but symptoms of blood poisoning developed Tuesday.

After spending about three months in Milton at the home of his parents, Samuel Morley set out on Monday on his return to his home at Lander's Landing, B.C.

Mrs. Thompson of the First Line, Trafalgar, fell and broke her leg above the knee on Wednesday of last week. The same limb was fractured about 10 years ago. She is doing well, considering her age.

The rink will be opened for the season as soon as ice can be made ready. There will be skating on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings and probably Thursday evenings.

Gas starts fires

It never ceases to amaze us how foolish people can be when it comes to handling gasoline.

No matter how often they are warned and cautioned, people insist on taking risks with it.

There have been two recent examples of this stupidity.

Both were fires which started as the result of gasoline being used within a confined area.

In one instance, a man was cleaning auto parts in the basement when the fumes from the gas were ignited by the furnace.

The second instance was a man

working on a car in the garage in proximity to a wood-burning stove.

The car was jacked up on blocks. The jack slipped and the gas tank was ruptured. The fumes, after coming into contact with the stove set the gas alight.

Both fires could have been prevented if the people involved had used common sense.

Gasoline should only be exposed in well ventilated areas, away from open flames.

Until people learn this most fundamental of precautions, fires will continue to break out, causing damage and misery.

Exclusive neighborhood

We note with interest the new subdivision which has come on stream in Campbellville.

Campbellville Estates is situated east of the village on what used to be the McLaren farm.

It will soon be the home of 37 new homeowners as the 95-acre property is going to be divided into two-acre, estate residential lots.

However, the lots are not for the average man on the street. If he can caddy up the necessary \$56,000, he will be able to buy a lot—but he should have money left over to build a house, too.

Many of the homes are going to be of a plush nature and considering the lot prices, the neighborhood is certainly going to be exclusive.

The structure is paid for. Costing \$2.6 million, there are no further costs. Situated on Bronte Rd. just north of the QEW, it is a modern, box-like formation distinguished by its color.

The interior is bright and airy, but subject to extremes of temperature.

When the sun is shining, the generous use of glass windows floods everything with light and heat. When the clouds dominate, the heating system has trouble reaching the extremities.

When council held an informal meeting last week, the circulation system had broken down. Everyone had to sweat it out.

Obviously, the bugs have yet to be exterminated.

Design of the interior allows all roofing struts and piping to be exposed. Commenting on the ugliness, Mayor Don

three council representatives to the 24-seat council. The two new local members, Gus Goutowski and Bill Johnson, both expressed concern this week that Milton must be represented on all four council committees. Someone is going to have to sit on two of them, for sure, or Milton won't be getting a fair representation. Those regional committees do make a lot of decisions affecting our area and we must have a voice on each one.

Offbeat

By Rod Lamb

Region lacks comforts



People are getting accustomed to Halton Region's new headquarters.

As one staffer told me, "It's like flowers on your grave. It grows on you."

He said he no longer notices the bright green exterior when he arrives.

The building's color makes it one of the rarest in Canada. In this capacity, it is unique.

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Gordon said it reminded him of his "navy days."

A sea of rust encompasses the flooring. Because the carpeting is new, all staffers are required to take their coffee breaks in the cafeteria for fear of spilling something.

Councillors have been asked to do the same in the council chambers. They have a room which is off limits to everyone else.

Whereas in the Abbey Lane building councillors, press and spectators could mingle at the coffee machine in an alcove at the rear of the chamber, the new policy segregates councillors from the people.

No one knows this better than Anne Stasiuk.

Poor Anne. She wandered through the council chambers and the rest of the building and could find no one who would give her the time of day.

If one of Burlington's top mayoralty candidates can't get attention, the chances of you and I are not much better.

The public is discouraged at the new building. Spectator seating in the council chambers are rock-hard, concrete benches camouflaged by a thin layer of carpeting.

If you plan to sit in at a council meeting, be wise. Bring your cushion.

NITPICKING ALREADY

Regional Councillors haven't yet been sworn into office, but last week at a pre-inaugural briefing session, they gave an indication it's going to be (funny) "business as usual" in the 1979-80 term. Already they are nitpicking over who sits where in the regional chambers.

ALL COMMITTEES

Halton Regional Council has four committees, and Milton has only