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## The fastest growth

Milton's growth continues uninterrupted as the Timberlea subdivision rapidly completes Phase One and enters Phase Two.

Council has given the go-ahead on servicing for the latter and already, the future neighborhood east of E. C. Drury is alive with construction machinery and men, building for the future.

To the south along Laurier Ave., houses seemingly go up overnight.

Most of the building permits have been issued or are in the process. Almost one third—217 of 692—are occupied.

People wishing to see a neighborhood transformed overnight, should take a tour of the area.

What was once farm fields, is today the most modern suburban area in Halton.

Construction machinery, service vehicles and the constant flow of traffic dramatize the change taking place.

Garbage and postal services have been extended. A new medical centre is being built on Laurier Ave. to better service the growing multitudes.

Most of the people coming here are from the east: Mississauga, Toronto and other points.

Most of them are young couples, both of whom are working. Some have children.

## Climbers, beware

There is growing concern locally over rock climbers who make a sport of scaling the rock faces of the escarpment in Halton's conservation parks.

The concern is legitimate, after two people died in falls in a one-week period. A climber fell to his death at Kelso and a hiker slipped and fell at Mount Nemo.

Halton Region Conservation Authority (HRCA) which owns the escarpment parklands is worried about its liability in the case of accidents. There is insurance, but if the Authority, by allowing climbing, is found liable it could produce a long and costly court case.

People have been falling off the Kelso, Rattlesnake Point and Mount Nemo cliffs for many years, but lately the areas have become popular attractions for climbing clubs. Rattlesnake Point Park is listed in one American

Like Kingsleigh Ct., Falling-brooke and Dorset Park before it, Timberlea's residents will have problems.

Chief among them will be the school crisis. There simply isn't enough classroom space in the existing schools. Bussing and portables are the only immediate answers.

With any growth, there are problems. Although the agreement between the town and Timberlea's developers is considered the best in Ontario, there are going to be problems which were unforeseen.

Education is the major one. Traffic congestion on Ontario St. is going to be another.

However, the speed of growth is exciting to behold. Considering the time and effort put in by successive councils and town hall staff, the toil has borne fruit.

The rapidity by which people gobble up the homes means that many are pre-sold before the first shovel of earth is turned to build them.

Bronte Meadows to the west, is another example. Although only the preliminary work has begun, many people have already bought their future residences.

This kind of confidence is the spirit which makes Milton the fastest growing town in the region.

rock climbing magazine, as a suitable place to climb.

Cliff climbers can be put in the same category as people who swim in abandoned quarries, race cars and motorcycles at organized tracks, or join in other thrilling but dangerous sports. They know there are risks involved in their sport, and they also know they must face the consequences if there is an accident.

What's the answer? HRCA should post each park entrance and each steep rock face with signs: "Warning, rock climbing is forbidden".

The signs would absolve HRCA of any responsibility and climbers would know in advance, they are on their own if they persist in taking risks on the cliffs.

It seems a shame to have to pass more laws to protect man from his own folly.

## To be encouraged

The Boy Scouts in Milton district are a far cry from what they were a few years ago.

As part of the Oakville district, their numbers were insignificant.

Now, thanks to the efforts of a few key people, and the remarkable growth of the town, the Scouts are the second largest youth organization in the community, next to Minor Hockey.

This is remarkable. It is a reflection that the values imparted by scouting, are being rediscovered and parents are encouraging their children to join.

Scouting's decline began in 1968 when headquarters made a decision to dispense with the ceremonial aspects as well as the discipline such as proper clothing.

In the anti-authoritarian movement that abounded in the late sixties, scouting decided to "get with it" and discard the rituals which sets the movement apart from others.

The result was a tremendous drop in enrolment. Kids wearing

blue jeans and ignorant of the Law of the Jungle were the kind to be seen within the ranks.

Some of Milton's leaders refused to go along with the new decree and stubbornly stuck to the old ways.

They were justified. The old rules and discipline were reinstated.

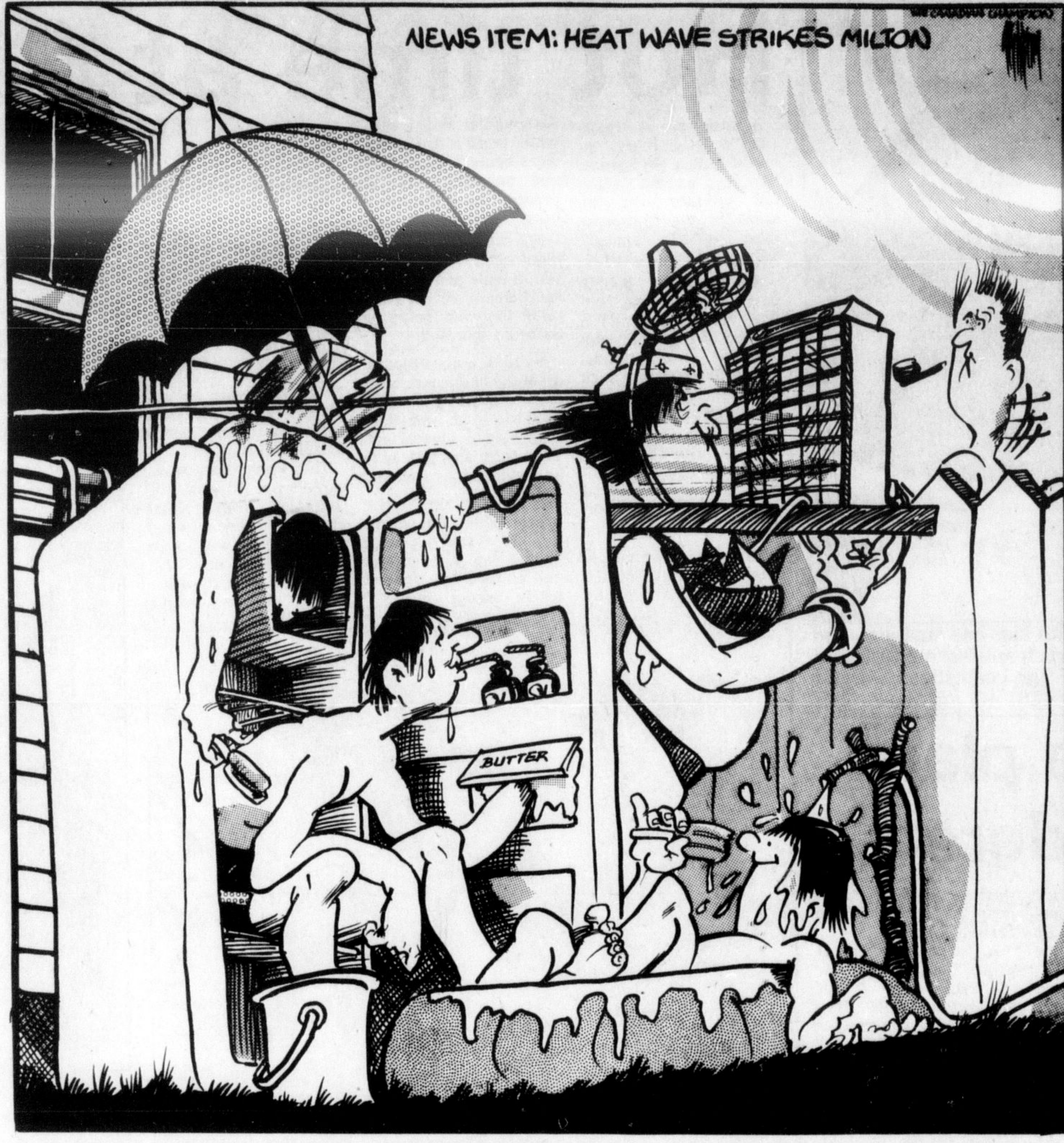
Plus, the new order of Beavers was created in order to interest boys under the age of Cubs.

The result has been more boys joining the scouting movement sooner than normally. Consequently, the ranks have swelled.

In Milton, with the new subdivisions being added, the enrolment has climbed.

Scouting came to Canada in 1908 and today there are approximately 275,000 in the movement, almost 500 in Milton.

It is an admirable organization and one which should be encouraged.



## Offbeat

with ROD LAMB

There is a boogie man in Timberlea. He is the assessor.  
A young fellow driving a big car, he wears sunglasses.  
When I met him, he declined to give his name and refused to have his picture taken.  
His job is to assess homes for tax purposes after the owners have moved in.  
No wonder he wants to remain anonymous.

Did you ever notice how you get into debt?  
I do. In fact, I am marvelling how I seem to be getting further into the red.  
For instance, I came to Milton with a loan. Having just bought a new car, I now have a second loan.  
Despite increases in salary, I am getting

Further behind.  
"Welcome to the club" are the remarks my fellow debtors say. I have nothing compared to them.  
I'm still single. Just wait till you get married, they say. Then, you can be like the rest.  
If all the banks called in their loans tomorrow, society would collapse.  
Not only are citizens in debt, but all levels of government are.  
We are a bankrupt society. Yet, never before are so many enjoying the fruits of dollar buying-power.  
+ + +  
I saw a hawk the other day.  
Outstretched wings, it soared on the invisible currents of the wind, free and majestic above the fields and woods.  
It seemed completely alien from the

crazy madness of men's doings far, far below.  
These are magnificent birds. I am surprised to have seen so many on my travels via Highway 25.  
Obviously, they must be able to survive in a region which boasts a population of a quarter of a million.  
+ + +  
If you drive, don't sneeze.  
The British Motor Corporation of Canada warns the motorist if he sneezes while driving at 70 mph, he will cover 330 yards dazed and semi-blind.  
If he sneezes three times in a 15 mph rush-hour traffic crawl, he will be in the same state for 220 yards.  
Medical analysis found each sneeze involves about 15 seconds of grimacing and snorting.

## Cleaning off the cuff



## Sugar and Spice

with BILL SMILEY

A couple of big anniversaries are coming up for weekly newspapers, or community newspapers, as they are called these days.

In July, the Canadian Community Newspapers Association is celebrating its diamond jubilee at a convention in Toronto. In Warton, Ontario, the Echo is celebrating its 100th birthday this July. I'd like to take in both, as a member of the former for 11 years and editor of the latter for the same period.

Some of the happiest years of my life, as far as work goes, were spent in the weekly newspaper business. And as work goes, it went a long way—about 60 hours a week.

It requires a certain type of personality and outlook to be a happy weekly editor. It did when I was one. It's a lot different now, with young, hard-hosed editors, fresh out of journalism school, imitating the techniques of the dailies.

First of all, you had to have a complete lack of material desires. You could make a living, but you never got rich, or even well off.

Next, you had to keep your back shop nappy, the printing staff. And anyone who has ever tried to keep a printing staff happy knows that it's about as easy as attending a picnic of rattlesnakes without being bitten.

Then, of course, you had to tread the thin line between being fearless, independent and outspoken, and selling enough advertising to keep body and soul together. The guy who attacked town council for some nefarious bylaw, and the guy who went out and tried to sell ads to the six merchants on the town council were the same guy, very often.

There were the inevitable typographical errors, to harry the obfuscated editor. In a wedding write-up, the bride very often came out as the "bridge". In funeral accounts, the pallbearers were apt to be described as "six old fiends" who carried the

coffin to its final rest.  
In a small town, there are currents of jealousy and antagonism and family feuds that run deep and strong.  
Praise a local politician for making a good move, and his third cousin from the other side of the family would call you up and tell you, with vivid detail, what a snake-in-the-grass your first man was.

Venture to criticize, however gently, an athlete or a public figure, and you'd have your ears scorched by 84 close relatives who normally despised the guy, but rallied to their roots when an aspersion was cast on the clan.

Hell hath no fury like a Women's Institute whose account of its meeting, including everything from who said Grace to what they ate, was cut by the blue pencil.

And then, of course, there were the drunks who would call you up at 3 a.m. to ask you to settle an argument about who scored the final goal in the 1934 Stanley Cup playoff. And the kooks who would call you up and try to plant a libellous rumour, or demand that you come out to the farm and take a picture of their home-made threshing machine.

There was always some country correspondent furious because her "news", consisting of who visited whom on Sunday afternoon, was crowded out by a rush of late advertising. "Why don't you leave out some ads?"

There was no lack of variety in the weekly business, when you were reporter, editor, advertising manager, proof reader, and general run-of-the-mill for the tyrants in the back shop.

I distinctly remember a St. Patrick's Day night, when there was an unexpected heavy fall of snow. An elderly gentleman of Irish descent had been celebrating the day in the pub. When he hadn't arrived home by ten o'clock, his housekeeper called for help. The local pubs were

## Fond memories



alerted, and the hockey rink, where there was a game in progress. Most of the male population, at least half of the half-lit, stormed off to search for the missing man. We found him, covered in snow, about a quarter-mile from his house. Back to the rink and the pubs.

I remember shouting at deaf old ladies who were celebrating their ninetieth birthdays, and getting some of the most surprising answers.

"How long has your husband been dead?"  
"Nah, he never was much good in bed."  
"To what do you attribute your long life?"  
"Yes, I was always a good wife." And so on.

To be a successful editor, though not necessarily a good one, you had to continually straddle fences. This becomes a bit of a chafe after a while.

You had to be able to write on demand. I remember one week when there was absolutely nothing to fill a two-column, four inch space on the front page. In about twenty minutes, I knocked out eight column inches of sparkling prose in which the reader had to read to the end to discover that nothing worth reporting had happened that week.

It sounds as though I'm knocking the game. Not so. These are fond memories. And there were rewards, most of them intangible. It was kind of nice to be introduced to strangers as "our" editor. It gave satisfaction when a subscriber from away down in the States dropped in on his way to the summer cottage and said he, "Sure liked that piece about the deer hunt."

And there was a certain quiet pride in one's status. My daughter, aged eight, produced the fitting requiem when I left newspaper work and went into teaching.

"But Daddy," she observed, "that means you're not The Editor any more." I sadly agreed.

## Turning the Pages of the Past

### One year ago

From the July 19, 1978 issue  
Five men escaped death when a 22-car freight train smashed into a work crew on the CN railway, just north of urban Milton. The three engines and five cars were derailed and 350 feet of track ripped up when the train smashed into three regulator machines. The injured were treated at Milton District Hospital for lacerations and fractures. Witnesses at the scene said the men were lucky to be alive.

Pigeons roosting at town hall won the battle of the roof. Town hall gave up and the pigeons will remain. Attempts had been made to oust the pigeons through the use of poisoned corn pellets. "We will just have to live with the dirt," said Mayor Don Gordon.

Four inmates of Maplehurst escaped by snipping a chain-link fence, but their freedom was short-lived. Three were captured and back in their places within 24 hours. The fourth returned, escorted by his mother.

The Ministry of The Environment agreed to pay \$300 towards the cost of monitoring levels of methane gas at Brian Best Park. The gas was discovered leaking from the former landfill site.

Halton Regional Council approved the widening of Derry Rd. between Thompson Rd. and Highway 25, but sewer work on Ontario St. was delayed because all the tender bids exceeded the budget amount by a wide margin.

### 20 years ago

From the July 16, 1959 issue  
Local entries played a large part in Streetsville's Centennial celebrations last weekend. Arnold McDuffe and Jack Hardy of Milton were there, driving an ancient steam traction engine in the parade for Reid Milling Co. Many other local residents drove over to help our neighbors celebrate the village's 100th birthday.

A safety course was held at the fair grounds for Halton 4-H club members, with assistant agricultural representative Doug Jackson and extension specialist Ross Milne demonstrating fire extinguishers and farm safety.

Town weed inspector Wilf Penson is cutting weeds these days, and if they're your weeds, you'll pay for the service. He is authorized to cut weeds with the town mower, and bill the landowners.

Harold Nelson assumed the presidency of Milton Rotary Club from retiring president John Ostler last week.

Queen Elizabeth inspected a guard of honor of the Lorne Scots Reg't. at Malton Airport last week, before departing for Ottawa. The two Lorne Scots bands played too.

Town officials report the LCBO is anxious to start construction on a store in Milton. The building permit for a site on Main St. near Bronte St. was held up as it did not meet the town's requirements.

A meeting at St. Paul's Church Sunday approved construction of a \$140,000 Christian Education building adjacent to the church.

Most retail gas stations in town plunged into a cut-throat gas price war last week, selling gas for as much as 15 cents less than regular prices. One station dipped the price to 29.9 cents for No. 2 gas.

### 50 years ago

From the July 18, 1929 issue  
Milton Lodge No. 92, I.O.O.F. will hold its installation of officers on Tuesday, July 23, at 8 p.m., to which all members are invited to attend.

Our citizens are reminded that all noxious weeds must be cut and this work should be attended to at once before they go to seed. Be sure to cut thistles, ragweed, burdocks, and any other weed that is a nuisance.

The green peas and new vegetables from the family garden are now gracing the table.

Miss Doreen Claridge of Cheltenham is spending her vacation with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Claridge.

The Burlington Fire Brigade's drill team will give an exhibition of fancy drilling on the evening of Thursday, July 25, when there will also be a street dance.

Dr. R.K. Anderson, M.P., has had his business block repainted.  
Miss Archibald of Elora has been appointed to succeed H.G. Cleghorn, who has resigned as teacher of Munn's School, Trafalgar.

A special meeting of Post No. 136, Milton branch of the Canadian Legion, will be held tomorrow evening at 7:30 sharp. All members are requested to attend.

### 75 years ago

From the July 21, 1904 issue  
George Worrall of Hamilton, a brakeman was killed on the GTR at Burlington on Monday. He fell from a freight train, the wheels of which passed over his body just above the abdomen. An inquest was held and adjourned until today when County Attorney Dick will attend.

The annual picnic of Grace Church Sunday School was held in the Park on Thursday afternoon last. The young people and their friends enjoyed a very pleasant outing. Swings, races and baseball were the order of the day and were entered into very heartily.

Paul Wilson of Esquevas had two steers killed and Mr. Reid of Glen Williams horse killed by lightning in the storm of the 12 inst.

In accordance with a petition signed by the citizens, Mayor Anderson has issued a Proclamation making Thursday, Aug. 4th, a civic holiday. The above date will be that of the coming firemen's demonstration.

Mr. Syer, of the Canadian Carpet Co., has purchased the pad manufacturing business of Wm. S. Morgan of Hamilton and took possession Saturday. This industry employs a number of hands and the town may profit by Mr. Syer's enterprise as he says he intends to remove the manufacturing plant to Milton soon.