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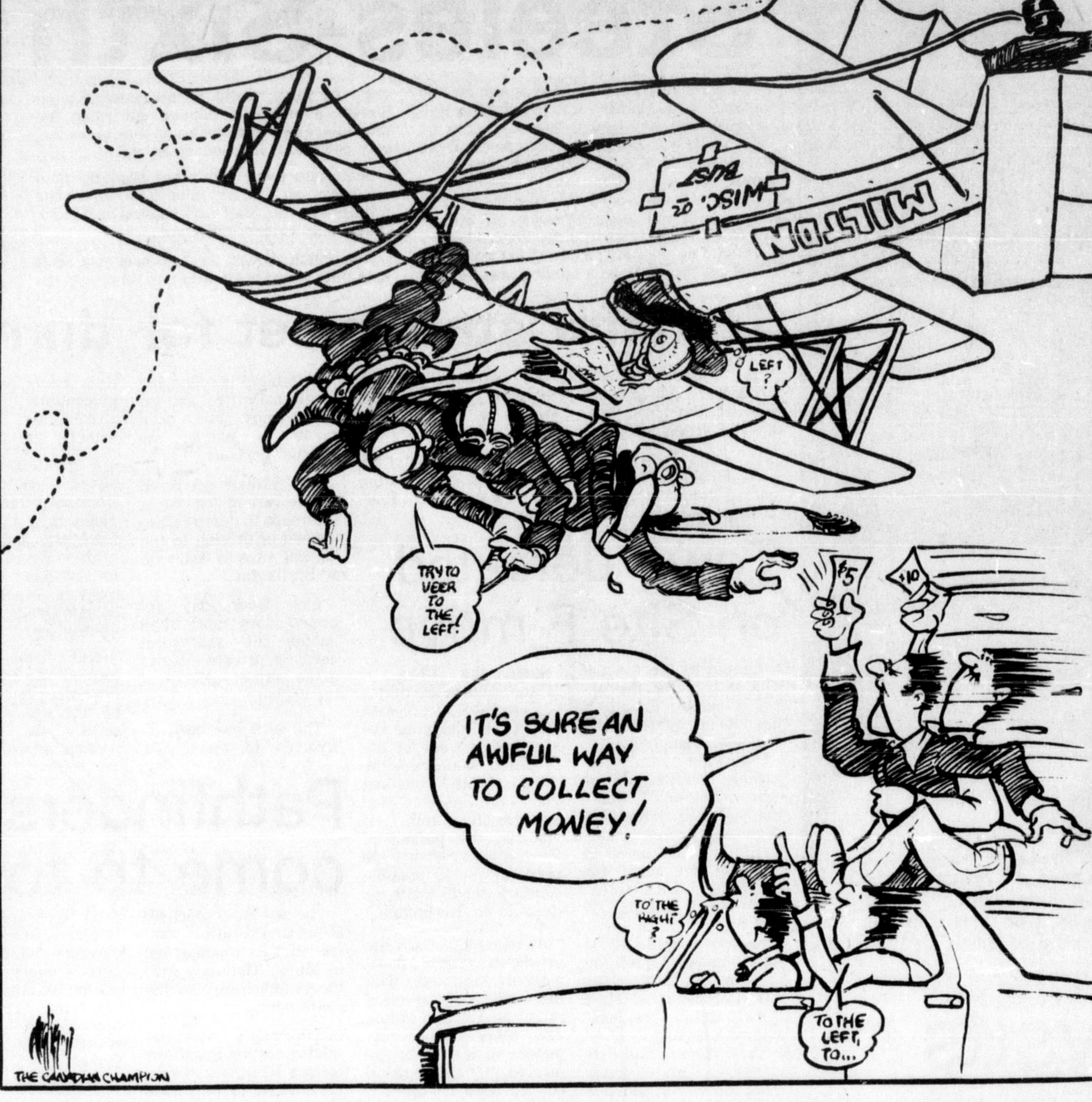
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NEWS ITEM: CANADIAN AEROBATIC TEAM COLLECTS FUNDS FOR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION.



The OMB challenge

Imperial Oil's forcing an Ontario Municipal Board hearing to begin the process of locating a gas outlet on its property at the corner of Chisholm Dr. and Highway 25 is an outstanding example of private enterprise having to overcome government hurdles before it can do what it wants.

And the hearing was only the first step. The company has to clear other hurdles if it is successful before the OMB.

The hearing was to hear debate on whether the company can rezone the property from floodplain to highway commercial.

The property is vacant. There is nothing on it.

Imperial's site plan indicates a gas outlet for the land.

The town forced the OMB hearing because it objected to what it felt are too many gas outlets in one location.

There is a Gulf station immediately to the south and Fifth Wheel behind it.

Other Imperial Oil dealers ob-

jected. Mario Durante's service station is the same distance on Highway 25 to the north of Highway 401 and Livio Bonin is also in town.

Imperial's attempt to locate another station here would certainly take away business from Mr. Durante and affect the credit card business of both.

In this latter aspect, Imperial's action would detrimentally hurt two of its own representatives who have served the community for years.

However, the company's legal representative at the hearing did not consider the dealers' objections paramount. The town was the main objector since it prompted the hearing.

The OMB will likely favor Imperial. While it will consider the town and dealers' objections, the growing population of Milton and highway commercial nature of Highway 25 south of Highway 401, will likely result in it ruling that the town grant the rezoning request.

Distinguished citizen

Glenn Biederman is a resident of Milton. The president of King Pesticides in Campbellville, Mr. Biederman resides at 380 Ontario St. with his wife and family.

While his position as a citizen is not much different from other people, Mr. Biederman is unique in that he is the fund-raising organizer for a national organization.

The Canadian Aerobatic Team is a group of flyers who specialize in doing aerial acrobatics in specially-made aircraft.

An experienced pilot himself, Mr. Biederman spearheads the group which hopes to enter four pilots in the world competition next August in Wisconsin.

This is the first time the championship has moved to North America from Europe.

Aerobatic flying is common overseas. It is relatively new to the Americans.

However, Canada is one of the score of countries competing in this refined form of flying.

Mr. Biederman owns a plane in partnership with Gord Price of Belfountain, who is one of the four to represent the nation.

Mr. Price is an Air Canada pilot and former RCAF pilot who took to acrobatic flying as a hobby.

While his kind are common to the sport, others like Mr. Biederman come from other walks of life.

Milton is distinguished by having people like Mr. Biederman involved in an activity which represents the nation.

A growing affluence

A look at our People column and at the weddings in this newspaper are indications this town is growing.

Newcomers' arrivals are recorded in People while weddings reflect the growing number of people coming together in marriage to form new family units in our community.

The two are reflections of the prosperity Milton is enjoying.

While other parts of the country are undergoing static or depressed economic situations, Halton is a region which is experiencing unparalleled growth.

New people, new industries and new stores are coming here.

The activity is the result of

Toronto's thrust to the west, the ever-encroaching growth of a great metropolis.

Much of this development is welcome.

Industries mean jobs, which in turn attract people. The latter spend money which cultivates services to handle these financial demands.

The resultant influx of money generates a growing tax base from which the municipality can provide increasing services.

The result is a high standard of living. In fact, Milton is number 16 in the country.

For a town this size to have that high a ranking, is clear indication of the affluence we enjoy.

Commenting briefly

Anyone claiming there's "nothing to do in Milton" must have missed last week's news item listing the more than 30 North Halton organizations currently looking for more volunteer assistance. That's right, more than 30 groups could use your part time help with a host of projects in general and special interest categories.

The list includes such Milton groups as Drury School, Children's Aid, Cancer Society, Red Cross, Halton Museum, Milton Hospital, Meals on Wheels, Parks and Recreation Department, the Y, Girl Guides, Manor

Auxiliary, Halton Developmental Centre, Helping Hands, Recovery House, Halton Women's Place, Maplehurst, Big Sisters, the Mentally Retarded, and various church groups.

There were others not on the list. So don't get bogged down in the nothing-to-do syndrome; get up, get out and get busy!

* * *

Congratulations to Milton's Nancy McKinnon for her fine showing at the International Plowing Match. Halton's Queen of the Furrow almost won the Ontario crown in Friday's competition.

Offbeat

with ROD LAMB

Being an independent businessman can be tough.

Attending the recent OMB hearing on Imperial Oil's application to rezone a town by-law to locate another gas outlet, I heard the testimony of Norm Coulter, Mario Durante and Livio Bonin. The three are service station operators, the former with Gulf, the latter two with Imperial.

Each owns the land and the buildings of their operations. Each has invested considerable time and money. Each believes service is the key to attracting and holding customers.

The result is having to work when most of us are safe at home.

All three have been hauled out of bed to help a motorist in trouble. Each works weekends and holidays.

In good weather and bad, summer and winter, these men strive to return a dollar on their investment.

Beware of experts

As the OMB testimony showed, it is pretty hard.

Gas is becoming a lost leader. There is almost no money to be made from it. It is simply a tool to bring people into the station.

Although these men could prove their points, it was hard to put into words the personal service the three provide.

Mario, who has poured in \$150,000 over the 16 years he has run his business to the north of 401 on Highway 25, was especially at a loss for words to describe what another station would do to his business.

Consequently, the lawyer representing Imperial, glossed over the service. In other words, it wasn't considered sufficient enough to merit but passing comment.

That's the trouble with OMB hearings. The presiding chairman will listen for hours to reports and surveys and technical experts who don't live in the area in

question, but will almost ignore people who have considerable experience stemming from years of involvement.

That's what burned me about the OMB hearing on Site F.

The OMB weighted the evidence in favor of the experts over the people.

Experts, as the term implies, are experts in a small area. Their expertise is limited to that area. Take them out of it, and they are limited.

The same with the Imperial Oil hearing. People like Mario, Norm and Livio took only a few minutes of the hearing. But evidence from experts took over a day.

If the OMB is an indication, society places too much emphasis on people with knowledge in specialized areas and not enough to those who have broader experiences gained through a lifetime of first-hand encounters.

"Put not your faith in princes" would equally apply to experts.

Sugar and Spice

with BILL SMILEY

Me and the old lady had another wedding anniversary last week. Holey ole Moley, how the years fly by!

Usually, we remember our anniversary a week or ten days after it has gone by, and laugh about it. We don't believe much in anniversaries, as do some people who squabble all year, then go out to dinner with wine and roses, and are back pounding on each other within two days.

One year I actually remembered and brought home 18 yellow roses. She fainted dead away with shock, and when she came to gave me the devil for wasting all that money.

This year, I thought about it away back in August, and filed it away in my memory bank, determined to surprise her this year. Show her, by George, that there was some fire, or at least a few embers, underneath that wisp of smoke.

My first thought was to sneak off with her engagement ring and have it re-set in 24-carat gold. I had to dismiss this idea as impractical for two reasons. First, I'd have to remove her finger to get the ring to the jeweller. Secondly, the price of gold went up so fast it made my eyes water when I read the financial page.

Then I thought of a mink coat. But again there were two obstacles. One was the price of mink coats, which have soared almost as high as gold. The other was a conviction I've held, that the only creature on this earth who needs a mink coat is a mink.

Well, I worked my way down through an emerald brooch, for her Irish ancestry, a pearl necklace, diamond earrings. It was all disappointing. I knew I'd be ripped off with emeralds, she likes gold necklaces,

not pearl, and she's always losing one earring, like every other woman. What is as useless as one diamond earring? I'd kill her if she lost one.

That's one reason I got little done through August and part of September—worrying about the present for this one anniversary I would have remembered.

I considered giving her a new car. But I can't even afford one for the two of us, let alone one for her.

One after another I discarded seemingly brilliant inspirations. I even went to the lengths of planning to sneak out in the middle of the night and painting the back stoop, which she'd been trying to get me to do all summer. But I shuddered at the thought of painting out there, all alone in the cold and dark.

Finally, it hit me like a thunderbolt, and a tidal wave of relief swept over me. I had it.

Something to suggest her Mother Earth qualities. Something in green and gold, her favorite colors. Something that would suggest her sweetness, juiciness, tenderness. Something she could get her teeth into, instead of junk like rings, necklaces, fur coats. Thirty-three cobs of corn!

With the decision made, I relaxed, and promptly forgot all about our anniversary.

She didn't, for once. On the fateful day, I arrived home from work, tossed out a few jollities, read her some interesting bits from the papers, asked what kind of day she'd had. All I got in return was cold shoulder and hot tongue.

She was in a bad mood. Not because I'd forgotten our anniversary. Just one of

those rotten tempers women get into once in a while because they've had to deal with the plumber and TV repairman, the vacuum cleaner went on the blink, all the woodwork in the house is "filthy", and they've scrubbed the kitchen floor and have a sore back.

In the old days, I used to pet her and pat her and promise her, and she'd gradually come around. But I gave that up years ago. It was too hard on me.

Nowadays, I fire right back: "What the hell's biting you? Cut out the self-pity. I work too, you know. Aw, go soak your head, crab." And so on. We usually have a good verbal set-to, sulk a little, and the air is cleared.

But this time she speared me, right in the middle of one of my finest perorations. "Did you know this was our anniversary?" Talk about hitting below the belt.

I was stricken with remorse, shame and guilt. No details, but we kissed and made up, and I did the dishes.

Must say we've weathered the storm pretty well. I was five years older than she when we were wed. I now look like an elder statesman of about 65. She looks about 34. My hair is white, hers is black. Her teeth are white, mine are black.

It's a little disconcerting when you go to a reception or some other function, the host reads your name-tag, and burbles, "Well, Bill Smiley, I've heard of you. And you've brought your daughter along. How nice."

But I wouldn't trade the old battleaxe for a new one, even though she's laid a pretty good collection of scars on me, physically and otherwise.

Turning the Pages of the Past

One year ago

From the October 11 issue

A four-hour search of Chudleigh's apple farm for a five-year-old Hamilton girl ended happily when she was discovered riding a bus in Mississauga. The girl, at Chudleigh's on a school visit, found a new set of friends (from Malton) and rode home with them. She hopped a Mississauga Transit bus and rode around that city while Halton Regional Police combed the farm looking for her. A description of the child was broadcast on radio stations, and she was recognized.

A sudden strong wind was responsible for uprooting trees and ripping a third-floor porch from its house in the Campbellville area. A dog house was blown across a yard and tree branches were broken by the wind which disappeared almost as quickly as it came.

Uniform water and sewer rates were approved by regional council after a stormy debate. Oakville Councillors Carl Erickson and Mac Anderson were most vocal in their disapproval, vowing to appeal the decision to the courts and the cabinet. The three Milton regional councillors also voted against uniform rates.

Hard luck faced Milton Flyers in the first four games of their season. After 9-2, 6-4 and 3-1 losses to Burlington, Acton and Oak Ridges, Flyers tied Oakville Blades. Coach Doug Peters said players must cut down on their penalty total if they hope to win a few games.

Milton Council approved changing the name of Barber Greene Rd. to Wheelabrator Way. Wheelabrator, a local industry, which moved into the former Barber Greene plant, requested the change.

20 years ago

From the Oct. 10, 1959 issue

Milton's two dairies increased the price of milk to 25 cents a quart today. The two cents a quart increase was levied to pay the farmers an increase ordered by the government, said Russ Dryden of Milton Dairy and Gord McIntosh of Park Farm Dairy.

James H. Matthews and Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa. has purchased a five acre parcel of land in the Oakview Developments land north of Halton Manor, and plans an industry employing 15 in the manufacture of bronze memorial plaques. When a foundry is added later, up to 150 could be employed.

Milton Junior Band will disband on Oct. 28. The bandmaster has resigned, discouraged by small attendances and lack of parental interest. Disposition of the instruments was left with the band committee and the funds will be returned to the town treasury.

A new five-room public school is in the offing for Speyside area, to serve the rural Esquering area.

An addition is being planned for Milton Post Office. MP Sandy Best reported this week.

Halton's population will go over 100,000 this year, county assessor Ford Rogers reports. Milton's total is 5,257, up 247 from last year.

50 years ago

From the October 10, 1929 issue

The Milton Pressed Brick Co., has received an order from Saskatoon, Sask., for 10 carloads of their famous buff brick to be used in the erection of a federal public building.

Mr. Wm. Hamilton of Milton announces the engagement of his youngest daughter Kathleen, to Dr. John Pickering Middlebro of Owen Sound; the marriage to take place in Milton in the latter part of October.

A number of Miltonians went to the Streetsville Fair yesterday. They report a large attendance and a good show.

Geo. Lake, editor of The Advance, Timmins, was in Milton on Thursday last and favored The Champion with a visit.

All members of the Milton Lodge, No. 92, IOOF are asked to attend the meeting next Tuesday night, Oct. 15th, to help confer the initiatory degrees.

Maxwell Smith, Burlington, has issued a supreme court writ against the TH&B Railway Co. for \$50,000 damages for injuries received. The time of the accident dates back to last January when a TH&B train went over the mountain after the track had been carried away by a washout.

It is hard to realize that the provincial elections are only three weeks away. The usual excitement is noticeable only because of its absence.

75 years ago

From the October 13, 1904 issue

On Friday at Campbellville Fair, John Foerter, commonly called "Fetter" of Milton, speeded his horse through the streets and ran over Mrs. Wm. Agnew, of Nelson, who was knocked down and badly shaken and bruised. On Tuesday Foerter was brought before D. Hartley, J.P. to answer to two charges, furious driving on the public highway and making use of blasphemous language. Foerter pleaded guilty to both charges and was fined \$1 and costs on each. He is still liable to an action for damages on behalf of Mrs. Agnew.

The farm house on the McGregor place, Nassagaweya, owned by Peter Sayers, Guelph, and occupied by Gilbert Cramer, was totally destroyed with all its contents last Friday afternoon. The fire occurred between two and three o'clock and Mrs. Cramer and her children were unaware that there was a fire until warned by Mrs. John McKinnon. A few minutes later the roof fell in. Comparatively nothing was saved.

The second of the series of socials, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, in aid of the pipe organ fund will be held on Thursday evening, Oct. 20 in the Sunday School room.