

The Canadian Champion

Established 1861
191 Main St. East, Milton, Ontario L7T 1N7

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Let sense prevail

We frankly are beginning to wonder when, and if, a remaining slim majority of Halton Regional Councillors and staff are going to see the light and throw in the towel on Site F.

Site F was wrong from the beginning and is still wrong today. The Champion does not believe the much-touted excuse that work goes ahead on Site F because the Region does not "want to have all its eggs in one basket."

Despite the fact the Region is on record in its official plan in declaring the need to save and protect all good farmland in the Halton Region, it went ahead with overwhelming legal and consulting odds and drowned out the Town of Milton and the Tremaine-Britannica Citizens Group at the Ontario Municipal Board in June.

But in the meantime, we have seen an about face by the owners of Site A, National Sewer Pipe, who have seen the good business sense in allowing its 200-acres between two dumps to be turned into a regional landfill site.

To top it all off, Treasurer Don Farmer is preparing even now for a Pyrrhic victory on Site F, which may prove a bust.

Much to the surprise of the committee involved, including the staff director, Mr. Farmer has asked the tippage fees (the amount that must be paid to dump garbage in a landfill site) be

Dumping disgusting

In the Islamic states, the punishment is equal to the crime.

In this more enlightened country, we find the debt a guilty person must pay for his of her transgression is often so lenient as to be humorous.

And in some cases the penalty is simply flaunted.

Such may be the case regarding a Campbellville man caught red-handed dumping acetone in a creek feeding into the Mountsberg Conservation Area. Acetone is used to cure leather and it has the same chemical makeup and smell of nail polish remover.

The Ministry of the Environment has charged the man for his crime, but the most that can be expected is a fine and perhaps an order to clean up the spill. This may be ignored, as it is so often, and result in a lengthy and costly court case.

But the real culprit is the Oak-

ville firm which knowingly gave the five-gallon drums of acetone to the Campbellville man.

This firm knew the chemical would be dumped because the man was only interested in the drums. The firm didn't care where or how. It just didn't care about the damage it would be causing.

We could, if this was a newspaper in an Island state, name the company and ask everyone to boycott purchasing of the firm's leather goods, perhaps even put the offenders hands in acetone for 30 minutes so they could feel what the living things in the Mountsberg stream are feeling right now.

But we are in Canada, where we are enlightened. We can only be disgusted at the cavalier attitude of the firm and its management and expect little more than a token fine.

Cutting the losses

In a speech given Monday night in neighboring Peel Region, Ontario Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs Frank Drea made it clear the government is trying to get out of the business of governing.

What he said in essence is his leader, cabinet, and caucus are tired of people always running to the government anytime a problem rears its head. He has promised much deregulation in his own area but he hints that his colleagues are aiming for a return to a minimum of rules so people can seek their own destiny.

While we "haves" would applaud this statement, we have only to look at Milton's "have-nots" to see the policy of stepping out of responsibility has already hit those people first affected in a fundamental ruling change—the lower level.

In Milton we currently have eight families who cannot afford to rent or own their own homes and we watch as everyone is washing their hands of them.

The Province won't build badly needed units. Landlords have been irritatingly non-existent when a plea was made to help find room for the people. Town Council is concerned enough to entertain building its own low-rental building, but anyone who can read a statement of revenues and disbursements knows a municipality of only 30,000 cannot carry the freight of getting into the construction business.

The Province has glibly promised "technical assistance" and "funding" while one of its spokesmen states he would be "quite pleased" if Milton got into the municipal non-profit housing program.

Well, it's just not good enough to offer these carrots after we have already seen the Province back right out of a promise to build a 21-unit non-profit building.

It is clear to us the Province is cutting its losses while striving for constraint and restraint, even to shunning the very people it is supposed to serve.



Be a model, not a critic

A memorandum from your child

This is International Year of The Child and this memorandum from your child seems appropriate:

1. Don't spoil me. I know quite well that I ought not to have all I ask for. I'm only testing you.
2. Don't be afraid to be firm with me. I prefer it. It lets me know where I stand.
3. Don't be inconsistent. That confuses me and makes me try harder to get away with everything I can.
4. Don't make promises: you may not be able to keep them. That will discourage my trust in you.
5. Don't make me feel smaller than I am. I will make up for it by behaving like a "big shot."
6. Don't do things for me that I can do for myself. It makes me feel like a baby, and I may continue to put you in my service.

7. Don't let my bad habits get a lot of your attention, it only encourages me to continue them.
8. Don't correct me in front of people. I'll take much more notice if you talk quietly with me in private.
9. Don't try to discuss my behavior in the heat of a conflict. For some reason my hearing is not very good at this time and my co-operation is even worse. It is all right to take the action required, but let's not talk about it until later.
10. Don't make me feel that my mistakes are sins. I have to learn to make mistakes without feeling that I am no good.
11. Don't nag. If you do, I shall have to protect myself by appearing deaf.
12. I don't protect me from consequences. I need to learn from experience.
13. Don't put me off when I ask HONEST questions. If you do, you will find that I stop asking and seek my information elsewhere.

14. Don't ever think that it is beneath your dignity to apologize to me. An honest apology makes me feel surprisingly warm towards you.
15. Don't ever suggest that you are perfect or infallible. It gives me much to live up to.
16. Don't worry about the little amount of time we spend together. It is how we spend it that counts.
17. Don't let my fears arouse your anxiety. Then I will become more afraid. Show me courage.
18. Don't forget that I can't thrive without lots of understanding and encouragement, but I don't need to tell you that, do I?
19. Treat me the way you treat your friends, then I will be your friend too. Remember, I learn more from a model than a critic.

Sugar and Spice November blahs

WELL, I seem to be able to influence the weather merely by writing a column about it. So let's try it again.

Early in October, I wrote a column laudatory of those golden October days, with a sky of infinite blue, just a pleasant tinge of melancholy in the air, and a general sort of blat along those lines.

Promptly, without even a decent interlude, October turned into a monster. One of my colleagues, in whom I place infinite trust because he is always wrong, and I go from there, told me that this October had had approximately one-third of the sunlight hours of a normal October. For once, I believed him.

November, surely the foulest month of the year in this country, with the possible exception of March, is living up to expectations. One day of watery sunshine, four days of rain and dark skies. That's why I'm writing this. By the time it appears in Print, the second half of November will have turned out to be a giddy adventure of belated Indian summer, with a touch of the deep south thrown in.

November is a nothing month. The leaves are all gone. In fact, they're lying on your lawn, if you're like me, dank and soggy and heavy.

The chap who's to put on your storm windows has gone into hiding, letting his phone ring its head off. And when he does come, the windows don't fit, because the sills have swelled through the inordinate rains. Or something.

The skirts of snow become skiffier every time there is one, and any day you'll get up and it's midwinter.

November is darkness and depression. And one of the most depressing things in view is the proliferation of Santa Claus and the four-color advertisements for Christ-

mas gifts, and the ridiculous beginning of Christmas, so-called, music.

There are snow tires to get on, and snow shovels, snow boots, and heavy clothing to dig out, each one a dull, sickening thud on one's spirits.

This year, as in every other November, the government, whatever the shade of its coat, is waffling and indecisive and obtuse and strangely unaware of the real problems of the country.

This year, in November, you can go into a grocery store, spend ten dollars, and come out with your total possessions in the palm of one hand, in one smallish paper bag.

You know the old car isn't going to make it through January, but you look in horror at prices of gas and a new car, and go on driving the coughing, belching old brute, hoping for a flood or holocaust to end it all and save you the decision.

This November, people are running wildly from one bank to another trust company, trying to take advantage of the ridiculous rates of interest. If they have any money.

And if they don't, they quietly cry in the dark and forget about building or buying a home, because there is no way they can ever pay for it, Joe Clark's silly mortgage deal or not.

And if people can't afford to build houses, because of cruel interest rates, what happens to the construction industry, and all the others that depend on it, from tiles to appliances to heating units.

And the blue-eyed sheiks are rattling their sabres in the west, and the chain-smoker is rattling his quill in Quebec, and altogether, it looks like a long, dark, cold winter for this country, physically and spiritually.

However, brethren and sisters, do not go quiet into that good night. It's not all bad.

There's some great news on the sports pages. Toronto, at least, is maintaining its image. It has the worst baseball team in North America, in the big leagues. It has the worst football team in Eastern Canada. And the Maple Leafs are well on their way to being renamed the Cellar Dwellers. Doesn't all that cheer you up? At least there's some consistency in the country.

It's only a few weeks to the equinox. And even if you're so deep in snow by then that you don't know an equinox from a solstice, never fear. Spring is near. A mere four months off.

I feel like a sailor throwing lead life-belts to drowning souls, but I repeat the call "Press on, regardless." Maybe you'll hit a lottery winner. Maybe your wife isn't really pregnant. Maybe you can live on unemployment insurance and still get your Saturday night case of twenty-four. Maybe.

But I know it's hard to keep the faith in November. Even the ruddy birds, those with brains, have gone south. Those without are walking. It's too wet to fly.

Think of all the good things in life. Now keep on thinking. Think some more, and I'm sure you'll come up with one.

Let's see. I'm not dying of cancer. I don't think. I can afford three squares a day. I hope. My five shares of CDC have dropped only \$28.00 a share on the market, and have rallied by one dollar. My wife hasn't left me, as she's threatened lately. Mixed blessing, that.

My grandboys are six hundred miles away and can't use me for a climbing tree every second weekend. My bursitis is merely excruciating, not unbearable.

Good old November. Nothing like it. Now, change, Weather!

Turning the Pages of the Past

One year ago

From the Dec. 6, 1978 issue
Jack Rafits, a 48-year-old electrical engineer from Burlington, was the leading contender as the race for Halton Region's chair wound down. Also touted for the chair were Oakville's MacLean Anderson and Burlington's Walter Mulkewich.
Regional council held its first informal meeting with outgoing chairman Ric Morrow presiding. Regional Council consisted of MacLean Anderson (Oakville), Mike Armstrong (Halton Hills), Harry Barrett (Oakville), Roly Bird (Burlington), Roy Booth (Halton Hills), Bonnie Brown (Oakville), Vern Connell (Burlington), Carol Gooding (Oakville), Don Gordon (Milton), Gus Goutouski (Milton), Jim Grieve (Burlington), Bill Johnson (Milton), David LaCombe (Burlington), Ted MacDonald (Burlington), Laurie Mannell (Oakville), Terry Mannell (Oakville), Pat McLaughlin (Burlington), Russ Miller (Halton Hills), Walter Mulkewich (Burlington), Ron Planche (Oakville), Peter Pomeroy (Halton Hills) Jack Rafits (Burlington), Steve Toth (Burlington), Ed Wood (Halton Hills).
Milton Council was sworn in with the urging to make their decisions with "wisdom and fairness."

20 years ago

From the Dec. 3, 1959 issue
Charles Gervais has been returned to his third term as president of the Milton Legion.
Nassagaweya Council was returned to office at the nomination meeting Monday. Reeve John Milne, deputy reeve Archie Service and councillors Dr. B. D. Young, Charles Thomson and John Robertson were unopposed.
Audrey Lawrence has returned to Milton from a three-year stay in dark, primitive central Africa with many interesting experiences to tell. She left in November of 1956 to teach the children of missionaries in the Sudan mission in Chad.
Milton votes Monday on the next reeve, deputy reeve and six councillors. Mayor Sidney Childs was returned by acclamation when about 100 attended the nomination meeting. Mary S. Pettit and Mike Ledwith are running for the deputy reeve's seat while Bob Cunningham, Roy Smith and Art Desjardine seek the reeve's seat. Thirteen men are after the six council seats.

The 14-mile stretch of Highway 401 to Milton was officially opened Thursday by Halton MLA Stan Hall, Peel MLA Bill Davis and Ontario Highways Minister Fred Cass. Mayor Childs called it "a momentous day for Milton and the beginning of a new era of progress."

50 years ago

From the Dec. 5, 1929 issue
At the annual meeting of the Milton Pastime Club, held on Thursday evening of last week, the Secretary's report showed the club to be in a flourishing condition, financially and otherwise.
The Misses Lisle and Charlotte Campbell left on Monday for Toronto, where they will reside during the winter, returning to Milton in the spring.
Judge and Mrs. Munro visited their cousin, James Symon in Acton last week.
There is a scarlet fever epidemic in Burlington.
R. Boyd, of Walkerville, is visiting his daughter Mrs. E. Randall.
While walking along the road recently Richard Marshall, an elderly man of Esquesing, was struck by an automobile and had several ribs broken.
In Police Magistrate Barr's Court, Burlington, on Monday last, a Neison Township man was fined \$10 and costs for shooting without a licence.

75 years ago

From the Dec. 1, 1904 issue
Frank O'Donnell, son of Felix O'Donnell, hotel keeper of Rockwood, was hunting in Nassagaweya on Tuesday. As he was getting over a fence his gun went off. His right hand was lacerated, part of his left cheek was torn off and the muscles of his neck were wounded. Unless blood poisoning sets in, he will recover soon.
W. N. Scott has received the Silver Medal which he won at Freelon fair for the best general purpose horse or mare. The medal is a beauty. It is of solid silver and is over two inches in diameter. It was given by the Bank of Commerce.
Wm. Stagg, whose arrival from Calgary last week was reported in The Champion, left for Toronto yesterday, having been engaged to break western horses at Grand's Repository during the winter. He is an experienced "bronco buster."
A man died at the Dominion Hotel in Acton, on Monday. Being unable to get liquor on Sunday, he went to a drug store and bought some alcohol which he said he wanted to use on the sore leg of a horse. He drank it and it killed him. He had been employed as a hostler at J. W. Kee's livery stable. An inquest is in progress.

FOR SERVICE

Nearly 84,000 people in Ontario were trained in first aid by St. John Ambulance in 1978. The organization's 4,000 uniformed Brigade members gave 484,500 hours of free first aid and home nursing service to their communities during the year, and treated 72,800 casualties. St. John, both provincially and locally, deserves a pat on the back for its humanitarian service.