

The Canadian Champion

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NEWS ITEM: Drury School shops closed to allow testing of asbestos material falling from ceiling.



Bold, forward step

Town councillors are to be praised for taking a bold step in agreeing to study a proposal by the developers of Bronte Meadows to renegotiate the phasing agreement.

Goldfan Holdings, the overall developer of the Bronte Meadows subdivision—like any other firm in the land business—is facing the problem of holding large inventories of land and not being able to attract builders because potential buyers have been frightened off by high interest rates.

The standard agreement between the municipality and developers is that a large percentage of any subdivision must be built before occupancy permits can be issued to the builders. Although Bronte Meadows is well planned and the builders are qualified, the lack of buyers has meant the subdivision would wither on the vine due to the occupancy permit restriction.

However, councillors last Monday agreed in principle to a proposal by Goldfan of one building permit for each occupancy permit, so the builders can at

least proceed to build and market the houses they have mortgage monies for at this time. Whether the interest situation gets worse or better, it means the development will be allowed to carry on until, hopefully, the current bank rates go down and buyers again come forward.

There are serious shortcomings to this arrangement. Trying to get garbage trucks and fire trucks into the subdivision will be sticky, at best. There is the question of servicing. In fact there is the fear of several potential hazards which could prove changing the phasing agreement with Goldfan was the same as opening the biggest tin of red herring in the history of Milton.

But the main question is whether or not the town is prepared to stand by as a long-time, and good developer is allowed to go into receivership.

There are legal problems to overcome, but on the face of it, the plan to allow building to go ahead is worth more to the town than sticking to the letter of the bylaw and losing out.

Viewpoint They kill in the night

with LINDA KIRBY



Night riding has become a favorite pastime for myself and another riding companion.

It is an adventure all of its own. We have never been afraid of the dark, nor riding into the 200 acres of forest wilderness that surround the farm where our horses are kept.

It has become familiar; the night sounds and scents of another world one does not glimpse during the daylight.

On this particular evening, there showed little promise of much night light.

Heavy, ominous clouds—warning of stormy weather yet to come—moved across the sky, blotting out the stars.

It had been raining all day and the air, though clean and fresh, threatened more rain.

A little wetness didn't bother us. We were determined to get in some riding after patiently waiting for dryer conditions.

The horses, restless for a good run, trotted briskly down the lane.

They shook their heads, acting like skittish children, finally allowed out to play.

There were three of us this evening, plus "Beau", a handsome black Lab.

We headed for the back trails and with some amount of boldness, let the horses go.

There was little to see in the inky black. They knew their way.

Up the old tractor path they shot. Lucky us, that they should have such keen eyesight and be so fleetfooted.

Twelve hooves noisily clattered across a shallow brook. Akin to mountain goats, they had become accustomed to the territory and rarely stumbled.

None of us can remember why we suddenly pulled the horses up.

Perhaps we all needed to catch our breath and determine our bearings. Though impossible, it seemed blacker.

Someone started to say something, but never finished.

The night calm was abruptly broken by a not too distant yelp.

A dog? Before we had a chance to wonder, it was joined by a second, no three—maybe half a dozen—fierce, barking.

But it couldn't be dogs. Savage, bloodcurdling screams pierced the forest as the sounds grew greater and nearer.

It was like nothing that could be imagined. The whole night vibrated with the shrill wail of these wild animals.

Instinct said it must be wolves—10, maybe a dozen or more.

The forest is home for many deer and it seemed probably the pack had picked up the scent of one.

They were approaching, closer. We didn't move. Like stone statues we sat, our breath caught by the incredible chase.

The horses stood motionless, poised, their ears occasionally moving like finely tuned antennae.

"Beau", quiet 'till now, whined and we realized the danger of our situation. He was fearless, but certainly no match for a pack of these beasts. He would be ripped to shreds in seconds. Soon they would catch his scent.

The horses wheeled around and we shot back down the path we had come.

Suddenly, we knew fear. Back on the farm lane, we stopped and listened. The cries had died.

They had their kill. The hunt was over.

Regulated store hours

The recent closing of Brownie's Billiards on a Sunday because the pool hall was operating in contravention of a 1914 bylaw opens the question of the need to regulate store hours in Milton.

While Brownie's is an exceptional case and the owner feels he needs to be open past midnight in order to attract clientele, it is interesting to note that many stores in Milton seem to open and close at the whim of the store owner.

The Downtown Business Improvement Area Committee and the Milton Chamber of Commerce are now engaged in trying to bring on stream, by this summer, plans to rejuvenate Milton's core.

As far as the DBIA is concerned, the merchants are going to get what they've been after these many years. The semi-mall

concept will be a reality and hopefully the quiet, charming setting will attract the shoppers who now go to other areas.

But all the work will mean nothing if a shopper arrives downtown at 10 a.m. to find half the stores closed. That person is not going to return, and the whole purpose of rebuilding the downtown core will be lost.

Therefore, we would suggest the DBIA Committee, with town staff review the present hours of operation bylaw. If the bylaw as it stands is satisfactory, then it is incumbent on the DBIA to bring its merchant-membership in line.

If town staff thinks there are improvements which can be made, then let's get them in the book so everyone is aware and ready when the semi-mall becomes a part of Milton.

Farmers responsible

The Halton Agricultural Advisory Committee has recently become alarmed at the almost unchecked practice of bringing sewage sludge from outside Halton and dumping it on farmers' fields.

Some sludge has been found to contain contaminants which can render a field useless for decades.

In Halton, the Region is working hard to deliver sludge of good nutrient quality but this is being

thwarted by the practice of importation from other areas.

The committee has called for a crackdown and The Champion believes this action shows the sincerity of the farmers of Halton Region in trying to make the sewage sludge-fertilizer system work.

In short, The Champion hopes Halton Region will respond to the request of its farmers and do its utmost to keep sludge from being imported to this area.

ditions that a charitable group organize the construction in conjunction with a community sponsoring group.

Therefore, the plan is all but dead as the credit union wants no part of the plan and the owner-managers have said that if they do not find a new community sponsor within the week, they will have to back out.

The bottom line is the welfare families who so desperately need assistance and who have again been left to shift for themselves by the vagaries of the system.

Sugar and Spice

with BILL SMILEY

Marking examination papers brings out the best and the worst in a teacher. Any tomfool can set an examination. Any other idiot can write the thing. But marking the finished, or more often unfinished product is something else.

In some ways, marking exams is the absolute anus of the sometimes creative body of teaching. It is to the teacher what an over-flowed toilet is to the plumber.

Normally, a plumber's life is a fairly happy one. Whanging away at pipes. Cursing gaily as he tries to unscrew a rusted nut. Dropping a dirty great wrench on the customer's new tile floor. And writing out a whacking great bill at \$14 per hour, plus parts which must be made of 24-carat gold. On the whole, a satisfactory, fulfilling life. A plumber is usually a smiling, affable chap, much like the highwaymen of olden times, who grinned gallantly as they stripped the passengers of the stage of the valuables.

It's the same with teachers. You seldom see a teacher who is not smiling, except between the first of September and the end of June.

They too have their little joys in everyday life: bullying kids; cursing the principal, under their breaths; gossiping venomously about colleagues who are having more fun than they; happily whining about being underpaid and over-worked; thanking God that it's Friday. A challenging life of dedication and idealism.

But both parties have one crow in their ointment, or fly in their throat, or whatever you call it.

When a plumber walks in, rubber-booted, and faces a floor covered with water, sanitary napkins, toilet tissue, and semi-dissolved feces, his normally serene mien becomes one of stony stoicism.

And when a teacher finishes a term at school, utterly exhausted, empty of ideals, drained of dedication, and faces the marking of about 180 exam papers, his normally congenial expression turns into something resembling agony.

Nobody looks quite as agonizing, staggering home with both arms full of exam papers, as the English teacher. His/her thoughts about Phys. Ed. teachers, shop teachers, business teachers and others who don't have formal exams are unprintable in a family journal. Their attitudes toward science teachers and geography teachers, with their true-false exams, are barely less charitable.

These ruminations, none of them original, recurred to me as I sat serenely during this year's March break, pursuing the current crop of regurgitations, wild guesses, and hopeful meanderings that constitute the average student's exam.

Thwarted from pressing into the frozen North, while so many of my colleagues were heading for the sunny south, by that

Marking exams

common enemy, the common cold, I shucked off all resentment, irritation, and hopes for a holiday, and marked my papers.

It was my old lady who had the cold, and she stayed out of my hair for a change. I sat like Solomon, alternately amused, bemused, bewildered, and occasionally bewitched, by the outpourings of adolescence.

Some were simply stunned. Others were desperate, seeking any port in a storm. Some had a clue, but couldn't solve the case. And very occasionally, there was sheer delight in seeing a keen, original mind at work.

I mentioned the chore as bringing out the best and the worst in the harassed pedagogue, peering, penciling, pouting over the papers.

One becomes a philosopher: "Oh, well, what the hell? We can't all be brain surgeons," after reading the efforts of one who has professed the desire for such a profession, and spells it "brain surjen."

One becomes a philanthropist: "He's flunking badly. But he did clean the blackboards and plug in the record players and said 'Have a nice holiday, sir', and he's going into the old man's business because there's nowhere else to go, so I'll give him 10 marks for cooperation and attitude. That'll please the Guidance Department."

Turning the Pages of the Past

One year ago

From the April 18, 1979 issue
 A fire at the farm of David Jones, south of Acton resulted in the deaths of a boy and an elderly woman. Criminal charges are pending the results of post mortem examinations of the bodies. Doris Jones escaped the blaze with burned legs and was transferred from Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital to Homewood Sanitarium at Guelph.

Over 300 of the 500 employees of Rockwell International in Milton have been laid off as a result of the American truckers' strike which ended last week. During the strike, the plant continued production of parts which has caused a backlog and the utilization of all available storage space, the direct cause of the layoff.

Insurance companies are still assessing the damage caused by the storm which tore through Milton April 6. Thousands of dollars are involved in claims from over 300 area residents.

20 years ago

From the April 14, 1960 issue
 "It would appear the people of Milton don't want any safety," summed up treasurer Jack Shill after a disheartening meeting of Milton Safety Council Thursday. Only five attended and it was the group's second attempt to name officers to head up the year's work. The bike rodeo in the spring is in jeopardy as there aren't enough organizers to run one.

Dogs molesting deer in the Rattlesnake Point area of Milton will be shot on sight and their owners liable for a fine of \$50, Halton Game Warden Bob Reid says. A herd was 43 deer was spotted there last week.

A new retail and wholesale lumber and builders' supply firm was assured for Milton this week when Copeland Lumber announced it will establish immediately on the Maxwell farm east of town.

50 years ago

From the April 10, 1930 issue
 The Milton Business Men's Association will hold a grand celebration on Dominion Day.

The Acton Hockey Club has given a donation of \$350 to the town treasurer as a contribution to the debture indebtedness incurred in building a suitable rink.

Some of our citizens would like to give a hint to the people who drink liquor, to keep their empty bottles on their own property and not throw them on the lawns or break them on the roadway.

Additions and improvements to the Georgetown public school building at a cost of \$8,500 are approved by town council. At least one new room is to be added, and improvements made in the present sanitary system.

75 years ago

There was an alarm at the jail on Wednesday evening of last week. It was found that a prisoner was missing, a young Indian sentenced to four months for stealing a watch and other articles from R. Felan of Oakville. He seemed to have disappeared completely, but on Friday he was found in an outhouse, in which he had been hidden.

An Olde Tyme Concert, given by the Belton Mission Circle, will take place in the school room of the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening. Miss Frances Tolhurst, of Toronto, a talented elocutionist, will take part, and there will be olde tyme refreshments, costumes, amusing dialogues and songs of olden times.

Miss Lizzie Fraser of Galt is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Hill.

Out in the cold

Despite an agreed need to produce some form of geared-to-income housing for Milton's welfare families, a project to help in this direction is all but lost.

The reason for this is a lack of clarity on the part of the group proposing the plan, which has had the end result of leaving some people literally out in the cold.

The plan is a 123-unit row housing complex which was planned for the Commercial St. and Derry Rd. intersection. The Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation allows non-profit housing to be built under con-



One is amused. She wrote on the outside of the paper: "I did my best, Mr. Smiley. I hope you in a good mood when you mark this." I took off a mark because she misspelled "you're."

One is appalled. Question: "Use a sentence containing the word morale." Answer: "A hero thinks he is greater than ordinary morales." Things like this make the young teacher panic and ask self, "What's happening? I'm not getting through to these kids at all." Not to worry. The kid will probably be a good mother.

Occasionally, one is enchanted. One of those students who is a wall-flower in class, obviously shy, hiding behind drooping eyelids, flowers on paper, all inhibitions forgotten in the sheer joy of expression, and turns in a brilliant piece of creative thinking. And the teacher is momentarily elated, realizing he has kindled a flame.

All in all, an enriching experience, giving the marker a good look at a good cross-section of youngsters, a few good laughs, some self-doubts, a certain humility, a delightful feeling of playing God, Jr., and the odd flash of sheer satisfaction, if not joy.

To heck with holidays from now on. Spend a lot of money getting nowhere with a lot of disgruntled fellow-travellers, get home exhausted and disappointed. From now on, I'm going to stay home and mark papers.