

The Canadian Champion

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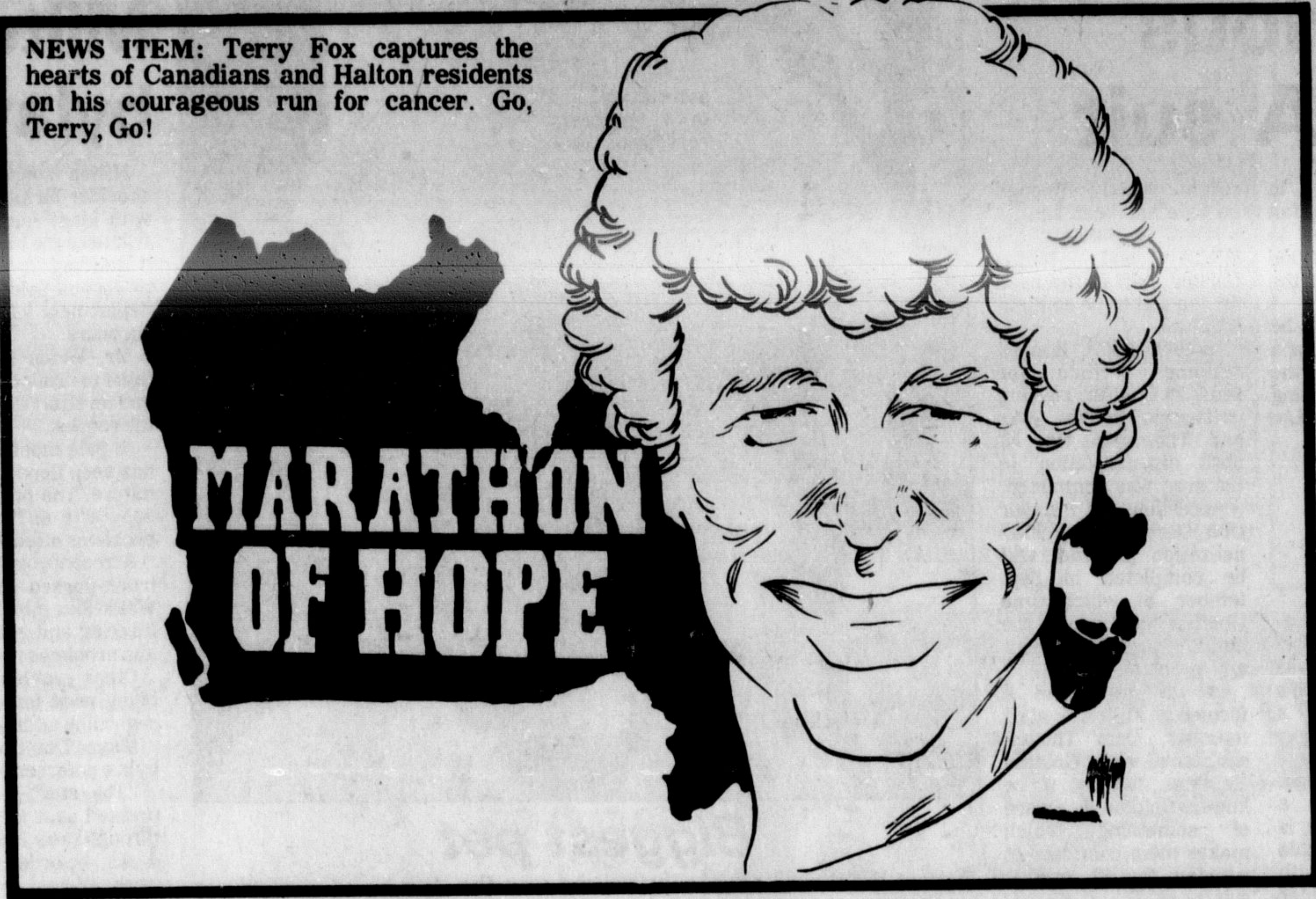
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NEWS ITEM: Terry Fox captures the hearts of Canadians and Halton residents on his courageous run for cancer. Go, Terry, Go!



Tall order for Terry

Terry Fox — he's a living legend as he carves a niche in Canadian history in his cross-Canada run to demonstrate that cancer CAN be beaten.

The young BC resident is running, with the aid of several artificial legs, across this great land to prove to Canadians that losing a leg to this killer disease is not the end. As he runs, he's raising money to help battle cancer, and folks everywhere are jumping on the Terry Fox bandwagon.

It's a run for life, a run for hope, and most of us have an empathy for what he is doing.

The Champion is accepting pledges to help Terry reach his goal, and some heartwarming donations have been received this week. Keep them coming, folks, it's a chance to show Terry his run is for a good cause.

Meanwhile Halton's heraldry expert, Dorothy Stone of Halton Hills, is proposing Terry's nomination for The Order of Canada — the highest honor any Canadian citizen can receive. We have to agree, if anyone is worth the honor, it's Terry Fox.

Miss Stone wants thousands of nominations to accompany her "official" nomination, and The Champion is proud to give local readers a chance to participate. Below, you'll find a nomination form, please fill it in now, and

either drop it at The Champion or mail it to: The Director, Honors Secretariat, Government House, Ottawa K1A 0A1. Those forms left in our office will be mailed in a week or so, so do it soon please.

"I certainly feel that Terry Fox qualifies for this honor," Miss Stone said. The criteria for the award is "Exceptional merit of service to Canada or to humanity at large."

Who could disagree? Terry Fox, you have opened our minds, and opened our hearts. We wish you all the best as you continue your gruelling trek across our land.

Keep the contributions and pledges flowing, folks. And be sure to fill in the ballot which follows. Let's show Terry Fox we care about beating cancer, and we care about his superhuman effort too.

NOMINATION Terry Fox Order of Canada

I/we the undersigned wish to nominate TERRY FOX for appointment to The Order of Canada.

Signed _____
Address _____

(Clip and mail to The Champion or The Director, Honors Secretariat, Government House, Ottawa.)

Viewpoint A woman for all seasons

with JANE MULLER



An ad runs each day in her local newspaper offering clothing alterations at reasonable prices.

The seamstress celebrated her 75th birthday this year, causing her to boast of a life as long as her native Saskatchewan.

Her single bedroom apartment, sprinkled with trinkets from her past, serves as her workshop; the dining room transformed with the presence of a sewing machine and a long metal dress rack.

She began this enterprise last September in Ontario where her two daughters live, after leaving her second husband in Saskatchewan.

He wasn't the man she thought she'd married.

With her old Ford car, her Pekinese and all the belongings she could cram in, she travelled from Saskatchewan to Ontario alone. She slept in the car's back seat when fatigue became overpowering.

The fair-haired lady has covered many miles through her three-quarter century of life. After the death of her first husband, 14 years ago, she packed her car and moved from Ontario to Florida where her youngest sister lived. There she ran a dress shop

featuring original styles created by this woman with the vitality of youth.

She was made to be strong. She was the eldest of a family of nine children raised on the plains of Saskatchewan, and the younger children were in her care.

The lines of joy and sadness have been engraved in her face, framing her blue-green eyes with sculptured furrows. The beauty of her youth shines through as each day she applies her make-up with care. The pride of her years is worn well.

Her dress is always impeccable with tailored styles to accent her figure which could rival a woman's many years her junior. Pride and assurance guide her steps which are sure and far from feeble. She has delighted her grandchildren with tales of her pioneer days, shooting the eyes out of potatoes and skinning rabbits in five minutes flat, a feat which she was begged to repeat—and did.

Much to the despair of her oldest daughter, whose son with much disbelief challenged his grandmother to skin one of his rabbits, the rabbit was killed and presented for preparation.

She is a matriarch, the head of the family, a position which she fills proudly. Her strength is complimented by her gentle ways and warm heart. But it is her open mind and her willingness to accept change, something she has witnessed throughout her eventful life which has kept her young.

The stories she tells over tea, served in her finely designed tea cups, stimulate the imagination but she can listen with as much diligence. She has acted the part of counsellor for family and friends, using the wisdom of her years to offer advice when she can.

She is my grandmother, a woman who will never die. She has left her impression with those she has touched through her life. She is a woman of today molded from the past, independent and strong with an inexhaustible flow of energy.

She is a woman liberated by experience, not trend. She has tasted many aspects of life and in digesting her experiences, savoring the good and learning from the bad she has obtained a worldly knowledge which only a person of her years can hope to obtain.

An ominous move

Underneath the surface of the Halton Regional Official Plan fiasco of last week, there exists a very serious question everyone in this region must ask him or herself.

Capsulized, the Region and the Housing Ministry had reached a tentative agreement on the content of the official plan, the result of almost seven years of talks and revisions. The official plan contains not only what can be built, but where it can be built. In short, it is the document which is designed to ensure growth is orderly and controlled.

The signing of this document, complete with Housing Minister Claude Bennett in attendance to do the honors, was to have taken place last Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. But at about 1 p.m. Housing Ministry senior planner Phil Remington arrived at the office of Regional Chairman Jack Raftis to announce one major developer in the Oakville area had objected at the last minute to the population number previously agreed to by the Region and the Ministry.

The Ministry had originally proposed a population of 200,000 in Oakville and Oakville Council had proposed 130,000. A compromise of 140,000 was agreed to, after much anxiety.

But what Mr. Remington was asking was Regional Council sign the official plan but leave out the part about Oakville's population which would be re-hashed at a later date. Needless to say, once the plan was signed it would be legal and it would have been hard for Regional Council to fight off higher population densities in that town.

Well, the Region would not go along with Mr. Remington and they demanded Mr. Bennett come out of seclusion in Committee Room Two and sign the official plan to which he had already given his approval in principle.

Mr. Bennett, for reasons known

only to himself and Cabinet, would not sign with the result he was told to go back to Queen's Park and not return until he was ready to honor the original agreement.

The underlying question, then, is why was the plan changed and for whose benefit by the Minister of Housing after he had given his approval to what had been agreed to by all sides?

Added to that, what is to stop the Minister and his officials from changing other municipal official plans to increase density, even though it is not desired by a municipal council or ratepayers?

In Milton, for instance, it is agreed our population will have a 37,000 ceiling. Yet, there is much disquiet as our councillors view the preliminary moves to run a huge water supply pipe from Lake Ontario up to the Drumquin area.

The monster pipe will not be built just as a whim. It can only be constructed to supply water to people, and that means houses, schools, and shopping centres.

Whether Milton wants that or not, with only three regional representatives, it will be hard to carry the case against the rest of Regional Council as the region is in charge of water and sewers. And just remember, there is nothing like a big project to make a municipal staff take up the banner for approval.

Last Wednesday's rejection of Mr. Bennett's eleventh-hour proposal is only the harbinger of more assaults to put more and more people into Halton Region.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

Look out the window while eating breakfast and you'll see a bird after a worm, a cat after the bird, and a dog after the cat. This will give you some idea of the world news today.

Have you ever said, "I wish I could get away from it all? How do you know you would not take 'it all' with you?"

Sugar and Spice What books to buy?

with BILL SMILEY



There are times that are sent to try us. And whoever said that said a mouthful.

Every time a child is born, first, second, 12th or grandchild, we are tried with a combination of fear and joy.

Every time an older dies, we are tried with regret, sorrow and nostalgia.

When a daughter is married, we are tried with grief, happiness, and the bank manager.

Main St. disgrace

For some time now Milton senior staff, led by Building Inspector Ray Weido, have been imploring council to take on a bylaw enforcement officer and give that person the power to ensure regulations are upheld and respected.

A case in point where a crying need exists for some form of enforcement has to be Main St.

At Milton Council next Monday Bill Johnson is supposed to have asked the other members to consider some form of bylaw which would include the bylaw enforcement officer, designed to make sure there is some form of minimum standard applicable to buildings with particular regard to aesthetics.

Of course the main problem of such a bylaw is, how does one force a private landowner to maintain his or her private property so that it is not an eyesore?

But as the bylaw stands now, it can only be applied in the most dire of circumstances.

Surely the time has come for Milton to follow the lead of other areas, such as the former Town of Streetsville and enact a sweeping, rigid, bylaw designed to make sure Milton is kept clean and attractive.

When we're applying for a job, we are tried with sheer terror, a mind that functions like a rusty pump, and sweaty armpits.

On the eve of an operation, we are tried with a sudden realization that we've let our communication with God slip rather badly in the last five years, and a simultaneous realization that surgeons are not God, and one little slip means you've lost your spleen instead of your left ovary.

Wives and husbands are sent to try us. The former with what Mary said to Edith before Gwen butted in. The latter with why they double-bogied the 17th hole.

Politicians try us. And try us, and try us, and try us. And we always wind up with a gaggle of geese nobody in his right mind would vote for.

Preachers try us, either by reminding us we have sinned and there is no health in us, or going off into a tedious half-hour dialogue with God, who must be as bored as the congregation.

Waitresses try us. They don't wipe the table. They bring the two-eggs-over-lightly tough enough to sole your boots, and the medium-rare steak so raw no self respecting wolf would eat it. Or so well done you could use it as charcoal on the barbecue.

Old friends try us, sometimes thoroughly. After 15 minutes of eager conversation during which they tell you how successful they are at Acme Screw and Gear, they ask: "And how's Jack?" since you've never had a brother called Jack, John, Johann, Ian, Sean or Jan, and your two sisters are Mabel and Myrtle, this can be quite trying. Best answer is: "Fine. How's Archie?" You then find yourself talking about two people neither of you ever knew.

Some of my craftier readers will long since have realized that this is merely an inordinately lengthy introduction to a personal experience that is trying. In other words, a long spiel to a pain in the arm.

Right on, crafty readers. The most trying time for the head of the English department is the end of June. Alone on your bowed shoulders and greying head is the chore of deciding what 1,500 sensitive teenagers are going to read next fall. Actually, they're about as sensitive as an old rubber boot, but their parents think they are.

Here's the situation. You have 20,000 books. One third of them are falling apart. Another one-fifth is so scribbled with obscenities by those sensitive youngsters that you couldn't peddle them at a burlesque show.

Your budget for new books is the same as it was eight years ago. Books have doubled and trebled in cost. Well, no problem there. You simply sprinkle some gasoline around the book storage center and drop a match, hoping you don't burn the whole shoe factory. But there is a problem. The books aren't insured.

Of course, you get great support from your English teachers. Their tastes range from Dickens, who turns the kids off like a tie in summer, to the Texas Chain Saw Murders, which would probably turn them right on. After these suggestions, they—the English teachers—go off to sail their boats or stride the golf course.

And lurking in the wings, of course, are the self-appointed censors, most of whom have never read a book from cover to cover in their lives. They know less about sex and profanity than the veriest Grade Sixers.

Hovering behind the censors is the great body of administrators, educators and politicians, huddled in terror that their sponsorship of a book might cost them a job, a vote, or a censure from some other nit who has ascended to the height of his/her competence.

Ah, what the heck. It happens every year. I'm too old to go back to The Mill On The Floss, the most boring book I've ever read. A Tale of Two Cities is liable to stir up the Pequistes in Quebec. Uncle Tom's Cabin will infuriate the black militants.

We'll hang in there with Huckleberry Finn, a homosexual novel about a black man and a white redneck; Who Has Seen The Wind, a filthy novel about the sex life of pigeons; Henry IV, Part One, a play about an incestuous hippie; Lord of the Flies, a novel about kids murdering each other; True Grit, with 17 violent deaths; The Great Gatsby, concerning a wild bootlegger; Dracula, which the kids love; and The Pearl, in which a guy kills four people and his baby has its head shot off. Then there are: Of Mice and Men, in which a chap shoots his buddy, a moron, in the back of the head, and Julius Caesar, in which the lead character is stabbed 16 times by his buddies.

Turning the Pages of the Past

One year ago

One year ago

From the July 25, 1979 issue
Visitors to Kelso are going to be scrambling for a spot in the 500-acre park on the next few weekends, should the weather and crowds continue as they have been in past weeks. Halton Region Conservation Authority officials closed the park shortly after 1 p.m. Sunday after more than 8,000 people filed through the entrance gates.

Cari Kovachik of Milton does not feel like a hero—despite the fact she and a team of helpers were instrumental in saving the life of a nine-month-old baby after a plane crash Saturday morning at Burlington Air Park. The 27-year-old registered nurse was among the first on the scene when a single-engine home-built Zenith CH200 carrying a Georgetown family of three, crashed.

Striking ambulance workers are blaming the Halton-Mississauga Ambulance Co. with failing to bring an end to the five-week-old contract dispute. Both sides were called back to the bargaining table Friday by labor mediator Trevor Smith, in a second attempt to resolve the walkout by 75 attendants, drivers and dispatchers.

An 18-year-old Maplehurst inmate remains at large following his escape from the minimum security institution grounds Friday morning.

Halton MP Otto Jelinek is hoping Canada may set an example for the rest of the world, by assisting with temporary refugee camps for fleeing Southeast Asians.

20 years ago

From the July 21, 1960 issue

In a musical chairs session Monday at Milton Council, Reeve Art Desjardine resigned, Deputy Reeve Mary Pettit was appointed Reeve, and Councillor Jack Charlton was named Deputy Reeve. To fill the vacancy, Glyn Roberts was added to council. He was the candidate with the next highest number of votes in the last election. Mr. Desjardine is leaving town.

Dr. Alan S. Taylor this week joined the staff of Halton County Health Unit as assistant Medical Officer of Health.

About 70 of the asparagus farm workers attended the chicken barbecue provided by the Campbell Soup Company at Hornby Park.

Daily Vacation Bible School closed at St. Paul's Church Friday. A total of 190 attended it.

The Halton County Baseball all-star game, held in Milton this year for the first time, ended in a real rout. Campbellville Merchants shelled their supposedly power-packed opposition 17-4.

A 35-year-old Cooksville contractor was killed when he fell through a skylight in the roof of the new Copeland Lumber building. He fell 23 feet.

Lorne Scots Pipe Band was inspected last week at Brampton prior to their trip to Edinburgh, Scotland to participate in the famed Scottish Festival.

50 years ago

Fifty years ago

From the July 24, 1930 issue
W. I. Dick, of Milton, has just completed 26 years of service as crown attorney for Halton, having been sworn in office during the regime of Sir John Gibson, the attorney general. We extend congratulations.

Archie Service, of Nassagaweya, has a fine field of oats of the "Mammoth Cluster" variety. One of the heads, which he left at The Champion office is one foot in length and contains 176 kernels.

The spruce trees in Victoria Park are dying and other trees will have to be planted in their place.

The Halton Agricultural Society has withdrawn the horse races they intended to hold July 30 to a later date.

The Conservative campaign in Halton will close on Saturday next with a mass meeting at Victoria Hall, Oakville, which will be addressed by Hon. E. B. Ryckman, Col. J. K. MacKay and the candidate, Dr. R. K. Anderson.

The Dufferin Construction Co.'s men are working at the north end of Martin St., which will be repaved, as will also be the east end of Main St.

Another large barn dance will be held in the new steel barn of W. W. Featherstone, 7th line, near Drumquin, on Wednesday, July 30th. The Merry-Makers' double piece Orchestra, of Oakville, will furnish the music.

75 years ago

From the July 20, 1905 issue

The recent hot weather has ripened the wheat quickly. Several farmers in this neighbourhood commenced their harvest yesterday, though their hay was not all in.

Miss Alice L. Cottrell, of Nelson, with her aunt, Mrs. J.H. Hanley, and Master Gordon left on Saturday morning for a trip through the Canadian Northwest. They will visit Winnipeg and Brandon fairs on their way out.

The annual picnic of Grace Church Sunday School is being held at the pleasure grounds today. An excursion was proposed, but satisfactory arrangements for reduced railway fares could not be made.

The garden party in connection with Boston Church, given at the home of Geo. Michie on Thursday evening was a great success in every way.

The fine singing of H. Ruthven McDonald, baritone of Toronto delighted everybody and Jim Fax was as funny as ever. The band of the 20th Regt. played selections.

Yesterday afternoon a man sold lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, etc. through the town from a wheelbarrow.

It is hoped that the local dealers in fruit and vegetables will not bust up the Wednesday half-holiday agreement on the ground that they have been robbed of trade.