

Established 1861

The Canadian Champion

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Domus too big

Councillor Brian Penman was rightly alarmed recently when Council decided to inform the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation it has no objection to two Toronto-based credit unions acting as "local sponsor" for a CMHC rental housing subdivision.

Three Councillors were absent and their presence may have altered what may have been the creation of a monster no one can control.

The monster is a 110-unit, row-housing development which would have at least 15 units set aside for geared-to-income families and/or individuals.

While the concept of the development is laudable, the method of controls and guarantees still leaves several Councillors cold, not the least of which is Mr. Penman.

The Domus Charitable Foundation, (the name given to a board of five persons as yet unnamed) will be responsible for the building and has appeared before Council four or five times. Each time, it seems, a "new" member of the Domus group or an associate of the Domus group is there to speak.

Such as the case last Monday when a representative from Credit Union Central came to council representing the two Toronto credit unions while at the same time he was, by admission, a member of the board of directors of the Domus Charitable Foundation.

Also causing reservation is what Councillor Rick Day termed the "automatic" method by which lands, ownerships, and responsibilities would flow from one group to another.

Even though CMHC stipulates the Domus group must have a "local" sponsor the only group really to be considered local was

the Halton Community Credit Union which first backed out of the scheme and is now back in provided the town join hands in sponsorship.

Clerk Roy Main was very specific the town in no way should get involved sponsoring housing units. Even if it were not for the fact the town, as land owner, may apply one day to the town, as legislator, for a zoning change; the pitfalls of a municipality being in the land development game are just too great to risk.

There can be no doubt about the need for geared-to-income housing, but when the leader of the group of disadvantaged Miltonians gets up, as Sharon Johnson did, and express doubts, clearly the warning flag should have been up for all to see. And in fairness it should be noted that Councillor Rose Harrison, who has waged a one-woman fight on council for those families with no homes to go to, stated there were questions she was having trouble resolving, particularly in regards to local sponsorship.

By the same token, Councillors were told of a bevy of rules and regulations from CMHC and the lender, the Bank of Nova Scotia, which must be legally met before any construction can begin.

But the most cogent remark came from Councillor Day who said "this project is just too big for us." Mr. Day may well have been predicting the future.

That CMHC has been informed the Town does not object to Toronto credit unions acting as a Milton sponsor does not mean the Domus deal is signed, sealed and delivered.

When the proposed development agreement comes up, perhaps Aug. 11, it should be time, as Mr. Penman said, to discuss again and vote again.

More goodwill needed

It has been a long, long grind, but finally it appears Amendment 7 for the Milton-401 Industrial Park will go ahead.

Over the past months charges and counter charges have boiled up over the issue of when developers would start, and if they would buy out the homes of 16 residents within the industrial park boundaries, as promised.

The hoped for speedy resolution of this issue, as previously pointed out in The Champion, is due in no small way to a show of corporate

goodwill by the Oshawa Wholesale Group.

With the 72-acre Oshawa development now, for all intents, resolved, the onus falls directly on the developers in the rest of the industrial park to show the same kind of goodwill.

It is hoped the buyout process will be smooth and swift, so the park can attract industry to provide Milton with assessment monies and badly needed new jobs.

Glasses needed

Got any old eyeglasses kicking around your home?

You can get rid of them and do someone a good deed if you drop them off at The Champion office, where used eyeglasses are being collected for the needy in third world countries.

Local doctors Steve Legate and Michael Ho are seeking glasses to be sent to the Evangelical Medical Missionaries' Aid Society. They report 60,000 pairs of glasses have been turned in so far.

They will be sent to needy countries where the prescriptions will be checked. Volunteer doctors will fit the glasses to the needy.

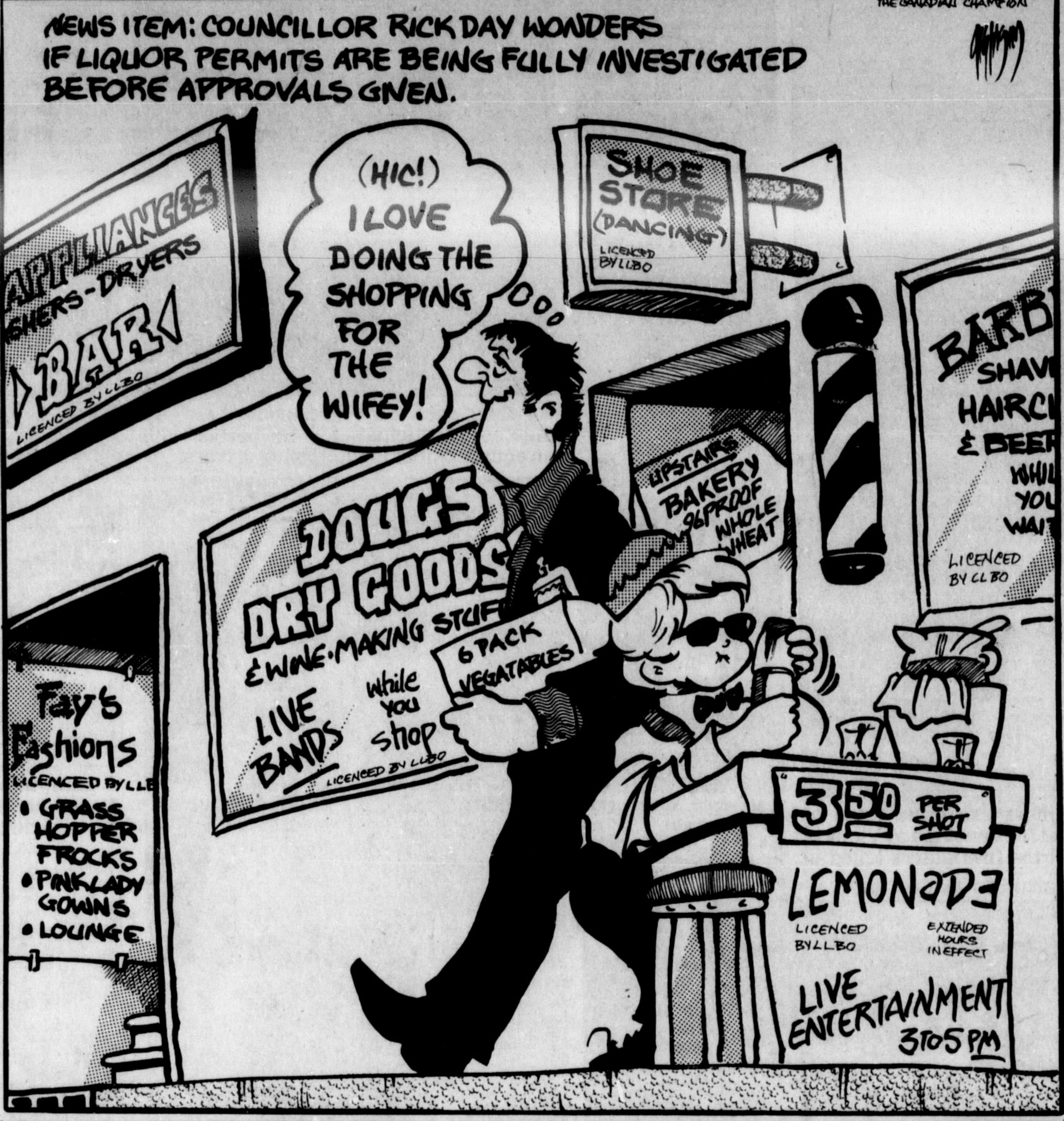
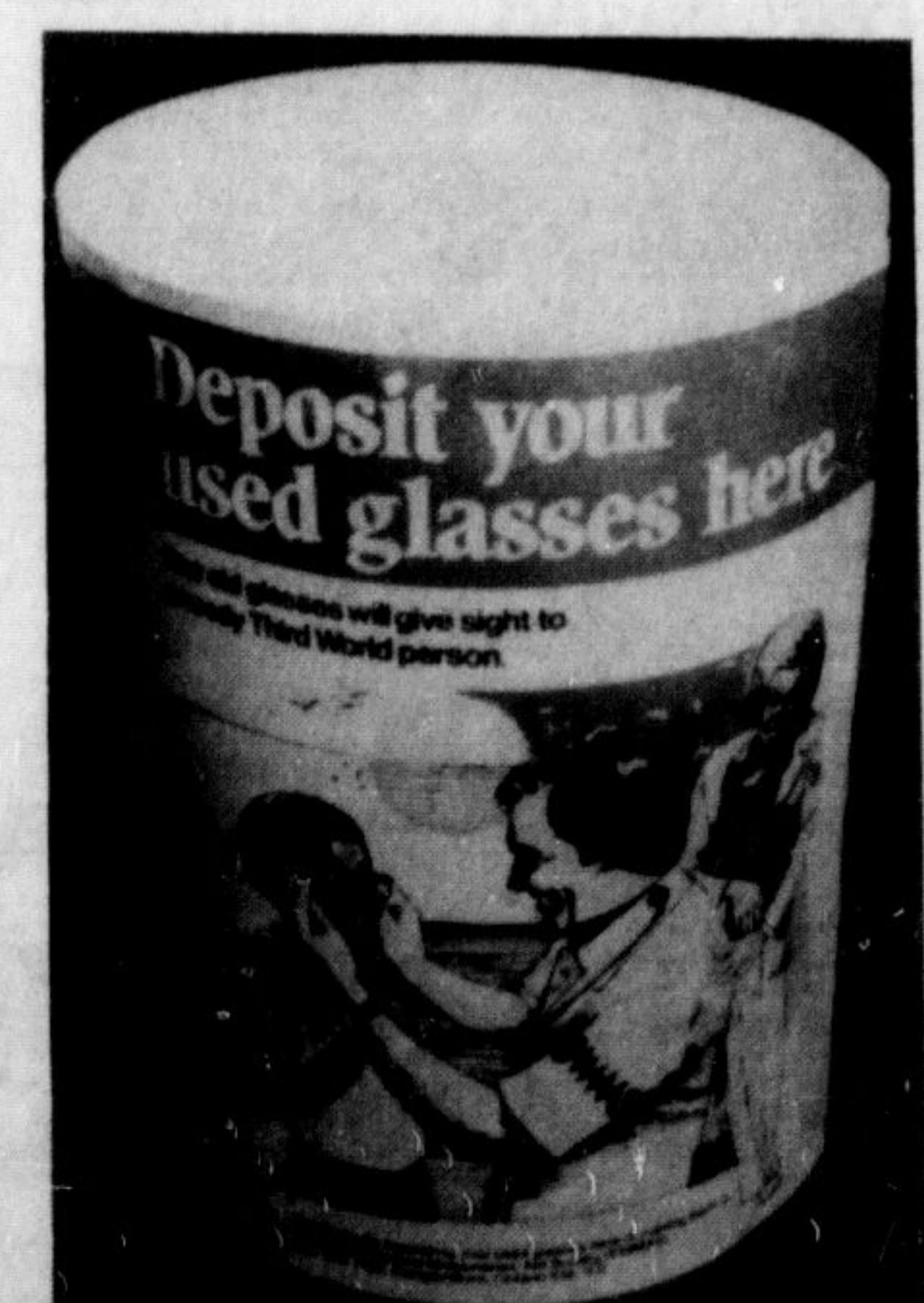
There's a container at The Champion for donations. Let's fill it up. Or you can make a note of this address and send future donations to EMMA Society, Box 1180, Campbellford, Ont., L0L

I.L.O. Your gift will be appreciated.

Some daffy dame in Vancouver got me out of bed one morning at 7.10 with a phone call, offering to be my agent, at ten per cent. I was a little grumpy. I have been known to throw the alarm clock right through a window when it goes off at 7.15. I asked her what the hell time it was in Vancouver. It was 2.10 a.m., naturally, a time when even daffy dames should be snoring.

Twenty minutes later, while I was shaving, she called again to ask how many pages the book would have, what kind of paper, what kind of cover, what price. She could have heard my answers all the way to Vancouver without bothering Ma Bell.

A couple of days later, my old lady got a call, right in the middle of her siesta, from some publisher the d.d. in Vancouver had called. At this point my o.l. was getting a bit brassed off, answering phone calls at all hours from old fighter pilots who were flying when they called, people who wanted an instant recipe for becoming a syndicated columnist, and dear old ladies who were suffering from insomnia and just



Viewpoint

with LINDA KIRBY

Everyone has a tale to relate when it comes to driving.

Few people get a kick out of it and more often you learn there are more possible jerks on the road than you thought were possible.

I love driving. And I love driving small cars. In fact, I feel a great deal more safe in a small standard car than in any chesterfield on wheels that you could give to me.

What I don't like is the mentality of many, (not all, but too many) of the large car drivers.

Because you are small, somehow you just don't rate the same amount of road space.

"What do you mean, I cut you off," is the indignant look of some slob sailing past in 25 feet of sheet metal. "You didn't need all that room anyway", is his obvious thought.

Small cars are quick, but they are not rabbits that can jump in mid-air to accommodate buffoons who must play cat-and-mouse with vehicles travelling 60 or better miles an hour.

I like to avoid accidents. And I like breathing space between myself and the next car, but there is always someone who naturally feels this is the perfect spot to sandwich his way in.

Perhaps my best memories are those when travelling to and from the cottage country.

Everyone dons his or her cap and scarf and it's Jackie Stewart all the way.

The people who worry me the most are those with the most children.

They are the ones who have every reason to hate three hours of driving, every reason to get to the nearest food and toilet stop, every reason to become distracted and eventually every reason to consider driving up a tree, literally.

Yes, the family car I fear the most. I am no choir girl when it comes to driving at the exact speed limit, but neither do I enjoy tempting the stretcher or the body wagon from the local funeral home.

Most of you truck drivers are fairly decent.

But some of you do love playing games and there is no denying it.

Little cars are perfect targets for some of you bullies.

With sheer glee you thunder down from behind, nudging my bumper despite the fact I am doing 65 miles per hour.

But you rarely win because I refuse to be intimidated and when it comes right down to it, you are not about to bounce me off the road.

It wouldn't look good to have such a bad record. For some unknown reason truckers by night become a different breed.

Most are absolute gentlemen and drive with the utmost consideration for others.

Linda's rules of the road



But if I sound too cynical, it is not meant to be so.

I wouldn't enjoy driving so much if such tales occurred too often.

People can get quite friendly in traffic, especially in that 15 miles stop and go stuff.

Yes, if you dare to smile, more often it will get you a smile in return. But beware. One smile caused a charming fellow in a dashing Alfa Romeo to follow me to my doorstep.

That is a bit too friendly. If anything, driving never has to be boring and it can be more than an interesting and educating way to learn about mankind's absurd tricks of behaviour.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

Most of our anxieties and discontent come from wanting things before they are due us, wanting more than our share, and wanting what belongs to others.

If you don't run your own life someone else will.

It's an ill wind that blows, especially when you leave the hairdresser's.

Sugar and Spice

with BILL SMILEY

Let's see now. Here it is about August, and I was supposed to produce a book this summer. I wish it were as simple as getting pregnant and producing a beautiful, healthy, welcomed child.

Two different parties are after me, as we say in this country, to get off my bottom and pop a best-seller.

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wanted to tell her they'd been reading my column for seventy-six years.

As a result, she gave the world-famous publisher what is known as short shrift. I don't know the etymology of the phrase, but basically it means being cut off at the knees, so that your shrift, or whatever, is dangling in the dirt. He didn't call again, and I haven't called him because I don't want to appear to be towering over him.

My other agent, and old friend, who could sell cowboy boots to Indians, and moccasins to cowboys, dropped a line with some suggestions and advice.

He should have known better. He's been giving me both for more than twenty years, and I have not only ignored both, I have usually done the opposite, with no dire results, except that we'd both have made money if I'd listened. But what good is money these days?

First thing he suggested was a title. If I'd had a national contest to choose the worst possible title for my pregnant but non-popped book, his would have won first prize.

Next, my old buddy offered some ideas for chapters: the family, the school, sex, politics, etc. I wish he'd spelled out the etcetera, because I don't know much about the others.

The family. What a chapter! Dull, dull, dull. Unfortunately, I came from a happy family. I didn't hate either my father or my mother, so there's no mileage there. I

get along great with my brothers and sisters, as long as we're several hundred miles apart. I love my son and daughter, when he's in Paraguay and she's in Moosonee. I adore my grandboys, especially when I'm waving bye-bye as they leave for another few months. My wife and I put up with each other. So what's to write about?

The school? Another dead end. I've been going to school: public, high, university, air force lectures, teacher, for more than forty years, and I know about twelve per cent more than a six-month infant.

In math, I can't even use a calculator without getting all fouled up, as the Revenue Department just informed me this week, to the tune of \$810.00. And forty cents.

In science, I have just lately figured out that acid rain is from kidney trouble with Santa Claus's reindeer.

In geography, I am quite confident that Texas is south of some oil-producing places, and north of others.

In history, I am content with a student's assessment that the Church of England was established because Henry VIII was fed up with the Pope.

In English, I'm pretty secure. I know the first line of several of Shakespeare's great soliloquies:

Turning the Pages of the Past

One year ago

From the August 8, 1979 issue
Halton Regional Police continue to be among the highest paid in Ontario. Approximately 260 uniformed members of the Halton Regional Police Association endorsed Aug. 1, the recommendations hammered out between their bargaining unit and the Halton Regional Police Commission. The pay of a first class constable is raised to \$21,714 a year, about \$4 more an hour than the Windsor Police which is the second highest paid in the province.

Eight area youths were arrested and two charged with break and enter following a break in at a canteen in Lowville Park midnight Wednesday Aug. 1. An estimated \$200 value of snack goods were recovered from a 1972 Oldsmobile at the scene after Halton Regional Police were called by a nearby resident.

Business closed for an unexpected siesta Saturday at noon at Milton Mall when the lights went out. Mall manager Claire Henderson said the problem lay in the main cable leading into the mall's power source.

Two Maplehurst escapees were recaptured by Halton Regional Police last week. Steven Wayne Kerry, 17, of Burlington and Leslie William MacIntosh, 19, of Toronto led police on a two-day chase through Guelph and surrounding area to Burlington where they were caught Tuesday evening.

Picnickers at Kelso quenching their thirst with beer or any liquor refreshment could face a fine of \$38 if caught with the goods.

50 years ago

From the August 7, 1930 issue

Threshing has commenced in this district. Good yields are reported.

Local motorists are warned that under the recent amendment to the Highway Traffic Act the riding of three in the front seat of any car is classed as reckless driving. The fine is \$10 and costs, so beware!

Warren Tansley, son of Mrs. L.E. Tansley, of Shelburne, formerly of Milton, sustained a broken arm as the result of a fall from a tree on Wednesday of last week.

Great credit is due Councillors J.M. Mackenzie and M.E. Nixon who have completed arrangements with the officials of the C.P.R. for a passenger train to accommodate about forty high school students from Guelph Junction and surrounding district to arrive in Milton at 9 a.m., beginning Sept. 3rd.

Civic holiday passed off rather quietly in Milton with the exception of considerable excitement at 5:30 p.m. when the fire alarm sounded, and the firemen, except those who were at the Firemen's Demonstration at Kincardine, were called out to extinguish a burning car in J.W. Higgins' Garage, near the town hall, thus saving the garage from being destroyed by fire.

75 Years ago

From the August 3, 1905 issue

The club house and cook house of the Milton Fish and Game Club near Campbellville, had a close call last Thursday. Mrs. M.E. Mitchell, Mrs. Quinn and Miss Dewar of Brantford had been at the club house for about a week and had just left with Mr. Mitchell, who brought them home. W.O. Morse and his hired man were at work in the mill. They saw smoke to the left of the cook house, went to investigate and found that a fire had started in some rubbish where wood had been piled and cut and had got into the trees. They had great difficulty in saving the buildings and had to fight the fire for two days, as it got into dry roots which were underground.

A \$5 bill lost in Milton on Tuesday evening. Finder will please return it to The Champion office and receive an award.

No best-seller this summer



"To be or not to be."

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow..."

But I can't remember the second line or any of the others. And I do know what a participle is, which is more than I can say for the two Grade Ten's I taught this year.

So school is out, as a subject. Now about sex. There, I might be able to come up with several chapters. Despite my earlier disclaimer about science, I do know a pistol from a stamen. I think. And I got some pretty hot stuff from an electrician one day, when he said, "This is the female plug."

And of course anyone who reads modern novels can't help but be pretty well versed. (Is 'versed' a bad word? I'm never sure.) It comes from the same root, if you'll pardon the expression, as "perverse."

Otherwise, I know most of the stuff. Kinky sex is two people with Afro hair-do's getting all tangled up. Aural sex is kissing with your ears instead of your lips, rather like the old myth about Eskimaux rubbing noses. Rather odd, but whatever turns you on, as we sex writers say. No problem with the sex chapters.

As to his final suggestion, politics, I could write a book. But nobody would read it, because it would be banned as the most obscene literary effort since Lady Chatterly's Lover.