



OPINION

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

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Oakville, where are you?

Now that Milton and Oakville hospitals are amalgamated, working together to resolve issues is of the utmost importance.

As in any other merger, both parties must face obstacles jointly, looking out for each other's interests to maintain a harmonious relationship.

Such a philosophy could be applied to resolve the ongoing controversy with regard to having an obstetrician on call at Milton District Hospital if a woman giving birth runs into trouble.

As Milton's current obstetrician leaves the post at the end of the month, hospital officials say they're trying to find a replacement who is affordable. Apparently, recent candidates' pay expectations were higher than what the board considers cost-effective for an obstetrics department the size of Milton's, so the search continues.

We don't know how much money was being demanded by the doctors because hospital corporation officials have refused to say publicly. But it must have been a substantial amount.

Now time's running out. Milton hospital's obstetrics department may close indefinitely in November if an obstetrician isn't found, and who knows when it might re-open? That's not fair to the many women who want to have their babies here.

There's also the possibility that a woman giving birth could arrive at Milton hospital in an emergency. The time involved rushing her to Oakville for care could put the baby's life in jeopardy.

Meanwhile, Oakville hospital has several obstetricians on staff. While hospital officials say these obstetricians are too busy for more commitments, surely there must be some way of sharing them with Milton.

How about having Oakville obstetricians take turns being on call for Milton hospital until it's more feasible for Milton to warrant its own specialist? A financial deal could be worked out and the time requirement would be minimal, especially if they share the duties.

Karen Smith

Good riddance, I mean goodbye and farewell, old friend

I said goodbye to an old friend recently.

He had his moments, but most of the time he was cranky, injury-prone, unreliable, and made funny noises.

When he decided he would only go in reverse I slapped him around a little and then took him to the doctor.

Brian, at Brian's Auto Repairs, shook his head slowly. It could be fixed, of course, but considering the long list of other ailments, it just wasn't worth it. He had performed successful surgery on that car more than once, but had to draw the line at miracles.

I wondered immediately if I could go kick it one last time, but suddenly had a flood of emotion over the piece of junk. After all, it was mine, and the two of us had spent a lot of time together.

The car, a Premier Eagle, was born in ill-health, but I could have nursed it along much better. The only time I ever did anything with it was after it was stopped by the side of the road.

Then I would take it to get fixed and, like a kid, I just wanted them to make the boo-boos go away, especially so it wouldn't hurt my wallet. My philosophy was pretty much not to fix anything ahead of time because it just meant it was that much sooner before it had to be repaired again.

I tried fixing something on it myself once. The speedometer didn't work unless I banged on it, so I spent half a day taking apart the dashboard. After that, of course, it didn't work at all.

My idea of a good car is one that has a good sound system, so you can turn it up high enough to block out the other noises. I don't particularly care what it looks like because I don't consider a car a status symbol, like some do. Mind you, that's just what people say when they don't have a good enough car to qualify for such status. Put me in a Mercedes and I guarantee I'd sit up a little higher in the seat.

More than a few times I've been embarrassed by my mode of transportation. Once, the side

HE OVER-DID IT
AT THANKSGIVING
AGAIN, DIDN'T HE?!



OUR READERS WRITE

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Thanks, we won't be back

Dear Editor:

I'm not exactly sure who to complain to since the establishment I went to recently didn't seem to care. We so often wonder why the small business person goes bankrupt. Well, I'll tell you why.

When a waitress asks if everything is okay, does she really want to know if everything is okay? If not, will she do something about it, or why bother asking?

Our experience at a local establishment was anything but okay. Our meals were unsatisfactory, to say the least. Portions of a dinner were not cooked, and when all was said and done and the waitress came to clear our table, we informed her that a potato was not cooked and that we had other complaints regarding the meal. She just looked at us dully and asked if we would like another potato. Well, duh!

At this point, she could have offered complimentary coffee or dessert or even a small gift certificate with a little note saying please give us another try.

Maybe she should have gotten the manager or at least informed him of what was going on. Then again, maybe she did. We paid our bill and made a bee line for the exit. However, two things are for sure. One, they won't be in business much longer and two, we won't be going back there again.

Brigitte Smith
Milton

It's shoo-in, not shoe-in

Dear Editor:

Try as I might, I can find nothing about footwear anywhere in the text to justify what I hoped was a pun in the headline 'Milton looks like shoe-in as national title site' (Sports, September 22).

Am I missing something, or is this simply another example of an editorially inexcusable tendency to misspell shoo-in?

David Townson
Milton



On the loose

with MURRAY TOWNSEND

view mirror of my Toyota fell off on the highway while I was looking in it, leaving a big rusted-out hole. That's odd, I thought, as I turned to the rear-view mirror and watched it bounce along behind me.

The only brand new car I ever owned was a Probe, which was actually my wife's car, as she explained carefully when it was purchased. She took it with her when she became my ex-wife. Smart move. Uh...the taking the car part.

The first car I ever drove was my father's

black 1967 Rambler American when I was 16 years old. It was also the best car I ever drove. That thing could motor. It was what we used to call a sleeper. Didn't look like much, but it could take most challengers off the line, always to their amazement.

My parents would let me take the car, but correctly didn't trust me, so they would check the odometer to make sure I was only going as far as I said. A friend showed me how to unhook it, so I went for long drives even when I didn't want to, only because I could get away with it.

My parents eventually gave me the car, but by that time it was almost dead anyway. Too much mileage, I guess.

So now I'm wondering what my next ride will be. Ideally I'd like to be one of those people who get paid to test drive new cars and then report back after a year. If there is such a job.

Other than that it has to have a good radio, be self-cleaning and require no maintenance.