



# OPINION

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Box 248, 191 Main St. E.,  
Milton, Ont. L9T 4N9

(905) 878-2341

Editorial Fax: 878-4943

Advertising Fax: 876-2364

Classified: 875-3300

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## Tense little gathering

It's not difficult to see the tensions that simmer just below the surface at Milton council.

Discussions that seem to start innocently enough -- about how much councillors should get paid -- quickly escalate into something much more heated. Councillor John Challinor has weighed in by saying, in essence, some of his colleagues aren't up to the task at hand.

That precipitated a response from Councillor Ron Furik, who stated sharply that the constituents he spoke to were sick of the BS, apparently surrounding some of the actions by unnamed people on council. Mr. Furik and Mr. Challinor are old antagonists on council, so it would appear Mr. Furik's comment was directed at Mr. Challinor.

Councillor Rick Malboeuf weighed in with an idea that has been near and dear to him since day one -- paring back the size of council. Mr. Malboeuf has also indicated that he's suspicious about any citizen's committee set up to examine councillor stipends if some of his colleagues have a hand in choosing the committee members.

This is because he's still smarting about other appointments made by fellow councillors that he thought were political powerplays.

Granted, the topic of how much councillors should get paid is always both sensitive and potentially explosive. But nowadays it is perhaps more so, since there are clear schisms and personality issues.

What we're seeing right now is a bit of shadowboxing -- nobody is openly critical of anyone by name. Mr. Challinor vaguely indicates others are not up to snuff. Mr. Furik alludes to insincere posturing in some quarter. Mr. Malboeuf is generally skeptical of some people's motives.

The question lingers: How well can this group work together? And just who are the real incompetents, game players and schemers?



## OUR READERS WRITE

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

### Reader was saddened by flower episode

Dear Editor:

I am writing to comment on the state of humanity. For five years I went to high school in Milton. I treasured the people I knew, and loved every moment I spent in this town. I now live and work in Guelph. But I am saddened by the ignorance that plagues this town now.

On February 7, a friend's father had a heart attack. My husband and I wanted to send flowers but I could only remember the name of one flower store in town.

I called them with the address and they delivered the flowers on

Monday. The following day I received a call from the flower store saying that the women whom my flowers were delivered to did not know who I was. After some time I realized I had given the flower store the wrong address.

I phoned the people who I had mistakenly sent the flowers to, hoping that once they read the card, which said "Wishing you a speedy recovery" and read my name, they would realize the flowers were not for them and return them. They did not.

When I phoned them the man who answered the phone told me in

no uncertain terms that it was not his fault, and hung up on me.

I take full responsibility for my mistake but I am deeply hurt by the intentional disregard for my feelings that these strangers showed. I can only hope that there are fewer people in the world like them.

My friend's father never received our flowers and I could not afford to send new ones.

I hope that my flowers have brought these people joy -- something they obviously don't have too much of in their lives.

**Kathleen Guardiero**  
Guelph

## In the good old days, I worked in underwear

Listen: If this column doesn't skip right along like a well-worn pebble leapfrogging a lake on a warm summer's day, it's because of the jinx.

Reason it might limp right out of the gate is because I plagued a few people with the idea before writing anything down.

That is bad karma.

Conjures up the skanky mists of hovering evil luck. Well, maybe anyway. You never know.

Time for a seamless transition.

Seen the new Sports Illustrated swimsuit edition yet?

Speaking of underwear, or what looks like underwear anyway, ever had a job you could do in it? I have. Didn't hold it down for too long. Wasn't interested in getting up that early, even for undeniable convenience of working in skivvies.

Most guys like hanging around in their underwear. Can't say whether it's something that appeals to women. Most guys wouldn't mind if more women did it too, though.

Radio forms ideal environment for underwear-only type job, if one is an alleged guest expert

being tapped from home to offer questionable insight via telephone.

That's what I did. Was guest on Andy Berry CBC radio show a few times. Had to get up early, since they called before 7 a.m. for live chat. Answered phone and tendered quarrelsome opinions in briefs, each and every time.

After a few rounds of this they began to offer me appearance money, which points toward some sort of substance abuse problem on the part of show producer, as far as yours truly can tell.

Turned down cash, begged off whole deal, due to aforementioned lack of interest in doodling notes at 5:30 a.m. in preparation for sleepy six-thirtyish slot on show.

Echoes of regret shade above course of action, at least to some extent.

If for no other reason than vicarious thrill of passing self off as authoritative voice, all deep intonations and sombre critiques. This while clad only in undershorts, as commuters nod in agreement or pound dashboards angrily.

Speaking of anger (seamless transition two),



**Rob Kelly**

had one woman come in office after a Berry interview. She was weeping in counterpoint to icy disdain, over some comment I made as an aside to end a piece.

Demanded I go on CBC radio to make "national apology" for it.

Could not do that, but still remember her obvious pain. Hopefully she finds a little solace in the following: *The opinions expressed on this broadcast are those of the guests only and do not constitute a position adopted or endorsed by the CBC. Oh, and the Milton guy spouting all that stuff is standing around in a pair of grey Hanes*

boxers while he says it.

**More faking, please**

Ran into a woman the other night who said she couldn't wait to read sequel to "fake orgasm" column from a while back.

What is supposed to be the follow-up to a fake orgasm column? One about smoking a fake cigarette?

Actually, we were smoking fake cigarettes not long ago. An RCMP anti-terrorist guy had them. They were supposedly made out of vegetables. They smelled awful but tasted okay, especially after a few beers.

We were in a pub but had to go outside to fire up the noxious little weeds since people who weren't smoking them couldn't stand the aroma.

I don't know where the RCMP guy found the things. He wisely left the quasi-smokes behind to be consumed by those with less choosy palates.

Maybe he confiscated the veggie-ettes from some terrorist, who could have brought them in the country just to be annoying.