OPHATION

Ontario voters need something solid to chew on

The Ontario election campaign is now officially underway and it's difficult to remember a campaign in which the electorate appears to be as conflicted as it is.

For the past four years, under Dalton McGuinty's Liberals, Ontario's economy has, for the most part, performed solidly. There has been labour peace among the public sector workers. There has been a relative calm restored to Queen's Park compared to the latter days of the Mike Harris/Ernie Eves Conservative-led years.

Yet, virtually every poll to date indicates McGuinty would do well to win only a minority government. Why, one wonders, has the electorate not embraced him and his party?

Perhaps it's because, after his election in 2003, McGuinty quickly broke his vow not to impose a health tax — a broken promise that has dogged him ever since. In recent weeks the Liberals have been promising the sun and moon with daily announcements of funding for a wide variety of projects all with one caveat attached — they must be re-elected.

Perhaps voters find this electoral blackmail distasteful? Or perhaps they are unwilling to give their trust to a politician who callously abused it the last time around?

Since the NDP appears to have little hope to form the next government or even attain Opposition status, it remains with the Conservatives and leader John Tory to convince the electorate there is an alternative to the McGuinty Liberals.

However, Tory has not yet shown to be the dynamic counterbalance to McGuinty's blandness. He has, curiously, created a hot-button issue with his call for faith-based school funding — something most Ontarians do not appear to support.

The Conservative leader has also outlined a spending plan that mirrors that of the Liberals — both intend to spend more than \$14 billion for programs over the next four years — but he brings up a dreaded Mike Harris-era phrase, "finding efficiencies," when asked how he will pay for those programs. Like McGuinty, the voters have not warmed to Tory at this point.

The parties now have a month to give the electorate something solid to chew on and, hopefully, improve the bitter taste they have obviously so far left in the voters' mouths.



ReadersWrite

E-mail your letters to miltoned@haltonsearch.com.

Thanks to all for a great reunion

DEAR EDITOR:

This letter goes out to all of the hard-working individuals responsible for the Milton District High School Reunion event held this past weekend.

What a wonderful weekend-long party it was, and what a fantastic way to re-connect with friends by 'Coming Home' and celebrating the Town of Milton's 150th anniversary, too.

Thank you to the following individuals and groups for making the splendid reunion possible:

• the Reunion Planning Committee:

Jill Davis

Mark Brewer, Stuart Charles, John D'Alessandro, Miriam (Uliana) DaSilva, Pauline (Lendvay) Fries, Alma (LaMarsh) Gildea, Brian Gildea, Chris Heath, Shirley (Coulson) Heath, Kendra Johnson, current MDHS principal Ian Jones, Robin May, Jeff Ruigrok, Gary Whaley and Suzanne (Figg) Whaley;

- the other individuals who pitched in later in the planning process;
- the current Milton high school students who volunteered to help;

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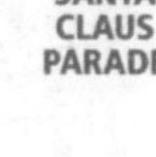






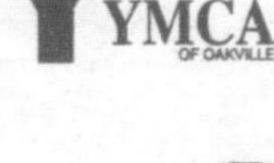


























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It was like time stood still except for a few laugh lines Would I recognize him after all these Peachey who drilled into us that our fingers who made you think, made you reach for the

Would I recognize him after all these years? Would he recognize me? I think I may have changed a bit since I last saw him. Let me see, it was 29 years ago when I last walked through the doors of Burlington's Nelson High School.

Mr. Phillips was the principal then and just his mere presence in the hallway kept all the students on the straight and narrow.

There was Mr. Slater (I still can't call him Al) who made geography so interesting that I actually excelled in it. Ms. Baker, who later became Mrs. Turnbull (I still can't call her Wendy), introduced me to the world of theatre arts. She took a shy girl (yes, me) and filled her with confidence.

There was Miss Dick who taught English. Despite Coles Notes, I failed to embrace Shakespeare, but Dickens I loved. There was Mr. Stephens who taught biology and Mr.

Peachey who drilled into us that our fingers should never stray from the home row on the typewriter. A typewriter? I haven't

There was Miss Day the art teacher, who politely thought my still life of geraniums had potential. She was very wrong, but very nice. There was Mr. Wernick the history teacher, John Cole a wonderful English/drama teacher...

the list goes on.

Then there was Mr. Boichuk (I still can't call him Ken).

He was (and still is I presume) an outstanding teacher. I remember I couldn't wait to attend his class on 'the media and world issues.' He opened our eyes to global events beyond the safe border of the classroom. Mr. Boichuk was one of those special teachers

who made you think, made you reach for the sky and, more importantly, prepared you for life after high school.

So when I made my way to the Burlington Post's front reception desk, I wondered if Mr. Boichuk would remember me. Would he remember that a buddy and I would often stay behind after class just to discuss events of the day?

I am certainly not that freshfaced teenager who graduated from Nelson in 1978. The years

of wrinkles and some strands of grey hair.

But when I grasped Mr. Boichuk's hand, it seemed as if time had indeed stood still. He

had hardly changed at all. Some streaks of sil-

have slipped by adding more than a fair share

• see SO page A7