

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 11, 1955

In an effort to preserve a bit of Oakville for posterity, Oakville Historical Society is conducting a campaign to raise funds for the restoration of the old pioneer farm home, recently acquired as an addition to the Old Post Office Museum.

The Moffat district was shocked and saddened to learn of the death of Oliver Cromwell in an accident at work on Monday. The 28-year-old construction worker fell 100 feet from a water tower in Hamilton. Friends in Moffat and area have started a fund for his wife, who is expecting her fifth child shortly. The steel worker plunged to his death in the central tube of a 2,500,000 gallon water tank under construction in Hamilton. A report said he was wearing a safety belt at the time but where he was working, there was nothing to fasten it to.

Acton and Milton's new engineer, hired recently by the North Halton Urban Board following the resignation of Ross Simmons, assumed his new duties last week. He is Frank Pallesen, who came to Canada last year after being employed as city engineer in a community of 25,000 in Denmark.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 20, 1925

The Milton Lawn Bowling Club will hold a Scotch Doubles tournament on Labor Day, open to outside pairs. There was a local Scotch Doubles tournament here yesterday. The winners were: J. F. Robinson, skip, and Jack Ford 1st, and G. A. Hemstreet, skip, and W. I. Lott, 2nd. Mayor Irving presented the prizes. There will be another tournament this evening. Three rinks of Burlington ladies came to Milton last week for a friendly game in which all three of the Milton rinks won.

Sir Adam Beck, creator and architect of Ontario's great hydro power system, chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, noted horseman and probably the best known man in Ontario, died at midnight Saturday at "Hedley", his London, Ont. home, from pernicious anemia in his sixty-eighth year.

The Twenty-sixth Infantry Brigade Canadian Militia are making arrangements for a weekend Training Camp at the Long Branch Rifle Ranges on the 5th, 6th and 7th of September. The Brigade consists of the Peel and Dufferin Regiments, the York Rangers, the Halton Rifles and the Ontario Rifles. Col. H. S. Cooper, OBE is Brigadier and Lt. Col. R. V. Conover Brigadier Major.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 16, 1900

NOT POISONED—On Tuesday William Nesbitt, aged 72, living near Darbyville, Nassagaweya, who had been unwell for several days, took cramps in his stomach. He was alone in the house and went to make himself some ginger tea. There was ginger in one can and paris green in another. By mistake he took the latter, and finding that he had done so, called in members of the family that were at work near the house. They found him sitting on the floor on which he had spat some of the poison. They immediately began a vigorous course of emetics, etc. but Mr. Nesbitt threw up no paris green. His condition became worse rapidly and he died within three hours. Dr. H. A. McColl, coroner, went to Nassagaweya yesterday to investigate the case. He found that the deceased had swallowed no paris green, or at least not enough to affect him greatly, and that he had died from cholera morbus, probably hastened on by the paris green which he had taken by mistake and the weakness of his heart and system.

The directors of the Halton Agricultural Society are about to erect a cattle stable 24x120 ft. on the new grounds they have purchased. Farmers of Halton, we want your help by becoming members and making this one of the best shows of the season. One dollar makes you a member. You have something to show, bring it along. Send for a prize list. We are going to give you a good day's sport this season as well as the show. Date Sept. 27 and 28.

Councillor Jim Watson claims it is none of the Niagara Escarpment Commission's or his neighbors' business whether or not he has a swimming pool.

On that he's got to be right. In drafting legislation to protect the beauty of the escarpment, the Commission and the province have given little or no consideration to the residents who have bought land and built homes in good faith.

Most thinking people would agree that the task before the commission is both a noble and much needed one. But it's gone overboard.

Legislation setting out the steps one goes through to get approvals forces applicants to wait at least three weeks, and that three weeks could easily be extended to six or more during busy periods at the commission.

A person living in the area subject to controls must fill out a form and make formal application in addition to normal requirements that apply in other areas of the municipality. A planner visits the site and files a report with the commission. If the report meets with the commission's approval, notice of the application is circulated to a host of government agencies and neighbors. Another two weeks must pass to give neighbors and agencies time to appeal.

Meanwhile a person hoping to build a swimming pool or make some improvement to his home or

property waits, and waits and waits.

Cecil Louis, Manager of Development Control for the commission has said that unless the public is willing to make application and abide by the rules, the regulations can't be enforced with any degree of efficiency.

Councillor Watson became one of the first to defy the word of the commission when he built a pool before receiving a building permit or development permit, which has since been granted.

We can sympathize with the councillor's position. He was ready to go to work and had only to wait for the slow turning wheels of bureaucracy.

But to go ahead without the permits was still wrong. It was wrong if the laws of the land are going to mean anything and nobody should be expected to know that any better than a municipal official of Councillor Watson's stature.

As a municipal official Councillor Watson should use his political clout to help introduce quicker approvals or persuade the commission it should deal with only major changes in the landscape. It is rather ridiculous in our mind that pools, flag poles and other simple structures are included in the list on which approval of the commission is required.

But in the meantime councillors don't have the privilege of deciding which laws they will honor.



## Champion Editorial Page

The Canadian Champion, Wed., Aug. 20, 1975 B3

A REED-LEVEL VIEW of sailboats gliding across Kelso Lake.



## Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Every mid-summer, for some peculiar reason, my wife and I get into the same conversation. We talk at some length about where we should go for a holiday.

We have this ridiculous, guilty feeling that we should do what normal people do on their vacations: go to a lodge; rent a cottage; buy a tent and go camping; hire a trailer; go for a "trip" somewhere. Anything.

We talk about it for weeks, off and on. We keep referring to "our little trip."

Perhaps we should just jump in the car and go gypsying around the country, we say. It sounds good, nice and carefree and fun, with a new adventure just around the next curve.

Or maybe this year we'll do the culture bit: a week at Stratford, take in all the plays, dabble our feet in the Avon, look with the eye of old theatre-goers at the stunned gaping tourists.

Or, for a change, book in at a posh lodge for a week, no meals for the old lady to cook, dress to the hilt for dinner, mingle with the fascinating sub-jetset.

Or this year, for once, we'll rent a cottage for two weeks, dam-the-expense, get away from the telephone, slouch around in bare feet and shorts, and listen to the loons on the lake at night.

Or, for a complete change, maybe we'll go to the city, check into a fancy hotel with a pool, lounge around in an air-conditioned room, and go out to dinner and a good show.

There's only one trouble with all these plans. They require decisive action, and we never seem to get around to either decision or activity.

Take the posh lodge, for example. First, they are all clip joints. Secondly, they are booked for the whole summer. Thirdly, we don't have the wardrobes to dress to the hilt or anywhere else. Fourthly, they are full of bores. And the food is no screaming hell.

Then, the culture bit. It's awfully difficult to gear yourself up for a week of Shakespeare and Shaw and dressing up and standing in lineups for dinner, when you're lying in the backyard listening to the birds, with a good book, and barely enough energy to reach for your glass, and you know there ain't going to be no lineup for the fried chicken and the young, new potatoes and the juice-spurting corn and the cold tangy tomatoes in your own house.

Gypsying around in the car is fine, except that you have to get out on the road with all those maniacs, and drive and drive in the heat, and pay a ransom for motel rooms, and eat fried food until you begin to feel like a french-fry, and watch a TV set offering re-runs of last winter's reruns. The biggest adventure here is wondering whether the toilet will back up.

A couple of weeks at a cottage is appealing. But what the heck, we slouch around at home in bare feet and shorts, and as far as listening to the loons at night goes, you can always ask a few of your friends to drop in.

A few days in the city has an equal appeal. I always catch a cold in the air-conditioned rooms, neither of us likes swimming in a pool with a lot of common, middle-class people, you have to sign a second mortgage on your house to pay the bill, and you can hardly wait to get home, where the room service is free and a great deal faster.

So this week, with our "little trip" looming up like a vampire, we both discovered, instantaneously and with great relief, that we'd just stay home for the time being.

She: "I was really just agreeing because I thought you wanted to get away somewhere."

He: "You mean to say that you don't want to go in the heat and be soaked every time you turn around and eat all those rotten french-fries and besides the tires on the car aren't so hot. I was only going because I thought you'd like a change, get away from the meals."

She: "I can't stand other people's cooking and I hate motel rooms and you know how hard it is to find a decent place to swim."

He: "Yeah, and if we took our golf clubs we wouldn't have room for anything else and if we didn't, we'd have to rent them, for an arm and a leg."

Ironically, we live smack in the centre of one of the great resort areas in Canada. People who move here from the city can't understand why anybody wants to go away, even for a day.

Anyway, great, mutual sighs of relief. But there was still that guilty feeling, that sense that we weren't pulling our weight in the great holiday farce. So we compromised.

He: "Tell you what we'll do. We'll drive down to the marina and look at the boats. Then we'll check the prices at two of the local motels. Then we'll drive out to the beach and look at the cottages."

She (eagerly): "Yes. And then we'll come home and turn on the sprinkler and I'll get you a dinner that would cost you \$14 in a restaurant and tomorrow morning we'll play golf at the most beautiful course within 300 miles, and tomorrow afternoon we'll sun and swim at the most beautiful beach within 400 miles."

He: "Yes! Yes! Yes! And there's a terrific movie on TV tonight, four stars, and we've only seen it twice."

Who needs a "little trip" anyway?

## A community honor

The Champion was awarded nation-wide recognition this week when three awards were presented to publisher Jim Dills at the Canadian Community Weekly Newspapers Association convention in Saskatoon.

First in the best all-round category (for circulation from 4,000 to 9,000), second in the front page competition and tied for third for editorial page gave The Champion another "triple crown" victory in the annual contest.

Such honors must be shared by the entire community—the correspondent, advertiser, news source

and the reader who all contribute to the newspaper's success, not just those on staff who are actively and physically involved in its weekly production.

It's nice to be in the winners' circle but we on the staff are especially proud that such honors come to a community like Milton, which deserves one of Canada's best newspapers. High marks in a competition with our peers only serve to prove The Champion is attempting to live up to its responsibility to reflect its community.

## Commenting briefly

An Acton resident who returned recently after a vacation in his homeland, Holland, reports Canadian flags were flying in the breeze in two northern Holland towns where Canadians had fought in World War Two. The Canadians felt proud to see their own maple leaf flag flying high beside the Dutch flag. It's heartwarming to know that even after 30 years, the Dutch still appreciate the efforts of the Canadians that helped preserve their freedom from oppression.

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Two former cabinet ministers who have decided not to seek re-election in the provincial balloting this fall are well known in this area. John Yaremko of Toronto, a 25-year member of the Ontario government, is known locally for his land holdings in the rural Nassagaweya area. He has held several cabinet positions and has the distinction of having served beneath three premiers—Leslie Frost, John Roberts and William Davis. Another who is retiring is William A. Stewart, an 18-year veteran well known locally for his work as Minister of Agriculture and a frequent visitor to agricultural events in Milton and district. We wish them both well in their retirement.

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William A. Johnson got a chuckle out of last week's news report about a family in France putting a "Nassagaweya" sign in front of their home, after becoming friendly with Milton Councillor Jim Watson and visiting this area. Mr. Johnson points out he also has the name of Nassagaweya written on a canoe in front of his home and reminds us the area ratepayers organization is also named "Nassagaweya". So the name of the township won't be dead for a long while yet, locally or overseas.

Mid-summer has been unusually quiet around Milton. The July 30 issue of The Champion carried NO coming events notices—something we can't recall having happened for many years.

Milton is slated to get GO Train service on the CP Rail line, although it looks like introduction of local service is at least two years away yet. A suggestion to extend GO service as far as Kelso Conservation Area meets with our approval—it certainly attracts Toronto people. We agree with Mayor MacArthur when she says if the province is really serious about making country air and recreation available, family rates could be available to take city skiers, swimmers and picnickers to Kelso and home again.

The possibility of a Steinberg's Miracle Food Mart being located in Milton, as hinted last week by Mayor MacArthur, will be welcome news to Miltonians who feel the town should have a greater variety of supermarkets. The three local food stores certainly give better personalized service than you'll find in city stores, yet many Miltonians insist on driving out of town for their major shopping trip of the week. Perhaps another supermarket will help keep some of those dollars in Milton.

Poor housekeeping has been a never-ending source of irritation for shoppers at Milton Plaza. The problem has never been worse than it is now. Parking problems caused by construction of the plaza addition make shopping awkward, but the papers and refuse scattered about the area aggravate the difficulties. It would be easy to blame it all on the owner, but someone had to litter in the first place. If this or any part of our town is to be kept clean and tidy, we'll all have to take more responsibility.

## Alcohol plus drugs can be Rx for death

Drivers could be endangering their own lives and the lives of others, even if their blood alcohol level is below .08 according to Insurance Bureau of Canada.

The Criminal Code of Canada allows for convictions if a driver is impaired by alcohol or drugs and studies conducted for the Bureau show that a combination of alcohol and common drugs can lead to impairment even when blood alcohol content is below the .08 mark.

The studies, which involved 16 student volunteers in laboratory and road tests, proved that mixing alcohol with common drugs used in tranquilizers, sleeping pills and cold remedies is deadly dangerous. Drivers don't realize that the combination of moderate or "safe" amounts of alcohol and such drugs often results in impairment—severe at times. They become a menace to themselves, their passengers, and other users of the highway.

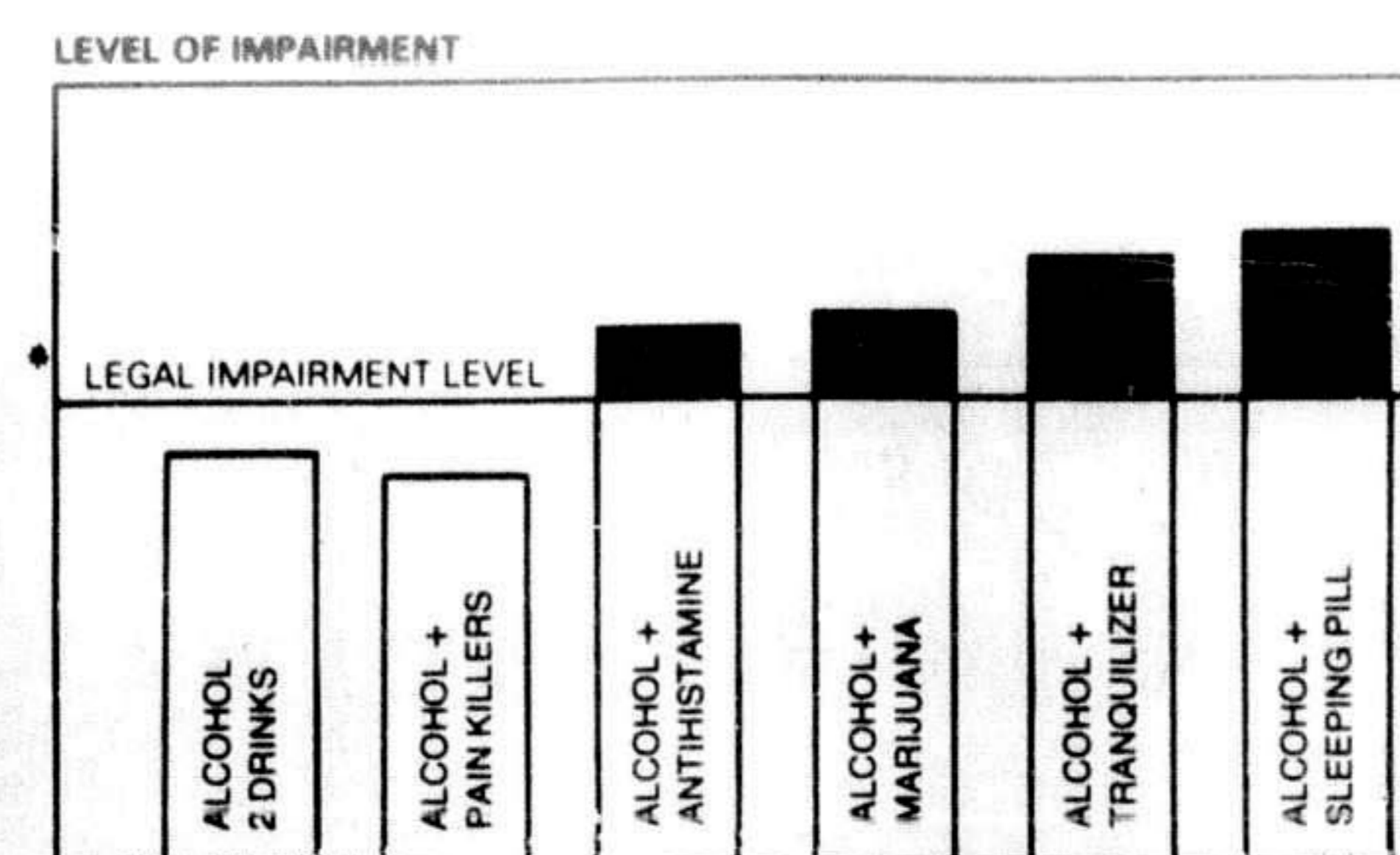
**Public service**  
The Insurance Bureau of Canada study was the subject of a special CTV program titled "The High Way to Die." This program—which is available as a 28-minute public service film—dramatically spotlights the effects of alcohol and drugs, including marijuana, on the young student volunteers.

The results of the study are also set out clearly in a four-color folder "Drinking, Drugs & Driving" published by Insurance Bureau of Canada.

For a free copy, write to: Insurance Bureau of Canada, 170 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M5H 3B3.



POLICE constable Ron Allen gives a driver a copy of "Drinking & Driving", the Insurance Bureau of Canada study which proves the dangers of drivers who take a "safe" amount of alcohol along with common everyday drugs. The combination turns its victims into impaired drivers—a menace on the road.



\*Legal impairment is 0.08% blood alcohol level.

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