



OPINION

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

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Are you ready for this? Ball park franks, trees, washrooms, a covered picnic area and if things go right, we may even have a drinking fountain. That's right! Right here in Milton.

Where might this place be, you ask? The Lion's Sport Park. Never heard of it? Well, that will be the new name for the combination of soccer, baseball, figure skating and hockey facilities at what most of us know as Thompson Road arena or Thompson for short.

My involvement in this project started a year ago last November. What's the big deal, I thought? Why doesn't Milton's parks have the amenities I found in other parks while travelling with the Milton girls softball select team. Other parents wondered the same thing. Next thing I know, I'm on a committee. I hate committees.

Now, I just wanted a hot dog, a drink of water and a tree to sit under. I didn't expect to get involved with flood plains, warm water fisheries, conservation authorities, structural engineers, fencing battles, contractor disputes, architects and bureaucratic turf wars.

Fortunately for you, less self-interested individuals than myself sat on the same committee and between the different leagues they attacked the issues of health and safety first — improved fencing, better soccer pitch repair and upkeep, lighting and walkways.

What we really should be appreciative of is that not only were these sports clubs looking after spending your tax money wisely, they also contributed immensely to the funding of these projects. The Lion's Club has committed close

View Point

with PATRICK KELLY



to \$40,000 and Milton girls softball has provided \$25,000 to the picnic pavilion/washroom complex alone. Other groups have contributed, as well. It should be completed by mid-late June.

This spring we may actually plant some trees. Again, thanks to Milton girls softball, the Junior Jaycees and individual contributions we have the money to landscape the area. If we organize it right we will have a tree planting weekend with the help of the men's baseball and soccer leagues as well as whomever is prepared to bring a shovel. You can bring a shrub, too.

Well, that's your Milton community in action on one of the many projects and civic improvements that sometimes go unnoticed.

So who said you can't make things happen? These people did.

If you have yet to be a part of active community involvement, you might consider giving a hand or joining one of our local service clubs or league executives. There is always more to do.

When that pipe dream pipeline arrives, then we can talk about a domed stadium. Meanwhile, come help plant the trees.

Can we protect our children against sex crimes?

It rips me up inside to read about sex offenders. I have two young daughters and the thought of something happening to them sends chills up and down my spine. What to do? First, we have to "street-proof" our children as much as we can. The truth is, however, that no precautions can make them completely safe. Consequently, the second thing we must eventually do is learn to identify the sex offender before he commits the terrible act. Is that possible?

The acts of people like Paul Bernardo and Jeffrey Dahmer are so sick, one assumes they must have been deviant all their lives. Surely someone should have seen it when they were kids.

Are sex offenders really identifiable when they are younger? Not easily. Jeffrey Dahmer was assessed by psychologist Judith Becker, a professor at the University of Arizona and an acknowledged expert on juvenile sex crimes. Her report of those interviews are truly chilling.

Dahmer confessed to having bizarre sexual fantasies since he was an adolescent, but these were his private thoughts. No one could see them. He presented quite differently when you sit and talk with him. He was not scary, aggressive or bizarre when Becker was alone with him. He could present himself as relatively normal, if you didn't know what he had done. Becker's description (and the research literature) suggest



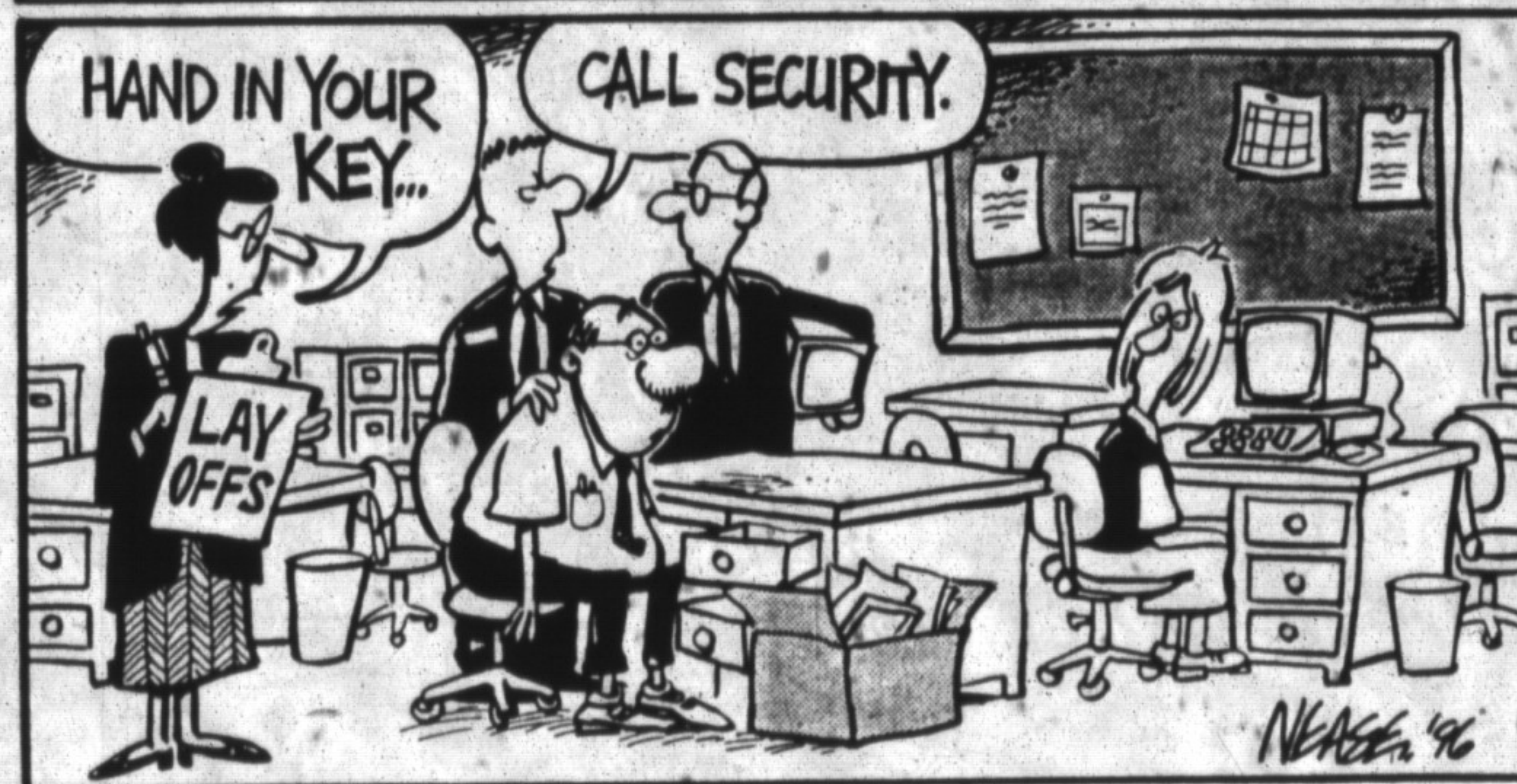
Psychology in the '90s

with DR. ARNOLD RINCOVER

that even the most deviant sex offenders are not easy to identify, at least not before they act upon their bizarre fantasies.

Becker paints Dahmer as a "tragic" figure. He had no friends as a child and was incredibly lonely. He believed no one would voluntarily be with him. He did not enjoy the act of murder, but felt powerless to gain social contact or have a relationship. He kidnapped people because that's the only way he could obtain control, attention, or sexual gratification in a relationship.

Becker concludes that a major effort has to be put into prevention if our children are ever to be really safe. She feels sex therapy should be available in every school. Every student should be encouraged to seek counselling which is non-judgmental and confidential, if they have any "deviant" sexual urges or fantasies. She goes on to describe various cognitive behavioural meth-



Flea-infested feline no fun

I blame the cats. They're the ones who carry voracious, uninvited guests into our home. Apparently, these nasty critters can hitch a ride on humans, but I would bet anything their preferred mode of travel is on the back of a furry animal. Fleas. I hate them.

And they just about did poor Purr-Puss in. By the time we had transported her last Friday afternoon to the vet's, she was a sorry sight. She'd made a similar visit to the clinic last December, but mere months later she was a worse mess of scabs and bald spots where she had chewed off chunks of fur.

I feared the wrath of the vet who would accuse me of animal abuse. Instead, she approached the problem calmly, charging me a whopping \$105.60 for antibiotics, and anti-inflammatory injection, flea spray, and services rendered.

Armed with the bottle of spray and missionary zeal, I announced to the family that our weekend plans would focus on a major purge.

It was a miserable job. It's at these times one realizes one owns too much junk. The shifting of furniture, including an upright piano, the heavy-



On the Homefront

with ESTHER CALDWELL

est sofa bed in the world, and too many bookshelves overflowing with books wreaked havoc on our tender, aging backs. We did recruit our 17-year-old to display his feats of strength.

But that wasn't all. Taking advantage of this opportunity to finally get my way in matters of home decor, I proceeded to yank up the flea-infested livingroom and hallway carpet. While hubby, a dedicated carpet man (I prefer anything else but carpet for flooring) retired early Friday evening, I attacked the carpet, underlay, tacks, and staples with hammer, screwdrivers, pliers and Stanley knife. The teen unceremoniously dumped large chunks of carpet onto the front porch and the younger kids and I swept and vacuumed — and hubby didn't hear a thing.

Saturday morning, hubby accepted his fate and got down on hands and knees to finished yanking out the remaining tacks. What was revealed to us was a decent looking hardwood floor, albeit with a few hundred tiny holes, but who's looking?

Unbeknownst to hubby, I sneaked down to my basement office and proceeded to strip away ugly, dark brown carpet that has offended me since we moved into this house. The foam underlay had adhered itself to the cement floor so the two younger kids and I scraped it away using egg flippers. Only near the end of our messy job did the nine-year-old produce a more effective tool — a paint scraper. Now why hadn't I thought of that?

Yes, this eradication of fleas grew into a huge undertaking. Next came the washing of all the floors and the application of the flea spray.

As always happens when we get stuck into serious housecleaning, we rearranged the livingroom furniture and I got sidetracked in my office, sorting through, then discarding unread papers and magazines.

If nothing else, these fleas pushed us into a thorough clean-up operation of our humble abode. I love the hardwood floor. I can live (temporarily) with the sealed cement floor downstairs, and hubby gets to keep a carpet — the one on the basement stairs.