

No electricity, but Flim Flam man sells washing machine

If you ever travel up the beautiful Ottawa Valley through Almonte, Pakenham, Renfrew, Cobden or Pembroke and you hear my name mentioned don't let on you know me. Play dumb.

To the best of my knowledge I am not wanted for any criminal offences, parking violations etc., but I did gain some notoriety as a flim flam artist especially around the small town of Cobden.

Just to put you in the picture I sold a farmers wife an electric wringer washing machine and she didn't have one kilowatt of electric power in the house or barn.

Until I arrived on the scene she had been using an old Gilson Snowbird gasoline powered model till the arthritis in her knees wouldn't allow her to kick start the old devil (I mean the washer of course) anymore.

She was determined to get a machine that all she had to do was flick a switch.

I was anxious to flick her Bick so to speak.

Heavens to Betsy the old Gilson Mfg. Co. in Guelph, Ont. had manufactured a gas model wringer washing machine for years to serve the vast areas of rural Canada that anxiously awaited the moment when Thomas Edison would say "Let there be light."

Instead of pulling a rope to start the engine like you do on a power lawn mower you just gave the old gas engine pedal a quick downward pump with your foot and put, put, put the old agitator was agitating swish, swish.

That old Gilson model 109 GP gas powered was an important labor saving appliances on the farm.

It had washed every item of clothing from bloomers to woolen drawers for years and never sputtered once.

She told me with a hefty nudge in the ribs and a cackle that would outdo any rooster "it worked better than her husband."

Mr. Jakobowski didn't seem to appreciate the comparison on the joke.

When it first arrived brand spanking new and started to put, put, put it spelled doom for the washboard, the bristle brush and the large yellow bar of Comfort soap.

Wait a second or two till I shut off the put, put, put and I'll explain how I became known in the Valley as a fast talker and smooth as glass.

All nine Gilson representatives

Acton Legion

Bingo is cancelled

By SHARRON BARKER
Recording Secretary
Acton Legion Br. 197
Ladies Auxillary

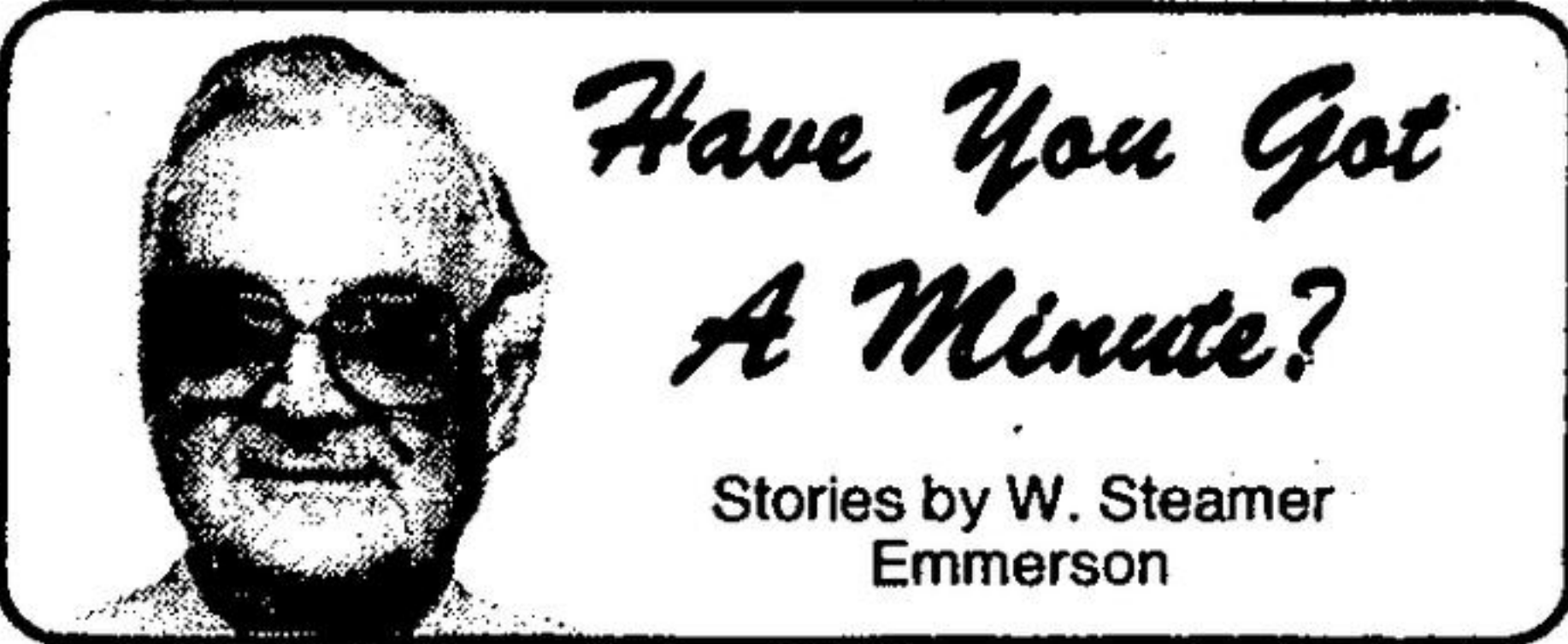
We regret to announce that the last regular Bingo will be held at the Acton Legion Sept. 5, 1990.

Declining attendance over the past few years has meant that we cannot meet the applicable Ontario Lottery requirements that state? 20% of the gross income must be distributed to qualifying groups and charities. After prize money is awarded we cannot meet this requirement with the present attendance levels even before fixed expenses are allowed for.

We cannot hope to compete with commercially owned Bingo Halls in the area operating 7 days a week. With several Acton groups that sponsor at these Bingo Halls in addition to attracting supporting players we cannot hope to compete with the standard of service offered by these establishments even by changing our method of operation.

We regret that we cannot continue operation after the expiry of our current licence on Sept. 5, 1990.

We thank you for your patronage over the years and good luck.



*Have You Got
A Minute?*

Stories by W. Steamer
Emmerson

at that time were employed on a contract basis. Each of us received a basic ninety dollars a week plus expenses plus a five per cent override on everything that was ordered off the territory.

It was a good job and if you worked at it you could make a good annual salary.

But back to Mrs. Yakabowski.

You must understand I wouldn't normally have sold the lady an electric washer without hydro but the company sales contest was on and I was the rookie wanting to show my company I was a cracker-jack.

The sales manager was Jim Kenrick and he was the type that expected you to knock down doors and produce business.

I was young, I was keen, I lived up to his expectations.

There were several doors that were damaged on my route I might add with an irate dealer hard on my heels.

My assertiveness as they call it today was not always understood.

A smart old successful business guy told me for every no you get Steamer you're that much closer to a yes.

Great advice just great.

The company veterans were taking book on where I would finish in the contest so I was looking for yesses.

The years of faithful service given by that old Snowbird had Mrs. Jakobowski leaning my way and I needed every sale to win the

contest.

I was pushing for a yes.

The dealer for Gilson Products in Cobden in those days was Tommy Yalkowskie.

Tommy was a worker.

From his humble shop he repaired shoes, drove the school bus part time, was the tombstone maker, stocked a variety of farm products in his store from Rawleigh Products to cream separators, a washing machine, or a freezer.

Tommy would take a farmers note to facilitate a deal.

Wonderful fellow but a bit hyper when it came to selling.

He couldn't "sell" a product because he would become exasperated and bluntly ask "look I'm busy are you going to buy the blankety blank machine or aren't you?"

I supplied the soft soap you might say.

When the company contest was on it was not uncommon for Tommy to yell into the phone "Get up here right away I can sell a freezer to so and so, and on and on."

It got so I would stay over in their spotlessly clean home and start out early the next morning like the old time door to door

pedlar loaded with pots, pans and even cream separator in the back.

It made you think of Ma and Pa Kettle on the farm.

At contest time I didn't mind going out with him to sell our products directly from time to time but primarily my job was to sell to him.

Tommy was helping me to win. The night of the company banquet at the Cutten Club in Guelph I was showered with gifts and a nice cheque for coming out on top.

It was rewarding and gratifying to hear the tough sales manager extol my sales records to the assembled employees and fellow salesmen.

He chided some of the sales staff to get out in the coming year and find a market, create a sale, find a tough little old lady with no hydro and sell her an electric washer like "Steamer" did.

The veterans thought I was a flim flam artist, in the Valley they knew I was a flim flam man, somehow I failed to get the message across the hydro had arrived at the head of the lane and it was only two or three weeks before power would be installed.

Only Mrs. Jakobowski, Tommy and myself seemed to understand.

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