



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* Sometimes I come across an article with which I agree completely and the reading of it serves to encourage the point of view.

* It bothers me for some unknown reason to be asked by a pleasant secretary "May I tell him who is calling?" when I place a telephone call. I thought perhaps, because the practise seems so general, that it was me who was out of step.

* A recent article in Marketing Magazine indicates that I am not alone in detesting the practise. Author David Scott-Atkinson suggests that "Today's instant idiot in business is easily identified as one whose secretary always answers his calls with the question "May I tell him who is calling?"

* In any service business the question is totally inexcusable, witless and an indication of pomposity, self-importance or the absence of the wish to be of service. A case may be built for the screening of calls in non-service businesses though I do not happen to subscribe to it. I crusade for good phone manners".

* That's a rather devastating paragraph but if it is overstated it serves merely to underline the problem.

* The author comes up with some suggestions that are bound to overcome the question if you are feeling a little impish

when faced with the sweetly spoken phrase.

* The author suggests one route that got immediate action to that question "May I tell him in what connection you are calling?" A response of "It's about my wife's condition" got him to attention.

* One other response to the "May I tell him who is calling?" bit is "By all means, if you know, otherwise I will tell him myself".

* In a survey of top people in a number of different fields the author reported instant responses from publisher John Bassett, John David Eaton, Alan Burton of Simpsons and a host of others in the advertising and public relations fields.

* While I'll agree that "May I tell him who is calling?" is far superior to the corruption of that phrase to "Who's calling?", neither are particularly acceptable.

* If they are exeeded in bad taste it is as the author suggests by "the inordinately rude "Get me Mr. X" act." While the time is saved by the calling executive it is wasted by the recipient while the one getting the call is greeted first by the secretary and then again by the called. Just who invented the "big-time" approach certainly could take credit for a flourishing success in terms of use, but in terms of taste and tact it must be considered a failure.



YOUNG LOVERS are in abundance, now the warmer weather is here. A photographer caught a couple in a gab-fest on a picnic table in one of the district parks.—(Staff Photo)



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

It's nice to make a new friend, but most members of our species, the naked ape, agree that old friends are the best friends.

Last week, I had the best of these two situations, and I am not only delighted but astonished to be alive to report it. The only thing that doesn't seem to be functioning is my liver. Must be in better shape than I thought.

It began with a three-day visit from our old friends, the Traplins. We have one of these reunions once a year, and it usually takes a week to get over them. Trap and I joined the air force together. Peggy and Suse have always got along well because they have the same interests.

They can talk for 20 hours at a stretch. On Tuesday night they went to bed at 8.15. That's a.m. Know what they were doing? The university acceptance tests. They scored very high. But they were a little dashed when I told them that high school kids get 50 minutes to do these. It had taken them seven hours.

And you should hear them playing duets on the piano at 4 a.m. One playing Galway Bay and the other Tales From the Vienna Woods. It sounds pretty good until they begin to sing.

Well, the Traps left, and I settled down for a quiet day of reading and recuperation. Knock at the door. Another old friend, Bill Hanna, all set to go sailing. Apparently, though I'll swear it never happened, we'd had a long and involved telephone talk setting the time and the day.

No way out, without being a stinker. So I tottered off sailing. A peculiar sport. It takes an hour to get ready. This is hard on a man who is dying on his feet. Then you float around for a couple of hours while the skipper desperately tries to catch a breeze no bigger than a belch.

Then, suddenly, there's what we old sailors call a spanking breeze, and the skipper is hollering at you to "clear your jib" and "luff your lee" and all sorts of nasty things, and the dam' boat is hurtling along with one side almost under water and your beer has tumbled into the bilge and

you are wondering whether you can still swim two miles.

Back home, safe, late and burned to a cinder. Nodding over a late dinner and the 11 p.m. news. Door-bell rings Cheery young voice, "Anybody home?" And you go downstairs and there's another old friend, petite Jeanne Sauve, and she's brought you a beautiful rose from her own garden. And yes, she'll have a gin and a look at the new bathroom and a two-hour talk with Suse.

There was only one way out, and I took it. I plunged off in the car next morning for Uxbridge and the Ontario Weekly Editors' annual golf tournament.

Host Pete Hvidsten, a Norwegian who didn't know enough to go home after the war. But by the acme of acumen managed to marry off both his kids within two weeks.

Gene Macdonald, the man from Glengarry, who won the prize for the longest drive of the day—he'd driven 280 miles to get there. He also insisted I buy him a double every time I had a double bogey. A stiff proposition for both of us.

Johnny James of Bowmanville with two strapping sons who hit a golf ball a quarter of a mile. Weeklies' dean, Werden Leavens of Bolton, who played four holes, counting the 19th. Charlie Nolan of Stouffville, game as always, getting through nine holes despite the pain. Ebullient Harry Stemp, who ran the show, which is rather like trying to get 40 rhinoceros to sit up at table and put on their napkins. Jim Dills of Acton-Milton, genial and easy-going as always. And a dozen others.

That's why it was equally pleasant to meet new friends. Dave Scott of Fort Erie, the only man I've ever seen whiff four times straight while trying to strike a golf ball. And "Ting", the amiable troll who cartoons brilliantly, and the only man alive who can skate in his bare feet on a coffee table, with coasters as skates. And a dozen others.

There's nothing like friends, old or new, if you want to beat Gabriel's trumpet and die a couple of decades before your time.

Champion Editorial Page

Closure one aspect . . .

The imposition of closure on the debate on Parliament Hill, that had dragged on for 14 days concerning proposed rule changes, is just one aspect of a very distasteful situation.

The need for the action is equally distasteful and unfortunately provides a sad commentary on the operation of Parliament.

The average citizen, we suspect, is so exasperated that debate could continue so long and so fruitlessly that he is completely uninterested. In a fast moving world he expects the nation's business to at least keep pace. He expects debate to produce something more than pages and pages of words.

The episode this year, best termed a filibuster, is not unique. It follows last year's filibuster and those of previous years that did nothing to elevate the image of the House of Commons. In fact the House merely became the object of derision.

We don't like the government to have unlimited power. In fact we wonder at just what point the citizens of Canada will become so commonly incensed about the growing governmental intervention and power as to rebel at its continuation. As citizens though, governed by a majority government, we have a right to expect the nation's business to be conducted with some reasoned despatch, by the majority who are supposed to understand the wishes of their

constituents. If the constituents fail to communicate their anxieties and desires they will be the long term losers.

The rule change adopted by Parliament, debated for some 14 days and finally passed after debate was concluded by closure, will allow the government to limit the length of debate. Surely the opposition parties now and in the future will be put more on their metal to strike at weaknesses in legislation the more quickly. Surely Canadian citizens can be expected to react if they are not dulled by the awful monotony of debate that merely encourages lethargy.

So many speeches in the House of Commons are words designed merely for back-home consumption, that untold hours are wasted. Certainly members of parliament must realize they are sent to contribute to meaningful debate, rather than home-town puffery.

Indeed the limitation on speeches that was once placed by an earlier civilization might have some appeal to today's citizens. In that time the length of speech was limited by one's ability to stand on one leg. It certainly would weed out the ramblings that so many of us have heard in today's House of Commons.

Distasteful as the imposition of closure has been, equally distasteful has been the growing mountain of words and the frustration of enacting the country's business.

Minorities . . .

The Montreal Monitor in a recent editorial noted that minorities are the ruling group in our society.

Said the Monitor: "Like it or not, we have reached a point in life where the majority no longer rules the roost, and moreover, the minorities which tend to be taking over are doing an exceedingly poor job."

This is true, and it is certainly our own fault.

Majorities keep mum. They are complacent and lethargic. They do not get in the news because they seldom come forward. It is the minorities who raise the rumbles and get the headlines.

Most university students are hard working, intent on gaining knowledge. Yet image of university students today is a radical, even a lawless one, because of the minorities and their actions.

The hippie movement would probably have died a natural death if it had not received world wide

publicity. Small packs of minorities within majorities expound their philosophies and many accept them without reflection.

The minority view is often valid, and certainly minorities are entitled to free speech. But it is a good question whether they are entitled to the floods of publicity they sometimes receive.

Few public municipal meets are very well attended. Invariably most of the interest displayed is by some minority group with an axe to grind. Yet they are often the only voice heard.

The Montreal Monitor sums up the university situation by saying that "in all instances, those participating form no more than a small percentage of the total. Yet as such they have managed to be instrumental in not only demanding changes, whether they be good or bad, but in brow-beating the majority into listening and often adopting the views expressed by the disgruntled minority."



Down[s] in this Corner

with roy downs

In Africa the natives have a strange game called "kwahiri" in which the players leap up and down and beat the ground with clubs.

In Canada we have a similar game, and we call it golf.

People who play this game are called golfers if they are good at it, duffers if they are new at it, pros if they do it for money. Mind you, far from what we've seen so far a lot of duffers think they are golfers. And a lot of supposedly amateurs play for money.

The object of the game is to hit a little white sphere with a stick, and hit the sphere as far away from you as you can. However the game does not end there, for after a golfer has knocked this sphere away from him he walks after it and hits it again. The sphere is called a ball, or sometimes a c@?/*-ball, depending on where it lands or how far it goes after you hit it.

The stick is called a club, and some clubs are wooden and some are made of iron. However some are made of aluminum or glass but they are still called woods and irons. Most of these clubs have numbers printed on the bottom of them, which is rather silly because you cannot see the numbers when you are using the club. About the only way you can read the numbers when the clubs are in use is to lie on the ground. But most golfers lie standing up or sitting down at a place called the 19th hole, which will be described in detail later in this essay.

Perhaps the balls have eyes on them, for the number would certainly be visible from the location of the ball, which is suspended above the ground on a little pointed piece of wood called a tee. However this is difficult to explain because the balls are only placed on tees at certain points through this game, the rest of the time the ball lies on the ground, or in the lake, or along the sides of a course in a place known as the rough. But we degress again . . . on with the explanation.

Golfers proceed through a series of holes, numbered from one to 18. Experts say this is a necessary exercise before reaching the 19th hole, which is the one most golfers seem to like best. The first 18 have flag flying over them, each with its own distinctive number, and all 18 are out

of doors. The 19th always seems to be an indoor hole, usually located in a place called a club house, which is not really a house after all.

The object is to get the ball from the tee to the hole in as few strokes of the clubs as possible. Each hole is rated for the number of strokes a golfer SHOULD take, for instance three, four or five. This is called a par. Not many golfers shoot par. Mostly they shoot a few strokes over par. There are other golf terms used to describe scores, such as eagle, birdie, bogie, double-bogie, etc. but we won't burden you with full explanations.

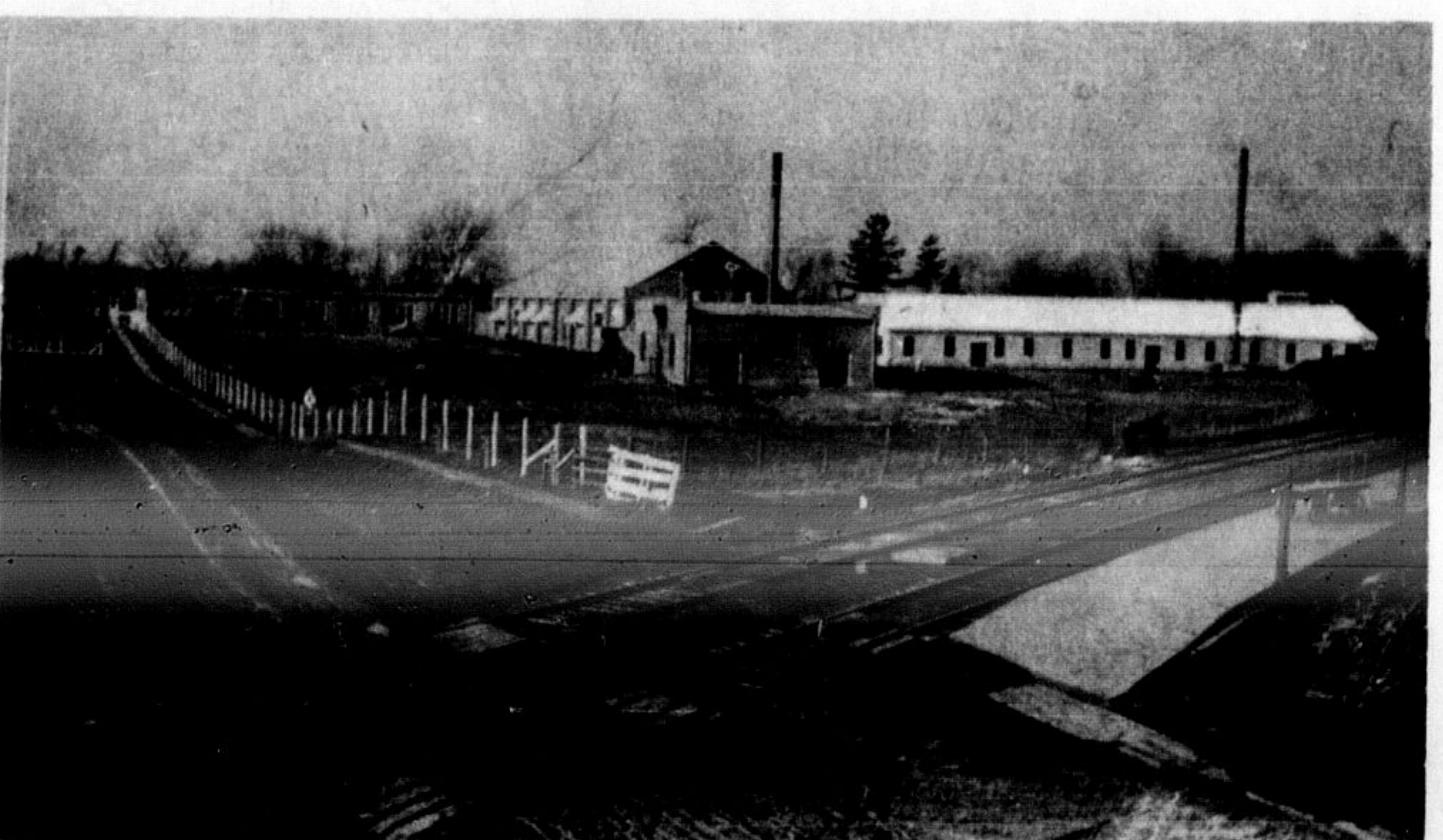
Golfers change clubs as they proceed from the tee to the hole. The numbers are part of the secret of why they change. The closer to the hole, the higher the number. The flagged holes are situated in the centre of a piece of closely cropped grass called a green. Usually the green is surrounded by water courses or sand pits called traps. Once his ball lands on a green, the golfer uses a club called a putter to steer the ball toward the hole. Sometimes he kicks it.

All participants in this game of golf must tread softly on the green, because it is often soft and spongy. Sometimes golfers will be seen jumping up and down on the green, however. Usually this happens when they put the ball in the hole in one shot from the edge of the green. Often it happens when they take five strokes to get the ball into the hole from the centre of the green.

After all the players have put their balls into the hole they remove the balls, congratulate each other, fib a lot, and mark their scorecards. If a golfer takes eight strokes to get to the hole he will usually say out loud "I had a six" and write down a five on his scorecard. Therefore it is not necessary to keep track of your score but players usually keep a mental count of their opponents' scores.

Then they start all over again. After the first hole comes the second tee, and after the second hole comes the third tee, and so on until they reach the 18th hole where handshakes are exchanged and little bottles get passed around. Often these little bottles are passed around between the first and the 18th holes, too.

(Continued next week)



P. L. ROBERTSON Manufacturing Co. Ltd. has changed a lot since this photo was taken around 1912. Today the plant has mushroomed to cover all the land shown in

the photo. The original factory was the one shown at left, built in 1908 to manufacture the world's first socket head screw.

Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, August 4, 1949.

Milton Council met in regular session Tuesday, all members present except Reeve J. W. Higgins who is ill and Councillor Holdsworth who was out of town. Reeve Higgins tendered his resignation to council, on account of his health. He had found this step necessary as he had been confined to bed for a considerable time.

Joe Primeau is to umpire a big double header softball game that is scheduled for the Halton Community Centre on Aug. 11. Milton All Stars are to be pitted against Nelson All Stars at 7:30 and the feature game of the evening at 9 p.m. sees Turk Broda's Toronto Maple Leafs vs. the Toronto City Police. The event promises to be a great demonstration of softball, the park and the floodlights.

Two members of the Milton Lawn Bowling Club had the good fortune last Tuesday evening in Brampton to score the perfect end of eight against their opposition. This score was all the more remarkable in that all the opponents' bowls were off the green. The local pair, M. Ezeard and Howard Besse, counted seven bowls on the green and one "kitty toucher" in the ditch.

Another case of poliomyelitis was reported on July 28 to Halton County Health Unit. This is a 2½ year old child in Oakville. She has a slight degree of paralysis.

There are two sand pits and six teeter totters in Victoria Park and the Rotary Club is at present putting the standards in place for three swings. The town has also supplied a picnic table for the park.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, July 31, 1919.

Miss Margaret Mackay was engaged to teach Boyne school and Miss Margaret Dewar will take charge of Bell's school.

Last Sunday about noon, a Kitchener man and his wife had their Chevrolet car stall at the Martin Street crossing of the C.P.R. just as a double header freight train was approaching from the east. They saved themselves by jumping but the train struck the rear end of their car, which was badly wrecked. The engine was not much, if any damaged, nor was one of the front tires, but they were all that were not smashed. The man said he had shut off his engine at the head of the decline to the crossing and did not see the train until it was very close. It was going fast. He had no time for a fresh start and he and his wife had hardly time to jump. The crossing is very dangerous. There should be a bridge over it.

Next Monday will be Milton's civic holiday as well as Toronto's, Hamilton and Guelph's. There will be no special doing here any more citizens will probably go to either of the cities or to Oakville where the returned soldiers of the town will be given a big day, or Norval where there will be great doings.

100 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, July 29, 1869.

Robert Menzies of Nassagaweya left at our office yesterday a specimen of clover, five feet 10 inches in length.

Mr. Young of Oakville this week publishes his card, as issuer of marriage licences. Bachelors will please make a note of it; they will find Mr. Young ever ready and willing to put them out of misery.

A false report as to the seizure of the stock of goods lately imported from England by Mr. White of Kilbride, has been industriously circulated. On enquiring, we find that there is not the slightest truth in it, not a dollar's worth having been withheld, although the strictest scrutiny was made by the customs officers who had been kindly told by Mr. White's FRIENDS to look sharply into the matter. The goods are now at Kilbride, and having been bought at a great advantage, will be sold proportionately cheap.

A few days ago we visited the commodious new store of R. Thomson of Cumminsville, and found it to be quite an elegant structure. The structure reflects much credit on the builder, Michael Land, and the mason, William Scott of Milton. Mr. Thomson is resolved to spare no pains to satisfy his customers and is selling his bankrupt stock very cheap.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

Published by DILLS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. LTD. 191 Main Street East Phone 878-2341 Milton, Ontario

James A. Dills, Publisher
Roy E. Downs, Editor
Marvin Grove, Advertising Manager

Published every Wednesday at 191 Main St., Milton, Ontario. Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association. Subscription rates payable in advance, \$6.00 in Canada; Carrier Delivery in Milton, 15 cents per week; \$9.00 in all countries other than Canada.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, (that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature, will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the applicable rate.

In the event of a typographical error advertising goods or services at a wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell and may be withdrawn at any time.

Second class mail Registration Number—0913.