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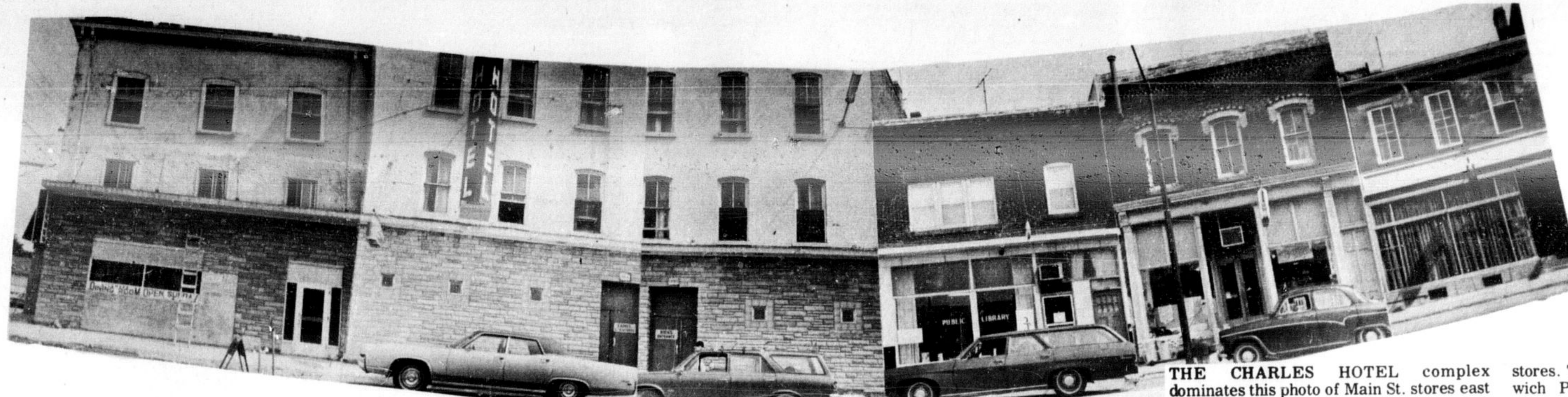
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THE CHARLES HOTEL complex dominates this photo of Main St. stores east of Charles St., from the hotel restaurant to Milton Hydro office. This is the second last in a series of photos of Milton's downtown stores. Talks will begin this fall on a Norwich Plan of Community Improvement which could brighten up the store fronts in the shopping area.—(Staff Photos)

## Falling for obvious gimmicks

The dogged persistence of the door to door salesmen and the gullibility of the public (which keeps the door-knockers in business) never fails to amaze us. Despite continued warnings some people still fall for the most obvious gimmicks or allow high-pressure salesmen to walk off with cash or contracts for goods they neither need or can afford.

Two cases in Milton during the past week serve to emphasize the old cliches—read it before you sign

it, and investigate before you invest.

Case One: A local housewife received a telephone call from a man who said "congratulations, you have just won an 800 page cookbook." He offered to bring it around to her house in a few minutes.

Fortunately, the lady had read about just such a "contest" in one of the Toronto newspapers. It appears a woman in the city got her cookbook all right, but the man who

delivered it had her sign a receipt as proof she had received the "prize". The receipt turned out to be a contract to purchase \$60 worth of magazines.

When the local resident received the call she hung up the phone in the caller's ear. In this case, it was a wise move. Thank goodness she had heard of this gimmick before

## Champion Editorial Page

MILTON, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1970



### Jim's Jottings by jim dills

—After being away from the typewriter for the longest single stretch I can remember, it would seem natural that getting back would be a joyous occasion. Didn't seem to work out that way. I dragged myself back like many do from vacation, hardly eager to re-establish the routine. One wonders at just what point the absence of work starts to get you down. Must experiment more on that at some other time.

—Conventioning with fellow publishers from across Canada at Winnipeg gave a chance to see something of Canada's fourth largest city. I've never been excited by the centre but as in many cities when you don your tourist boots there's much to see.

—The mustard yellow fields of rapeseed took on a new significance after watching the bidders in the pit at the Grain Exchange. One hassle, described as relatively rare, broke out between two bidders over a bid for

just such rapeseed but because the rules of operation are pretty tight in that delicate world of trading, there was no threat of blows and the tempers soon cooled.

—Accustomed as we are in this area to hearing of the Rock Gardens at Hamilton, the English Gardens of Assiniboine Park in Winnipeg would be interesting. Such a

fantastic array of colors, in a compact area is impressive. It was a "find" for color photographers and there was not a direction you could look that didn't reward your eye.

—Assiniboine Park also includes quite a famous zoo. Viewing it under a blistering western sun that seemed more wilting than possible, it appeared only the animals,

particularly the polar bears, were enjoying the occasion. They cavorted and performed in a large pool of water that held great attraction for those reasoning humans on the outside that were enduring the scorching sun.

—A trip up the Red River will give us a little better understanding of that waterway if it hits the news again in flood season. High banks were not enough to stop it during the height of those floods of former years and a trip around downtown Winnipeg with high water marks indicated, showed the severity of the damage. Changes have been made to avoid this problem now.

—You wouldn't be away from home if you didn't meet someone with Milton ties. The Milton on a convention badge attracted the notice of one former resident Leo Ackers who had farmed on the Esquesing 4th line. He was now out in the Winnipeg area.

What he meant was the he'd performed the marriage ceremony.

Next day, into town for a seminar on Creative Writing at the Haliburton School of Fine Arts. Naturally, the school was overlooking a lake. There's hardly anything else you can overlook there.

Everything I know about Creative Writing might fill the back of a business card, but had an enjoyable afternoon with about fifteen ladies ranging from about nineteen to — well, you know. They didn't get much out of it, but I thoroughly enjoyed boasting, telling them how I handle my wife when I call her the Old Battleaxe, and some of the hazards and rewards of writing a weekly column. (By the way, girls, I've thrown out two perfectly good paragraphs from this column.)

After the seminar, a visit to the Haliburton Echo, a warm welcome from editor Berkley Fair, his wife, and his son Creighton, and a whiff of printer's ink.

Back to the lodge for a swim, dinner, canoe jaunt, and a long lively evening by the fireplace with friends and some pretty unusual conversation.

Hard to climb into the battle-scarred '67 Dodge and hit the long trail home. Depressing to get there and make your own hot dog for dinner. Horrible to see that pile of bills and hear the phone ringing. But worth it.

Wow, what a pile of junk—my wastebasket was full to overflowing that day. Cost of mailing the above "news" alone was \$1.20.

Another day brought us Oakville council minutes from a meeting held eight days earlier, a lengthy review of the current business situation from Bank of Montreal, more news on men's lounging styles in the 18th and 19th centuries from Royal Ontario Museum, another Robert Nixon release blasting the government for allowing exploitation on vacation property lots, a shareholders' quarterly report from Canada Trust, an air mail letter from California reporting on a speech by North American Rockwell's board chairman at a meeting of security analysts in San Francisco, a press release from Ontario Hydro Employees' Union blaming Hydro for confusing the issues to influence a strike vote, a Department of Agriculture story on farm ventilation systems (complete with drawings), a weighty news magazine from Ontario Department of Labor and a calendar of coming farm events for August and September from the Department of Agriculture.

That bundle, on its way to oblivion, put \$1.02 into the post office coffers.

Any day now, I'll be getting a press release from the Canada Post Office telling me that revenue is up. By the looks of the junk mail I've been getting lately, I'll believe them. But what a waste. All those firms which regularly despatch useless "news items" in my direction would be better off spending their money on a small (paid) advertisement.

We don't throw any of THEM in the garbage!



### Sugar and Spice by bill smiley

Summer floats by, as aimless as a cloud. Nothing seems to get done, but we seem to be doing something all the time. Last week was no exception.

It's nice to live like rich people once in a while, be it ever so temporary. We used to do it once a year when I was in the newspaper business. We'd go to a convention in some exotic place, stay in a posh hotel, hobnob with such exalted people as public relations men, and indulge in such sybaritic delights as breakfast in bed.

It's hard to come down from filet mignon and baked Alaska to hamburg and butter tarts, but we always felt it was worth it, no matter how long it took to pay back the money we'd borrowed to make like millionaires.

This is against the puritan ethic, but I've never regretted it. I've seen too many people postponing a real spree of a holiday trip because they've needed a new lawnmower, or had just bought a new vacuum cleaner, or simply had to trade in their car. And then, when everything was finally right for the trip, Dad discovered, to his horror, that he had to have all his teeth out. Or Mother needs a hysterectomy. And the trip fades into never-never land. Sad.

Never take my advice about anything, but 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may' isn't a bad idea. Don't wait until you're too old

and stupid and crippled with arthritis to stoop for a rosebud. And besides, there aren't that many rosebuds left.

Last week we had a couple of days of gathering rosebuds. As usual, it was balm for that lacerated secret little corner in most of us that knows we could have been wealthy and successful and rich if we'd just had a break.

We spent two day's at a beautiful lodge in Ontario's Haliburton Highlands, just south of Algonquin Park. It's incredible country: rock, woods, and lakes everywhere.

The lodge was everything it should be for one of these escapades. Handsome lounges, huge stone fireplace, magnificent chandeliers, courteous and unobtrusive help, and a sweet, pretty and even competent waitress for our own table. And lots of rich people around. That's essential.

It wasn't a swinging place. No bar, no entertainment, and, thank heaven, no organized games and such. Just a place to lie around, swim or fish or play horse-shoes or walk through the woods, eat like a hog, and wonder what the poor people are doing.

We had a cottage overlooking the lake, with a big fireplace and everything else but the kitchen sink, an item most women are quite happy to be without on a vacation. Privacy, peace and luxury, the prerequisites of the rich.

First night at dinner, met an old friend from College. Was rather aghast when he told me he'd recently married Susan Kee, daughter of another old College friend. He's more than twice her age. "Dirty old man", I thought. Was even more confused when he introduced his eight-year-old son. Finally remembered he'd gone into the ministry.



### Down[s] in this Corner with roy downs

It's too bad all those public relations firms and government branches wouldn't spend their money placing paid advertisements in newspapers, instead of tossing money out the window with stupid brochures and press releases such as the ones which daily cross my office desk on their way to file 13—my waste paper basket.

You wouldn't believe how hard some of these people try to obtain free news space with their press releases which, although carefully written in news style, are pure propaganda for their product or their firm.

I'll admit most of the mail that comes to The Champion is genuine mail—advertising orders, cheques, invoices and news items. For that much we are thankful. But about half of each day's pile ends up in the WPB in a quick hurry.

In a recent three-day period I accumulated the "junk" mail that came my way, just to be able to show you how ridiculous it can be. It made a pile two and a half inches high. And you'll have to remember this was done at the peak of the summer holiday period when the mail has dwindled to almost half the size of the spring, fall and winter months.

For instance one day's mail contained a news bulletin from University of Guelph, a weighty packet of information on drug abuse, a newsletter from Department of Lands and Forests, a real hot story about the National Ballet of Canada stars winning a prize at a competition in Bulgaria, a report on seasonal fruits and vegetables from the Ontario Department of Agriculture and Food, a story from a district shopping mall about a photographic contest, some impressive information on the stakes races at a Toronto race track, facts and figures on

meat and wheat from the Meat Packers Council of Canada, press releases from the Canadian Jersey Cattle Club about award winning cows in Bolton and Quebec, and tips on relaxing ways to enjoy a holiday trip from the Hamilton Automobile Club. Not one of these items contained anything worthwhile to a weekly newspaper like The Champion.

Postage on that day's packet of WPB candidates indicates it cost the senders 80 cents just to mail their junk to this office. You can imagine what that would have cost if it had gone out to over 500 weeklies plus all the dailies, radio and TV stations across the country. Add to that, of course, the cost of writing and producing the material and you're talking about a tidy sum of money spent in sending their delightful "news" items all the way to my waste paper basket.

Next day we got: tips on touching up the paint on old cars from the Canadian Paint Manufacturers Association, a story on the theory that life exists on Venus from the Royal Ontario Museum, another story telling us how the skilled brains in Batawa are making that northern town an important force in Canada's drive for exports, a hot story on "satellite triangulation which will aid a high-accuracy geodetic survey of

Canada and Alaska and the 48 mainland States" from the Federal Department of Energy and Resources Management, a pile of "fillers" from the paint manufacturers mentioned above, recipes using mushrooms from the Canadian Mushroom Growers Association, a multi-page agenda and press release on a conference on education and the environmental crisis from the University of Toronto, a folder on building systems for industrial buildings from a Toronto dealer, an eight-page list of tar and nicotine levels in Canadian cigarettes from John Munro's Department of National Health and Welfare, a release from a Toronto building corporation stating they have just bought an interest in a Toronto shopping centre, a story from Ontario Liberal Leader Robert Nixon in which he blasted the government farm taxation policy, an editorial on nationalization of foreign investment in the West Indies which the Montreal Star gives us permission to reprint, facts on citrus fruits from a large supermarket chain, news about an archery course sponsored by Burlington Recreation Department, an advance copy of Hamilton Automobile Club news bulletin, and two releases from Yukon Travel and Information Bureau telling us about Dawson City's gold rush celebration and a pilot health scheme to be launched there.

she received the call. We can understand a surprised housewife quickly signing such a "receipt" in the excitement of the moment. It bears out the slogan about reading anything before you put your name to it.

If anyone gets involved in any questionable sales practices, you're best to write a note to the Better Business Bureau, 85 Richmond St. W., Room 900, Toronto, attention Mr. T. Rimmer. The BBB appreciates such letters because they help the Bureau check out any shady operations.

Case Two: This one's a little embarrassing for us because it concerns an enterprising 10-year-old super salesman who used the name of The Champion in a little money-making scheme here in town.

Apparently one of our carrier boys or girls lost a sheet of customer receipts for paper deliveries. They are green, they are perforated, and they bear a large figure showing the price of a month's papers (either 60 or 75 cents). The young fellow decided to try making a little spending money and went door to door in his neighborhood, offering the tickets for sale as a draw for a color television set. Because the tickets bore The Champion's name, he told his customers The Champion was running the draw.

To the best of our knowledge only three people bought these "draw

tickets" from him. Once they got a chance to read the fine print on the tickets, The Champion and Milton Police were notified. Sgt. William Patterson located the young salesman, recovered the remaining unsold tickets and the \$1.95 the boy had collected, and made him go back to the purchasers with a refund and an apology.

We hope the young lad has been taught, early enough in life, that dishonesty does not pay. Thanks to those who reported the incident so promptly, and to Sgt. Patterson for his quick work in finding the culprit and cleaning up the case so neatly.

Such an incident shouldn't happen again. But it bears out the old axiom, "investigate before you invest."

The Ontario Safety League says that as you grow old you become bald and you lose your grip—if you're a fire.

Many drivers have spent a lifetime regretting the time they tried to save a few moments, says the Ontario Safety League.

To get everybody's attention, it's hard to beat a big mistake.

## Pages of the Past from champion files

### 20 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion, August 17, 1950.

In 1949 large grants were made available to the provinces by the federal government for extension of public services. These funds were to be used for new services at the municipal level. Halton Health Unit received such a grant in 1949. It was to be used for the initiation of a project in public health dentistry. During the past year this work has been carried on by Dr. D. J. O'Meara. Funds have been made available to the health unit to carry on the dental program and have school children thoroughly examined.

An overheated light bulb brought the local fire brigade into action at about 12.30 a.m. Sunday when they were called to extinguish a blaze at Milton Department Store. The blaze was spotted by Herbert Lapier of Hornby and Evelyn McCann of Omagh while they were sitting in his car across the road. Damage was not extensive.

Milton Band played at the Beverly Centennial Church Service in the Rockton Fair Grounds at Rockton on Sunday evening, Aug. 6. The only brass band in attendance, the Milton group played for the church service on Sunday, led the parade on Monday and played for the opening ceremonies.

Hundreds of Halton people stepped across the footbridge at the Halton Community Centre at Lovell to take part in the annual carnival held there recently. Mountsberg beat Freelon 9-8 to win the ball game.

### 50 years ago

Taken from the Issue of The Canadian Champion Thursday, August 12, 1920.

Premier Drury has contributed \$25 to Burlington war memorial fund.

At Brampton, on Monday, Jos. Dixon, Clerk of the County Court, met with a serious accident. An automobile struck him while he was walking on Main St. His knee was badly injured and it will be several weeks before he will be able to be out again.

On Monday evening the town council appointed F. L. White, of The Champion office, publicity agent in Milton. He will send correspondence to city papers, boom and advertise in Milton in various ways. Citizens are invited to assist the campaign in every way possible.

Jim Vaughan has returned from a trip to Winnipeg and other western points.

W. E. Mason, of Hornby, left on Tuesday evening for Sioux City, Ia. He may go to California for the winter.

J. A. Carrol, Agricultural Representative for Peel, has gone to Davisville Military Hospital for an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Springstead is in charge of his work.

### 100 years ago

Taken from the Issue of the Canadian Champion, Thursday, August 11, 1870.

There was no quorum of the Board of Common School Trustees last Friday; consequently, no business was done.

On Friday a runaway took place, resulting in a general smash-up of Mr. Stearn's peddling wagon. Tinware and rags were promiscuously scattered around the street.

William S— got on a first class bender, yesterday, and was lodged in Fort Van last evening for beating his child, a little deaf girl. He was tried this morning, and got 24 hours imprisonment.

On Sunday evening Mr. George Smith's store was discovered to be on fire. The door was promptly burst open and the fire extinguished without much damage having been done. A lamp having exploded was the cause.

The Georgetown Fair was held last Friday. About 60 cattle were offered for sale, most of which found ready purchasers at good prices, although the number of buyers was less than usual. These monthly fairs have become a great institution and attract a large number of farmers to the village.

Last night (Wednesday) the extensive steam saw-mill of Messrs. Thompson Smith and Sons of Toronto, situated in Campbellville, was totally destroyed by fire. The origin of the blaze is unknown. This mill possessed one of the most valuable gangs in the Province.

## THE CANADIAN CHAMPION

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Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, the 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.

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