

Champion Editorial Page

Ignore the boycott

Canadians, hoping against hope that their postal service will be untangled and new efficiency added, are bound to be concerned about calls by some union representatives for the public to leave postal codes off mail.

The suggestion that workers will boycott mail that has postal codes listed, as requested by the postal department, brings to a new low our hopes for improved deliveries.

We claim no detailed knowledge of the haggling that goes on between postal and union officials. Obviously there are deep seated problems and presumably injustices that need to be worked out. But we detect that the public is about fed up with the mail interruptions that take place as walkouts, legal or illegal.

The introduction of postal codes is the tip of the automation iceberg and automation is always a thorny problem in union management relations.

When the volume of mail is mounting as it is in Canada, it is essential that efficient methods of handling be developed. Where a sorter can handle 500 pieces of mail in an hour and mechanical sorters can handle 26,000 the degree of efficiency is easily seen. Other industries have had to introduce streamlined methods too, to keep pace with mounting volumes and increasing labor costs.

Automation in other times and in other industries has not

automatically reduced employment levels, that existed prior to introduction of more efficient systems.

There are examples that mail service can be efficient and in letters we've received we've seen it. Consistency is too often lacking, however, to make it dependable. We don't suggest that postal codes and automation will be the complete answer to providing efficiency. People will always count for the major measure.

What disturbs us is the nationwide call for a form of "sabotage" to the postal code system. Frankly we're at the point where we are now going to be more conscientious than ever about putting postal codes on our mail and we suspect Canadians generally are fed up enough to feel the same way.

What the Canadian public wants most in its postal system is efficiency and we hope those involved as union or management are going to adopt that as an objective and work out problems with that in mind.

The post offices in the towns like Milton seem to still be staffed by people who care, but trouble in larger centres like Toronto and Montreal, which handle much of the country's mail, naturally has its effect in all centres.

We hope Canadians will ignore a requested boycott of postal codes and do their part to get the mails moving efficiently.



MORE NEW HOMES are under construction in Victoria Wood's "Timberlea" area, adjacent to the Dorset Park development. A string of new homes is pictured under

construction near the south-east corner of the photo. Joyce Blvd. is in the upper part of the photo.

Not final yet

A third instalment of municipal taxes is due within the next few days, even though the municipality and the region have not finalized their tax rate. Two instalments of an interim tax bill were collected earlier and now this instalment is indicated as the first instalment of the regular bill. It's an indication that municipal costs continue even though budgets are not finalized. Of course if the municipality doesn't collect, it has to borrow and that cost would only add to the costs of operating local government.

Preliminary budget figures for the town costs only, indicating significant increases may well be altered by an inflow of provincial money in the form of start-up costs but the range of 5.5 to 13.23 mill increases is staggering. Add to that the impact from the region, which most observers feel may also be high and the weight on the property owner is sure to be heavy.

Getting the current instalment of taxes paid may be the easiest of those yet to come. The maze ahead doesn't look very encouraging.

Commenting briefly

Following Milton's lead, the downtown businessmen's association in Georgetown is launching a flea market and farmers' market in downtown Georgetown June 22. It will run each week through the summer. In Oakville, the downtown businessmen have gone together to sponsor a downtown mall June 18 to July 1.

We keep hearing more and more horror stories about regional government—not just in Halton, but elsewhere. Recent examples: After a year of regional government in Waterloo, the county and municipal staff of 1,750 has grown to 2,740, or a 55 per cent increase. In Ottawa-Carleton, spending has increased by 88 per cent in five years. Cost of operating the regional government in Niagara, not counting local municipalities, has jumped in four years by 85 per cent to \$41,000,000. And in one Muskoka Region township, a resident's taxes rose from \$50 in 1969 to \$250 last year and are expected to be nearly \$700 this year. Where will it all end?

It is troubling to read that the sugar maple is declining in suburban areas because of construction damage, and altered drainage patterns as well as salty slush from roads. Avenues of maples in some suburban areas are beautiful but road widening and the need to cater to modern mobility is taking its toll. To lose our maples as well as our elms would indeed be un-

fortunate. We hope preservation of the maple can be uppermost in the minds of those who undertake development of new subdivisions.

July 1 in Milton is Community Day and we hope an idea which was initiated last year can be built upon. Events are scheduled and those who plan to enjoy the perfectly-timed holiday weekend in Milton have plenty to look forward to, from bands, parades, fishing, band concert, jazz band and other events. Those who participate will get the most enjoyment, as usual.

Our readers write

MAD AT LIBERALS BECAUSE SALE CANCELLED

Dear Sir,
In early May one of the local newspapers carried an advertisement placed by the Liberal Party of Halton announcing an auction to raise funds for the Party. This auction was to be held at the home of Miss E. A. Robson on Trafalgar Rd. on May 25. The night before the sale I confirmed with Miss Robson that it would be held on schedule, and she described some of the articles to be auctioned.

My son and I arrived at the sale in plenty of time to review what we wished to bid on. The auctioneer announced that there would be a delay in the start of the sale until 1:30 p.m., in the hope of attracting a larger crowd. Signs were posted on the highway. At this point a number of people left. We waited, however, and finally, shortly after 1:30 p.m., the auctioneer announced that the executive of the Liberal Party had decided to cancel the sale for that day. This was most distressing for those of us who had waited.

I protested this decision to the Liberal party organizer, Miss Robson, and to the Liberal party candidate in the up-coming election for Halton — to no avail.



Sugar and Spice
by bill smiley

Every year I look forward eagerly to the particular first of May and the first part of June.

Once again the world is green, the days are longer, it is no longer brass monkey weather, the trout season is open, the golf links beckon. Best of all, end of term is nearing, holidays looming, and I'll be able to forget those juvenile friends for two golden months.

What more could a man want? And yet, every year at this time I am frustrated as a frog who thinks he's a butterfly.

There are a number of villains in this particular tragedy. Meetings proliferate. Every time I should be listening to the solid crack of a drive or the lovely clunk of a golf ball going into the cup, I seem to be sitting

at a meeting, listening to some utterly insane suggestion that yet another committee be formed to look into nothing or other.

Warm weather? Yeah, that's nice. But it makes the students coltish, to say the least. And in these days of permissive school dress, it can be totally confusing. There you are, trying to teach the elements of a unified, coherent, and emphatic paragraph. And sprawled right in front of you is a young woman, physically, at least, a veritable Daisy Mae, in a backless, bra-less halter and a pair of shorts so short and so tight they look as though they've been put on with a paint roller.

Blank-eyed, she is completely lost to the beauties of communication via the printed word. Her thoughts are fixed on a different kind of communication, the kind she's

Besides the misleading advertising involved, this decision by the Liberal Party of Halton reflects an attitude of the "public be damned".

Yours truly,

James Alexander,
6 Upminster Cres., Islington.

MISSIONARY REPORTS FROM POST IN AFRICA

Editor's Note: Formerly of Milton, Joan Mellor has gone to Tchad, Africa to work with the T.E.A.M. mission. Here is a recent newsletter she sent to friends back home. Dear loved ones and friends,

How can I condense more than three months in Chad into a one-page letter? Since I can't, here are some of the highlights.

Leaving France 12½ hours later than scheduled, a surprisingly cool temperature greeted me on arrival at N'Djamena on Feb. 1 at 4:30 a.m. I was comfortable in a light coat, though I haven't worn it since. Living in the capital nearly two months gave me opportunity to see life in a vastly different country from a new vantage point. The French recently learned enabled me to

communicate and in no time I was bargaining at the open market and loving it. I soon learned firsthand that the two outstanding needs in this country are spiritual and physical, in that order.

Feb. 11 found me travelling downcountry by truck for my first visit to Koutou and Moundou, the latter being where I would shortly set up housekeeping and where the field office is now located. Thankfully, I was not driving the truck! We saw more animals meandering along the roads than I'd seen on some farms at home. They gave us the impression that we were intruding on THEIR road. The 800-mile round trip I'll not soon forget. Four busy days introduced me to the scope of my office responsibilities as well as enabling me to visit several nearby stations. Seeing again many colleagues whom I'd met years before was a real joy.

My stay at N'Djamena coincided with the state visit of an African leader from the north, affording the sights of festive celebrations and all that accompanies them for three successive days. Unfortunately, a costly permit, so the gaily decorated streets, many costumed peoples, camels, horses, etc., and the close passing of the presidential car all rest vividly as memories which cannot be shared with you as

Continued on Page B10

going to share with Joe, when after supper.

The only part of her that attention whatever to her Er is her exposed navel, which unwinkingly.

End of term approaching what is this vast pile of tap desk? Three sets of term papers creative writing, two sets of for a play. I've tried staring volently. I've tried staring coiled dumping the ashtray incidentally. But they merely like me. They won't go away because. Not conducive to

Well, you'll say, these are If Smiley was organized, he c these irritations, and still spring.

True. But I haven't intro real beast on the roster. Thi

Every fall, I get the pla Last fall we put out ninety leaves. I got a guy to put windows, not because I'm afford it, but because I'm climb a forty-foot ladder, with a forty-pound bag of, in forty-mile wind.

And this spring we've put out already forty bags of leaves, left over from last fall, plus another twenty bags of acorns and twigs and there are still thirty bags stacked against the side of the house.

I simply haven't time to do this work. Besides, I have this bad back, which gets sore every spring, for some reason. It's almost impossible to hire kids to do the work. They want more than it would have cost me to have somebody rubbed out, in the Chicago of the 1920's.

So this spring, the Old Battleaxe, urged on by friends and me, took a whack at it. Her previous help with the "yard" has been confined to, "Bill, when are you going to get this place cleaned up? What will the neighbors think?" I'd hate to tell you what I tell her the neighbors can think, if they want to.

Anyway, after about five days of raking and stuffing bags, she burst out with, "Dearie me, Bill," (or words to that effect), "this isn't a backyard. It's THE LAND." She felt like a pioneer, trying to clear enough to live on.

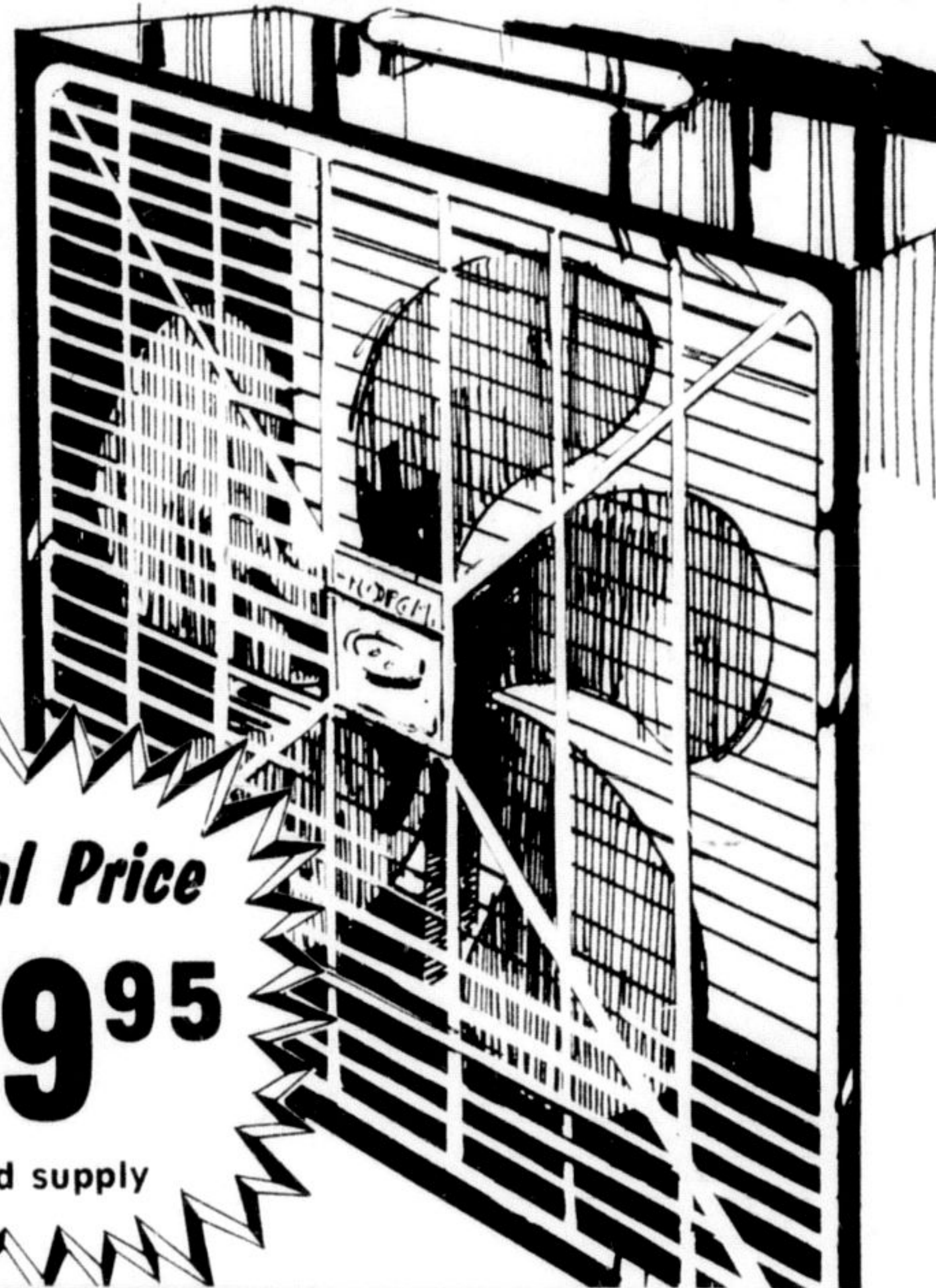
I had rid myself of my old power mower, in a fit of gentle rage, when I couldn't start it. You can't hire a kid with a power mower. So I bought a new one. I got one of my students to run it, only by threatening that I'd fail his year if he didn't.

The lawn is cut. There are only eight flower-beds left to rake and dig. And the storm windows are still on.

COPELAND LUMBER

20" TORCAN FAN SALE CONTINUES

A powerful 3 speed TORCAN fan for high speed cooling efficiency. Plug into any outlet, set it in the window or in the room. Has convenient for portability. Moves air quickly, efficiently.



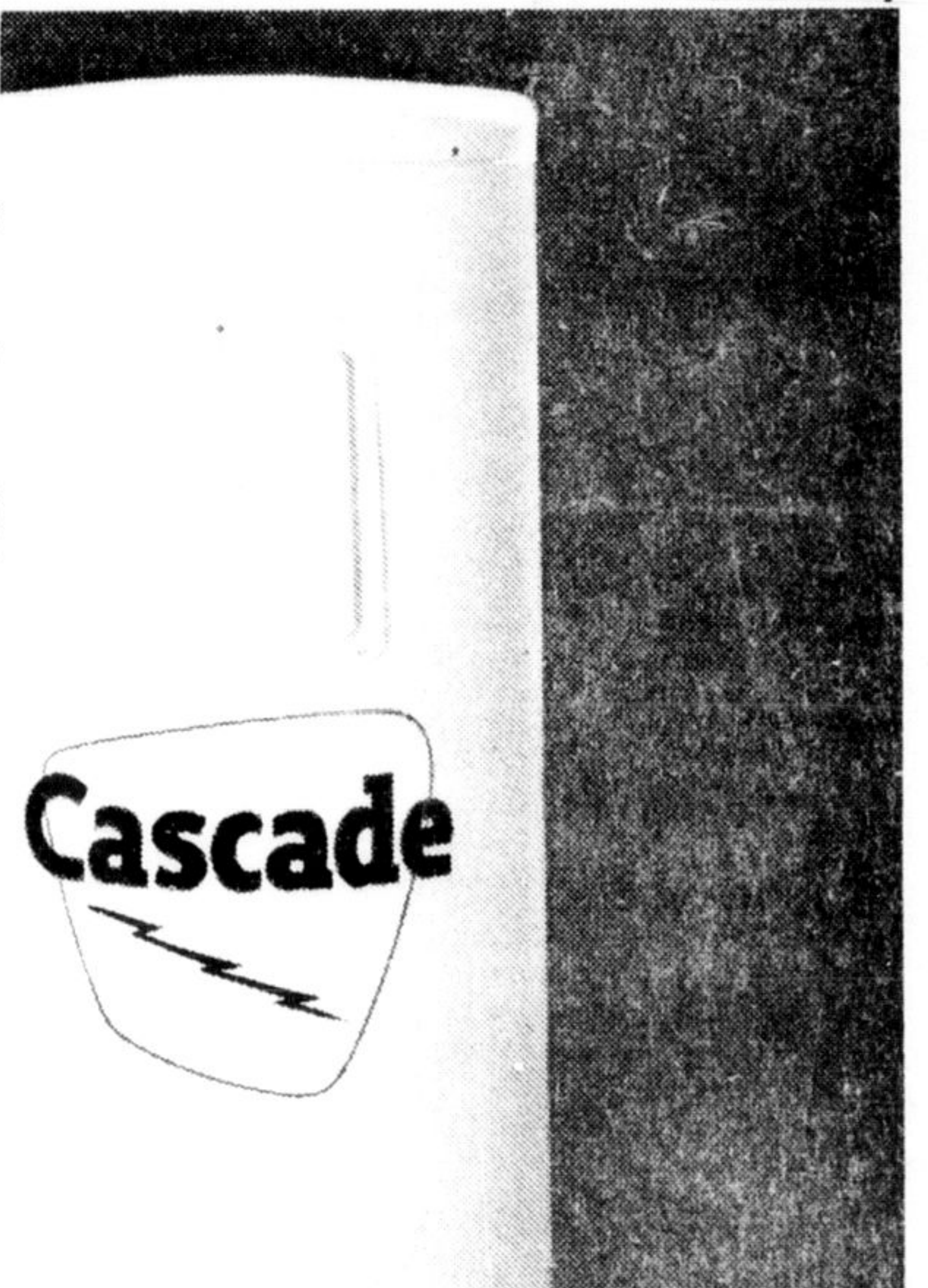
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WOOD FENCING



Plan Book Illustrating 7 Styles to Choose From

(Photo)



is the immediate cause of all the alterations recently reported and refused for no reason known to your correspondent, to act on the Harbor Committee, save, and accept that his friend, ... was not appointed chairman, thus showing his strong determination to have his own way.

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