

Tourist promoters

Tourism means a lot to Ontario—150,000 jobs, \$2,600,000 in revenue, and it makes our province look good in the eyes of the world, says a current government advertising campaign.

The Ministry of Industry and Tourism wants us all to be tourism "salesmen"—by being friendly to visitors, making them feel welcome and helping them find their way if they get lost. Helping tourists helps us all, says the ad.

Of course the best way to be knowledgeable about our province

is to first see as much of it as you can. We all dream of vacations in the "sunny south" but you can have as much fun and learn more about your homeland if you spend your vacation time right here in our province.

So get out and look around Ontario. The more you know about it, the more help you'll be to visitors, and the better "salesman" you'll be.

Besides, tourism helps us all pay the bills.

Champion

Editorial Page

Ten commandments

The following bit of prose is not original but perhaps in these "mixed up" times it bears reprinting, if only to awaken us to some of the current trends

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.

You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

You cannot lift the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.

You cannot keep out of trouble

by spending more than your income.

You cannot further the brotherhood of men by inciting class hatred.

You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.

You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative.

You cannot really help men by having the government tax them to do for them what they can and should do for themselves.

—Anonymous

Valuable participants

Perhaps the role of the small business in the economy of the nation is beginning to attract deserved attention.

One of the provisions in the recent federal budget was aimed at improving the lot of small business and when you look around a community like this you get some understanding of the importance of the small business.

Look along the commercial core of the town, or in the number of small industries and add up their impact on the total community in any of the normal yardsticks, employment, taxation, or service.

Expanding government is one of the threats to small business because of high levels of government spending and bureaucratic controls. When profitability is threatened by imposed increases owners seek purchasers while a business is still viable, among larger companies. Power is then concentrated among a few larger firms. This concentration tends to weaken smaller communities.

The Japanese have a phrase: "Building small firms is cheaper than welfare." It's reflected in their dynamic economy where government consumes only 20 per

cent of the national product and 69 per cent of the manufactures work force is employed in small business. In Britain it's the reverse: 60 per cent of the national product is consumed by government and only 20 per cent of the manufacturing work force is employed by small business.

More and more legislation reflects government intervention in the marketplace. Often it is a result of consumer demand for protection. And more and more business is being painted as a villain in general terms. There is a serious danger in this direction, if applied in a blanket-like fashion.

The small business operation, which can't afford to treat its clientele in other than a proper fashion, is smothered by the rules designed to overcome practices of others who can operate on a larger scale. The small business-owner is soon frustrated by the rules and regulations, by the new legislation, and by the resulting paper work.

Small businesses whether in a community like this, or across the country, deserve a special recognition for the contribution they make. We hope the indications in the current federal budget are that the message is getting through.

Commenting briefly

You don't fully realize the hardships of our pioneers until you remember that day after day, they plodded their way westward into the setting sun—without sunglasses.

The tragic death of a Toronto five-year-old in an unused refrigerator reminds us that parents must be warned about leaving old fridges sitting around with the door intact. Suffocation is one of the most atrocious and terrifying experiences a child may encounter, says Ontario Safety League.

This month marks the 30th anniversary of the delivery of the first CARE package to people in war-torn Europe. Over 100,000,000 packages were sent in 1946 and 1947, then the CARE organization diversified into medical and varied development assistance. In 30 years CARE has provided more than \$1.9 billion worth of aid to 77 needy nations, thanks to the generosity of the Canadian and American people—a notable accomplishment.

In China, people are PAID to recycle their trash and waste at special stations. And human solid excrement is converted into gas for heating and lighting. And all the industries were moved to the downwind side of the city of Peking, all part of the continuing battle to combat pollution and conserve natural resources. "Only in China? What a pity."

It's encouraging to see six denominations of churches co-operating to produce common materials for use in a study mission on world concerns and some of the basic issues in Canadian society. The churches are Anglican, Christian (Disciples of Christ), Lutheran, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and United.

Burlington and Oakville Post Offices are going to computer-assisted mail processing soon, and that means your mail will move faster through those centres if it is properly coded with the new six-digit postal code. Better check your mailing list and make sure you have the correct postal codes for



The Canadian Champion, Wed., June 2, 1976 B3



Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley

Some women's hearts are won by French perfume, mink coats, and diamonds. I've managed to steer clear of this type.

All it takes to make my wife happy is a new machine. After years of comparative poverty, during which everything we had was second-hand, falling apart, or broken, I am occasionally able to gratify her lust for something that hums, purrs, growls or roars. None of those verbs applies to me, by the way.

It doesn't matter what it is, anything from a kitchen gadget to a grand piano; it pleases her pink, for a while.

Not for her the big bouquet on Mother's Day, the fancy earrings on her birthday, the voluptuous dressing gown for Christmas. She wants no part of such frivolities. Just give her something that beats or churns or sews or polishes, and she's in ecstasy.

I didn't know this when we were first married. I thought she was a normal, greedy woman, and kept trying to please her by buying blouses that didn't fit, sweaters the wrong colour, earrings she wouldn't be found dead in.

My first knowledge of her true cravings in material possessions, came after we'd been married a year. I was a student veteran. Our total income was \$88 a month, believe it or not. Our rent was \$75 a month. We ate only because I took part-time and vacation jobs.

One day I came home and was stunned to discover she'd bought a sewing machine, for \$149.95. She has also signed up for a sewing course, at \$15, and had bought material to make a suit, for \$20. I have never been stingy, but I was a trifle aghast.

She had bought it on the instalment plan, naturally. The story has a reasonably happy ending. She quit the sewing course after a few lessons, finally threw out the suit material, about 10 years later. But she traded in that sewing machine on a new one the other day, and got \$75 for the old one. So her sewing has cost her about three dollars a year, over the years. Even a skinflint couldn't quarrel with that.

"Migawd," I thought. "Hate to do it, but I'm going to have to have her committed. We've gotta educate the kids, pay the mortgage. She'll ruin us."

Another day I came home and steam started coming out of my navel when she coolly informed me she'd bought a grand

piano, for about \$4,000, also on the instalment plan. Our income by this time was just about \$4,000 a year.

Once again, her extravagance turned out to be shrewd dealing. She gave piano lessons, the kids were educated, the mortgage is paid. And the other day, an expert told her the grand piano, as it stands, is worth about \$5,500.

I compare these gambits with my own investments, in which a couple of thousand dollars worth of stocks inevitably wind up as 50 shares of moose pasture, and I can't be anything but humble.

This has gone on through the years between, and I've never ceased to be amazed at this woman's thing about a new machine.

There's only one flaw in her aberration. Get her a piano and you never get a meal. She's too busy playing the thing. Get her a record player, and everybody who comes in range must be interviewed. Forget about reading a book or relaxing.

Right now, it's the new sewing machine. It's a beauty, according to her, a Bernina, the Cadillac of sewing machines. It will do anything. In a flash, your gar-

ment will have seven new button holes or a monogram stitched onto the pocket in purple thread.

We're probably the only people in town who can read in bed without taking a book. We just turn down the sheets and spell out what she has stitched all over them. Things like: "Cold feet make cool bed-fellows" and "Some limousine is my sewing machine," and "How now, brown cow." It's a lot of fun, but it's hard to get to sleep with all that Braille stitching tapping out messages on your anatomy.

I'll admit the new machine will do everything but button up your fly. But it's playing havoc with our domestic life. She can't drag herself away from it.

The Old Lady is up at five o'clock in the morning, sewing. She sneaks down after the news at 11 p.m. to whip off a few stitches.

I have to get most of the meals. She has time to iron only one shirt and wash one pair of socks at a time, which rather keeps me on edge, sartorially. I am barraged with totally incomprehensible terms such as tucks, darts, pleats, basting, gathering.

I know it will end, once she is on familiar terms with her new toy. But until then, it is rather like living with a child who has discovered what fun it is to pound on a drum.

Maybe I should have got her one of those garden tractors, with a tiller and cultivator. At least she'd be getting some fresh air, and I'd be getting some peas.

Philosobits

By Edith Sharpe

Did you ever hear of anyone who said that ugliness, like beauty, is only skin deep?

To the preacher life's a sermon, to the joker life's a jest,
To the miser life is money, to the loafer life's a rest,
To the soldier life's a battle, to the teacher life's a school,
Life's a great thing for the thinker
But a folly to the fool.

Life is one long vacation to the man who loves his work,
But it's constant dodging duty, to the everlasting shirk,
Life is what we try to make it, life is a story ever new,
To the faithful earnest worker, what, my friend, is life to you?

We should all learn to drive in such a manner that our license expires before we do.

A good nature will always supply the absence of beauty; but beauty cannot take the place of a good nature.

When it comes to giving, some folk stop at nothing.

"Self-portraits" are usually "colored".
No two people are alike — and chances are both of them are glad of it.

We are writing a gospel, a chapter a day, by deeds that we do, by words that we say; People read what you write, whether it's a lie or true;
Say there, my friend, what is the gospel, according to you?

Too many people today don't care what happens, as long as it doesn't happen to them.

If you are not treated as you deserve to be — be thankful.

Salute to Legion

Fifty years of service

Fifty years is a notable anniversary in the history of any organization. To the Royal Canadian Legion it means half a century of accumulated experience in meeting the problems of war veterans and their dependents. The Legion has learned a great deal in those 50 years and what it has learned has been and is being turned to good account in its legislative activities, its service both to veterans and the communities across Canada, and in its constant endeavors to translate into action the spirit of comradeship and sacrifice upon which its aims and objects are based.

The Legion's 50-year history is brightly studded with events and episodes that make stimulating reading. There was the passing of the War Veterans Allowance Legion to bring financial help to war veterans prematurely aged by war service. There were the war years when the Legion placed all its resources at the disposal of the govern-

ment; conducted a national survey of manpower; organized the Veterans Guard of Canada, and provided special recreational and educational services for the troops in Canada and overseas.

There was The Veterans' Charter, that package of legislation providing hospitalization services and rehabilitation benefits for World War II veterans, all resulting from Legion representations.

In the post-World War II period the "outward look" of the Legion emerged with its involvement in community programs of all kinds, touching the young and the old and giving the organization a new sense of purpose. Then there was the Woods Committee report which resulted in a new Pension Act containing the most extensive and far-reaching revisions in half a century. It was followed by the government's acceptance of a new and more realistic basic rate for disability pensions. And more recently, there was the opening of the Legion doors to sons and daughters of Legion members and to non-veterans in non-voting membership categories.

Early leaders of the Legion contributed substantially to the solid foundation of what has become Canada's largest war veterans organization and the respected voice of the veteran on Parliament Hill.

Field-Marshal Haig once said that "the power of the Legion to help the ex-service community by its direct benevolence as well as by its advocacy will be proportional to its concern for the nation as a whole." It is good to know that the Legion has heeded, and heeded supremely well, this exhortation from its chief founder. In a world where materialistic considerations play a large part, it is well for a nation to have in its midst a group of men and women who place service high among the virtues, who continue in times of peace to be guided by that fellow feeling and sense of duty to their country and countrymen that are among the few good things engendered by war.

Every Legion member should be filled with pride at the Legion's accomplishments through the years. Its prestige has never stood higher than it does today for it has demonstrated to the Canadian people that it is a vigorous dynamic organization which has extended its interests beyond the welfare of war veterans to the very fabric of our society. There is no doubt that its existence is as necessary today as it was when it was founded 50 years ago.

—Reprinted from Legion Magazine, written by Lorne Manchester, Editor

Pages of the Past

From Champion Files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, May 31, 1956. Congratulations are extended to Mrs. George Hemstreet, who marked her 101st birthday at her home on May 22. Mr. Hemstreet recently celebrated his 103rd birthday. They are the oldest living couple in Canada.

One hundred hard maple trees were planted around Milton Saturday morning when members of council and volunteer workers toured the town, stopping and planting them wherever they felt necessary. Residents are asked to water the trees once daily for a few months.

For general excellence and typographical excellence, The Champion claimed two provincial awards at the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association convention in Windsor on the weekend. The Champion has previously won awards in Canada-wide competitions but these are the first awards in the Ontario contest.

Celebration of Victoria Day, in honor of the Queen who reigned for 64 years, by Milton Public School children, was in the form of a concert and program in the Roxy Theatre Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon. Musical numbers of patriotic nature took up most of the two programs.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, June 3, 1926.

The annual convention of Halton Women's Institute was held at Burlington on Tuesday, its president Mrs. Agnew of Acton in the chair. There were about one hundred delegates. Luncheon was served by the local branch. Addresses were delivered by G. A. Patterson, of Toronto, Provincial Superintendent, Mrs. Dunn of Hamilton, and Miss E. Baxter. Officers were elected as follows: president, Mrs. G. Agnew, Acton (re-elected); first vice-president, Mrs. Atkins, Bronte; second vice-president, Mrs. Claridge, Georgetown; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. P. W. Merry, Hornby (re-elected).

Invitations have been issued to the members of the Gastle family to its sixth reunion, which will be held on Saturday at the home of William Attridge, Waterdown. The first Mr. Gastle to come to Canada settled in Nelson 98 years ago. The 100th anniversary will be celebrated at the home of George E. Gastle.

The results of fourth year examinations in arts, Toronto University, were published on Tuesday. Miss M. E. Dick passed in Grade B and Miss Madge Galbraith in Grade C and M. M. Martin in the modern history course. The results in the second year examinations are published today. Miss Frances J. Clements passed in Grade B, third year.

75 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, May 30, 1901.

During the life of Queen Victoria fine weather was so much the rule on her birthday in this part of her dominions that Queen's Weather became proverbial, but the skies appeared to weep for the dead Queen last Friday and they put a damper on the Victoria Day celebrations everywhere. No celebration was contemplated here and the only sports arranged for, a baseball match between the Victorias, Milton's juniors, and St. Mary's 11, was postponed. The Toronto boys came up by the morning train, but the wet, chilly weather and the muddy state of the grounds made play impossible. Disappointment was general. The Milton band had been engaged to play at a picnic at Mountsberg, at which one of the leading attractions was to have been a baseball match between the Freeilton and Milton nines. The picnic did not come off and the band and ball players remained at home.

WCTU Officers for 1901—President, Mrs. Inman, first vice-president Mrs. Horning, rec. and cor. sec. Miss Holling-rake, treasurer Mrs. Pickett, superintendents of departments: Evangelistic, Mrs. McKenzie, Systematic Giving, Mrs. Robertson; Press, Mrs. White; Sunday School, Mrs. Bastedo; Scientific Temperance and Narcotics, Mrs. Willmott; Lumbermen, Miss Smiley; Flowers, fruit, etc. Mrs. Pickett and Mrs. Roach; Parlor meetings Mrs. Robertson.

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