

On The Farm Front

Eighty enthusiastic committee members from all townships in Haldimand were on hand for the Farm and Home Improvement Competition "Kick-off" recently. Chairman George Ramsey, R.R.9, Dunnville, expects their enthusiasm to ensure one of the largest and most effective competitions ever held as a preliminary to

an International Plowing Match. Art Peppin of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies Branch, Ontario Department of Agriculture and Food, suggests that this augurs well for the 1971 Local Committee and all of its preparations for the big match. Harold Buchanan from Brant County outlined the competition held for the plowing match last year.

OPP Report

On April 26, 1970, Prov. Const. W. L. Eves investigated a stolen car from Walpole Township. This vehicle was recovered by Brantford OPP on the Indian Reserve.

On April 30, 1970, Prov. Const. M. Malsed recovered a stolen car from Bowmanville, Ontario, in Moulton Township.

Drag racing complaints are being received from different areas in the county. The latest complaint that 40-50 cars were racing on the McKenzie Road, Oneida Township. The majority of persons involved are from the City of Hamilton, using County roads as drag strips. The police will use different types of methods if contacted in apprehending these subjects in order to prevent a serious collision from occurring.

In the past week in Cayuga, dogs have bitten three small children. It is imperative that dogs be kept under control to prevent these injuries.

Seven motor vehicle collisions were investigated during this period resulting in six persons being injured and one fatal collision with one person being fatally injured on County Road No. 18, Seneca Township, April 26, 1970, investigated by Prov. Const. J. Hanes.

General occurrences investigated: 12 requests for assistance, seven thefts, four other Criminal Code offences, two break and enters, one Liquor Control Act investigation resulting in one person being charged.

FROM THE COMMISSIONER OF THE O.P.P. — Eric Silk. It is my pleasure to extend an invitation to the Public to visit the facilities of their O.P.P. force during the week of May 10 to May 16, 1970. Our members will be pleased to welcome visitors in the more than 190 Ontario Provincial Police Offices throughout the Province of Ontario to discuss the functions of this force, our role in today's society and the services we are equipped to provide.

*NOTE: The office hours at the Cayuga Detachment are from 8:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. Officers will be pleased to assist anyone requesting an evening visit prior to May 10, 1970 or during the open hours of the week announced for the visit.

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Renton Personals

Mrs. Flo Kitchen spent Sunday in Delhi the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Crosier.

Mrs. A. Caughill, president of the Renton W.I. attended the conference held in Guelph last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Weindendorf, Miss Lorraine Weindendorf and Mr. W. Walker of Port Dover attended the Van Wagner - Weeks wedding in Tilsonburg on Saturday.

Several ladies from this vicinity attended the Tea and Bazaar held in Old Windham Church on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Iliffe were supper guests at the home of their son and daughter-in-law at Caledonia on Wednesday night.

A number of the Renton W.I. members attended the District Annual meeting in Port Dover on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chico Maki and family have returned to their summer home east of the village after spending the winter in Chicago where Chico played hockey.

Hon. John Munro Designates May 'Medic-Alert Month'

OTTAWA — The Honourable John Munro, Minister of National Health and Welfare has designated May as Medic-Alert Month in Canada, in support of the Life Underwriters Association of Canada's public information program.

"Wearing a Medic-Alert bracelet on your wrist is like an ocean liner carrying life boats. In both cases, the protection offered in the event of an accident or other emergency can mean the difference between life and death," said Mr. Munro.

"The Medic-Alert system has been used in Canada since 1961 and today over 40,000 Canadians wear the Medic-Alert bracelet which lists their hidden medical problem, allergy or drug requirement. This information can avert serious complications and is vital to

the doctor, nurse or hospital attendant especially of the person requiring treatment is unconscious and unable to provide the information.

"During May, members of the Life Underwriters Association of Canada are conducting a program to publicize the life-saving work of the Canadian Medic-Alert Foundation who that everyone knows about it and how to secure the

identification bracelet which may save a life. I would like to add my endorsement to this program and its simple but effective message 'Be Prepared'."

The Life Underwriters Association plans to help make the public more aware of life-saving work of the Canadian Medic-Alert Foundation through its 83 local branches across Canada.

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Editorial Comment

A Welcome Change

The recently introduced legislation in the federal parliament aimed primarily at protecting the consumer against the abuse of promissory notes by unscrupulous dealers should be welcomed on all sides.

Consumer Affairs Minister Ron Basford, who introduced the measure as an amendment to the Bills of Exchange Act, says it is intended to put pressure on finance companies to halt lending to "sleazy, by-the-night" operators who prey on consumers who buy such items as home food freezers, television sets, vacuum cleaners or aluminum house siding on time-payment plans. Under the amendment, all promissory notes in such transactions must be marked "consumer purchase" and the consumer for the first time would have legal defence in case of suit for non-payment by a finance company. The defence would be that the original seller did not fulfil his part of the bargain.

As a result, finance companies would be reluctant to buy promissory notes from dealers unless they are absolutely sure that the dealer has not left the original purchaser in a position to defend a suit successfully.

This has not been the case up to now. Under the existing law the finance company can in most cases enforce payments even when goods are not delivered, or warranty terms have not been observed.

While this sounds unfair to the consumer, the finance companies cannot really be blamed. They are, after all, in business to lend money, not sell aluminum siding, for example. They do provide the needed capital to those who do, and legitimate operators should have nothing to fear from this proposed change in the law.

A difficulty has been that many consumers do not understand that when they commit themselves to time payments they are actually paying off a promissory note that has nothing to do with the article purchased. A common, erroneous belief is that if payments are not met the goods are repossessed and that is the end of it. But they do to their cost that the finance company which holds the note, having paid off the dealer, is not interested in repossessing that faulty vacuum cleaner. The company just wants the amount of the note plus interest.

The only real transaction of this nature is that done at a pawn shop. There, money is loaned on the deposit with the shop of such articles as jewelry, and the loan is always well below the actual value of the pledged article. Then, if the loan is not paid, the pawnbroker is only too glad to take possession.

But now the finance company, before it pays off a dealer, will investigate his standing and the quality of his product in an extremely thorough manner, as well as the ability to pay off the purchaser. There may be some complaint by the finance companies that this onus now will fall on them rather than the original purchaser, but finance companies are much better equipped to do this than an individual who knows little of the world of business.

Another healthy side effect could be a sharp reduction in the number of individuals whose thoughtless buying habits leave them in a hopeless debt position that is becoming a major social problem.

Let's Have Less Noise

One of the provincial governments is talking about passing anti-noise laws. This is good. Few of us realize what a beating our bodies, minds and souls have taken from the twentieth century phenomenon of noise.

But psychiatrists, doctors and sociologists know the insidious part noise plays in the breakdown of human beings. We used to be able to renew ourselves by retreating to a cottage on a lake. Not any more.

Between the constant roar of power or speed boats and the transistor radio (ours — or our neighbor's) our nerves get pretty ragged now at the cottage. Even the woods in winter have lost their blanket of silence to the nowmobile.

If governments can legislate against noise, well and good, but it may take some time before engineering devices can really tone down the volume. We can help ourselves, however. If you're a cottage owner who not collect your cottage neighbors and form a canoe club or row-boat club?

Unless you have a huge lawn, forget the status symbol of the power mower and cut your lawn with a manually operated mower. It's good exercise, too.

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Group Of Seven At The National Gallery

The fiftieth anniversary of the official beginning of the Group of Seven will be marked by a retrospective exhibition of 200 of their works at the National Gallery of Canada, 19 June — 6 September. The retrospective will later go to the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

The great popularity of the Group — for many Canadians, they are the only important artists their country has produced — is discussed by Dennis Reid, assistant curator of the National Gallery, in the catalogue. Besides preparing the catalogue, Mr. Reid organized both this exhibition and one for the Art Gallery of Ontario, reproducing the Group's first showing at that gallery in May 1920.

The "incredible staying power" of the Group — its popularity has steadily grown through the years — is explained by Mr. Reid: "All members of the Group except Harris had a firm training in the business of commercial art, and this undoubtedly led them to strive for qualities of eye-catching design and immediacy of impact. . . . What was needed, they felt, was a direct and unaffected mode of painting derived from an experience of the land that all Canadians, if they would only look about themselves, would have to acknowledge as being true and worthwhile."

Mr. Reid writes that the Group's painting was a reaction against the atmospheric, moody type of representation so fashionable at the time. The Group's members saw this as "being foreign to the true experience of the Canadian landscape, which, to them, was direct in its impact and

Letter Box

Selkirk, Ont
April 24, 1970
Jarvis Record
Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed \$3.00 for 1 year subscription to the Jarvis Record. I have seen a few copies and enjoy them very much.

Thanks kindly,
Mrs. Alice Martin
Selkirk, Ont.

April 29, 1970
West Haldimand Record,
Jarvis, Ont.

Dear Sir:
Enclosed is a cheque in the amount of three dollars for one year's subscription to your paper.

We find your paper very informative and have appreciated receiving the complimentary copies and would appreciate receiving it on a regular basis.

Mrs. Jean Shurr,
Cayuga, Ont.

The Management
of the Jarvis Record —
Dear Sir:

I am sending a three dollar money order for one year's subscription. Will expect one silver dollar. Thanks.

Joe Newman
Box 22 Port Dover, Ont.

P.S. We are very much interested in Jarvis. But have never taken your paper before.

Counter Clockwise

20 YEARS AGO
The minister expresses his gratitude to Rev. Mr. Fuller who took full charge of the Community Service on Sunday night in Kno Church and to Rev. W. E. James who conducted the service in Wesley and Garnet Churches on Sunday morning and afternoon.

One of Haldimand's most famous sons is the poet Wilson MacDonald who was born at the Village of Cheapside in the year 1880. At one time in his career he crossed the ocean in a horse boat, and almost starved during his short sojourn in England. Mr. MacDonald also gave legerdemain (slight of hand) performances to sustain himself, and persons still living in Haldimand testify as to his ability in that direction. This native son of Haldimand has written and published several volumes of excellent poetry, and stands

high in the list of Canadian literary figures. He also wrote a musical comedy "In Sunny France" which was a great success wherever it was played.

30 YEARS AGO
James G. Paterson, Hardware Merchant was named President of the Jarvis Merchant's Association at the annual meeting of that body held in the Record Office on Monday night. William J. Hodges was named Secretary Treasurer and a committee composed of J. A. Fleming, A. L. Miller, L. L. McBride and Thos. Harris was named to work with the other officers in re-organizing for the year.

Jarvis Teams eliminated Hagersville Badminton Stars in Two straight to Win David Banks Trophy and Haldimand County Championship.



Bill Smiley

Life in the San

Went for a chest X-ray today and had quite a reminiscence with the doctor who examined me. It turned out that he was the second-in-command at a sanatorium where I spent one of the most dreary years of my life.

He's retired now and does this work as a part-time thing. He told me I wouldn't believe what has happened to the San. When I was there, it held about 1,500 patients. It now has 300. Average length of stay then was 18 months. Today it is three months.

T.B. wasn't a comparatively simple thing when I was there. Three people died in three months in one ward I was in, because their lungs were so rotten they couldn't breathe. Two of them were in their 20s.

The tensions, frustrations and monotony of life in a sanatorium have been described often enough. It was like being in jail, except you couldn't walk around. And always, hovering in the air, like a couple of vultures, were two things: Surgery and your "culture".

Surgery meant hacking out most of your ribs on one side, to collapse a lung that was too far gone, or removal of the lung.

If your "culture", a sputum test, broke down within 12 weeks, you had another three or six months added to your sentence.

I was lucky. All I had was a shadow on my lung. I felt fine. I never had a "positive" result from tests, and I couldn't even muster enough sputum for a culture. But it still wasn't much fun.

Perhaps I acclimatized better than most. I'd had a year in prison camp, not too long before — good training for life in the San. I had learned that time does pass, however snail-like, in such circumstances.

But I was dreadfully lonely at first, and pretty resentful toward the gods. I had been married six weeks when the shadow on the lung was discovered. About a week later, something else was discovered. My wife was pregnant. We were about 200 miles apart, with no money for train trips to visit. This was the worst period.

How times change. Nowa-

days my wife thinks nothing of spending \$10 on a long-distance call to one of the kids, for no particular reason. In those days, I was on full pension. I think it was \$55 a month, and the government kept back \$15 of it to help pay for my keep.

So it was letters, one a day. There's still a bushel basket of them in the attic, full of purple prose; what we'd call the baby, and stuff. I feel like an old fool when I read them now, and my wife weeps and wonders why I don't write poems and goey stuff to her nowadays.

But I shook down into life at the San, and as always in retrospect, remember mostly the good things, and the funny things.

I began a writing course, and won a prize. I wrote scripts for the San radio station. I played chess for hours a day with the guy in the next bed and became a tolerable, though erratic, player.

Most of us were young veterans, and we had a certain esprit de corps, which meant beating the establishment. For example, the food was nourishing, butousy, like all institution food. One chap had a wife who smuggled in bacon and eggs and onions. Every night, about an hour after the nurses had snuggled us down, and while the night nurse smoked and drank coffee, the action would begin.

Out would come the illicit hot plate, and the forbidden frying pan. The spyrest, usually I, would whack up a great, reeking feed. And with one lamp, carefully screened, we'd play poker until 4 a.m. No wonder they had trouble rousing us at five for our morning wash.

If it was a special occasion, maybe a birthday, we'd chip in and buy a mickey. Oh, yes. We had a bootlegger — who was also a bookmaker — among the patients. He was tubercular and also diabetic, dying on his feet, but he staggered around the wards each day, taking bets and orders.

You'd be surprised how far a mickey goes among four T.B. cases, when they haven't had anything stronger than milk for a month. Like most of life, it wasn't all bad.

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