FALL FAIRTIME IN ONTARIO

FAIRTIME HIGHLIGHTS

By Your Ful-O-Pep Reporter

To countless thousands throughout the world, the name 'Erin' is just another, and more poetic way of saying Ireland—one that comes handy to sentimental song-writers and radio tenors.

But to multitudes in all parts of Ontario—including, of course, your Ful-O-Pep Reporter—Erin means something entirely different. It stands for one of the very loveliest of all our beauty spots; and when word comes that the Erin Fall Fair is on the cards, your reporter always plans for a very early start towards Wellington County.

That your Ful-O-Pep Reporter is not alone in his appreciation of Rural Ontario on Show—and at its best—will be seen from some of the shots our camera-man made while there. Favored by ideal weather, the Erin Fall Fair was a huge success as viewed from any angle; and those responsible for it are deserving of our heartiest congratulations.

Photograph by your Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Gromyko said "No". Our staff photographer 'shot' this picture of an impressive but somewhat dour-looking beast, but quite neglected to tell us its name, or that of its owner. Possibly some of our readers, who saw it at one of Ontario's Fall Fairs, may be able to identify it.

THE LADY HAD NO ANSWER

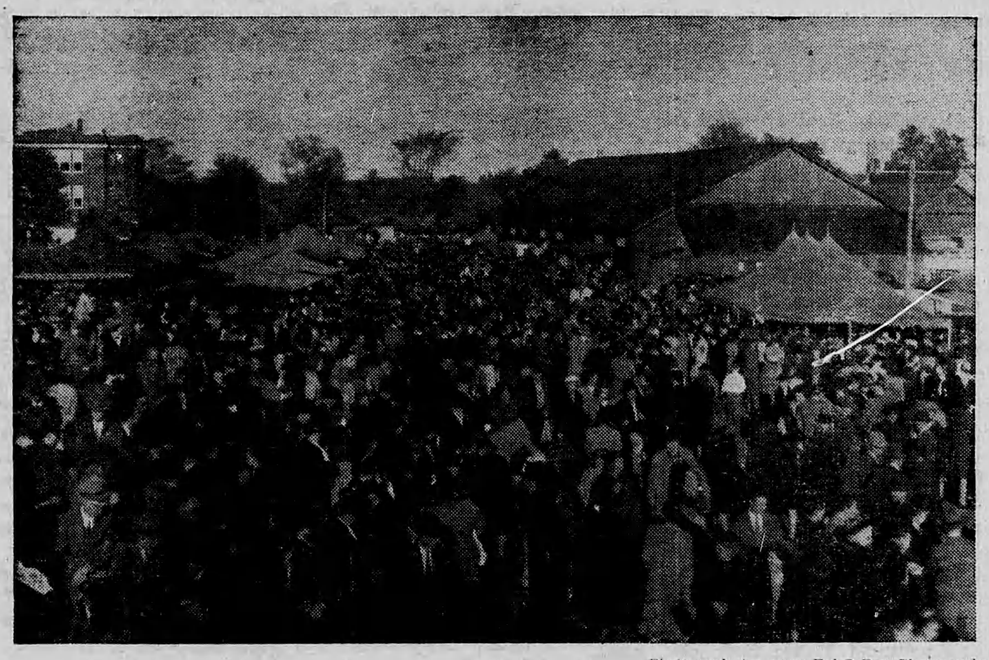
At one of the many Ontario Fall Fairs visited by your Ful-O-Pep reporter, he happened to arrive in Agricultural Hall just at a crucial moment. With scores standing around, intensely interested, the Judges were pondering their decision between two giant squashes, final survivors of the preliminary trials.

Then from the rear came a voice—one of those feminine voices styled to try and make you think of mink coats, exotic perfumes, and general superiority.

"Oh, Herbert, isn't it just too quaint," said the voice, "all these people bothering their heads about the size of idiotic things like squashes!"

There was a brief pause — then came the drawling voice of one of the Judges, "Sorry to contradict you, lady," it said, "but if as much attention was paid to the improvement of squash as there is to atomic bombs—well, maybe you wouldn't be sitting as pretty, but it would be a whole lot better world."

And that was that!

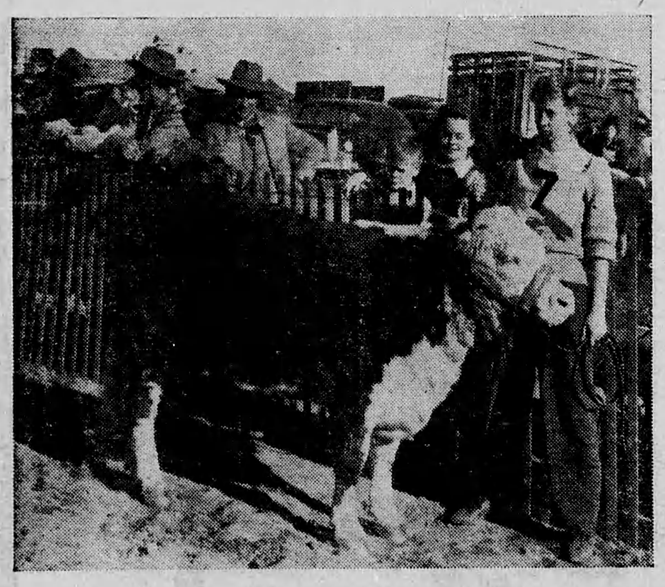


Photograph by your Ful-O-Pep Photographer

"A good time was had by all"—Here our roving photographer gives us a distance shot showing the general layout of the Erin Fall Fair grounds, where so many thousands spent a most enjoyable and profitable day recently.

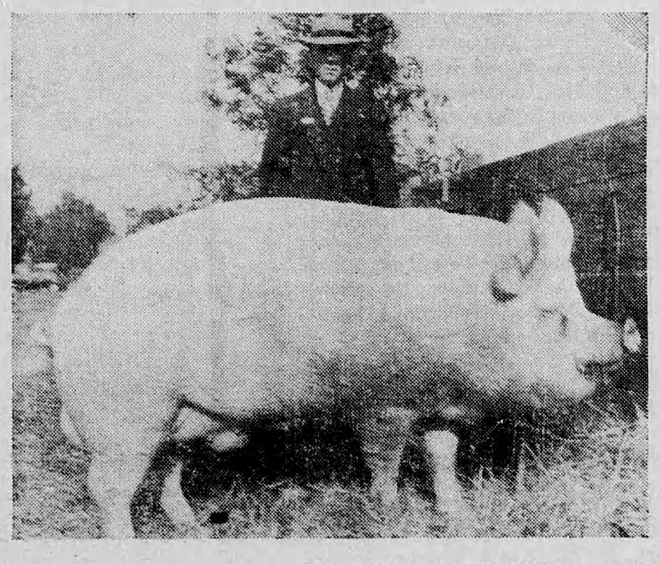
Photograph by your Ful-O-Pep Photographer

W. S. O'Neil—An enthusiastic Ful-O-Pep feeder—is seen with some calves shown in the under-a-year class.



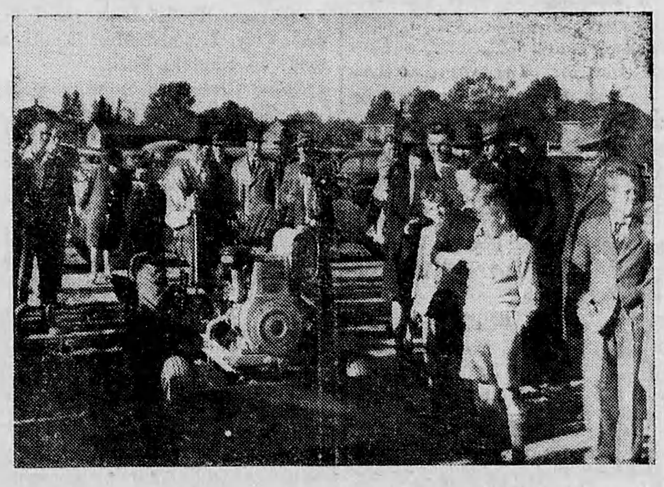
Photograph by your Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Lucky Seven? Prize-winning yearling Hereford shown at Erin Fall Fair by Margaret Dunbar of Guelph.



Photograph by your Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Prize Ayrshire Boar, under 1 year, exhibited by Wilfred Turnbull and son. Mr. Turnbull, who is president of the Erin Fall Fair Association, is shown with his prize-winning porker.



Photograph by your Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Modern farm machinery gets the once-over. A corner of the recent Erin Fall Fair with spectators of all ages sizing up something new in labor saving mechanism.

Machinery hasn't yet banished the horse. At the Erin Fall Fair the light horse stake drew 19 entries, here shown during the process of judging.

Smart Cow

We were delighted to get this story from a reader in rural Ohio. It seems he recently arranged to have his aged mother cared for in a nursing home, where he has been visiting her twice a week. Each time he brings her a special lunch from the farm, including a thermos bottle of milk in which he slips a little brandy—on advice of the family doctor.

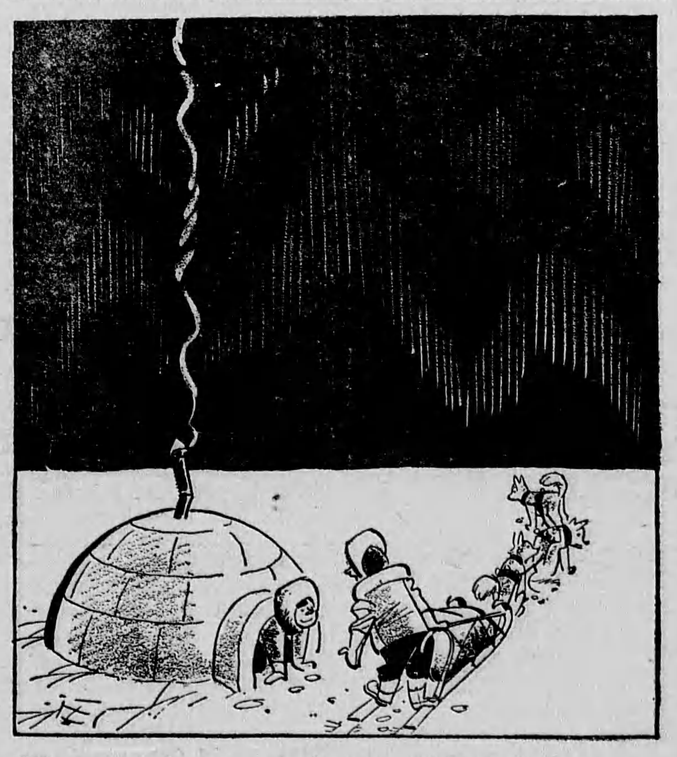
The lady is always delighted with the lunches, and the other day, as she sipped the milk, she said gravely, "Oh, Larry, don't ever sell that cow!" —This Week.

The Meaning

The teacher was trying to explain the meaning of certain words to her class. She came to "sufficient."

"Now," she said brightly, "suppose there was a cat here and I gave it a saucerful of milk, which it drank. Then I gave it another saucerful, and it drank it all. But when I gave it a third it would only drink half of it. We can then say that the cat had sufficient. Now, Tommy, what is the meaning of sufficient?"

"Please, teacher," said Tommy eagerly, "catful of milk."



"Ma wants to know can she borrow a package of crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes until tomorrow?"

"Sure thing, Ukluk, we always keep an igloo full of malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes."

"Brother, we can use that good nourishment in Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes: carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; other food essentials."

"Those two golden grains, wheat and malted barley sure are cleverly blended, baked and toasted to achieve that glorious flavor and honey-golden crispness of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes."

"Know what? We're going to cook up some cookies and muffins too, from those recipes on the Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes package. Better make it the big economy size."