

Well now I've seen it, all "three million" acres of it, all "three million" people of it from sardine-packed mile of midway through the one deserted alley that we could find. Yes, sir, I've seen the Ex. The initial exciting expectation has melted to the cramps developed from legs unused to walking that "three million" acres, but now I've seen it.

No, I can't say the Ex is the same as ever. Sure the sights, the sounds, the smells are quickly recalled from previous excursions but it takes an annual refresher course to keep them within recollection. I'll leave the task of listing what's new at the Ex to the C.N.E. publicity staff, but there's plenty if you want to devote your time to that which is exclusively new.

FRANKLY, the thing I enjoy most is the people. Sitting seems to be a rare past time but that's what I enjoy doing, so I can watch the strange parade of "humanity" passing. From the youngest to the oldest, from those restrained to wheel chairs to those actually running, there is a facial reflection that challenges any interested "analyst."

EVERYONE SEES the Ex in a different light. Pushing through a crowd, which is certainly the most dreary of occupations for

youngsters, I noticed our youngest staring fixedly at the ground. His view of the Ex was the littered ground that told him surely of the number of "goodies" that can be conjured up at a thing like the Exhibition. Another young one could ferret out a novelty dispensing store without even half trying. I lost count on the number of such establishments that had to be passed.

ANYONE WHO enjoys flowers would certainly not need to confine their attention to the flower building. Pleasant paths wander through some extremely attractive displays back of the bandshell. One display includes a good-sized pool surrounded by rockery with a small waterfall that I would quite gladly have brought home if such had been possible.

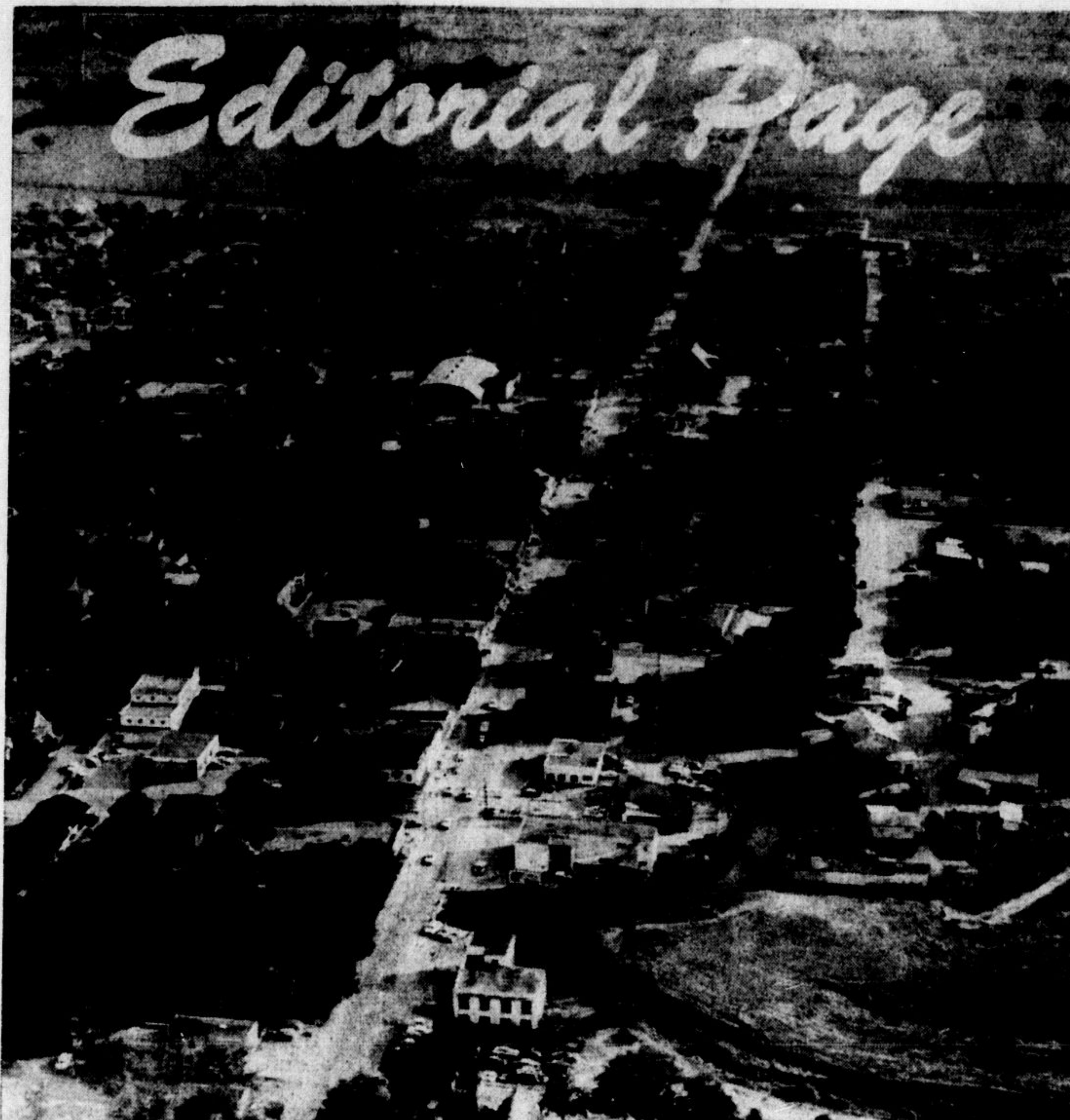
INCIDENTALLY, I don't recommend buying a program, if your trip to the Ex is still ahead. We considered we could save a lot of time with a program. We reasoned we would know where everything was that we wanted to see. So we bought it. The first thing we wanted to see was at one end, we calculated. Away we went. Something's wrong, it's not here at all. Well, you guessed it. We were a long way away.

THE GRANDSTAND show:

We enjoyed it. Sure the pantomimist could get lost and the bell ringers could drop their opening routine, but on the whole it was a really good spectacular with plenty of color and precision. The Canadettes were good. Bob Goulet was fine if you like Bob Goulet although he came on stage after the first half of the show with nary a word of buildup or introduction. The R.C.M.P. capped it with their usually colorful Musical Ride and injected that "shiver" of Canadianism.

INCIDENTALLY, the stands were full of Bashful Canadians. When the orchestra played O Canada they all stood at attention but not a peep out of one. There should be a soloist to lead all of us Bashful Canadians.

ONE OTHER note: A lady near us in the grandstand seemed very restless. Finally she exploded to everyone around her that she could see better on television and took her leave. But she missed the color, the precision, the size of it all. She missed the musical ride, Bob Goulet, the fireworks. Perhaps she was wrought up over some earlier incident, I don't know. But if you're going to the Ex, go to enjoy it. Don't go to pull it apart or you're bound to miss its really enjoyable highlights. Don't take my word for it. See for yourself.



—Staff Photo

GLANCING BACK TO 10 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 20, 1953.

The first sod was ceremoniously turned and a bulldozer ripped into the soil as construction of two plants for the Ontario Steel Products leaped ahead on the 70 acre site north of the present town boundary on Monday of this week. President E. S. Byers declared, "I turn this first sod with the hope that the plants that will be erected on this site will be a symbol of the continuing expansion of the Ontario Steel Products and a source of pride to the town of Milton and the people of this district."

Before a capacity crowd of over 600 people, Oakville Oaks won the final game of their five game series with Campbellville 9-6 Tuesday, in Oakville, and in doing so retained possession of the Halton Cup. Although it was a loosely played game, it lacked

nothing in excitement for Campbellville, fighting gamely, came back strong in the last four innings and the ball game ended with the tying run at the plate.

JoAnne McArthur, Jeanette Peer and Janice Stuart have returned from the Ryerson Beach Summer School on Lake Erie where they attended the Intermediate Girls' class.

Knox Presbyterian church, Sixteen, held its 107th anniversary services on Sunday, August 16. The guest speaker, Rev. W. Scott Duncan of Queen St. East church in Toronto took "The New Jerusalem" as his theme at the morning service and spoke on peace in the evening.

The Church of Christ at Omagh held their annual Sunday School picnic on Friday, August 14 at the Omagh Vacation Bible School. Swimming, games, races and a picnic lunch highlighted the event.

GLANCING BACK TO 20 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion August 20, 1943.

Nearly a thousand people from far and near found their way to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Neelands last Thursday evening to attend the monster Hornby Community Garden Party being held in the interest of the British War Victims' Fund. All were in readiness to enjoy a real good evening's entertainment with the Lorne Scots Band and a troupe of entertainers from Sunnyside to provide the program. However the weatherman interfered and sent rain which began with a gentle shower just as the intermission was called. The bandsmen continued playing like true soldiers until they and their music were thoroughly soaked. Then they cancelled the party and everyone ran for cover.

A New Hampshire hen owned by "Ches" Hinton went on a spree on Monday and laid an egg weighing four ounces and measuring eight and one half inches the long way and six inches in circumference. Ches says his hens break loose like that every month or so.

W. N. Brownridge has sold his farm to V. Archer, Erindale. Mr. Brownridge will hold an auction sale of farm stock and implements on Friday.

While driving along Water Street, Burlington, last Monday night, James Muir of Burlington, felt a bullet whiz past his ear, missing him by a fraction of an inch. He examined the windshield and found a small hole believed to have been made by a .22 bullet. The police are investigating the matter.

GLANCING BACK TO 50 YEARS AGO

Taken from the files of the Canadian Champion, August 21, 1913.

Information has been laid against 28 persons, charging them walking on the C.P.R. track between Milton and the Brick Co. The defendants are all, or nearly all employees of the Milton Pressed Brick and Terra Cotta Co. and residents of Milton. The track has been used as a walk for many years, but the C.P.R. is determined to stop it and a law forbids it. The cases will come before Police Magistrate Dice on Saturday. Though no informations have been laid against those who have walked the track between the station and Martin Street, as many do, that part of the track will not be allowed to be used as a walk in the future. Citizens who are wise will stick to the streets.

On August 14 a number of local business men, members of the Board of Trade, visited the Hamilton Centennial and were entertained as the guests of the Hamilton Board of Trade. All report a very good time and are loud spoken in their praise of Hamilton and its genial hospitalities.

As our Horticultural Society was not eligible for any government grants for 1913, the directors at their meeting on Tuesday evening, decided to postpone the planned Flower Show until September 1914.

Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Willmott are spending a couple of weeks vacation in the Muskoka area.

The line-up for the Milton team on Saturday when they lost to Georgetown 9-4, showed Roberts, Sinclair, W. Galloway, Chisholm, Maude, Smith, Winn, Pearcey and D. Galloway pitcher.

Sugar and Spice . . .

BY BILL SMILEY

I had my annual injection of culture last week, and am now ready to resume my normal condition of boorish bourgeoisism. The shot, as usual, was painless physically, producing a feeling of mild stimulation, painful financially, producing an aftermath of hollow depression.

Because we plan to attend a convention at a swank spot next week, that ancient and honorable lament, "I haven't a thing to wear!" reared its hoary head. This gave birth to the inevitable twins: a visit to the bank manager and a trip to the city.

The latter, in turn, demanded that we take in a show. The only show in town was a "brilliant" British revue called "The Establishment," direct from rave reviews in New York. It rank.

That may not be quite the cultured way in which to review a revue, but it's an honest opinion. The critics probably bumbled that the thing was "refreshingly frank" and "delightfully irreverent." I thought it was disgustingly frank and childishly irreverent.

The show did have a couple of amusing skits, including a clever parody of the Queen reading one of her speeches, but the remainder was labored and tasteless, about one jump and a bushel of English accents ahead of a college annual show. However, the audience, to prove its broad-mindedness, applauded wildly, while I sat glumly on my \$3.50 seat, glowering like a true-blue royalist.

Just to make a proper mish-mash of the excursion, my wife who was supposed to be shop-

ping for some stunning late-summer clothes, came back to the hotel with nothing purchased but a winter coat which she couldn't resist.

Things were a little brighter on the weekend, when we took a flyer to the Stratford Festival, that peculiar Canadian monument toward which we bow with reverence, beam with pride, and point with honest indignation when people say, "Ah, you Canadians got no culture."

Ten years ago, when the festival began (it was in a tent), we stayed, for three dollars in a private home whose mistress turned out to be a nut, and our six-year-old son was left at home with Granny.

Things have changed. The festival is now in a handsome theatre, we stayed, for ten dollars, in the room-at-the-top of the shabbiest hostelry this side of the Atlantic, and our great, gormless boy went off after the theatre to hear the folk-singers at a coffee house and didn't get back to the room until 2.30 a.m., at which point he heard some real folk-singing from his ain folk.

Stratford itself is unchanged—a pleasant mixture of ugliness and beauty in the town, sophistication and gawkery in the audience, professionalism and amateurism in the performances. We enjoyed it thoroughly, as always.

I liked the hotel. Found the manageress in the kitchen, after waiting vainly at the desk for a while. She tried about eight skeleton keys before finding one that would open our door. Carried our own bags up three



flights. No tip. Went down to the kitchen and got a bucket of ice. No charge, no tip. Used the phone in the lobby. No phone bill. Used the bathroom at the end of the hall. No paper.

Saturday night we saw Cyrano de Bergerac, with John Colicos in the lead. It was a grand Stratford spectacle, a great swirl of color and motion and poetry. But either I'm getting old and hard, or Colicos didn't quite bring it off. You're supposed to bawl like a baby as the gallant Cyrano dies at the end, and the only emotion I felt was impatience that he took so long about it.

Sunday afternoon we "took in" a Schubert concert featuring pianist Rudolph Serkin. He needed a shoeshine, but he could really make that piano sing. He even enjoyed it himself, so much that he started, at one point, to sing along with Serkin, booming and humming away. I thought at first that it was some clod like me in the audience, carried away by the tune.

I could tell the concert was a great success, because a lot of insurance salesmen and tourists who had seen too many movies stood up and cried "Bravo!" at the end, something I could not quite bring myself to do should Queen Elizabeth and President John Kennedy do a surpassing soft-shoe shuffle on stage.

And Now an Election . . .

Premier John Robarts has now named the official election date for September 25, and the candidates can begin their sparring without veiled references to "the next election."

Actually in Halton the campaign has been quietly in operation for what now seems like several months. The three parties have had candidates in the field now for some time and they have been firing off volleys at each other and at each other's governments or proposed governments to newspapers with some degree of regularity. The Liberals moved John Wintermeyer through the county last week beginning with breakfast in Oakville, "main streeting" in the urban centres and a reception in Burlington climaxing the day.

There is no doubt that this will be a whirlwind election. It was clearly this expectation that put the county candidates in the field early. Building up an image takes more than 30 days, and with all three candidates never having held the provincial seat, getting known is a big part of the campaign.

A Wednesday election is refreshingly different. We had always come to believe elections could only be held on Mondays or Thursdays but a change certainly won't hurt us. As a matter of fact, from the point of view of this publication, it will enable us to carry the news of the election to our readers quite promptly without any drastic changes in our publishing deadlines.

But with elections come issues. There have to be some pretty good talking points on which elections can be fought. Suggestions have been made, but we have yet to hear one with enough emotional appeal to get other than party workers excited. One suggestion is that the existence of U.S. dominated crime in Ontario may be the basis of an issue. No doubt if someone can come up with a nice pat formula for eliminating all crime they might have a chance of getting a bid to fill a Pied-Piper-like role, but this is hardly the vote catching issue that elects governments.

To the overburdened taxpayer the suggestion that the province would take over all education costs would sound attractive since half the local tax budget now goes in this direction. But sensible people realize the province has no bottomless purse from which to extract the golden shekles it doles out in a paternal attitude for this or that. The province is already paying about 48 per cent of the public school costs and about 70 per cent of the high school costs.

DOWN(S) IN THIS CORNER

WITH ROY DOWNS

WHEN THE STEAM Reunion and Old Fashioned Days hit Milton next week we'll be seeing a lot of those old cars that grandfather used to jockey. Naturally, there's no comparison between today's sleek, modern streamlined jobs and those antique mobilized bundles of frustration that passed for transportation in the early 1900's.

Just to get you up on what to expect, we thought you might be interested in portions of a 1926 "Campground Directory," the American Automobile Association published. Those were the days when roughing it by car in the wide open spaces, was a real adventure.

Under a section entitled "Equipping the Car" the tourist was advised to check the tool box and make sure it contained the necessary wrenches, a spark plug socket, a pair of pliers; also chain-repair pliers; a box of extra tire valves; a tire pressure gauge; some extra spark plugs and rim lugs; a roll of tape; a grease gun; an extra fan belt; a sheet of cork for emergency gaskets; and a small bottle of shellac.

Properly equipped, the motor-camper was advised to take the following preliminary precautions before beginning his journey:

Make sure tires are in good condition with two extras (with covers), preferably inflated on rims. Take three extra tubes, carefully rolled and packed in burlap to keep from chafing, and a box of tube patching, a blow-out patch or inner boot.

Carry a tire pump in good order and a good jack, also a small piece of plank 2x8x18 inches to use as a base for the jack on soft ground.

Tire chains, preferably two sets, are necessary equipment; also carry a steel rope for towing, a collapsible canvas bucket and a five-gallon canvas water bag; also one upper and one lower rubber hose connection for radiator.

The 1926 motorist also was cautioned to "Have the top of the car in good shape and repair any broken curtain lights. Number the side curtains to facilitate quick attachment in a sudden storm."

With these and other preparations completed, the AAA suggested a method of attaching duffle bags, tent and other camping equipment to the running board. The motorist was advised to obtain a folding parcel carrier or to use "footman loops and webbing straps; suitcases and their baggage should be anchored se-

curely to keep them from shifting and annoying the passengers."

Tips for driving to the campsite destination were listed by AAA's 1926 experts as follows:

"Distribute the weight of all equipment to equalize strain on springs; do not overload the car. Use soft water for radiator; rain water is best. Continuous use of hard water is bad.

"Do not drive in ruts; it wears out the side walls of the tire casings. Use talcum powder when inserting tubes in casings. Use gauge to determine tire pressure accurately and make tests each morning."

Other words of wisdom from the pages of the 1926 edition are: "To determine your direction: on cloudy days a general north direction may be determined by the fact that the bark of trees is rougher and thicker on the north side while the limbs are longer on the south side. Pine trees generally lean slightly to the north." For happy motoring in those days, AAA suggested this rule: "It takes gas to propel a motor vehicle — profanity won't do it, and the most obnoxious animal in the world is the road hog. He is as objectionable as any other hog and you can't eat him." Chore that it was in those "Good Old Days" of "going motor car camping," many people enjoyed it.

The Canadian Champion

Published every Thursday at Main St., Milton, Ont. Member of the C.W.N.A., the Ontario-Quebec Division C.W.N.A. and Canadian Community Newspapers Representatives. Advertising rates on request. Subscriptions payable in advance, \$3.00 in Canada; \$4.00 in England and other Commonwealth Countries; \$5.00 in the U.S.A. and other Foreign Countries. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

G. A. Dills, Editor-in-Chief
James A. Dills, Managing Editor
Roy Downs, News Editor

Published by the Dills Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICE TELEPHONE TR 8-2341

NEWS FROM AROUND THE DISTRICT

BRAMPTON—After 50 days of water restrictions, Bramptonians may water their lawns with a hose. The restrictions were lifted by the Brampton Water Commission last week, shortly after Brampton's ninth well was brought in. Mayor Russel Prouse had said water restrictions would be lifted if the Heart Lake Well "lived up to expectations."

GEORGETOWN—A trial period of controlled daily burning of garbage was advocated by Mayor Ernie Hyde during a council discussion when concern was expressed about a stubborn fire which is burning underground and has resulted in several calls for the fire brigade.

OAKVILLE—Oakville ratepayers must rank among the most punctual in paying their taxes. In 1962 only four per cent of the municipal taxes were outstanding. Town administrator Kenneth Needham noted that strict regulations regarding the payment of taxes was the probable reason for the punctuality of the citizens.

STRETSVILLE—The Chamber of Commerce intends to discourage the activities of unscrupulous canvassers and salesmen who have invaded the town during the recent months. Merchants have found themselves victimized by these opportunists. To combat this, the Chamber has appointed a committee to investigate salesmen who approach local merchants and determine their honesty, past records and financial backing.

ACTON—Dr. W. G. C. Kenney, who graduated from medical school in 1926 and began practising in Acton in 1941, retired last week due to ill health. He is presently in Guelph General Hospital. In 1960 Dr. Kenney was given the town's highest honor, being named Citizen of the Year.

BURLINGTON—The town's police officers can hold their heads high this week when they count the number of letters of appreciation they have received, for services rendered. Letters from anxious parents and fretting children, thanked the members of the town's force, for the conscientious way they carried out their duties, during the past year.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Men are wise in proportion, not to their experience, but to their capacity for experience.—Shaw.