HITCH-HIKING HIPPIES from Ontario are heading for new lives in British Columbia these days, and many can be seen along the highways leading west. Norm Stutt, who is ac-

companying Bill Kelly on a camping trip west sketched this typical roadside scene of glorious Northern Ontario's breathtaking beauty.

A letter from Kelly

Editor's Note - Miltonians Bill Kelly and Norman Stutt decided on a trip to Western Canada for their own centennial project. Bill is well known for his humorous writing and offered to send The Champion a few reports on their escapades. Norm's an Ontario College of Art student and hopes to bring home some sketches depicting their travels. Here is Bill's first letter to the folks back home.

By Bill Kelly Mr. Editor:

There have been various Centennial projects—the clearing of town and city slums, the building of libraries and swimming pools and do-gooding in general. There have been others, like the man who broke his wife's arm in 100 places or the Home Ownership Made Easy plan, which probably would make a good Centennial project as it will probably take the participants therein about 100 years to become debt-free!, or a camping - motor trip to the Pacific Coast.

One morning about a week ago, as I was putting our 100year-old milking machine on one of our Centennial Holsteins, I pondered Canada's greatness, the heroics of her pioneers, the vision of the Fathers of Confederation, the cohesion of the provinces in spite of geographical and cultural trict. political incongruities, when Norm Stutt, inveterate shutter-bug and good friend, walked into the barn and told me that he would like to go to Vancouver.

Any such latent plans that I may have had to do the same thing were immediately precipitated into a firm resolve to do the same. This, then, is our Centennial project: a camping trip to aforementioned coast, with Norm doing some sketching and yours truly, some drivel; a sort of poor man's Charlie Weaver reporting back to Mount Ivy, through our mutual friend, The Canadian Champion.

On this Sunday a.m., the third day of this exercise of man's ingenuity against the elements, I'll bring you up-todate simply by saying that our departure from home was not unlike any similar one, for however needless the extensive preparations may have seemed at that time, i.e. taking everything from peanut butter to jam and aspirins (!??) and band aids, they have all nonetheless, been useful.

I'm sure camping is like flying or matrimony, in that after you've become involved in it, you must continue, regardof second thoughts! Though we gratefully have found we were well advised in taking along all these things, we're still wondering how they will manage back home without the kitchen sink!

We went west on Highway 17 as it bends itself around the rock - rimmed north shore of Lake Superior. From the Barrie area to Sudbudy and the Soo, it was uninteresting, as this was old ground. Nor was it of much note from my human interest standpoint, except for the consistent occurrence of "Hippies", those current North American sociological phenomenons or misfits or what ever you would call them. They are indeed noteworthy, at least from their general appearance, which is generally untidy and unclean.

Many were bare-footed and all were bearded, looking like Sampson and with voices like Delilah. Some carry guitars and bongo drums, which they probably can't play. Many we saw were hitch-hiking to British Columbia, as was indicated by the signs "B.C." which they carried. These signs seemed appropriate as these wretched

misfitted people are obviously not of the A.D. era, with their generally Biblical aura.

A little later in our journey, we intend to give one a lift, just to see what really makes them tick (a note to sheep farmers: "tick" in this instance is not meant as a pun).

The sight-seeing interest for us began past the Soo and up to the Lakehead. For one inept in the literary art of description, let it suffice to say it "must be seen to be appreciated" as the real estate ads say. This "north shore" Trans Canada route climbs, curves and plummets through mountainous, rocky grandeur, second only to British Columbia... This well travelled and well maintained highway is a favorite route for cross - Canada campers and trailer tourists, of which there are plenty, as you will discover when you try to pass three of them in a row.

They seem to average about 40 m.p.h.. The small lakes are the most attractive to the motorist, as they are close to the highway and very accessible. The absence of refuse in such natural beauty spots seems unique to one who has seen the general garbage - like appearance of some of the beaches around the Georgian Bay dis-



BILL KELLY

The twin Lakehead cities of Port Arthur - Fort William, in which we had a small mechanical delay, were steamy and sooty, although in fairness, it should be pointed out that it was very overcast and humid at the time.

While camping is very economical, it has some moments of extreme human discomfort, i.e. mosquitoes and rainstorms. At Nipigon, the mosquitoes were extremely annoying and persistent, although at about 10.30 p.m., they all seemed to disappear, and rather oddly enough, at the same time as the curfew alarm for the children - maybe there's some connec-

As you may know, when pitching a tent, you can face the door or flap to the west and avoid the glare of the sunrise, or to the east and avoid any possible rain which would probably come from the prevailing west wind. We've managed always to make a wrong choice. Hot and cold running water will always have a special significance to me. Tent camps mostly have shower and washroom facilities in case your own tent doesn't, as ours

doesn't. Just running water... Our visit to Kenora included some unexpected free lodgings at the Lake of the Woods Hotel, some fishing and a sight-seeing tour by floatplane, which afforded an excellent opportunity for picture taking. The very interesting bush-type pilot made the usual stock quips about flying, circled and dropped the craft to alti-udes of convenience over various points of interest.

At the end of the flight-time, this air-ace of the northland gave the impression that the craft was in some difficulty and that he was unable to land, which caused some mild unrest among the rest of the passengers (two). However, your correspondent from Halton felt secure in the knowledge that, although there could be some truth in the pilot's statement, if it were true the situation at hand could only result in greater economy in this chartered flight, for we would be longer aloft before crashing.

Fishing was quite unspectacular in the Lake of the Woods as I experienced it. With a jammed up reel and complete lack of patience, we packed our gear in disgust and headed for Winnipeg late in the afternoon to see the Ottawa - Winnipeg football game amid noisy western fans,

More next week.

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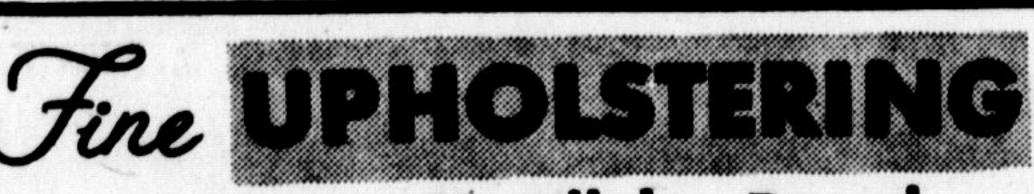
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