



Jim's Jottings

by jim dills

* A fall fair has many faces. Like a multi-sided dice it exposes a different image, depending on the point of view.

* Officials talk in terms of gate and crowd, of the number of exhibitors and the quality of the weather.

* Hall exhibitors compare their work and its success, count up their winnings and sell off their baked products at the conclusion. To them the period of preparation of many entries has been over the past weeks and to some the local fair is one stop in the area fair circuit.

* Cattle exhibitors and those entering other animals spend most of the day on the job. They see little of the total fair because exhibiting animals is a full time task. From transporting the animals to the grounds early in the morning, through the showing and finally transporting them home, there is a lot of effort.

* On the midway the "carny" operators view the fair as just another short term stop. They count the "take", eye the crowd and get ready to move to another point on their long circuit before the snow flies. Some will head south when that time arrives, following a gypsy-like trail.

* The novice on the midway is the local group that set up refreshment booths, or the odd game. To them it's an exhilarating experience and a dreadfully tiring one as the long day grinds to a halt around 6 or 6.30.

* And in the crowd there are as many faces. There is the one returning to the

annual fair to meet friends not seen during an absence from the community; there is the urban dweller out to enjoy the sights, sounds and smells of a real county fair; there is the child whose whole interest is rivetted to the midway and whose day will be counted a success if no ride or game escaped his attention; there is the harried parent who doesn't weave through the midway crush as easily as the youngster dodging in and out in search of the next thrill; there's the one who enjoys a seat on the grandstand and the entertainment paraded before it; there are the young people still young enough to mix candy floss and young love.

* There are many faces at a fall fair. It's a major blending of a wide variety of interests. From the children's classes in the poultry division or the junior exhibits and children's work in the halls, through the 4-H classes and the senior cattle shows, the ladies' work and the arts and crafts, there are few facets of community life left untouched or unturned by the annual fall fair.

* It's been going on for a long time, which must speak something of its appeal. Undoubtedly it has changed and will continue to change as new emphasis is placed on different aspects in a changing world. But there is something about the sights, the sounds and smells of a fall fair that hold it unique. A small army of people contribute to its success and they do it with enthusiasm over a period of a year. Perhaps this is why a fall fair has so many faces, so many interests and so much appeal.



THEY'RE LOOKING OVER a four leaf clover found by Speyside student Joseph Patrick McCarron on the school grounds last week. Viewing the unusual good luck symbol are Joe's teacher Miss K. Bowman and Speyside principal Gary Dawkins. It's the first four leaf clover found at the school grounds. (Staff Photo)

Champion Editorial Page

Poor people . . .

Who are the poor people of Canada?

There are the materially poor, of course. These — the underprivileged and impoverished, badly fed, clothed and housed — are certainly to be found in Canada as everywhere else. Thankfully, there are proportionately fewer of them in this country than in most.

But there are poor people of another kind altogether in Canada today, and it may be that we have our full quota of these. They are poor not in material goods, but in things of the spirit and the mind. It is to such as these that a recent editorial appearing in one of the nation's leading weekly newspapers, the Cobourg Sentinel-Star of Ontario, was addressed. It merits reproduction here at this Thanksgiving season.

Poor people are those who have money in the bank but poverty in the head.

Poor people are those who will never experience the happiness of fashioning something with their hands.

Poor people are those who do not delight in the everlasting beauty of a fawn and doe drinking from a quiet pool at the edge of a forest.

Poor people are those who have never learned the song of a bird, who do not know by sound what species it is when the bird is lost from sight

behind large leaves on the limb of a basswood tree.

People who are bound by selfishness can never be rich in sharing human wealth with the neighbour next door.

So very poor are those people who walk by on the other side of the street; they have no helping hand involved in the world.

Poor are those people who resort to force whether on the picket line or on protest marches. Human brutality and human destruction of property are perhaps the worst forms of poverty that exist in the world. To be ruled by the mob is to sell the soul, to personally destroy one's God-given individuality.

Poor people are those who have not the carefree spirit, the untrammelled purpose, who do not travel the highway to the stars.

The writer concludes: Poverty exists in the mind. No one is truly poor who has eyes to see and ears to hear.

Such sentiments, without a doubt, will be rated "square" by many in these our times. But they will no less surely serve to remind some others that there are indeed many kinds of poverty, prompting the reflection that we, perhaps, are poorer than we may have thought

Tomorrow's needs . . .

Man is strangely inconsistent about his cities. He is crowding into them all over the world, creating blight spots of slums, favelas and ghettos. Suburban sprawl proliferates, while tax-hungry officials allow builders to neglect parks or punch out trifling spots that are inadequate for any purpose. Denser and denser downtown concentrations appear with apartments and skyscrapers lacking consideration for parking, transportation or recreation areas.

While the cities grow more difficult to live in, man bewails the fact but goes on with activities that add to noise, pollution and overcrowding. August Hecksher, trying to reclaim parks in New York, suggests that modern cities are conceived as places when men live by sheer necessity, seeking their real satisfaction outside the limits. But what happens to those who can't afford to retreat to the diminishing

rural recreation areas that have survived becoming shoddy replicas of cities?

A teacher despairing that this generation will ever be capable of making our cities fit to live in, suggests an educational campaign for city youngsters:

"Let's take them to the Expo site and let them see how man can triumph over commercial selfishness. Let's ask some of the architects, planners and builders to explain design, environment, relation of water, flowers and trees and above all show how the tyranny of trucks and cars can be avoided. Some day, members of this younger generation, driven to the extremity of reclaiming the cities for man's good, may well bless us for their experience. It's the least we can do for our children, in the face of the dreadful legacy we seem intent of leaving."
—The Montreal Star

Sugar and Spice

by bill smiley



Young people, however fine their ethical standards, have a knack of getting themselves, and innocent bystanders, into some unholy messes. Herewith a couple of examples.

Our neighbor's boy, Ian, is a good lad. He's clean, honest, polite and law-abiding. He's about as normal a young fellow as you'd meet. Likes girls, plays football and works hard at everything except school.

He and his gang are mad about motors. Motor-bikes and cars occupy much of their waking time. Ian had a Honda, then a Volk, and this summer bought a convertible for \$60. It runs.

Last week, his group was out cruising around, looking at used cars. They had no money to buy one. Just looking. And they came across a deal no red-blooded car-lover could resist.

It was a hearse. A huge, black, 1950 Cadillac hearse. It hadn't been stripped down into a vegetable truck or something of the sort. It was a genuine, ready-for-work hearse, complete with purple upholstery and every detail, right down to a crucifix.

Think of the history in that black behemoth's years of service. Think of all the good souls who had their first and last ride in a Cadillac in that long, sombre body.

I don't think the boys pondered much on these things. But they were hooked. They'd have the coolest transportation in town. And a Cadillac.

But what did it was the price. One hundred dollars. Ian, the only one with any money in the bank, wrote a cheque on the spot. The others were to come in on shares when they raised the money.

I don't blame them. If I'd seen it first, I'd have bought it as a second car for my wife. It would certainly be a conversation piece.

And that's exactly what it turned out to be. When Ian drove up and parked it in the driveway, and his parents found out what he'd done, there was some conversation, all right.

He was told in no uncertain terms that he had made a grave error, that he'd taken on a stiff proposition, and that this was not

a motor-bike, but a hearse of a different color.

But the damage was done. The menacing black hearse had been seen in the driveway. The phone began to ring. The neighbors started taking up a collection for flowers. The Potato Man, who call regularly with produce, tapped timidly at the back door, hat on his breast, tears in his eyes, and said brokenly, "I didn't know whether I should call today, when you've had a sadness in the family."

Ian was told to get that hearse out of sight. He let one of the other lads take it home. The latter's mother told him not to park it within a block of their house. People chased him away when he tried to park in front of their homes. And so it went the rounds of the boys and their parents.

It is now hidden behind the cottage of one of the families involved, deep in the woods. But the boys, undaunted by ghostly or gruesome associations, are planning some fine parties and fishing trips in it next summer, when the heat is off.

The second incident occurred at our school this week. These days, teachers are trying all sorts of novel methods to make learning come alive. Some work; some don't.

One of our young history teachers had carefully planned a mock trial. He arranged for one of his students (a girl with a beginner's driving license) to "steal" his car, take it to the students' parking lot and try to drive it out of there at noon, which is verboten.

She was to be apprehended in the felony by a "detective", the vice-principal, questioned, then turned over to her classmates for trial.

All went well. She got the car started. The teacher had it pointed in the right direction. Then all hell broke loose. She had trouble with the hand-brake or the clutch or something, took a leap forward and staved in the side of the teacher's car on the bumper of another one parked there.

Net result: history teacher has a \$100 body repair bill looming; one hysterical teenager felt worse than if she had stolen a car. But it was a good idea.



Pages of the Past

from champion files

20 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion September 30, 1948.

Workmen have begun digging and construction operations preparing for the remodelling and installation of the artificial ice equipment at Milton Arena this week. Digging and laying of drainage pipes in and around the building is proceeding while tradesmen are erecting the building to house the freezing machinery at the westerly corner of the older structure. Much work and remodelling is to be done, but Mr. Armstrong said ice will be provided at the earliest possible moment.

Winners at the recent Milton Fall Fair baby contest included Constance Law of Aldershot, girl under three months; David James McDougall of Milton, boys under three months; Lynda Jeanne Braidd of Acton, girls three to six months; Kenneth Hilson of Milton, boys three to six months; Ronald Patterson of Milton, boys six to twelve months; Betty Joan Childs of Milton, girls six to twelve months; twin sons David and Delford Parchem of Campbellville.

50 years ago

Taken from the issue of The Canadian Champion, October 3, 1918.

Last Monday Robert Pewtress' little son, Medforth, sent a monstrous puffball to John Hawthorne, at Clements and Co.'s. It measured 47 x 57 inches and weighed 15 lbs. Mr. Hawthorne is fond of sliced and fried puffballs, but did not eat any of this one. It was a little too old and was turning yellow inside.

Few car owners braved public opinion last Sunday by motoring on the streets of Milton. One of the few who did carried strangers, who distributed leaflets which appeared to be the literature of some new religious sect, with a woman prophesist as its patron saint.

Arrangements for the fair of the Halton Agricultural Society, to be held in Milton next Tuesday and Wednesday are being completed and the directors are confident that, if favored by fine weather, it will be perhaps the best in the history of the Society. The speeding contests promise to be the best ever. The liberal purses offered are attracting entries of some of the fastest trotters of Ontario. The track is in good shape now.

Furniture Specials: Bedroom suites \$34 to \$78., Living-room suites \$24 to \$48, Dining room suites from \$70 to \$170.

100 years ago

The great success of the Toronto Exhibition is in no way better exemplified than in the vast receipts of the Great Western Railway, which were during the Fair week \$103,684. This was the largest sum ever received for one week's traffic. Number of passengers last week was 56,000, of whom 41,632 were visitors to the Fair, and all conveyed without the slightest accident.

On Saturday last we had the pleasure of a call from Dr. Burgess Book, formerly a pupil of the Milton Grammar School, but now of Detroit. The Doctor was on his way to Europe, where he proposes to spend about a year in selecting materials for the Museum of a Medical College to be commenced in Detroit. Dr. Book, although but twenty-five years of age, has secured a leading position in his profession, and has been selected by the medical men of his city to perform this very responsible commission. He will probably accept a professorship in the new Institution when he returns. It will give his numerous friends in Trafalgar as much pleasure to hear of his success as it does his former preceptor to chronicle it.

Our friend of the Brampton Review is getting rather fast, and some of his friends will do him a kindness if they place him in a straight-jacket until reason resumes her sway. For a striking sample of his rashness see Mr. Logue's letter in another column.

PEEKING INTO MILTON'S PAST



TWO MEN OF NOTE in this district's earlier days were Dr. Johnson Edward Harrison, above, and John Ramsey, right. Dr. Harrison was a veterinarian and Mayor of Milton in 1889. Mr. Ramsey, a Nassagaweya farmer, was the 10th Reeve of the Township.



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Miss Ca was guest the Septe District I meeting. Miss Ca encourage flowers. Sh that the interest in arrangement. The sub was "Lilies bulbs." Lilies perfect temperame. Do not much sh. moisture. above grou soil. Full sun flowers, y some sun. There m among the the wet sur. When pl soil, make plant three Tulips tip not plante said. The pr following: Section (Firecracke members, Hopkines. Class 2—any color: A. McCann Class 3—color: Mrs R. Dredge.

New at Pr

"This is made" was Brampton which was Memorial Orangeville. Approxin attended, various Presbyteria A. L. Co conducted. Miss L Secretary, books for the coming are: New F Koreans in on the Act books this how we m talents with our youths that God c we care realistic an implies ch today with must real needed for who care. Mrs. J. L Terra Cottl was in the that is to b Roberts, Pr copies of members Assembly families Presbyter expressed t members Presbyteria of 21 to 13 bars. The request an sent.

Mrs. H. East intro Murray, th afternoon s the ministe churches a Claude. Mr years on t India, ten on the Bhill the Presbyt done. Mr. message 4:7-18 con on the vc treasure in. From his Murray said the confide

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