

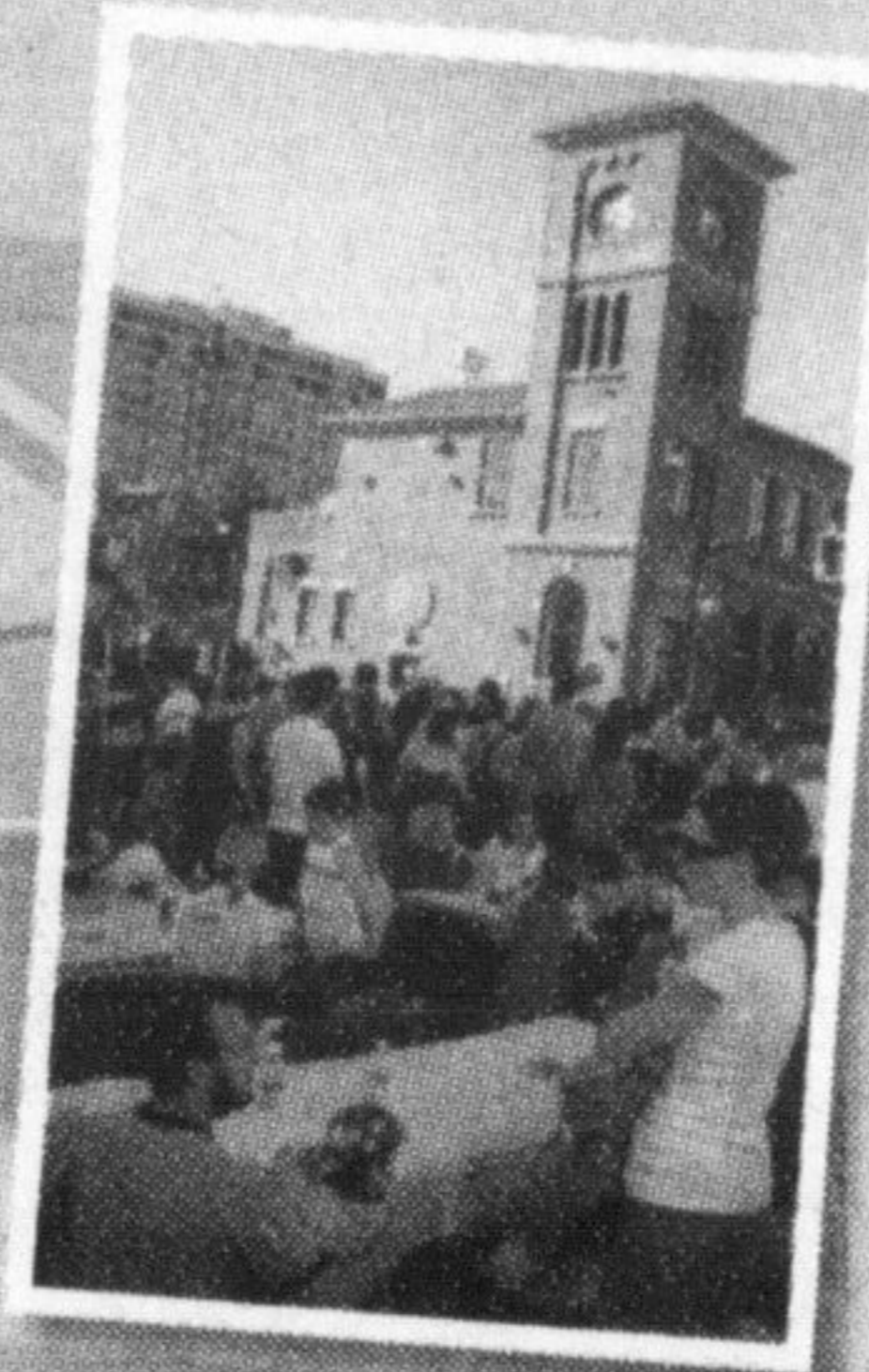
DISCOVER DOWNTOWN MILTON



Downtown

Milton Street Festival

Saturday June 5th, 2010



THE DOWNTOWN MILTON STREET FESTIVAL IS HERE!

The day promises to be FANTASTIC! We have 4 stages of entertainment beginning at noon with over 40 bands, clowns, a stilt walker, mimes, pirates, and a one-man band! We are encouraging people to bring along a lawn chair to enjoy the entertainment!

Our Kidz Zone will take over all of Carriage Square parking lot and a pirate ship and show can be seen at the James Street Stage. Tigers Wrestle Fest is happening in Troy's Diner parking lot from noon to 7:30 pm. Included in this will be a high school wrestling tournament, Cross Fit and Fire Power training demos, and pro wrestling "family-style".

There will be 6 extended patios and plenty of give-and-go food vendors. In an attempt to "green" our event, we are providing a hydration station to refill personal water bottles. A Green Team will also be on-site to help with recycling and garbage initiatives.

Free Transit Shuttle

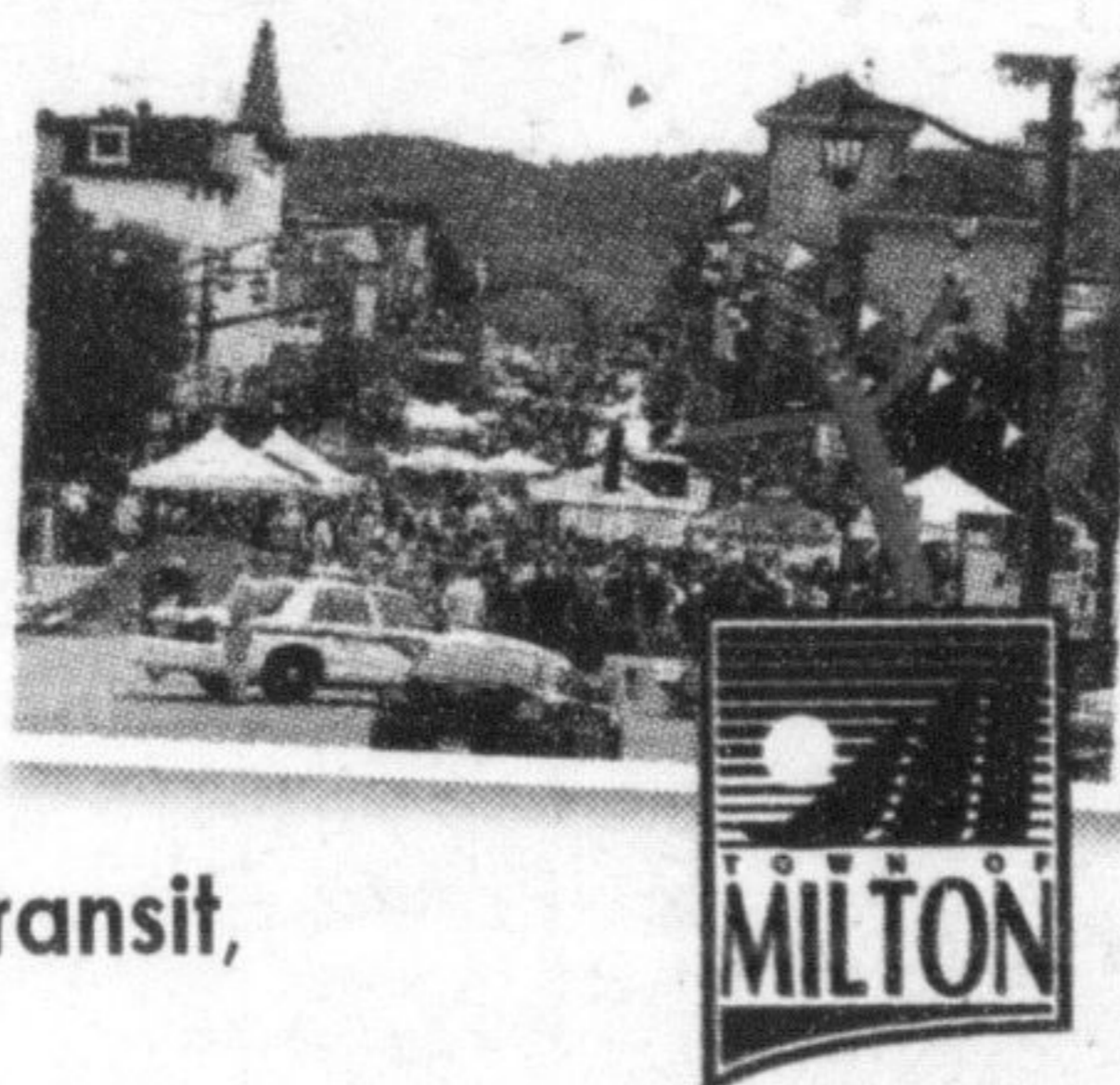
A free bus service and scheduled route is being sponsored by Mattamy Homes and Milton Transit. Think "green" and help the environment by taking environmentally-friendly and convenient transit to travel to the festival. Route maps are available at www.milton.ca

Schedule for the Day:

7:00am	Street set-up begins
12:00 noon - 11:00pm	Entertainment on all stages
1:00pm	Mayor Krantz welcome remarks
5:30pm - 7:30pm	Tigers' Wrestle Fest

Farmers' Market will return on Saturday, June 12, 2010

Visit www.milton.ca for all information about transit, scheduling and entertainment



Downtown Milton's Classic Car & Motorcycle Show

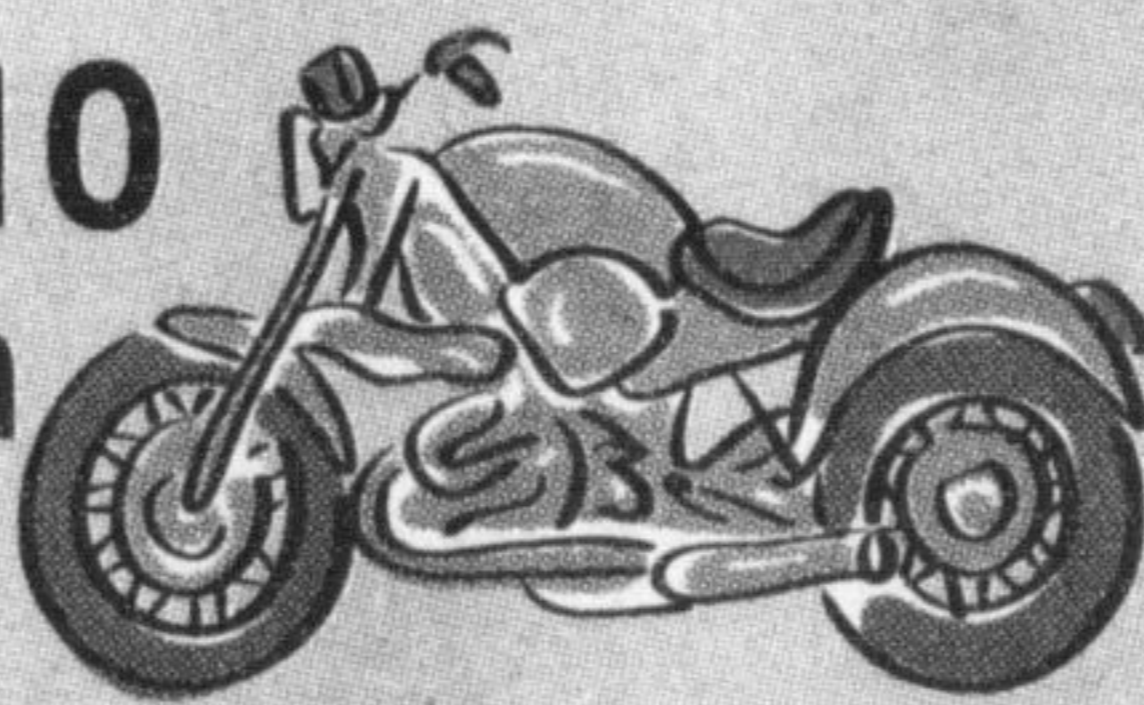
"Cruisin' on a HOT Summer Night"



FRIDAY JULY 16, 2010

6:00pm to 12:00am

Performing LIVE!



2 Dollar Bills
6:00pm to 7:45pm

Rolly Rocker and
the Hemi Heads
8:15pm to 10:00pm

Platinum Sponsor

FIRST PROFESSIONAL
Collision & Paint

Silver Sponsor

The Canadian Champion

mi McCaig Insurance

Bronze Sponsor

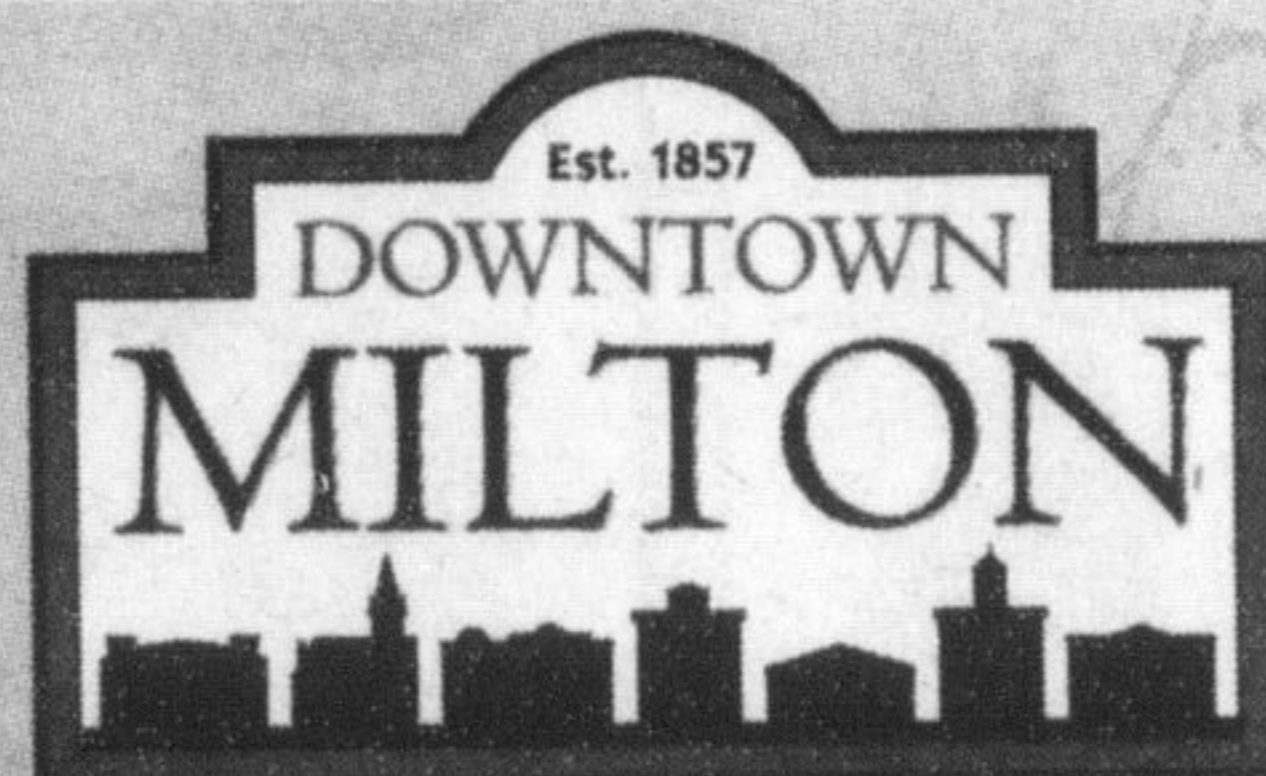
Legendary
FBI

Registration for pre '76 classic cars and all motorcycles are being accepted.

Volunteers Needed!

For information on our downtown summer events or to volunteer visit www.downtownmilton.com or call the office at 905-876-2773.

Go Downtown!
Shop, Dine
and Enjoy!



www.downtownmilton.com

Boyish pranks helped mischievous Berube pass time in France

• from REMEMBERING on page A1

If there's one regret he has, it's that he didn't write to her more throughout the months overseas, he said, remembering the times the mail would arrive and he'd sneak off alone to savour Alice's words.

"I'd go off by myself. You had to because of the tears you'd shed — you didn't want others to see and say, 'He's a big baby!'"

He was a rotten husband, he said, for going overseas just two months after they married, but he doesn't regret it.

"I said, 'Alice, if it's the last thing I do, I need to go overseas and go to war.'"

He was 23.

"I knew the war was serious and that this German guy (Hitler) could take over the world. There was no stopping him. I thought, 'Holy boy, this is going to be a big job.'"

Berube was trained as a driver mechanic with the Royal Canadian Electrical Mechanical Engineers and was part of the Second Canadian Armoured Brigade. He spent his days repairing vehicles — including tanks — damaged in battle and also preparing for the all-important landings in Normandy, which required waterproofing the vehicles so they could make it through several feet of water onto land.

When D-Day finally came, it felt like his mechanical skills were being put to a nerve-wracking test where a failing grade could mean the end of his life.

Berube and the rest of his regiment landed sometime in the afternoon, at the tail end of the morning's surprise invasion — what would eventually be referred to as "the beginning of the end of the war."

Perhaps their best preparation was the shot of rum they each got beforehand. Some people gave theirs away. Berube knew he'd need his.

When it was time to drive his truck off the vessel and into about four feet of water, he waited for the "bump" as the wheels became waterlogged.

He made it to the relative safety of shore, where the danger of sinking — he couldn't swim — was replaced by the danger of being shot to death.

That night, he thought about Alice.

Over the next few months, Berube made his way through Belgium, Holland, France and Germany.

They could often hear shelling

in the distance, though, as mechanics, they didn't see much front-line action. Still, danger was ever-present. One never knew when a truck might drive over a landmine, every driver's worst nightmare.

The camaraderie was good, the tent accommodations weren't.

The picture he paints of a young, impish soldier with a bent for getting in trouble is no doubt the same man who readily got rid of Alice's good-for-nothing boyfriend just days after he met her.

"I just think he took advantage of her. I was muscular then," he said, adding with a grin he's still got something, flexing his arm.

Berube was mischievous, and boyish pranks helped pass the time. The day his fellow men were going into Paris, he was forced to remain behind.

"I did something wrong," he said, not remembering what.

Then there were the stolen Jeeps. Berube said he and a buddy went up and down rows of Jeeps — while their officer drivers partied at a hotel — looking for one with the keys in the ignition. It wasn't long before they were joyriding through town.

It was May 8, 1945, as he stood overlooking the Rhine in Germany, that he heard the war was over.

That meant one thing — he could see Alice.

He remembers their reunion at Union Station like it was yesterday.

"You can imagine what it was like when she first saw me come out of the train," he said wistfully. "My parents wanted me to come with them and she said, 'No, you're coming with me.'"

Berube became a mechanic and they settled in Milton in the '50s with their two young children.

He joined the Milton Optimist Club and, later, the local Royal Canadian Legion.

In two days, Berube was to settle in his new apartment in Trenton, just 10 minutes from his daughter.

He pulls out one of the few things still unpacked, an old-fashioned photo album a wise neighbour convinced him not to throw out.

It's filled with small black-and-white wartime photos of himself and his cronies, smiling and goofing around — next to a windmill in Holland.

And there's a larger photograph of Alice, which Berube points out, still every bit smitten.

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