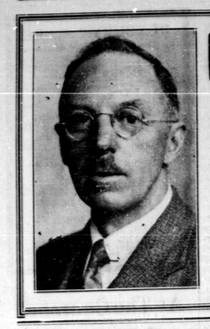


VOTE LEA MARSHALL

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

---AND SUDDEN DEATH

(Editor's Note. Like the gruesome spectacle of a bad automobile accident itself, the realistic details of this article—which first appeared in "Reader's Digest" — will nauseate some people. Those who find themselves thus affected at the outset are cautioned against reading the article in its entirety, since there is no letdown in the author's outspoken treatment of sickening facts).

Publicizing the total of Ontario's motoring injuries—more than 10,000 last year and over 500 killed; and at the rate we're going we should hit the 800 mark this year—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation — which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer to home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the accelerator, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror, that sort of thing happens every day, everywhere in Ontario. If you really felt THAT, perhaps the paragraph in Monday's paper recording that a total of 15 citizens of this province were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising magistrate now and then sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city hospital or morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include slow-motion picture and sound effects too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in Ontario would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a motorcycle patrolman of my acquaintance stopped a big red limousine for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the highway officer and asked if the red car had got a ticket. "No," said the officer, "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist. "I saw you stop them — and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was folded up like an accordian—the colour was about all that was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to get to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare to paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gas with speed and bad judgment, ought to, if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a small bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or side-swipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning YOU—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against the imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you — and one of the rarest things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you only have the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Continental Limited at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming knobs and edges and glass in the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, tven those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and staring twenty two minutes afterwards. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic.

This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of a son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no bones horribly twisted—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she left the car leave the road.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers —it's difficult to identify a body that has its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic. This sudden vision of broad straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in the line are forced into the ditch to capacity size or crash fences, the passengers, almost head on, in a swirling grinding smash that sends them careening obliquely into the others.

A highway patrolman described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three babies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip.

A first-class massacre of that is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 564 corpses chalked up in Ontario last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in the back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life — broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades acquired by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster — and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

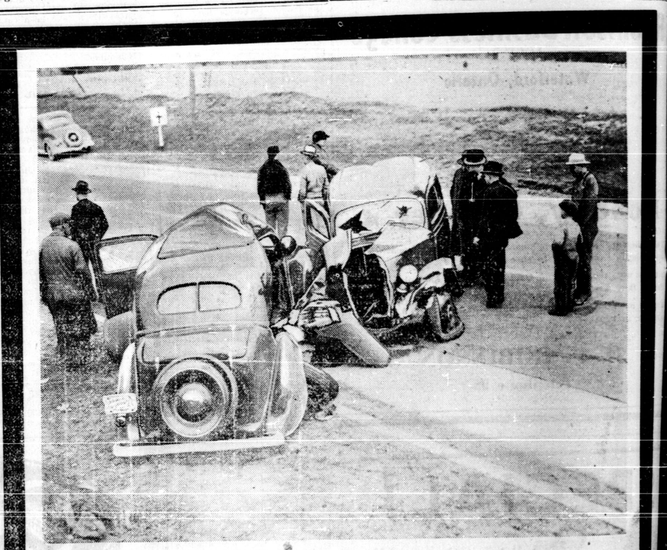
Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut — the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face and a sliver in the eye, travelling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck thru the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under a butchers' knife, and it takes little amount of time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of a how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

But all that is routine in any community. To be remembered individually by the doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was smashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy-duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collar-bones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken bite into your lungs and the sh ends of your collar-bones slid to stab deep into each side of screaming throat. When you've ped screaming, it all comes back you—you're dying and you yourself for it. That isn't fa either. It's what it actually feels to be one of the 546.

And every time you pass blind curve, every time you hit on a slippery road, every time step on it harder than your ref will safely take, every time you with your reactions slowed dow a drink or two, every time you the man ahead too closely, gambling a few seconds against kind of blood and agony and death.

Take a look at yourself as man in the white jacket pul his head over you, tells the with the stretcher not to loo and turns away to somebody who isn't quite dead yet. then TAKE IT EASY!



THIS GHASTLY TRAGEDY COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED!

If it hadn't been for a foolhardy, reckless, criminal driver this accident would have been avoided. As it is, one victim was taken direct to an undertaker's parlours and two to a hospital. The driver who caused it is hopelessly crippled for the rest of his life.

YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE IF YOU DISREGARD THE LAWS

If you are a reckless driver travelling the Ontario highways, cutting in, passing on curves and hills, endangering the lives of others, you will find yourself in serious trouble. The appalling death toll must stop—and you who are responsible for it will be put off the road! A thousand eyes are watching you; *so be forewarned!*

Ontario Motorists Will Co-operate

When you see a motorist driving in a manner dangerous to the public, take his number, make a careful note of the actual time and place, and when you reach your destination write to the Motor Vehicles Branch, Department of Highways, Toronto, giving full details. We do not invite reports of minor infringements of the traffic laws; you are requested to use sound judgment. *We will deal adequately with offenders.*

ONTARIO
DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS
Motor Vehicles Branch

ONTARIO

News of the Countryside
From The Record's Correspondents

ERIE

...and Mrs. F. Bier's visited Mr. ...Mrs. N Fess, Fisherville on ...

...Katie Hartwick, of Fisher... spent Thursday with Mrs. F. ...

...F. Bier and daughter, Mrs. ...ewart, called on Mrs. M. Nixon, ...on on Friday afternoon.

...and Mrs. L. Wenz and grand... ...ter, of Fort Erie; Mrs. Mar... ...Forsythe, Niagara Falls, spent ...day at the home of their ne... ...F. Bier and family.

...Clarence Mehlenbacher, who ...en employed at the home of ... Fess during the summer ...s left for his home at Selkirk ...unday night.

...George Skinner, of Hamilton, ...several days last week visit... ...at the home of Mr. and Mrs. ... Falls.

...Harris, has accepted a ...ition in Welland.

...Margaret McCarten returned ...day to Wednesday, having ...ent a week with her parents, Mr. ...Mrs. Ed. McCarten.

...Rutherford spent Sunday ...st with Lawson Campbell.

...and Mrs. Charles Townson ...ndsay, spent Sunday in Sim... ...Miss Dorothy will remain for ...

...to report that Mrs. Wilson ...ery is improving after her ...ssful operation.

...Clara Maxwell, Mrs. Elgin ...and Mrs. Wm. Campbell call... ...Mrs. Wilson McBurney on Fri... ...afternoon.

...Edgar Roth and George have ...ed to their home near Regina ...ending several weeks with ...s in this district. Mr. and ...Mrs. John Roth and Wilfred ac... ...ied them as far as Toronto ...eastern trip.

...of the farmers in this dis... ...are at last completed their .... They are now busy sowing ...r wheat.

...Harold Porter spent Wed... ...afternoon with her parents ...at Kohler.

Mr. Ivan Leng and two daughters have been ill during the past week.

Church service will be held at 3 P.M. There will be no Sunday School.

We are sorry to report our first case of infantile paralysis. Vivian and Jim Biggar are at present both ill with the disease. Fortunately both are making a satisfactory recovery.

The Sunday School has been closed to prevent any further danger of spreading this dreaded disease. The public school in this district had not been opened and it will likely be some time now before those in charge feel it is safe to do so.

Mr. and Mrs. James Rutherford Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Easton and Mrs. O. Easton, were in Hamilton on Thursday afternoon.

Some of our lads, who are plowing at the provincial match at Fergus, were practising at Wm. Laidlaw's farm on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fleming and Elinor of Minnedosa, who have been visiting relatives in this district for the past few weeks, commenced their return journey on Friday. Before going to their home they will visit relatives in Pittsburgh and other American cities.

Miss Elinor Fleming has secured a position as dietician in the hospital at Winnipeg, where she will commence her work upon returning home.

A gas well is being drilled on the farm of Clarence Dougherty, in the 6th concession.

Mr. Charles Hughes is at present working at the home of Mr. Walter Davis.

KOHLER

Mrs. John H. Lint, of Hamilton, spent the week-end with her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kline and family.

Mrs. Martin Kohler, is visiting at the home of her daughter for a few days. Mrs. Harold Porter.

School re opened on Monday and Miss Vaughan of Wellandport, is the teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Featherstone, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Featherstone, were week-end visitors at Mr. Alex. Kindree's.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss of Buffalo, visited at Bruce Mehlenbacher's last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nablo, were Sunday visitors at Mr. Frazer Robins.

Miss Mabel Booker is spending some few days with her sister, Mrs Sheldon Hoover, South Cayuga.

The Nablo sisters, Mrs. Frank Wood, Mrs. Lloyd Winger, and Orpha Nablo, gave a shower on Saturday night in honour of Miss Faith Birke and her approaching marriage. Many beautiful gifts were received.

Mr. Reg. Chapman called at John Rauch's on Monday on his way to Toronto to visit his daughter, Muriel who has been a paralysis patient in the sick children's hospital. She is slowly improving. We hope for a complete recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rickert and son and Clarence Breddy, spent Sunday at Mrs. J. Links.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tate and Harold spent Sunday with friends at Wellandport.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rickert, spent Sunday at Harvey Rickert's, Mount Olivet.

Miss Florence Kohler, High School tercher of the Smithville school, has returned to her duties.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Lint, of Selkirk and family, spent Sunday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lints.

RENTON

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Newell are spending a few weeks with relatives and friends in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Fussee and family of Port Ryerse, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs F. Padden.

Miss Ivah Kitchen, of Simcoe, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Kitchen.

Mrs. Alice Andrews, who has lived in this community for many years is leaving here to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Mary Wilson in Toronto.

NELLES CORNERS

Mr and Mrs. M. J. Rebbetoy spent Saturday afternoon in Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Huson and Jackie are spending their holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mehlenbacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Swing and Mrs. John Vanderburg and Bernice, spent Friday in Hamilton.

Mr. Jack Rebbetoy, spent the week-end with his parents Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Rebbetoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anguish and son Howard, are holidaying at Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anguish's.

Miss Lola Stadder spent Friday afternoon with James Stadder's.

Mr. and Mrs. Orley Culver and Katherine, spent Sunday afternoon with Harold Walton's, River Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborn Stingle spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rutherford's.

Mr. and Mrs. Perce Schweyer are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy on the 14th. Casa Maria hospital, Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Pitt, of Dunnville, called on Mr. and Mrs. John Miller on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anguish and Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anguish and Howard, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Orloff Awde.

A quiet wedding took place at the Baptist Parsonage in Hagersville, on Wednesday, September 15th when Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ervine Makey, became the bride of Roy Awde, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orliff Awde.

The September meeting of the Nelles Corners W.I. will meet at the home of Mrs. C. Stark on Thursday September 30th. Program committee: Mrs. O. Schweyer and Mrs. F. Temple. Lunch, Mrs. C. Stark.

Misses Helen and Mary and Gladys Mehlenbacher, spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Orley Culver.

ROCKFORD

Our Harvest Home Services held on Sunday were most successful. Rev. E. S. Moyer, of St. George, delivered two splendid spiritual addresses. In the morning he spoke from the text "And Enoch Walked With God and He Was Not, for God Took Him." Gen. 5:24. In the evening his message was based on the text "Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, and Today and Forever." Heb. 13:8. The special music by the choir contributed to the success of the services. In the evening the pleasing duet rendered by Mesdames Wallace Galer and Clayton Barber was enjoyed by all.

The regular meeting of the Mission Band will be held next Sunday after Sunday School.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Lightfoot and Mrs. H. Smith, of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Pearman and sons, of Hagersville, Rev. E. S. Moyer, of St. George, took dinner on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Howard.

Miss Theresa McCready and Mrs. John Jackson, of Hagersville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hero. McKeen.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Phillips and son, of Jarvis, spent Sunday with Miss Beatrice and Orval Petheram.

Misses Alice and Irene Weidrick of Nober, were entertained to dinner by Miss Beth Thomson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walmsley, of Nober, took dinner on Sunday with Mr and Mrs. Wilfred Vickerman.

Miss Helen Smith of Renton, spent the week-end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith.

All of our visitors attended our Harvest Home services on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Anderson attended the 25th Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Webb of Oneida.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Wallace and daughter Lena, of Bloomsburg, took dinner on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hambly.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Printing and Enlarging Your Own

Enlargements bring out interesting detail. Light and shadow tones may be improved in the process.

...HOUGH relatively few cam... owners develop and print ...n negatives, a greater num... do their own printing and ...r. They find that in this ...picture-making there is a ...nge of opportunity to exer... ...ir artistic talents and pro... ...uits suiting their own tastes ...ties.

...oping negatives—what with ...developing in film tanks ...endable formulae in dark... ...has in these days become ...a "time and temperature" ...practically certain, if the ... was correct, to produce ...atives. Printing a negative, ...g a print and making an ...ent are very much "some... ...e again," not that they are ...le tasks, but decidedly ...oosy. Skill and judgment ...rge part.

...is considerable choice, for ...e, in the kind of photo... ...paper on which the nega... ...be printed, depending upon ...ee of contrast the paper ...to the dark and light por... ...the negative, or whether or ...effects are desired. Some ...show extreme contrast in ...ed shadows; some have ...contrast; some, because of ...posure, are weak, thin and ..., extremely so. The selec... ...per best suited to the type ...e and the kind of picture, ...per exposure in printing, ...kes the difference between ...d a bad picture.

...there is a choice of sur... ...paper, such as velvet, ...ent-Gloss, according to ...e highly glossy paper, for ...is best suited for a nega... ...with detail. Again, re-de... ...solutions are available for giving a print a different tone, such as sepia for an autumn scene.

The amateur who does his own printing has the opportunity, too, of masking portions of the negative to suit his own artistic judgment. He may give a picture a more balanced composition or eliminate undesirable details on the sides, top, or bottom. In a cloudless picture he may insert clouds by "printing in" from another negative, and he may amuse himself by producing trick pictures by printing from two or more negatives.

Equipped with an enlarger, the amateur has still greater opportunity to improve his pictures and satisfy his own tastes. This is an apparatus with which a large positive image is obtained by permitting rays of light to pass through the negative, then through a lens and focus on a sheet of sensitive bromide paper.

With an enlarger the amateur may "blow up" a picture to several times the area of the negative. This may result in the transformation of a very ordinary looking picture into an extraordinarily impressive one, because the enlarging often reveals details of interest or beauty not visible in the small "contact" print. He may select only portions of a negative to enlarge — any portion — by masking light from the remaining area; he may even make two or three pictures from one negative. There are ways, too, of controlling the shadow tones of different parts of a picture, thereby greatly enhancing its artistic value.

All these possibilities are worth knowing, even if you do leave their execution to your photo finisher, because you can give him intelligent instructions as to what you prefer in the finishing of your snapshots.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

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Hagersville Citizens Band who will be in attendance at the Jarvis Fall Fair on Saturday, October 16th during the afternoon

SUCH AS IT IS

(By Grace Luckhart)

Back on the Ontario farm in the early days, we were just one jump ahead of the Irish in our dependence upon potatoes as second in importance in our food supplies. Bread came first. My grand mother used to tell us of the famine in Ireland when they couldn't even get salt for their "tatice."

Well, on our old farm, we had the sail all right, and what's more we had the potatoes. And real potatoes at that. Potatoes you could depend on to boil until they were finished, mealy and white, ready for dinner.

Dinner in those halcyon days was at 12 o'clock noon. With a wood fire, the potatoes went on at 11.20, rain or shine. And there was no nonsense about them. They were not temperamental, such as are the potatoes in this country. We did not have to know their life history before we put them on to cook. They could be boiled in their skins, which is really the only way to cook a potato, or peeled or even baked, but inevitably they turned out all right.

None of the nonsense we have in cooking B. C. potatoes. None of this foolery of having to know whether they were Ashcrofts or from the Island, or where they had their beginnings. Whether they were bakers or boilers. Whether you could put them on and forget them until they were cooked, or whether they were the kind you boiled for a few minutes, and then steamed to a finish.

Perhaps if I had a large and flourishing family to cook for, or even a hotel or restaurant to run, I could keep my spuds under control. I could buy the output of one market gardener and then I'd have some uniformity. I'd know from the very beginning just how temperamental they were and how they had to be handled. But when your family consists of two persons, and one of them indifferent to potatoes, well, that's something else again.

Add to this a small apartment kitchen where you haven't room to store any more than two-bits worth of potatoes at a time, and what's the answer? Each time buy potatoes I get something different. I just get used to the lowland variety that have to be watched like a sick child, when the bag is empty.

Then I buy some more, only to find they aren't boilers at all. They simply won't play unless they're baked. Or, if I think they look like bakers and put them in the oven, I find them to be boilers at heart. They're soggy no matter how many times I turn my fingers poking them with a fork, nor how I hover over the oven watching them. All because I'd forgotten to enquire into their ancestry!

To go back to the spuds on an Ontario farm, there was no doubt we knew all about their beginnings. We should. From the day we were kept home from school to plant them dropping them carefully in the long furrow, we didn't get very far away

(continued on page ten)

Vote for

ERIC CROSS

LIBERAL CANDIDATE
for Haldimand-Norfolk

A Worthy Follower of a Great Leader

Carry on, Hepburn!