 REVIEW IN REVIEW

Where's she go? Out. There's simply too much to do in Canada this summer. In preparing our vacation guide we set out naively to list all national parks, trailer and tenting sites, and swimming holes. None of them got in; there was no room. (British Columbia alone publishes a 107-page booklet of campsites.)

So we concentrated on offbeat items, boiled the list down to 115 and still have a fat file of unused tidbits. You knew, for instance, that Vancouver Island grows the most fragrant lavender in the world? Or that the Grand Manan island is the best place for dulse, the edible seaweed beloved by Maritimers? Or that there's a deserted castle in the wilderness west of Fort William?

You'd think assistant editor Jean Damard, who sifted most of the travel material, would know exactly where she's going this year. But with 115-plus Canadian choices, she can't make up her mind. Thinks maybe she'd be simpler to go abroad...

What'll she do? Everything. People are always asking Thelma Dickman how a pretty housewife and ex-model can write hard-hitting articles like the one on farm safety (page 2). Simple, really. She's interested in everything—literally.

As a college student she spent summer vacations as deckhand, berry picker and grasshopper-catcher (helping prepare a grasshopper forecast for the University of Saskatchewan department of entomology). She served in the Canadian Army provost corps, investigation section. She's a crack rifle and pistol shot, a magazine writer, radio and TV personality and a formidable cook (especially of Paella Valenciana, an exotic concoction of chicken, garlic, green peppers, lobster, shrimp, charm, saffran, sausages and sherry).

As for farm safety, Mrs. Dickman, who has an eight-year-old son, says, "I get very upset when children's lives are lost simply because the parents were too sloopy and careless to look after them. Let's at least give them a chance to grow up!"

What'll he use? Anything. There was a time when it was fairly safe to assume that artists worked with brushes and paint pots. Not so today. You're as apt to see them with welding rods in hand or rummaging for material in cowbogged attics.

For his nostalgic impressions on our cover of a swimming hole, 29-year-old Dennis Burton must have sneaked into a young boy's room. Where else could he find the worn seat and handle bars from an old bike, a ragged piece of towel, seat of a canoe and bit of fishing line?

The turn clipping of "The Old Swimming Hole" by the late American artist, George Bellows, undoubtedly was Burton's own. In his Toronto studio he has a small mine of such priceless items—pieces of denim and feather, worn-out tides, odd pieces of iron including a bed spring and a weathered wood, Play-Boy pinups, tubes of paint squeezed dry, even drawings he made in Leithbride, Alberta, when he was three years old.

Burton doesn't limit himself to assemblages, the proper term for our cover. He drew comie strips when he was 13, has worked in water colors and oils and just finished a 15-foot mural. Among his many awards are a Toronto Art Directors' medal for a film, "One of a Kind," and a Canada Council grant last year.

What'll he do next? We wouldn't dare hazard a guess.

In praise of Leacock. Thirty-two years ago the Review ran a piece by Stephen Leacock, "In Praise of Petroleum." If the master humorist were alive today, we're sure he'd enjoy "The Day I Spoke for Mister Lincoln." (see page 19) by W. O. Mitchell, this year's winner of the Leacock medal for humor.

The roving eye

In devoting most of this issue to the joys of summer motoring, we would be remiss if we did not remind you that safe driving is the only enjoyable kind. Is there anything new to say about traffic safety? To re-examining the 17 Review articles of the past five years on this important subject, we find that we—and perhaps you—have overlooked one fundamental idea.

Do you really see when you drive? Most drivers do not.

We're not talking about 20-20 vision but about "wide-screen" vision. The Ford Motor Company, in an excellent booklet on this subject, points out that the eye is a remarkable tool. It sees with incredible speed: from 30 to 40 complete new pictures per second flash through the eyes to the brain. But most of us don't use this tool properly when we drive.

We have two kinds of vision: sharp centre eyesight, a narrow three-degree cone of "identification vision"; which most of us use almost exclusively in driving; and fringe or "survival vision", the lower, lower and side parts of the eyesight. You can't drive safely without using fringe vision because it detects movement.

Next time you're on the highway look at the car ahead of you. In your centre vision, it appears to be standing still. Your fringe vision detects its change of speed or direction.

There's plenty of evidence that drivers don't really use their full range of vision. More accidents happen under "safe" road conditions. Many happen at moderate speeds. Most motorists try to avoid accidents and obey the law. Why, then, do accidents happen? Very often because motorists fail to recognize traffic hazards in time to avoid them. It's a combination of faulty seeing habits and distractions of the mind.

You can train your eyes to work automatically for you even when your mind is wandering. Aim your vision high and to the centre of your lane; it will help keep the car centred as well. Keep your eyes moving over a wide depth field, a block ahead in cities, a half-mile ahead on highways.

Move the eyes every two seconds (because in casual viewing you cannot look at any one spot longer than 1.5 seconds without your eyes taking on a blink stare). Check the rear-view mirror every five seconds. Before passing a car, glance down as if left front tire for signs of a sudden turn. Always wear for escape routes—open spaces where you could swerve in an emergency.

This technique of always viewing the big picture trains the eyes, makes driving more fun (because it gives a greater sense of control), and, most important, it may keep you alive. We urge you to use the roving eye this summer.
DEATH ON THE FARM

The crop that never fails
by Thelma Dickman

The morning Sven Johnsen swung his four-year-old son up behind him for a ride on the tractor.”It’s a treat,” it was raining. The tractor wheels sucked and slithered in the sticky soil and Mrs. Johnsen had a moment of misgiving as the machine moved off into the mist beyond the farmhouse. But, the weather had kept the family indoors for over a week—they were all bored and restless, and some fresh air would give her son a good appetite for lunch. The little boy never ate the lunch his mother prepared.

The tractor tipped on a spongy piece of ground, the boy was thrown off and a wheel crushed his skull. Neighbors sympathized with the Johnsons—everyone felt the tragedy keenly—and yet, not two weeks later, A SECOND CHILD DIED IN MUCH THE SAME WAY, not half a mile from the Johnsen’s farm.

As these families now realize (but as many farm families do not), farming is one of the most dangerous occupations in Canada. In Ontario alone in 1960, there were over 7,800 farm accidents, with medical bills totaling $701,000, property damage amounting to $5,253.19—112,493 working days were lost.

Farmers get hurt everywhere and anywhere. They injure and kill themselves in fields, barns, garages, houses and highways. Harry L. Powell, U.S. chairman for the National Conference for Farm Safety, estimates that accidents kill one U.S. farm resident every 45 minutes, and every 32 seconds a farm resident has a disabling injury. In Canada, a recent national survey indicates that one in every fourth farm family will be involved in an accident this year.

Unlike industrial workers, protected by Workmen’s Compensation Boards, sickness and accident insurance and union benefit plans, farmers usually have only one form of insurance to rely on—their own continuing good health. Even a relatively insignificant accident can mean a loss to their incomes.

Take the case of a leg injury, with medical bills totaling $180. Like a typical war that was lost for want of a horseshoe nail, this farmer’s field work was lost, his feed poor, cattle production fell off and his gross income dropped from $16,000 to $6,700 in one year because of one minor injury.

Workmen’s Compensation is, of course, available to farmers as well as industrial workers, but the Act doesn’t make it easy for them to participate. For one thing, a farmer can only apply for coverage if he pays all or part-time employee, or has a son who does the same amount of work as an employee.

However, the biggest stumbling block is cost. Workmen’s Compensation Board premiums (based entirely on the accident rate in each industry) in 1944, for farmers, was 75¢ per $100 of payroll; in 1961 the cost had soared to 4.50 per $100 of payroll.

That’s one reason why, with over 250,000 people in agriculture, only 1,200 have paid for coverage. The Board, in fixing this high rate of premiums, admits that farming is regarded as a more dangerous occupation than some forms of mining.

One reason farms are three times as dangerous as the average factory is because there’s no way of supervising the way a farmer works. Factory supervisors keep a close and steady eye on workers, and insist that they follow safety procedures. Who’s to control a farmer when he throws a pitchfork, prongs first, through a barn door (a boy was killed that way not long ago)? Who’s to stop him when he tries to clear a forge harvester plugged with corn, while the motor is still running (the father of four children had his right arm sheared off above the elbow when the machine cleared itself and started up again)? The farm fatality rate from ages eight to 80 is equivalent to a death every two weeks in a mine employing 21,000 workers. Any mine with such a death rate would have inspectors swarming around like yellow jackets on a rotten apple—but how can inspections be made across Canada’s far-flung rural population, and what individualistic farmer would stand for government inspection?

Christian Smith, director of health education for Saskatchewan, says, “The only way to check the hideous harvest of death and injury among our farm residents is with a comprehensive program of education, understanding and legislation.”

So far, at least three provinces are providing a well-rounded program of accident prevention for farmers—Alberta, Ontario and Saskatchewan. The programs differ, because local conditions differ, but the objective is the same.

Saskatchewan’s Christian Smith lists four needs in the fight for farm (and urban) accident prevention.
1. Comprehensive and detailed national accident statistics, by age groups, sex, place and type of accident and occupational groups. “You can’t fight a problem without understanding it fully,” Smith says.

2. A national voluntary safety organization with a comprehensive program for all accident prevention, similar to the National Safety Council of the U.S. (Not all provinces agree on this, however. Some feel that the program must be geared to local conditions and that, in the final analysis, safety must become a family project.)

3. Support and leadership by the Canadian government, through health and agriculture departments.

4. Promotion of safety education materials, films, national TV and radio programs about accident prevention, not just traffic accidents. (Imperial Oil now distributes Farm Tractor Safety: a family affair. The film portrays dramatically how one farm community got together to combat accidents.)

Smith, who gets hopping mad when he describes sloopy safety practices, became a moving force behind Child Safety Day, started in Saskatchewan in 1954. It’s held on the first Sunday in May. Last year it was adopted as a national day in Canada. Some U.S. organizations think it should be held internationally.

A few years ago, Smith and his department saw from their hospital insurance statistics that 50 percent of all farm accidents in their province happened in barnyards—and half of these accidents indicated poor housekeeping. For instance, a farmer in Ontario, who was cleaning a troughhouse, knocked over a jar of weedkiller that was more than 60 percent carbon tetra-chloride. Two weeks after inhaling the poison-ous fumes, he was dead.

Smith’s department promptly instituted an annual spring farmyard cleanup program.

Realizing that farm mothers, with more responsibilities than most city mothers, are often too busy to oversee young children, Smith’s department also offered farmers free sketch- es of inexpensive protective equipment they could make during the winter. They suggested a play area, fenced off from the rest of the yard, in sight of kitchen windows. So far, more than 2,000 plans have been mailed. It’s too late to save the sight of a little boy who last year in a barnyard had his eye pecked out by a rooster, but it might prevent this happening to some other little boy.

Christian Smith, echoing the opinion of agricultural engineers, would like to see legislation passed in Canada like that of a recent United Kingdom law, which forbids the operation of tractors by children under 13.

He says, “Personally, I have known farm people to be prosecuted and jailed for endangering the morals of a child, but I’ve never known charges laid against anyone whose child was injured or killed operating or riding a powerful machine made for the use of adults.”

Smith deplores the kind of accident which resulted in the death of a two-year-old Manisio boy. The child was put on the tractor, alone, to amuse himself. He inched, exploring fingers accidentally pressed the starter button and, as the machine had been wrongly left in gear, it lurched forward and hurled the boy from the seat. “Adult example and adult behavior have a tremendous bearing on children’s safety,” he says bitterly. “Consider the little farm boy who tried to quench a bonfire with gasoline, as he’d seen grownups do; he turned into a flaming torch, dying in his tracks as he ran around the yard.” Smith is by no means the only safety-conscious official on the farm scene. In Alberta, a provincial safety council, with hefty support from the provincial
One in every fourth farm family probably will be involved in an accident this year.

government, does a steady year-round job of accident prevention.

The 4-H clubs, with contests, posters, demonstrations and talks, are trying to make Canada's young farmers safety-conscious. Trophies and cash awards to some $300 have been given to teenage 4-H members for the best programs of the year, for winning posters and scrapbooks. In 1959, 7,000 4-H Club members took part in a national sample survey, institute by the agriculture committee of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, and involving 49,000 farm people.

The Ontario department of agriculture, during 1959 and 1960, conducted, for the first time in North America, an accident survey in all parts of the province at the same time. An "accident reporter" was chosen locally, and any rural accident was reported in all its grim detail, including location of accident, time, place, cause, age of person involved.

After the statistics were all in, each county was sent a summary of its accident figures to serve as a basis for a program of safety education. As a result of survey findings, the Ontario Farm Safety Council was formed in 1960.

Hal Wright, an agricultural engineer and secretary-treasurer of the council, believes that education is the most important step on the long road to safe farm operations. He backs up his belief with action.

He built a three-foot long replica of a tractor, weighing 250 pounds, which he uses for tractor-tipping demonstrations at all the international plowing matches, on CBC-TV farm broadcasts, and TV shows in Quebec and New Brunswick. The tractor model has received so much publicity that 27 American states have written the Ontario department of agriculture for more information about it. "Once or twice when I was using a regular tractor to demonstrate tipping, I learned near killed myself. The remote control model is safer to use, and teaches the same lessons." Wright and a friend took over two months of nights and weekends to build their large-sized Dinky toy, "and it was worth every minute."

Wright, whose mind teems to bubble with fresh ideas on farm safety procedures, also developed a demonstration on dust explosions.

"Our survey showed that we lose 10 to 20 barns a year through dust explosions. Loss of a barn can mean loss of income for that year, and sometimes a farmer's life." Wright built a small wooden box with a glass window, sprinkled flour inside and attached a lighted candle to the floor. When the box was shaken, and the dust flew in the air, the resulting explosion blew the box to bits.

"Dust explosions occur when threshing takes place in a barn, and there's faulty wiring somewhere in the building, or perhaps a spark is thrown off by the threshing machinery itself. In Ontario, we also lose 10 to 20 barns a year through spontaneous combustion of hay, for instance, and careless safety practices."

One of the major drives of the Ontario Safety Council this year is the distribution of 100,000 sets of postcards (five in a set, brilliant yellow, with black lettering) to as many of Ontario's 120,000 farms as possible. Wright feels that a set of these thumbbacked in strategic spots around farms will provide a continual reminder to farmers of the dangers lurking in barns and around machinery.

For although 16 percent of farm accidents happen to infants and oldsters, the remainder involve active, useful workers between the ages of 14 and 64. Of these accidents to the "active" group, 55 percent happen in the fields and involve animals and equipment.

Safety officials lean toward the belief that a person's emotional state has a lot to do with causing accidents. Farmers who drive tractors and combines when they're anxious, worried or just plain mad are more often in accidents than calm, happy people.

One farmer, fresh from a shouting match with his wife, stormed out to the drive-shed, started his tractor and blindly drove through the back of the building. A Quebec farmer, annoyed by his son's poor report card, let fly with a kick at a stubborn cow, slipped, and broke his leg.

A cool head and constant caution are essential in handling both machines and animals, but constant exposure to these two things tend to create a contempt for danger that promises nothing but trouble for Canadian farmers.

Where a city dweller would give a wide berth to anything he sees, sometimes forget animals get mean and cranky. One Quebec farmer, who got this didn't get a second chance with an unruly bull—he turned his back on the animal and was gored to death.

Even happy animals can be dangerous to humans, as Mrs. Gerald Woods, an Ontario housewife, can testify. Mrs. Woods was crossing the barnyard when a playful cow bumped her in the back and knocked her down. She bent over to pick up a stick to chase the animal, and another cow butted her clear over a wagon tongue and into a hospital bed, with a cracked knee bone and torn ligament.

Is a farmer who's ever-tempered, calm and good-humored completely safe? Not really, say the experts, because of the problem of fatigue.

To be effective, farm safety must be a family affair.

Farmers during spring seeding or harvest sometimes work 18 hours a day through the long nights. A man who has been driving a bucking, twisting tractor since dawn is often too exhausted by dust, fumes and the continuous noise of the motor to care about safety procedures—and another two-line accident item appears in the local paper.

All safety officials, incidentally, agree that a 10- to 15-minute coffee break in the morning and afternoon would help. A short nap after lunch would help even more.

Farm implement manufacturers spend research time and research money incorporating safety features into their machines, but Saskatchewan's Christian Smith sighs when he remembers the implement dealer who lost a sale to a farmer who "wanted a tractor that was faster on the highway than yours". A tractor doing only 15 mph on the road is about as safe as a car at 80 mph. Sudden braking of such a heavy machine (and, remember, tractor brakes operate on each wheel independently) can slew the tractor dangerously or roll it over.

Smith mentions the "floating power-take-off" shield now on tractors. It's a safety guard which covers the power-take-off, a rapidly rotating shaft linked directly with the tractor engine. When it is on, it effectively prevents accidents, and it can't be easily removed. But inevitably, some rubber flanges have replaced metal flanges in combine straw spreaders to prevent loss of hands, arms and lives if farmers reach into machinery while it's in gear. "But why was it left in gear in the first place?" demands Smith.

Saskatchewan's department of agriculture, using hospital insurance statistics, draws up a yearly accident fact book, first of its kind in Canada. Its 90 pages cover every phase of Saskatchewan's accident picture like a hospital blanket.

However, Christian Smith feels that legislation, as well as education, should be used to protect children of farmers who won't allow themselves to be educated. He mentions the case of a Saskatchewan farmer whose six- and eight-year-old sons were put to work hauling stone with a tractor. Not only was the older boy seriously hurt in an accident during the job but, he found a broken bone in his arm, but didn't report it. Not until they were told about it did he admit that he had suffered a tractor accident 10 days earlier but had broken open again.

Until education, legislation and understanding begin to work in partnership for farm safety, Canadian farm families can count on a bummer crop of death and injury every year. It's the one crop that never fails—and the one the farmers very well could do without.

Farmers leave it off when they make repairs.

Farmers leave it off when they make repairs.
Our friends laughed last summer when they told us we were going on a camping trip to Arizona and Mexico. My wife, Pat, and I and our five sons, including the little guy with the big stack of diapers, were still nursing along with laughing. It rained on eight of the ten days we were away, the baby came down with chickenpox, and we quickly decided we'd be better off home—more—the mosquito bites or the sunburn.

But long after the pests, bites and burns were gone, we still had what might call tent fever. It's a very pleasant affliction that keeps you wondering wistfully all winter if the weather is going to warm up early and give you a head start on the next camping season.

Don't get me wrong. I'll never join the Spartans who roll out of their sleeping bags for pre-breakfast dips in icy mountain streams. I'm a white-collar type who spends 250 working days a year strenuously pushing pieces of paper around a desk. Drop me into the wilderness with nothing but an ax and a box of dry matches and I know exactly what I'd scream for. Feed, that's what.

However, there are other, less rigorous ways of catching a few breaths of the Great Outdoors. We've studied up on the subject since last year. But if you use any advice given to us, we could tell you what you advise us to do. We've read an established camping where you can get help, if you like, from more experienced campers. Forget about courage-keeping—take anything portable that will make you comfortable. And if you can, carry a stove so you can pick up things you forgot to pack.

We happened to hear of a good spot for rent on private property. If you don't know of any suitable sites, inquire at your local or regional department of parks and recreation. It was a 12- by 12-ft. area, enough to accommodate two tents in the shade and a picnic table.

Until you're already familiar with the tent you're taking, conduct a dry run in the back yard. You'll be glad you did, especially if you have any small boys running around, some base platforms just waiting for people like you to put tents on them, and more than a few beast flush toilets as well as a socket for an electric fan.

Screened-in porches, and even your natural outdoor space, can be a place to relax, enjoy the outdoors, and keep away from bugs. They can also provide a place to store your camping gear, keeping it safe from weather and animals. If you're looking for a more permanent structure, consider building a screened gazebo or pavilion. These can provide shade and shelter, as well as a place to socialize and entertain guests. If you're interested in building your own, you can find plans and instructions online. Whether you choose to build a permanent structure or a temporary shelter, the benefits of adding a screened area to your outdoor space can be rewarding. - [Source: American往外]
ON THE ROAD...

by David Fulton

In barn or on open stage, summer theatre is fun for audience and performers alike.

Five minutes before curtain time one evening last summer at the Red Barn Theatre, Jackson's Point, Ont., one of the most important members of the cast for Bell, Book and Candle was still missing. Producer Marigold Charlesworth—a vivacious and, at that moment, harassed young Mondle—looked matters into her own hands. Rushing out to a nearby house, she startled the owners with a breathless, “Can I borrow your cat?”

Before they could mumble “You’re welcome,” she was heading back into the theatre. The part called for a slyly witch-like creature. Only when the curtain went up did Miss Charlesworth realize that her leading lady was stroking one of the biggest, toughest tomcats outside the Isle of Man.

If the audience noticed this error in casting no one was unduly disturbed. This element of the unexpected, which makes every performance something of a “first night,” is just one of the reasons that more and more people nowadays think nothing of driving 50 miles or more for an evening of summer theatre.

New theatres are opening; established theatres are drawing more audiences. Summer stock is now reaching some 175,000 people across Canada. You can find it in almost every province. (See details on page 12). You can sit in the open air (at Vancouver’s Theatre Under the Stars or Winnipeg’s Rainbow Stage), in a century-old barn with hand-hewn beams (Red Barn Theatre) or an 1,100-seat auditorium (Prudhomme’s Garden Centre, Vineland, Ont.).

But regardless of where you go you’ll find that summer theatre is fun. It’s informal; usually you can attend in shorts and sports shirt and usually there’s some unrehearsed humor in the performance. But, increasingly, summer theatre is acquiring the professional slickness that audiences have come to expect from their winters of watching live theatre and television. This is partly because there is more continuity of management (meaning the management knows how to make the most of its theatre and equipment) and partly because more and more “name” stars are appearing.

Last year at Vineland, for example, a season audience of 63,000 saw such well-known performers as Eve Arden, Martha Raye and Alexis Smith. In other theatres audiences saw Austin Willis, Connee Conley, Ted Folksow, Dawn Greenhalgh and Norman Ettinger, all well-known on Canadian winter stage and television.

Summer theatre doesn’t pay high wages (about $60-$80 a week if the performer is working under Actor’s Equity contract). But it’s good training for unknowns and it’s often a pleasant change from TV for the pros. Austin Willis, who appeared last year with the Straw Hat Players, explains, “I’d been away in England for some time and I wanted to see if I could still draw people. I was very pleased with the reaction—we had full houses all week.”

Willis turned down more lucrative engagements for the job because “I believe in summer theatre. Until we have more schools, this is where actors must go to learn their trade.”

For novice or pro, summer theatre-goers make ideal audiences. Karl Jeffery, a former co-producer of Straw Hat, says, “They don’t mind if you ask them to hump their chairs forward to get in another row of seats. We’ve even sold seats on window sills.”

One night a young couple drove 60 miles to Port Carling to see Born Yesterday. They arrived at curtain time to find the place packed with more than 350 people. They pleaded for seats. The Straw Hatters borrowed two more chairs and squeezed them in against the stage.

“Another time,” recalls Jeffery, “we put a sofa on one side of the stage and sold that!”

“But people won’t come if they are not sure of being entertained,” points out William Fredric, business manager for the Red Barn. “They want to be amused, not startled. They demand light entertainment and delight in comedy. As long as they are entertained, they are not as critical as a city audience and more willing to accept things that go wrong.”

And things do go wrong. Maybe it’s a minor disaster, like a sudden rainstorm drumming on a barn roof and drowning out the actors’ voices. Maybe it’s more serious, like the Saturday night last season when the power failed at the Red Barn just as patrons were filing in for The Seven Year Itch. But the audience waited patiently for an hour and a half, gulping coffee in the lobby while an apprentice played piano backstage and the management relayed bulletins from the hydro department.

When the lights finally came on, there was still nearly a full house.

Does the public get “good” theatre in this informal atmosphere? If good theatre means good entertainment, the answer is “yes.” If good theatre means a memorable production of lasting worth—a gem of polished acting, direction, lighting, set and costume design, all carefully prepared over many weeks of planning and rehearsal—then summer theatre does not always measure up.

“But one forgives things done in the atmosphere of a barn, because it is like a picnic,” says Herbert Whittaker, drama critic of the Toronto Globe and Mail. What he means is that summer theatre is fun—which is precisely what the patrons want.
...AND BY THE SEA

by Lois Light

Summer in Kitsilano means Showboat time again when thousands watch vaudeville acts on a waterfront stage.

For 27 years the Kitsilano Showboat has been steaming ahead, although it never goes anywhere. Three times weekly, in the seaside district of Vancouver, from June 10 until the end of August, the top of its whistle and the familiar theme song of its famous namesake announces that another show is about to begin. No paddles wheels turn, but the decor is authentic and the enthusiasm of performers and onlookers as fervent as it ever was on the Mississippi.

Possibly the only one of its kind in the world, Showboat stage has been called an outdoor Carnegie Hall. While the metaphor may be a bit extravagant, it's true that few other stages can offer such variety. The program may leap from baton-swirling to hypnosis, from ventriloquism to bagpipes. It may feature the chooing of Miss Kitsilano, or a report from a gentleman who has just cycled across Canada. Sooner or later, no matter what the act is, it usually finds its way to the stage of Showboat.

Built in the water, at the edge of Kitsilano outdoor pool (actually a segment of the Pacific Ocean, walled in) the stage has a natural backdrop that would be the envy of any producer in the world—mountains backing a curve of ocean, a fen-tipped finger of Stanley Park, and, at dusk, the lights pricking the black velvet of the North Shore and sending up the chair lifts of Grouse and Hollyburn Mountains. Sometimes the sun-set provides unfair competition to the performers.

Although the usual evening crowd runs to about 3,000 in the blanchers, with perhaps another 2,000 standing, sitting or com- ing and going on the grassy slopes behind, there are times when an estimated 30,000 have been within seeing, hearing, or crowning distance of the stage. Such an occasion was a night in 1960 when Mimi Hines, well-known radio, TV, and night club entertainer, appeared with her husband Phil Ford. Delaying a scheduled night club performance in Vancouver, Mimi sang, reminisced with the master of ceremonies, danced a little, laughed a lot, and caught the crowd up in a tumultuous roar of welcome and approval that lasted so long she had to be liter- ally hauled off the stage and through the crowd to her waiting car. The reason for her appearance was valid and typical—she'd entertained on Showboat as a small girl, singing and dancing.

Hundreds have used Showboat as the first rung toward the pinnacle of their particular dreams. And hundreds and thou- sands of others have performed simply for fun. About 2,000 a season tread the stage, drawn from the auditions that are now necessary as the fame of Showboat has spread.

It is impossible to think of Showboat without simultaneously thinking of Alderman Bert Emery, a 62-year-old, retired druggist, and the man so embroiled in Showboat affairs since he launched it in 1935 that he has allowed himself only two weeks' holidays since.

Emery's main objectives were: to provide entertainment for Depression-wary citizens, to provide a proving ground for the many unemployed entertainers, to raise money for welfare work, and to publicize the newly-formed Kitsilano Chamber of Commerce which he and F. F. Werts, a local newspaper editor, had formed that year. And with Emery pushing and pulling, cajoling and shooting sparks of enthusiasm in every direction, it wasn't long before all four objectives were realized.

Ostensibly the stage trouped audience-hungry entertainers, from dancing academics, community centres, schools, playgrounds, ex-professionals and would-be professionals joined them. Soon some of the "stars" began appearing on radio, in other concerts, and eventually, even the movies. Many Canadian and American performers got their start on the stage of the Show- boat.

There was the day a young playground director phoned Emery about one of her little charges.

"She has a good little voice and quite a personality," said the director.

"Send her along," said Emery. Once on the stage, the child looked unconcernedly at her first audience. "And what is your name, honey?" asked Emery.

"My name is Juliette.

"Juliette what?"

"Just Juliette, Mr. Emery," she insisted. "You just call me Juliette.

And although she now sings for millions of TV viewers, she's still "just Juliette."

Some of the talent has come in strange packages. Emery remembers the night he was asked by a performer's mother to carry out a hat box preparatory to the act. Resplendent in the sharply-cropped white tassels, navy blazer and captain's cap of Showboat officials, he carried out the gaily decorated box, placed it in the middle of the stage and waited, with the audi- ence, for the performer to appear. And appear she did, all of two years old, peeping from the hat box to perform with her baton. Since then Pamela Curr has twirled her way to the top in every contest she's entered—tooping off her record take of 59 trophies and 74 medals with the Pacific Northwest Cham- pionship trophy, for which she competed in Hollywood with contestants from all over the continent in 1956. In 1961 she won second place in twirling and strutting in the North American championships. Now, with a TV contract freshly
This summer about 12 million Cana-
dians will go on sea trips, 90 percent of them will travel by car. Why do they do it? Aside from the fact that they’re often on vacation and don’t have the time to reach their chosen destination, the majority of people enjoy driv-
ing. Last year motorists’ attitudes and habits disclosed that driving gives them a feeling of relaxation, independence and adventure and an “endurable” sense of rhythm and motion.

Well, motoring is fun—if your car is running properly; if you don’t suffer the usual traffic from hot days with children howling with wounded panthers in the back seat; if you stop frequently to enjoy the waysides sights. We hope the following section will help turn those “sighs” into reality. Pull it out and keep it in the glove compartment this summer.

When to Go

If you can avoid the two last weeks of July and first two weeks of August, the Canadian Automobile Association stands a better chance of getting into hotels, motels, or camp grounds and onto highways. If you can’t handpick your week, try to start and end your vacation on a Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday.

Failing that, try to avoid traveling to, or from around large cities in the rush hours. The worst hours for Toronto (when as many as 2,000 vehicles per hour leave or enter the city on each main route). They can probably be applied to other metropolitan areas as well. Outbound traffic—Friday night from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturday from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Sunday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. on holiday weekends; Saturdays, eight a.m. to noon, as late as two p.m. on holiday weekends. Instead of Friday, four to 10 p.m., same hours on Monday if a holiday weekend.

The best driving time, any day, is five to eight a.m.; it’s cool, fresh, unencumbered and you might see your first sunrise in years.

You and the Car

In addition to all the year-around safety rules, here are a few things to remember for vacation driving:

Before the trip have a complete mechanical check: tires, brakes, wheel alignment, muffler, exhaust, windshield washer and wipers, steering, lights, turn signals, cooling system, oil lines and tires.

Equipment should include seat belts, first aid kit, flashlight, flares, tire wrench, jack, fire extinguisher, tow rope.

If you’re driving alone most of the year, remember that a loaded car won’t corner as well or stop as quickly. The weight of five additional passengers, for example, will approximately double your stopping distance.

Expressway or secondary road? Both have their merits. But expressways show expressways are faster and safer (with about one-third to one-fourth the accidents of other roads) but highway hypnosis is a definite hazard here. To avoid it, don’t drive if you’re exhausted; do stop often for rest and coffee (a thermos-jug of coffee to go when on long music occasionally); do keep the dashboard lights dim at night.

Secondary roads are more interesting, keniastically, but you must drive more carefully. You can’t drive sharply, especially on gravel, when passing cars or cresting hills and when passing built-up areas.

How to Travel With Children

Keep back seat luggage to a minimum, even if it means buying a cartop carrier. Install such basic items as playing cards, paper towels, wooden crayons (goes soft on the hot back window ledge), story books and coloring books.

Operate a daily “lunch pond” in moments of crisis. Each child fishes for a simple trinket or party favor, sealed in plain envelope that you see in your wisdom prepared before the trip.

Have them keep a scrapbook-diary, supplemented with postcards, drawings, flowers, restaurant pictorial placemats and other treasures picked up en route. Will come in handy next fall when school tells what “I Did on My Vacation”.

Organize games on long drives.

Signpost ABC’s. Each player watches one side of road. Calls out “A” when he sees it, and so on alphabetically. First one to “Z” wins. Only one letter per sign allowed.

License Plates. (a) See who can spot the most out-of-province plates in 50 miles. (b) “Odd-and-even”. One child counts plates ending in an odd number; the other counts even.

First to score 25, wins. (c) More sophisticated children can play license plate poker with Daddy. Remember, three of a kind beats two pair.

Guessing games. (a) Child spots something along the way; gives simple clues (number of letters in the word, size or color of object) where try to guess it without showing them the object or the answer. (b) What’s My Name? Adult gives child an identity (Frank Mohovich, Yogi Bear); kid is allowed three miles worth of questions (“I am a real person!” “I am on TV”); then three tries at guessing his identity.

Action games. (a) Remember Simon Says (where child obeys each action, but says only if it is说完 "Simon says")? You can adapt it to cars (“Simon says bounce up and down,” “Simon says clap harder”) until Daddy calls for peace and quiet. (b) Circus Clown: a natural for kids; you just urge them to see who can make the funniest face. Good for about two miles.

Story Time. One child begins a story; stops part way through; next must carry on; last child must finish the yarn.

Never Say It. You select a forbidden word (such as “yes” or “no” and have child start a conversation using into the word and losing points. Good for maybe 25 miles. I Hear. For rest stops. Kids must sit quietly for five minutes in place to read; identify and write down all sounds they hear.

Two tips for cars with automatic trans-
misions: when in first gear, use low drive to help take the strain off your brakes. And if you’re hauling a trailer, check that it’s well balanced; transmission fluid frequently; extra weight can cause overhea-

ing and foaming. If you have a flat, keep going until you can safely pull off the road. A ruined tire is cheaper than an accident. -Low oil: check the oil level in your water bucket. Carry water from the nearest stream in a plastic bag or even a bathing cap.

-Don’t expect to average more than 10 miles per hour on a distance of 100 miles, the absolute minimum. Hence, if you are traveling 50 mph in a standard car, you should leave 100 feet between your self and the car ahead.

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THINGS TO DO AND VIEW THIS SUMMER  

Text by Jean Danard / Map by Whit McCammon

The map on these pages is not intended to be all-embracing. It purposely excludes most “traditional” tourist attractions and purposely lists a variety of lesser-known sights and activities in logical sequence for motor touring. We hope it offers something new for every member of the family.

For fuller details on these and other things to see and do, get in touch with your nearest travel bureau. For detailed road maps see your Imperial dealer. For special routings, information on road surfaces or other road-travel questions, write the Imperial Raco Touring Service, 111 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto.

NEWFOUNDLAND:
1. Steamer cruises out of St. John’s and Corner Brook go along a fjorded coast line.
2. Drive to Cape Bonavista to see cod drying and the odd iceberg.
3. The noisiest fishermen you’ll ever see are those at Chapel Arm in Trinity Bay who bang pots and pans to scare pothead whales into the harbor.
4. If you’ll chance an inky squat, arrange to go out with cod fishermen at Holyrood when they’re jigging for squid, an octopus-type haul.
5. Look for the Portuguese sailing fleet in St. John’s harbor—white-sailed wooden ships reminiscent of pirate days.
6. In the St. John’s museum are relics of the extinct Beothuk Indians.
7. The six-hour car-ferry between Port aux Basques and North Sydney is a pleasure trip in itself. Return fare for car and two adults: $39.

NOVA SCOTIA:
8. The 184-mile Cabot Trail begins and ends at Baddeck, site of the Alexander Graham Bell Museum with replicas or originals of many inventions.
9. En route is South Gut St. Ann with North America’s only Gaelic College. From Aug. 6-11 the clans gather to celebrate the Gaelic Mod.
10. Peggy’s Cove hasn’t the only lighthouse in Nova Scotia—there are 35 more.
11. Lunenburg, birthplace of the “Bluenose”, holds a Mardi Gras of the Sea in mid-September, a commercial fisheries show with parade, midway and dory races.
12. Yarmouth Library can show you an authentic Viking relic with an inscription by Leif Ericson in honor of Eric the Red.
13. At Port Royal is Champlain’s Habitation just as it looked in 1605 with grist mill and blacksmith shop.
14. An 85-mile drive through Evangeline country takes you to Windsor and the house of “Sam Slick”, open to
For all hapless kids who this month must deliver valedictory addresses...

Each year now for over 30 years, whenever Dominion Day rolls around, I am pulled by an inner current of old guilt. I am not too sure that I did not commit treason against Canada, my native land, on Decoration Day in Williams Park in St. Petersburg, Fla., three decades ago.

That was the year I studied to become an elocutionist—every Saturday morning. Had it been every day of the week, I know now that I have never had the flaming stubbornness necessary to the defence of Moscow and to becoming an elocutionist.

The first of three winters we were in St. Petersburg, my mother, without benefit of Mendelian Law, decided that musical and recitative talents were sex-linked characteristics. My grandfather on my father's side had been tone deaf. My father, who had died when I was five, was tone deaf. I too was an evident monotone. But imbedded in the pastor's elegy given at my grandfather's funeral in East Flamborough county, Ontario, September 18, 1906, was: "Some of the finer selections from the poets took on new meaning under his recitation." Add to this that my father was an elocutionist; that Mother believed both disasters and happy events came in threes; the in-escapable corollary then was that I was elocutionally gifted.

I did put up some sort of resistance, but it was not proof against a scrapbook of my father's, filled with recital announcements: "Lawn Social at the Manse, Christie"; "A Peach Festival Under the Auspices of the Ladies' Aid of Balmoral Church"; "Young Men's Literary Society of Dundas Street Concert"; "Gore Street Methodist Church Social and Concert under the auspices of the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor". Nor could I deny that the Dundas Banner had said, "His humor is clean, wholesome and refreshing," though it did occur to me that under such auspices there could hardly be any other kind of public humor in the first decade of the century. "He is an elocutionist of rare ability," the Perth Expositor said, "His splendid voice and attractive stage presence at once command your attention." This was hardly fair, for at 13 I was a horn-rimmed spectacle-worn child with the stage presence of an introverted chameleon.

My mother was not faint-hearted. She turned the scrapbook pages listing my father's recitations: "Caleb's Courtship and What Come of It", "Trouble in the Choir", "The Flag", "The Heelin' Man's Prayer", "Never Forget the Dear Ones", "The Romance of a Hammock", "When Father Rode the Goat" and, of course, "Casey at the Bat". Then she closed up the scrapbook and enrolled me in Madame Brocklebank's School of Dance, Drama, Music and Elocution.

Against my will each Saturday morning I roller-skated to Madame Brocklebank's; 15 blocks of cathartic grind and crack-clinks under the shrill lace of pepper trees, past the stubbed trunks of palms with funeral wreath fronds, the arterial red of pointsetias, shoving on the skates with anger and indignation and rage. At 10 blocks' distance I could hear Noreen Symington's cornet; at two blocks, some piano student protesting The Robin's Return. The doors and windows of Madame Brocklebank's were always open—for advertising purposes, I think. In front of the school itself, you could generally hear Tiptoe Through the Tulips, which seemed to be the only piece the school's tap dancing students could tap dance to—once they had conquered East Side—West Side, that is. Within was artistic anarchy and my current notion of merry hell. In cribs off a long hallway that went through and then out the back, a woman was closeted with a client. My assignation each Saturday was with a
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and for everyone who likes to laugh, we offer this holiday bonus

Miss Dora Finch, who waited for me in a doll's house under a pecan tree at the back.

Miss Finch came from Birmingham and anticipated Tennessee Williams by some 20 years. I suspect now that she was tuberculosis, for she had the most lovely complexion I have ever known, transparent ivory and rose. Her features were beautifully chiseled and her profile reminded me of Queen Nefertiti in our Ancient History book. She moved as though wading through a lagoon and the illusion was heightened by the grey gown she wore. She did not get up from a chair; she bloomed from it. She did not sit down; she sank with all the grace of drifting dandilions down. She was the idea of a very spiritual woman—about 99 percent spirit and one percent flesh, as opposed to Madame Brocklebank, an ample woman with monocotyledonous bosom, who was about 99 percent flesh, and one percent spirit.

I was allowed one hour under Miss Finch each Saturday morning, during which she gave me gestures and facial expressions and postures to go with such pieces as: "The Fool": "...look from the window... all you see was to be his one day—forest and farrow—knaves and lea. And he goes and fetches them away... chuck them away to die in the dark... somebody saw him fall... part of him mad... part of him blood... the rest of him..." (LONG LOONG PAUSE—PUT OUT LEFT HAND IN THE SPLENDID GESTURE AND CLOSE EYES IN THE PAINTOSS GREAT TO BEAR EXPRESSION—LOWER VOICE BUT DON'T FORGET THE FERRET CHAMBERS")... not at all!"

When we were through I would kneel in her, passing the next one coming in to her, just as I had earlier passed the previous one coming out from her. Madame Brocklebank would be waiting for me, and just before I strapped on my skates I would give her the $2 charge. I have wondered in later years if the women who worked for her were not possibly the culs of white slaves.

After eight weeks of this I qualified for one of the twice-monthly recitals held at the School. These were incestuous affairs attended only by parents and close relatives of the students. Madame herself was the star artist; she came out at the beginning and reported on the progress of the school; again and again she lowered an introductory gangplank for each performer. And now we come to Noreen Symington.

I disliked and distrusted her as you would any girl who played the cornet. Had you by two inches and was built blockily enough that you suspected she could put you down, quite easily. At my first concert and every other school concert, she played the same selection: "The Eagle and The Rabbit". Madame Brocklebank would explain that the piece should be played by Noreen Symington, depicted "...the little rabbit startled from cover and going lippery-lippery-lip over the meadow. Then high in the cloudless blue, an eagle wheels and hangs and soars effortlessly. Far, far below he spits the rabbit and down come plummers, pounces on the rabbit, clutches it in his talons and bears the furry creature struggling helplessly aloft—higher and higher in ever decreasing concentric circles... until he disappears..." Madame Brocklebank never did pursue that eagle to its logical destination.

Noreen then would march squarely, cornet mouth resting on her hip, to the centre of the stage. There she would stop and come about. You could hear the first intake clear to Jacksonville as she raised the cornet to seat it on her mouth. This inflated her to almost double her already adequate size; her cheeks diminished like two balloon fish attacked by enemies. I knew then and I know now that a woman playing a cornet is the most astonishing thing to be witnessed in the known world. A woman playing a harp is honestly funny too, but not in credibility so like a woman playing a cornet—or spitting.

My mother was not too impressed with these concerts. In her opinion I had been expensively loaded and it was time to truly discharge me publicly. This she did at the Canadian Club: "Giuseppe Goes to the Baseball Game," The Shrine Club: "A Negro's Prayer", and Captain Holly's Boy's Sunshine Club program to raise funds. The latter was my first outdoor concert, held on the Million Dollar Pier. I found myself in staggering competition with a seven-year-old boy, Palm Beach Tippy, who dived unfairly from a 50-foot tower into gasoline ignited on Boca Chica Bay. After all that "The Bald-Headed Man and the Boy and the Fly" could come only as anti-climax.

By this time I realized in what I had come to consider my elocution suit—a double-breasted blue Serge coat and cream flannel pants. And it was shortly after the Sunshine Club engagement that Miss Finch told me Noreen and I had been selected to take part in the Decoration Day program in Williams Park. I was to deliver Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and we had only a month to work on it.

Almost two weeks went by before I truly appreciated the enormity of what I was practising for. Before accepting the
I went to the open road and a travel trailer. There's nothing like it. A year ago we'd never been inside a trailer. On July 29 we rented one. On July 30 we were in love with it. Now we know so many people take trailer holidays, and why so many more will.

It's so easy to get around in a trailer.

We had three wonderful weeks, traveling 1,500 miles through the Adirondacks in New York state; to Ottawa so our boys, Geordie, 13, and Rod, 10, could see their nation's capital; to Annapolis, west of Ottawa, and Lake Joseph in Ontario's Muskoka Lake district to visit friends. As my wife, Vickie, puts it: we were not too busy to relax. The people, the people, the people, the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The fans stopped; the leaves and Spanish moss were still; then every Northerner in Williams Park, in or out of a wheelchair, cat, horse, dog, child, that would have made Palm Beach Tripey and his death-defying dive into flaming gasoline, look like a piker.

After I had unloaded my shoe and my mother had helped me free my feet from the spot, she said: "Vickie, did you ever see a more perfect body on a man? and my father if he were here today would have been proud of me too. I realized then that she thought I had delivered Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and I did not dissuade her. I said that I still did not feel it had been enough for a Canadian to have done the thing and she said she guessed it was, for Lincoln belonged to the whole world.

She may not have known her Gettysburg Address, but she did know her Lincoln. In his time he had been a pretty fair elocutionist too.
were gay, the upholstery bright, the floor tile gleaming. It was beautiful. And it wasn’t too expensive.

It turned out that Vickie already had just happened to be driving the "requali
tize" bike we were using. In no time at all we were keeping up with traffic. We laughed heartily, and then forgot about the bikes altogether.

As the miles rolled beneath our wheels, the gasoline gauge went down so fast I thought there was a leak in the tank. After a while we figured out our mileage but it wasn’t bad; about the same as I get in normal city driving with the same automobile.

We decided to spend the night at one of the lovely new campgrounds near the St. Lawrence Seaway. We arrived about five p.m. on Saturday. Riverside Park, 34 acres, and Nairn Island, 29 acres, were both full. A greeter told us to try Woodlands Park, 90 acres. It wasn’t supposed to be ready for another year, but they were letting people camp.

We were so happy. Every site was taken. Every picnic table had a tent or a trailer beside it. It looked as if we had found a spot for us. We were grateful, and glad to pay our $10 fee.

I must add one word about campers. Our boat and our trailer were not a problem; they both had a view. But a couple of campers we saw were a problem. It took a lot of work to keep the campsite in order. I think we were the only ones who had a view.

Some time in the afternoon we noticed that the sky was changing. We went up to our tent to take a look at the weather. It was getting quite dark. Something was wrong. We didn’t want to wake up in the middle of the night and have to pack up. We were not going to pack that night. We didn’t want to wake up in the middle of the night and have to pack up.

Fortunately, things went together quickly. Everything was already packed in the trailer. We took our shoes off and went to bed. In the morning we had a beautiful view of the Seaway.

We woke up, took a quick shower, and went to breakfast at the State Park. The food was good and the service was quick.

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HurryhurryHURRY!
Here come The
World's Finest Shows
and James Patrick
Sullivan, last of the
"carny" tycoons

Photos by Al Schoenborn

Late in April, when the green shoots were sprouting along the roadways and the birds were pulling straws for accommodation in the choicest trees, a 50-car railway train rumbled into Brantford, Ont., and moved confidently to its own nesting site. Seven hours later a new city arose in the heart of Brantford, a magic place of rustling canvas, soaring ferris wheels and dozens of small, open-faced shops, redolent with the nose-tingling aroma of popcorn, shattering the soft spring air with strident laughter, tinny music and barkers touting their wares.

As it has for the last 35 years, Canada's largest carnival midway, "The World's Finest Shows" had opened another season of brightening the lives of some two million Canadians. Strolling around on the end of a big cigar and breathing deeply for the first time in months was the carnival's stocky, cherub-faced owner, Jimmy Sullivan, 63 admitted years old, at least 55 of them spent in show-biz surroundings. He was checking the operation of a new ride, swapping jokes with the Fat Lady or the pretty young hooters from the floor show, accept-
ing the salutations of old cronies such as Ottawa Slim, Middle of the Road Red, Highway Daddy, Water Closet Cronin, Roman Catholic Mike, and Shaving Dutch.

Most of these, having spent the winter in Florida or California, were deeply tanned. Jimmy Sullivan himself, having spent the winter south of driving distance of his boss in Bronte, Ont., looked like a pale shadow beside them. But all, whether loaded after a good season in Los Angeles or broke after a bad session at Hialeah, were figuratively tipping their hats to the hom and fanning out greetings to the last of the big-time carny tycoons.

James Patrick Sullivan, born on a sunny St. Patrick's day in Fargo, North Dakota, at some indefinite time between 1893 and 1916, is undoubtedly a tycoon, one of the last of the breed which used to manage the biggest shows across the broad beam of this continent. He is the old remaining one big enough to move his massive assortment of rides, tents and side shows by railroad. "My old man was a railroad," explains Jimmy, "and I used to ride the rails when I was a youngster; I figure I owe them a bit."

Up until two years ago, Sullivan used to pay Canadian railways up to $10,000 a year to move his 150-man crew and all their gear as far west as Lethbridge, Alta. But then smaller outfits, moving their equipment by truck, began taking over the midway connections in three or four centres across. Then a larger outfit, Gayland Shows, enlarged to cover the whole territory from Winnipeg to Vancouver. It thus became unprofitable for Sullivan to go west, and he dropped the tour, with regrets.

"We always loved the west," he explains. "They were always so glad to see us each year. And till that setting up and break-

This is the carnival's soul: iced lemonade sweating under a blazing sun, rifles cracking in the shooting gallery, sizzling French fries, the nose-tickle of candy floss, the Barker's urgent "Hi-yuh, hi-yuh" and the weary worldly eyes of carny men

Ost, the first week in October. In between, the World's Finest Shows—with its top attraction, the biggest Kiddie's Midway in North America—will have played Hamilton, Toronto, Sudbury, Montreal, Kingston, Sherbrooke, St. Jerome, Drummondville and many other places. In each, he will have been welcomed officially by the city council and unofficially by at least three-quarters of the population of the surrounding area.

"We're the poor man's park," he believes. "We're the only real outdoor entertainment to which he can take his whole family. In these days of TV and spectator sports, where else can parents have fun with their kids?"

Sullivan has always favored the fan end of the midway over the freaks, animal acts and pitch shows. This year he has lined up 10 different rides, "the kind kids can really holler their lungs out on." Besides the traditional Ferris wheel and merry-go-round, the WFS lists such other spectacles as the Rock-o-plane, the Till-a-wirl, the Octopus and the Fly-o-plane.

"You can easily tie up to $50,000 in any one of these machines," says Sullivan, "but I'll buy a new ride anytime over almost any other showpiece. On these rides you really know you're alive."

All equipment, except the children's merry-go-round, is powered by gasoline motors, and electricity for the whole carnival is provided by the show's own diesel. For many years now, Sullivan has used Imperial Oil products exclusively.

The rides comprise one entire section of the carnival, and are treated separately as each. Each ride has a foreman in charge who gets $50 a week and five percent of the gross. Assistants get $45 a week, with $5 or $10 extra, held back till season's end so they can never go away broke.

The other two main sections of the carnival are the shows and concessions, most of which Sullivan owns outright, some of which he owns only part. Most popular show is the "Broadway Revue," a group of five musicians and six chorus girls who sing, dance and do vaudeville acts. "Club 18," another revue troupe, also pays off handsomely, as does the "Motorhome," in which motorcyclists ride around a bowl till they are traveling almost horizontally.

Least attractive part of the show, to Sullivan at least, is the human and animal freak section—the Fat Lady, the Two-Headed Calf, the Reptiles and so on. "By themselves they're fine, but I think the present trend makes it seem cruel to exhibit affection," he says. "We keep them around just for atmosphere." Fish freaks are generally sold at the end of each season, and new ones bought in the spring. No animals are kept over the winter except 15 ponies, which are boarded out with farmers around Simcoe.

Among the concessions are dozens of games of chance known to all—lottery coins or rings for prizes, knocking down milk bottles, betting for cigarettes. Concessionaires pay rent to Sullivan and as a rule, in the service club which sponsors the show in many towns. Food and drink concessions are owned outright by Sullivan; help pay for the non-productive but traditional side shows.

It was in the food end of show business that Sullivan himself got his start. This was in Youngstown, Ohio, when he was 12. His particular food item was peanuts, and the centre of operations was the Youngstown Opera House. His boss was Joe Marks, who later went with two other Youngstown boys, the Warner Brothers, to Hollywood, where they also made their marks.

Young Jimmy did not get into the carnival game proper till 1916, when he borrowed $200 from his father and went into partnership with showman John P. Friesgen on a ferris wheel
To the carry men, this is business; an endless succession of long moves and late nights. But to the young and always-young it is a once-in-a-summer medley of music, laughter and wonder, to be savored for a day and treasured for a year.

And merry-go-round. A few weeks later, Sullivan bought Flanagan out, and was just starting to make money when he was drafted into the army, where he stayed three years. It was not till 1939 that he got into carnival life again with an outfit he labeled “The Wallace Bros. Shows.”

In 1935 he teamed up with another Irshman named Boyd to lay the then-unknown market north of the border Canada. The first season they played only a few places near the border such as Niagara Falls, St. Catharines and Kitchener. But in 1937 they were making the big tour, an itinerary Sullivan has faithfully followed ever since.

In 1931 he added a circus to the carnival, began featuring such stars as Moe Wirth, the world’s greatest riddle, the Horse family of acrobats, Falkenberg’s Bears, Christiansen’s Stallions, Robinson’s Elephants and Otto Griebel as a producing clown. But it was an unfortunate time to be expanding.

“It was a beautiful circus,” he says today sadly, “but unfortunately the beautiful money it should have brought in drowned in soup kitchens and bread lines. It cost me a fortune for my brief, bright splurges on the Big Top.” Today, only Ringling Brothers still operate a big three-ring circus, and even they do not put on a full show in all centers.

In 1939, however, he made a good move when he teamed up with the Corlkin Brothers, thus obtaining access to financial aid and contracts he might never otherwise have been able to manage. On his own he took over the Corlkin commitments in the west, joined with the brothers’ own big outfits whenever he came back east. In 1955 he re-registered his carnival “The World’s Finest Shows” dispensing entirely with the name of Wallace which he had used from time to time.

“I figured the K.K.K. was dead, at least in Canada,” he says. “In fact, it’s an asset to be an Irish-Catholic in this country.”

While it may be an asset to be an Irish-Catholic, it’s not an asset to be a sworn man of any religion if you are one of the top people in Sullivan’s WES. The reason: jealously. “A few young wives with nothing to do around a carnival can do more harm than a raggamuffin with a poison gun,” explains Sullivan.

“Their husbands are always wondering where they are, and are keeping tabs on all the other young guys around the place to know where they are. It’s murder, pure and simple.”

Sullivan’s somewhat drastic solution to this is to give any newly-married man on the carnival his first wedding gift—his walking papers. “It’s congratulations and goodbyes,” he says, “no matter how long they’ve been with me.”

Sullivan has never taken his own wife, a Gaelich girl named Jean Ardeke Lunardi Sutton, on his tours, although the last few years he has brought along his two sons, 15-year-old James P. and 12-year-old John L., for a few weeks. Neither of them is particularly interested in the carnival as a vocation, however. Nor are they interested in their father’s birthplace, the United States. “I tried to interest them in going to Florida with me during the Christmas holidays,” he says wistfully. “They couldn’t care less. The idea of giving up hockey and skiing just to lie around on a silly beach bored them to tears. It never opened my eyes.”

What opens Sullivan’s eyes even more is his regular summer junkets, is the stark contrast between Ontario and Quebec audiences.

“Ontarians seem to come to a carnival and defy you to make them laugh,” he explains. “You’d think they were attending a funeral the way they act. Quebecers, on the other hand, seem to have two main merrymakers. No matter what it is, trying to pinch one of the show girls or crashing around on the Seacrest Ride, they have the time of their lives.”

Up till a couple of years ago, when the Raine Shows of Quebec moved in and took over, Sullivan’s biggest single week used to be in Quebec City, where upwards of 350,000 patrons would descend on his show. Now his biggest engagement is at Sherbrooke the last week in August, with about 150,000 people flock to it in a rather good time.

“Fairs and exhibitions of the Sherbrooke kind are the life-blood of Sullivan’s business. This is because people come to see the new cars and appliances, take part in cattle and food sales, visit the circus and other exhibits. After these uplifting experiences, they want to have fun, and there—amid all the noise and flirting—is Jimmy just waiting to serve them. The WFS, under the Corlkin Brothers’ banner or on its own, provides the lighter side of life for fairgoers at Lennington, Peterborough, Belleville, Kingston, Sherbrooke, Montreal, Rimouski, Lindsay, Oswego and Seneca.

Still-dates, or places where the carnival sets up on its own, are another matter. Although they offer the advantage of entertainment early in the season, they are at a distinct disadvantage in that people have to make the deliberate effort to go out just to be entertained. Quite often, they would rather stay home and watch TV instead.

“At fairs, there are people around all day,” he explains, “but during still-dates, they come only at night and then have to worry about getting up for work in the morning. When they don’t bring the kids at night, either. That takes a lot of the pleasure out of it for us.”

Although all Sullivan’s crew are kind of children, they are forbidden to speak to them alone, on the grounds that one charge—even a false one—of a carnival worker molesting a child could ruin the whole show permanently. To make sure no harm can happen, Sullivan also hires two policemen in each town (at $20 an hour) to keep an eye on things. He rigidly insists that in all cases of trouble his own crew call in these peace officers to make settlements. Juvenile delinquents, leather-jacketed toughs and other vandals are thus discouraged from starting trouble, “even though they don’t have the same chance to gang up on a big outfit like ours, the way they make life miserable for some smaller shows.”

In most alterations, Sullivan himself, with uncertain eye, picks out the leaders, takes them off to his quarters for a drink, gives them a few passes and turns them into staunch supporters. Only once, out west a few years ago, did his famous charm fail him. “This ended up in the biggest Hey, Ruben! I’ve ever seen in my life, as a bunch of miners almost wrecked my show.” He recalls with a big grin. “Even the show girls and the popcorn vendors came roaring out with their hammers at the ready. He kept them in conversation for hours.”

To phone customers and score friendships with the local newspapers across the land, Sullivan always takes full-page ads to announce his special kiddies’ days, at which children can tour the Fair at drastically reduced rates.

How long carnivals of the size of WFS can continue to operate in something Sullivan doesn’t like to think about because it depresses him. Huge overhead, TV, the trend towards just sitting around doing nothing and local restrictions are making it more difficult to make a living out of carnivals even now, which may be one reason why his sons’ lack of interest in the family business does not perturb him unduly.

“Take bingo, for example,” Sullivan complains, “who would ever think they would start legislating against that? We give good prizes and somebody wins one every gate. Yet nifty local authorities act as if we were selling dope, or picking people’s pockets. Don’t they want anyone to have fun any more?”

Whether or not this philosophy is gaining ground, Jimmy Sullivan will be huffing to give people the most fun for their money as long as he lives.

“As long as I’m in charge there’ll always be new rides, new acts and all the old stand-by entertainments that people have lived for centuries,” he declares. “Why, if we didn’t come around every year, how would kids ever know there’s something else in the world besides wars, hydrogen bombs and people hating each other? We can’t abandon a mission like that, just because the going is tough. We’d be pretty poor showmen if we did.”