

The Guardian, Charlottetown, Thurs., Nov. 5, 1964

## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### Sale Of Steers Seen Highlight

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THE ATLANTIC Winter Fair, Halifax is only getting rightly under way - I'm writing this on Sunday night because I'll be too busy later in the week - but the highlight thus far has been the sale of finished steers, the most successful ever staged in the Maritime Provinces.

And it was STAGED, make no mistake about that. I'm wondering if our Easter Beef Show and Sale people can get some tips from the sales arrangement committee here.

If you read my story in the Guardian Saturday morning you probably remember that the grand champion steer, an Angus owned by the S. C. Oland farm, sold for \$2.00 a pound. That in itself is a Maritime record. But what followed extends the unprecedented story theme.

Mack Dixon, the youngster from Clyde River, had previously showed his Angus steer to the reserve grand championship, and the Dixon steer sold for \$1.92 per pound. Multiply that by the weight of 960, and subtract a selling deduction of one and one-half percent, and you have a tidy sum for the youngster to take home. For this was his own steer.

### Sanderson Steers Are Champions

THEN THERE was the champion Hereford, an 890-pound animal owned by Fulton Sanderson, North River, that sold for 1.72 per pound, and the reserve Hereford champion, a 974-pounder shown by Johnny Sanderson, that sold for \$1.19.

Before I forget it, the top steer was bought by Dominion Stores. The Dixon steer was bought by Tom Foreman for Sobey's, and he also took the third. The fourth went to Safeway Stores. I left the sale at that spot to send the story back home, and to dig up other fair news for the Guardian.

The show and sale committee dined and wined the prospective buyers prior to the sale, and they tell me that it really paid off. Apparently it did and the fantastic prices are the result of some good planning.

I moved around among the people responsible as Auctioneer Bill Cunningham sold the animals. He did a tremendous job of keeping the tempo rolling, but I've never seen such a demonstration of enthusiastic cheering and applause as the ringside kept up, particularly during those record-breaking early sales. It reminded me of a college football pep rally.

ONE OF the committee, Norman Spence, is a member of the Nova Scotia legislature, and he was in there rooting with the rest of them. The genial Norman is a

Hereford breeder and that reminds me that even the Hereford men were cheering for our Mack Dixon, as he showed his Angus steer to the reserve championship.

Murray Frets, the national Angus secretary and editor of the breed paper, was delighted, as might be expected, for he had just seen two Angus steers go to the top of the class. But Ernie Hummelman, president of the Canadian Hereford Association and one of the breeder's biggest boosters in this or any other country, said "I was pulling for Mack too, I just couldn't help myself," he said later.

There's something about this enthusiastic youngster that does that to people. Fair Manager Watson Maxner told me "I have been a fan of his since I first saw him show cattle here last year."

### Lincoln's Job Is More Complex

LINCOLN DEWAR, New Perth is chairman of the Dairy Foods Service Bureau whose job it is to make Canadians eat more dairy foods, including butter. He observed to me sometime ago "there would be no butter surplus in Canada if we could get the restaurants and hotels to put bigger slices of butter on customers' plates".

I thought of you, Lincoln, and agreed heartily with your suggestion the night I reached Halifax. I was tired and hungry after eating little all day, and I ordered several repeats of the butter pats, when I had dinner about 7:30 in the evening.

But today, Lincoln, the Mathesons had dinner at the Flamingo Restaurant, one of the city's finest; we had a grand meal, but your butter theory didn't stand up, for I saw waitresses carrying trays of dishes from the tables that had many butter pats untouched.

I talked about it with Bruce Cochrane in the Fair Press Room later today - he has his own public relations firm, and a good one - and what do you suppose his reaction was? "Of course they leave it, I don't eat it either."

I asked him "why, don't you like butter?" He replied "It's fattening". So Lincoln, my friend, you have a more difficult job to do than merely getting the eating places to put more butter on the plate.

### Missing Body Has Been Found

MANY OF you will recall the story I picked up in Halifax a year ago from a former Islander, about the Montrealer who was travelling in the Western United States with his wife and two children, and his mother. You will recall that the mother died suddenly in the back seat of the car while they were in a lonely, uninhabited part of the country, and he had to drive for many miles until he could reach the nearest telephone.

Knowing this, he took his mother's body and placed it in the trunk, because his wife and children were terrified at the thought of driving with a dead person in the back seat right behind them.

The story told him the man went in to telephone the nearest officials when he reached the nearest service station, and his family fled from the car in near panic. When the man went back to his car, it was gone. It had been stolen, and many months

later he still had not heard anything about it. That was the story I told in my column of almost a year ago.

This evening Mrs. Matheson and I were visiting Bruce MacDonald, formerly of Glen William, and his wife, the former Florence Paul of Brookfield, and they told us the body has since been found. That's all I know about it now, but I'll let you know the details when I am able to get them. My only additional comment now is the same as it was a year ago:

"Imagine the car thief's horror when he opened the lid of the trunk."

### Policeman's Difficulties Discussed

I TALKED yesterday to a veteran Halifax policeman about something called courtesy, and what a difference it makes when it's missing. If you read this, Junior MacLeod, the man's a friend of yours, and I'll tell you his name when I see you.

A veteran of 23 years on the force, and an experienced policeman who has long since learned to control his temper, and how to deal with almost all kinds of situations, he had a most unusually rough time a few hours previously with a leading Halifax citizen who resented being told where he couldn't go with his car. The fair has regulations stating where certain cars can go, and others can't, so the policeman was only doing his duty.

There's a coveted spot near the Forum - I'm able to use it this year because the fair management gave me an "official" sticker for my windshield. But this man had no such permission. The Fair management is most helpful.

"THE MAN gave me such a bad time of it" says the policeman; "he needled me so much that I kept my temper with the greatest difficulty. Finally, I told him if you persist, I'll place you under arrest, and you'll have time to think it over," the policeman told me. That, apparently, ended the unpleasant discussion.

A half hour later, another car approached the policeman. It didn't have any sticker either, but a pleasant looking lady said "Please, can we go up there with our car (the climb is steep), my husband has a very bad heart and I'm afraid to have him climb it."

The veteran policeman said "Certainly lady, go right ahead," as he recognized the unusual human need.

"Courtesy is something which I have found nothing else but since I came here last year for the first time to the Atlantic Winter Fair. And that goes for everyone on the ground, including you and your fellow policemen" I told your friend, Junior.

Quick as a flash the policeman replied: "Don't forget, sir, that you are giving courtesy yourself too."

WE PARTED with a friendly smile, myself a little embarrassed with his kind remark, but both of us felt happier, I am sure, for our brief exchange of views.

Many of those public servants have a most difficult job to do, particularly policemen. Some of them get the devil at times, and it's so easy to criticize. But my own experience has been that in general policemen are about the kindest, and the most big hearted people I have ever known. Sometime I hope to tell you about a few of those experiences in this column.

And I keep remembering what several of the Halifax men told me. “If people would remember that we’re only human, that it is tough for us too, to keep our tempers when we’re needed, and we often are.”