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MMMMM LOOK AT THOSE CHICKENS! Ross Proctor, Harold Pressey, and George Hume are shown turning over one of the six trays of half-chickens in the barbecue pit at the chicken barbecue of the Halton Community Centre Parks Board. Although the rain dampened

the affair slightly, about 100 people sat down to the delightful meal prepared by the women of the district. Shown in the background of the picture are a few of those who were present for the barbecue. Tables at centre left are set for the crowds soon to come

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Reporter and Camera Date at Barbecue

Mother Nature did her best to spoil the plans made by the Halton Community Centre Parks Board for their chicken barbecue on Wednesday, September 14 at the Lowville Community Centre.

In preparation for the event, which included the chicken barbecue over an open pit, a moose-in dance in the park and a bingo, the board had ordered 200 chickens, enough to feed a crowd of 400, had set up their tables for the bingo and the

All in all, the event came off well and had marked off with snow fence the spot for the dances.

But at the last minute, Mother Nature stepped in with a shower of rain, not enough to dampen the spirits of the 40 guests who sat down for the first serving, but just enough to drive those who were on time for the second serving, around 7 p.m. under the trees, to eat their chicken dunked in a mixture of coffee and rain water.

as well as could be expected under the unsatisfactory conditions. The Board didn't lose any money, the dance and the bingo were held on Saturday night, and the 100 who sat down for a chicken meal got just what they wanted — a half a chicken, barbecued over a glowing charcoal fire, with salads, potato chips, pickles, donuts, coffee and all the trimmings.

The chickens were done over a charcoal fire inside a cement block pit. The half-chickens, were laid out on gridded trays, and turned every so often to insure even heat on both sides of the chicken. They were barbecued by Ross Proctor and Harold Pressey, representatives of Purina Feeds, Mr. Auckland, of the Lowville general store, assisted them.

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See Fall Vote On Natural Gas

A vote in Georgetown on a franchise for Halton Natural Gas Co. Ltd. is almost certain this fall, the Georgetown Herald reports.

Application of the company for such a franchise has been approved after a recent hearing before the Ontario Fuel Board which followed two readings of a Georgetown by-law which will authorize the mayor and clerk to sign an agreement with the company.

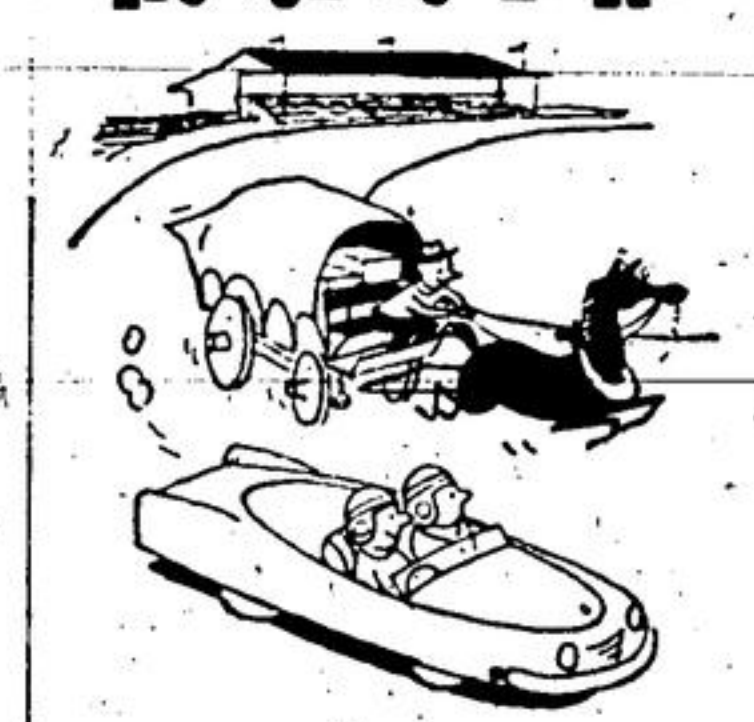
If a third reading of the by-law passes and it becomes law, another hearing will be held before the Fuel Board when the company will reveal its rates and provide all pertinent data.

A vote of ratepayers, for which the company will pay all expenses, will then be held, as assent of ratepayers, must be obtained before the company can operate in town.

Mayor Armstrong said he believed that if gas is available it might be an incentive to certain industries locating there.

The reason he had stressed the vote was that there would be certain inconveniences when pipe lines were being laid. The company, he feels, would have to make a publicity campaign to acquaint the public with all facts before the vote.

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Chronicles of Ginger Farm
Written Specially for the Acton Free Press by Gwendoline F. Clarke

Lovely, beautiful weather... just right for local fall fairs and other end of season activities. How nice it would be if one could visit all the small fairs that are held from now, to the end of October. Perhaps some people might say—"Why bother—one fair is much like another." With that I don't agree. True, every fair has more or less the same classes for competition and exhibits. There are cattle, pigs, poultry and horses; baking, sewing and fancy-work; trotting races and the midway.

But yet there is an individuality about each fair that makes it a little different from any other. And of course each fair draws its main crowd from a different locality besides the regular attendants who make a practice of visiting each fair within easy driving distance.

Well, there was a show last Saturday that Partner and I would like to have gone to but we just couldn't as we had visitors that afternoon. However, we did have one good treat over the week-end—by putting in an appearance at the Military Massed Band Concert at the Exhibition Grandstand Sunday night. We all went — Dee and Art, Bob and Joy—yes, and even Dave. Bob drove us down and brought us back home.

This is the eighth consecutive year the Massed Band Concert has been held. Partner and I have always wanted to go but other years it did not seem worth the effort because there were always so many chores to do before we could get away. This year it is very different.

What is there about Service bands that makes such a strong appeal to the imagination? How could anyone listen to the skirl of the bagpipes; watch the rhythmic swing of the kilts of the Scottish regiments and remain unmoved? Other bands too—bugle, trumpet and massed brass bands — all had a special appeal. Without a doubt military music is the best recruiting agent that ever existed.

One selection played last night by the Trumpet Bands was "Unto the Hills." It was beautiful. I would have been quite happy had they played it over and over again. And then just before the "Last Post" the massed Military and Brass Bands played "Abide With Me" with a white cross mounted at the back of the platform was shown up in relief by the beam of a mauve-tinted spotlight. Simultaneously the Union Jack was lowered from the flag staff. It must have been a grand but sorrowful moment for those who had lost a husband, sons, brothers or sweetheart in either of the two World Wars.

We had wonderful seats half way up the grandstand. From that vantage you wouldn't think it possible to recognize any one person. But we did. As the Massed Pipe Band marched to the front of the Grandstand Partner exclaimed — "Look, isn't that Finlay out front?" Sure enough, it was one of our neighborhood boys from over on the next concession, who belongs to the Lorne Scots Regiment. We knew him by his bearing and since he was one of the Drum Majors, he was easy enough to spot—especially as I believe he is over six feet in height.

Well, it was a most enjoyable evening, even for Dave. For at least half of the programme he was all eyes and ears, listening entranced to the music—and when everyone else clapped, he clapped, too. Eventually the bandman was all-powerful and Dave stretched out full length across his mother's and daddy's knees and went to sleep as peacefully as if he were at home in his cot.

But when we got to Dee's place he was wide awake again and joined our midnight snack party. Our joints were never allowed such privileges, but present-day children seem to get away with it, without apparently suffering any adverse consequences. I don't know how they do it.

It is ridiculously warm again today—the "probe" here for 85—and it was 90 yesterday. But you can't fool the birds. They know that the fall season is just around the corner. This morning there were four bluejays in the apple tree just outside our bedroom window. We have hardly seen or heard one since summer. And then I looked at the hydro wires down the lane. They were black for quite a distance because of the large number of starlings perched there. When it gets to near sundown I notice other birds congregate in large numbers before going to roost—a sure sign that fall is in the air.

Another sign is well-filled fruit shelves in the basement. So help me, I don't want to see another pear for quite awhile! Why they have to ripen a few at a time I'll never know. I had a bushel of Bartlett's—and I was doing pears every day for a week. Oh well, I expect they will taste pretty good when the time comes to eat them—and after all that is the main thing.

No Action Taken On Palermo School

Commenting on complaints as to the condition of the new Palermo school, Trafalgar P. S. board chairman E. J. James stated that no action would be taken by the board until the contractor had finished his work. The board did not discuss the situation during the meeting.

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