

Those Memorable Words...

A Shot of Elixir...

Taking pot shots at the antiquity of county government seems to be a favorite sport these days for those who consider it not-new-enough to have value. The more lately-popular theme is all about regional government.

Frankly we fail to see the difference between the more recent term regional government and the older term county government. We see no value in destroying one to create another in an only slightly different guise with slightly varied powers.

Because of this we hope the recent suggestion of Halton Warden Herb Merry, to call a meeting of all Halton municipal officials, can be carried off. Main subject of any speaker would be the role of county government and it might surprise us all to hear an expert well backgrounded on the subject, explain just what a county is and how it can operate.

The warden's suggestion, last Tuesday, that Halton form itself into a metro-type community

to buffet off the advancing encroachments of Toronto and Hamilton is not a new thesis but is an increasingly popular one. Halton has tremendous contrasts within its boundaries but it is compact enough, and its county government has advanced sufficiently, that it could be a strong area.

There are many factors, however, that will effect change in the not-too-distant future. One major change could be in the readjustment of electoral districts. Halton has been one electoral district for years and this has contributed a unifying factor. The shake-up that is due could lump parts of Halton with parts of other municipalities to remove that common bond.

We hope Warden Herb Merry can administer a dose of elixir for county government-in his visits to the various council meetings, in convening a meeting of all Halton representatives and in his conduct of Halton business. It's time there was a little more discussion on the value of county government in its role of regional development, rather than abandoning it because it's been around for awhile.

RECOMMENDED: Further study of the proposed changes in county government should be given by the county council.

Sugar and Spice...

BY BILL BAILEY

With his usual superb sense of timing, Winston Churchill chose to die during a rather dull winter period when it was possible to attract the attention of the entire world without fear of anyone stealing the scene from him.

It was time to go. There is nothing more pitiful than a great man reduced to dotage and senility. He was spared this.

Despite the avalanche of anecdotes and eulogies and reprints of his speeches, I don't think there was any real heartbreak or grief that accompanied the death of President Kennedy.

It was more of a nostalgic sadness, a sense of the loss of an institution. One can imagine the English feeling like this when Queen Victoria died, after 60 odd years on the throne.

Quite a man was Sir Winston. And just that. Not a superman, but a man.

And that was why he was able to seize and shake and straighten the hearts of the free world, with his courage and his tears, his defiance and his prayers, during those days when Europe, and the world, were threatened with "a thousand years of darkness."

Most of us have several elements in our character. Churchill was a kaleidoscope of the colors of life. He was reactionary and reformer; he was earthy realist

at times,

a poet; he was dream realist and doer; he was selfish and selfless; he was arrogant and humble; he was part pirate, part prophet, part imperialist, and part imp. He was ruthless, but he wept easily. He was a hundred other things, but was contradic-

tory. It was 19 when the "phony war" ended, and the German legions smashed through Belgium, and life suddenly became very real. And I shall never forget the thrill, the sense of hope and of resolution, that surged through us when the lion's roar rasped over the Atlantic on the airwaves. "We shall never surrender." It's difficult to realize that he was 65 then, an age when most men are retiring from life and the struggle.

I saw the old fire-eater once, and was almost trampled to death in the process. It was on an air strip in Normandy, in the summer of 1944, a few weeks after the invasion.

We were drawn up in parades in the dust and heat, officers in front, other ranks in the rear, and we stood there, muttering curses, for half an hour.

Suddenly a little two-seater coast plane popped over the horizon and squatted 60 feet in front of us. The pilot climbed out. We could see his air vice marshal's stripes and grumbled our disgust for all brass. Then the back cockpit opened and a vast, cherubic visage, with a cigar in it, beamed at us.

He came out of the thing like

an angel.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

I do not like to talk with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo for a little while, but soon one tires of it. A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things. — Carlyle.

This Sunday's

Church Calendar

EVANGEL BAPTIST CHURCH

Pastor: Alan G. Sylvester, B.Th.
Phone 853-2955
Y.M.C.A.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1965

9:45 a.m.—The Family Bible School classes for all ages.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Worship.

7:00 p.m.—Evening Service.

Wednesday evening—Cottage Prayer Meeting.

Everyone welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

KNOX CHURCH, ACTON
Rev. Andrew H. McKenzie,
B.A., B.D. Minister

Mr. E. A. Hansen, B.A.

Organist and Choir Master

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1965
9:45 a.m.—Church School.

9:45 a.m.—Church Membership Class for Young People (Session 1).

10:00 a.m.—Minister's Tea - Age Bible Class.

11:00 a.m.—Public Worship of God. Sermon theme, "The Faith That Transforms" (Fifth in series: "From Doubt Into Faith").

Nursery for babies and toddlers during service.

7:30 p.m.—Adult Study Group.

8:00 p.m.—Church School staff conference.

Everyone Most Welcome.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR ANGLICAN

Corner Willow and St. Albans
Drive
Rector:

The Rev. D. H. West, B.A., L.S.T.

165 Jeffrey Ave., Phone 853-2694

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1965

The 5th Sunday after Epiphany

9:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist.

10:30 a.m.—Church School.

10:30 a.m.—Choral Eucharist and Sermon.

2:30 to 9:30 p.m. at Fergus—Deanery Church School Teachers' Conference.

BETH-EL CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH

Acton, Ontario
Rev. Wiebe Van Dijk
Phone 853-1585

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1965

10:00 a.m.—English Service.

2:30 p.m.—Dutch Service.

3:45 p.m.—Sunday School.

TRINITY CHURCH

The United Church of Canada
The Rev. Dwight I. Engel,
B.A., B.D. —
Organist:

Mr. George Elliott, M.A., Ph.D.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1965

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

9:30 a.m.—Grade 5 and higher.

11:15 a.m.—4 years to Grade 4.

DIVINE SERVICES

9:30 and 11:00 a.m.—Christ Ambassadors.

7:30 p.m.—Young People meet.

Everyone Most Welcome.

A Shot of Elixir...

Those Memorable Words...

1938 appeasement policy by which Czechoslovakia was sacrificed to Hitler.)

"We shall fight him [Hitler] by land, we shall fight him by sea, we shall fight him in the air until, with God's help, we have rid the earth of his shadow and liberated his peoples from the Butcher will be remembered particularly for his own great words that stirred the allies during the greatest conflict. In his memory and toward this objective we reprint some of his particularly telling phrases which in themselves, are a tribute to his ability and contribution.

"We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender."

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." (Tribute to the RAF during blitz.)

"We are fighting by ourselves alone, but we are not fighting for ourselves alone." (After the fall of France.)

"Let there be sunshine on both sides of the Iron Curtain" — and if ever the sunshine becomes another matter." (When asked if he had equal on both sides, the curtain will be no more.)

"The idea that safety can be purchased by throwing a small state to the wolves is a fatal delusion. German war power will grow faster than the French and British can complete their preparations for defense." (A protest against the

Patience and perseverance must never be forgotten when the peace of the world is at stake."

"Our total complement of fifteen pilots was almost wiped out when the rear ranks surged through, around and over us, to cluster within touching distance of the old war house."

"Then he waved, an embracing wave that said "Come on in closer." Our total complement of fifteen pilots was almost wiped out when the rear ranks surged through, around and over us, to cluster within touching distance of the old war house."

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He came out of the thing like an angel.

We shall not see his like again.

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And human he was! My favorite story is the one involving Lady Astor, the hard-nosed, astongued old aristocrat. She became enraged during an argument with Churchill, and fired what she thought was the parting shot, "If you were my husband, I'd poison your coffee." To which the great man replied promptly and politely, "Madame, if you were my wife, I'd drink it."

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