

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

News of Georgetown, Norval, Glen Williams, Limphouse, Stewartown, Ballinacraig and Terra Ceia.

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WALTER O. BEEHN, Publisher. Staff—Garfield L. McGilvray, Leslie Clark, Reginald Broomhead

The Editor's Corner

SECOND THOUGHT

The Provincial Government has wisely reconsidered its original plan of delaying all school openings this fall, to provide farm help for the harvest.

In Halton County, Burlington has already announced that schools will open, as usual, on September 3rd, and Brampton will also follow this procedure.

Public and High School students who are capable of working on farms will be allowed a leave of absence in both these towns, and special instruction will be available for them when they return to school.

A NEW POSTMASTER

A new postmaster has at last been appointed for the Georgetown Post Office. We have no doubts that Col. Cousens will do a good job, and we wish him well at it.

If factors other than the standing in a written examination are to be taken into account when making such appointments, candidates should be made fully aware of this.

We should like to think that representations to Mr. Hughes Cleaver, M.P. were responsible for changing the appointment. If this is so, we should in future have little regard for the Civil Service Commission, which is supposedly a non-political body.

DIRTY STREETS

We wish that people would be more careful about throwing rubbish on the streets of Georgetown. Last week Main Street and Mill Street, particularly from the hotel corner down to the post office were an absolute litter of old papers.

THE TWO-YEAR COUNCIL TERM

Many of our exchanges are reminding their readers that the number of municipalities will hold a plebiscite some time before the general elections to give the electors the right to decide whether the council elected for 1941 shall remain in office for two years or not.

OUR WEEKLY POEM

THE OLD TIN CUP

How I'd like to go back to the old village school, Where we studied our lessons so hard, And have one good drink from that tarnished tin cup That was chained to the pump in the yard.

—RALPH GORDON.

The new Queen Elizabeth highway between Burlington and Niagara Falls will be officially opened on Aug. 24th.

IN OUR MAIL BAG

Osbourg, Aug. 14, 1940.

Editor Georgetown Herald.

Dear Sir: McMaster, of the "Quinte Sun," sent me a sheet that shied and run; it was the Georgetown Herald; though long ago I said to Sam, "Don't send a thing to where I am, would surely be imperiled."

McMaster said you made a fuss 'bout stuff that drained from Grouchy Gus, 'twas in the editorial, although he did not put me wise, nor did he tell the gist and guise or ethics of the moral. It sorta put me in a pet to know the spots where I am wet, and so I scrawl this letter, and if you'll peek about and find another sheet to ease my mind, I'll be your lifelong debtor.

The date of it I do not know, but must of been some weeks ago, and hope you'll recollect it, and, if you're not yet in a rage, you'll see below upon the page the method to direct it. For in the town, which I call home, the papers do not care to roan and letters never caper; and, if you find it, you can bet that I'll be tickled pink to get that copy of the paper.

The place I am I don't live at, though here I moody hang my hat, yet still I'm only tentin' so on the wrapper you can find Post Office box three ninety-six, for E. A. Baker, Trenton.

GROUCHY.

"Grouchy" was the author of the poem we quoted a few weeks ago when urging a clean-up of our streets. Apparently he is still in a poetic mood.

DEPENDABILITY

Strange how a dependable man is always found in a dependable position.

Col. Brown Urges All Who Can to Attend University

See Sherriage of Technicians and Scientists in Future Years — Military Training will be Compulsory for All Students.

The following by Walter James Brown of the University of Western Ontario, London, is well worth a perusal by young people thinking of taking the University course. Many Canadian young men are facing the future with a good deal of perplexity. The war situation has developed in such a way that no one can tell what the future may bring.

(a) With the closing of most of the universities in Europe and the prolongation of the war there is bound to be a serious shortage of men and technically trained men in all parts of the world. It is believed that when the war is over Canada and the United States will be drawn up to an extraordinary degree for qualified leaders in all branches of science.

(b) The number of Canadian young men who are seeking a higher education is too small. The total college and university population of Canada has been almost stationary for years. Nearly 3 per cent of the young people growing up in Canada today become graduates of colleges or universities.

(c) With the awakening of Canada to its responsibilities not only for its own safety, but for the safety of the British Empire and of civilization itself there has come to our young people a more impressive sense of the responsibility of citizenship. There is indifference to individual characteristics. As the war progresses it will be found necessary to classify people according to what contribution they individually are able to make to the safety and progress of the State.

(d) The problem before the average secondary school graduate is—"What am I going to do with my life? I must of necessity have a definite career, and times in which we live are too serious for any other decision. If I am to make the most of my life how can I get the training which will fit me for whatever the future has in store for me?"

This autumn all young men no matter what their ages may be who attend the universities and colleges of this country will receive military training as a part of their course. It is believed that those who have attained the age that may be called the colours age and are given the opportunity to complete their courses in the university and take their degrees. They also will receive military training of perhaps a higher grade than the freshmen or the juniors in the university.

Every young man and young woman who has his or her matriculation should plan to attend a university or college if at all possible especially in view of the war conditions that prevail. While the authorities cannot say so in so many words, because it may appear that partially to be shown, it is quite evident that the country's needs are paramount and scientifically trained men and women are worth more to the community than people of any other group. It is the hope of the thinking and patriotic people that the universities will be crowded with students at the opening of the autumn term.

In this scientific and mechanical age the man or woman who would qualify for leadership must be well trained. The minimum standard of education for a high place in one of the great professions, in one of the great business organizations, or in public life is a bachelor's degree. When the present hostilities cease thousands of trained men will be required for reconstruction purposes.

The leader in any group, the man who would serve his country efficiently must be a trained student, trained to observe, to read and to think. A college or university offers this training in the quickest way and at the smallest cost.

GUELPH MUSICIAN CELEBRATES 51st BIRTHDAY

Professor Charles Kelly, of Guelph, celebrated his 51st birthday on Thursday, August 15th. Professor Kelly is in excellent health, and takes a keen interest in city affairs. For twenty-five years he was leader of Knox Presbyterian Church in Guelph, and he numbers among his pupils Miss June Frank, who is organist at Knox Presbyterian Church, Georgetown.

A family picnic was held in Professor Kelly's honour, three generations of his family assembling in Riverside Park. Twice married, he has six children, including Miss Hatie R. Kelly, who is herself a distinguished musician. Others in the family are Charles, Vernon; George, Frederick; Mrs. Margaret; Harry, Guelph and Madeline, Guelph.

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGETOWN

We continue from our issue of last week. Reminiscences of Georgetown, by C. W. Young, a native son, and written for this paper in 1920.

THE GEORGETOWN VOLUNTEERS

All Canada was worked up in 1861, over the possibilities of war between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair, which arose out of the taking of two envoys of the Confederate Government by an American man of war from a British steamer "Trent" on their way to Europe. The volunteer movement took like wildfire, and companies of militia were formed in Georgetown, as in every Canadian centre of population.

Long before the Trent affair the 100th Royal Canadian Rifles were recruited for Imperial service, and I remember perfectly the recruiting sergeant's visit to Georgetown with a drummer and fifer, also in uniform, who enlisted several men in the village, and after slipping the Queen's shilling into their hands, as was the custom, pinned a cockade in their hats.

LOTS OF PONDS The boys learned to swim, the big fellows threw them into the pond and made them struggle out. When they could swim across the gates, this was in the Barber pond near the old wooler mill; their aquatic education was accomplished.

There were no less than four ponds within the corporate limits, one at the Dayroot tannery, which was on both sides of the Grand Trunk track, passing through a culvert, the Barber pond below, and two close together feeding the Travis mill. The old highway as was called, on the main highway to Toronto, was of logs, and had rotted away when I first remember it, and was replaced by a new frame structure which was considered a long stride forward.

Before my time these ponds were all full of trout, but when I knew them a trout was a rarity, chicks and suckers (finding conditions that suited them better than they did the speckled beauties).

FISH IN PLENTY

It is hard for anyone nowadays to realize how plentiful fish were half a century or more ago. My father has told me that before the dams were built to impede their passage, sea salmon swarmed up the Credit and all the streams falling into Lake Ontario, and that in the spawning season they were packed so thick in the Credit that if they had not moved one could have walked on their backs dry-shod. Working men stipulated that they should not have salmon more than once a week, and they despised trout even more. I remember in 1874 visiting Newcastle, near Bowmanville, at the invitation of Samuel Wilmot, who was the first man in Canada to construct a fish hatchery, and seeing about 40 sea salmon which had been spawned in a pond. It was not safe to turn them into the creek and then they would have been killed by the neighbouring farmers, who hadn't much sympathy with Mr. Wilmot's experiments so they were driven into deep water by Mr. Wilmot's men. I think 1875 was the last year the salmon came up to the hatchery, which however was devoted to the hatching of other fish. There were numerous branches of the Credit creek all well stocked with trout, and there being no limit in those days everyone caught as many as their fancy dictated.

Long's pond, which was a crystal spring that flowed into the Credit, was known as Long's pond, a small sheet of water an acre or so in extent, and there was seldom a day in the season when a nice mess of trout could not be taken in a short time. The boy's used worms for bait altogether, but Hugh McKay gave me my first lesson in the gentle art of fly fishing, and we looked on in wonder at the skill he displayed in fishing without bait. Long's pond emptied into another which passed under the main street, and many a big fellow do I remember hauling out in the early morning before the traffic had scared the shy beauties.

Within the past dozen years I remember visiting Long's pond for old time's sake, and on that pleasant summer evening saw the trout jumping as they used to long before, and in the lower pond was Mr. Leason deftly sweeping the water with his fly tackle, and still getting fish.

SPRING CREEK

Half way to Stewarttown a crystal-clear little brook made its way from the deep woods at the foot of a lofty hill.

It chattered, chattered, as it flowed. To join the flowing river, beneath dense thickets of alders, and again through flat meadows, but never failing to yield a good mess of rainbow trout to the careful angler. Spring Creek it was called, and no doubt still retains its name, if it has survived the clearing away of the trees. From its source till it was lost in the Credit could not have been a couple of miles, but it was a pure delight to ramble along its clear, winding way to the sea. There were many gravel reaches where the trout used to spawn, and as there were no game laws in those days we thought it was no sin to creep

quietly up to the spawning beds and yank the big fellows out with naked hook, or even shoot them sometimes. Bringing home a mixed bag, in which might be also one or two wild pigeons and black squirrels, a partridge or two and possibly a brace of woodcock, for we knew the haunts of these shy creatures and had no scruples about killing them when and how we could find them.

Game and fish were equally plenty within a few hundred yards of the old home. We discovered several partridge nests, and watched them during the early summer till the chicks were hatched and fully fledged. We had a little brown spaniel, Trusty by name and nature, trained as a bird dog, which we took into the woods when the time came. He would flush the coveys and when they had lit in a tree, keep yapping. The birds would be entirely engrossed with the dog, and by shooting the lowest first, one could sometimes get the whole covey.

WILD PIGEONS

Wild pigeons remained fairly plentiful as long as I knew Georgetown, and it was seldom necessary to go far to shoot 'em many as one cared to carry home. The picnic ground down the eight line, a short distance from the village, was a favorite resort for these beautiful birds. This place was also a favored resort for black squirrels.

Somewhere in the vicinity was the pigeon rookery, and at the nesting season many birds were killed. One of these rookeries was up the seventh line, and there were farmers who made a good living netting the birds. The net was suspended from trees, and inside, a live pigeon was placed upon a perch. Its eyes were sewed up and as it fluttered the wild birds were attracted, and when a sufficient number had come under, the net cords were pulled. Big boxes full of live birds were brought into the village, some being sold for eating and some for trap shooting, many were salted and smoked for winter use.

(Continued next week)

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