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If you're feeling "low"
Some Saturday night

There's a place you can go
That will set you right;

There's no place for gloom
In the Arena Rose Room
You'll forget your cares

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MODERN AND OLD TYME DANCING

Admission: 50c

You'll Enjoy
Going by Bus



LEAVE GEORGETOWN
STANDARD TIME

To TORONTO		To LONDON	
a 6.49 a.m.	5.04 p.m.	10.20 a.m.	7.15 p.m.
b 8.04 a.m.	6.44 p.m.	x 11.25 a.m.	b 8.20 p.m.
9.34 a.m.	9.24 p.m.	2.35 p.m.	xa 9.05 p.m.
12.09 p.m.	b 11.29 p.m.	y 4.55 p.m.	x 11.10 p.m.
2.24 p.m.			

x — To Kitchener only
a — except Sun. and Hol.

y — to Stratford only
b — Sun. and Hol.

BUS CONNECTIONS AT TORONTO FOR
NORTH BAY — MONTREAL — OTTAWA
DETROIT — AT LONDON FOR —
CHICAGO — LOS ANGELES

FARES ARE LOW

Round Trip — Tax Included			
TORONTO	\$ 1.35	CHICAGO	\$19.95
MONTREAL	\$17.05	LOS ANGELES	\$88.30
DETROIT	\$11.45	NORTH BAY	\$14.20

TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT

MR. L. McCLINTOCK — PHONE 89

Terra Cotta Re-discovered

The road curved gracefully down into the valley, sauntered along the left bank of the Credit River and leaped the stream on a handsome concrete bridge. On the right bank, it got down to business, and ran right along to the general store. There it paused, for the store is the centre of Terra Cotta. It houses the post office, the only source of groceries, rubber boots, meat, within five miles, and the big iron stove around which the villagers exchange views and news.

Seventy years ago, they went down to the river and caught salmon for supper. The place was called Salmonville, for that matter, whether because of the salmon-colored clay, nobody remembers. The village became Terra Cotta, finally from its brick clay. Two brick works employed the villagers. Now the works are gone and so are the workers. Instead, here and there, summer cabins hide among the trees. Terra Cotta has been re-discovered.

Thirty years ago, Barbara Smith kept the white-painted general store, impatient of the children who pored over the case of penny candies.

Up on the hill the Icam family had a tiny stock of groceries in a box-like frame house. Folks said Mrs. Icam could never compete with Barbara Smith, even if her husband was working in the brickyard.

Today, Leslie Icam has the store, and it is the only one in the village. Norman Icam is the postmaster, combining that honourable position with work as foreman of a Brampton brickyard. The Icams keep the big stove glowing, have chairs around it for visitors.

Charlie McNa'ly, the mail route driver, sits behind the stove and proclaims the virtues of his 1930 coach. "Can't get over our roads with one of these new cars," he insists. He puts in 32 miles a day, north, east and south of the village, come snow, come rain. The roads, he admits, are better than they used to be. In the First Great War farmers drove to Terra Cotta through mud to the hubs of their wagons, to ship the milk to Toronto. Trucks pick it up now.

The railway runs between the two clay pits of the brick works. Only the pits remain; the buildings have been torn down, their bricks salvaged for use in expanding communities. But the quarries are still worked. Stone from them went into the buildings in Queen's Park. Villagers still work in the quarries.

Up on the hill, the little meeting house stands empty in the winter. In summer, a missionary holds Sunday School. Otherwise, the devout follow the winding road to Union Presbyterian Church, two miles away, or further to Glen Williams and St. Alban's Church of England. The Icam store is, really, most of the village. Even the school is a mile and a half away, down the Fifth line of Chinguacousy.

Through the past war, the village lay dormant. There was no call for stone from the quarries. The men went to work in the war plants. The big, solid brick house that had been home to the manager of the brick works sold, with its 11 acres of land for \$800.

Then the war over, city folks began coming to the banks of the Credit. The house that sold for \$800 was sought for \$8,000, and the offer was refused. Leslie Icam sold more groceries to the cottagers, offered small services that held their custom.

Around the stove through the winter the villagers discuss real estate. Three acres up on the mountain, the rolling clay and limestone ridge to the north, are offered now at \$300. Really, there isn't much for the summer guest in Terra Cotta. The river's too shallow for swimming or boating, the fish have long been gone.

But older people find something peaceful and solid about the straight piece of valley and its rounded hills. The villagers speak slowly with their Scots or North of Ireland drawl, and sometimes it's hard to know if they are poking a bit of fun at the softies from the city. But it is, in the main, a friendly village, knowing but tactful. There is a place for any man of good-will on the bench back of the stove warming the Icam store.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

A shortage of nurses? Why shouldn't there be a shortage with conditions such as they are?

These people advocating for more nurses—have they ever worked twelve or thirteen hours a day plus studied three or four different subjects and then received only a pinch of bread and butter from their fathers at graduation?

After you work hard all day for a whole year with expenses all your father's, they give you six dollars a

month and in a few hospitals a dollar or two more. That may be fine for the kids fortunate enough to have wealthy parents, but what of the aspiring would-be nurses whose parents have other children to rear? And as the old saying goes are "trying to make both ends meet?"

Can you think of any other condition where you receive less for so much hard work? Slavery was supposedly abolished many years ago but apparently there is still a form of it left.

If the parents with daughters of nursing age, knew what they were letting them in for, I'm sure there would be still fewer nurses, if that is possible and still run a hospital!!!

— One Interested in Humanity

Georgetown, Ont. Feb. 8, 1947
The Editor:
Georgetown Herald.

Dear Sir,
Enclosed is an item clipped from the Voice of the People column in the Toronto Daily Star on Feb. 3, 1947 regarding Provincial Police duties in towns such as Georgetown.
While I am not affiliated in any way with labour organizations, I think that the local Council should answer some of the questions asked in this article as I do not believe that such items are good "advertising" for Georgetown.

S. Lyon

Sir: I see where two more towns, Elora and Georgetown, have agreed to the provincial police taking over the police duties in their towns. What is the motive behind this move? Did it originate in the towns and municipalities, or from the Drew Government? Does the town have complete control of the force or the government? Imagine one of these towns having labour trouble, there would be no waiting for the local commission, etc., to request assistance, the provincial police would be in there away ahead of time. Organized labor should look into this very closely.

A BUS DRIVER

RECORD EGG PRODUCED
BY RUELLE HEN

A Banded Rock hen, owned by A. J. Ruddle has created something of a record in district poultry circles by laying an egg weighing 6 and three-quarter ounces. The egg was 8" in circumference and measured 9 and a quarter inches around from tip to tip.

Patronize Georgetown's
Best

Electrical Shop

- STROMBERG - CARLSON and DeFOREST RADIOS
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Daily delivery on orders 50c and over
Please phone your orders early for fish and chips.

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During 1947 more telephones, more operators will be at your service so that you may continue to have the best telephone service at the lowest cost.

W. O. MISENER, Manager

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The Opening of Georgetown's

Largest Garage

First class repair work to all makes of cars, trucks and tractors.

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Georgetown operators connect 3,778 local calls a day, and get you hear "Number Please?" in less than ten seconds on nine out of ten calls.