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TELEPHONE: Office 332w — Residence 332j

Georgetown Publicized On CHUM Radio Station

On Monday, June 30th, on the 5.30 p.m. news broadcast over radio station CHUM, Toronto, the Dominion Day recognition ceremony in Georgetown Park was publicized. The broadcast was arranged by Jack Thompson, of the CHUM staff, whose father, Archdeacon Thompson, was secretary of the Recognition Committee. Script of the broadcast was as follows;

Nestling among the hills of the most beautiful part of Halton County on Number 7 Highway, is the town of Georgetown. We said the town "nestles." It might rather be said that it "sprawls", with its many miles of streets, running up and down as lovely a selection of hills and valleys as can be found in Southern Ontario. Although Georgetown is highly industrialized, with more than thirty big and little thriving industries, its three thousand inhabitants enjoy the beauties of the most prized residential districts; tree-lined streets, progressive shopping districts, militant churches, good educational facilities, planned recreation, in short, living that is as happy as you'll find it in any small Canadian town.

We mentioned "three thousand" inhabitants.

Well, a little more than one-tenth of them 336 to be exact, served in His Majesty's Armed Forces during the Second World War. They served well and valiantly, a cross-section of Canada's people, and twenty of them didn't return.

Tomorrow night the Town of Georgetown is honouring those 336 men and women or, perhaps it's the other way round. Perhaps the people of Georgetown are expressing the realization of the honour that those men and women did THEM.

For more than a year the townspeople have been working on a plan to show their appreciation of the men and women who thought enough of GEORGETOWN to fight for CANADA and all the other countries and peoples whose ideals and beliefs are similar to ours.

In 1946 the War Service Recognition Committee was formed by Mayor Harold Cleave and has carried on in 1947 under the chairmanship of Mayor Joseph Gibbons who succeeded him. These two gentlemen have been assisted by a devoted committee, with Mr. R. H. Ireland as Treasurer and Archdeacon W. G. O. Thompson, as secretary. The townspeople have contributed funds and have made it possible to show their appreciation to Georgetown's returned men and women in the form of a cheque to each one.

But, while the cheque is a tangible and real sign of appreciation — the accompanying Presentation Certificate, beautifully printed and lettered, is what really expresses sincere thanks and devotion to those citizens who placed the intangibles of love and ideals above the very real personal dangers they faced.

So . . . tomorrow night, Tuesday, July the 1st, at 8.00 o'clock in "The Park" in Georgetown, the faithfulness and valour of those 336 men will be tangibly recognized.

Tomorrow will be a gay day in Georgetown with sports activities in the afternoon, a street carnival and dance in the evening, a Garden Party lights and laughter.

There'll be fun — games and gaiety —but—behind it all—a deep feeling of the most sincere gratitude to those 336 of Georgetown's sons and daughters — twenty of whom didn't come back!

PALERMO JUNIORS

Palermo Junior Institute held their regular June meeting at the home of Lorna Lawrence with Mrs. A. Spencer in the chair. Mrs. K. McLean and Mrs. W. Blanchard gave a demonstration on making Shell ear-rings and also putting them on velvet for hair bands. This was enjoyed by all, after which lunch was served.

Palermo Junior Farmers held their regular meeting, with Mr. A. Spencer in the chair. They enjoyed an interesting talk by Mr. P. Fisher on the "Tennessee Valley Act."

The joint meeting took the form of a contest, conducted by George Atkins, with Betty Burkholder and John Lilycrop winning first prize. Art Spencer and Glen Campbell won the consolation.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Campbell a recently married couple, were presented with a pair of candlesticks.

At this meeting it was reported that there were 48 entries from the Palermo Junior Farmers and Junior Institute at the annual field day held in Milton.

—If you are entering in the E.A.S. Husking Competitions, please do so now as the entry list will be closed this week.

Men, Women! Old at 40, 50, 60! Get Pep

Feel Years Younger, Full of Vim

Don't always blame exhausted, worn-out run-down feeling on your age. Thousands amazed at what a little pepping up with Ostrex will do. Contains tonic often needed after 40 when body is short of iron because lacking iron also supplements of calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin B1. A middle-aged doctor writes: "I took it myself. Results were fine." Get introductory size Ostrex Tonic Tablets today, for only 85c. Why feel old? Try Ostrex to feel peppier, get new vim and feel years younger. This very day. For sale at all drug stores everywhere.

City Wife

By JERRY M. DARRELL

McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

BETTY HAYES watched her husband as he bent over the camp fire, the smoke blinding and strangling him as he cooked. He certainly can take it, she thought, no wonder Tim's made good in the Army. You can't make him holler, "Enough."

Finally he straightened up, holding a frying pan of burned trout, and pridefully set it down on a rock he had converted into a table for their tin plates and cups. But, before he could demand praise for his prowess as an outdoor cook, the coffee boiled heavily, then cracked the topping of grounds and shot up a fragrant geyser of hot coffee.

"I'll pour it," Betty offered.

"Please don't." Tim motioned her to stay where she was. "I do the work this trip. What does a girl who has spent her life in the city know about camping?"

"Well—" began Betty.

"No need to apologize, darling." He smiled as he settled the coffee grounds with a dash of cold water. "A fellow like me, raised on a farm, just naturally knows how to do things. It was because you're ornamental that I fell in love with you."

"I acknowledge I wasn't a camping enthusiast until I met you," Betty smiled fondly, "still, I'm not helpless."

"Listen, sweet, I've dreamed of doing this ever since I met you. Practically the only thing that kept me going when it was tough overseas was dreaming of you and me together on a camping trip."

Betty loved him better than anyone on earth. Her feeling was something more than love for her man; it was strongly tinctured with that maternal quality that causes a woman to treat her husband as if he were a small boy. Bravely she ate the burned fish and half-done biscuits, washed down by perfect coffee. When she wanted a third cup his eyes lighted and he asked, "You're happy, aren't you, Betty?"

"Of course, I'd be happy anywhere with you."

Tim frowned. "That's not what I mean, dear. You really like this sort of thing, don't you? You know I promised I'd show you a way of life a city girl never dreamed of."

"Yes, dear, and I love it," Betty smiled, then added, "bet you were a boy scout as a youngster."

"No." Tim spoke regretfully. "There were no scout troops where I lived."

"But you roughed it a lot?"

"You bet. All of us, Mom and Dad and the kids. You'll love my folks. Glad they're joining us. Want them to see you in the open, know that I've met the type of girl they'll love."

Betty blew Tim a kiss. He was sweet. She was fortunate to have married him, though she had known him only a few weeks. She would never forget their brief but marvelous three-day honeymoon. She knew she would like his people, for their letters had been so friendly. She was dubious about their joining them here. Still, if Tim was sure they would not mind burned fish, ants in the margarine and raw biscuits, she needn't worry.

The day before his family was to arrive Tim stepped off a log and sprained his ankle. Tenderly Betty helped him into camp and bound it up. Amazed at her skill he said, "You must have taken a Red Cross course while I was gone."

"Everybody knows first aid," she smiled, "feel better?"

"Mush, but I'll be helpless for several days. We'll have to stay here because I can't walk to where the car is parked. What really worries me is how you'll manage to have everything ready for dinner tomorrow when the folks hike in hungry and tired."

"I'm good at taking orders," she answered lightly. "In the morning we'll make you comfortable on the lake shore and you can fish while I get things in order."

Next day Tim made miles of anxious suggestions. Betty accepted them smilingly, then ignored them. Toward evening she helped him into the cool water for a swim, which relieved the pain in his ankle.

Just as he finished dressing, halloos came from the ridge above. Soon Betty was presented to a crowd of pleasant men and women whose eyes gleamed merrily in sympathy as they greeted her. "Everyone ready to eat?" she asked.

"And how!" grinned Tim's brother. "What is there?"

"Now don't be critical of Betty," broke in Tim. "If I hadn't hurt my ankle I'd have prepared supper—"

"Bill," interrupted Betty "the beans are in the ground over there, please get them."

Soon dinner was spread before them: Pothole beans done to a turn, lake trout cooked perfectly in damp leaves, salad of miner's lettuce, fluffy biscuits, wild blackberries and coffee.

Betty was aware of Tim's wondering glance. At last he could stand it no longer. "How come that a girl reared in the city knows more about camping than I, an old-timer?" he demanded.

"Darling," said Betty, "your mother wrote me you were a camping fiend, so a friend of mine, who is a Camp Fire Girl counselor, took me in hand while you were away."

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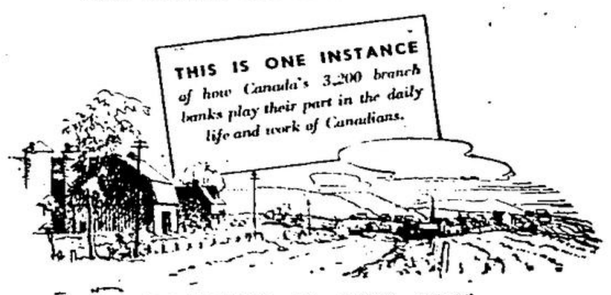

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