

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

serving the communities of
 GEORGETOWN, GLEN WILLIAMS, NOVAL LIMHOUSE,
 HORNBY, STEWARTTOWN, ASHGROVE, BALLINAFAD
 TERRA COTTA

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The Editor's Corner

GOOD SPORT?

A reader has submitted an item which he wrote concerning fishing out of season, which seems to fit into the editorial classification. While the editor does not pretend to be a fisherman himself, he can sympathize with the thoughts expressed in the following:
 "Fishing is considered one of the finest sports in the world. True fishermen, from Isaac Walton down, have made their mark on the outlook and philosophy of men. It is disturbing, then, to find 'sportsmen' who will not abide by rules formulated by fellow fishermen for the conservation of game fish. We do not mean to criticize too severely the small boy with a bent pin or perhaps a one cent hook who in his enthusiasm anticipates the trout season. Rather, let us look at the expert fisherman with equipment, knowledge and experience, who is not satisfied to abide by the law.
 Most of us wait until the season opens. Can the fellow who beats the deadline be considered a good sport?"

POT POURRI

A new house is being constructed by Howard Kentner on a lot on Emery Street near the station. . . . Extensive grading and graveling is being done on the town roads by town and county equipment to put them in good shape for the summer. . . . The landscape on the S. W. Orr property along Maple Avenue is having a real face-lifting. Mr. Orr has had bulldozing equipment on the property for several weeks and his subdivision, which will contain several choice building lots, is beginning to take shape. . . . Ken McMillan tells this as a true story: One evening he phoned referee Pat Patterson in Toronto and got no answer. The next morning he called again and asked the lady who answered if Pat was there. Pat was, and came to the phone. "Where were you last night?", says Ken. "I was up at Archie Kerr's in Acton?" was the reply. "What did you say?" "In Acton, at Archie Kerr's." Ken: "Say, who am I talking to?" "Buck's Butcher Shop." No doubt Pat Vance is still wondering who the nose person is who wanted to know where he spent his evening. . . . We hear that a novelty feature at a recent Saturday night dance was a real hit with the crowd. Jack DeLong of Hamilton performed on a unique instrument — a wash tub, rigged up with one string, and played in a similar manner to a bass viol. The Modern Aires figure on bringing him back again some evening next fall. . . . Just for once the Herald was right last week in the announcement of a future game and picked Friday even before the hockey executive was sure. To those who were mystified about the change in headline, we can explain that half the Herald's are printed Wednesday afternoon and the balance Thursday morning, so a new headline and a few lines of type were added after Wednesday's victory in Bracebridge. . . . Now that hockey is over for another year, baseball will take its place in the sports picture, with lacrosse also being promoted as a new sport in town by recreational director J. L. Self. . . . Acton now has the common battery type of telephone, replacing the old crank system. . . . While the difficulties of coping with the flood of calls asking for hockey scores of out-of-town games can be appreciated, we still think it takes less time to say "Six four for Georgetown" than "Sorry, we are not allowed to give that information". . . . As a service to readers, we print next week a list of new telephone numbers which have been added since the last telephone book was issued. They are arranged so that readers may clip them out and add them to their current phone book.

The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly

(by Robin Wynn)

FLITT SAVES BABY HUMMINGBIRD

Flitt the Butterfly awoke really early this morning, stretched his wings and yawned a very polite butterfly yawn. He pushed back the covers and hopped out of bed as cheery and happy as we all should be on a bright, sunshiny morning. Suddenly there was a bright flash and there stood Mr. Sunbeam as shiny as a new penny.
 "Good morning, Flitt," said Mr. Sunbeam. Will you have breakfast with me?
 It wasn't long before they had breakfast started and the kettle singing on the stove. Even the kettle was happy. They were just sitting down when there was a timid tap, tap, tap at the door.
 "That must be the wind rattling the door," said Flitt.
 But almost right away there was another tapping and along with it Flitt could hear the sound of sobs. In a flash, he opened the door, and there stood the most unhappy, looking Humming Bird you could ever imagine.
 "Come in, come in," said Flitt kindly. "Have some breakfast with us and let us what is the trouble."
 Bravely the tiny bird tried to dry her eyes on her little rose petal handkerchief, while she explained that she and her baby brother were slipping honey from the honeysuckle flowers, when a big, ugly hawk swooped down from the sky and snatched her brother right out of the air. He flew straight off toward the mountain with him. All the Green Forest folk knew that the Hawk had a home in the mountains and that sometimes he snatched tiny birds and animals and kept them in a hole in the rock until he was ready to eat them. No wonder the little Humming Bird was sobbing!

As soon as Flitt got the story straightened out between the sobs of the unhappy bird, he ran to the Spider telephone. In no time, at all he had the Woodpecker family, the Robin family and the Bluejay family on the line. After explaining the trouble to them, he asked them all to meet him at the edge of the Green Forest as quickly as they could possibly get there.
 What a chattering and fluttering of wings there was when Flitt arrived. Everyone was so sorry for the little humming bird, and anxious to know what Flitt was going to do to help him.
 "Come along and I'll explain as I fly," said Flitt. "In that way, we won't waste time. We don't know how long that wicked hawk will keep his prisoner before he decides to eat him." Of course he said these last words in a whisper so that the little humming bird wouldn't hear him.

As soon as the birds heard the plan, they flew so fast that it wasn't long before Flitt was left far behind. Quickly the little Humming Bird darted back to help Flitt.

"Hop aboard and hold really tight," she said. "We'll soon catch up to the rest of the birds." In no time at all they were right back at the front of the others, for humming birds are the fastest flyers of all. As they arrived at the top of the mountain, they could see below them the wicked hawk sitting on a ledge of rock. He was standing guard near a hole in the mountain, with twigs fastened across the opening. They all knew what was in that hole — the Baby Hummingbird who would be almost frightened to death. Every time he would come to the front of his prison, the hawk would slash at him with his long claws, or peck at him with his sharp beak.

"Does everyone know his part?" whispered Flitt. They had to be very quiet so that the hawk couldn't hear them and fly away with the little hummingbird.
 "OK. . . Now!" said Flitt.
 There was a swish of wings and the Bluejays flew down one after another right over the wicked hawk's head, just out of reach of his sharp beak. Mr. Hawk was so busy watching them that he didn't notice the robins flying at him from both sides. First one robin would give him a sharp peck on his head, and when he turned to see that one, another robin would swoop from the other side and give him another sharp peck. The Bluejays kept darting at him from above. In a few minutes, Mr. Hawk's head was getting very sore, and he was in such a mad rage he didn't even think of flying away.

And what do you think the woodpeckers were doing while the other birds were annoying the hawk? They were working feverishly at the twigs that were holding the baby Humming Bird a prisoner. Chop, chop chop went their little chisel beaks. First one bar, then another was cut away. Just as they were working on the last one, the Hawk noticed what they were doing. He made a mad dash at the woodpeckers with his fierce claws ready to attack them, but they just

managed to fly away out of his reach.
 Now it was Mr. Sunbeam's turn to help. He felt a little frightened but he danced down right in front of Mr. Hawk. He stood right still and shone his shiniest right into the bad Hawk's eyes. This dazzled Mr. Hawk so much that he just couldn't see a thing. You know how it is when you look right up into the sun.
 Right away the other birds swooped down again, each pecking Mr. Hawk as they flew by. This kept him so busy that it gave the woodpeckers a chance to finish their work.

In a few seconds the frightened little prisoner was free and he darted straight up to join his sister.

By this time the wicked hawk's head was terribly sore. He backed up on the ledge and screamed for mercy. Not until he promised never to come near the Green Forest again did they leave him alone.

Flitt and the birds flew swiftly back to the Green Forest and were greeted with cheers from the other little folk who had heard of the rescue. You can just imagine how happy the Humming Bird family was to have their Baby safely home. Mother Humming Bird was just too overjoyed to talk. She bustled herself serving honeysuckle tea in her tiny little acorn cups to all who had helped in the rescue. Father Humming Bird cleared his throat and made a grateful little speech to thank them.

Once again Flitt and Mr. Sunbeam had come to the aid of someone in distress and made the Green Forest a happier place to live.

Flash: Were you ever bothered by athlete's foot?
 Soph: Just once — when a full-back caught me with his girl.

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THE HURRICANE STRIKES... a graphic moment in Warner Bros. spell-binding drama of the Florida coast, "Key Largo", opening next Friday at the Grand Theatre. Pictured above are Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Bennett, who appear in the film.