

The Editor's Corner

POT POURRI

Another interesting coin is in the possession of a former Georgetown resident, Mrs. William Cole of Milton. She has a half-penny dated 1814 which was lodged in a crack in a chest belonging to her great-grandmother. The penny fell from its hiding place when she was moving the chest one day recently . . . Another former Georgetown who now lives in Milton, Mrs. R. Tonelli (Doris McDonald) cooked a turkey dinner on Sunday when small son Andy won a bird on a Legion draw there on Friday . . . Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Leslie who recently celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary at their home on Albert St. Mr. Leslie is an ex-warden of Halton County . . . The Santa Claus parade set a new high in the number of children attending and everyone was loud in their praise of the efficient way the Lions Club handled the large crowd of children . . . Stewarttown residents are hoping that the county will take immediate action to fix the bad spot on the hill where several accidents have occurred this year. Each accident becomes more serious and someone will be killed yet if the menace is not removed . . . Main Street merchants report this as one of the busiest years yet. Carroll's new store caused a lot of comment and it makes a most attractive addition to the street . . . There are rumors that a young dentist is interesting in locating in Georgetown when he completes his final year in dentistry . . . Where are the hockey fans of yesteryear? This year the Raiders have one of the best teams in history and have won every game to date. They deserve better crowd support than they have been getting. A good cheering section is an inspiration to the team and the executive for it takes more than peanuts to run an Intermediate A Club . . . Georgetown stores were closed for a three day period last week-end, Sunday, Christmas Day and boxing day . . . Jim Woods has joined the staff of Goodlet's Hardware . . . His friends will be happy to hear that A. C. (Mac) McBride is making splendid progress at Hamilton San and expects to be back home again in the spring . . . More good news is that Mrs. J. A. McClure who was quite ill at her home on Maple Avenue has made a good recovery and is up and about again . . .

GEORGETOWN'S HISTORY

Continuing a series of articles from an 1893 edition edition of the Toronto Daily Mail:-

MR. R. D. WARREN

The editor and proprietor of the Georgetown Herald is a native of the township of Esquesing, and was born near the village of Acton on the 28th of April, 1863, his father, Mr. John Warren being an extensive farmer, who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has been a member of the township and county councils. Our subject having had the advantages of a good education, engaged in school teaching, which he followed three years or more, when he decided to enter upon a newspaper career, and after several years spent in preparing himself for the work, he, in 1886, purchased the Herald. Mr. Warren is one of the prominent members of the Baptist denomination. For years he has been clerk of the Midland Counties' Association and has just been appointed treasurer of the Baptist Young People's Union of Ontario and Quebec. He is a member of the Georgetown Public School Board, and takes an interest both as a citizen and an editor, in all that pertains to the prosperity of this village and its vicinity.

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ANNUAL MEETING HALTON CROP IMPROVEMENT ASS'N

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th

1:30 p.m. Milton Court House
Dr. H. L. Patterson will speak on the importance of cropping practices in Dairy Herd Improvement. Brief reports on visits to Malabar Farm and Muakingum Conservancy District by Edwin Harrop and L. L. Skuce. Also reports from local cooperators Ross Segsworth, Brock Harris, George Currie and V. E. McArthur. Everyone Welcome.

The Bachelor's Dilemma

A Christmas story by
Morley Callaghan

(Reproduced through the courtesy
of The Canadian Bank of Commerce)

The night before Christmas Harry Holmes, the plump young executive with the bow tie, came home to his bachelor apartment near the university and found the janitor had put a turkey on the kitchen table. It was a fine big bird weighing twenty two pounds, far too big for his small ice box, and tied to the leg was a note from the manager of his favourite restaurant congratulating him on winning their turkey raffle. Wondering when he had taken the ticket he thought: "Well, the devil must look after his own," and he telephone his brother's wife who had invited him for dinner on Christmas Day. "Well, this year, for a change I'll provide the turkey," he said, feeling exuberant. "I've got it right here."

"Oh, Harry, that's a shame," she said. "We've got a turkey big enough for three days. It's in the ice box." There was no room in the ice box for his turkey and so she had to disappoint him.

Soon he was smiling and indulging himself, anticipating the pleasure he would get giving the turkey to Tom Hill, his undersized assistant who had just got married. Then he talked on the telephone to Tom, who had to explain his wife had bought a turkey that afternoon, and he was so apologetic and embarrassed Harry thought, "You'd think I was trying to get him to do something for me," and he felt amused.

He called three old friends. Two were out of town for the holiday; the other had won a turkey in a bowling alley. Then he remembered that two other friends whom he admired, sports columnists on the local newspaper, were accustomed to gathering at this hour in a cafe on Bloor Street. With the turkey in his arms he took a taxi to the cafe, grinned jovially at the hostess, who asked him to choose the turkey, strode past her to the familiar corner table, laid the turkey before his astonished friends and invited them to toss for it. One friend, who was the older, his

but the fact was they didn't appreciate that he had thought of them, and he had to pick up his turkey and go home.

In the kitchen, standing beside the turkey, he felt irritated; it was as if his brother's wife and Tom and all his friends had joined together to deny him the satisfaction of pleasing them with a gift, and as he looked out the window at the lighted houses of his city of a million souls he suddenly felt discontented with his life which had been going so smoothly until he had to get a turkey cooked. "There's something the matter with the world when you can't give a turkey to anyone who knows you," he thought. "To the devil with it!"

Then he tried to sell the turkey to the restaurant, but the manager refused to buy back the turkey he had given away: "Why don't you try a butcher?" he asked.

A butcher, stony, a few blocks away on Harbord was still open, but the bald-headed butcher, pointing to his turkey-filled window, said, "Look what I have left, Mister! I'll sell you one at half price." On the way home the big turkey seemed to take on weight, Harry's arms ached, and he was glad when he dumped it on the kitchen table. Exhausted, he lay down and fell asleep.

At the Christmas dinner at his brother's place, they were surprised to hear his turkey was still on his kitchen table, and he wondered why he felt ashamed. When he got home in the evening he stared uneasily at the naked bird. "It'll go bad," he thought and he sniffed. Picking it up, he went out and began to cross Queen's Park. It had begun to snow. Wet dead leaves in the melting snow glistened under the park lights. Shifting the turkey from one arm to the other, he headed for a church along a side street. There he asked the white-haired man who answered the door, "Do

you know anyone who needs a Christmas turkey?" apologetically. "It's late," "It's never too late," my old man said. I know there are poor families in the neighbourhood who'll appreciate a turkey. You give me your name." "It doesn't matter," he said awkwardly. "And as soon as the weight of the turkey had settled off his arms he understood he had felt ashamed at his place. He hadn't been looking for someone who would accept a turkey. He had been looking for someone who would understand.

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