

Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by THE SHERIFF of the Winter Snow

This is the time of year when the average honest Canadian citizen, however bravely he tries to conceal it, is about as warm, lively and full of vitality as the discarded Christmas tree leaning drunkenly against the front steps, a few frigid morsels of tinsel fluttering from its prematurely aged frame.

Prematurely aged. That's the way I feel in January. Like a woman of 35 who has had twelve children in fifteen years. As though I can't face it again.

By the middle of February, of course, I'll be cheered up, and will be going around like all the other idiots, blithely agreeing that "the days sure are stretching out, aren't they?" But right now I look upon life with the wild enthusiasm of a man-eating tiger confronted with a bowl of cornflakes.

First, and worst, part of the January miseries is that hideous struggle to get out of the sack. Crawling out of the warm drawers into the gray horror of the day is as desperately a business as any I know. There are days when I'm sure I'd never make it, were it not for the small, shrill voices demanding help with clothing and breakfast, and the total silence from the other side of the bed.

There ensues a frightful half-hour of struggle with peanut butter and honey sandwiches, leggings, rubber boots and lost mitts, before the urchins are shoved ruthlessly out into the snow. Then there's the furnace to stoke, always good for a smashed knuckle or a belt on the head from a beam.

Then there's the dash for the car, a feat that ranks, in my jaundiced January mind, with Hillary's dash for the South Pole. We have the same things to contend with—a biting wind and snow up to the armpits. Big difference? It's that Sid Edmund didn't leave his goggles up at the office yesterday.

There's nothing I enjoy more, in the summer, than reading about the good, old Canadian winter. Sleighbells, the crunching of snow under foot, the snapping of trees in the frost, the smiling midwinter sun on the snow making a fairyland, jolly gatherings of congenial souls about an open fireplace.

Fellow who writes these stories never lived around here in mid-winter. The sleighbells are more likely to be the 50¢ coins as some poor devil sets the pipes on fire, trying to stay alive. The crunching underfoot is more likely to be your toes breaking off by numbers, from the right. The snapping is more likely to be the roof of the back porch caving in under the snow. No self-respecting fairy would be caught dead under the January sun, which smiles at you with all the geniality of a cold fried egg. The gatherings are more likely to be melancholy huddles of ratspeakers exchanging cold remedies and talking about their furnaces.

Winter is fine, up until New Year's. After that, you can give it to the Russians. In fact, when they invade us, they should do it in January. Half the population is in Florida. The other half is down with the flu. But my personal opinion is that even the hardy Russian moujik, after a month of good, old Canadian January, would be driven whimpering back to the comparatively temperate wastes of Siberia.

I wouldn't even give this country back to the Indians, in mid-winter. In the first place, they wouldn't take it. In the second we've handed them enough bum deals in the past.

It's enough to curdle your blood when you hear people duck into the coffee shop, faces gray with cold, noses running, and wheezing: "Isn't that a grand winter's day," as they blow on their claw-like fingers, before wiping the steam from their specs.

Seems to me that we Canadians suffer from an advanced case of self-deception. Just because our ancestors couldn't imagine anything worse than their Irish shanties, English slums, and Scottish crofts, and came to Canada, we think we're automatically rugged, and physically fitted to endure the climate.

This country, in January, is fit only for jackrabbits, alcoholics, and people under the age of twelve, and the sooner we realize it, and demand from the government return tickets to Florida, good for three months, the better.

FARM NEWS

Walter Royle New President Halton Holstein Breeders

J. E. W. Halton Holstein Breeders numbering approximately 100 were out to their annual meeting at the Palermo community hall, on Tuesday, January 14th. G. Leslie Peer and John W. Pickett, president and secretary respectively of the club for 1957, were in charge of the excellent program.

The report of Martyr Healey, club salesman, revealed that he had made sales for Halton breeders totalling \$41,220 in 1957. One item on the agenda which brought forth a good deal of discussion was a motion introduced at the 1957 annual meeting of the parent organization which if approved at the 1958 annual meeting would bar the registration of any Holstein bull having one or more black spots touching the hoof after January 1st, 1960. D. S. Dunton and E. R. Segsworth, both members of the national executive, informed the meeting that an amendment would be introduced recommending that instead of debarring bulls with such black spots, that an "asterisk" be added to their name on their pedigrees which would be indicative of the black spot factor. The Halton meeting went on record as opposed to the original motion and in a second motion also vetoed the asterisk idea and suggested that instead the matter be given further study and in the meantime, that the Association publish annually the number of animals both male and female, offered for registration which had the so-called objectionable black spots. Following the excellent dinner catered by the ladies of the Halton Club, the members were privileged to hear Dr. Harold Wornton, Provincial Veterinarian, discuss the proposed Brucellosis Control Area-plan.

The meeting unanimously recommended that steps be taken at the earliest moment to place the matter before all Holstein cattle owners.

A panel discussion on the "Future of the Dairy Industry" was the final item on the agenda. The panel members, D. S. Dunton, J. M. Fraser, Prof. Geo. E. Rathby, E. R. Segsworth and Dr. H. Wor-

ton delighted the audience with their sound, practical discussion on the various topics introduced under the chairmanship of J. E. Whitlock.

All in all, it was a top meeting and many veteran breeders stated at the conclusion of the meeting: "This was one of the best meetings ever held". The officers elected for the coming year are as follows:

President—Walter Royle.
1st Vice-president—W. R. Tovell
2nd Vice-president—J. H. Taylor.
Sec.—Treas.—John W. Pickett.
Directors:—
Esqueuing—Chas. Austin, Ward Brownridge, J. W. Carney, T. H. McGee and Ford Wickson.
Trafalgar—Ralph Ford, Hugh Bealy and J. C. Marshall.
Nelson—Fred Bell, Brock Harris, A. M. Sherwood, J. Leslie Peer and E. R. Segsworth.
Nassagaweya—John Popp.

MRS. WILLIAM RUNHAM NORVAL LADY'S MOTHER

Mrs. William Runham of 45 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, died recently in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

She was the mother of Mrs. Fred Cooley of Norval, and also leaves her husband. Burial was in Glendale Memorial Gardens following service in the A. Roy Miller Chapel in the city.

HERALD ADLETS are a fast, inexpensive way of getting results. Try one next week. You'll be convinced. Phone TR. 7-2201 days.

MONUMENTS

Designs Submitted, Cemetery Jetting, corner posts and markers
A Good Display in Stock
Brampton Monument Works
WM. C. ALLAN, Prop.
68 Queen St. West, Brampton Shop, Phone Res. GL. 1-0445 GL. 1-1613
Rep. TOM NICOL
Phone Brampton GL. 1-3962

AUTOMATIC Hot & Bothered DELIVERIES about a cold House?



No need to be when you can order Thermo Chief Heating Oil from

BILL BAILEY

"THE OIL MAN"

FOR DEPENDABLE, AUTOMATIC
FUEL DELIVERY SERVICE

NOW THAT THE HEATING SEASON IS HERE
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
GEORGETOWN - 8 McNABB ST.
TRiangle 7-2888

Serving Halton and Peel Counties

Hamilton Construction

66 PRINCE CHARLES DRIVE
TR. 7-3480

- HOMES
- GARAGES
- CONCRETE WORK
- INDUSTRIAL REQUIREMENTS
- RENOVATIONS
- BUILDING SUPPLIES

EVERY BUILDING NEED

**Don't
Worry**

Buy
Firestone
Towns & Country
**WINTER TIRES
NOW!**

GO when you want to...
STOP when you need to!

Ask about
our
convenient
Budget
Terms

... available at ...
**HARLEY
MOTORS**
31 John St. - TR. 7-2591

TRAVEL NOTES

Reduced Fares
To Florida

TCA has announced reductions in 1st class and tourist fares to Tampa.

1st CLASS RETURN \$137.15
TOURIST RETURN \$116.00

Family plan available on 1st class fare.

full particulars at
John R. Barber
Travel Advisor
JOHN R. BARBER AGENCY
INSURANCE - TRAVEL
TR. 7-3521 - Mill Street

Maria's Murder

Bill Garbutt

RECALL STORIES OF PIONEER LIFE, MRS. NICKELL MARKS 96th BIRTHDAY

Stories of pioneer life in Ontario, nearly a hundred years ago, and innumerable incidents when she was a child, fill the very alert mind of Mrs. Effie Nickell who on Thursday, January 9th celebrated her 96th birthday.

Mrs. Nickell enjoys telling the stories too and presents a most colorful picture of an earlier day. The Acton Free Press interviewed Mrs. Nickell and compiled the interesting information which follows.

Born in Darnoch, near Durham, Ontario, the log house that was once her home is still standing. So is a Presbyterian Church that was built on land given in "perpetuity" by a grandfather, John Macintosh who had been an officer in the Imperial army in the old country.

It was this same John Macintosh who held worship in the church three times a Sunday in Gaelic. Twice daily he observed family worship in his own home.

"The churches were filled in those days," said Mrs. Nickell. She then recalled with a twinkle in her eye, the time she and a brother made maple sugar taffy while their parents were at church. "We didn't make candy again on Sunday, when they found us, on their return."

Her memories of many years ago remind listeners of how very much things have changed.

"There were no rich or poor in those early times. We were all alike," remarked Mrs. Nickell.

The first thing she remembers is being noisy in school. The teacher, a man, had her come up to the platform and put his hat on her head. She doesn't know just why he did this but the hat was probably large and no doubt made the other children laugh.

Once she and a brother were wandering in a wooded spot and came upon a sleeping bear, beside a log. They turned and ran quickly. "Wasn't that a short cut?" her brother asked when they were a safe distance away.

Another time they saw an apple tree. The apples looked so good, her brother wanted to take a few. "Mother had said we mustn't touch anything that didn't belong to us," Mrs. Nickell had told him. Finally, they wanted an apple so much they went to the house and asked if they could have them.

Permission was given and a few days later, the woman who had owned the trees called at their home and said to their mother,

"My, what honest children you have."

She remembered a young man coming to her parent's home and to amuse all, her father related a ghost story. It was weird and the visitor dared not leave so stayed the night. "I couldn't sleep either, I was so frightened," recalled Mrs. Nickell.

Most thrilling of all perhaps is the story about the uncles who all lived on nearby farms. Whenever there was a party at her father's home, the uncles began playing the lively tune "The Campbells Are Coming" on their bagpipes, beginning as soon as they left their doors. Of course they were all of the Campbell clan and it was in a way, a family reunion. How exciting it must have been, to hear the bagpipes in the distance as they approached from the different directions.

Mrs. Nickell has one sister still living who is ninety-one. She is Mrs. John Pollock and comes to Rockwood sometimes from Toronto to visit.

Mrs. Nickell is still perhaps, a little amazed at the great changes in her lifetime. She pointed to an old brass band snuffer on the mantel, used once by her mother. "Just think of it," she said, "my mother used to sew by candle light!"

WEDDING RING FOUND

Several weeks ago a wedding ring was found on a Georgetown street and turned in at the Herald Office. It can be claimed there by the owner.

Notice To Creditors

IN THE ESTATE OF Josie Laird, married woman, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of Josie Laird, late of the village of Norval, married woman, who died on or about the 2nd day of September, 1957, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 22nd day of February, 1958, after which date the estate will be distributed with regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice, and the undersigned will not be liable to any person of whose claim she shall not then have notice.

DATED at Georgetown, this 22nd day of January, A.D., 1958.

Joy Geraldine Laird, executrix of the estate of Josie Laird, by her solicitors, Dale, Bennett & Lalimer, Georgetown, Ontario.

What're your Specs?

WHEELBASES: FROM 104 IN. TO 260 IN.

GVW'S: FROM 4,100 LBS. TO 59,000 LBS.

ENGINES: GASOLINE 4-CYLINDER FROM 140 h.p. TO 217 h.p. GASOLINE V8 FROM 168 h.p. TO 292 h.p. DIESEL FROM 152 h.p. TO 224 h.p.

TRANSMISSIONS: CONVENTIONAL 3-SPEED STANDARD 3-SPEED HEAVY DUTY 4-SPEED HEAVY DUTY 4-SPEED AUXILIARIES 5-SPEED NEW PROCESS 5-SPEED SPICER HEAVY DUTY 8 AND 10-SPEED FULLERS. AUTOMATIC POWERGLIDE TURBOGLIDE HYDRA-MATIC POWERMATIC TORQMATIC

FRONT AXLES: FROM 2,200 LBS. TO 14,000 LBS. CAPACITY

REAR AXLES: SINGLE-SPEED FROM 3,000 TO 21,000 LBS. CAPACITY WITH RATIOS FROM 3.36 TO 7.47. 2-SPEED FROM 11,000 TO 22,000 LBS. CAPACITY WITH RATIOS FROM 4.48-4.72 TO 7.17-9.97. DOUBLE REDUCTION FROM 21,000 TO 29,000 LBS. CAPACITY WITH RATIOS FROM 7.85 TO 7.71. TANDEMS FROM 22,000 TO 50,000 LBS. CAPACITY WITH RATIOS FROM 6.70 TO 9.82

SPRINGS: FROM 800 LBS. CAPACITY TO 24,000 LBS. CAPACITY

WHEELS: DAYTON CAST-SPRUE, OR HEAVY DUTY MODELS 6 AND 10 STD BUDD, OPTIONAL

TIRES: FROM 7.50-14-4 PLY UP TO 12-24.5-12 PLY TUBELESS (OR TUBED)

GMC's got em!

FRANKLIN PROUSE MOTORS LTD.

Just 10 Minutes from Georgetown

Georgetown & Acton's Exclusive Pontiac-Buick-Vauxhall-GMC Dealer

ACTON, ONT. PHONE 16