

RURAL-URBAN FARM NIGHT AT TRAFALGAR HALL

J. E. W. Monday evening of this week saw a pleasing function at the

Trafalgar Memorial Hall. It was Rural-Urban night and some 40 or 50 Halton farm leaders were hosts to a similar number of Kiwanians from the Kingsway Club of West Toronto. This is the group of Kiwanians who for the past ten years, have played such an ac-

tive part in Halton's 4-H program. During that period of years, 30 members of this service club have awarded 50 Short Course Scholarships to as many Halton Juniors. In addition, this group of young people have been entertained by the Kiwanians at one of their luncheons at the Old Mill. Then last fall some twenty senior Halton farmers were guests of the Kingsway group, at a similar function.

Mrs. Horatio Ostrander Alliance Man's Widow

A Georgetown resident from 1910 till 1929, while her husband was employed at Alliance Paper Mills, Ltd., Mrs. Horatio Ostrander died in Peel Memorial Hospital, Brampton on April 18th.

Mrs. Ostrander was the former Katharine Bennett, daughter of Stephen and Elvira Stillwell Bennett and was born near Arthur in Luther township. She moved to Huttonville in 1900 and following their marriage in 1905, Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander lived at Norval for three years, then at Torrance, Muskoka and in Georgetown until 1929. They were living in Hutton-

ville when her husband died in 1934. She later spent two years in Guelph, returned to Georgetown for two years and had latterly been living with her daughter in Brampton. She was a member of the Latter Day Saints church. She was postmaster at Huttonville for a few years while her son operated a general store there.

She leaves a daughter Muriel, Mrs. Bert Borst of Brampton; five grandchildren and one great-granddaughter; and brothers and sisters Mrs. Charles Walton, Guelph; Mrs. James Costigan, 55 John St. E., Georgetown, Mr. William Bennett, R.R. 1 Georgetown and Mr. Aca Bennett, Toronto. Two brothers and two sisters predeceased her, and one son, Clarence Elwin Ostrander died in 1948.

The Reverend McLean of Guelph conducted the funeral service on April 21st at the McKillop Funeral Home, Brampton. Scripture was read during the service by Mr. Charles Chambers, Niagara Falls. Pallbearers were nephews, Harold Bennett, Georgetown, Bert Hunter, Norval, Clarence Ostrander, Huttonville, Tom McMurchy, Brampton, Gordon Davison, Guelph and George Sharer, Fergus. Interment was in Brampton cemetery.

SUGAR & SPICE is a bright witty column that always gives you a laugh . . . and usually some good philosophy too. Read it every week in the Herald.

Sugar and Spice

The first of May is here again To banish care and trouble. Fisherman, don't tread that log. You'll sink without a bubble.

May Day in Merrie England of yore was one thing: lads and lassies cavorting gaily about the Maypole, singing "Hey, nonny, no" and all that, their bare feet caressed by the new spring velvet of the village green.

May Day in modern Moscow is something else: thousands of boots crashing in brutal rhythm, hundreds of tanks clanking their cruel message, as the Soviets parade their armed might, in wave upon wave, through Red Square, to celebrate the Revolution.

"Mayday" to the flier is still another thing. When he hears this call over his radio, he knows a fellow-airman is in an extremity of danger, is beyond helping himself, and is winging forth a despairing call for aid. The distress call "Mayday" is from the French "m'aidez" (help me).

I've heard the "Mayday" call,

and a bone-chilling thing it is. I've mingled with hundreds of drunk-on-Russians, every one armed to the teeth, on May Day, and don't think that isn't a stiff upper lip effort. And I've even danced around a Maypole, which proved a very rugged experience.

It was when I was in public school. Our history teacher, a dear, dim, old trout, thought it would be nice to have a Maypole, to teach us the significance of old traditions. It started out fine but we felt so silly logging around the pole with our ribbons that we started to gallop and horse around, knocking down the little girls, and finally winding up in a heap on the pebbly school yard, skinning our knees badly.

But there's a fourth meaning to May Day. At least in this part of the country there is. It combines the excitement of the old English one, the grim intensity of the Russian one, and something of the desperation of the airman's call. It's Opening Day of the trout season.

Opening Day, for the true trout fisherman, is what Closing Day is to the school teacher, a release, barely in time, from a cruel and unnatural bondage.

At least it used to be. For the trout fisherman, Opening Day marked the official advent of spring. It held something of the tremulous thrill of a maiden's first kiss, the shuddering delight of an alcoholic's first drink of the day, and the feverish inner excitement of the confirmed gambler, as he picks up the dice for his first throw.

Alas, its gleam has been tarnished by the maddening throng, the amateurs, who go fishing on Opening Day because it's the thing to do. Like the women who don't know a football from a football, but must have a seat at the Grey Cup Game.

Out of the cities they pour, in their thousands. The trout stream, whose darkling pools once knew the silent tread, the thoughtful glance, the reverent cast, of the dedicated trout fisherman, now has all the appeal of a buffalo wallow.

Up and down its once-chaste banks, with all the stealth of a Shriner's convention, lumbers the so-called trout fisherman of today. He smashes through underbrush, splashes through shallows. He yoo-hoo's at his fellow "fishermen" and they yoo-hoo back. He drinks beer and breaks the bottles on the rocks. He falls in, then lights a roaring fire on the bank. He gives to the stilly morning woods all the charm of Coney Island on a Sunday in July.

Each year the true trout fisherman, like the caribou and the Eskimo, is being driven further north in his desperate struggle to find a trout stream unpolluted by the presence of the Opening Day exhibitionists. And each year, when he finally finds one, and with a silent word of thanks, makes his first delicate cast, a voice from over his shoulder croaks: "Hey, buddy! Ya gotta bottle-opener!"

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