

# THIRD ANNUAL Rotary Club Auction

**Saturday, June 14**  
GEORGETOWN ARENA

**Good Used Saleable Furniture Wanted**  
If you have any article you wish to donate please phone one of these numbers for pick-up  
TR. 7-2887, 3300, 2400, or 2465

## Chatting

M. H. B.

**THERE'S ONE THING** we all remarked on in our travels. If the Americans have anything in the way of a scenic or historical attraction to offer the tourists, they are not at all shy of talking it up via road signs for miles and miles before you come to it. For easily a hundred miles now, we had been reading big and little signs at periodic intervals telling of the wonders to be seen at "Rock City", Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Must admit they picked an intriguing name. Rock City does sound different, doesn't it? Our curiosity was piqued and we took the time to have a look. The city of Chattanooga itself is situated on the plain from which "Lookout Mountain" rises — something like the way Hamilton is located. There are homes built in several mountainside areas, and as the steep road winds around overhanging cliffs, we noticed a sign about three quarters of the way up telling us we were now in the state of Georgia.

**AS WE APPROACHED** Rock City via the mountain road, we had a good view of the rock cliff overhanging the valley which gives the mountain its name. We thought if we could just reach that and see the view we would be satisfied. When we arrived at Rock City, however, we found that this lookout place was the high point of quite an extensive tour of interesting rock formations, and to enter there was a fee of \$2.00 per person. We decided to take the tour and enjoyed it thoroughly. We walked around for nearly an hour, and that in itself was a nice break from sitting for so long.

**THE TOUR TOOK US** on footpaths thru narrow crevasses in massive rock, underground caverns and passageways. High suspension bridges have been built in a couple of places, but luckily for me they were under repairs, and I did not have to reveal myself for the coward that I am when it comes to heights. I would judge that a lot of money has been spent in converting the natural beauty spot into a scenic park. They even had a small herd of what in my ignorance, I must call blonde deer.

**SPEAKING OF HEIGHTS**, however, I redeemed myself a little when it came to looking over Lookout Point. Not a tremor did I feel to my enjoyment of the marvelous view. From this mountaintop you can see seven States — there is a big sundial-like affair to show you in what direction they lie — consisting of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

After drinking in this glimpse of hitherto unknown countryside, and feeling very far away from home indeed, we followed a path to another even scarier lookout point, consisting of a big ledge of rock jutting straight out from the mountainside over nothing. This too, just for the record, I enjoyed, and when we turned from the view to wend our way over the return route to the lodge, there was a big rock at the entrance of the path, which for some reason many people had felt the urge to photograph. For a moment I thought I might just as well have been touring the limestone caverns at Limehouse or the gorgeous gorge at Elora, because two or three Georgetown people had written their names on it.

**TIME WAS OF THE** essence now, and to save some we took a short cut through Chattanooga. Up to this point it had seemed a very pleasant city. But now we had our first glimpse of what is apparently a big problem in every southern city. A simply incredible shack area where the coloured people live. Rows upon rows, upon rows of them. I didn't take notes on the trip, thinking my memory would be sufficient, and now I find I'm not quite sure, but feel fairly safe in saying it was on the outskirts of Chattanooga where you could see the beginning of an effort to clear this portion of the city. Big bulldozers were clearing them out by the block. After having the seeming hopelessness and miserable living conditions of these people shock us, it was a welcome sight indeed to see that something was being done about it.

**JUST AFTER WE LEFT** Chattanooga around three in the afternoon on Wednesday, we noticed a change in the colour of the soil along the roadside. It was brick-red clay. This is the type of land prevalent thru Georgia. Incidentally, I don't believe I mentioned before, the highways thus far had been excellent, and were to continue to be so right to the end of our trip. We were headed for Atlanta if possible, to break our drive for the night. There was no pretty scenery to look at between Chattanooga and Atlanta, the land being rather flat. I don't imagine there would be many crops the farmers could grow in that red clay. At any rate, there were no big farms fronting the highway. Instead, there were numerous little frame houses situated on small tracts of land. How the majority of them made their living I wouldn't know, but I do know that quite a few of them operated junk yards for old cars. None of us could hazard a guess as to why this particular district should take up the junking of old cars as a living or hobby — which ever it was, it certainly didn't add to the scenery. Hardly a mile went by without one of these bluish-grey patches to the landscape.

**IT WAS AROUND 8:30** when we reached the approaches to Atlanta. Here the suburban development is most attractive. It was dark by now, of course, and we were all hungry and tired so we decided to stop at the first motel that appealed to us. This particular area was thickly studded with beautiful motels, so it wasn't at all difficult. The one we chose was called "Georgian Oaks" — and aptly named it was. It was, in fact, so gorgeously Georgian we were bashful about going in and asking about their rates. We were pleasantly surprised to find them more reasonable than any motel we'd struck yet.

You can imagine how glamorous this place looked at night particularly, floodlit from foundation plantings of shrubbery it was painted stark white, with the main office looking like one of those big plantation mansions I told you about in Kentucky, gracious pillars and all. The rooms were built on either side, the whole establishment making an open rectangle around a large oak-shaded lawn.

**FEELING PLEASED** with our luck, we unpacked, freshened up, and started to think about food. Made enquiries about a place in Atlanta recommended by Georgetowners. When we learned it was about thirty miles farther on, we decided to take a chance on the motel manager's recommendation of another dining place just a couple of miles away, called "Aunt Fanny's Cabin". We had to turn off the main highway to reach the Cabin which was a mile or so up a lonely country road. But it wasn't lonely for long. Suddenly, there was such a line-up of cars we could hardly see the little tumbledown-looking place which apparently was Aunt Fanny's Cabin.

While we slowed to almost a stop to look the place over — and believe me it looked anything but impressive, an attendant came up and asked if we'd like him to park the car. I think we all felt uneasy as we made a spur of the moment decision to take a chance and go in — even if the place did look like a "dive." A group of a dozen or so men standing at the gate as we entered did nothing to dispel my apprehension. "Probably a bunch of big-time racketeers", I whispered, and we were laughing a bit nervously as we stepped up to the rickety front porch and entered the Cabin.

**RUSTIC WAS THE** word to describe the interior. No paint or paper graced the walls of plain weathered wood — but they were nearly covered with autographed pictures of celebrities who had visited the place. We started to feel better. A very nice looking girl greeted us and escorted us thru the little ante-room to the entrance of the dining room. En route, I noticed some very old furniture with a hand hewn look. On one of the low tables was a bowl of shiny big brown-skinned onions making a believe-it-or-not attractive centerpiece.

**THE DINING ROOM** had the rough-hewn beams of its low-ceiling exposed and in the

## Mrs. William Wylie, 64 Antrim, Ireland Native

Mrs. Mary Campbell Wylie died after a short illness in the Guelph General Hospital on Thursday, May 8th in her sixty-fifth year. She was born in Antrim County, Ireland, the daughter of James and Robert Campbell. Forty-two years ago she married William Wylie and ten years later they came to Canada, first to the farm of Albert Hunter, Norval, where they lived and worked for a year. From that time they have made their home in Georgetown district, latterly at 78 River Drive.

Mrs. Wylie is survived by her husband who suffered a bad accident several months ago and who is still hospitalized, being in Sunnybrook Hospital at the present time. Eight children also are left, Margaret (Mrs. Barry Clarke), Elizabeth (Mrs. Lloyd Grace), Anne, Edith (Mrs. Gordon Shoebright), Thomas, Hugh, Sarah (Mrs. R. Ezard) and Edward John. Two sons were killed in the Second World War. Bill who was with the Engineers and Bob, a member of the Lorne Scots. Ten grandchildren survive.

On Friday evening members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion of which Mrs. Wylie was a member, met at the funeral home for a private service. Rev. Alex Calder conducted the funeral service on Saturday at 3:00 p.m. in the H. C. McClure Funeral Home. Pallbearers were Harvey Allen, Harry Allen, Frank Connelly, Bruce McQuarrie, Philip Carney and George (Bud) James. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery.

dim light we saw it was crowded. Candles in wine bottles flickered over tables covered with gaily checked cloths, and everyone's attention was focussed on a little six year old coloured boy who was doing a terrific shoulder-shimmy dance on a table top. A waitress led the way over the uneven brick and earthen floor to our table.

**BY THIS TIME** our original trepidation had turned to fascination! Our table faced an enormous open-hearth fireplace hung with time worn iron and copper cooking pots and utensils. After the little dancer had finished his number we took up the menu, which, in addition to listing the dinners, told us Aunt Fanny's Cabin had originally been part of the slave quarters on a plantation during the days of the civil war. Very little had been changed over the decades. In fact, the atmosphere had been carefully preserved and nurtured down to the smallest accessory.

**THE COLOURED** waitresses were dressed in vivid full skirts and bandanas, and the food they served was superb. Their specialties included southern fried chicken and ham done in a red sauce made with molasses for one of the ingredients. Friend husband tried their "rosin taters", which are Irish Cobblers cooked in their jackets in a bubbling vat of resin. Exceedingly light and fluffy, cooked in this way, the potatoes stay steaming hot for three or four hours, without a trace of a "resiny" taste. "Resin" is of course the proper way to spell it, but they're called "rosin taters" which originated many years ago in the turpentine camps where the workers learned that a potato dropped into a can of melted resin would cook to a wonderful tenderness and remain piping hot for hours.

**FOR ONE OF MY** vegetables, I ordered squash. No ordinary squash, this, however. It had been seasoned lightly with what tasted like poultry seasoning and I think perhaps bread-crumbs and butter had been beaten into it.

Crisp, thin little corn patties, about the size and a little thicker than a silver dollar had accompanied the appetizer of juice or thick hot gumbo. Dessert? I didn't have room for any. We were finishing our coffee when a teen aged negro girl sat down at the piano and swung into the introduction of a spiritual. Informally, one by one the waitresses gathered round and joined in the harmony until finally the room was filled with the richness of their voices. The customers were loath to let them go, and no sooner had one song ended when another old favourite was requested — hymns, spirituals, and rock 'n roll — their intricate harmony and rhythm came as naturally to them as breathing. There was one girl with a particularly outstanding voice. And I mean outstanding. It was so powerful she had to stand well back from the others in order not to dominate them too much. An extremely deep contralto, when she joined the harmony, it was just as if someone



**FILL YOUR BASKET WITH THESE SAVINGS**

- TOMATO JUICE** Del Monte 2 - 59c  
48 oz. cans
- PINEAPPLE** Del Monte Crushed 2-59c  
20 oz. cans
- FRUIT COCKTAIL** Del Monte California 2-59c  
20 oz. cans
- FANCY CORN** De Monte Whole Kernel 4-69c  
14 oz. cans
- SALMON** TV Feature - No. 1/2 cans 2-89c  
Gold Seal Sockeye

- CORN ON THE COB** 5 - 29c  
GOLDEN, TENDER, SWEET
- CUCUMBERS** 2 for 25c  
Canadian Hot House
- FRESH PEAS** lb. 19c  
Young, Tender Sweet
- D'ANJOU PEARS** 5 for 35c  
Luscious, Sweet, No. 1

OPEN FRIDAYS UNTIL 9.00 P.M. - MAIN STREET

everybody LOVES our...  
**SUPER VALUES!**

**CLUB STEAKS** lb. 79c

**Lean BRISKET** 3 lb. \$1.00

**WEINERS** 2 lb. 79c

**FRESH PORK HOCKS** lb. 29c

**Peameal COTTAGE ROLLS** lb. 63c

**SMOKED BACON SQUARES** lb. 29c

**Fresh PORK HOCKS** lb. 29c

**FIRST GRADE BUTTER** lb. 65c

We Also Carry a Fine Selection of Lamb, Beef, Pork and Cooked Meats

FROM THE HOME OF  
**BETTER MEATS** Ltd.  
MAIN STREET SOUTH - GEORGETOWN

**ONLY Firestone**  
DELUXE CHAMPION  
TUBELESS TIRES  
Proven all these advantages

**IN SAFTY**

- BLOWOUT PROTECTION
- PUNCTURE PROOF
- QUICKER STOPPING
- EASIER STEERING

**IN PLEASURE**

- TROUBLE PROOF PERFORMANCE
- QUIET OPERATION
- GREATER ALL-ROUND COMFORT
- FINE APPEARANCE

**IN ECONOMY**

- LOW INITIAL COST
- FEWER REPAIR COSTS
- GREATER TREAD MILEAGE
- LONGER TREAD MILEAGE

SEE YOUR NEAREST FIRESTONE DEALER

available at  
**HARLEY MOTORS**  
31-331-2-7-3021

I've never heard anything like it and I'm quite sure she's far from capitalizing on her talents' at Aunt Fanny's.

By this time it was 10:30 and the last dinner for the evening had been served. Aunt Fanny's close early. We drove back to the motel raving about the place we had been so leary about entering a short couple of hours before. We felt as if we'd been in another world for a little while.

**Rev. Arthur Dayfoot Gets Master of Theology Degree**

Several ministers well-known locally received degrees at the Emmanuel College graduation which was held on May 7th in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto.

Rev. Arthur Dayfoot of Trinidad, a graduate of Georgetown High School, who is the son of Mrs. C. B. Dayfoot, Victoria, B.C. and the late Mr. Dayfoot, received his Master of Theology degree. Also in the graduate study department.

Rev. John M. Smith, Whiteby, former minister at St. John's United here, received his Bachelor of Divinity degree, did Rev. Lloyd Stapleton, Streetville.

Members of the graduating class receiving their diplomas were Clifford Brown and Clifford Watts, who have been student ministers at Hornby and Lowville; and Albert E. Dunn, Guilleville, who is the brother of Mrs. John Ruddell, Ashgrove. Mr. Watts and Mr. Dunn also received their B.D. degrees.

Rt. Rev. J. S. Thomas, moderator of the United Church of Canada, addressed the graduating class.

—When you're housecleaning use a Herald Adlet to convert used but saleable articles into cash. It's a well-known fact that Herald Adlets get results.

**TROPICAL FISH FANCIERS**  
You can now obtain your fish and supplies at  
**19 Mary Street TR. 7-3366**  
If we don't have it, we'll do everything possible to get it

**"HELP"**  
**COMMUNITY CENTRE BASEBALL**  
**URGENTLY NEEDED!**

COACHES ... Boys: 8 to 12 years  
COACHES ... Girls: 8 to 12 years

**UMPIRES FOR ALL AGES**  
**SCORE KEEPERS**  
**WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO?**

These teams will be ready to play by the 21st of May  
Men or Women wishing to take part, please contact  
J. HOLE RED ASSETLINE  
Phone 4605 after 7:00 p.m. Phone 9824 anytime