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**Chatting . . .**  
M. H. B.

**AH, YES . . .** we had just reached the "motel strip" at the entrance to Jacksonville when we parted company last week — booked in at one, and had dinner . . .  
At this point I must admit to having a few qualms. The desolate moss-festooned swamps we had driven thru' for several hours into the misty darkness of the night had given me the creeps. After all, like most people who take a trip to Florida, it was the culmination of a dream-wish of many years. And before we had started out, many and dire were the predictions about our possible great disappointment because of the damage done by the heavy frosts. When we awoke and looked around the next morning I fought down a feeling of disappointment. Although the weather was warm, there wasn't much green around — no flowers — and many of the palm trees had been frost-bitten to a withered brown. I began to suspect the prophets of doom at home had been right — we should have waited till next year for our trip . . .

**I HADN'T** taken into consideration, however, that we were in the northernmost part of Florida. After breakfast we started out for St. Augustine, which was a two hour-or-so-drive south. What a difference those few miles made. All feelings of disappointment evaporated in the brilliant sunshine beating down on the lushly tropical-looking city. Its buildings with their stucco walls — pink, blue, green and yellow — made a colourful foil for the stately palms and deep green tropical foliage. I could hardly wait to get out of the car to snap some pictures of them. St. Augustine is a completely charming old city. Some day I'd like to go back and take more time to explore and learn about its richly historical landmarks . . .

We had just an hour or so, however, because we were anxious to reach Daytona and find accommodation for our few days there. We strolled along the main thoroughfare of St. Augustine for a while, and I took some pictures. One place we did explore was just a step off the main business section — an ancient Episcopalian church. Built of stone which the centuries have turned black, we stepped inside as all interested passersby are invited to do. The interior had a quaint, reverent charm, and as we retraced our steps to the vestibule, I noticed there an order-of-service and activities for the coming week. The minister the next Sunday hailed from Canada, and was a graduate of Western Ontario in London. The graduation year caught my eye — it was the year my husband had graduated too. I drew his attention to it and sure enough, St. Augustine's visiting minister and he, had been classmates. Coincidence has a long arm, eh? . . .

**WE TOOK THE** shore road to Daytona — a 60 or 70 mile drive, with the sea breaking on the beach quite close by all the way. The white sandy beach seemed endless. It was our first glimpse of the open ocean and needless to say that was a thrill in itself. In our travels yesterday, Florida had seemed a depressing land of cypress swamp and hanging moss. Now it had changed completely. On this road nothing was visible but sand. On the one side of the road it was terminated by the sparkling blue sea, and on the other, miles of stunted-looking cacti plants, spiky and foreign-looking formed a prelude to dense tropical forests. Except for little sandy hummocks, the land is completely flat . . .

At present a gigantic effort is underway to reclaim these wastelands and turn them into resort areas. Signs advertising "lots for sale" appear frequently. I'm quite sure it will be just a very few years before that 60-mile strip with its beautiful beach frontage, will be completely built up with motels and cottages . . .

**DRIVING ALONG,** we met very little traffic, so that

**BALLINAFAD**  
**MOTHERS GUESTS FOR CLOSING C.G.I.T. MEETING**

The closing meeting of the CGIT group and perhaps the highlight of the year's activities was held in the church basement on Monday night. Fifty-one sat down to dinner which was provided for the girls and their guests by the members of the Women's Association. The occasion was very impressive in the fact that all the girls had their mothers as their guests beside them and also included among the special guests was the group's honorary president, Mrs. F. J. Shortill, the Sunday School superintendent, Messrs. Duncan Gibson and Ross Shortill, the minister Mr. A. Neelon, the president of the WMS, Miss Beatrice Hiltz, the president of the Evening Auxiliary, Mrs. E. McEnery and the president of the W.A., Mrs. Geo. Edmunds. The toastmistress was the OGI.T. president, Miss Donna Smith and toasts were proposed to the Queen by Mary Baker, to Our Mothers by Jean Law, replied to by Mrs. C. Snow, to the Church by June Given, replied to by Mrs. Neelon.

Doreen Smith read a report of the year's work and Mrs. Black presented the girls with their awards. These went to Jean Law, Maria Breeschooten and Louise Snow. Mr. Neelon led in a real rousing sing-song, Mrs. Shortill sang a very beautiful solo and Beth McEnery gave humorous readings. The guest speaker for the evening was Mrs. Bruce Rolling from Mount Albert who has been in CGIT work for some time and she gave the girls a real challenging message on "God's Hope Chest." She with her humorous illustrations delighted the entire audience and everyone was encouraged by her message. A special filmstrip on Japan was presented and after the courtesies, given by Marie Mitchell, the evening closed with the singing of Taps. Mrs. Neelon was presented with a bible by the girls as she will be leaving us soon and Mrs. Black was also given a gift from the girls.

Mrs. Plowman from Calgary is the numerous trucks carrying loads of palm trees, were all the more noticeable. Looking at them, I realized with surprise, that palm trees don't have roots like ordinary trees. They just have what resembles a bulbous enlargement at the base of the trunk. Thus they are easily transplanted. Evidently these trucks were hauling them by the hundreds from the forests to replace the palms that have been blighted by the frost in the resort areas . . .

There was plenty to see if you had the time, and money, to spend, along this road. All the well-heralded attractions were with bright signs proclaiming the wonders to be seen in the "Reptile Jungle" (not for me, thanks), "Parrot Jungle," "Crocodile Farm," etc. We passed them all by until we came to "Marineland." Here we spent a couple of highly interesting hours. The building itself was quite a showplace in architecture and landscaped gardens. We arrived just in time to see the trained porpoises perform in a large outdoor tank. The tiered seats were filled with spectators, and I consider we got more than our money's worth. The stands they performed were incredible. I wouldn't have believed you could train fish like that if I hadn't seen it for myself. One of the attendants told us that porpoises have been found to possess a large brain with exceptionally intelligent qualities. Every year, brain specialists come down to the aquarium to study them for several weeks.

**THE PORPOISES** were only part of the show however. After it was over we entered the building which enclosed a fabulously large tank filled with salt water and just about every kind of sea-fish known including deadly sharks and barracudas. There were windows around the sides on three separate levels so you could get a real closeup and a vicarious thrill to have the monsters so near you, and yet so far. They have to be kept well-fed for reasons you can imagine, and we saw a man in a very well padded diving suit, boots and gloves, go down into the tank to feed them. Believe me — that was a job! . . .

Marineland also includes a department for the smaller tropical fish. These were in individual little tanks which enabled you to get a good view of them too. Had my first glimpse of an octopus — a baby one — and it was without a doubt the strangest, evillest-looking creature I have ever laid eyes on. In addition to the weird ones, were the tiny vividly beautiful tropical fish. I remember particularly the phosphorescent glow of the little peacock blue ones . . .

**BY THIS TIME** the excitement of the day was almost too much for me — between the tropical landscape and weather the sea, St. Augustine — and Marineland — by the time we emerged from the aquarium I was practically ill. As we set off for the last lap of our journey to Daytona I remarked that I was glad I hadn't waited till I was older to take the trip. I'm sure all the excitement would have given me a heart attack . . .

visiting with Mrs. Frank Morrison. Sunday service at Ballinafad Church was conducted by two representatives from the Gideon Organization in the absence of Mr. Neelon who was attending Conference at Hamilton. Mr. Murray Colles led in the worship and Mr. James Penfold from Guelph gave the message. Each time the word of the Gideons is presented we learn more of their program and it is remarkable to know that the organization has been in existence for 60 years and at the present time there are 1700 members. It cost \$200,000.00 a year to meet the requests that come to them and one third of this amount is given by the members personally and the rest is received through offerings at church services where they are invited to attend and from a special memorial fund. They are to be commended for their fine Christian ministry as many people are encouraged by their efforts.

**MRS. JONES GIVES TOPIC AT AFTERNOON AUXILIARY**

"The Church's High Hour" was the subject of the topic given by Mrs. R. H. Jones at a meeting of the Afternoon Auxiliary of St. John's United WMS last Tuesday. Mrs. Jones stated that less than half of one percent of the 90 million people of Japan have accepted Christianity and today there is a grave crisis in the life of the church. Let us pray, she said, that the door will remain open and more missionaries will be sent.

Locally there were twelve home visits and one hospital visit made during the past month. After a few words of grateful remembrance by the president, Mrs. Walter Brownridge, a moment of silent prayer was held for Mrs. Charles Junkin whose death occurred recently. Miss Mabel Forgrave had charge of the devotional and read from Phil. 4: 1-9. "In prayer we can lose our burdens of anxiety and learn to rejoice in the Lord, as we give him thanks for all the good things we enjoy."

Let us never hesitate to bring our worries to him, she said, and be thankful when he gives us the strength to bear not only our own burdens but part of our brothers' also. She closed with prayer.

Money donations were received from the CGIT and Explorer groups of the church. The June picnic meeting is planned at Cedarvale School on the 24th, with Mrs. O. M. Brewster as guest speaker.

**EDUCATIONAL FILMS SHOWN HOME & SCHOOL ASSOCIATIONS**

Members of the three local home and school associations met in Wrigglesworth public school last Thursday evening for the purpose of viewing two films of particular interest to the parents of boys and girls in grades seven and eight. The films were the second and the third of a series viewed by the parents for approval to be shown to the senior grades next September. Public health nurse Mrs. L. Jamieson accompanied the films "The Story of Menstruation" and "Human Growth" with a talk, and principal Wm. Kinrade was projectionist. The vice president of Wrigglesworth Home and School, Graham Farnell, acted as chairman. The parents agreed that grades seven and eight should see the films and parents of the present grade, eighthers indicated they would be shown under the supervision of the class teacher and the public health nurse.

**WE WANT NEWS**

News is the Herald's business and everyone can help complete the weekly budget of Georgetown and district activities. If you know of some interesting news, call the Herald at TR. 7-2201. Your help is always appreciated by the reporting staff.

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