

ADMISSION ONLY  
50c  
SEPTEMBER 12th

**CLUB MIDTOWN**  
THIS WEEK - ABOVE THE ARENA

**"THE MIDNITERS"**  
ORCHESTRA - 9.30 - 11 P.M.

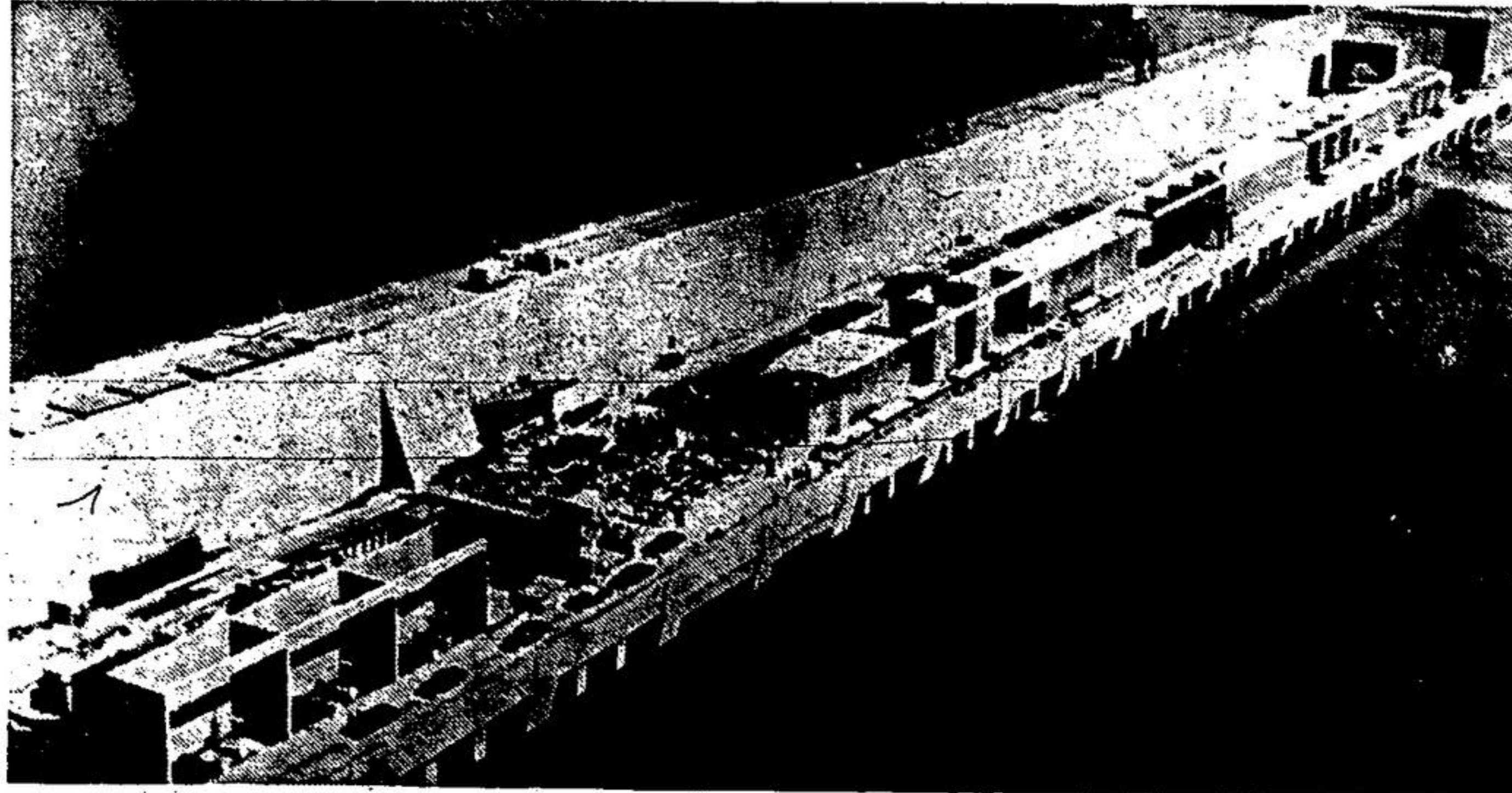
DANCING  
from 9 till 12

**THE MAIL BAG**

THANKS CO-WORKERS FOR  
COMMUNITY CENTRE SEASON  
Sept. 8th, 1958.

Dear Sir:  
I would like to take the opportunity at this time to extend my sincere thanks to the Herald for the coverage of our baseball activity this summer; also for the coverage of our first field day.  
At the same time my thanks to all those who helped in making the motorcade and parade a big success. To the Girls Pipe Band and Georgetown Boys' Band; to Clare Burns of Burns Transport for his donation of truck and time.  
Many thanks to Chief Haley for the co-operation of his department and the wonderful tour which he led our motorcade. To Mr. Al. Prouse for his wonderful work and co-operation throughout the summer and for his generous assistance on the field day.  
A final word of thanks and praise for the wonderful group of men and women who worked with me on the kid's baseball. In my mind you are the people who have really put it over. The long hours put in with practices, the disappointing nights, there were more coaches than kids; the nights rained out, and the many other trials you were put to. This determination warrants a special kind of praise that is hard to find words to express. But I think you all agree when you see the smile in a kid's eye when you pass him on the street and he says "hello Mr. ..." then you have received your reward. Mr. Dick Welton who has been my vice-president this summer, it has been a pleas-

ure working with Dick and I think you will all agree.  
To Mrs. Kay Brunner, Mrs. Vera Walker, Mrs. John Elliott and all the others who have worked so faithfully with the girls. I may also add right here that these women have rushed to the park at nights after getting their kids and husbands fed, putting the baby to bed or many other things. A special thanks to you all, ladies!  
Also to Betty and Rosemary Hoie, two teenage girls of town, who have given of their own time to work with younger girls all summer and who worked like trojans for the field day. I say their parents can be very proud to have two girls of such high calibre.  
To the men of the baseball, I again say many thanks. The nights spent in the park with the kids have paid off. To those boys who hardly knew what a baseball looked like, now "practically" break their necks to get to the park on time. Those who played a little baseball previously have developed into pretty fair little ball players. Only through determination and the will and fondness to work with boys has this been accomplished. To these men, Cliff Norton, Cliff Davison, Bud Hyde, Tom Beckett, Earl Walters, Bill Hunter, Bill Martin, Bruce Walker, Herb Hancock, George Ventry, Art Sheppard, Ken Lavell, Milt Armstrong, Tom Golden, Lou Bodin—thanks fellows for a job well done.  
To the men who have worked this summer in umpiring the games for us, thanks for your time fellows, it has been deeply appreciated. Umpires have been Jim Bradley, Mr. Brown and son, John Warren, Bill Kortsack, Jerry Rusk, Jim Brunner, Harold Hiltz,



(OTT 3) CORNWALL, ONT., SEPT. 5 — AERIAL VIEW — Here is an aerial photograph of the tailrace side of the adjoining powerhouses of the St. Lawrence Power Project. Visible is the crowd of some 2,000 persons which today witnessed the official opening of the project. The opening ceremony took place at a spot straddling the international boundary between New York State and Ontario.

(CP Wirephoto) 1958 (Ontario Hydro)

Roy Buttrey, Lorne Snell and many others.  
To you all again I say many, many thanks for a wonderful summer.  
I remain sincerely yours,  
Red Asseltine.  
P.S.—If I missed any one I am deeply sorry. It has not been done intentionally.

**Sugar and Spice**

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Waterloo Echo

Well, I know everybody has been sitting around, biting their nails and wanting to go to the bathroom in the suspense of waiting to hear about our holiday, so I won't keep you on tender hooks any longer.

There's nothing more enjoyable than the absorbing account of somebody else's holiday trip. It produces a delightful lassitude of the limbs, heaviness of the eyes and wooliness of the mind that are most relaxing. Really thoughtful travellers will have coloured slides of the trip, and you can drop right off as soon as the lights are turned out, depending on your wife to sit there and chirp things like: "What a lovely view! You lucky people!" and stuff like that.

I've been trying to tell people about our trip ever since we got back. "Have a nice holiday?" they ask interestedly. "Well, yes," I begin rather shyly, "went for a little trip with the ..." and they bellow "aint it awful, travelling with kids?" "Wooden get me offona nother trip!" and tell me for 20 minutes about some dumb excursion they were on a month ago.

Well, I hate to admit it, but we did have a nice holiday. And travelling with kids is not so bad, after all. It's probably no worse than spending a couple of days in a bag full of baboons.

First we went to the Ex. And it would take nothing less than a regiment of horses to make me go through it again. I went for the bundle on the midway, a kid clutching each hand. Kim, Hugh and I went on the most violent rides they had, as fast as we could, while the Old Lady stood around, bleating and wringing her hands. Each time we'd climb off some wild ride sick, white and shaken, she'd plead: "Haven't you had enough? Let's go and see the food exhibit."

But the kids were too smart to be trapped like that. They knew if they let me stop long enough for my head to stop spinning, I'd have enough sense to have enough nerve to call a halt. And I was just as determined that as long as my stomach and money held out, they'd never learn what a craven I was behind that cold, sweating face and sickly grin.

They won. But so did I. After a ride on the Wild Mouse, which put more pure cold fear through my innards than anything since the day a fellow put a 40 m.m. shell through my wing, right beside the cockpit. I threw in the white towel.

Don't you think we should let Mom have some fun? I quavered. They finally agreed, disgustedly, to take her on the only ride she'll venture on. So the four of us sat, the kids snorting with amusement, their mother gasping and holding the sides, while we went around and around, on the slowest, mildest, most babyish, most old-womanish ride in the midway. Which was fine with me.

As this was the Children's Trip, we then took off for Niagara Falls. Like all kids, they were deeply impressed by the magnificent spectacle, gazing at it with awe for at least forty seconds before starting to look around for a hot-dog stand. Then Hugh spotted the

Maid of the Mist, and we had to go on the boat ride in the gorge. We got delightfully soaked in the spray, and the rapturous grins of the kids were worth the whole trip.

Then we wanted to eat. It took half an hour to find a "nice" place to suit my wife. We all sat down, the waitress brought our water and the menus. We took a look at them, then at each other, grabbed a kid each and headed in a dignified retreat as possible for the door. There was nothing under \$3 on the sheet.

If you'd ever seen Kim messing around in a \$3 dinner, the while complaining vehemently because she's not allowed french fries and an ice cream cone, the favourite meal, you wouldn't have blamed us. We wound up at a hole-in-the-wall, eating another in the never-ending stream of hot dogs from one hand and beating off the flies with the other. Which suited the kids down to the ground.

That night we stayed at a swanky hotel. I gave the bellboy his dime with that touch of cosmopolitan élan that only a weekly editor can achieve. Kim had never seen a bellboy before, and later, when we were wondering where the swimming pool was located, she piped: "Why didn't you ask the butler?"

Next day, a flying visit to the Stratford Festival. The play lasted over three hours, and by the end of Act 2, the kids were wiggling like worms. Hugh and I were deeply mortified, and tried to act as though we didn't know them, when Kim and her mother got into an audible argument about whether the former should put her shoes on, just before intermission, while dozens of cultured spinsters turned around and hissed at them like snakes.

And then the long journey home, swearing we wouldn't eat another hot dog or hamburger for a month, the youngsters groggy with exhaustion, the inside of the car resembling the town dump. And the deep satisfaction of tucking them in their own beds, then coming down to the dear, familiar kitchen for a midnight cup of tea. And admitting to each other somewhat reluctantly that The Trip, after all, had been a roaring success.

**THE MAIL BAG**

**Draws Attention to Education Article**

48 Byron St., Georgetown, Ontario, September 3rd, 1958  
Dear Mr. Editor:  
The following article appeared on the editorial page of the Toronto Daily Star, Sept. 2nd, 1958. We felt that it might be of interest to your readers.  
Yours Sincerely,  
Mrs. R. N. Shearly

**LET PARENTS STILL BE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS**

Whether professional educators like it or not, schools and schooling are everybody's business. Indeed, we hazard the guess that the less that parents and the public stick their noses into the education of the young, the less good

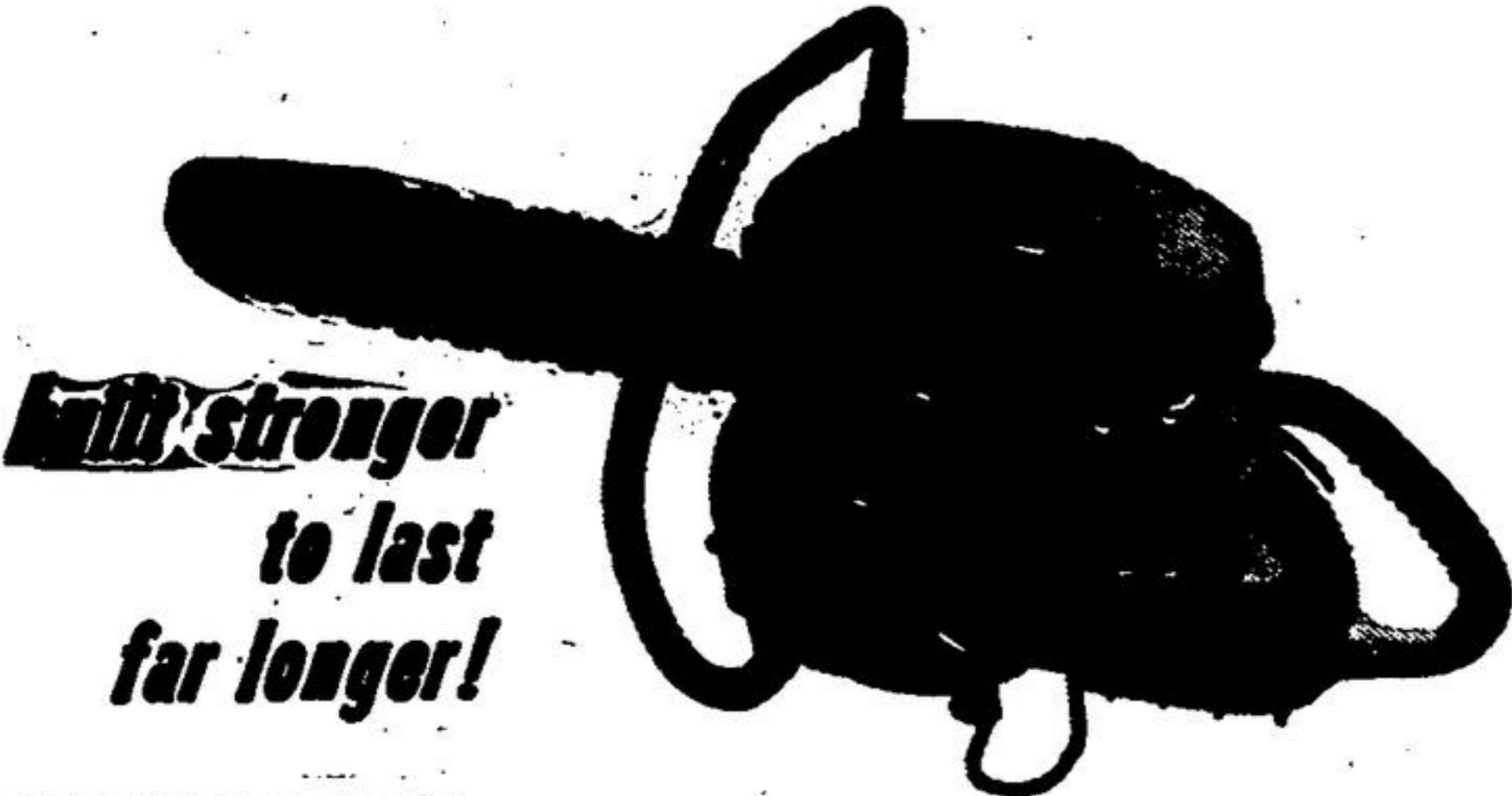
that education is likely to be. James Singleton, principal of Northview Heights collegiate in North York and president of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' federation, said last week: "We (teachers) are assailed by a plague of locusts." He meant that too many people were spreading false criticism of the educational system, that the "man in the street" has too much to say about what is being taught. The view of parents and the public as locusts destructively eating into public education in this province betrays weakness in professional educators. If their science is as exact and sound as some pedagogues would have us believe, it would welcome criticism if only to confound the critics.  
The truth is that pedagogy is not a profound science and that teaching is still an art, requiring at every turn the acceptance of the public and the justification of its product. When the public is not prepared to accept Johnnie's schooling as being as good as it should be and when Susie has not learned to read properly, then is when public criticism is most vocal, as it should be. Professional educators here are not working in a totalitarian state where the public has to accept what is given and shut up.  
May we remind educators that the material they are working with is the flesh and blood of anxious parents, and further, that as taxpayers, these parents are paying for the education of their young.  
So parents, continue to buzz around the educators. It may at least help them to arrive at a philosophy of education consistent with their professional status, a need Mr. Singleton himself recognizes.

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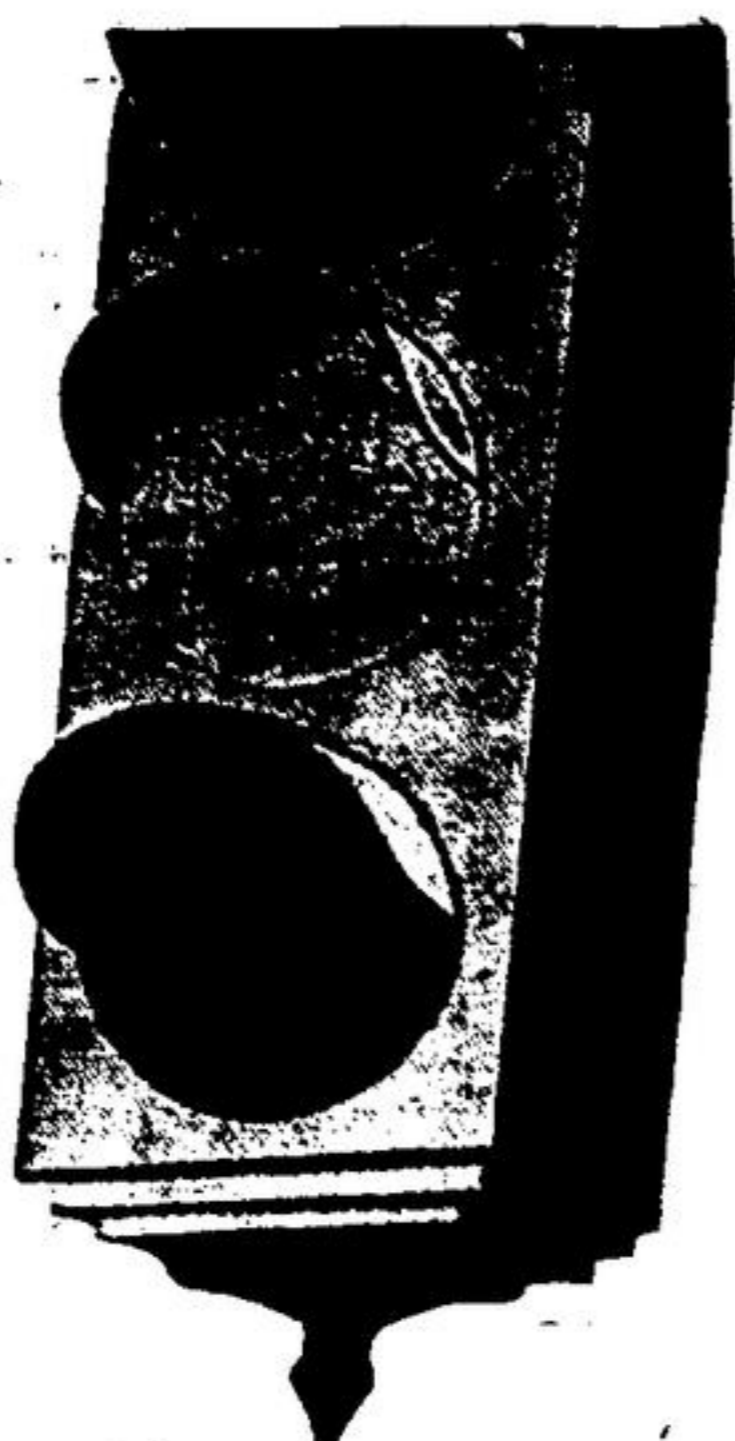
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