

Yeadon's Memorials

MONUMENTS
GRAVE MARKERS
and **CEMETERY LETTERING**

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Suggests Interview Periods For Parent-Teacher Talks

One hundred parents heard Mr. E. Jordan, Halton's public school inspector put forward an idea Monday at Chapel St. Home & School meeting. It was an idea, he explained, for parents who would like to discuss their child's progress with his teacher but never quite get around to it.

He suggested a schedule of interviews be drawn up whereby one day a week after school be set aside for possibly four parent-teacher interviews. In this way each parent would have an interview possibly twice during the school year.

"The real value of this scheme lies in the reaching of all parents", Mr. Jordan pointed out, "since there is usually a small percentage who do not attend school functions."

"The child reflects his parents' attitude to the school and the teachers" he emphasized. "If the parents continually criticize the school, can the child respect it?"

He concluded by commenting wryly "Home and School is not a social club or a ladies' aid."

The new public health nurse, Miss Olive O'Shea, spoke briefly on her duties in the community, and Mrs. John Elliott reported on the Cancer Society conference in Toronto. She told of the tour of the new Princess Margaret Hospital and the nearby hostel for

clinic patients. Officers were installed by retiring president Mrs. Joe Emerson, who was presented with a past president's pin in appreciation of her service. This year's officers are: President, Mrs. W. Sloan; vice president, Reg Broomhead; treasurer, James McBryde; recording secretary, Mrs. Henry Helfant; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Al Currie; executive committee, Mrs. John Elliott, Mrs. R. C. Warren, Vern McCumber, Mrs. Joe Emerson, Mrs. Thomas Golden.

The audience included parents from both Chapel and Park schools. Refreshments were served by social conveners, Mrs. Thomas Golden and Mrs. Frank Golden.

MONUMENTS

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Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

by Bill Smiley
Maybe I'm just getting old and grouchy, but it seems to me that life around our place gets more frantic and complicated with the passing of each year. I'm beginning to look back with nostalgia on the good old days when all the kids did was scream all the time, knock over their milk, and keep their diapers soaked.

From this distance, those days had a tranquillity about them that makes me green with envy. We'd bath the children and smell them to bed, looking and smelling like rosebuds. We'd do the dishes amiably. Then we'd sit around and read, or chat, or play cribbage or chess.

Oh, we weren't complete fuds. We'd go to the odd show, and get together with friends a couple of times a week. And I used to go out to meetings quite often, in the evening. But when I'd come home, there would be the old Trouble 'n' Stirie, with a big pot of tea and some lovely homemade tarts from the bakeshop. I'd try to tell her about the bright things I'd said at the meeting, while she told me the bright things the kids had said or done before bed.

As I remember it, though we thought life was pretty strenuous in those days, and we could hardly wait until the kids got a bit older, so we'd have more freedom, more time for relaxation and recreation. Looking back, I realize we were up to our ears in gracious, simple living, and didn't know it. Compared to the continual consumption that seems to constitute our family life nowadays, we were as peaceful as peas in a pod.

Somewhere, at some crossing, that idyllic existence went off the tracks. Life at our house is now a series of crises, each one as noisy and frenzied as the last one, as exasperating and exhausting as the next one.

First crisis of the day before breakfast. Kim does her piano practising early, starting at 7.30. Her mother, just out of bed a real martyr, and grouchy as a grizzly, supervises. I'm getting sick and tired of being awakened by a tear-stained kid, declaring that "Mummy's so mean!"

Noon hour is sheer chaos. Just one big crisis. The kids fight with each other. The parents fight with each other. The kids fight with the parents. Occasionally, when there's a lull in hostilities, the three of them are merely all talking at once, all talking excitedly and all talking about something different, while I move silently about the kitchen, pouring glasses of milk, looking for the salt, and trying to stay neutral.

Just the other day, we had a typical noon hour deal. Kim dropped a slice of peach on her fresh blouse. She reached for it, with the hand that held her knife and a big gob of butter. The butter scooped to the floor. Getting a little excited, she bent to go after it, her chin hit her dish and the rest of the peaches flipped. Trying to save them, she knocked over a glass of milk. Laugh? I thought I'd cry.

When everything was squared around, and the recriminations had ceased, she went out to play. Three minutes later, she was back in, looking scared. She'd torn the buckle and strap off one of her brand new shoes. So I spent half an hour of lunchtime crawling around in a big pile of leaves, looking for a shoe buckle. Didn't find it, sent her off to school with a last volley of threats, and went in and let the Old Girl out of the strait jacket.

Tuesday, Hugh was to catch the bus at 4 p.m., to take him to the city, 20 miles away, for his music lesson. I was out selling ads. At 4.05 I see this familiar-looking kid wandering nonchalantly into the bus stop. That's my boy. I grabbed him, borrowed a car, and we took off after the bus. We hurtled down the highway at 75, yes 75, trying to catch up. We caught it two miles this side of the city. He thought it was a dandy adventure. I lost an hour's work on my busiest day.

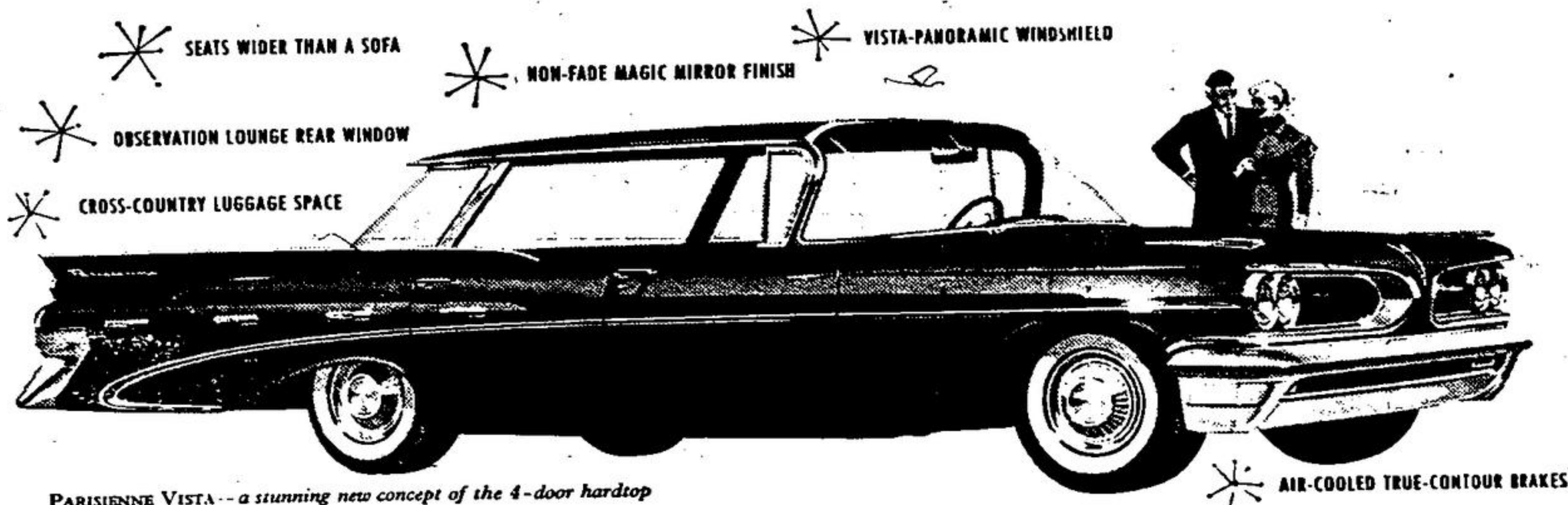
I don't think I'm up to much more. When I walk into the house, anything can confront me. Maybe there are eight small children lying on the floor, reading comics. That means Kim is entertaining. Maybe the record player is at full volume, with a soprano screeching an aria from Carmen at window breaking pitch. That means Hugh is standing on his head on the living room floor, doing his Yogi.

To compound confusion, the old lady has taken unto herself some piano pupils. Which means that I'm going to have to keep the front walk shoveled all winter, so they can get in. We used to make do nicely, back in those dear, dead days, with the path the milkman trod through the snow, to the side door.

Notice of Annual Meeting The Liquor Licence Act

Licensing District Number 5
Take notice that the Annual Meeting of the Liquor Licence Board of Ontario for Licensing District Number 5, comprising Wentworth and Halton Counties, will be held at Rose Room, Knight Hall, 6 Sanford Ave. South, in the City of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth on Friday, the 31st day of October, 1958, commencing at the hour of 9.30 o'clock EST in the forenoon at which time it will hear and determine applications for the renewal of licences in accordance with the Liquor Licence Act, and Regulations thereunder.
And further take notice that any person resident in the said licensing district objecting to any such application shall file his grounds of objection in writing with the Deputy Registrar at least ten days before the meeting.
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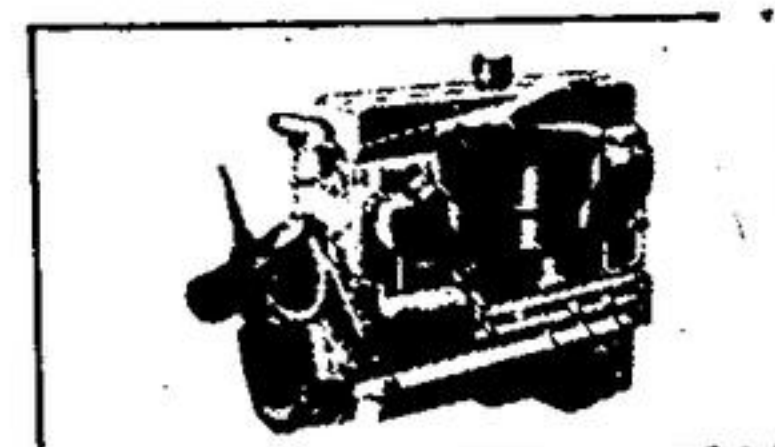
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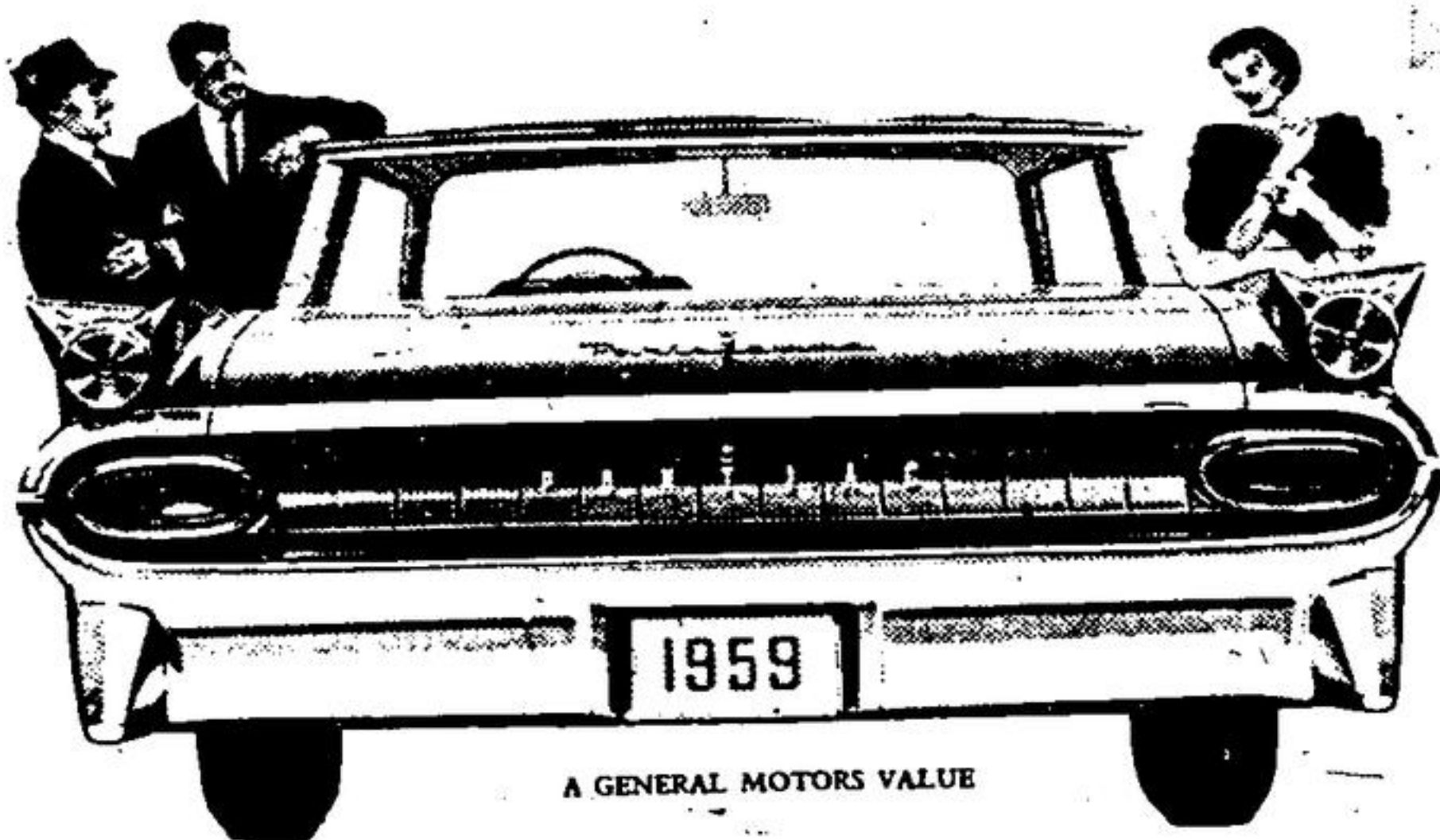


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