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Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Wartorn Echo

It seems to me that the world's scientists are behaving like a bunch of juvenile delinquents loose in a chemistry laboratory. Either they've lost sight of the fundamentals of life, or they've been reading too many science-fiction stories.

Scientists used to be odd, but useful people who confined their activities to increasing man's knowledge of himself and the world about him. They minded their own business. They pattered about with their bits of wire, their rocks and plants, their electrodes, and their formulae. Sometimes they came up with something useful, like the wheel, the egg-beater, a vaccine against smallpox, or a cure for constipation.

In those days, they didn't constitute a danger to society because they never had much money, so their activities were restrained to comparatively harmless, if interesting research. Nowadays, with vast sums at their disposal, they resemble nothing more than gangs of hot-rodders hurtling about, daring each other to go faster and take more chances, yelling "chick-eeen" at each other.

Take this shot at the moon, now. What did the moon ever do to us, that we want to start firing rockets at it? If the madmen of the laboratories are allowed to continue, lovers will be plighting their troth under a man in the moon with a big, fat hole in his head.

And what about our popular songs? If they hit the moon with one of those contraptions, can you imagine yourself sitting around the campfire at a weenie roast, singing: "Shine On, Harvest Crater-Filled Body Emanating Gaseous Substances", or something of the sort?

It's all very well to hail these latest exhibitionistic efforts of the scientists as tremendous strides on the stairs of man's progress. But man might be a lot better off if he went downstairs and cleaned up his cellar before he starts going upstairs to make a mess in the attic.

Mind you, I'm not against science. I took it in school once. Pistils and stamens and H2SO4 and litmus paper and all that stuff. I have a very sound scientific background. But I think the scientists have gone a little hay-wire. Mucking about with missiles in what was previously a well-ordered universe is like seeing how many holes you can blast in a big dam before it crumbles. Or like crossing rattlesnakes and rabbits, just to see what you'll get.

Right here on earth we have enough trouble and human misery and appalling ignorance, to keep us and our children and our children's children occupied for another 500 years, trying to sort things out. We are barely scratching the surface of man's knowledge of himself. Why not turn all these incandescent-brained scientists to work on our own

woes, before we start horsing around in outer space?

Oh I know, I know. If we don't do it the Russians might get there first. Well, I say let them go to it. If some thick-headed teenager in town wants to go swimming on the first of March, does that mean I have to go too, even though I'm still suffering from a dreadful cold?

Scientists can build satellites and launching ramps and submarines that don't have to surface for air. But are any of them delving into the fundamentals of human behaviour? Show me a scientist who is doing research on why I leave it until a blizzard is blowing to put on my 15 storm windows, and I'll show you a scientist who is some use to the world.

Scientists have practically overcome such great human ills as tuberculosis, polio, smallpox. But show me one scientist who is devoting his life to finding a cure for hemorrhoids, one of the great afflictions of the human race, and I'll show you a scientist who is worth his weight in suppositories.

The world would be a lot better off if they rounded up about 800 of those scientists engaged in making rude noises in the atmosphere, locked them up in a huge research centre, gave them all the money they wanted, and said: "O.K., boys. You've got six months to find a cure for the common cold."

Victoria Bride Daughter of Ex-Georgetown Minister

A wedding was solemnized in First Baptist Church, Victoria, B.C. recently when Lorna Jean Easter became the bride of Eric Conant Davis. The bride is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Easter, former pastor of Acton and Georgetown Baptist churches, now in Victoria, B.C. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis of Hamilton, Ontario. Autumn flowers decorated the church.

Given in marriage by her uncle, Norman Blandford, the bride entered the church to the strains of the well-known hymn "Praise Him, Praise Him, Jesus My Blessed Redeemer." She wore a gown of ivory satin styled with fitted bodice and full skirt, fashioned folds at back extending into a short train. Fine hand-cut lace outlined the bateau neckline and brief cup sleeves. Her fingertip veil of ivory toned net was held in place with a bandeau of pearls and sequins.

A pearl necklace, gift of the groom, was the only jewelry. She carried a crescent bouquet of cream chrysanthemums and yellow daisies. The First Baptist Church choir sang the Lord's Prayer as the bridal party reached the altar and O Perfect Love during the signing of the register.

Mr. Easter officiated at the ceremony for his daughter, and the love chapter, 1st Corinthians chapter 13 was read during the ceremony. Her attendants wore pale yellow-brocade ballerina gowns, Miss Shirley Allen being maid of honour and Miss Dee Lavoie bridesmaid. The gowns

were styled with draped necklines dipping to a deep V at the back and bracelet length sleeves. Head bandeaux and shoes were in matching fabric and colour. They carried crescents of bronze chrysanthemums.

The best man was John Easter, brother of the bride, and the ushers were Robert Canova and Walter Ellis, both of Victoria.

A large reception followed the wedding in the church basement arranged by the Women's Union of the church, where close to two hundred friends and church members met the bridal couple. Later a private reception was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Neil Stewart on Beach Drive. Mrs. Easter assisted in receiving the guests wearing a pale green taffeta and net gown and corsage of bronze chrysanthemums.

For travelling on the honeymoon Mrs. Davis donned a wool jersey dress in peacock blue and black. Her beige cloche hat was trimmed to match and a beige coat topped the outfit.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis will reside in Hamilton, Ont. where the groom is a final year student at McMaster University and the bride is on the staff of the City Health Department.

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Notice to Creditors

IN THE ESTATE of Isaac M. Bennett, Gentleman, deceased.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Isaac M. Bennett, late of the Town of Georgetown, gentleman, who died on or about the 16th day of September, 1958, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 22nd day of November, 1958, after which date the Estate will be distributed with regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice, and the undersigned will not be liable to any person of whose claim she shall not then have notice.

Dated at Georgetown, this 21st day of October, A.D. 1958.

Emma E. Bennett, Executrix of the Estate of Isaac M. Bennett, by her solicitors, Dale Bennett & Latimer, Georgetown, Ontario. 11-5

Notice to Creditors AND OTHERS

In the estate of William John Hunter.

All persons having claims against the estate of William John Hunter, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, who died on or about the nineteenth day of August, 1958, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the first day of November, 1958, after which date the estate will be distributed having regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice.

DATED at Brampton this eighth day of August, A.D. 1958.

Robert Orville Delaney, Administrator, by his solicitors, Lawrence & Lawrence, 43 Queen St. W., Brampton, Ont.