

Sugar and Spice

Dispersed by BILL SHELLEY of the Winston Echo

So often am I aware of my own failings as a weekly editor, that I can't help pondering on the make-up of the ideal editor. He, of course is the editor of the weekly newspaper that pleases all its subscribers.

I have yet to see the issue appear that pleased more than a minute portion of my readers. If the teachers aren't after me, the preachers are. If the temperance people aren't gunning for me, the hotel-keepers are roaring with pain over some fancied slight. If the dog owners aren't urging me to partisanship, the garden lovers are down on me for not demanding an open season on canines.

The ideal weekly editor would have to combine the forbearance of St. Francis with the raw courage of Joan of Arc, the perspicuity of Plato with the cunning of Machiavelli, the eloquence of Demosthenes with the foresight of Mohr or Shipton.

That's what makes it so difficult. You just don't find too many people around with all those attributes rolled up in one hide. You get one fellow with a brain like a polished blade, and he hasn't the guts to do any slashing with it. You find another editor with the furious courage of a wounded wild buffalo, and just about as much insight. Still another will have a pen like a whiplash, and spend all his time flogging dead horses.

Admittedly, then that ideal weekly editor is non-existent, what would the ideal weekly paper be like? First of all, it would have an editorial page that always took a strong stand. Never mind what stand, as long as it was strong. One week, for example, it could come out solidly in favour of higher salaries for teachers, and lower necklines for women. The next issue could carry a resounding attack on the rising cost of education, and a demand for a firmer attitude toward indecent exposure.

For the ghouls and gossips, of course, the ideal weekly would carry several columns of court cases, hints of wife beatings, suggestions of teenage orgies and allusions to all manner of like delicacies. No names, of course. But everyone would know who was meant, when the paper ran an item like: "The garbage collectors are complaining because the garbage cans at the home of a certain pillar of the church who lives on Maple St. are so loaded with empty whiskey bottles they can hardly lift them."

For avid readers of the "personals," of course, the ideal weekly would have a new approach. No more of this dull "Mr and Mrs. Peter Salt of Westvale called on relatives in town this week." That isn't news. The ideal personal item would pack a lot more punch and convey a lot more information. It would read something like this:

"Mr. and Mrs. Peter Salt (nee Jennie "Red" Pepper, daughter of Mrs. Malachi Pepper and the late

Malachi, who used to live in the old Squash place till it caught fire in that lightning storm four years ago and Malachi was burnt up trying to get central on the line) of Westvale, where they have been living since Peter (a son of Mr. and Mrs. Rockfield Salt, former residents here before they moved to the County Home) took a position there in the undertaking parlours after some years employed here in George McLean's body repair shop, visited this week with Jennie's mother; and called on her German Annie, married to that new German fellow on the tenth concession." See what I mean? You have got to get some life into those personals.

In the ideal weekly, the sports fan too, would be looked after. No more of this dull chronicling of who got how many hits or scored how many goals. There'd be more of the real, roaring excitement of the game, like: "In the third period, responding to the pleas of the fans, Joe McDrool rose to new heights as he picked up the puck behind his own net, circled with the speed of an express train, started up the ice like a jet plane, and had he not had the sheer bad luck to run into one of his own defence-men at the blue line, would undoubtedly have gone through the opposing team like spit through a tin horn, and scored." There'd be columns and columns of this behind-the-scenes colour for the sports enthusiast.

Our ideal weekly, of course, wouldn't neglect important social news, like weddings. Instead of the present-fashion of limiting



More than 450,000 Canadians suffer from mental retardation, which makes the condition one of the most serious remaining social problems, the Ontario Association for Retarded Children has stated. Hope and happiness for every child of lower than normal intelligence is the goal of the association, which sponsors an "education" week starting November 16. Enquiries are invited by the OARC at 55 York Street, Toronto.

wedding write-ups to a mere, bare, curt outline about three-quarters of a column long that gives only the most brief and perfunctory description of things, the ideal wedding write-up would have some meat on its bones. It would give a full description of the bride's costume, instead of a skimpy couple of paragraphs. It would carry a complete list of the wedding guests. And it would carry in full the many charming and witty toasts proposed at the reception.

I have more, many more, of ideas about what the ideal weekly should

carry. But I am so sensitive about my own shortcomings as an editor that it is too painful to go on. And I know my fellow publishers are hating their heads in shame, too. Or is it horror?

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS
The Herald has an attractive new book of illustrations available to merchants to use in their Christmas advertisements.

There is no extra charge for using this service, and it is here on a "first come, first served" basis.

Attend Uncle's Funeral Pioneer Alberta Farmer

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Sienko, 14 George Street, and Mrs. R. Ollivier attended the funeral of Mrs. Sienko's uncle, William Stubbs, who died at Beaver Lodge, Alberta, on Wednesday, November 12. He was eighty years of age.

Guelph 189 Average Beats Revolver Club

Guelph revolver teams headed by Al Lace and John Murley defeated the local club in an invitational shoot off on Sunday at the club's Limehouse range. Guelph registered a 189 average to Georgetown's 183 to take the match.

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TRAVEL NOTES

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Notice to Creditors
IN THE ESTATE of Mary Catherine Standish, widow, deceased

All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Catherine Standish, late of the Township of Esplanade, Widow, who died on or about the 25th day of September, 1958, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 27th day of December, 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 25th day of November, A.D. 1958

Beatrice Standish, sole executrix of the Estate of Mary Catherine Standish, by her Solicitors, Dale, Bennett and Latimer, Georgetown, Ont.
12-10

Notice to Creditors
IN THE ESTATE of John Thomas Crawford, electrical worker, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of John Thomas Crawford, late of the village of Glen Williams, electrical worker, who died on or about the 14th day of October, 1958, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 13th December, 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 11th day of November, A.D. 1958.

Margie Crawford, Executrix of the estate of John Thomas Crawford, by her Solicitors, Dale, Bennett and Latimer, Georgetown.
11-19

Important Fall News to Fuel Oil Users!

See and save the difference next season with HY-TEST 303!

HY-TEST 303--The revolutionary NEW premium RED FUEL OIL can save you up to 20% of your heating cost--starting with your first tankful!

DON'T BE ROBBED BY SOOT!
Do you know that as little as 5/16ths of an inch of soot—built up in your burner by ordinary fuel oils—will reduce heating efficiency by as much as 20%? The premium additive in HY-TEST 303 not only causes it to burn soot-free—but actually burns off soot deposits in your furnace! Prove this amazing fact to yourself—by checking your own furnace before and after using HY-TEST 303.

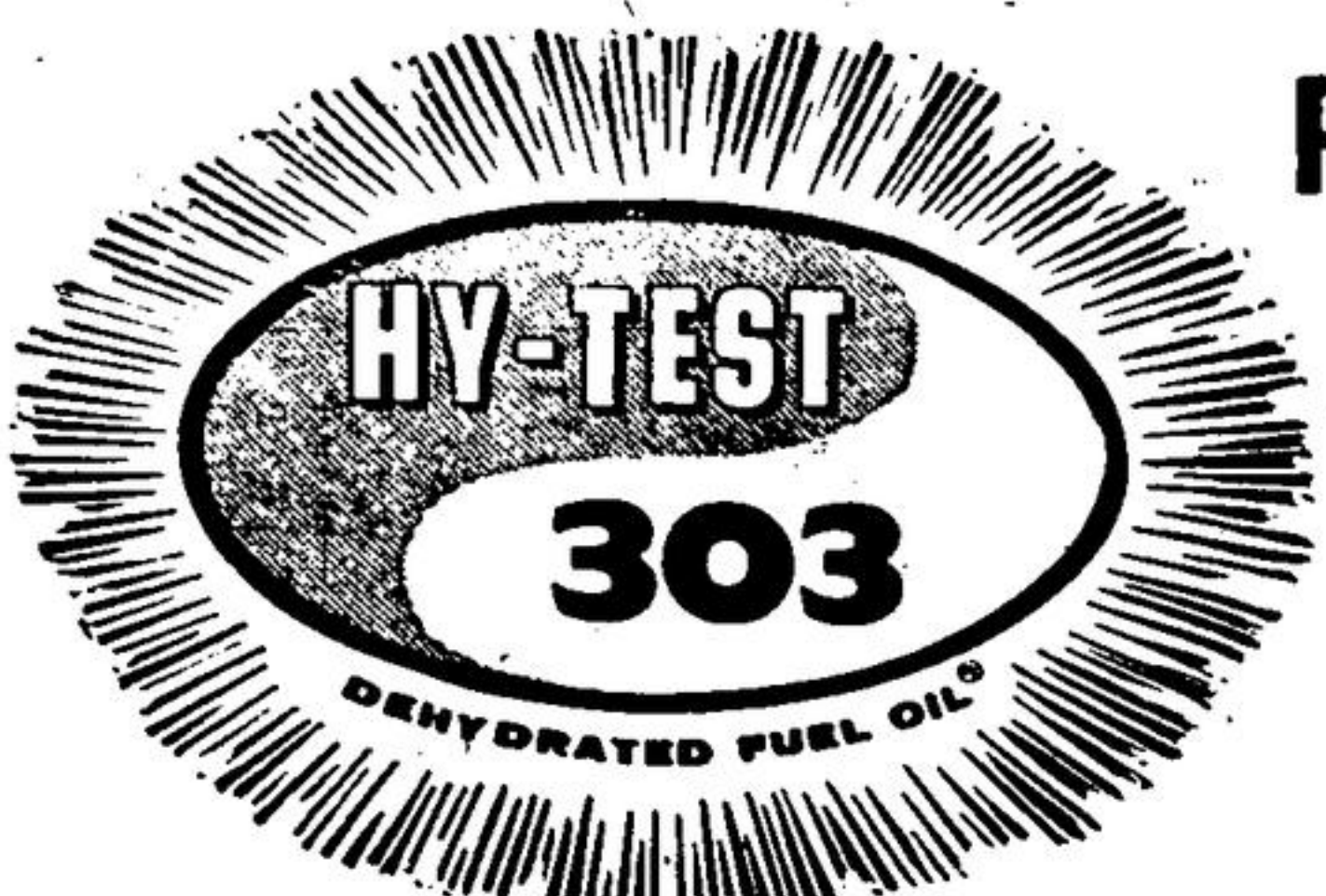
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Every one of our trucks is equipped with a patented filter and dehydrator that removes all impurities and extracts every trace of water from HY-TEST 303 on delivery BEFORE it reaches your tank. In addition, the premium additive in HY-TEST 303 prevents moisture from collecting at the bottom of your fuel tank—banishing the danger of tank corrosion and leakage.

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Because HY-TEST 303 is the purest oil ever delivered, because it burns off soot most completely, you get the cleanest burning, most economical, trouble-free fuel oil ever available. At checking time look for, and see the difference! No more nozzle-clogging sludge, no more heat-killing, home soiling soot—even the unpleasant petroleum odor is gone!

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Never before has a new petroleum product received such instant acclaim. Used in schools, factories, offices and homes from Iowa to West Virginia, from Carolina to the famed St. Lawrence International Seaway project in Canada—HY-TEST 303 has proven its superiority in tens of thousands of oil burners. Let us show you the big difference—starting with your next tankful!

*From an analysis by an independent engineering firm.



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