

CLUB MIDTOWN

— IS SPONSORING
FOR ADULTS AND TEENAGERS
OF GEORGETOWN AND DISTRICT

A GALA STREET DANCE

Sat., Aug. 15 - 8:30 p.m. - 11:55 p.m.
AT THE NEW DELREX PLAZA

Just drive up folks, and have a good time.
Refreshments Available . . . Spot Prizes, Etc. . . .
Music For All Types of Dancing.

Come and Dance in the Moonlight With Your Friends!

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO THE
GEORGETOWN HOSPITAL FUND



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

Maybe it was the housewife who dashed from her kitchen door waving her dish towel as the Royal Train passed by, or it could have been the little girl who held her pippy on top of her head so that it too could see her Queen, that made the lump come up in my throat.

I am not usually given to emotionalism when on an assignment, but the spontaneous fealty and national display of loyalty as the Royal Train passed through the little villages and towns along the way, gave me a new conception of my fellow Canadians' attitude toward Royalty.

While thousands packed the streets of the built-up areas perhaps one of the most impressive displays of homage to Elizabeth Regina was the shirtless farmer who stood on the seat of his tractor amid a field of ripening grain and waved his sweaty cap with frantic enthusiasm. As we progressed over the hundreds of miles it was not unusual to see a provincial policeman climb from his cruiser at a deserted level crossing and stand at salute until the train passed by.

I was touched by the many expressions of welcome home owners beside the tracks had invented. One shabby little hut had a long row of coffee cans painted bright flag blue. In each one was a single red or white petunia. On a long thin fishing pole a tiny Union Jack fluttered in tatters.

In another neat little garden patch an imaginative tenant had constructed a miniature ferris wheel. Each of the tiny seats was painted red, white and blue and in them grew a profusion of red and white flowers. But I think the bravest and, in a way, the most pathetic attempt at decoration was the huge factory where some worker had pasted tiny Union Jack stickers all over the windows on the third story. I didn't miss this patriotic gesture and I am sure the Queen didn't either.

There was time to see these little human interest angles of the Royal Tour while the train was in

motion, but let it pull to a stop for a few moments and bedlam broke loose in the press parlor car. Cameras were grabbed and polite regard for the feminine sex was completely ignored. It was every man for himself in the wild scramble for a vantage point. The lucky ones were those who left the train first or those who could run the fastest.

During the pull through central Ontario, taxi bills mounted like the national debt. One after another of the reporters, intent on getting a new angle, missed the train and had to pick it up at the next station after a wild ride in a cab. Fortunately Her Majesty had requested a slow ride between stations in order that she might wave to her subjects who lined every country road. Otherwise there might have been a great gap in coverage for some of the papers represented by those sprinting, sweating, swearing newsmen.

During one of these scheduled stops a tall, gangling bleached blonde put her swollen feet on an empty seat beside her and announced she intended to "sit this one out". She was hardly the movie director's idea of a woman reporter out to get a scoop or die in the attempt. After all, she reasoned, the Queen wore the same dress all day, said practically the same thing to each mayor in each town, accepted a bouquet of flowers from a small child, waved to her subjects as she drove by in a fast-moving car and returned to the train. Why should she waste her breath and subject her swollen feet to another presentation of a municipal council and their

CONCRETE GRAVEL
BUILDING SAND
ROAD GRAVEL
FILL AND TOP SOIL
STONE WORK

Tom Haines

Glen Williams - TR. 7-3302

wives.

When a little more than the scheduled time had elapsed for the stop she awoke with a start from her fitful dozing. "What's happened, where's the Queen, why isn't she back on the train?" rolled from her tongue in quick succession. She grabbed the porter by the shoulders, shook him soundly and demanded "What's the delay? My G—, the Queen of England may have broken her leg or some Red may have taken a pot shot at her and I'm not there to get the facts." Just as she had about convinced herself that an atomic attack had happened while she slept on the job, the train began to roll again.

Such is the nervous, sometimes almost hysterical condition newshounds of the daily papers whip themselves into in an effort to bring a report of the tour to their readers. Perhaps if some of them had been overly imaginative, sometimes almost cruelly critical, stress can be blamed.

I was glad mine was a feature writing job with no daily deadline to make. I could sit back and relax in the handsomely appointed car, relish the superb meals and enjoy the scenery that greeted the Queen's eyes too, fifteen cars behind ours.

THE MAIL BAG

Norval Fatality Points Need for Town Hospital

Norval, Ontario,
August 5, 1958

The Editor,
The Georgetown Herald,
Georgetown, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Last Friday morning, a woman in Norval needed a doctor. This was an extreme emergency. But there were no doctors in Georgetown at the time. By the time the Georgetown ambulance arrived to take the woman to the Brampton hospital, she was dead.

The Georgetown doctors were probably making their morning rounds in the nearest hospital available to them—in Guelph. This distressing incident sharply points the needs for a hospital in Georgetown, so that our physicians will be near to us at all times.

How many further such extreme emergencies, where minutes count, will occur before we see a hospital in Georgetown?

Sincerely,
Rev. Lloyd N. Freel.

FARM NEWS

HALTON 4-H CLUB TOURS CAMPBELL SOUP CO.

On the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 4th, the members of Halton 4-H Potato Club visited the experimental plots and the new building of Campbell Soups Limited.

Mr. Ed. Gillin, the Club Leader, arranged to show the members part of the plot work being carried out by Campbell Soups. This included a demonstration on the methods of artificial crossing of tomatoes, and all the records that are involved in such a breeding program.

The tour concluded with a visit to Campbell Soups' new research laboratory, North of Cookville.

Monuments

Cemetery Lettering
YEADON'S
Memorials

22 KING STREET EAST

Georgetown — TR. 7-9573

ANNUAL WATER SHOW

at our own Georgetown

★ SWIMMING POOL ★

Wednesday, August 19, 8 p.m.

COME AND SEE THE BEST SHOW THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY

Featuring . . .

OUR OWN SWIMMING CLUB

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

The Fergus Swimming Club

and from Toronto an exhibition of Synchronized Swimming and water ballet

SPONSORED BY THE GEORGETOWN LIONS CLUB

WHY WAIT 'TIL FALL?



Install automatic natural gas heating now! A new, completely automatic natural gas heating system (including ductwork), can be installed for as little as \$45.00 down and two years to pay. Or, install a natural gas conversion burner in your present furnace, \$22.00 down and two years to pay. Have your monthly payments included on your gas bill. See your gas heating dealer or

UNITED GAS LIMITED

7 MAIN ST. S.

TR. 7-3921

"I thought my old tractor was a sweetheart..."

...until I got a **Case-o-matic**.
PROOF DEMONSTRATION!

"A 1-hour Proof Demonstration convinced me that there was a POWERFUL difference between Case-o-matic Drive and my old tractor. My new Case-o-matic tractor plows the toughest fields non-stop . . . does far more work in less time—and with less fuel, too! Believe me, it will pay you to have a CASE-O-MATIC PROOF Demonstration on your farm."

FREE!

Handy Plastic Raincoat
with your demonstration

It's our "thank you" for the privilege of demonstrating. Make a demonstration date today—discover the powerful difference!

TRADE NOW!
You'll never get
a better deal.

CALL US TODAY FOR A PROOF
DEMONSTRATION ON YOUR FARM

MIKE NORTON

CASE SALES AND SERVICE

TR. 7-4993

BALLINAFAD