

Community Centre SPORTS Activity

Georgetown's Atom soccer Hoarits will be in the Edmunson Cup final Monday. Playing with their backs to the wall in Wallace Park last Saturday the club polished off the more experienced Oakville Athletics 3-1 to earn their shot at the cup.

The coaching staff called it the best played game of the season and who could dispute it. The young unit meshed like a well oiled machine and their ball control and short passing game made the difference.

The Community Centre management are calling a win by the Hearts in Monday's Cup final which will probably make superstitious types wince. However win or lose the Hearts have certainly been the surprise power in their first year and can be counted on to make the Mimico work for anything they get.

The activity starts at Port Credit at 11 a.m. with the Georgetown - Mimico atom final.

touching off the fireworks which will continue with Mimico pitted against South Peel in the bantam windup and later the Oakville League All Stars with three local players will clash with the Southern Ontario All Stars.

Notice to parents: Keep the evening of October 30th free for the end of season soccer banquet, details later.

THREE CAR ACCIDENT AT BUSY INTERSECTION

The Guelph - John Streets intersection which the Dept. of Transport considers not sufficiently busy to require traffic lights was again the scene of an accident Wednesday, Sept. 23rd.

Injured in the smash was the owner of one of the cars Jacob VanderVoort of 25 John St. W. who was treated by Dr. Alistair Macintosh for a lacerated arm and bruises. He was a passenger in a car driven by his daughter Catherine.

Damage estimated at close to \$500 resulted in the mishap which occurred when Paul Ferguson of 122 Prince Charles Dr. pulled to his right to pass a car making a left turn off the highway onto Water Street. At the same time an eastbound car driven by Catherine VanderVoort started a left turn onto John.

The impact of the collision bounced the Ferguson vehicle into a third car driven by Harold Henry of 15 Market Street which was stopped at the John Street corner waiting to cross the highway. Cpl Jim Bilbrow who made the investigation divided the damage at \$400 to Ferguson, and about \$150 and \$200 to VanderVoort and Henry. It occurred at about 7:15 p.m.

Oust Alliance in Fastball Glen Williams '59 Champs

With a crowd of about 400 looking on, the Glen and Alliance fastballers played football with the league title and 'bouted it all over the Glen park Sunday afternoon in a contest of errors that saw the Glen finally claim the honours 6-5 in eight innings.

The series went the full seven games. Neither team apparently wanted the big one Sunday as both clubs committed bushels of costly bables and in the bottom of the seventh the coasters all but dumped the cup in the Glen lap as the greenshirts came from behind to tie it at 5.

However glaring miscues by the home club had accounted for the Alliance lead so the damage balanced itself.

In the game seven it was a routine 'out' that scored the winning run. A weak popfly that shortstop Pic Dillon drifted back for in shallow left field looked like it would take the coasters out of trouble and into the 9th inning but the converted catcher dropped the ball and the Glen romped home as

the industrial league's 'finest'. John Houlby won despite a leaky infield, Gib Telford lost because of a leaky infield and catching handled by reliable Max Stafford for the Glen. Dave Leslie for the mill.

Local Lady Wins Dart Trophy at Exhibition

Georgetown was well represented at the Canadian National Exhibition when a group of local ladies entered the Dart tournament and made an excellent showing.

Members of the team that represented Georgetown at this annual affair were Mrs. Ed McDermott, Mrs. Charlie Day, Mrs. D. McMaster, Mrs. James Emmerson, Mrs. Roy Rudiger

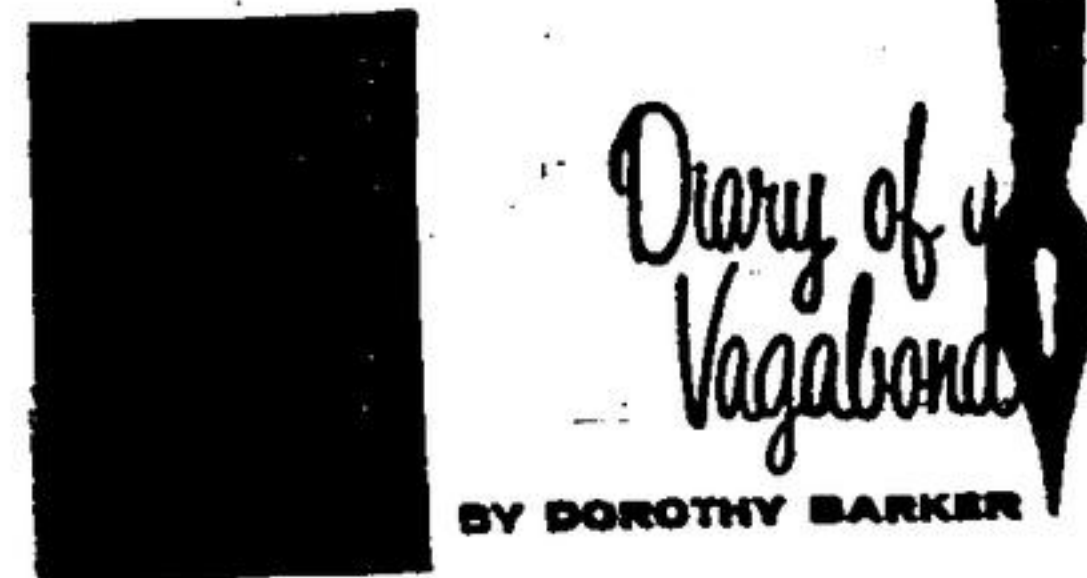
and Mrs. Jean Lockhart. While the team put up an excellent showing and played some very excellent dart games, one of its members, Mrs. Roy Rudiger was exceptional in the Singles, where she went to the finals, and won a trophy for being runner up to the champion. The trophy was a beautiful one and one that she will treasure.

The ladies are known as the Originals and it is expected that a great deal more will be heard from them in the future.

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IT IS OUR JOB to switch to a new system of mail delivery with minimum inconvenience to the public, says Postmaster Harold Marshall as he speaks at the inaugural ceremony which marked the opening of home delivery in town. Postal workers put in many hours of overtime prior to the switch which took place Sept. 28th. —Photo by Jay's Studio, Georgetown.



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

Now that I am home, incidentally preparing for another trip, I like to look back to the recent day when I took the Dayliner from Regina to Saskatoon. I was thrilled at the time to find that for miles we rocketed along in the extended verdant growth of the lower Q'Appelle valley. Fat, sleek cattle grazed on the lush grass and seemed almost superintelligent as they avoided the noxious areas that seemed so tempting, covered with prairie sage.

From my window I could see the farms where those boasts could boast an owner. They were quite different from my idea of western homesteads. The houses were trim and neat and beside each one was a healthy kitchen garden. The barns were disappointingly small, but then I realized most of the cattle are sold for beef after they have fattened all summer on the range.

Wild roses and pale pink morning glories twisted about the fences along the tracks and at one stop I saw a sign that intrigued me. It took up all of the flat front of the little store and read "Vickery's Gen Store" the abbreviation meaning the store's stock consisted of everything from soda crackers to high rubber boots in a 'Gen' store on the prairies. I am told, you can buy almost everything from corset stays to pumpkin seeds.

The red and gold sunset, low on the horizon, made me feel that old Sol intended floating right into the Dayliner for the night. In the mountains, or in any other part of Canada, I have visited so far one looks up to the setting sun. Not so on the prairies. There the sun seems to be laying the promised pot of gold from the end of the rainbow right at one's feet as it slips below the flat, thin line of far-away pastures.

I awoke next morning well on my way to the west coast. Beside the tracks, motorists race along the TransCanada highway every time it came in view. Where several of them had purchased the antlers of deer they had strapped on top of their cars. I could only guess they were not an uncommon sight nailed to the doorways of cabins that clung to the railway right of way. In fact, I grew quite accustomed to seeing bear or deer skins stretched on barns, or sheds, in some stage of being cured. These either end up on the floor of the natives' huts or in some posh den of the perpetual tourists, for the inhabitants have a price on everything they own. It is said.

After we passed Hinton Alberta, where mountains of cut wood attested to the fact that here was the largest pulp and paper mill in the west, I noticed the wild flowers had changed character. Where mauve and yellow had predominated in the colour spectrum of the prairies, now vivid orange and the red of the Indian Paint Brush and wild galaridias painted the scene with a bright splash.

We had a half hour stop at Jasper and, as I was to visit this haven in the heart of the mountains only on my return journey, I strolled in leisurely fashion up the main drag. I should never enter a shop, or ask tourists where they bought the "cute little covered wagon" for it is one sure way of run-

ning the risk of missing my train. I was waiting for my change in a fascinating Jasper shop, simply jammed with gifts guaranteed to capture any tourist when I looked at my watch and realized I had just two minutes to run two blocks and to board the train before it pulled out of the station. Clutching the miniature covered wagon, twelve scenic postcards, and a souvenir brochure of Jasper Park, I sprinted like a deer down that hot street, over a low cobblesstone fence, and arrived at the tracks just as a sympathetic conductor, who had been watching my progress, gave the signal to the diesel engine to get going. I was almost as breathless later in the afternoon as day closed down on the exciting race: the train was having with the Fraser River. My only compensation was that on my return, I would see all this glory by daylight, for Canadian National Railways officials have been thoughtful enough to route their crack transcontinental train so that their passengers see all the mountain glory, either going or coming, on their holiday journey to the west coast.

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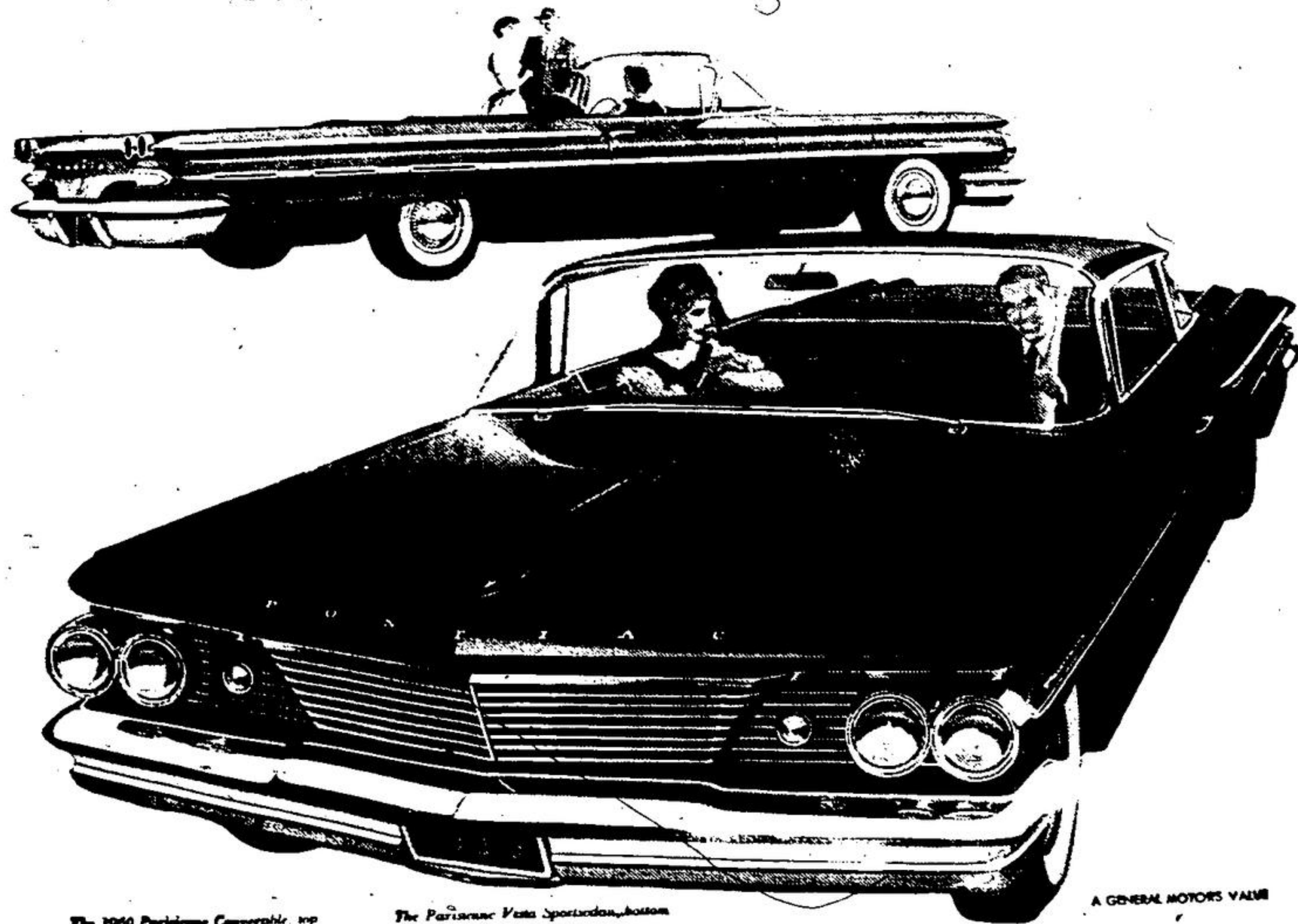
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