

### Chatting

M. H. E.

WE'D BEEN hoping for a nice sunny day for our trip up Cape Cod — and were lucky enough to get one. After having toured around Plymouth on foot for two or three hours, it was good to settle back in the car and let the scenery roll by.

There were very few stretches of open country in the short trip from Plymouth to the Cranberry Highway, which snakes its way up the northern coastline of Cape Cod. It was all suburban, with a great many motels and hotels shuttered up for the winter.

WHEN YOU STAY driving up the Cape itself, however, things look quite different. For about 25 miles there are only a few houses and the land is low-lying and flat. In many places it is quite marshy, and this is the "bogland" which is so suited to the growing of cranberries. There were some fields picked and often we saw filled crates piled up in the yard ready to be trucked away. The sea is never very far from the road. We enjoyed our brief glimpses of it.

JUST BEFORE really getting into the Cape proper, we stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. I ordered a "lobster-roll". The name intrigued me. We had seen them advertised many times along the highway. It turned out to be an excellent lobster salad in a hotdog roll — a specialty of New England, evidently. Which reminds me of one little disappointment on our trip. I had expected sea food meals to be much cheaper than here in Ontario. But in our brief experience at the sea coast, they were not. Evidently lobsters and oysters are expensive no matter how close you may be to the source of supply.

We had stopped at that particular restaurant because we could see that Cape Cod was not commercialized in the sense of having oodles of snack bars, motels, cabins, etc. About the only signs of commercialization were the antique shops and craft shops. Even these were always most attractively housed. Never have I seen so many. There were literally dozens of them. If you were interested in antiques, you could spend weeks on Cape Cod, just touring the shops.

OTHER THAN those, however, we couldn't see any signs of earning a living. We judged that Cape Cod is purely residential. The winding highway is lined with beautiful homes, old and new, immaculately kept, shaded by big oaks and pines. The newer homes have been built in the New England tradition — white clapboard with black trim. Some of them are Georgian style mansions. Others are the white washed Cape Cod cottages and ancient weathered half houses. Many of the "half-houses" have become "three-quarter" houses with the growth and needs of the family. Ellis and lean-tos have been added where and when necessary. Some of the latter types are really old, but have been carefully preserved by the present owners.

Here, as in Plymouth, you couldn't help becoming very history conscious. Every effort has been made to weave the colourful past to the present lives of Cape Cod residents. For instance, on the occasional old home, you could see an interesting architectural innovation known as the "Captain's Walk". It is a small rail-enclosed promenade from which the captain's wife could watch the return from the sea. Unfortunately many of these became known as "Widow's Walks".

For miles, the road wound in and out of towns and villages so close to each other they seemed to blend into one long continuous residential town. This section of Cape Cod had an air of quiet elegance I did, however, spy a laundromat. It nearly escaped my notice because it was disguised as a grey-shingled Cape Cod cottage.

AS WE APPROACHED the "neck" of the peninsula, the residential areas thinned out, and soon the dunelike land allowed an unimpeded view of the ocean. On the inland side of the highway, the state has inaugurated a tremendous reforestation program. Acres and acres of pines and oak trees have been planted. But there were no maples. Apparently they are not suited to that particular locale.

Interested in theatrical productions and symphonies — concerts also helps make it quite a unique cultural centre. The buildings are clustered very close together on a tiny promontory, with the very first steps on the side. The streets are so narrow and winding that in summer, when the artists at their easels add to the natural hazards, it's practically impossible to drive a car thru' the town.

WE DECIDED to return to the mainland via the main traffic artery — a four-lane super highway which cuts right thru the centre of the peninsula. There was nothing much to see on this — and I for one was grateful. My eyes were sore again from too much looking. And we made very good time. We were in Providence just after nightfall, so couldn't see much of the city. Odd thing we won't forget, however, was our first experience with a "traffic wheel" there. Luck was with us because with traffic speeding in and out of the wheel in a dozen different directions, there certainly was no time to even read the signs. Whew!

We spent a few anxious minutes after scanning the road ahead, sure we were heading back to Boston instead of New York. I can tell you. Next day we decided to take the thruway to New York. It's a wonderful highway rolling over beautiful wooded hills, and studded with toll stations. It was worth paying the tolls to have such wonderfully relaxed travelling just at a time when we were both getting a little anxious to root for a while.

WELL, YOU DON'T exactly "root" when you get to New York, do you? So many places of interest call — I got a kick out of some of the little things too. Like the flower vendors selling their blooms on street corners. Roses were 50¢ a dozen — the stown at the heels musician wandering down Broadway, playing a swiny saxophone solo — looking up to the tops of skyscrapers and seeing trees and shrubs seemingly sprouting out of the masonry. They looked tiny and toy-like against the sky. Got a kick out of looking at the gas toll, odd as it may seem. And odd as they DID seem. They looked like a race apart with their white pancake make-up, pale lips, bleached hair and eyes and brows outlined in black. Usually the production was topped off with a Frenchroll style hair-do, and the more wispy it looked, the higher the style.

TWAS A THRILL to sit in a debate in the United Nations Building. Couldn't help but think that a tremendous ideological task it is to try to weld the world together in harmony and understanding. This is difficult for even two people to achieve, let alone millions. To add point to my little thought: During our tour of the building, our guide and another guide, both charmingly well spoken girls, had a polite difference of opinion. Both were giving their lecture in the same room, but had started at different times, so that the result was a distracting duet. When one guide requested that the other "tone down just a trifle, please," the reply came — "I'm awfully sorry, but I was speaking a little louder than usual because YOU were disturbing US!" The solution, as is often the case in the really important problems threshed out in the room, lay in a compromise.

WHENEVER I read about Greenwich Village now, I'm sure I'll think back to the funny little restaurant where we had lunch — and its all-too friendly white cat. When he wasn't clawing at our tablecloth begging for food, he kept us amused by jumping in and out of an elaborate washing well, and gurgling on the paper wedding veil and pink and white streamers with which it had been decorated for an impending wedding reception. When he got tired of that, he took walks up and down the long wedding table that had been laid with fresh white linen. Nobody paid the least attention to him. Even cats are uninhibited in the Village, I guess.

LAYER THAT SAME day, at dusk, we went up to the Rainbow Room on the top of Rockefeller Centre. For the price of a cocktail — enjoyed in a beautiful room, complete with soft lights and sweet music — there is the added bonus of a spectacular view of the myriad twinkling lights of the city. For us, it epitomized the glamorous New York holds for the visitor.

30-50 BOWLING — Don Carter was a shining example for the rest of his "Alley Cats", rolling a dandy triple as the Cats clawed George Erickson's "Jokers" 8-2 in 80-50 Bowling this week. Three good games by Captain Sleggy Sigurdson enabled his weakened "Blowers" to avoid a sweep by Gord Cowbrough's "Pin-Ups, which would have tied them for first place. "Pin-Ups", however won the split, 5-2. Sigurdson carded a 745 flat triple, 788 with handicap, to win a pot among the season's top three.

### Black Friday Anniversary

## For Whom the Bell Told

By A. M. C.

Has the thought ever flitted through your mind "I wonder how all those people laid-off at Avro are doing. Probably it has, then you dismissed it, and turned back to Maverick.

Well, this is the story of a very small segment of them on the first anniversary of the death knell of the Arrow.

In an eighty-four house subdivision, locally known as the Swanek area, the bell tolled for sixty four breadwinners, probably one of the highest concentrated areas affected. This is no grand cross section of the fourteen thousand workers, just a simple recounting of the impact of a government decision, when translated into everyday lives.

Remember, these are ordinary people, used to just a little more or just a little less than you the reader — not Sienobek's migratory worker — not Faulkner's pot white trash — just people with a mortgaged house, a half paid for car, and a couple of kids.

Statistically, it lines up this way. Ten were called back to Avro almost immediately. Eleven went to the U.S. with five going to Los Angeles, three to Columbus, Ohio, one to Georgia, one to Detroit, Michigan, and one to Tennessee. Three have returned to England and three to other parts of Canada. Twenty eight are working on other jobs, but eight are still not working.

For you who are adding, Canada will be one dentist richer as a result of the layoff, since one of the men has enrolled in dental college. That sounds very matter of fact, I can imagine the reader saying "Sounds like an adjustment." That much touted adjustment predicted so blithely by those in authority, at the height of the furor.

However, behind these figures lies a great deal of heartbreak and financial loss. The people will remain nameless, dignity is every man's right, unemployed or employed. First, the evicted ones, who were called back within the first month raised hope in all the others. A kind of holiday mood prevailed then — "it wouldn't last," they thought. After three or four months this hope gradually faded and became as dead as the Arrow itself.

Almost without exception, the most fortunate were out of work at least five months. Five months in which the bills continued relentlessly, wiping out what savings they had. Now having found work, they still feel "treasure," instead of looking

coming to town. Mr. Lyons was elected a member of the municipal council, serving in 1937 and 1938, and then from 1942 until 1955. Mr. Lyons's favourite hobby was playing euchre, and he played every afternoon almost, with several of his friends.

Rev. M. G. McFarlane, assisted by Rev. A. J. Calder conducted the funeral service in St. John's United Church on Saturday, February 13th. Pallbearers were all grandsons; Peter and Hunter Lyons, Ross and Billy McKinley, Tommy Lyons and Donald Barrett. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery, Georgetown.

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### RETIRED FARMER WAS VETERAN COUNCILLOR

A man whose name will always be indelible in the history of Georgetown with "Lyons Court" a street in the "Del-rex" subdivision named after him, Thomas L. Lyons, died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on Wednesday, February 10th, after a very short illness. He was eighty-nine years of age.

He was born on Lot 26, 4th Line, West Chinguacousy, Peel County, the son of Sarah Ann McCulloch and James Lyons, and attended S.C. No. 3, 5th Line West, Chinguacousy. Until his retirement, Mr. Lyons was a farmer, having lived on Lot 26, his birthplace, from 1870 to 1900; moving at that time to Lot 29, where he farmed until moving to 51 Edith Street, Georgetown in 1935.

In 1901 he married Amelia Lundy Hunter, who survives him, as do their nine children: Hugo, Cheltenham; Ellinor (Mrs. Ross Campbell) Toronto; Elizabeth (Mrs. Collie) McIntosh; Welland; Frank, Cheltenham; Mary (Mrs. M. McKinley) Georgetown; Lucille (Mrs. Harry Barrett) Brampton; Charlotte (Mrs. A. Alexander) Toronto; Kathleen (Mrs. Jack Lawson) R.R. 4, Acton, and James of Georgetown. Six sisters are also left: Mrs. James Lyons (Sadie) Brampton; Miss Ellen Lyons, Brampton; Mrs. Robert Gladstone (Elizabeth) Guelph; Miss Ryla Lyons, Brampton; Mrs. J. Cole (Bertha) Brampton; Mrs. George Anderson (Edna) Brampton and a brother, Dr. Weir Lyons of Toronto.

Three brothers and one sister predeceased him: James and Jack of Terra Cotta, William of Brampton and Mrs. George Love (Margaret) of Brampton. Ten grandchildren are also left: Joan and Donald Barrett of Brampton; Ross, Bill and Jane McKinley of Brampton; Peter and Hunter Lyons of Cheltenham; Thomas and Robert Lyons, Georgetown and Carol Lawson of Acton. Mr. Lyons was a steward of Cheltenham United Church for many years, and a member of St. John's United Church in Georgetown. Two years after

### Musical and Tea For Choir Gowns

Mrs. B. Shrubsole and Mrs. Vern McCumber, choir mothers of the Junior and Intermediate Choirs of St. John's Church held a very successful Valentine Tea and Bake Sale, last Saturday afternoon. The choir mothers were most grateful to the mothers of the choir members who donated so much to the bake table and for the tea; without their co-operation they could not have had such a successful afternoon.

Members of the Intermediate Choir served the tea and the Junior Choir tended the bake table. Mr. Kenneth Harrison and Mrs. James Evans made the afternoon a gala occasion with their music. They were assisted by pupils of Mr. Harrison who sang and played piano solos for the guests. The proceeds of the afternoon will be used to purchase choir gowns for the choir.

### AT MANAGER'S MEETING

Manager Bill Leslie of the Action Ross, attended a meeting of Odessa managers from all parts of Ontario last week, which was held at Prudhomme's Hotel at Vineland.

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Jos. Gibbons  
Assessment Commissioner

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