

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY

Every time I think of it I experience a warm glow of satisfaction. As I sit here in the cozy, smoke-filled confines of my private Psychopatrik ward, I revel in the security, the snugness, I shake hands with myself. I grin with sheer delight. The reason for my elation is simple: I didn't have to go deer hunting this year.

They were out last week, every single madman of them. They ranged from the fellow who sneaks out for a hunt or two before and after work, through the type who has taken a week off and shipped a payment on the car to be on hand to get away with his gun to the big that who makes the trip in a station wagon, with a cook, a case of whiskey, and a crew of kindred spirits.

But they're all brothers under the skin, infected with the delirium that sweeps the Canadian male in November and in many smaller towns on the edge of the hunting country, almost brings commerce and industry to a halt. Last week they walked 100 miles through wet bush. They turned blue at the end of runways. They wolfed leathery eggs, marmalade and bacon sandwiches, and similar delicacies. And they laid the found slant for the deer hunting stories they'll tell from now until Easter.

This week most of the hunters are home, and the stories are flying about with the swiftness of a bullet on a summer evening. Fellow who find of nothing livelier than a thumb, during their cutting week's hunting, will be relating exploits straight out of Red and Gun. Others, who spent most of their time lost, will swagger a bit as they recall how they liked hunting alone. With each repetition, the stories gain in stature. And so do the deer.

There are no tiny fawns or skinny little does in the woods. They were all brought home by the hunters. But there are thousands, tens of thousands, of huge bucks running loose. There must be, because every time a hunter misses a shot at

a scared little fawn which was standing still 20 feet away, that creature, by some magic inherent in deer hunting becomes a vast, 10-point buck, going like the wind.

This is not to say that deer hunters are liars. It's just that they have a little more imagination than the rest of us. Perhaps that's why they blump into the chill depths of the north woods each November, and undergo something like the retreat from Moscow, with appropriate enjoyment.

It isn't just the hunting that draws them to those vast, frozen swamps and burns. I can't purr blood lust. The true hunter will know what I mean. After all, anyone can sit in a warm house, after a good dinner, and watch television. But how can that compare with the wild exhilaration of moaching through the woods soaked to the tailbone, huddled, with darkness closing in, and the wind in the north, with a bone in its teeth.

Any ordinary fellow can take a holiday in the summer, when there's nothing to do but lie around in the sun, drink beer, fish a little, and watch for bikini. But it takes a real man, a deer hunter, in fact, to go into the woods in November and come to grips with nature, nothing between him and the forest primalval except a few bottles of cough syrup, his laxative tablets, his tranquilizers, a hundred dollars worth of warm clothing, a rifle, a guide with dogs to chase out the deer, a snug camp, a good cook, and an interesting poker game. You need hair on the chest to tackle this kind of battle with the elements.

Yes, I'm afraid deer hunting is not a sport. It's a cult like Trotsky, Bose, or Beatniks or Existentialism. It's a reaction against the decadence of modern living. And at 4 sat here with the furnace humming away merrily, and let my mind venture timidly into the vast blackness of the November woods. I can't refrain from giving three silent cheers for good old decadence.

WHAT COUNCIL DID

Set 60-40 as Ratio in New Subdivision By-Law

This news, from the Nov. 7th council meeting, is updated by another news item of the Nov. 14th meeting, also in this issue, at which the proposed by-law was withdrawn for revision, after some of the citizens' most objections from council members.

The 60-40 ratio, a prominent factor in the 1950 municipal elections, came in for some discussion at the Nov. 7th council meeting when two readings were given to a new subdivision by-law which will set a new pattern for subdivisions to follow.

The by-law set a final plan that night, was delayed by council questioning the validity of a number of clauses. The council had a number of amendments proposed with the by-law, and it is thought that some of these should have been dealt with at a subdivision meeting when the by-law was first presented.

One third of the land is to be released for residential building. When this is used up a subdivider must provide industrial and commercial assessment in a 60-40 ratio and when he does, another one-third is released for house building. The same stipulation must then be met, plus creation of a trust account in which the builder deposits \$600 per building lot. At the end of a 2 1/2 year period, he will be rebated \$150 per lot for each \$1,000 of new commercial or industrial assessment. If any money remains in the trust fund, it will be used to defray school or other capital expenses. Should there be assessment in excess of 60-40, the subdivider will receive a credit which can be applied to a future subdivision.

Accident Injuries Fatal To Local Resident

Thomas Gray, who was severely injured in a car truck accident near Georgetown just three weeks ago, died of multiple injuries last week at Milton District Hospital. Funeral service was Friday from the Lynett Funeral Home, 3200 Dundas St. W., Toronto.



ADIRONDACK HONEYMOON

A HONEYMOON to the Adirondack Mountains and Lake Placid followed the October 29 wedding of Marina Carter Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mackenzie, Georgetown, to Robert Charles Brearley, son of Dr. and Mrs. George Brearley, Belleville. The wedding was a fine Presbyterian Church affair.

Knox Choral Wedding for Brearley-Mackenzie Vows

Marina Carter Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mackenzie, became the bride of Robert Charles Brearley, son of Dr. and Mrs. George Brearley, Belleville, in a fine Presbyterian Church affair. The wedding was a fine Presbyterian Church affair.

The bride wore a gown of gold-slipper satin fashioned with bracelet sleeves, square neckline and low train of the same material at neckline and equally spaced up front panel of the barrel skirt. Miss Betty Gregg was bridesmaid and Miss Margie Mackenzie, cousin of the bride, was junior bridesmaid. Both wore gowns of autumn green fashioned similar to that of the matron of honor. All wore hats of autumn satin with pin-point veil crowns extending into eyebrow length. The crowns had a satin Seaforth, Oakville, Rockwood floral motif in matching colours.

The groom wore a tuxedo with a white shirt and a white bow tie. He had a white boutonniere on his lapel. The bride had a white boutonniere on her lapel. The ceremony was officiated by Rev. Alex Carter.

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BALLINAFAD Open House Marks 25th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Given recently held 'Open House' at their home on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary. Many relatives and friends dropped in to extend best wishes. Some lovely gifts were received.

Mrs. Alex Van Hoosne was hostess for 14 members and 2 visitors at the November Evening Auxiliary meeting on Thursday of last week. Roll call was answered by giving a favourite Christmas recipe. The meeting opened with hymn 662 Mrs. J. Shortall in charge of devotion read from John 3: 16-21. Ephasians 4: Matthew 4. Mrs. Mike Norton read a paper on Citizenship, also a poem was read by Mrs. S. Sinclair on 'Why I Don't go to Church'. Mrs. C. E. Snow gave the topic on work camps, outlining how all churches work together to help the underprivileged. Hymn 243 was sung to close the meeting. Mrs. Percy White assisted with lunch.

The WA met for their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Cam McEneaney on Tuesday evening. Roll call was answered by giving an article for the book and take table at the bar on December 2nd. Plans were also made to quilt two quilts for this event. Other matters of business were done and a lunch was served by the hostess and the social committee.

Roll call in the church on Monday night. The girls started practicing for their annual Christmas Vesper Service. Miss Joyce Kenward and Diane Snow had Recreation. Two members of the group were present at each church on Sunday morning to sell the United Church calendar. Their objective is to place one in every home in the three congregations. The total proceeds to go towards their monthly allocation. The evening closed with taps.

New Michigan Governor Has Uncle And Cousin Here

The U.S. election, specifically the Michigan returns, were followed with more than casual interest by two Georgetown families. John B. Swanson, who became the successor to G. Mennen Williams as governor of Michigan, is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Swanson of Charles St. and a cousin of Mrs. Clifford Hibbert, 15 King St. E. Swanson, a 35 year old Democrat, was born in Windsor and now practices law in Detroit. He lost both his legs in the 2nd World War and has been active in the American Legion for the past few years and prior to becoming governor was the state's lieutenant governor. He is just 35. Mr. and Mrs. Swanson and Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert last spoke to their politically famous relative two years ago when they were his guests at a breakfast in Toronto.

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ASHGROVE Serve 250 People At Turkey Supper

The turkey supper sponsored by the ladies of the church on Thursday evening, November 10th was a big success. 250 persons were served and the credit goes to Mrs. Charles Austin, president of the WA, and her capable committee Mrs. Florence Giffen, Mrs. C. B. Dick, Mrs. Frank Russell, Mrs. T. Brownridge, Mrs. Cecil Wilson, Mrs. James Carney and Mrs. Vern Pickett who for weeks have planned and worked to have everything go just right.

We are all very glad to hear that Mrs. Arthur Riddell is back again. She has been hospitalized since her accident in October. Also his many friends are glad that Herb Wilson is able to be home from Milton Hospital. Janet Nurse has been a sick little girl with the mumps and Douglas Riddell has been home from hospital. We hope both will soon be feeling themselves again.

Mrs. Murray Judge and her little ones of Christchurch spent the week end with Mrs. Evelyn Barnes and family. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Dixon of Kapuskasing visited her mother, Mrs. R. J. Graham, one day last week.

Elizabeth Thorne, daughter of Mrs. Thorne, spent a few days with Margaret and Murray Brownridge last week.

WORDS OF THE WISE

He who accepts evil without protesting against it is really cooperating with it. - Henry David Thoreau.

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