

Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by BILL SMILEY

There's a shocking waste of time, money and energy, not to mention the nervous strain, going into education these days, according to the ratepayers. And I agree.

Visit factory-like plants of brick and steel and glass are springing up across the land. Thousands of buses pour hundreds of thousands of children into these structures every morning, and head them away in the afternoon. Millions of dollars are being spent on teachers' salaries. And all for what, as they used to say of The Gate House High a very few years in Yorkshire.

There's nothing new about this, of course. It's been going on for generations. But the full realization of the appalling waste didn't hit me until recently, when I attempted on several occasions, to help my son with his homework. I've been helping him for years and he might say that he has always appreciated the fact that I had received an excellent education, and could work out problems, and number of pecks in a bushel, and that sort of thing.

Indeed, we've had some of our most brilliant moments read Dad-and-Son Times, as I have carefully explained that Champagne is history, and that it is better in summer than it is in Florida, in science, and that his mother would help him with his fractions, in arithmetic.

These friendly evenings are now but a nostalgic memory. No longer do we spend a half hour, heads together, trying to figure out puzzle and stanzas. Gone are the pleasant times where we solved together the intricacies of the farmer who had ten acres of hay in a forty rod field, and traded it for seven tons of coal at 50 cents a bag.

He's in high school now. And they're teaching him all sorts of nonsense like why Henry VIII married six women and sheep-raising in Australia, and x plus 2 = (—2) equals dear knows what, and concrete nouns and the chemical formula for buttermilk, and a whole lot of crazy stuff like that, that he'll never be able to use.

Believe me, I know I've been going to school, in one way or another, for about 25 out of the last 40 years, and I could write everything I learned in school down in a five-cent scribbler, and have enough paper left to write an autobiography.

I have no quarrel with what we learn in elementary school. There they teach us to spell, write, read and figure, all useful things. It's in high school that the rot sets in. Go up to any middle-aged man, go ahead and the first name you see, and ask him the formula for hydrogen sulphide. If he smiles sheepishly, ask him for the square root of 37, and when he begins to get annoyed, demand that he tell you the capitals of the provinces of Canada. He might get three of them.

This reveals the tremendous waste of our educational system.

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LIVE IN OTTAWA

STANDARDS OF honoree money decorated Kora Presbyterian Church for the marriage of Barbara Helen Bowman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Bowman, 16 Church St., when she became the bride of Louis Bennett Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Johnson, R. P. L. Brookfield, on Saturday, November 5th. They will live in Ottawa where the groom is employed with the Bell Telephone Company. Jack Hoyt Photo.

Safe-Driving Week Starts December 7th

Canada's national campaign for highway safety, Safe Driving Week, is scheduled to begin at midnight, Wednesday, December 7.

While the ideal goal would be a solid week free of traffic deaths, the Canadian Highway Safety Council, national sponsors of the campaign, fear enough attention to highway safety will remain to result in 45 fatalities during Safe Driving Week. Most of these deaths will be unnecessary. Care and consideration claims the Council's executive director, W. Arch Bruce, could prevent them.

"We must plead with motorists and pedestrians," said Mr. Bruce, "to realize at all times that they, as individuals, can prevent accidents. To all other drivers and walkers, they are the other fellow who is usually blamed for an accident."



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Canada's Armed Forces

TODAY — AND 15 YEARS AGO

Y. A. MORRIS
Editor, Frontiers Journal
Writer from EUROPE AND THE UNITED KINGDOM

PALAISE, Normandy — Coming back to this historic land of William the Conqueror, we wondered if we would be able to locate any of the places we had "visited" in our tour of 16 years ago. Armed with the maps we used in those days, and unaided from behind the wheel of our Envoys, wasn't it easy as it was away back when we didn't have to worry about the driving chore. But we managed to find several spots — minus the foxholes and shattering of course.

Old Chateau
On Sunday morning we drove west from Caen along the road to Havre, which we had last travelled in the opposite direction. We turned off at Nots and visited the old Chateau de den in the woods. As we started out the winding drive, we met M. J. Bejour Bourget, owner of the chateau and its lands, who invited us to return to look over more closely the old place on land deeded by William the Conqueror. Madame Bourget and their son and daughter met us and welcomed our family group and we spent a delightful hour in the richly furnished old building chatting over those eventful days. The Bourget's were able to return to their home fairly early in the war (they had been ousted by the German Army) as the Chateau was liberated the first day by the Canadians. Our "Canada" sign on our front license plate and our "Canadian Tour" plate were our passports to welcome wherever we went over a glass of wine and some cakes, we reviewed our experiences and said "au revoir" to a delightful family.

Palais Airfield
We swung up the Breteville l'Orgerieuse (Barreuil of orange juice) and in Vinneuse, Normandy, and back the airfield. Out over the beautiful new bridge over the Orne, we drove through Fauberg de Vau

celles along the road to Falaise. How different on this beautiful Sunday afternoon. As we stopped for a picnic lunch, a swarm of bicycle racers and spectators went by, and cars streamed along the highway.

Years of Bamba
Signposts read like an operation order — Lt. Cornelius Bras Hubert Polle, Bourgeois Verrières, Tilly in Campagne near Montargency we stopped to look again at a spot in the woods by the railway track where a tragic error brought tons of bombs onto the Canadian and Polish divisions. Then we came upon the beautiful maintained cemetery of Breteville-sur-Laur, and one of those experiences only war can breed.

Terrible Damage
We met two couples from the Marston, now stationed at Antwerp, looking up the graves of buddies. We mentioned an experience at Cornelles, and how Miles Casselman from our hometown of Chateaufort had pulled us into a 4th IAA shelter. Tufts had been in that very battery, recalled the day and experience, and recalled the terrible damage suffered by the British AGRA in the valley beside us.

Along the Falaise Road we stopped to pay a moment of respect at the Polish Military Cemetery, a beautifully kept memorial with hundreds of crosses, row upon row. But, we wondered, what of the connection between this memorial and a pillaged homeland still in bondage?

Falaise
Falaise, the northern jaw of the trap where Montgomery crushed Rommel's 7th Army, is now a modern little city, rebuilt with beautiful new homes and stores. Overlooking the countryside which saw such terrible carnage in August, 1944 stand the ruins of William the Conqueror's great citadel. In the square before the Chateau a great equestrian statue commemorates his reign, with his nine Dukes of Normandy about him. The faithful companions at the Battle of Hastings in 1066. Nearby stands the 13th century church being restored to its former state, and still regularly used by worshippers keeping watch on a countryside steeped in history and blood. Blood of liberators whose ancestors William once conquered.

Of this, is history made.

Vandalism Plagues Police

"Teenagers with nothing better to do" have been blamed by Police Chief Ray Heley for an outbreak of malicious damage which has plagued his department for the past two weeks. Chief Heley said unguarded windows seem to be the targets for the vandals. Glass at a hydro substation on Mountainview Rd. and numerous other buildings throughout the town has been shattered in the senseless attacks.

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To the Voters of Georgetown



The most important government in the world to you, the people, is your local government. It is a vital part of your every day life. On Dec. 5th I urge you to exercise your right to vote. That is the date on which you select the men to look after your municipal affairs. I ask for your support so that I may serve you on council for 1961.

My Platform: Honesty, Hard Work and a little common sense

James H. Emmerson
CANDIDATE FOR COUNCIL

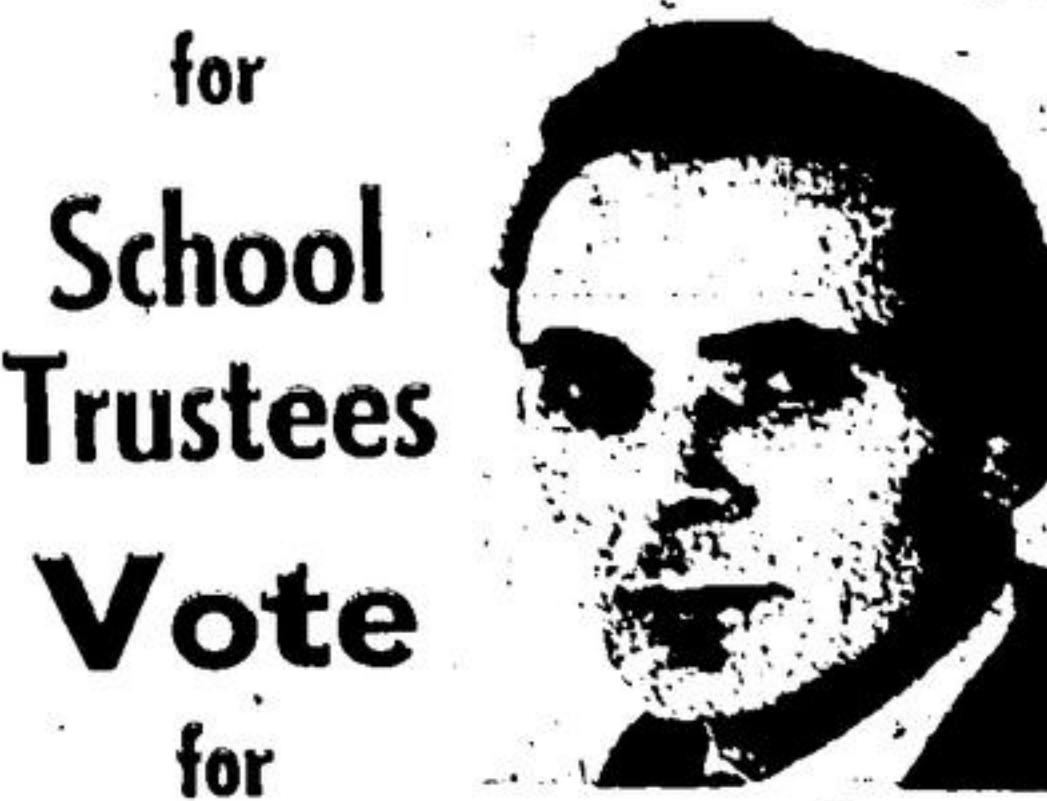
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- WORK FOR UNITY OF GEORGETOWN & GREATER PROMOTION OF INDUSTRY

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