



**BOARD OF HOSPITAL DIRECTORS**

**NAMED TO THE BOARD** of Directors of the Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital last week at the annual meeting in the council chambers were (seated left to right): Mrs. Alex. Mrs. W. Wallace, (standing left to right): Leslie M. Clark, Dennis Atkinson, Dr. Alastair Macintosh, Ted Evans, John T. Armstrong, Boyd Garland, Sam Penning, Neil Silver and William Kinrade.

**Sugar and Spice**

Inspired by BILL SMITH

This is a trying time of year. Across the land a lot of people are in a stew about something. Merchants who have come to the bill on the overdraft, for a big stock, are sweating out the pre-Christmas doldrums. Students who have had a ball all fall are green as they face Christmas exams with nothing in the belly. Housewives look forward to the Christmas chaos with their dread.

But I'm not worrying too much about any of them. The merchants will wind up a few dollars ahead of last year. The students will totter through on a mixture of luck and nerve. The housewives will emerge on Boxing Day, bloody but unboiled. The people who have my deep sympathy, this time of year are the men and women in hundreds of municipalities who are standing before a mirror, trying to look firm, intelligent and able, as they seek to muster enough courage to run for public office.

The annual nomination meeting is the best show in town. It produces enough high drama, low comedy and suspense to make some of the so-called masterpieces of W. Shakespeare look pretty flimsy. For ten years I attended every nomination meeting as a newspaperman, and on a couple of occasions as a candidate. I wouldn't trade it for a season's ticket to the Stratford Festival.

Before the meeting gets really warmed up, there's lots of fun. The mayor and the reeve have their heads together, figuring out how to skate over the thin ice of that substantial deficit. The expert needlers in the crowd are sharpening the points on their questions. The practical jokers are nominating the local idiot, dead people and the town's loose woman. The inevitable drunk is on hand, not quite tipsy enough to be thrown out.

And sitting there, still as the grave, staring wildly into space, are the breed new candidates, who have thrown caution to the winds and decided to "go out for" a seat on the council or school board. It's a pretty tense business for them, I can tell you.

Don't talk to me about your Kennedy and Nixon. Those big fellows have stocks of advisers and consultants and pub-

lic relations man and pressers and moguls and campaign managers and experts and party machines and ward heelers and all sorts of things on nomination night. They're not alone.

But that determined looking little woman in the fourth row, who turns alternately red and white, like a neon sign, is as lonely as a deaf mute on a raft in the Sahara. She has keyed herself to a frightening peak of nerves. She has never spoken in public before. And she is going to run for a seat on the school board and try to ginger up that all-male, inert body, which is all talk and no action. She is fierce, but frightened.

And look over here. Young Punksis is "going out" for council and he looks it. There's a fine film of sweat on his face and he grips the back of the chair in front of him with the same expression as a kid on a roller coaster. You can't blame him. He's going up against Doc Socum, and everybody in town uses the Doc. Punksis has only been in town 12 years and has a lot of nerve to try for a seat. There's some pretty raggedy material going on the ballot this year.

There, the speeches are starting. Listen to old George giving it to the mayor about the sidewalks. Old George knows a thing or two about those sidewalks. He helped build them, 52 years ago. There's Joe Shosh with a skunkful, going after the reeve about the taxes on his place. Says he won't pay a cent till they pave the street, put in a sewer, and install a street light in front of his house. His total taxes are \$18 and he's two years in arrears. There, the chief is ushering him out, same as last year.

And so it goes. Don't tell me about the Roman senate, or the House of Commons. For vivid clash of personalities, for the rapier thrust of wit, give me a nomination meeting, every time. The chairman of the school board defends himself like a tiger when some pretty sharp questions come up about teachers' salaries. The chairman of the library board paints a sweeping picture of the town's cultural progress, with 300 more books borrowed than last year, and two new shelves added to the library.

But it's 11:30 and a lot of the spectators have drifted out. They have to get some sleep. After all, tomorrow is the day the magistrate holds court, and there are some pretty interesting cases.

It's a pity, but by the time there's a chance for the new candidates to speak, there's no body left but the chairman, looking blue, and the caretaker, who has to sweep up after the meeting, looking black. Little Mrs. Bantam, the candidate for school board, rises anyway. It's understood that she has prepared a pretty savage attack on the other members of the board, and has a bold, new platform to propose. She looks at the chairman, who is nodding, at the caretaker, who is muttering, and at young Punksis, who has fallen sound asleep, while waiting his turn.

She bursts into tears and stamps out. Awakened abruptly, Punksis leaps to his feet. His chance has come. Now is the time for that brief, witty and gracious speech he has prepared. He blurts: "Mr. Chairman, fellow ratepayers, I would thank my nominator and reeve and if elected I will do my best to serve to the best of my ability."

And from such gallant souls as Punksis come our local legislation and that spark of fire that keeps democracy burning bright.

**Atkinson Grant to Education Library**

The Canadian Association for Adult Education's Library will be able to give better and more comprehensive reference and information service, due to a grant from the Atkinson Charitable Foundation.

The foundation has allotted \$7,500 to cover cost of cataloging the backlog of books, periodicals, pamphlets and other documents in the heavily used library.

Considered the only significant collection of literature on adult education in Canada, and one of the most important in North America, it is employed extensively by business, labor, welfare, hospital, government, church and educational groups for assistance in their own education groups for assistance in their own education programs. More than 500 individuals used the library in the past year, including a number of UNESCO and Colombo Plan scholars. While CAEE staff try to catalogue all new materials, the

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

At present a driver's license can be obtained any time after the sixteenth birthday. Do you think the age limit should be raised?

Mrs. Ralph Ursel, 15 Orchard Blvd. — Not necessarily raised, but a governor should be put on the car for at least three years to prevent speeding.

Pam Corne, 10 Elizabeth St. — Yes, to at least eighteen, at sixteen the boys think it's smart to show off when they get a car.

Bernie Dore, Glen Williams — Yes, I do, to 21. At sixteen they are irresponsible, they just take a car and tear around.

Barry Hamilton, 60 Main St. — Yes I do, and I also think the driver's test should be harder.

Graham Farrell, 10 Albert St. — Yes, I think it should be raised, and this is not only my own opinion. If all insurance companies consider young drivers a hazard, it must be a fact.

It is interesting to note, this covers all age groups. Two of those questioned are sixteen.

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