

# Georgetown Herald

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PAGE 4 THURSDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1961

## + EDITORIAL COMMENT +

### Doing The Job Well

For the past few weeks, Main Street has been somewhat upset with preparations for the new paving and sidewalks.

Residents have been watching with interest as first one excavation appears, then another. Huge earth-moving machines have been busy loading earth into trucks, sidewalks have been chopped up to find their last resting place as landfill in a portion of the Maple Baptist Church property, the gas company has relocated its line on the east side and added a new line on the west.

There have been some gripes, of course, for we wouldn't be human beings if we weren't upset by changes in the norm.

But the good things far outweigh the bad in this operation, and we think the town works staff and the associated contractors who have been working on the job deserve a measure of praise for the way they have handled the job.

It has not been an easy one. Each day, excavations have been filled in again and the street made passable for traffic. The water wagon has been used constantly to make dust as little a nuisance as possible. Contractors have worked long hours to do the job as fast as possible.

And rarely has one section of the two-block business stretch been upset for more than a day to traffic.

Frankly, we have been amazed at how little upset there has been for such a major public work, and merchants and public should be appreciative of the scheduling which has allowed 'business as usual' when Main Street might well have been barred to traffic for days on end.

If any shoppers have been avoiding downtown because of the reconstruction, we urge them to pay the street a visit. There is a fascination in watching men and machines dig holes, and besides your shopping you will get a glimpse of what will be buried under the new pavement... storm sewers, gas and hydro wires, telephone cables, sanitary sewers and the like.

### Second Chance To View

Those who didn't take the opportunity to view Georgetown's new sewage treatment plant on official opening day will have a second chance on Sunday.

The town council has planned that afternoon to have guides available to show taxpayers where their almost-million dollars has been spent.

We recommend that you attend.

Far from what you might expect to find in this type of operation, you will be amazed to find that the new plant is relatively odorless, buildings are clean and shining, and nature has provided an unusually beautiful setting on the former Cleave and Emile farms to make the plant almost a beauty spot.

### No Slight Intended

A mail bag letter last week drew attention to a recent editorial in which it might appear that we had relegated engineers to a trade, rather than a profession.

We had no such intention, of course, and appreciate the correction by Mr. Court and assure him that it was a slip of the pen, and the fact that more often than not, time does not allow a careful scrutiny of our editorials after writing, and they appear in first draft form rather than an edited version as they should.

We are glad of his letter for another reason, however, for it gives an opportunity to again stress the value of education to young people who might be considering not returning to high school this fall.

### Canadiana Motif Stressed By Designer of Fabrics

One of the province's best linens moved in, the couple known fabric designers, Elz and Ed, they threatened both Wilkes Hoey received consolation to the lake property and considerable publicity in a recent though we fought and fought Globe and Mail for her work in against them we were getting nowhere.

Mrs. Hoey is an active member of the Georgetown Arts & Crafts and is this year allow farm and that he would be living in the annual Arts & Crafts bazaar away from the rush of sale to be held at her farm industry," said Mrs. Hoey.

The sale to be held on Saturday, September 9th, is expected to draw many hundreds to her beautiful farm home.

"I convinced my husband that the whole of the Georgetown Arts & Crafts and is this year allow farm and that he would be living in the annual Arts & Crafts bazaar away from the rush of sale to be held at her farm industry," said Mrs. Hoey.

There is more than one way to make a living on the farm. Mr. and Mrs. William Hoey have converted a barn at their Elmtree Farm, north of Campbellville, to produce hand-screened fabrics as a family industry.

Martha and Carolyn, the Hoey's teen-aged daughters, help in the printing barn and wives of nearby farmers take a hand in finishing the process.

### TAKE YOUR PICK

With Russians rocketing smugly around the earth, and the Berlin crisis calling forth bellicent announcements from all concerned, the only escape for the shy, sensitive person these days is into fairyland. So let's...

Once upon a time there was a lady who had no use for pets. She rolled her eyes in horror at the thought of a dog in the house. Her lip curled at the very mention of cats. She looked with equal disgust upon budgie birds, hamsters, guinea pigs and rabbits.

That was to be the end of it. She was too much to bear. She last winter, the lady's daughter, taking advantage of a day when her mother was out of town, arrived home with a scruffy little stray kitten. Her dad didn't have the guts to kick the thing out into the snow. She'd counted on this. Her mother didn't either. When she got home she contented herself with raising general hell and blasting the dad for not getting rid of it.

The kitten was named Piper, and he thrived. Once in a while, it crossed the father's mind that the creature might be a girl, but as usual, he avoided the issue and hoped for the best. Came the spring. One night the father let the young cat out for the usual, and he vanished, though the dad stood there, in his underwear, calling for half an hour. In the morning, Kitty turned up, red-eyed and ruffled.

For the next couple of weeks, there was a lot of activity around the house. In the daytime, the little girl defended her pet with a broom against the white, brindle, black and purple cats who haunted the yard and seemed to want to fight with Piper. At night, the family felt like a hunting party in the jungle, crunched about the camp fire, while the hyenas howled all around.

In a few weeks, the whole thing was obvious. The kids went right on calling Piper 'he', but it was plain that the boy kitten was a female cat. Guess who was elected to strangle, or drown, the fruits of her labour. Yes, the father steeled himself against coming catricide.

At this point, a new character enters our story. The boy in this family had a birthday coming up. The lady in another of those mental somersaults, decided they'd surprise him with a pup. There was a mad scramble, but the pup — a coal black spaniel — was there on his birthday, and was promptly named Playboy the Second.

With the advent of the pup, poor old Piper was pushed into the background, despite her condition. There was some fear that she'd have a miscarriage, out of sheer pique. But they reckoned without that sense of dramatic timing inherent in the pregnant female. In the middle of the night, while the family was staying with friends at a cottage, she began to have her pains.

She managed to keep most of them up all night. The lady finally closed her eyes about six, with no news yet from the maternity ward, which was the

Just about the time he was



ON THE PRESIDENTIAL COAT OF ARMS, THE AMERICAN EAGLE HOLDS IN HIS RIGHT TALON THE OLIVE BRANCH, WHILE IN HIS LEFT HE HOLDS A BUNDLE OF ARROWS.

### TAKE YOUR PICK



### SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

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### Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

#### MORE REASONS WHY NORTHLAND LURES

Famous fishing lakes in northern Ontario bush country look like green tea that has been steeped for centuries. Calm, dark, sometimes shading almost to ebony in their great depth, their shorelines drop invariably from tree line to the burial ground of old trees, time and weather have cast beneath the water's edge.

When I peered over the side of the boat, to see the bottom of Shoo Fly Lake, I realized only a native bushman could find the underwater gardens where water carrot grow. This is a favorite fodder of moose, whose herds are increasing in the hunting areas north of Capreol, Ontario. Pete Chenier, my guide during a recent fishing adventure, found one of these gardens for me. It was in a sandy bay and because I asked what the peculiar looking objects were, seen floating on the water like dead fish, bellies up, Pete jockeyed the boat nearer shore. He explained, last year's growth that was not devoured by moose floats to the surface when the new crop germinates.

Pete's nature lore was fascinating. While we troiled the bays and inlets he taught me how to recognize a 'live' beaver house and those that had been abandoned. My city eyes were soon able to spot beaver slides which are paths worn through the woods to the water's edge where these industrious small animals haul the poplars they fill for eating and construction.

I learned about the banker beaver too, one of nature's renegades, who finds a hole in the lake's bank and subsists on the bark from poplar logs that drift by. These lazy types never make any effort to join a house, or do their stint of building.

Rain, which came down in spasmodic deluges, could not dampen our fishing ardor. Before we left shore, Pete found a pair of plastic pants in the truck and offered them to me to pull over my slacks. They were about as manageable as a bowlful of jello on the edge of a volcano. Every time I moved from boat to shore they would slip to half mast, get tangled with pole and paddle and send Pete into hysterics.

Most of the time I sat in the prow of the boat in ecstatic misery with small rivulets running off my slicker hood into the tops of my fancy shoes, my line trailing far behind with a lure attached which apparently no fish could resist.

With beginner's luck I got more nibbles than a penny stock salesman, but womanlike, I wished I had swallowed hooks with my lunch every time Pete removed the lure from a catch with a pair of pliers. I shuddered at unsportsmanlike anguish when he hooked the fish through the gills and hung it over the side of the boat on a chain.

Pete assured me I would eventually become accustomed to it. Sure enough, the fascination of waiting for that tug on my line was soon greater than my line in dreaded anticipation of having to land a flipping, flopping, slithering hunk of fish flesh.

#### Indian Fire Best

Pete Chenier's eyes know the kill, whether it be fish, fowl or portent of every cloud. A drizzle or bigger game. Mary is consoled as he endured, but when I tent that the only evidence of heard Pete say, "Reel in fast," modern civilization in her I knew we were headed for the woody world is a flag stop on a biggest spruce tree on shore through railroad.

#### 10, 25 AND 45 YEARS AGO

Death stalked our local highway over the week-end when Harland Hustler of Norval and Ered Barnett of London were killed in separate accidents. Verna Maltby was badly injured.

5000 people attended the Blacklock picnic in Cambridge at which Premier Mitch Hepburn was the speaker.

Charles Willson was transferred with the Pickle Creek Gold Mines to Pickle Lake. Mrs. Willson joining him there later.

At the Gregory Theatre: "Magnificent Obsession," with Robert Taylor and Irene Dunn.

Dr. J. M. Mather, county M.O.H. announced that three cases of poliomyelitis were reported throughout the county. A 33-year-old and 21-year-old man had a mild attack with no paralysis, as did a 13-year-old boy.

The Ford Motor Co. optioned 427 acres of land near Oakville for the present factory site.

The editorial column announced that Mel Tamblin, auto maker, Henry Ford born; joined the staff of Saxe July 21, 2nd All-Star baseball; Motors and Mrs. Jim Ritchie game to be played at Boston; on the staff of McCormack's Aug. 1-31, National Sandwich Month; Aug. 3, 1492 (400 years ago), Christopher Columbus sailed from Spain on voyage that resulted in discovery of America; Aug. 4, 1735 (226 years ago), John Peter Zenger acquitted of libel in New York in landmark case, which helped establish Freedom of the Press in America; Aug. 5, 1945 (16 years ago), first A-Bomb to smile and say: "You win!"

Acton eliminated Georgetown in the baseball play-off 9-7, after defeating them 26-6 in the first game. The sport's column was headed by Press in America; Aug. 5, 1945 (16 years ago), first A-Bomb to smile and say: "You win!"

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#### THE DATE BOOK

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#### WORDS OF THE WISE

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him. — Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux.