



MR. AND MRS. HARRY GREIG

MR. AND MRS. HARRY GREIG sign the register after being married in St. John's United Church recently. The groom, a Georgetown dentist, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greig, R. R. 1, Georgetown, and the former Sandra Sproule, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Sproule, 47 Byron St.



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Were you, gentle reader, a youngster 20 years ago? Or even more? If you were, you must occasionally look with bewilderment, envy, and sometimes horror, as I do, at the difference between summer holidays for kids, then and now.

Just how it has happened, I don't know. But in those two or three decades, kids have lost the ability to amuse themselves. Even the little ones will I do? There's nothing to do, Mom. Can I have a dime?

It's cheap at half the price. Give them a dime.

As for the big kids, their boredom is colossal, crushing. It makes you feel like ordering up the Moiseyev dancers, or at least putting in a desperate call for Paul Anka.

Sometimes I think that perhaps those of us who grew up during the depression era had a far better childhood, all things considered, than the gilded youth of the current decade.

How simple it was for our mothers, comparatively! In summer, we were out at the crack of dawn, or soon after, and they saw us only twice again during the day, for a brief and bustling gulping of food.

In those days, only the rich played golf and tennis, only the rich had summer cottages and boats. And rich kids were scarce. Water skis had not been invented. The transistor radio was, blessedly, far in the future. There was no money for summer camps for the children, or motor trips to the east or west. There were no drive-in theatres. Ice cream cones were a nickel and seldom. Only fathers drove cars.

What in the world, then, did we do with ourselves? You remember. At least you old boys remember. I'm a little hazy about what the girls did.

When they were 13 or under, they did everything we did, practically. They were boys when we played cow-boys and Indians. They were beautiful Spanish princesses when we played pirates. They were stool pigeons and gun molls and corpses when we played cops and robbers. They were extra outfielders and waterboys when we played ball. In short, they knew their place, and enjoyed every minute of it.

In the soft, throbbing dusk of a late summer evening, we played Run, Sheep Run. It was quite an experience. I can tell you, to dash away through the warm night, hurl yourself into a ditch with a dog, a hot dog joint already scrunching up there, some hard puffing girl for whom you entertained a secret fondness, and by golly, we weren't bored.

Nothing happened, but between the excitement of the chase, and the proximity of you must occasionally look with bewilderment, envy, and sometimes horror, as I do, at the difference between summer holidays for kids, then and now.

Then, and during all our stripping years, we swam upon hour during the hot of the day, until our lips were blue and our hands began to wivel up. Then it was time to drag home for supper, and eat about eight pounds of new potatoes and fried bologna and fresh home made bread and applesauce and all the other good things women have stopped making.

When we were kids, my mother used to prepare a picnic almost every day, in summer. When Dad got home from work, we would all pile in the car and head for a nearby lake, stream, river — any kind of water. There were lots of enchanting places, none of them frowned. "No Trespassing," within five or six miles.

When we arrived, we'd pile out and run in all directions, to wade, swim, explore, cut our feet and fall out of trees. Dad would build a fire and put the old tea-pail on to boil. Then he would sit on a log and gaze with placid disdain at nature, while my mother prepared the food, went for a walk, waded in the water with her skirts pulled up, and explained to my Dad what a hard day she'd had.

My father didn't have to play ball with us, or show us how to cast, or talk to us about our problems, or have interesting chats with us about the flora, and the fauna and the rocks, and the history of the place, and we were at. He just sat there and relaxed. Hell, he was our FATHER. He didn't want to be our buddy, and we didn't want him to be.

As we boys grew older, we played baseball. Practice morn-ing and afternoon and evening, and a game twice a week. There was the delight of driving to another town, and feeling galled as you hroatic at the bridge Wall, practically. They were boys when we played cow-boys and Indians. They were beautiful Spanish princesses when we played pirates. They were stool pigeons and gun molls and corpses when we played cops and robbers. They were extra outfielders and waterboys when we played ball. In short, they knew their place, and enjoyed every minute of it.

We didn't have the modern teenagers' dream lying on a beach with a doll, a transistor radio, a hot dog joint, a hundred yards, money in your pocket, and a convertible par-some hard puffing girl for whom you entertained a secret fondness, and by golly, we weren't bored.

Honour Three Members Pen Pal Correspondence Moving to New Homes

Cups and saucers were presented to three ladies of the U.C.W. of St. Andrew's United Church at a spring social which ended organization activities until the fall.

Mrs. Keith McLeish, who is chairman of the membership and visiting committee, will be living in Oakville. Mrs. A. Teachout is moving to Brampton and Mrs. A. Holder, treasurer, will reside in Germany.

President Mrs. H. Maier thanked them for their work in the group and wished them happiness in their new surroundings. Husbands and friends were guests at the meeting in the church hall. Following the business, Mrs. K. Johnston, Mrs. J. Pickup and Mrs. J. Reed assisted by pianist Rev. K. Johnston, presented the devotional. Unseasonable weather cancelled a planned ball game, but a barbecue June 7 was enjoyed. A singing rounded out the evening's entertainment.

The past two months have been active ones for U.C.W.W. members.

Four members accompanied Rev. and Mrs. Johnston to a flower luncheon at Eden Church in May, an annual spring project.

A Tupperware party was sponsored with proceeds earning a coffee urn for the group. Mrs. A. Skilling convened a successful spring sale in the Delrex office building.

One June 14th, a strawberry dessert party was held at the church.

Mrs. H. Allan, convener, and her servers, Mrs. A. Ward, Mrs. J. Munro and Miss Janice Bak-J. served strawberry shortcake and to the little guests, ice cream cones. The decorating scheme accented the special dessert theme.

Behind the scenes, Mrs. K. McLeish, Mrs. A. Skilling and Mrs. T. Reis filled orders while Mrs. F. Ferguson and Miss Dianne Ferguson attended to kitchen duties. Mrs. K. Johnston and Mrs. G. Baker assisted with arrangements.

At the bake table, Mrs. Dave Taylor, and Mrs. W. Robbins officiated, and Mrs. J. Pickup and Mrs. L. Leach displayed a variety of summer wearables for sale at their bazaar table.

Pen Pal Correspondence Makes Interesting Hobby

So you like to get mail, but hate answering letters, doesn't everyone? No, there are at least three local high school girls who between them keep the paper mill and the post office solvent.

The three girls, Karen Korack, Ingrid Langebeck, and Joyce Rundle, between them send letters flying to Ghana, West Indies, England, France, Germany, and points all over the U.S.

Karen's pen pals are in France, Germany and Manitoba. In the French and German letters she writes half in French or German and half in English, usually epistles 8 or 9 pages long. Apart from the usual teen age talk of parties and school, Karen feels she has learned much about the European way of life. The high school students take more subjects and at an earlier age. English is taught very early in public school, she says. She also feels there is less freedom in dating than in Canada.

Ingrid writes to Switzerland, Germany and New Jersey. Like all the others she exchanges photographs. "It's interesting to see how other people live," is Ingrid's explanation of her hobby. Like Karen she acquired her correspondents through the United Nations Pen Pal Service.

Champion of all the letter writers is Joyce Rundle who has 11 pen pals, most of whom she acquired through an ad in the Scuba Divers Magazine. Believe it or not, she writes to Ohio, Ottawa, Vancouver, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, San Francisco, Plymouth, England, Swan Island, West Indies, Illinois, and Ghana.

Joyce prides herself on the fact she never writes carbon copies of her letters to anyone, each one is different and written only to the recipient. She estimates she writes each one every three or four weeks. The longest replies, sometimes ten pages, come from her sailor pen pals, who, despite the popular belief that all the nice girls love a sailor, seem to be lonely.

It came as a surprise to her New Jersey correspondent that Joyce watched the same television shows, and it wasn't cold here all the time.

In addition to exchanging letters with her West Indies friend, she exchanges tapes, Swan Island, on which he lives, is only two miles by half mile in the middle of the Caribbean, on which there is a radio station broadcasting in Spanish. This is where her pen pal works.

All the girls have photo-

Continue Support of High School Bursary

The Countess of Strathmore Chapter I.O.D.E. monthly meeting took the form a bar-be-cue and was held at the home of Misses Jean and Margery MacKenzie, 10 Valleyview Road on Monday, June 10th.

Despite the cold the members enjoyed a delicious meal of roast beef, salads, etc. which was served indoors buffet style.

A short business meeting followed with the Regent, Mrs. J. T. Armstrong presiding.

Mrs. Oliver Hunter, Education Sec., reported on the findings of a committee of three and their meeting with Mr. J. L. Lambert, principal of Georgetown High School and a motion was passed stating that the Chapter would make a further donation to the Bursary Fund next year, and also present three Proficiency Medals to outstanding students in Grade XIII.

The Chapter will also continue to support their newly adopted school in Parry Sound.

A committee was formed to look after the Christmas Card Fund, comprising Mrs. W. E. Wilson, Mrs. Sam Penrice, Mrs. James Hibbitt and Miss Margery MacKenzie.

Following the business, an auction sale was held, with many useful articles on display. The role of auctioneer was very capably carried out by Mrs. D. Wingrove, assisted by Mrs. C. Kintner as clerk. The money raised will be applied to buying extra items for the Chapter's room in the Georgetown & District Memorial Hospital.

Mrs. Wallace Thompson thanked the hostess and the following ladies on the lunch committee, Mrs. Claude Kintner, Mrs. Sam Penrice, Miss Ruth Evans, Mrs. Dave Godden and Mrs. J. T. Armstrong.

Harding, Bradley Piano Pupils Give Recital

Piano pupils of Bruce M. Harding and his wife Margaret Bradley Harding appeared in recital at their studio, 64 Main Street South, on June 24th.

The program featured such composers as Mozart, Debussy, Beethoven and Chopin. A gift was presented by Margaret Thompson to Mr. and Mrs. Harding on behalf of the pupils.

Those playing piano solos were:

Peter Noble, Catharine Wilcox, Susan Hale, Richard Chaplin, Susan Farle, Patricia Irwin, Gerald Darcie, Michael Masterman, Bruce Kidd, Bruce Niven, Jamie Reader, Karen Mintern, Brenda Eason, Peter Francis, Dorothy Gilbooly, David Clark, Andrea Chaplin, Mary Jane McClure, Mary Bonathlan, Linda Carey, Charles Behn, Robert Freeman, Barbara Wilcox, Frederick Bennett, Anne Harris, Daryl Harding, Sharon Taylor, Robert Tutty, Robert Hart, Jill Kemshead, Jeffrey Eason, Jane McNally, Iris Maile, Nancy Masterman, Joan Harris, Marilyn Gorth, Joan Mintern, Catherine Meades, Carolyn Freeman, Pam Clark, Margaret Thompson, Susan MacDonald, Susan Howard, David Farnell, Paul Kinsley, Jennifer Mills, Mary Evans, Katherine Strate, Carroll Farnell Catherine Stobie, Anne Lorraine Noble.

Piano, Vocal Evening By Harrison Pupils

Piano and vocal pupils from the Kenneth R. Harrison studio gave recitals in St. John's United Church, Friday and Saturday evening.

Chairman of the Friday program was Graham Farnell. Introduction by the performers. Saturday, Mr. Harrison was presented with gifts both nights following the recitals. On Friday, Jane Williams made the presentation and on Saturday, David Farnell.

Taking part in the Friday program were:

PIANO: Donna Burns, Edward Reader, Colleen Burns, Cathy Lince, Julie Goebel, Diane Cannell, Elaine Gault, Vicki Chappel, Jagd Williams, Hugh Williams, Debbie Willson, Jo-Ann Fantuz, Gwen Paterson.

VOCAL: Lyn Seckington, Roxanna Sweetie, Linda Whitson, Lorraine Seckington, Ricky Lorraine, Pam Norton, Robert Chaplin, Louise Seckington, Rudy, George Mills, Denise Ursel, Keith Kovacs, Judy Whitson, Andrea Chaplin, Joanne Mintern.

Kevin Harris (both piano and voice).

Debbie Willson and Vicky Chappel played piano duets together as well as a piano duet each with Mr. Harrison. Unable to be present were David Moffat, Grant Whan, Allen Whan, Marion Whan. Taking part Saturday:

PIANO: Shirley Kovacs, Roger Smith, Joan Kovacs, Kathy Williams.

VOICE: Jane Bouskill, Barbara Evans, Carol McGilbray, David Farnell, Nancy Hunter, Joan Brady, Milree Armstrong, Jill Brush, Barbara Evans, David Farnell.

Vocal Trios: Joan Brady, Barbara Evans, Nancy Hunter. Unable to be present: Gillian Swann, Carolyn Hallitt.

Committed for Trial In Shooting Charge

A 16 year old Stewarttown boy was committed for trial by Magistrate Kenneth Langdon on Monday on a charge of criminal negligence causing bodily harm.

The charge arose out of the March 23rd shooting of a local clergyman's two sons.

The accused youth chose to be tried by judge without jury.

David Fleming received 72 puncture wounds to his body, said Dr. James Key who treated the boy at Toronto General Hospital following the shooting.

Most of the pellet wounds were in the back, left arm and leg. The boy had eight punctures on his face. None of the pellets were removed, the doctor added.

Dr. Key, who operated twice on the boy's left leg, said blood circulation troubles may arise out of the damaged muscles. He said the boy was hospitalized for nearly a month.

David Fleming and his 12 year old brother Jamie, sons of United Church minister Ian Fleming, of 51 Market Street, testified at the preliminary hearing.

They told of the shooting which occurred in a bush opposite the North Halton Golf Course.

When they heard shots they whistled and talked loudly so they wouldn't be mistaken for game, David said.

"We came to a creek," the boy related.

He and his brother were on one side, the charged youth and two younger boys on the other.

"He sprayed the water six feet in front of us," the injured boy said.

He and Jamie moved away a hundred yards, money in your pocket, and a convertible par-some hard puffing girl for whom you entertained a secret fondness, and by golly, we weren't bored.

graphs of their friends by mail, and look forward to an actual meeting.

Joyce is going to England this summer and while there will meet her Plymouth correspondent.

Why do they do it? They just like to get letters. The end result of all this could be a romance with the postman.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE ESTATE OF Annie Adams, Widow, deceased. All persons having claims against the Estate of Annie Adams, late of the Town of Georgetown, Widow, who died on or about the 22nd day of April, 1963, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 29th day of July, 1963, after which date the Estate will be distributed with regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice and the undersigned will not be liable to any person whose claim he shall not then have notice.

DATED at Georgetown this 24th day of June, A.D. 1963.

Charles Frederick Groulx, Administrator of the Estate of Annie Adams by his solicitors, Dale Bennett, Latimer & Barnes, 23 Mill Street, Georgetown, Ont.

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