



TRAIN AS ARMED FORCES OFFICERS

AMONG YOUNG MEN who will be attending the Armed Forces officers' training colleges this fall will be William Moore of Oakville, Bruce Rutherford of Stouffville, and Rolf Tomlins of Georgetown. On completion of their studies they will be commissioned as officers in the Canadian Forces. Prior to leaving for the college they were sworn into the Armed Forces by Group Captain E. J. Boland, Commander, Canadian Forces Base, Toronto, Downsview.



MY LAST WORD

Don't worry. After this week, I won't say another word about Expo. But I wish every school child in the world could see it.

First time we ever saw the Expo site was about four years ago, on a trip to Quebec City. The fabulous fairylands of the islands as they are today were piles of mud in the St. Lawrence then.

During those years, Canada's gloom and doom purveyors — and we are loaded with them — happily predicted that Expo would be the flop of the century.

After all, it was an all-Canadian production. Can't help but be a dismal failure. The prophets were appalled when it turned out to be the greatest show on earth. And it is.

Aside from the magnificent pavilions, Expo has an atmosphere, a flair, that may never be equalled. There is a gaiety, a courtesy, a lack of commercialism, that is like heady wine. In this sour, ill-mannered, materialistic age.

Ah, the gaiety and courtesy with which we were given directions for getting home, our second night there. The parking attendants put us on the right road with ineffable Gallic charm. Half an hour later, the signs said we were heading not west for Ontario, but south-east for New Brunswick.

I stopped and asked for directions. The chap spoke no English. None. But my French was more than up to the crisis. I simply said, "We wanna go a Ontario Ou est la best route?" He replied directly and briefly, in no more than eight minutes of arm-waving, shrugging and fast-French.

Just about then, thank goodness, there was a tremendous clang on the highway. A smash-up. Nobody hurt, but it did bring the cops. One of them gave me, in fast, polite and intelligible English, la route directe. We sped happily along until a sign announced that we were heading due east, for Quebec City.

I stopped at a bar. Three delightful chaps gave me three perfectly clear-cut means of getting turned around and headed west. An hour later, we found ourselves nearing the border of New York State. Home at 3.30 a.m.

Aside from a few little misadventures like that, our biggest trouble was girl-watching. I don't suppose you could take a plot of ground the same size in the entire world and find one-tenth as many beautiful girls as there are at Expo. Normally, I wouldn't classify this sort of thing as 'trouble'.

But the girl-watching we did ruined the ordinary type. We spent hours and hours watching Kim. Or trying to. I will swear she carried with her a package labelled 'Instant Invisibility'.

One minute she was right

there at our elbow. But if we dared flick a glance at anything else, she had vanished into a crowd of over a quarter-million. Twenty frantic minutes later, we'd find her, calmly looking at something and completely uncaring about where we were. Thank God, she's got red hair, or we'd still be muddling around down there, looking for her.

With just one to look after, I could only imagine the pain of those parents who were there with five kids darting in all directions. And there were thousands of families, down to three-week-olds, muling and puking in their mothers' arms.

Another problem with Kim was shoes. Going barefoot all summer she has acquired built-in leather soles, balefully. Second day she stood them for an hour, she carried them the rest of the day. Third day, she was happy in raggedy jeans, bare feet, and no parents.

No point in my describing the pavilions. But trying to see them all, especially the big ones, is like trying to eat six big meals in a day, one right after the other.

If time is limited, nibble the hors d'oeuvre, rum and hognes at the Haiti pavilion; the stuffed dodo bird at Mauritius; Princess Grace at Monaco. You are not allowed to nibble either Princess G or the dodo, but you get the idea.

If you've been, you know what I'm talking about. If you haven't, go. Cash in that insurance policy. You'll be a long time dead.

HORNBY

Anniversary greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Finnie Jr. who will celebrate their wedding anniversary on Sunday, September 17.

Mrs. Jim Brown, held a miscellaneous shower recently in honour of Miss Sandra Howard who will be married on Saturday, September 16, to Kenneth Howden.

Get well wishes are extended to little Annette Brown, who had the misfortune to run into the china cabinet at her home and break the glass door which caused severe cuts to her arms.

Ricky Rutledge returned home last Tuesday from Fairfax, Vermont where he enjoyed a week's vacation.

Several friends in this district enjoyed a visit with Miss Dorothy Norris at the Milton Steam Era Show. Dorothy was a former resident of the Ninth Line, Hornby.

Get well wishes are extended to Harry Lee, who is a patient at the Peel-Memorial Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Ramsay and family of Guelph, visited

89 Halton Farms Show "Century Farm" Signs

Local farms displaying small, metal "Century Farm" signs — and there are 89 such farms in Halton County — are taking part in one of the province's most successful centennial projects.

The farms displaying the signs have been in one family since Confederation.

Sponsors of the project admit unabashedly that they borrowed the idea from Prince Edward Island.

When the Junior Farmers' Association of Ontario a couple of years ago began considering a variety of possible ways of celebrating the centenary of Confederation their attention was drawn to a project used to mark the Charlottetown Conference on 1864 which led to Confederation.

The P.E.I. project involved the discovery and appropriate identification of Island farms which had remained in a single family throughout the 100 years.

Application of the idea to Ontario in 1967 won immediate favor and before long each county Junior Farmers organization was picking a local administrator for what had become known as the Century Farms project.

The county administrators headed up a search of title deeds in registry offices, and by about a year ago had compiled a list of 5,100 farms.

The Junior Farmers then sent out letters to the current owners of each of the farms, offering them attractive metal signs proclaiming the Century Farm status at \$1 apiece. The signs cost more than twice that much but the juniors paid the remainder themselves.

Response was immediate and as the program gained publicity applications started to come in from farmers who either had been overlooked or who didn't qualify under the original rules, which called for the farms to have remained under the same family name since 1867.

Complaints that the rule disallowed daughters brought a modification which qualified any farm which for 100 years had been passed to direct descendants.

Project coordinator Herman Hamilton said in an interview that total sales of Century Farm signs have passed the \$500 mark and are still rising despite a decision in September, 1966, to boost the charge for them to \$5.

Mr. Hamilton, director of the junior agriculture dept., is also secretary-treasurer of the

provincial Junior Farmer movement. He said Century Farms are to be found in almost all areas of southern Ontario and as far north as Haliburton region. Father north agriculture hadn't been established 100 years ago.

"One township in Middlesex County has more than 50 Century Farms, probably a record density," he said.

Once all the figures and facts are in Mr. Hamilton's office will try to determine the most interesting statistic of all — the Ontario farm longest held in one family.

Shot Cat, Vet Gets \$200 Fine

Magistrate John Ord of Georgetown fined a second world war veteran \$200 and costs or 30 days in jail because he killed a friend's cat to demonstrate his ability to kill.

Magistrate Ord termed the demonstration "a brutal thing to do to a pet."

The accused, a Brantford

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

THE LIQUOR LICENCE ACT

Licensing District No. 5

TAKE NOTICE that the Annual Meeting of The Liquor Licence Board of Ontario for Licensing District No. 5, comprising Counties of Wentworth and Halton, will be held at Coral Room, Knight Hall, 6 Sanford Ave. S. in the city of Hamilton in the county of Wentworth on Tuesday the 10th day of October, 1967, commencing at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon at which time it will hear and determine applications for the renewal of licences in accordance with The Liquor Licence Act, and the Regulations thereunder.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that any person who is resident in the licensing district and objects to any application shall file his grounds of objection in writing with the Deputy Registrar at least ten days before the meeting.

G. C. GAGE, Q.C. Deputy Registrar

15 King St. W., Hamilton, Ont.

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD THURSDAY, SEPT. 14th, 1967 PAGE 3

man, said he was discussing the war with a woman neighbour when she said she could not visualize his killing anything.

The court was told the accused picked up the woman's pet kitten, twisted its neck and tossed it over the porch railing to the ground where it squirmed for a few minutes then died. A Humane Society report said the kitten's neck was broken.

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