

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Annual Booboes

The Academy Awards annual show has come and gone, and this year's televised affair was no better or worse than what we have become accustomed to.

There is always a fascination in watching big time performers attempt the most difficult of feats — saying not much of anything as they present and receive awards.

And perhaps the reason so many of us watch is that we find that, for one night, they become just like you and me.

In fact, we would say that the high school commencement is better staged, with less obvious miscues, than this million dollar array of talent.

A Deserved Honour

Award of a Canada centennial medal to Lorne Skuce is a deserved tribute to a man who has served his country well.

Mr. Skuce is the type of person for whom the word 'dynamic' can be truly applied. He served the field of education for what to most men is a working lifetime—37 years.

Gaining his experience in a one-room country school, he later taught in town elementary schools, then took his university education and became a North Bay high school teacher.

In 1930, he became an inspector, left this briefly for a teaching post in teacher's college, then became inspector in Halton County. There were 120 teachers under his guidance in 1938. The county's terrific growth saw this increase to 900, and his job eventually change to superintendent of Oakville schools.

A Vital Organization

In this world where we are prone to forcibly retire men at a certain age, people like Lorne Skuce should make us think twice whether we are wasting the talents of other senior citizens by putting them out to pasture too early.

Sponsorship and maintenance of a residence for mentally retarded adults in North Halton, is the latest public service undertaken by Branch 120, Royal Canadian Legion.

For this undertaking alone, the branch more than justifies its existence as a leader in the community.

First and foremost, of course, the Legion is dedicated to serving ex-servicemen, and fights for their rights in such matters as pensions. It lends a helping hand with its

three stars stranded on stage without a microphone, made it a show to forget.

As usual the best speeches were made by noir performers who obviously put more rehearsal into their acceptance speeches. Carol Channing, who has starred on Broadway and in the movies, made a grand entrance, and after her opening remark, looked wildly for the man with the envelope, before she had read the list of nominees.

Perhaps the best viewing for more senior citizens were glimpses from movies which had won awards — Gable and Colbert in 'It Happened One Night'—Mary Pickford in 'Coquette' — Brando in 'On the Waterfront' — Vivien Leigh in 'Gone With the Wind' — and Hepburn in 'African Queen.'

Mr. Skuce specializes in names, and faces. There are few people he has met (and there are few of the older county residents that he hasn't met), whom he can't call by name. He still follows the careers of teachers who came under his jurisdiction.

And most remarkable, his retirement lasted only one day.

His wide knowledge of people and places in the county, earned him a part-time post with Halton & Peel Trust Company, the kind a retired man would like to have. But he was not the man to be content with this. Nor was the trust firm contented to have a man of his ability only working part time.

He soon was manager of a new office in Milton. Now he is business development officer for the entire county.

poppy fund to those in need. It provides recreation facilities in a modern building, numerous sport and social clubs, and dances.

It sponsors a booming kid hockey league, gives prizes for scholastic achievement and public speaking. The list could go on and on.

Always to the forefront, this latest endeavor of Branch 120 is an activity on an even broader scale than anything in the past and indicates that the Legion can take its place in the forefront as a humanitarian and responsible group of citizens.

Men who fought for their country in time of war are equally willing to fight for it in peace. And Halton's handicapped citizens will benefit from their current efforts.

Centennial Medal Awarded Retired School Inspector

For nearly 50 years an educator, former Halton County public school inspector L. L. Skuce has been honoured with a distinguished centennial medal.

Mr. Skuce is a man with the rare distinction of having served education as a public and high school teacher, county inspector and supervisor of elementary education, over a term of almost half a century — 47 years, to be exact.

Born in Lindsay, he attended Lindsay Collegiate Institute and Peterborough normal school, then began his teaching career at a one-room schoolhouse at Fenelon Falls in Victoria County. He immediately became a champion of the consolidated school system. Moving on to Danmora as principal and later to Sandridge, he eventually switched and became a high school teacher, beginning this new phase of his career at North Bay in 1925.

While inspecting in the county, his work grew from 120 to 500 teachers. He worked with 68 school boards and witnessed the demise of Halton's one-room schools.

After a short (one day) retirement, he joined Halton and Peel trust. Recently he was promoted to the post of business development officer, covering the entire county and working from the Milton office.

Distemper is commonly considered a form of influenza.



LORNE SKUCE

1963, Mr. Skuce was superintendent of elementary education with Trafalgar (and later Oakville) schools. A new public school in Oakville was named in his honour.

He received his B. A. at Queen's University and later his Bachelor of Pedagogy at University of Toronto. In 1930 the Department of Education chose him to be an inspector and sent him to Sudbury, where his district covered over 700 miles.

In 1938 he transferred to Halton County where he remained until 1958, with the exception of two years he taught at Hamilton and Ottawa teachers colleges. From 1958 to the end of

Hospital's M&S Wards Crowded, Births Down

Occupancy of the medical and surgical ward at Georgetown & District Memorial Hospital has hit a new high, 108 per cent, according to a statistical report on the hospital's operation through March. The medical and surgical ward occupancy has been at the saturation point for some time now.

Continuing another trend the maternity ward occupancy continues to drop. The March report lists just 23 births keeping the rate of occupancy here to just 30 per cent.

The report also contained the following statistics:

Table with columns: Yr. to date, Mar., Admissions, Deaths, Daily No. of Patients (Average), Operations Performed, Major, Minor, Tonsils, adenoids, Emergency visits.

The mentally retarded child is not sick, therefore there is no cure. But proper care and training will enable 29 of every 30 mentally retarded to develop into useful members of the community, self-supporting in whole or part.



'I'LL MEET YOU HALFWAY'

Add Three to County's Ag-Rep Staff at Milton

John Dunford, Jim Jenkins and Rosemary Hillson have joined the staff of the Agricultural office in Halton County. They are replacing John Cockburn, who has become the Agricultural Representative in Peterborough; Geoff Taylor, now farming at Gorrie; and Mrs. Ann Dastan, who has moved to Callary.

John Dunford was raised on a farm in Peterborough County. He participated in 14411 Calif. Corn and Automotive Clubs, and was a member of the third place Provincial 4H Inter-Club Beef Team. He graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College in 1960.

For the past two years he has been the Assistant Agricultural Representative in Lambton County. On April 1 he moved to Brampton to serve as the Assistant Agricultural Representative for Halton and Peel Counties.

Jim Jenkins, the new Extension Assistant for Halton and Peel Counties, works out of the Milton office and commenced his duties on Monday, April 8. Jim was born on a Holstein farm in Elgin County. He has completed 12 4H Agricultural Clubs and was a member of the winning 4H Inter-club Dairy Team in 1965.

For the past two years he has attended the Ridgeway Agricultural School, participating in the Royal Winter Fair Judging Competition, and on the speaking team in competition with the Ontario Agricultural College. He is a Junior Farmer member, and in the Christmas holidays attended the effective speaking course at Albion Hills.

Miss Rosemary Hillson, a resident of Milton, assumed the duties of clerical stenographer in Milton on March 18 replacing Mrs. Dastan.

HOSPITAL NEWS



By Les Clark

The Hospital Board expects to have concrete plans of our new extension for the architects in the next few weeks, and so a concrete start can be made on the projected extension. Certainly a cursory look about the halls and rooms of the present building would convince anyone that it is even now overdue and unless a start is made soon, the overcrowding will become impossible to cope with. We trust that the plans will soon be available.

The equipment donated by the Rickell Foundation is expected shortly and will be installed in the Radiology Dept. With gifts like this our Hospital is managing to keep up technologically in the field of medical science. As evidence of this is the high regard our institution is held in by other medical groups and the Hospital Commission. A fair indication of the high calibre of our medical staff came to hand just a few days ago when we received a medical paper read before the Medical Association, when one of this country's outstanding specialists, publicly paid tribute to the diagnostic abilities of one of our local staff, and long time Georgetown doctor. It is things like this that make us realize our Hospital is one of the finest Hospitals in the provincial system. Another thing that must give a great deal of satisfaction to all our staff is the number of cards and letters of thanks received each week from grateful ex-patients on their treatment. These amount to many hundreds in the year. Anyone of course, who reads the Herald realizes this is happening by the large number of thank you cards contained in the weekly Cards of Thanks.

The new chairman Denney Charles is busy making up his list of committees for the ensuing year, and will be presenting it to the board meeting this evening at the regular monthly meeting.

We have a list of donors to mention, but unfortunately we will have to leave it for another column in the future.

THE MAIL BAG

Wants Neighbors Take Better Care of Garbage

Dear Sir: We are Raylawn Crescent residents who sincerely hope that by the next time the winds blow so fiercely, a few occupants of houses at the other end of the street will have learned how to do their garbage up properly. We have picked up sheets and sheets of newspaper, empty cans, dirty Kleenex, and a few filthy things which are unmentionable.

How would these people like it if we gathered it all up and returned it — with thanks but not required. This is not the first time, it happens every time it gets windy. Perhaps if they were fined for not doing the garbage up securely they would think twice before leaving it to blow all across the street. We're thinking of collecting the garbage cans which come behind the garbage, filling them and if they want them, they take their garbage too.

We've spoken to the township but nothing can be done, unless we know who the culprits are. We've picked up one letter, clearly marked with name and address — so watch out — unless you want trouble — tie your garbage securely.

Many thanks. — Shirley A. Jenkins

Georgetown Herald
Published by Home Newspapers Limited
Georgetown, Ontario
Walter C. Bienn, Publisher

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SUGAR AND SPICE
By Bill Smiley

Oh! to Fly Once More

We used to have a superstition in my air force days about things happening in threes. Everything would go along well for a week or two, then the roof would fall in. We'd lose three pilots in one day.

Or one pilot would have three extremely hairy experiences in a row; a ball-out, a crash-landing, a fire.

It happened often enough so that you began to believe in it. In war-time superstitions tend to become principles. It happened to me. One day I was hit by everything but the kitchen sink and came home with 22 holes in my aircraft, including one about 18 inches in diameter, and just two feet from my seat. I had to land without flaps and brakes. Nothing much left, except a chewed-up piece of metal, almost useless, and a white-faced pilot, almost equally useless.

Next day one of my bombs developed a hang-up and I had to land with the thing, detonated and ready to blow, dangling under my left wing. This didn't improve my morale much, either.

People started avoiding me. The third day I was shot down and taken prisoner. Met Paddy Byrne of Dublin, one of the few survivors of my squadron, in a London subway station after the war and he told me the boys were running a pool on when I'd get it.

But that was in the old days, when men were men, and boys were terrified. At least I was. However the war was peaceful compared to present days. Now things don't come in threes, but in sixes and sevens.

Same pattern. Things go along OK for a while and then the gods clobber you with everything they have.

The other night, for example, Kim and I were preparing for one of our exotic dinners. It was a peaceful, domestic scene. She was playing the piano. I was right on top of the dinner. The rainbow trout were crisping nicely, the baked potatoes were baked, and I was just giving the canned corn that extra little stir that makes it so delicious, when the doorbell rang.

It was our neighbour. The one on the left, where the bank robbers were caught last year. It was about 30 degrees outside, and his internal temperature was around 212. He wanted to use the phone. He was about to kill the man on the other side of his house because he was needing him. He phoned his Mom asking her to come and stop him.

It's rather difficult to avoid hearing this sort of thing when you are five feet away, poking the potatoes and flipping the fish. Anyway, two hours and a couple of beers later, I hadn't had my dinner, but my neighbour had and he was clobbered enough to go home to bed.

Well, that's the way things went all week. Next morning I almost murdered myself, putting out the garbage. The cans are in a little sloop, with a lid over it made by two by fours. I pushed back the lid and started wrestling out the bot- tom. When the damn lid fell, clunked me on the forehead, almost knocking me senseless. Dripping blood I staggered off to work.

That weekend I was caught in one of those last-kick-of-winter storms and died a thousand deaths, creeping through wind and snow and drifts, a four-and-a-half-hour trip that normally takes two hours.

Had a fight with my daughter, which she won. My wife is having an operation. My pills are screaming. The backyard, because we didn't get the leaves raked last fall, looks like Hiroshima. Ten people want me to have a committee meeting about nothing. We had a cloud burst and my cellar's full of water. Half the light bulbs in the house are burnt out and you need a ladder to replace most of them. I nearly cut my entire upper lip off when I slipped on soap while shaving. And I haven't paid or even thought about my income tax.

I wonder if they take old guys back into the air force, where things only happen in threes.

Not all crows are black; some have brightly-colored feathers.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Grid of business advertisements including: CHIROPRACTOR DONALD A. GAY, D.C.; BARRAGER'S Cleaners-Shirt Launderers; WALLACH THOMPSON 3rd Division Court Clerk & Commissioner; GEORGETOWN ANIMAL CLINIC; WALKER-CURRIE OPTOMETRISTS; ROBERT R. HAMILTON Optometrist; L.M. Brown O.D. 35 Mill St.; Koller Construction Is Now Installing ALUMINUM SIDING, WINDOWS & DOORS.