

Town's folk fall fair

It's that time of year when the air gets a slight nip to it, the trees turn remarkable shades of color and the Georgetown Fall Fair again opens its gates.

This year the fair board has been bending over backwards to find attractions that will hopefully draw all of us "town folk" out to the fair.

From the sounds of it they've done a pretty good job of lining up some "un-countryish" things to interest those of us who think the business end of a Holstein is its mouth.

To be truthful, however, we like the country fair as it has been for the past 129 years.

It's a place that, for a couple of hours once a year, we can step into a world that we would like to be in all 365 days of a year.

A world that is judged on physical accomplishment (Ah, to win the red ribbon in the pie baking contest or in the beef cattle show!) and not just on battles won or lost on paper.

Every country fair we attend we

find that it usually takes us a few minutes, once we've walked through the gates to settle down to the pace that a fair is made to be enjoyed at: slow and easy.

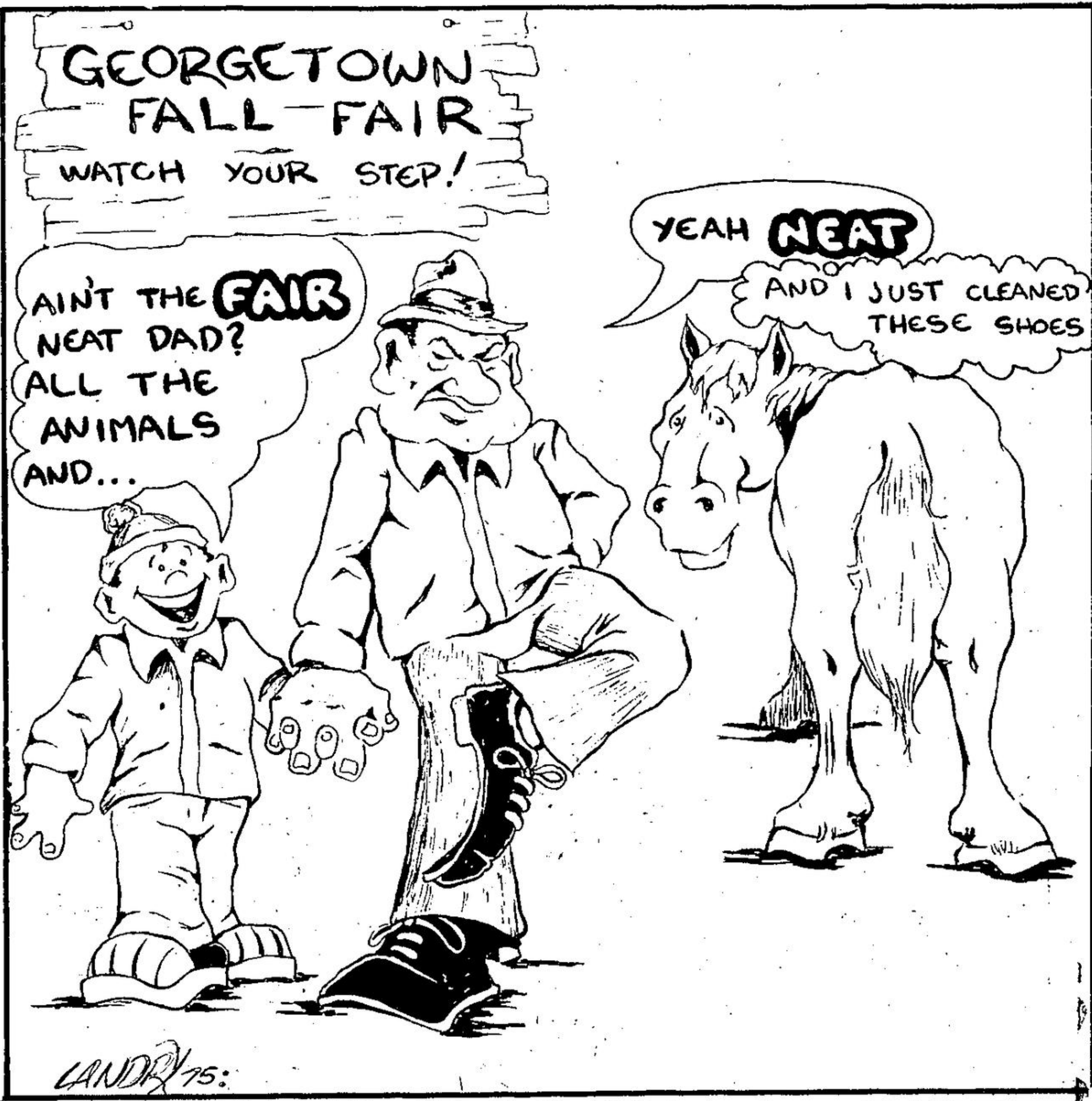
Lean on a fence and watch the heavy horse judging for a few minutes and you'll be better prepared for the rest of the fair.

It's slow and drawn-out. For a little while it may be almost too slow, but then you realize that this is not the videotaped madness of television. It's live! So slow down and enjoy it.

To finish off an afternoon at a fall fair we make a point of going through the exhibits last. We browse slowly through the 4-H WI and public school exhibits. We notice the finer details of the handcrafted goods and the baking (if only we could taste them and if we should, perchance miss something we take the time to retrace our steps to take a look.

A slow sure appreciation of common, necessary things.

It's a method we should apply to our lives.



The way to a man's heart

One orgy to go!

By Susan DeFaccenda

For pure adventure into a world of gastronomic delights, I highly recommend a mixed marriage.

Having married a genuine dyed-in-the-wool Italian, I realized, even before the honeymoon was over, that something would have to be done about my definite lack of culinary skill in the kitchen. For a girl who had trouble poaching eggs, in any language, this presented quite a challenge.

Shortly after our marriage, I was presented with an Italian cookbook by one of

my husband's friends - and immediately ran into trouble.

Maybe it had lost something in the translation, but it suggested strange things such as: light fire, place large kettle of water over fire; when water boils, toes in four songbirds.

Now I can't find a supermarket that sells songbirds, either tenor, alto or soprano. So, after spending half-a-day fruitlessly chasing birds in the back garden, I gave up, threw away the book and sent out for Chinese food.

Italian cooking often necessitates using wine and, for beginners, this is a great help.

Especially if you use the 'one for you, one for me' principle. It's even better if you use the 'three for me' principle, because if the dish doesn't turn out to your satisfaction, you're too happy by then to give a darn. Instead of eating, you settle for an orgy.

Imagine the cultural advantages to the children of a mixed marriage. Not only do ours come from stock that produced William the Conqueror and Michelangelo, but they can veer back and forth with ease, between such culinary delicacies as 'bangers and mash' and 'pasta E Fagioli' or 'bubble and squeak' and 'cozze Neri'.

I really believe though, that the ultimate test of our marriage came, when I was presented with a bag of octopus (or is it octopi?) which I was expected to clean and cook. At that moment, I seriously stopped and considered whether it was all worth it.

I looked at the octopus and they looked back at me, somewhat defiantly. I don't mind cleaning fish, with a fish you know where you are. It has a head, a tail and a middle. It was all those little legs that threw me. I picked up a knife and closed my eyes.

It was at that precise moment I became an Italian cook.

VIEWPOINT

Hunter or hunted?

By Gerry Landaborough

This week Viewpoint looks at the controversial subject of hunting Right or wrong?

For many, approximately 600,000 in Ontario the change of the leaves to the majestic colours of autumn, the crispness of the air, and the flocking of the geese become synonymous with the hunting season.

I have read many reports and letters recently damning the hunt. For the most part these come from people who are ignorant of the ways of our wildlife and its habitat. Since man has dominion over all other species on this earth, and since man himself has changed the natural environment of so many fellow creatures, it is a natural conclusion to say that the only protection of wildlife comes from man. Man is both the provider and the destroyer.

It is true that man has exploited his fellow creatures. At the same time however, it is also true that whatever protection has been given them through organizations of naturalists and conservationists, government have all come through the "compassion of man."

Many people speak of the cruelty of the

hunt. The helplessness of an animal pitted against the gun - from which there is no escape. Those whose outcry is the loudest are often seen to be the very ones lacking in the knowledge of the outdoors and the natural balance of things.

Before technology, skyscrapers, and pollution there existed in nature a natural balance. The hunted and the hunter - the victim and the predator. The predator in nature weeded out the weak and the sick. For it is nature's first law that only the strong survive. We can use for an example the wolf.

The wolf is not the villain that man has made him out to be. Man created the role of the "vicious wolf." Nature intended the predator to weed out the sick and the weak, and to keep the population in proportion, with the natural environment. The wolf is no more vicious or less than any other predator merely a link in a chain, that gave balance to all things. Along came man. He called the wolf vicious, a killer. Man, in turn killed the wolf and created an imbalance in the natural environment.

I've found that cruelty, brutality, and barbarism are like beauty. They live only in the mind of the beholder. Which is more barbaric? To outlaw hunting by man, and to

allow the deer and moose a slow agonizing painful death by starvation, due to the loss of natural predators? To find hunting cruel, hunters barbaric, and to sit and eat a steak that comes to you straight from a hook where an animal hung gutted and skinned in a bloody fashion to arrive in the end on your dinner plate? In today's society we say many things because we like to hide ugliness away from sight. Some of those who hate killing of wildlife would vote for capital punishment - yet would the individual pull the switch or place the rope?

A good hunter is a naturalist who knows his game and its habitat. He or she is a skilled woodsman with a love and respect for the outdoors. An excellent marksman who always seeks to aim at a vital spot for a good clean kill. Neither the hunt nor the hunter is necessarily cruel. What is cruel is the abuse of the hunting and game laws, poaching and unlicensed hunting.

In today's society where man has so drastically changed the course of nature, to stop the hunt would result in far greater cruelty. Natural predators have often been hunted to near extinction. Man has interfered in the natural balance of things. He has taken from the wildlife their natural environment,

he creates areas where the game is protected and allowed to populate. Without the hunt over - population would soon result.

I am not a hunter, nor do I care for any form of killing. But I am aware of certain basic natural laws, and what mans disturbance to them has caused. I find hunting as a sport when carried out according to the rules set out by the ministry of natural resources as humane as any of our pastimes. In order to put the sport down in a proper manner I would have to give up roast beef, and I can't say as I'm ready to do that.

There are many cruel things perpetrated on animals - cock fighting, bull fights, dog racing, laboratory research (I've seen animals with their vocal cords cut to stop the noise of pain) and while they were being operated on alive. There are many more, all of which are more barbaric than two months controlled slaughter.

Let those who would ban the sport as cruel become vegetarians. Let them show the same emotional concern for a world full of starving young human animals - called children. Maybe then I'll reconsider. Till then, to all my hunting friends here's wishing you good, and safe hunting, in a land of a rich and bountiful outdoors.

Years Ago

Rev. Norman Young appointed clerk

FIVE YEARS AGO

Georgetown District High School's student orchestra played the 'Green green of Home' as former physical education department head Lyn McLaren toured the playing field named for him in a ceremony preceding Friday's football opener. Mr. McLaren, a 11-year member of GDHS staff is now a vice principal at Burlington.

A new by-law regulating the racing of cars and motorcycles in Esqueping has been passed Monday night at town council. This means that the Golden Horseshoe Dragway will have to close one hour earlier on week nights only. Because of constant citizens protest to the dragway council decided it was time for them to take a stand and take action.

Gordon Price, son of the late T. Harding Price unveiled a plaque mounted on the Georgetown Fairgrounds pylon in memory of his father in recognition of his many years of service to the Esqueping Agricultural Society. The unveiling was part of service paying tribute to the former president at the pylon on Sunday.

TEN YEARS AGO

A Glen Williams family has been left homeless after a school bus plunged into their house at the base of the steep hill in Glen Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Wright and their two small children are left without a home after the unusual accident. Damage to the house was so extensive that it may have to be torn down.

Of special interest. Glancing at the Loblaw's advertisement ten years ago, lamb legs were 57 cents a pound, pork side spareribs were 67 cents a pound and a one pound bag of Pride of Arabia coffee was 75 cents!

Reverend Norman Young, the minister of Knox Presbyterian Church in Georgetown and in Limehouse has been appointed clerk for the newly formed Prebytery in Brampton.

Five men, three of whom are charged with disturbing the peace and two with assault following an alleged attack on a waiter at the McGibbon Hotel.

The men were released on bail when picked up in connection with the double assault. Police said that both men were beaten so badly that they each had to spend time in the hospital.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Assessment Commissioner Joe Gibbons revealed that the town of Georgetown (in 1960) has grown to a population of 10,834. Compared to last years population of 9,353 this is a 7.28 percent increase.

On election day this year the polling booths will be open from 10:30 a.m. till 7:30 p.m. Council felt that the extra half hour at night would allow commuters enough time to go to the polls after work.

Training youths today for tomorrows citizens will be the goal of the newly organized Boy's Brigade. Under the direction of the Maple Avenue Baptist Church, but interdenominational in character, this organization seeks to train boys in Christian principles.

Park Public School was awarded the Elmer Safety Shield for having an accident free 1959-60 term. George Kennedy Public School was also awarded an Elmer Safety Shield for the schools 1959-60 accident free term.

BY DON O'HEARN
Queen's Park Bureau
Of The Herald

Notes: the Conservatives New theme song: Oh So Blue Surprisingly the party wasn't all that disappointed in the election results. On election night the premier told reporters "This result isn't all that bad." Presumably PC polls had indicated they might even have lost the government. Major losses: Attorney-General John Clement and Jim Allan. Clement was perhaps the brightest Con-

servative in the house - and in a minister's office. NDP'er Jim Renwick paid him a remarkable tribute. He said his loss was sad and that he probably would have been one of the great attorney-generals in Ontario history.

It was the first political defeat ever for Jim Allan. Although 89 his balance and stability were a pillar of strength, particularly in committees. A measure of the man: even though his senior and a close colleague for years he always referred to Leslie Frost as "Mr. Frost."

The immediate Davis task is to reform his cabinet. Housing is the key portfolio. Talk is that the popular and able Frank Miller may

be moved from Health to replace Donald Irvine.

Biggest problem is agriculture. There is a shortage of candidates and the farmers are very restive. Don't be surprised if Lorne Henderson of Lambton, known as a maverick but no dummy, gets this one.

The Throne Speech will be the first session, expected on Oct. 21 will have to be a classic. It will have to cover all bases that have concerned the opposition housing, energy, land etc. - and yet really say nothing. Any loopholes will give the opposition an opening for a killer amendment.

If it survives the early stages the government's real crunch will come with the budget.

The opposition will be almost bound to knock it down on this. But it probably won't come along until March. There was nothing in the Davis promises that needs a new, early budget.

Keep an eye on: Dr. Harry Parrott, orthodontist. An able, if independent, member he had a big win in Oxford. A parliamentary assistant (Colleges and Universities) he could be boosted to the cabinet.

A clean-up is said to be already underway. Both in the party downtown and in staff near to the throne here.

Conservatives: Oh so blue