

Annual church parade draws 450 Scouts, Guides

By MAGGIE HANNAH
icy roads and bad weather were blamed for the poor attendance at the Scout and Guide Church Parade in Holy Cross Church on Sunday afternoon. Only about 450 members of the various branches of the North Halton organization turned up for the service.

The church service is the final event of the Scout-Guide Thinking Week held annually in conjunction with the celebration of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell's birthdays on February 22.

The Baden-Powell's whose birthdays happened to fall on the same date, were the founders of the Scout-Guide movement in England. Scouting came to Canada in 1908 although Guiding did not arrive until 1910.

The service began with a parade of Scout and Guide leaders and a color party consisting of a flag bearer and two guards from each of the organizations.

The color party was led by first Acton Guides, Janice Raine, Christine Allen, and Karen Steckley, carrying the Canadian flag. Beavers Jeff MacLaren (first Georgetown), Tim Keller (fifth Georgetown) and Craig Gillis (first Acton), followed them carrying the Beaver Colony flag.

Laurie Brady, Chazina Van Spronsen, and Shelly Braisby of the (fourteenth Georgetown) pack represented the Brownies. Cubs were represented by Billy Davies (first Georgetown), Patrick Hipp (fourth Georgetown) and Jimmy Teetzel (eighth Georgetown). The Guide flag was carried by Cathy McGowan, Carrie Kirby, and Lucia Ed-

wards, all from the 2nd, Geo. Company. Dwayne DeCoste (second Georgetown) Doug Hannah (Limehouse) and Jock Garton (fifth Georgetown) carried the Scout flag.

Venturers were represented by Ray Brennan (second, Georgetown) Eddie Blaser (first Acton) and Dean Othen (fifth Georgetown) Marg Owen, Warren Farrow, and Pauline Heaton carried the Rover flag.

Dale Powell and Kim Halliburton accepted the flags at the front of the church and placed them in a special stand until the color party marched out at the end of the service.

Scripture passages were read by Judy Van Cleef of the fifth Georgetown Guides and Dale Powell of the first Georgetown Venturers.

Rev. R. Gallagher of St. George's Anglican Church, Georgetown, Rev. Dr. H. Llewellyn of St. John's United Church Georgetown, Rev. Das Sydney of Acton Baptist Church and Rev. Pierre Wood of Holy Cross Church, Georgetown, led the prayers and made brief homilies during the inter-denominational service.

A choir consisting of mem-

bers of the fourth Georgetown Brownie Pack, the fifth Georgetown B Cub Pack, the fifth Georgetown East and the second Georgetown West Guide Companies and the fifth Georgetown Scout Troop was directed by Ron Bourque.

The choir was accompanied by Dianne Bergman, Steve Thompson, Brian Evans and Fred Giles on guitars.

Pipe Major Virginia Hulme of the Georgetown Girls Pipe Band played "Amazing Grace" while the offering was being collected. The choir also sang a verse of the hymn.

Cadets Robin Bartowiak and Becky Halonen brought the collection to the altar for the dedication. This offering will be divided between the Girl Guide World Friendship Fund and the World Brotherhood of Scouting.

Special guests in attendance included Halton MP Dr. Frank Philbrook, Halton-Burlington MPP Julian Reed, acting mayor of Halton Hills Walter Bieth, Coun. Roy Booth and three members of the North Halton Scout Association, chairman, Bob DeCoste, treasurer John Horning, and public relations officer Gerry Callaghan.

Winegard appointed chairman

Dr. William C. Winegard, Georgetown, has been appointed to the Ontario Council of University Affairs, Premier William Davis announced Monday. He will serve on a committee with three other members for three years.

Dr. Winegard has served as vice-chairman of the council and was president and vice-chancellor of the University of Guelph. He began his career as an education and engineering consultant, specializing in metallurgical engineering after he received his Ph.D. from the University of Toronto. He is the author of one book and 80 technical papers, lecturing and serving as a consultant in the United States and Australia.

Norval News

By DOROTHY McLEAN
Herald correspondent

The first meeting of the new executive for 1977 of the Norval Community Association was held at the Norval School Community Centre on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22 with the president, Hugh McFarlane, presiding.

This was an organization meeting. Appointed to the various positions were vice president George Snulh, Secretary - Joyce Hutton, Treasurer - Mary Robinson, Publicity - Dorothy McLean, Beautification - Bob Crawford, Lighting - Fred House, Water - Art Reinhardt, Fund Raising - George Smith, Recreation - Jamie Cunningham.

It was decided to hold executive meetings on the third Monday evening of the month instead of Tuesday evenings. Dates for the public meetings during the year were set for June 23rd, October 20th, and the annual meeting on January 26, 1978.

Julian Reed MPP and Pat Patterson, Halton Hills councillor, were appointed as honorary members of the executive in honor of their past participation in organizing the association and getting it off to a good start. Both of these men resigned from the executive due to a conflict of interest when they were elected to political offices.

As a money-making project it was decided to have another spring dance with the tentative date chosen as April 22nd.

Wood cutting volunteers are needed now to cut down dead elm trees in the Norval dis-

trict. If you are willing to participate in this beautification project call Jamie Cunningham. The wood will be donated to senior citizens if any want it.

David Dunlop of the Lighting committee is in charge of a survey of the village home owners regarding better street lighting. This survey will be taken soon.

If you are interested in helping on one of the various committees such as Recreation, Fund Raising, Water, Lighting and Beautification, get in touch with the chairman of the committee that you are interested in or with Hugh McFarlane.

Your help will be greatly appreciated.

Jamie Cunningham, Recreation chairman, reported that at the present time the Norval room in the Community Centre rented by the Norval Community Association is being used by the Table Tennis Club, Yoga, Brownies, The Norval Neighbors Club and the Tennis Club. Jamie is in charge of permits to use the Norval room so if you wish to rent the room for a special event contact him.

Tentative recreation plans for the future include a Euchre Night on March 10th, a fireworks evening on May 23rd, and possibly movies for the younger children while parents watch the older children participate in minor ball, basketball or volleyball.

Norval Presbyterian Church W.M.S. held a "Mary, Martha" meeting at the church on Tuesday, February 22nd, with

19 present.

A quilting bee was held in the morning and two quilts were finished. Those who were not quilting gave the kitchen a good housecleaning. At noon a pot-luck luncheon was enjoyed followed by the meeting with Mrs. F. McGee presiding. Mrs. Eleanor McClure gave an excellent program on Mary and Martha and was assisted by several members reading stories and poems about these two women of the Bible.

The next meeting will be the Easter Thankoffering on March 22nd with Mrs. Aileen Samuel from Taiwan as the guest speaker.

The Happy Wanderers Choir will provide special music at the 10 a.m. Worship Service of Norval Presbyterian Church on Sunday, March 5th, to mark the 50th anniversary of David Esplan as a church organist. A social hour will follow this service and all are welcome.

It was solo Sunday at Norval United Church on Sunday, February 27th, with the Senior choir leading in the singing. Beth VanVleet sang "Suddenly There's A Valley", Glen Laird sang "Have Faith In God" and Joyce Hutton sang "Lord, Let Me Live Today". Rev. I. Walter Hildley conducted the service and his sermon was on "Our Inward Journey".

Next Sunday, March 6, the Haltonville-Norval United Church charge will visit St. Luke's United Church in downtown Toronto. Buses will leave from the church at 9:15 a.m.

On Sunday March 13, the Teen Choir will be taking the complete service at Norval United Church.

The World Day of Prayer service will be held in Norval United Church on Friday evening, March 4th, at 7:30 p.m. Mrs. Neil Anderson of Brampton, a former missionary in Korea will be the special speaker. This service is for everyone in the Norval area, men, women and teenagers. A fellowship time will follow the service and refreshments served.

Nine month old baby Jeanette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Jollimore of Draper St. Norval has been in Mississauga Hospital for over a week. So far the doctors and specialists have been unable to determine the cause of her illness. We hope that baby Jeanette will soon be better and home again.

St. Paul's Anglican Church, Norval, enjoyed a successful "Pancake Supper" in the Parish Hall on Tuesday evening, February 22nd, to start Lent. In charge of the evening were Mrs. Fred Dabhan, Mrs. Lynn Buggie and Mrs. Eva Burton.

Dream assignment:

editor's dream, reporter's nightmare

By GEORGE EVASHUK
Herald staff writer

It was a dream assignment. That is, the editor dreamed it up although for me at times it approached a nightmare.

I was to go with C company Lorne Scouts Regiment, for two days of winter exercises at Canadian Forces tank-artillery range at Meaford, about 20 miles east of Owen Sound.

"You'll have a great time," he said. I had my doubts but in spite of them found myself reporting to the Georgetown Armories at 7 p.m. Friday night. From there we were to leave for the Brampton Armories where a bus would take about 40 of us up to Meaford.

I was in the middle of the cab of an army "four-by-four." On my left was Corporal Larry Taylor, a Grade 12 student at Georgetown and district high school. He was the driver and leader of the tent group I was assigned to accompany. On my right was Captain John Cogger 32, from Oakville.

Capt. Cogger told me on the way over to Brampton that what the Lorne Scouts were doing this weekend was a winter exercise, the same as the regular force do, to attempt the troops with surviving and making predetermined objectives in the snow and cold. This weekend was to be a shakedown exercise to be followed later by another in which weapons would be carried.

Capt. Cogger, who works in an office in Toronto during the day, did his best to dispel my fears. I've never camped out in winter.

When we arrived at the Brampton Armories I met the other members of the tent group I was assigned to. They were Private Joel Angel, 17, Mike Godwin, 17, both students at Georgetown and District high school and Dave Mortensen, 18, who graduated from school last year.

I also met Pte. Sharron Steel, 17, who is five feet, one and a quarter inches is the shortest member of the Lorne Scouts and Karen Fuller, 17. Both young ladies are students at Georgetown and district high school. They were coming along to assist our quartermaster in issuing us our gear.

Sgt. Stewart Dalziel, 22, of Georgetown, was also along and his duties during the exercise were to load and unload a snowmobile which belonged to Pte. Mortensen. It was in the back of the truck we came in, to assist any of the squads struggling through the snow. As it turned out he had a very tough weekend and more a bond that later.

After a two hour bus ride during which the troops sang traditional army songs and in general behaved much as you'd expect a group of teenagers heading off for a weekend of adventure to behave, we arrived at Meaford.

For the first night we were to sleep on the concrete floor of a tank hanger. While some of the troops squeezed the water off the floor, the rest of us drew our foot rations or "rat packs" as they are called and are sleeping bags.

I inflated my air mattress, assembled the three part sleeping bag and had the chilling realization that the next night I'd be doing all this out in the cold. What we were doing now was just a rehearsal.

Then Capt. Cogger came by, looking very busy and I'm sure he was, and he asked me if I'd mind making up his sleeping bag, too. Why not, I thought. I could use the rehearsal and it would look silly if I tore my own sleeping bag apart and did it over again. For a moment, I wondered if I should French the liner but decided against it. The captain would have more than enough opportunity tomorrow to get even with a tyrant like me.

I had been told that you need to eat extra to keep warm when you're active outside so I partook of what the Lorne Scouts had laid on a peanut butter and jam sandwich and two cups of hot chocolate.

By then it was 12:30 a.m. as we civilians say, and reveille was at "Oh six hundred hours" as they say in the military. I decided to leave the packing of the rucksack they'd issued me with until the morning.

The army certainly can't be accused of overheating their tank hangers but the sleeping bag, although a nice confining, was warm and cosy. As I

feared six o'clock came all too soon and after wriggling my way out of the sleeping bag, the next problem was to get breakfast.

According to a flyer enclosed in the "rat pack" the food I'd been issued with would deliver to me "rugged health". As far as I'm concerned, that has yet to be proven and the food, all in cans and foil packages, would do little to make a food critic drool. But there was one exception and more about it later, too.

Shortly after "Oh-seven-thirty hours" I was walking away from the company quartermaster with a huge pile of winter survival clothing all loaded onto a pair of metal snow shoes. To keep me warm I'd been issued with a parka, gloves, mitten liners and high leather mittens, two pairs of insoles and a pair of white muckluks (guaranteed to keep your feet warm in 72 below zero weather, one of the officers told me), wind pants, a toque, a heavy wool shirt and a thermos bottle.

I put it all on over the warm clothes I'd worn. While I was engaged in this activity, the other members of the tent group were checking out the Coleman stove and lantern, the single burner alpine stove we were taking with us and the arctic tent as well. All this extra equipment, which included an axe, a snow knife and a few other bits and pieces, was to be dragged behind us in a toboggan. Fully loaded, the toboggan weighed about 100 pounds. The rucksack weighed about 25 pounds.

We also had a dry run setting up the tent indoors. We were scheduled to have three more run throughs before the night but as it happened we set it up only once more and that just barely but I'm getting slightly ahead of myself.

So, fully dressed, with rucksacks on our backs, snowshoes on our feet and Pte. Angel and Godwin hauling the toboggan and Pte. Mortensen with the radio, we clomped out of the hanger and into a beautiful sunny winter day.

Our first objective was to pace off 100 metres which was marked between two stakes. That was so when we were following the compass readings we'd been given, we'd be able to estimate that we were at the end of that leg of the journey. There were four legs to cover - one of 1,300 metres, one of 250, one of 100 and a final one of 500 metres, which should bring us at "Oh hundred hours" to the bivouac area where five tent groups were to spend the night.

No sooner had we left the parking lot and were on the snow than Capt. Cogger, ob-



viously thinking of our welfare said we'd have to take another container of naphtha fuel. The only problem with that was it meant the entire toboggan had to be repacked - a realization we didn't come to until half way along the 100 metre course.

Having accomplished the 100 metre walk and the repacking of the toboggan we headed out on a 400 metre walk to where we were to set up the tent in the snow. When we got there, Corporal Taylor discovered that an important linchpin for the tent's centre pole was missing. From somewhere in five feet of snow, he managed to find a sturdy wire which did the job.

Our plans called for one more setting up of the tent - at noon - or as they say in the army "Oh hundred hours" but seeing as it was noon already, we decided that was it. Besides a message had come crackling over Pte. Mortensen's radio telling us to return to the hanger.

We returned and while there, had a quick lunch. I drank my thermos of instant coffee and headed for the kitchen to see if I could get a refill. I did, although it was instant tea. It was in the kitchen where I met Warrant Officer Mandy Hagedoorn, of Erin, who single-handedly changed my opinion of army food.

While I was enjoying a stolen cup of coffee I observed that one of the officers were eating porterhouse steaks. I reflected on my "rat pack" and pointed this out to the

diners. They assured me that it was different when you're an officer and that an army travels on its stomach. I shrugged and thought to myself: "R.H.I.P." (Rank Has Its Privileges).

Cpl Taylor finally hauled me out of the kitchen and we were on our way. This was the real thing.

At first, as we crossed a wide flat field, the winter beauty of the landscape was impressive. They say clear blue and the sun sparkled on what looked like a frozen sea of snow. But then, the pack on my back seemed to get heavier as did the muckluks and snowshoes and the only time there was to appreciate the scenery was for a moment or two as the troops took bearings.

Corporal Taylor and I were breaking the trail for Ptes. Angel and Godwin who had the 100 pound toboggan to pull. I could hear them groaning. When one of them, or any of us for that matter, lost or unbalanced and fell, it was a major production to get the fellow righted, what with those awkward packs on our backs to put us off balance and tripping over our own snowshoes.

Then Cpl Taylor decided that he and I would take a turn in the traces. It seemed just as he did that, we hit a stretch of hilly country with a lot of thickets. I don't know about the others but I forgot all about economic problems, wondering if Quebec would separate, how I'd make my next payment in the terrible effort for an out of shape guy like me to continue pushing one foot in front of the other.

That toboggan was almost the death of us all, or so it seemed out there. We all took turns wondering why the brass hadn't provided us with a dog team, or better still a snowmobile. The thought passed through my mind: "What am I doing out here anyway and why don't I just dump this stuff because I don't need it. The snowmobile can come pick me up and take me back to Warrant Officer Hagedoorn's nice, warm, friendly kitchen."

I learned later that Sgt. Dalziel, somehow managed to run out of fuel and what's even worse, didn't have his snowshoes on the snowmobile. He had quite a hike back to the barracks in the five foot drifts.

Anyway, pulling the toboggan began taking its toll of me and I had to beg off finally. Pte. Godwin re-entered the traces along with Pte. Mortensen. Cpl Taylor took the radio and as night fell, we stumbled into the bivouac area.

Somehow in the darkness and the cold we managed to erect the tent and get the stove going. We heated up some

more tins of food then heard the good news that a large pot of hot soup had been sent out by toboggan from Warrant Officer's Hagedoorn's kitchen. The soup would have passed the scrutiny of Madame Benoit notwithstanding that after being active outdoors all day long any hot food tastes good.

By the time the tent was warm, and we were in our sleeping bags sharing a libation some of the troops had brought along, things looked not too bad. I'd removed only my outer clothes to go into the sleeping bag yet could still feel the chill of the snow we slept on. When the light of the Coleman lantern finally flickered off, it was about half past ten.

Pte Angel was to get up about 20 minutes before the rest of us to re-light the lantern which had kept me warm and the stove and have the water boiling for our breakfast. I don't know if the army is getting soft, or what, but we were told reveille on Sunday wouldn't be until "Oh-seven-hundred hours."

I wish I could say that I slept like a log but I didn't. The confines of the sleeping bag combined with the cramps in my legs and feet and the ache in my shoulders to keep me up half the night trying to get comfortable and back to sleep. It's funny how this always happens but when time came to get out of the sleeping bag, I was sleeping soundly and leaving the bag was the last thing I wanted to do.

Breakfast - well a half-thawed tin of turkey-chicken stew and left over soup washed down with a cold, slightly damp cracker gave me enough energy to help Pte. Godwin strike the tent while the other three went out on patrol. Then, one by one, the other tent groups began leaving and I started getting cold just waiting for the return of the rest of our tent group so I left, too.

This time we had only a 1,000 metre walk to where trucks would pick us up and transport us to the hanger. The morning was overcast and colder than Saturday. Dawn was just a short orange streak on the sky that soon faded. The walk was quiet and I saw a chipmunk scampering from one tree to another. Off to my right were the low limestone cliffs of the Niagara Escarpment. Soon, I was at the pick up point and sharing in some coffee and

solid chocolate.

To keep the men active, the officers ordered them to dig snow caves, which with an arctic candle, a plug for the entrance and a vent would keep you alive all night, they said.

The trucks arrived, we boarded them and made the trip back to the hanger in moments. Warrant Officer Hagedoorn had a huge pot of hot chili simmering on his stove and some brewed coffee. As I sat there with a large cup in my hands I wondered if I had perhaps covered the wrong activity for obviously there was more than one side to army life.

Although I was tired I was exhilarated too. All that was left to do was turn in the gear which had kept me warm in spite of my misgivings and await the bus that would take us to Brampton. Because only a small group had come from Georgetown to join the Lorne Scouts companies from headquarters in Oakville and the Brampton contingent, we were to go back in Sgt. Dalziel's van. No sooner had we all gotten into it than he discovered that he had a flat tire.

All in all, I had a great time which I'll never forget, but believe me, it was good to get home and sink into a hot tub.

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