

# Hey Kids Win McDonald's Gift Certificates and Watches



Get your crayons and felt markers going to win Gift Certificates for delicious food at McDonald's. Entries will be judged on originality and each month there'll be a draw for a unique "Ronald McDonald Watch". Enter as often as you like.

Send your entry to:  
The Herald  
103 Main St. South  
Georgetown, Ontario.  
Draw made Monday noon.  
Mail your entries in early.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
TELEPHONE.....  
AGE.....

- LAST WEEK'S WINNERS**
- COLIN NICOLL  
23 Lantstone Cres.
  - JENNIFER MELVILLE  
398 Delrex Blvd.
  - ROBERT TICKLING  
R.R.5  
Georgetown
  - LISA RICHARDS  
59 Maple Ave.
  - PAULA WITHERLY  
R.R.4  
Acton
- Winners can pick up their certificates at The Herald.

**McDonald's SUPPORT HIRE-A-KID**  
12-15 yr. olds will do your odd jobs.  
We do it all for you Call The YM/YWCA 877-6163 after 1 p.m.

# A little of this and that

**By GERRY LANDSBOURGH**  
Just a little of this and that this week as we try to recover from the holiday festivities.

A brief reply to Dave Armstrong, President of the Halton Off Road Riders Association — Dave dropped a letter into the paper a week or so ago describing all the advantages of dirt riding in answer to a column I wrote commenting on the bizarre series of accidents that had engulfed my household over the past few weeks.

Everything he wrote in the letter is quite true — particularly the part of a good rider being a combination of "body, bike and mind". I agree with everything, even the part suggesting that I should as a parent take a responsibility for the actions of my young riders. Every word is true, Dave, parents are responsible for how their youngsters learn to ride and parents owe their youngsters more than "here is your bike, go ride it."

Unfortunately, my youngsters don't give me the problems the 14-year-old has been riding for nearly four years without any mishap (hardly a spill) the 15-year-old has been riding for five or six years again without mishap, and both are seldom if ever without helmets, and both seem to handle their bikes with a fair amount of expertise.

Our problem is with the older folk — the ones past 40 — 20 and the devil comes in. All were riding the Kawasaki 250 and each has an excuse for how much in control he was before the accident. Getting those particular youngsters off to the bikers training school is an insult to pride and skill or so they tell me.

At any rate the Halton Club seems like a good group and we hope to make some of the meetings in the near future and we thank Dave for the interest.

How did you feel about Canada's big birthday bash? Well I had mixed feelings. We find it rather sad that the government has to respect to south of the border type ballyhoo in order to stir up a little patriotism for our count-

ry. Birthday parties are always a lot of fun and we certainly enjoyed all the festivities but at the same time we resent being bribed with cakes and merriment to spark a little love and pride in one's homeland. Something is wrong with a nation that teaches its children all about little George and the cherry tree while Louis Riel or Sir Leonard Tilley become Louis or Leonard who?

Like birthday parties as much as the next guy but \$1.5 million would have been better applied to our unemployment situation — then maybe Canada would have something to celebrate.

Good taste, or just plain "taste", seem to have permanently disappeared. I watched Alvin Karpis (known to his intimates as Creepy Karpis) appear as a celebrity guest on Headline Hunters TV program over the weekend.

Alvin Karpis' claim to fame is that he was once Number one on the FBI wanted list. He has spent a total of 33 years in prison (Alcatraz) for murder and bank robbery.

Now that he has become a little old man he is now a celebrity guest — people clap and shout hurrah... hurrah. This guy was a killer, yet a bunch of fools want to shake his hand. What's the world coming too?

Our next item on the "total lack of taste" was in this Sunday's Sun in Gary Dunford's column. He was ranting and raving over Farrah Fawcett-Majors trip to Europe and how "Little Miss Modest" took along a staff of 15.

According to Mr. Dunford this included a cook, a maid, a hairdresser, a manicurist, and a pedicurist and a French teacher. Here comes the total lack of taste: he continues on to refer to Miss Majors with a rather vulgar slang word.

I'm sure there must be thousands upon thousands of adjectives one could use to describe Farrah without resorting to such vulgarity.

I guess they just don't make editors like they use to, at one time an editor was there to edit, I guess at the Sun they just don't do that any more. Last week we wrote about our canine friends and this week we would like to mention a rather painful aspect of that friendship. Green plastic garbage bags save leave the countryside in one hell of a mess. A drive down the road on garbage day is almost beyond comprehension. Bags are ripped open and garbage is everywhere.

As I said before dogs and cats are the owners responsibility. Yes, you are expected to pick up from your neighbours lawn what your pet has ripped apart.

If bylaws can't keep pet owners in line let's see the banning of the green plastic eyecores and a return to ash-cans of old.

This might be a good time to mention how wasteful we Canadians have become. The rule of thumb seems to be if it breaks throw it out. So many are thrown into the garbage instead of taking an hour or two and repairing whatever.

Times are getting tough and things to come will be much worse the time for such extravagant waste is long past and the family that throws out and then charges the new item is helping to send this country right down the tube.

## ON THE HOME FRONT

### Oh me! Oh my!

By SUSAN De FACENDIS  
I have just been labelled un-Canadian by my children no less, and am still reeling from the shock. Is it because I lacked an intelligent comment, pro or con, on Trudeau's proposed new constitution? No! Is it because I insist, with my English tongue that can never learn to get around all those r-r-r on calling our fine feathered friends "beris", instead of "Bir-r-r-ds", that I am so labelled? No!

The reason, believe it or not, is because my children have suddenly discovered that I have never ever, visited a MacDonald's eatery. Not ever! This is not just a recent omission, but I cannot admit to having visited this fine Canadian institution even in the shadowy days of my youth.

La Scala? Mama mia, yes! Winston's? It is on my list of desiderata. The Hayloft? Good fun — but MacDonald's? Never!

However in the eyes of my children, anyone who can survive a week, never mind 25 years without suffering a Big Mac attack, is somehow strange, and therefore can only be classified as un-Canadian.

It is not as though I dislike hamburgers, in fact we barbecue them quite frequently throughout the summer. It is just that I prefer them homemade where I know what is in them — and the thought of sesame seed buns, whatever they may be, is quite frankly a "turn off" as far as I am concerned.

I mean, what does it take to satisfy one's children and become a bona fide Canadian in their eyes? To become something less than a source of embarrassment to them; a hindrance to them taking their rightful place in society?

Is it not enough that I call an elevator an "elevator" instead of a lift? Was it not a giant leap forward when I stopped calling sod "lurf"?

Should it not be more than enough that, as a "rainy day people" I endlessly play Gordon Lightfoot records on those appropriately quiet, evenings?

Is it not more than the human spirit should be forced to endure, when I became the sole life support system of 20,000,000 Canadian mosquitoes during the past 16 years of cottage vacations, and still not be considered as having given my all to Canada for the benefit of my children?

What do I have to do to prove my Canadianism? I doubt if even Shakespeare knew the full extent of his wisdom when he had King Lear speak the words: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child!"

Of course, now my son Richard is working for this Big Mac hamburger heaven it throws a whole different complexion upon things. In fact, I think I feel a sudden overwhelming urge for two all-beef patties — and for a change, I am quite prepared to let him "do it all for me"....

## ANN LANDERS



Dear Ann: I am a compulsive spender. My husband demands that I save money but I cannot. Why? Maybe my answer will be a tip-off to other husbands out there who think their wives are "charge-account happy."

I'm a working mother with three children. After an eight-hour day in business I come home and work another six to eight hours. No one in the family helps me and no one cooperates even though I have begged, demanded and threatened.

I refuse to save money. I buy expensive things and make no excuses. Why should I save? So my husband's next wife will have lovely things after I drop dead from exhaustion?

Do we have, at least, pleasant weekends? Of course not. There is so much to be done I fall into bed exhausted. Sunday night I wonder where the weekend went. Does anyone care? Not in our house. Save? Why should I? I'm going to enjoy what I can while I can. Sign me — Walked On.

Dear W.O.: It doesn't sound to me as if you're enjoying a darned thing. How can you when you're angry and bitter and working yourself to a frazzle?

You aren't a compulsive spender, lady, you're a punitive spender. It's your way of getting even with your husband for his lack of attention or cooperation and whatever else you aren't getting enough of.

You need to sit down and talk with a professional so you can dissipate your anger and get some insight into what you are doing — and why. A clergyman trained in counseling (and many are these days) or a competent therapist could change your life.

Dear Ann Landers: I read your column daily — usually agree with you, often laugh with you, and sometimes wonder how you hold up under the strain of the job.

I have seldom felt the urge to write but your answer to "Panicked in Pensacola" really got to me. This young girl writes: "I am 14 years old and in the 10th grade. I wanted to look especially nice at a party so I asked my mother if I could shave my legs. She said, 'No'."

Then the kid goes on to say she shaved her legs and now she is worried sick about the hair growing back so fast that she might have to shave every day. Your answer to "Panicked" consisted of advice on how often to shave and the advisability of experimenting with other methods of hair removal.

Why did you ignore the opening sentence of that kid's letter? She wrote: "I asked my mother and she said, 'No'."

What happened to good old-fashioned discipline? Is it too much of a 14-year-old to obey her mother when she is told "No"?

How about it, Ann? Don't you think the kid's mother should have had an assist from you? Instead you took the side of a 14-year-old smart-mouth, do-as-I-please kid. What's with you anyway? — Hairy Legs Ain't Fatal

Dear Fatal: Before you blow a gasket why don't you go back and reread the letter, Bub? The kid wrote A-F-T-E-R she shaved her legs. It was too late to tell her not to do it.

Hairy legs may not be fatal but they sure can make the life of a 14-year-old girl awfully miserable. No girl should have to look like a gorilla when there are so many simple alternatives.

It's not always easy to recognize love, especially the first time around. Acquaint yourself with the guidelines Read Ann Landers' booklet, "Love or Sex and How to Tell the Difference." For a copy, mail 50 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed envelope with your request to Ann Landers, P.O. Box 11895, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

## Countess of Strathmore IODE June meeting

The June meeting of the Countess of Strathmore Chapter, IODE was held at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Joan Meers.

The members enjoyed a potluck supper. The Regent then called the meeting to order for a short business session.

A Committee for the round robin bridge was formed, namely Ruth Forgrave, Ruth Evans, Doris Barber, June Dean and Irene Farnell.

For the Christmas card sale, the following agreed to act: Emmeline McGilivray, Helen MacDonald, June Dean and Edna Turnbull.

The Regent welcomed a visitor from Wales, Mrs. Linda Stredton and Mrs. Erica Thompson and Mrs. Street from the Red Cross Blood Clinic Service.

Mrs. Thompson gave a very informative and interesting talk on the background and organization of the Blood Donor Service explaining

## 150 honor couple

Over 150 friends, neighbours and relatives filled the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McEachern of Norton Crescent in Georgetown on Sunday, June 18th on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary.

They were the recipients of many gifts, flowers and cards, including a five piece silver tea service from their family.

Mr. and Mrs. McEachern (the former Ethel Fletcher) were married in Acton by the late Rev. E. M. Morrow on Saturday June 18, 1938.

They farmed on Lot 3 townline Erin and Caledon until 10 years ago when they sold the farm and moved to Georgetown.

They have three sons, William of Belfountain, Bruce of Georgetown and Robert at home, also three grandchildren Julie and David McEachern of Belfountain, and Lisa McEachern of Georgetown.

Their attendants of 40 years ago Mrs. Jessie Hamilton of Milton and Mr. William Darby of Hamilton were with them for the occasion.

Following open house in the afternoon, a family dinner was held at the Neptune Steak House, Georgetown.



**MARRIAGE**  
Donna Peters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Peters of 48 Weber Drive married Michael Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thompson of Moose Jaw, Sask. at St. George's Anglican Church, 60 Guelph St., May 6.

## YOUR WEEK AHEAD By DAMIS

- ARIES** Mar. 21-Apr. 19 Take the family on vacation as planned, or stick around and hope that big deal comes through? Which shall it be? (Take the vacation.)
- TAURUS** Apr. 20-May 20 Use caution in making agreements or handling legal matters. A business related trip is likely.
- GEMINI** May 21-June 20 Check all figures carefully — financially speaking. Speculation at this time is not advisable.
- MOONCHILD** June 21-July 22 Partnership affairs are emphasized. The full moon brings in an irritating development. Stick to proven methods.
- LEO** July 23-Aug. 22 A job related matter comes to a climax. Recognize what is over and done. Look to a new beginning.
- VIRGO** Aug. 23-Sept. 22 One who loves and admires you is hurt by your seeming aloofness. Pay more attention.
- LIBRA** Sept. 23-Oct. 22 Home entertainment brings much pleasure. Settle up some of those overdue social obligations.
- SCORPIO** Oct. 23-Nov. 21 Take advantage of a friendly offer of help from one close by. Plans are subject to revision.
- SAGITTARIUS** Nov. 22-Dec. 21 Monetary matters assume importance. Avoid confrontations. Stick to dependable business practices.
- CAPRICORN** Dec. 22-Jan. 19 The full moon in your sign takes you in pursuit of personal ambitions. Reach out — goals are attainable!
- AQUARIUS** Jan. 20-Feb. 18 Attend to matters that you've kind of let slide for awhile. Clean the slate and make ready for the new.
- PISCES** Feb. 19-Mar. 20 Your home could be the meeting place for some group. It's an emotional period and no time for temperamental outbursts.

Personality Profile: For your Sun-Sign Analysis, send the day, month, year and place of birth plus \$1.00 for postage and handling to Dr. Damis Starr, P.O. Box 226 Penfield, Pa. Florida 32665.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS  
1 Am., Brit., or Fr., e.g.  
5 Cod and Fear  
10 Shopper  
11 New Orleans  
12 Arctic  
13 Isolate  
14 Nifty  
15 Cry of  
16 Scotman's  
17 Make-up item  
18 Containing  
19 Simplified  
21 Immense  
22 Does sums  
23 Stadium  
24 Summer  
25 Baby  
26 Little  
27 Singer  
28 Margaret  
29 Hearty  
31 Fowl  
32 European  
33 Wicked one  
35 Before aite  
36 Intact  
37 S. Vietnam's  
38 Famed  
Italian family

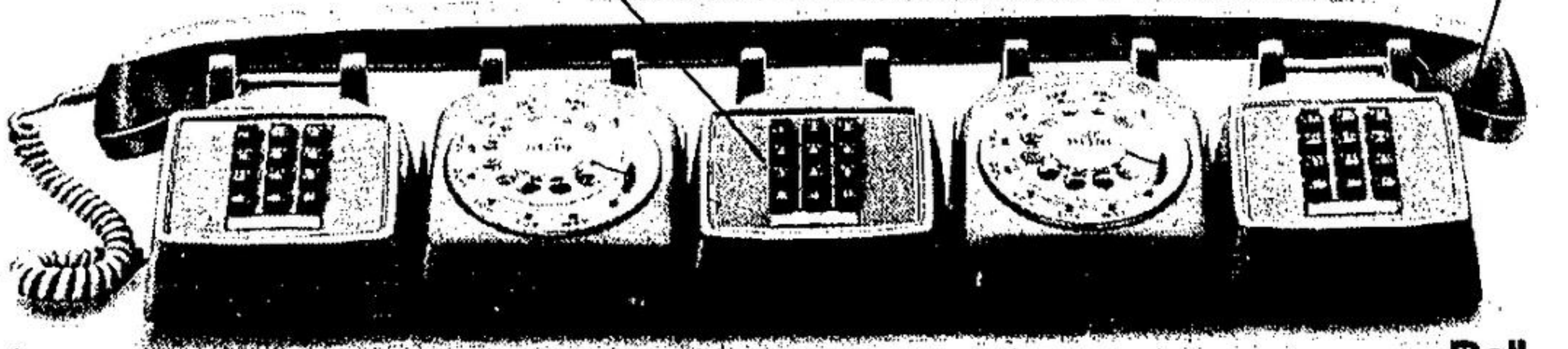
DOWN  
1 Silkworm's  
2 Modler's  
3 Births (2 wds.)  
4 Cowboy Ryder  
5 Portuguese  
6 Ring champ  
7 What new  
8 Expand  
9 To eye  
10 (2 wds.)  
11 Like the  
bride's  
mother

ANSWER  
15 Low in  
pitch  
18 No gentlemen  
21 Stop  
22 "Sweet" one  
of song  
23 Benefit  
24 Brought low  
25 "Ja That  
All — Is!"

27 Word of  
liquor  
28 Courage  
or gall  
29 Part of  
G.A.R.  
34 Partner  
of pick

You mean if I wanted to speak person-to-person to Italy, I could dial that call myself?

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