

Community

Branch elections coming June 1

President Harold Badham, Norm Ward, Tut Harrison, Lynda Wright and Bob Waites were on hand to conduct the elections and installations of our Auxiliary last Thursday evening.

Unfortunately, there were only about 45 members out to nominate and vote for their choice. However, a very popular choice as far as those who were out was Hazel Dumper, voted in again as Auxiliary President. No one else was even nominated, so it was Hazel by acclamation. Obviously, Hazel has been doing something right the past two years. Positions were changed as far as first and second vice-presidents were concerned. This year, Anne Nicholson is first vice and Liz McNeilly is second.

Barb Reyce is again Treasurer, Rita Rudiger remains Recording Secretary and Flo Carswell is in the same position again as Secretary. Congratulations to all of you. Not all auxiliary positions have been filled until President Dumper has a meeting, but those I know of are as follows:

Executive Mary Russell, Gretta Stoddart, Marion Carney, Ruby Bailey and Kathy Monk with Doris Clarke resuming her position as Membership chairman, Marg Clarke as our Banquet Convener, and Jessie Johnson as Standard Bearer along with Joanne Cole, Vi King and Helen Cloutier who have offered their help. Kathy Watson is Entertainment Chairman and Leanne Hall is our new Sports Officer. A few more positions will be filled after the upcoming meeting.

It is hoped that all members will give their full co-operation



Legion Lines

By Roma Timpson

A social trip to Port Credit is slated for May 26. The girls from Port Credit are celebrating their 25th anniversary and it looks like a good time is in store for all who attend. Bus will leave the Legion at 6:45 and if you would like to go, please call Rita Rudiger, Hazel Dumper or Flo Carswell.

Auxiliary members Karen Bission is in hospital and also Yvonne Lorusso. We hope both of you will soon be home. Our best wishes to all other Auxiliary members not feeling

100 per cent. Bob Hillier in the clubroom this Saturday and also Mini-Bingo. Bring a friend. No names given me for the car club draw, sorry folks. By the way, the Branch general meeting is this Thursday and also nominations for President, 1st and 2nd Vice Presidents and four executive members. Think about who, in your estimation, will best handle these positions for the next year. Think about the contribution many have added to the branch over the past years, their dedication and willingness to work. Election day is June 1 (Sunday) at 2 p.m., a most important day for ALL members to come out.

WIs attend annual

By WINIFRED SMITH
Herald correspondent

Eight W.I. members from the Ballinafad branch attended the Halton District Annual meeting on Thursday of last week.

The roll call which was to hand over the pennies for friendship and tell of a A.C. W.W. Country beginning with the name of your branch. Ballinafad chose Brazil. Four members put on a short amusing little skit. They were Fran-

ces Buckrell, Marg Jamieson, Reggie Stessoralis and Lille Given. Other branches did something similar as their names were called.

Congratulations to our neighborhood branch, Silverwood, who won first prize in the baking competition, Mrs. Beeny being the baker. Limehouse won second with Mrs. Anderson doing the baking and Ashgrove winning third, Mrs. Doris McNabb making a carrot loaf.



LOCAL ELKS HOST CONFERENCE

The new executive for the Elk's Club of Ontario was elected Saturday at the Halton Hills Elks Hall. Seated from left are Lou St. Jules, Chaplin from Sault St. Marie, Bob Feltham, Publicity Director, from Leveak, A.J. Malakoe, Grand Exalted Ruler visiting from Saskatoon, Provincial President Glenn Moggy, from Halton Hills, Robert Coulling, Grand Secretary visiting from Regina, Bele Aranyosey, first vice-president, from Creighton-Lively, Carl Potter, second vice-president from

Trenton-Wooler, Bill Rhodes, third vice-president from Sault St. Marie. Standing from left are Bill Beange, Tyler, from Creighton-Lively, Jimm Lee, historian, from Sault St. Marie, Wayne Boltonfield, Esquire from Lake of the Woods, Ron Withnell, Grand Lecturing Knight, from Creighton-Lively, Wayne Palmer, past president, from Trenton, Rod Gowans, provincial secretary, from Sault St. Marie and Bryan Webb, treasurer, from Sault St. Marie.

Brownies earn their badges studying different countries

By MRS. JOHN BELLBODDY
Herald correspondent

First Pineview Brownies' big project last month was to

learn how to knit. Thanks to several mothers who assisted with the teaching, the girls' first efforts were very well done.

This month's craft was a butterfly on a string attached to a flower which is a paper muffin cup and plastic cream container on a pencil. The object of the game is to catch the butterfly in the flower.

Eight of the girls visited 5th Pineview Guides where they learned to follow signs on a trail. The rest of the pack enjoyed an outdoor nature scavenger hunt. Everyone brought a tea bag on badge testing night and while some girls made tea and toast, others set the table, the Golden Hand girls learned to use a compass, then everyone relaxed over a nice cup of tea, and toast spread with jam.

The Golden Hand Brownies worked on the World Friendship Badge during the past three months. Janet Sharpe chose the United States; Denise Pickett presented the Philippines; Wendy Brunell opted for Mexico; Tracy Gregory and Janelle Lewis both showed Barbados; Carole Eros learned about Austria; Brenda Wilson chose Ireland; Alexandra Troviranus' Brownies were from Malaysia; and Esther Gerrits chose the Netherlands.

All girls received their World Friendship Badge.

Golden Bars were earned by Lynette Balanyk, Wendie Durdur, Erika Kubota, and Marimo Kubota during April. The

Golden Ladder was presented to Sandi Brander and Wendie Durdur.

The following Brownies received interest badges in April: Cheryl Williams - pet keeper; Carole Eros - pet keeper; Rebecca Holmes - cook; Denise Pickett - neighbor, housekeeper, beadworker, dancer; Marimo Kubota - collector, thrift; Julie Wicks - collector; Nicole Dupuis - Canada, Jester; Erika Kubota - beadworker, collector; Janet Sharpe - housekeeper, jester; Lynette Balanyk - toymaker, thrift, singer; Brenda Wilson - toymaker; Jennifer Ruff - collector.

'On the Homefront' returns next week

MEET OUR NEW COLUMNISTS



Lady Green-thum'n'

by Elli Dryden

You know the saying, "all work and no play"? Well, The Herald decided it was time to blossom into spring (positive thinking) and have fun with a new column called "Green-thum'n".

As the name implies, techniques, comments, suggestions, questions and answers will be discussed pertaining to all types of gardening. Hopefully, we will share, learn, laugh and cry together about the end results. "Another gardening column," you say. Not exactly. Since it will be only a short column and there is an endless source of material, we are anticipating the "Green-thumbers" of our readership will participate with contributions, as noted.

"Did I hear an exclamation of trying again because your one and only *Sansevieria trifasciata laurentii* (your housework) hasn't bloomed yet?" "And you sir, with your threadbare but, oh, so comfortable gardening gloves, the ones with the holes so large you can't see them anymore, you've learned some gardening tricks and you would like to share them with the less experienced greenies, right?"

Green-thumbers everywhere, unite, dig out those empty pots, dusty tools, plant those seeds now, start trimming, pruning and pinching back. Have fun, re-arrange your plants to take advantage of spring's new lighting system. Go all out, re-pot those teenies, start talking or singing to the plants (optional) because now they are awakening from their winter sleep.

LIST ACCESSORIES

Make up a shopping list of accessories required, for now is the time to move into action. Look for exotic seeds/bulbs, unusual but handy equipment, be daring, experiment. If you have any problems with your plants or would like lists (as will be stated pertaining to articles) write to me, enclosing a self addressed, stamped envelope at R.R.1, Terra Cotta, LOP INO or watch for answers in future articles.

Know any green jokes, pass them on, we may be able to cheer up a green-thumber whose prized "Busy Lizzie" died.

Future columns will discuss plant parts primer, what you always wanted to know about plant parenthood but were afraid to ask, footcandles, propagation, hydroponics, etc.

On the greener side, how about what's in a plant name and their meanings, spores, grafting cactus, palmistry (no hands, please), care of plants on moving day, exotics (not erotics), and a few inside tips into the inner sanctum of the plant world.

How about suggestions of what your requirements are or what you would like to know about. Anyone can green-thumb, please accept our challenge and grow in greenery.

Now that you have an idea of what this column will be like, until next time, when we dig down to some serious gardening, green shovels up.

Our man in Papeete

From the Wild West to tropical Tahiti

Around the World in 380 Days

Second in a series

By STEPHEN FROST
Herald Staff Writer

We wanted to see the mountains - the Colorado Rockies - so we were two young men in a hurry. Leaving Georgetown at noon on October 20 and driving our

rented 1975 Cordoba (with 400 cubic inch engine and cruise control), John and I drove for 30 hours straight, ending up in Colorado Springs.

Down to Springfield and west on Highway 70 we passed through Indianapolis, St. Louis

and Kansas City. From there, it was all prairie cruising on a long, straight stretch of road. My journal says: "Today we drove across the prairies of Kansas and damned if that's not the most boring stretch of road I've ever seen."

It was raining as we drove into Colorado Springs and the mountains were so eager to see we were obscured by clouds hanging low over the black bulk of the Rockies like a shroud; we were told there was heavy snow above 9,000 feet.

The next day John and I drove south, hoping the weather would improve so we could

go up into the mountains. In Walensberg, Colorado, we headed west on Highway 160 and started up into North La Veta Pass. The Cordoba had troubles negotiating the 9,413 foot elevation through the heavy snow. We were driving 20 miles an hour by the time we reached the top and when we got down we decided to head south for Santa Fe.

In New Mexico, we filled up in a little gas station made of adobe. The proprietor was right out of one of my favorite movies, "The Last Picture Show": heavy set, tall, grey haired. He seemed genuinely pleased to see us. No doubt, we were actual customers, probably a rare breed out here.

After we paid for the gas, he struck up a conversation and asked if it was easy to buy handguns in Canada. I told him it isn't, and explained about all the restrictions involved in obtaining and owning one. I also mentioned that it is comparatively easy to buy a rifle, something he had a little trouble understanding; I suppose I can't blame him.

I told him that the theory is "handguns are small and more likely to be used to, ah...", at which point he pointed his finger at John, brought his thumb down like a hammer and went "ker-pow".

"Yea," I said "That's the general idea."

As we walked out I saw a '37 magnum and a western-style Colt 44 on sale just below the candy and gum. The '37 was a mere \$159. "Y'all come back now," he called after us.

The next day, we drove through Arizona's Petrified Forest and Painted Desert National Park.

When you first enter, you are asked not to take any of the silicates that form petrified wood. Fair enough; I'm all for preserving rare landscapes and, besides, the view of the painted desert was nothing short of spectacular.

Of course, the petrified wood isn't wood anymore, but colorful silicates and minerals which replaced the cellulose fibres many thousands of years ago when the land in the region sank. As the land rose again, the petrified wood was exposed for all to see.

I couldn't resist the temptation to stick a few small beautifully colored pieces in my pocket. On the way out, there's a park-owned store where you can purchase some pieces of the petrified wood in jewelry settings and other high priced odds and ends. When



This is the 1975 Cordoba John and I drove across the United States to Los Angeles. It took us four days and 3,200 miles of touring to get there. The car is seen here in the Californian desert about three hours away from L.A.

you finally leave the park, there is a guard who asks you if you've got any silicates in your possession and, naturally, you say "no".

FIVE CENTS

Outside the gate about half a mile down the road, you come across a store that sells the stuff for five cents a pound and, further down the road, there are stores giving it away if you go in and buy something else.

The people in the park ask you to keep hands off the stuff not only to preserve the park, but also in the hope you will buy some of the expensive items in their store. Makes you feel like a fool for stealing a few of their pebbles.

Some 2,700 miles after we started, we were in "Sin City": Las Vegas. I tried to convince John that we should cash in all our traveller's cheques and I would run 'em up a little playing baccarat. For some reason, John didn't place too much faith in my ability to gamble. Smart lad, that.

After having Coors for breakfast and I was ready to face the next day. After having seen the sights, "JP" and I headed for Las Angeles, where we spent 10 days with friends, visiting the usual tourist spots, including Disneyland, the Universal Studios and Malibu Beach.

Leaving L.A., we flew to Papeete, Tahiti, landing in the early hours of the morning after spending 15 hours on the plane. The first thing we discovered was that the city is very expensive in view of the budgets we'd set for our travels. However, we did meet a Malaysian, Akbar Shah, who had the remarkable ability to "case" a city in as little as half a day and come up with a good

selection of cheap restaurants to eat in.

Papeete itself was not what I had envisioned it to be. Gone are the rough and tumble sailor's bars that had made the island famous a hundred years ago. Bars like Quinn's of the South Pacific and the old Valma Bar have either been torn down or have burned down and been replaced by rather sterile shopping centres to make the North American and European tourist feel at home. That's all part of the French government's plan to turn the islands into an "authentic" South Sea Paradise. In many respects, it's unfortunate.

I do recall one night we sat in a bar called the Au Col Bleu, which is situated on the waterfront and has a good view of the harbor. We sat on old wooden chairs at equally old tables and ordered the local beer called Hinano.

SCOOTER ROULETTE

From our chairs, we could watch the Tahitians play their own form of Russian Roulette with scooters whizzing in and out precariously between the cars. Many of the cars drove without their lights on, relying on street lamps which were wholly inadequate.

During the time we were there, only one bald-headed little fellow became separated from his scooter as a Fiat turned a corner and cut him off. Two policemen watching this scene were more intent on looking at the young ladies who paraded up and down the Quai du Commerce at night, and did nothing to intervene. Besides, the fire department boys seemed to be right on top of things, leaving the police free to pursue other interests. No charges were laid; only apologies seemed necessary.

One day, John and I took a trip over to the island of Moorea and acquired the nicest suburbs in the islands. To get there, we boarded a boat called the Tammaril, which had advertised free transportation on the island, but didn't produce.

However, that didn't dampen our spirits, as we set off on a five-mile hike from one side of the island's highest peak, around its back to Cook's Bay on the other side. In the process, we not only got sunburn but were soaked in a torrential downpour. The refreshing rain was probably the nicest part of the whole walk as it seeped through the trees we were under, cooling our weary bodies.

OLD-TIME

Also on the island of Moorea, there is the last of the old-time bars I mentioned earlier, called The One Chicken Inn. It is here that you can see the beautiful island girls, or Vahines, dancing the genuine Tahitian "tamare", which is enough to melt every ice cube in the room.

The room, by the way, consists of a cement floor under a large tin roof. The sides roll up on good evenings (which are almost constant) exposing patrons to a beautiful view at night and refreshing sea breezes.

On the last day there, I set off downtown from the hotel where we were staying to change my money from francs to dollars. As soon as I stepped out on the sidewalk, I decided to give the mystical thumb a try, warming it up for New Zealand. Six cars later and shazam - over pulls a long-haired young man in a dilapidated Cougar.

He spoke no English, naturally, so I had a convoluted conversation with him in francs and got on surprisingly well.

Boyed by this success and glowing proudly from head to toe (my sunburned skin must have looked like a stop light), I bounded upstairs to the Banque de Tahiti.

Here, two girls sit behind a large circular desk and you, the patron, sit in a chair waiting your turn to complete your transactions.

I was going to change my francs into New Zealand dollars and was trying to think of the French to get this across to the young lady on the other side of the desk. The closest I could say was "avez vous le dollars de New Zealand pour mon francs, s'il vous plait."

Clean your face carefully: use a shower cap or pin the hair back.

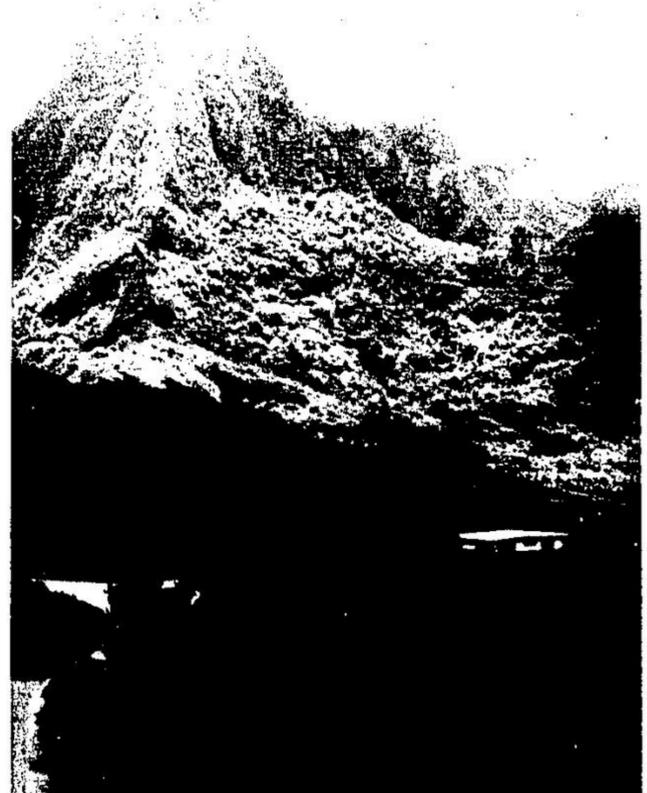
Fill the bathroom sink with two quarts of cold water. If the tap water is not cold, use water that has been kept in the refrigerator.

Place two full trays of ice cubes in a large piece of cheesecloth and tie the ends so that the ice cubes will stay inside the cloth.

Place the bag of ice cubes into the icy water in the sink basin. Never put loose cubes into the water.

Dip your face into the icy water. Keep your face underwater for a minimum of twenty seconds in the beginning. Later see if you can keep your face underwater for thirty seconds, later even more. A small snorkel can be used to keep your face underwater for longer than you can hold your breath.

Let your skin guide you. If a tingling sensation becomes uncomfortable, lift your head from the water.



This hillside plantation sits in the shadow of one of the many mountainous peaks on the island of Moorea. The peaks thrust almost vertically from the sea in places, dwarfing everything around them. The island also is the site for a Club Med, on its most secluded side.



The Beauty Spot

by Barb Presswood

EDITOR'S NOTE: With this issue, The Herald introduces a new bi-weekly column on the "aesthetics of beauty". Featuring helpful articles and pointers of interest to men and women alike who are concerned about their attitude and appearance. Barb Presswood, proprietor of Halton Hills' first licensed aesthetics salon, shares her knowledge and that of colleague Miriam Goldstein with Herald readers interested in finding out more about skin care, physical health and hygiene, cosmetics and beauty.

Barb moved to Georgetown six years ago after marrying Dave Presswood, a lifelong resident, and started her own Nails Forever business, which has since amalgamated with The Beauty Spot to provide a full range of services. Miriam, a former medical doctor's assistant in her native Soviet Union, holds five diplomas as well as her Canadian aesthetician's certificate.

The Herald hopes its readers will respond to Barb's column with questions and comments. Letters can be forwarded to The Beauty Spot, 296 Guelph St., Georgetown (in the Delrex Plaza) or to The Herald at 45 Guelph St.

Buttermilk is great for the complexion whether taken internally or externally.

Before sharpening your eyebrow pencil, put it in the refrigerator for a few minutes. Then it will not break so easily when sharpening.

Get in the habit of dialing the telephone with the end of a pencil. It will save you a broken nail.

Hair dryers can also be used to dry your nail polish in a hurry.

Warm olive oil is great for rough cuticles and strengthening nails.

To preserve a good complexion the face must be cleaned twice a day.

Alternating warm and cold compresses will help tone down puffs under your eyes.

Making comedy faces is a good way to exercise his or her face. It tones the muscles and gets the blood circulating.

For smoother cheeks repeat the sound "oo" 25 times a day. And for firming up neck muscles repeat the word "fish" 25 times daily.

Ice-Water Secrets

Clean your face carefully: use a shower cap or pin the hair back.

Fill the bathroom sink with two quarts of cold water. If the tap water is not cold, use water that has been kept in the refrigerator.

Place two full trays of ice cubes in a large piece of cheesecloth and tie the ends so that the ice cubes will stay inside the cloth.

Place the bag of ice cubes into the icy water in the sink basin. Never put loose cubes into the water.

Dip your face into the icy water. Keep your face underwater for a minimum of twenty seconds in the beginning. Later see if you can keep your face underwater for thirty seconds, later even more. A small snorkel can be used to keep your face underwater for longer than you can hold your breath.

Let your skin guide you. If a tingling sensation becomes uncomfortable, lift your head from the water.

When you remove your face from the water, lightly pat the skin dry. Use a very soft towel, do not rub. Spray your face with mineral water. Apply a light moisturizer to the entire face.

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