

Erie Personals

Mr. Bob Martin has completed a seven week course in carpentry at the Mohawk College Hamilton.

Mr. Peter Peters, who has been a patient at the Hagersville Hospital for the past month, spent the weekend at his home at the Orchard Motel. He returned Monday for further treatment.

Miss Hennie Rynsoever of Toronto spent the weekend at her home here.

A number of the ladies of the Missionary Societies attended the noon luncheon in the Presbyterian Church, Hagersville, on Thursday, Feb. 18, when Rev. Dillwyn Evans, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church was the special guest.

Mrs. Charles McBurney entertained a number of guests on her husband's birthday, Feb. 20.

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School Concert Band

When two ladies offer time, effort and proceeds to a project, both they, and the project are blessed.

To make their offer successful they invite both men and women of all ages to attend a "mass beauty form" at the Hagersville Legion Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 26 at 8 p.m., where they will have on display over 100 products, not only to catch your eye but to enhance it; not only to beautify your looks but to care for your skin; not only to convenience your

head but to cover it as well. On hand to assist with the selections will be beauty specialists and hair stylists to make up your face and fashion your hair.

The good ladies responsible for the event are Mrs. Omar Phillips and Mrs. Dorothy Logan whose interest in the Hagersville Secondary School Concert Band prompts them to do this. Well they know from experiences with boy scouts, girl guides and other youth groups, that the co-operation of parents,

friends and neighbors is necessary to assure the success of the ventures of the young people.

The band and their leader George Shippey are undertaking an ambitious project in their plans for a trip to Europe in 1972 and with their enthusiasm and the backing of parents, school and friends all may share in their success.

To raise the approximately \$600 per member to realize this plan the parents of members are busy sponsoring fund raising

projects every month. committee reports that bake sale on the Hamilton market in January and Valentine Dance and Social in February prove successful.

For the Feb. 26 event "the Mass Beauty Form" the Canadian Legion 164 has donated the use of the hall; the mothers band members are serving coffee and the public cordially invited.

Tell your neighbor, come yourself and bring a friend.

Moderator Of Presbyterian General Assembly Visits Boyhood Home

On Thursday evening Feb. 18 the Rev. Dillwyn T. Evans BA, DD, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church where his father was at one time the incumbent and where his boyhood was spent.

He spoke of his family and his trip across Canada as Moderator elected in Halifax last summer, stressing the importance of the young people elected in Halifax last summer, stressing the importance of the young people Golden Horseshoe." In touching on recent troubles in Quebec he noted there were 25000 persons north of the 55th parallel. The whole nation must be served. To be truly committed to Canada is to be truly committed to the world." He mentioned Presbyterian Missions in Guiana and stressed the fact that Biafrans and Nigerians realized that many more would have died in the Civil War had not Canada sent relief. He took at the celebration of the 10th anniversary of Nigeria as a nation. With peace just signed he told of the gratitude repeated day after day for aid sent from Canada. In a country stripped of everything there was nothing to give but thanks. In rebuilding out

nothing they ask our prayers. Canadians should be able to help this country. Canadians should be able to help this country for the survival of our souls and think of war no more."

Taking part in the service were the Minister Rev. Taylor-Munro, Rev. Eric Ramrattan, and Rev. Thompson of Hagersville. The choir was assisted by Messrs. Lloyd Rutherford and Don Leatherdale who sang two splendid duets.

Following the service social hour was spent in Sunday School room where Dr. Evans met many friends, some of whom came quite a distance to renew his acquaintance.

Sandusk News

The Messenger group held their valentine party on Saturday in the Sunday School room of Cheapside United Church. It had to be a week late because of bad weather and roads. But they enjoyed it anyway.

Mr. Bill Werner of Toronto spent the weekend at home with his parents.

Nanticoke News

Miss Marie Weaver is a patient in St. Joseph's Hospital Hamilton. We hope to see her home soon.

The ACW meeting was held Wednesday night at the home of Mrs. Doug Nunn. It was well attended.

Some of the UCW attended the Presbyterian held in Paris last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Powell of Brampton spent last weekend at their parents home Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Somers.

Mrs. Robert Vokes was hostess to the UCW the past Thursday evening. The new president Mrs. Doug Thompson was in the chair. Mrs. Keith Banfield had the

devotion, and Mrs. Robert Doughty the study.

Miss Camille Weaver and Miss Betty Anne Phipps are spending the weekend with Susan Lindsay helping Susan celebrate her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garry Tomkins and boys had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Tomkins Friday night.

When you donate blood to the Red Cross it takes only 30 minutes from start to finish including testing, registration, rest and refreshment. The actual giving of blood takes only four to five minutes.

Editorial Comment

Is Man The Weaker Sex?

Time was when man was the stronger of the two sexes, the hunter and protector, the one who provided the food and guarded the home.

Woman satyed at home, reared the children and cooked the meals.

Man, in short, played the dominating role. But the world is changing, if the views held by social anthropologist Lionel Tiger are generally accepted. Dr. Tiger contends that men are more hysterical, more pretentious, more pompous and less realistic than women.

While cutting the male sex down to size this way, Dr. Tiger agrees that men still retain the hunting instinct which they once had to have to survive.

The anthropologist expressed his opinions in the course of a speech to a group of industrial editors in Toronto. One member of the audience, a man, asked him if it wasn't true that women were less logical and less skilled in semantics. Dr. Tiger replied that women are probably better than man in the communications field.

"The kinds of jobs men wanted for their maleness no longer exist," Dr. Tiger said. "Jobs that involved physical work, speed, bravery."

All this is deflating to the male ego. But there is evidence to support the anthropologist's attitude. When a man catches a cold, he snuffles, wheezes, coughs and generally carries on as if he were at death's door. But a woman takes a couple of aspirin and some cough medicine and goes on about her business.

A man loses his temper more frequently than a woman. He often tries brute force when persuasion will do the trick. He sometimes thinks that arguments can be won by shouting.

Women have more subtle ways of achieving their objectives. And let's not forget that they usually end by achieving them.

It may be a hard truth to recognize but man must realize that today he is seldom called upon to exercise his bravery or his strength. Science has taken a lot of the hard work out of life.

There are still a few outlets remaining for male energy. If his wife is a gardener, in the summer he can dig holes for rose bushes - and this requires a lot of digging. In the winter, he can shovel out the driveway to the path to the front door after a snowstorm. But if he doesn't feel like doing these things, his wife will probably do them just as well, or better.

It looks as if man must accept the fact that he isn't cut out as imposing a figure as he once did. He may think he belongs to the superior sex - but the woman knows better.

"Wise, Unwise And Otherwise"

by the Old Owl

The other day I heard a man talking on the radio. I think it was Earl Cox. Anyway, he was talking of a visit to Crete, a historic island in the Mediterranean Sea. He said he was sitting on a hillside looking at the ruins of a long departed civilization. As he sat on the ruins he watched a peasant plowing with an ox between the rows of olive trees.

As he watched the peasant he thought how, 4,000 years ago, when the Minoan civilization of Crete was flourishing, when the ruins around him were part of a civilization, another peasant, with another ox and a plow, was probably plowing up that very same patch of ground. There might even have been another olive tree, as their oil was much sought after.

As I listened to him I thought how wonderful it is that for 4,500 years - 10 to 12 generations, this patch of soil had been producing food for mankind. What a wonderful thing that the soil remains life-giving and active generation after generation.

What about us in Canada? We have no 4,000 years of civilization, we have not even 400. True enough, but it is not the whole story. When the pioneers first settled in Haldimand County the land they were given was covered with trees, brush and weeds. No one had tried to farm it. But those trees the farmer had to cut down so that he could fertilize his land were themselves the successors of other trees and they of theirs. There had been growth there for thousands of years going back to the beginning of time. That patch of soil which you cultivate as your farm or your garden has been growing things for thousands of years. That is one reason why I dislike to hear good soil described as "dead". There is nothing dirty about the soil.

What about conditions today? Will the soil survive vicious attacks man is inflicting upon it? We destroy farms to build Hydro generators, paved roads and parking lots. These may be described as unfortunate but necessary. But what about what we are doing to the soil that is left. We spray it with weed killers and so on. We are, having upset the balance of nature, we apply fertilizers to try to restore that balance. I sometimes think that if we had never tried to upset the balance of nature we would be better off, and individuals who have tried to farm with nature instead of against it are doing very well.

In Viet Nam the American use of napalm and other chemicals may have destroyed the soil over there beyond recovery.

Counter Clockwise

20 YEARS AGO
The speaker at the February meeting of the Jarvis Board of Trade on Friday night next, will be Mr. John R. Jackson of Simcoe. Mr. Jackson is also President of the Simcoe Board of Trade this year. The subject of his address will be "The Objects of an Active Board of Trade."

Violin virtuoso Jascha Heifetz and his wife, Frances, beamed with pride when their curly-headed son, Jay, sat down in his home to improvise on the piano. Maybe, when Jay grows older and his feet can reach the piano's pedals, he'll accompany his famous father.

New Missionary: "Did you know Mr. Hopkinson?" Cannibal King: "Oh, yes! He was the pride of our island."

New Missionary: "Why didn't he leave?" Cannibal King: "He didn't, sir. You see, times got so hard that we had to swallow our pride."

30 YEARS AGO

A Ferry Battle Bomber, used at the Jarvis Bombing and Gunnery School made a forced landing late Sunday afternoon on the farm of William Mattice a mile north

of Cheapside and about the same distance from the Airport.

The landing was made necessary when motor trouble developed: There were three occupants in the plane, and a perfect landing was made in a sod field, without injury to any of the occupants.

During the past week changes have been made in the staff at the local Bank of Commerce. Miss Nora French joined the staff and Stanley Mitchell, has received notice of his transfer to the Hagersville branch.

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Scott Young

Up to here in junk

Whenever I think of cleaning up the room that our family calls The Study, I feel in grave danger of running off to become a monk at Fort Reliance, NWT.

My idea of a study is a cosy room with leather armchairs, favorite photos of family and friends on the walls, a fireplace, and maybe a few bottles of port wine for non-drinkers.

That's my IDEA. What I actually have is a room filled with cardboard boxes which in turn are filled with junk. I would move these to the basement, except that the basement already is so full of cardboard boxes that I am thinking of tunnelling in a westerly direction to see if I can find a recreation room that no one is using.

People often ask me why I do so much work. (All right, laugh.) The reason is that if I keep really busy, I can always claim I haven't time to see what is in all the piles of papers sitting around. If I knew, it would shatter my peace of mind.

One thing I always find when I clean out my study. That is, about one foot below the surface of every pile, there is always a file on which is printed in large black crayon the word: IMMEDIATE!

Apparently the way I avoid doing anything that needs doing is to put it in a file marked "IMMEDIATE" and then use it as the cornerstone for a pile of old racing magazines in which I am sure I would find many funny anecdotes, if I ever got around to reading them. I am very good at gathering junk of my own. Also, people send me junk. I pile it on top of my own junk, and so it goes. Or does not go, which is the main problem.

Within easy reach at all times I have a tobacco humidor which I have not used for six years, a dart's trophy which I won in 1947, and a desk set which I do not use because the ball-point pen has needed a refill since 1963.

There is, in addition, a stamp pad which I have not used for seven years; a jar of orange marmalade and a jar of sea grape jelly which I brought

in seven months ago to wrap and send to my mother-in-law; and a golf trophy. The golf trophy was won by my father. It is not inscribed with his name or the event he won. He was supposed to attend to the engraving himself and send the bill to the tournament committee. He piled some things on top of it instead.

After he died in 1962, my brother and sister and I had to go through his things. Because I was the only one certain to treat his golf trophy in the manner to which it was accustomed, I got it. My father also had an interesting refinement on leaving things around; he would buy stamps by the sheet, leave them in his IMMEDIATE and PENDING files and therefore never would see them again. That is why a good deal of my correspondence in the year or so after his death bore stamps which carried the likeness of King George VI.

I also have a gold watch in a hunting case (which means, one of those big ones that your grandfather and mine would take out, flick open with a fingernail, and study with pursed lips). I used it until it stopped.

I have an armful of scrapbooks about hockey in Winnipeg 30 years ago that another man sent me when he was cleaning up after a friend who had died.

On top of a filing cabinet I have a French print and two arctic photographs which I plan to have framed. I have had this plan for some years and know of no reason why I should change my mind now.

In the filing cabinet, which has four drawers, I have a lot of papers which used to be piled on the floor. There is not a single thing in that filing cabinet that I could lay my hands on quickly, if I needed it, or would be of any use, if I did.

Oh, well. You only live once. And if anyone ever needs a plug for a lawn roller, I have a plug. Right there in that old tobacco tin, with my paper clips.

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