

The Georgetown Herald

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Worthy Effort By Midtowners

With so much publicity these days about juvenile delinquency (and quite unjustified, we would say, as far as Georgetown is concerned) it is good to be able to report an effort like the street dance promoted recently by Club Midtown.

The idea, conceived by the Midtowners, had a double purpose and besides providing an evening of outdoor fun, it had the higher purpose of raising funds for the new hospital. As a result a cheque for \$200 was turned over by the executive last Saturday to Mrs. Joe Emmerson, to pass on to the hospital board for the new building.

We have nothing but praise for these young people who operate a successful series of dances, with such side attractions as an organized trip to Wasaga Beach, and a visit to a Kitchener TV show. They have encountered a minimum of trouble during their years of operation, and with the help of a few of the town's more senior citizens provide a place where local parents can have assurance that their young people can congregate for healthy fun.

Speaking of delinquency, from time to time there have been undercurrent rumours of the vast troubles encountered in town with the younger element. We have even heard statistics quoted, varying from the highest rate in Canada downwards. Police Chief Roy Haley discounts this one hundred percent. For one thing, no statistics are available from any senior source, he says, plus the fact that a look at the police blotter proves the crime incidence, junior or senior, is very low in town.

We don't mean by this that our police force has nothing to do but sit around and fine people for exceeding the one hour parking limit. Unfortunately as long as there are human beings there will be those who defy convention, and a percentage of our populace must wind up in police court for varying offences. There have always been, and will always be, young people who sow their wild oats indiscriminately. They, with adult wild oaters, must be checked for the common good.

But all in all, in our observance, we can recommend Georgetown as a good place in which to raise a family — a town where, if a parent uses a steady guiding hand, there is a minimum of danger that his youngster will not end up a solid member of the community.

Swimming Instruction Excellent

Outstanding results of Red Cross tests at the community swimming pool last week, particularly in the senior section where all candidates were successful speaks well for the high calibre of instruction available.

Parents should be thankful to those men, preponderantly members of the Lions Club, who, a few years back, combined enthusiasm with a backbreaking job of fund raising to give Georgetown not just a swimming pool, but one which bears no debt and which, to a large extent, is self-liquidating in its operations.

Besides the pleasures of swimming available every day at a reasonable cost for both children and adults, the morning instruction classes are worth their weight in gold. And while a fee boost this year seemed sharp, there aren't many better ways of investing a five dollar bill than in trained instruction in the swimming arts.

To Miss Sandra Scott and her co-workers at the pool, we pass along congratulations for a job well done.

A "Take Down" Committee

In the enthusiasm of election campaigns and fund raising drives, there is one committee which could perform a useful function but which is invariably overlooked.

And it would have a real service to perform for those who have an orderly train of mind, or who like to enjoy nature's beauty without man's additions to the landscape.

We refer to a "poster-taking-down" committee, and it was with joy that we heard a service club member mention this as one of his committees in a forthcoming project.

At present there is a real job open for a group of citizens who could spend an evening touring town and district removing glimpses of things past. We have passed one spot where a relic of two elections back still graces a post, and the countryside is still liberally sprinkled with decaying remnants of campaign literature. Not to mention outdated auction sales, bingos, garden parties, etc.

Next time your organization is planning their advertising, why not appoint a clean-up committee too? It will pay dividends in keeping our streets and highways in better order.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE,
BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE,
SHALL NOT PERISH
FROM THE
EARTH.



THERE ARE BIGGER THINGS
THAN ROCKETS, NIKITE

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

THE MERCHANTS OF GEORGETOWN

Now that our new shopping plaza has been officially opened, complete with bands, rodeo, merry-go-round and speeches, many of the older storekeepers and merchants will be wondering how much trade they will lose to the new market centre. Will some of our old established stores be forced into bankruptcy through competition from the new stores? Will the week-end crowds of shoppers, who normally throng the high street, be whittled away by the attraction of ultra-modern stores, high pressure publicity and easy parking? The answers to these questions depend entirely on the merchants themselves. If they continue to operate in exactly the same way as before, there will probably be a few storekeepers who will find survival difficult if not impossible. If they fight competition with competition, I see no reason why any of the central stores should not survive.

In approximate figures, our population has doubled from 5,000 to 10,000 during the past four years, and it was clear that our existing stores were inadequate to deal with the increase. The new market centre should mean that fewer Georgetown people will be spending their money in Brampton and Guelph, but it should not mean doom for the old shopping centre — it would be a tragedy if this were so.

My wife and I have found that we can shop in Georgetown high street as economically as anywhere else, on most things that is. The variety of goods is a bit limited, on some items very limited, but strictly from a price point of view our local merchants have little to be ashamed of. There can be no doubt that price, that is value for dollar, is the prime force in attracting customers. Our local merchants compete very well, with a few exceptions, on this score; therefore, if they lose too many customers to the new market centre it will be due to what we might call "fringe benefits": Store appearance, inside and out; layout of goods; quick, willing attention; civility; local publicity and advertising, parking facilities, and so on. These are the soft of intangibles which will take custom away from our local merchants. They have nothing to fear from all the gala opening baloney which is normally associated with the arrival of

and expansion, should increase our capital assessment, our municipal income and our attraction to industry.

Georgetown needs its new market centre. The people of the new part of town are entitled to their own local stores. At the same time there is as much need for the older stores as there ever was. Local tradesmen must realize that the old days are gone — the watchword now will be compete or go broke!

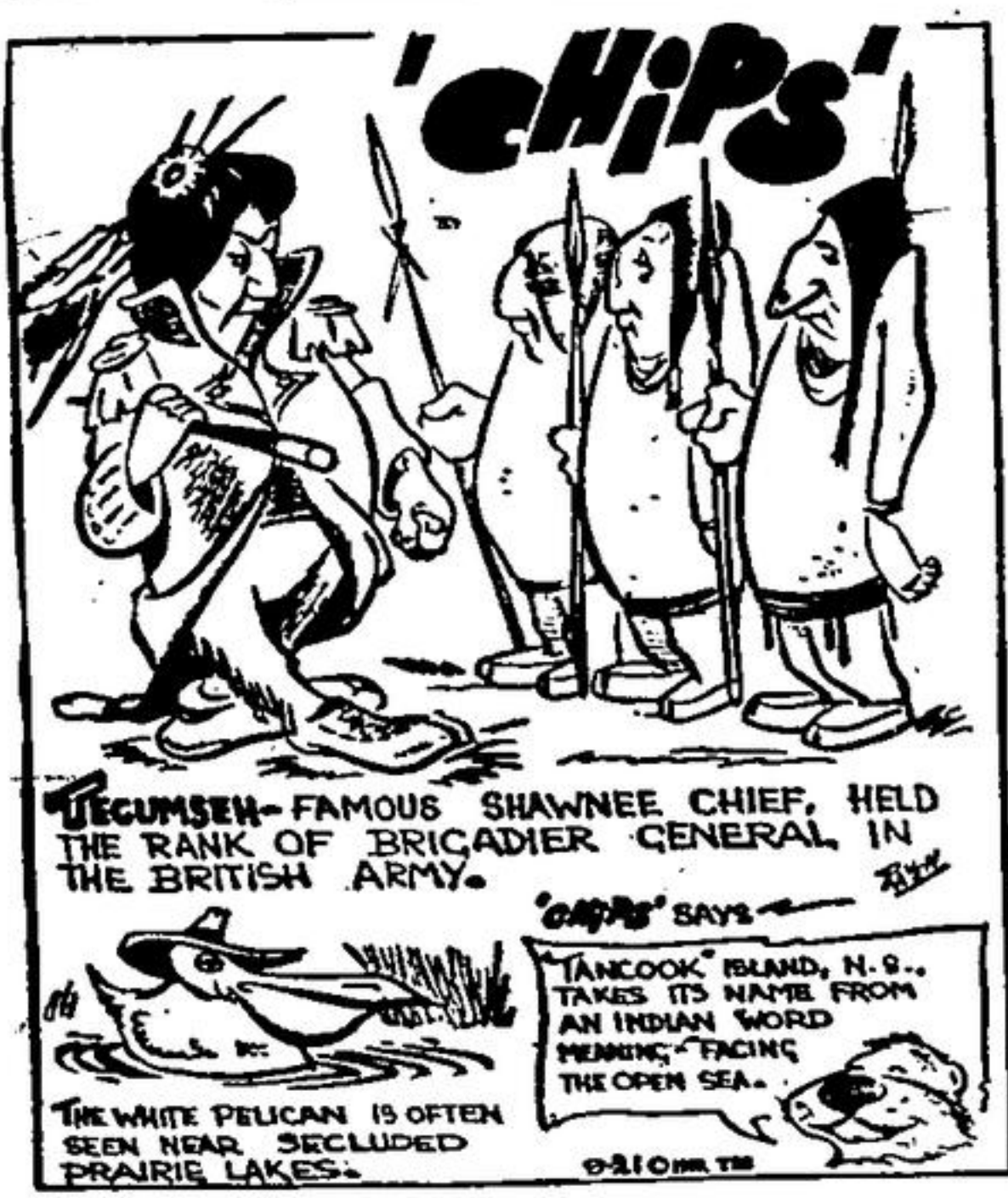
At the same time, many people of our town, particularly newer residents, should realize that we are well catered for here in the field of appliances, hardware and clothing. We have several efficient, go-ahead stores. I get a little tired of talking to people who went to Toronto for this, to Guelph for that, to Brampton for the other thing when they could have bought them in Georgetown for the same price. It is common sense to use our local stores — "buy Canadian" is a good motto for Canadians — "buy in Georgetown" is a good motto for us.

BEAT SMOKERS

A little ammonia in a bowl of fresh water will rid rooms of stale tobacco smoke if left overnight in the smoke-filled room.

ABSORB ODORS

Eggs absorb odors and should be kept away from highly-flavored foods.



BUSINESS WOMEN'S WEEK October 4th - 11th

IN OBSERVANCE of this week the Georgetown Business & Professional Women's Club are holding a Coffee Party at the North Halton Golf and Country Club on
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7th at 8 P.M.

IF YOU are a gainfully employed woman you are cordially invited to attend. The purpose of the evening is to get acquainted with other women who are earning their living. The members are very anxious to contact such women and would appreciate your calling TR. 7-2806 or TR. 7-9415 and transportation and a hostess will be arranged to take you. Please accept their invitation.

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BELL SMILEY of the Warton Cafe

A news story the other day told of the crash landing of a 20 year old Spitfire, the last survivor of its breed, on the Battle of Britain. Far from making me nostalgic it gave me a certain satisfaction. "Probably," I said to myself, "one of those clapped-out dogs we flew at Rednal."

That's what they gave us to train on, Spits that had been through the Battle of Britain, and flew as though they'd been through the Battle of Hastings. No, I'm afraid I didn't get sentimental about the gallant little Spitfires, when I read of its demise. I got so many bad scares while flying those things that I always looked on them with a laudic eye afterwards.

But it did start me thinking about one of the happiest times I have ever had, and remembering some of the best friends I ever made. We took a three months operational training course on Spitfires in the heart of Shropshire, in the dead of an English winter, than which there is nothing deader.

What a crew we were! Poles, Australians, Canadians, a Norwegian, a couple of Frenchmen, a Belgian, a brace of New Zealanders, an Irishman, a handful of Scots and English, and four pilots from India. And how well we got along, though so different in outlook and upbringing. The only ones who scrapped were the Indians, among themselves, because they were a Sikh, a Moslem, a Christian and a Hindu and couldn't abide each other.

On a winter night, we would mount our bikes, about a dozen of us and head off down the black roads for one of the neighbouring pubs. In out of the wet night we'd troop, spirits as high as the sky, into the warmth of the fireplace, and the shining pewter, and the barmaid's cheery salutation.

And the locals would turn from their darts and dominos and shake their heads as

they smiled a welcome. And the pints would flow, and the darts would fly, and in no time at all the pub would be rocking with good cheer and good fellowship and good singing, in a dozen different accents.

The singing was the best part. Have you ever heard a Frenchman singing "I Wanna gale-jus like ze gale wot marree deorole Dad"? Or a Norwegian yodelling "Valteeng Matelids"? Or an Australian belting "Along sawlaw de la pacific, le jour de glower is arivy"?

On our way home, we'd practise formation flying, on our bikes, with no hands, which frequently meant winding up in a thorn hedge. The climax to the ride back was a race down the steep hill to our huts, with no lights, no hands and very often no brakes. There'd be tremendous collisions, with cursing laughing bodies flying in all directions at the bottom.

It sounds pretty silly, and it was. But we were all very young, and very gay, even the Europeans, though their gaiety had an edge of bitterness to it, a touch of violence.

My special friends were Nils, Van, Singh and Paddy. We flew in the same flight, ate and drank together, and pursued various young women together. I've never seen one of them since, but in those days we were as close as brothers are supposed to be.

Nils was a long, skinny Norwegian, who had made his way across the North Sea in a fishing boat with two others. He was solemn and shy until he had a few beers, then turned into a Viking. Van was a saturnine Belgian ex-army officer, who had escaped via France and Spain. Rotting in a Spanish jail for six months before getting to England. Both had trained in Canada.

Singh was the son of a wealthy Sikh family in India. He had all the paraphernalia; hair down

to his waist, which he tucked under one of a series of brilliant silk turbans; curly black beard; flashing brown eyes and white teeth. He laughed all the time. When he had a hangover, he would tell the flight commander it was a religious holiday for him, and he couldn't fly. They never caught on.

Paddy was a lugubrious Irishman, with a soft Dublin brogue, a very dim view of the English, and a wonderful gift for making you laugh. They're all dead now. Nils shot down in France, Van crashed, burning, a few miles from his home in Belgium. Singh flew Hurricanes in Burma and was missing. Paddy went into the Channel one day, when he was trying to see how low he would go without touching the water.

But I often warm myself with the memory of those halcyon, hilarious three months. I can close my eyes and see them, grinning and a little bit crazy; and I can hear them, in their assorted accents, trying to cope with "Allouette" as I led them through a fast round. And I'll still think of them when I'm seventy.

TIP FROM HOLLAND

Dutch housewives keep window sponks with a solution of one cup of cider vinegar and 1 1/2 gallons of hot water.

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