

The Georgetown Herald

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Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

Georgetown voters are to decide whether or not the council term of office will be extended to two years. A plebiscite on this question will be included in the ballot papers at the election on December 7th. It can be said that the plebiscite is only to obtain voter's opinion and cannot make the two year term law. Of course, the result of the referendum won't change the law, but at the same time a referendum which favours a two year term would very soon be acted upon by the 1960 council and would very soon become law.

The proponents of the two year term say that it will improve the continuity of council operation, that it will provide new councillors with time to learn the business and become useful members. They will save a year and that the added security for members will be reflected in improved management of the town's affairs. In some towns under certain conditions these arguments might be valid, in Georgetown, in 1959, they are not. I don't think there is any reason to extend council's term of office beyond one year. Furthermore, I don't think that there has been sufficient public demand for a two year term to warrant the proposed plebiscite.

There is no lack of continuity or experienced councillors in Georgetown's council. The mayor, the reeve, the deputy reeve and five of the six councillors have held office for two years or more. A change to the two year term in 1959 would have affected only one member of the existing council. It is clear, then, that the present system is not jeopardizing our affairs by putting them in the hands of inexperienced newcomers. On the grounds of economy, the plea for a two year term has little to recommend it. The annual election costs the town about \$700 something like .004 of a mill on the tax rate. On the grounds of public education and entertainment alone, the money is well spent. When the affairs of the town have reached some degree of stability, then the question is posed in this column last week (where is Delrex taking us?) has been answered, when the finances of the town are in better shape and when we have grown a little more, then will be the time to consider putting council in office for two years at a time.

one of the reasons why other towns are getting industry and we are not, becomes clear. Five hundred lots at \$1,500 to \$2,000 per lot seems like a fair bit of money to me.

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CHIPS
MONTCALM is BELIEVED TO HAVE FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF TICONDEROGA IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES.
NORTHERN LIGHTS ARE THE RESULT OF STATIC ELECTRICITY RELEASING ENERGY IN THE FORM OF LIGHT.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Teachers Must Know Child Psychology

Because of the greater scope of children's interest in the world about them, teachers' more than ever before must accept the rising academic requirements of their profession. This not only applies to those in training for the profession, but to those already in it, who must make every effort to keep pace.

To attain adequate professional competence it is essential for teachers to have a good knowledge of child psychology. A knowledge of psychology, an understanding of the emotional and mental changes during a child's life, enables the teacher to encourage the gifted child and not to discourage the slow learner.

It is essential for a teacher to have a genuine affection for children; to have a belief in the importance of the school's role and a conviction of the teacher's power to mould and build young lives.

In a recent television program, a teacher in the U.S. who is now in her 80's met some of her former pupils who were now service chiefs and important men in the legal profession. All paid tribute to how this teacher had guided them in their youth, and gave her the credit of having placed them on the road to success. No doubt, such tributes must touch the heart of a teacher.

W. R. McVittie, inspector of public schools in Guelph, told a recent convention of teachers that they must remember they had been handed a great heritage, and we hoped all of them realized the important role they played in building young lives.

"What is better than being a teacher?" he asked. "What greater experience is there than to see eyes shine when a child has the power to do something?"

Mr. McVittie urged the teachers to take the power they possessed seriously and promised they would live a full life if they did.

It is true that the average pupil does not usually present a serious problem, but most pupils, at one time or another, require some assistance to help them successfully resolve their personal, educational, or vocational difficulties.

One important function a teacher can perform is to help her pupils to identify and understand problems which may be causing them concern. Another is to prevent these from developing into serious problems which require curative measures. Those whose privilege it is to teach should be aware of the guidance needs of the average pupil.

-Guelph Mercury.

THE MAIL BAG

Ratepayer Says He Can't Buy "Pie In The Sky"

October 9th, 1959
40 Bainslow Cres.,
Georgetown TR. 7-9791

Mr. Editor:

THE BRINK

It is some time since I had the pleasure and indeed the privilege of writing to you, time enough in fact for you to have acquired the regular contributions from Ian Cass under the banner "Controversial Corner." Your edition of October 8 and more specifically the question "Where is Delrex Taking Us?" posed by Mr. Cass, is but another proof that Mr. Cass has something to contribute. May I interject a remark for the benefit of your contributor. Your question, Mr. Cass, has already been answered, we've already been taken. But seriously, may I commend Mr. Cass for his effort, and recommend to others (especially members of council) that they read and re-read last week's Controversial Corner.

My stand in these shenanigans is and always has been, quite plain. I am against treating the Heslop Company as a special case requiring public aid. In 1954 an agreement was signed between two parties. This agreement has not been lived up to, yet was tolerated until the sale of the more readily negotiable type of houses began to taper off. In between times, the Heslop company mutilated the intentions of the Planning Board (of which their General Manager is a member) by inserting R4 houses in McIntyre Crescent to the detriment of the then R3 purchasers. The company's contention that R1 houses should be exempt from the \$400 "advance part payment for services and facilities to be provided" because they are "self liquidating" taxwise, (ouch), is not quite the truth if the mill rate were down to the level to which it could have been maintained had the council taken heed of their own Auditor's Report in respect of the year 1957. I refer to his warning that we HAD ALREADY EXCEEDED OUR SAFE BORROWING point. The council managed the situation clumsily by reducing the mill rate and then up-daisy, we find ourselves up to 61 mills. We should NOT lose sight of the advice from the Ontario Municipal Board that the 40/60 ratio should be respected as a good general yardstick. But then Mr. Cass, the Ontario Municipal Board would not be too enthusiastic because they do NOT have a financial axe to grind. We come then to the approach of fall 1957 when good and proper preparations were made to and that another agreement was signed in which the company agreed to pay the difference between what they admitted and what they would have

much has been paid and on what basis and on who's formula? And now come the fall of 1959, we hear the plaintive cry that we need 1163 more houses so that the company can finance a new factory. Oh my, what kind of carrots for what kind of donkeys! I must be seeing things, and ask you to tarry a while and ponder just how naive we are supposed to be. If all the other channels of borrowing money are closed, why should Georgetown ONCE AGAIN come to the rescue. No sir, I can't buy that "pie in the sky" any more than I bought the last one.

There are very serious questions to be considered here, so serious in fact that I repeat my suggestion to the Council before the signing of the 1958 agreement and that was, refer the matter back to the electors and let them decide. Surely it is not too much to ask that this be held over and BE MADE AN ELECTION ISSUE. Let every candidate clearly state their position prior to the polls and be judged accordingly.

There is so much in Mr. Cass's article that needs to be

answered I repeat his question, since 1954, the date of the first agreement how many NEW industries have been brought to Georgetown as compared with Milton, Brampton, Guelph, and Streetsville and many, many others. There MUST be a reason and a few minutes' serious consideration will get you pretty close to the meat of it.

In conclusion may I suggest that there are a number of things you can do about this.

- 1. Write to the Municipal Board at Queen's Park and ask them what steps you can take. (They were very human and helpful to us back in '57 and '81)
2. You can write to this newspaper.
3. Write to the Council and get some of your friends to sign your letter.
4. Phone two of your friends and have them phone two councillors and you do likewise.
5. When election time comes, make sure that you vote for the candidate who represents THE TOWN OF GEORGETOWN, and all that it means to each and every one of us.

Last of all don't be charmed by the promise of baubles and more baubles.

Let's get Georgetown back on the right track with the right stuff from the right people. Good luck Mr. Cass!

Thank you for your courtesies. John A. Henley

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

It seems to me that about this time last year, I wrote a tender, lyrical column, practically and ode, about September. The golden, lingering days, the cool haunting evenings, the last of the summer, the old Alhambra Nature lying voluptuous, and the fruits of her labour. Yes, September is the most delightful month of the year, I bubbled.

Well, I take it all back. You can take September, and if the ladies will leave the room for a moment, I'll tell you exactly what you can do with it.

This September has scattered me for a few years, and has also clipped a few leaves from my allotted span of same. What happened? I got caught with my pipes down.

On September 9th, it was 90 degrees in our upstairs, and we all lay around on our beds, naked as newts, gasping and calling for water. On September 14th, it was 44 in our upstairs. The kids lay moaning with cold under heaps of blankets downstairs. Playboys howled. The Old Lady and I, swaddled in flannellette pyjamas, clutched each other, a hot water bottle, and the hope that a miracle would happen and the heat wave would be back in the morning.

September is an irresponsible, treacherous, harlot of a month, with a big phoney, warm smile that hides a heart of solid cold.

Oh, it isn't as though I didn't realize that fall and the cool weather were on the way. Sunday, as I lay on the lawn, several times my mind had drifted around to the backyard, where my furnace pipes lay, soaking up the sun. I'd even contacted the repair man to come and take on that dragon in my cellar, that emits sparks and roars when approached. My stoker, that is.

I had even, while fighting the heat wave with a refreshing drink, said to myself, firmly, "Must get at the cellar and get last winter's ashes out so I can get the coal in early this year. Don't want the coal truck driving over the lawn when it is all soft from those fall rains. Better get that broken window in the living room fixed, too. Things are going to be different this year."

So you see, it isn't as though I wasn't fairly well prepared. But I didn't expect my old sweetheart, September, to put me over a barrel, pull the rug from under my feet, lower the boom on me, and stab me in the back, all in one fell swoop.

I thought the Old Girl was going to commit either suicide or murder, that first morning after the mercury had taken its swan dive. I explained to her that everything was practically ready to turn on the heat, that all I had to do was get the pipes cleaned and up, get the man to fix the furnace, and get the cellar cleaned up and the coal in, and we'd be in business.

"Which hotel," she enquired, her breath wreathing in the kitchen air like cigar smoke, "are we going to stay in until then?" We have two hotels in town so I was in a quandary. Not to mention a pickle.

I did everything in my power to cheer up that old gang, name: Sons, with sayings, like "You should be glad you don't have to suffer like this all the time, like the folks in Russia." I rubbed out and borrowed two electric heaters. I turned on all burners and the oven in the electric stove. I even turned on all the lights in the house.

It was hopeless. They just sat there, hands tucked in their armpits looking like three penguins and a seal pup sitting on an ice floe. I went to work with my tail between my legs and the bats of panic in my belfry. It was worse at lunch hour. While I bustled around, getting hot soup, the kids rubbed their hands together and told about how warm it had been in school, and my wife dragged from me the confession that we had a fire on at the office.

I won't go into all the sordid details. How I pleaded with I begged the harassed coal merchant to get me a couple of bags down to the house; how I rigged up a makeshift to get the furnace going. It's all too humiliating.

That's why, if you ever hear me singing any poems of praise to September, ever again, I want you to push me, gently but firmly, in front of a speeding hot-rod.

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OCT. 16th 1 p.m. to 9 p.m. - Oct. 17th 10 a.m. to late-afternoon
The General Public is invited to use any free periods to check their own skill.

IT'S ALWAYS BETTER WITH BUTTER
The annual meeting of the Halton Cream Producers, in the Board Room, Farmer's Bldg., Milton, on Friday, Oct. 23, 8 p.m. Mr. W. J. Wood, District 3 Director will address meeting. All cream producers should hear Mr. Wood. Lunch provided.
Wilfred Kennedy - Wm. Rayson
Committee chairman Sec. Treas.
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