

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Dispel Delinquency Rumours

Remarks of the county probation officer, when he spoke at a meeting in First Baptist Church recently, should dispel once and for all any talk that Georgetown has a major delinquency problem.

According to Mr. Greenwood, some twelve persons, juvenile and adult, are presently on probation in Georgetown. A far cry from stories which have circulated which would make it appear that Georgetown courts are crowded with youthful offenders. And nice to find that Georgetown is, as we have always claimed, a law-abiding place where one can be proud of our young people.

"Kid Talk" has Many Smiles

A local lady passes on this pleasant story about her small grandson who, after being treated to a trip on the milk wagon, came home and asked his mother if she used hobo or skimmed milk.

It brings to mind other bits of wisdom we have heard about the younger generation... such as the youngster who, on being visited by grandma and a great-aunt who strongly resembled her, greeted the one with "Grandma", then turning to auntie with a delighted cry "and more Grandma!" Or the little girl who recently, after watching jet trails in the sky, asked "Why are they scratching the sky, mum?"

Why Search So Hard?

While the Canadian National Exhibition management searches for new twists for the 1960 grandstand show (an ice show is one of the possibilities) we will add our two cents for what it's worth.

This year's show was a flop for a variety of reasons. People missed the tri-service drill teams and the military displays which always opened the evening. The new portable stage, backed with access-theatre bleachers took away the illusion of limitless space. The variety acts were poorly selected — no performing animals, too few acrobats, a perfectly terrible team of Chinese comics... topped with star George Gobel who is a television and nightclub

No town is perfect, of course, and Georgetown is no exception.

We have our share of juvenile problems, and would hope that promotion work by service and sport clubs have some effect on lessening this. A certain amount of organized recreation is necessary in a town, though caution must be used in not handing everything to young people on silver spoons. There is nothing that can quite replace the corner lot ball game, or a game of red light or run-sheep-run, and children should not be allowed to lose sight of the pleasures of self-organization.

We have heard, too, when a visiting clergyman turned down a cup of tea on a family visit, a small voice piped up "Would you like a glass of beer?"

Maybe the topper is one we can vouch for — it happened to us.

A pre-teenager, bothered with dandruff, mother told us to ask the barber for a bottle of the popular remedy of that day, Glover's Mange Cure. It was many years before we realized why a whole barber shop was convulsed when, after a hair cut, we said: "I'll have a bottle of Lover's Main Cure."

entertainer and was completely lost on the big stage. (Even a big star needs good material, and Gobel's was woefully lacking.)

There is nothing that the grandstand show needs other than a return to its old format. Bring in the army, navy and air force again, give us more animal acts and acrobats... headline the show with a Sammy Davis Jr., a Red Skelton or a Tony Martin and you'll have a hit again. If people want to see an ice show they'll see it during the winter at Maple Leaf Gardens. And you won't fill the grandstand without the precision dancers and the other attractions which have filled the stadium other years.

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Wharfedale

Do you know that in the U.S. the teenage population has a buying power of \$80 billion a year? A chap from the States told me that the other day, and I was suitably startled. Or maybe it was \$8 million a day. It doesn't matter.

I presume the same is true in Canada, proportionately. Let's say there are four million teenagers in Canada. A conservative estimate of their direct spending would be an average of \$2 a week, each. That's \$8 million a week, \$416 million a year.

Add to that their indirect spending, that is, the money spent by their parents on clothes and cars for them, foods and fads for them, schooling and spoiling for them, and they are probably the most expensive and economically influential segment of society ever spawned.

Rather a shocker, isn't it? It was not always thus. Only in the past generation has the age group between 12 and 20 fastened on the body of society with a vampire's tooth, and lashed with gusto. Never before in history have commerce and culture danced attendance on the meadlin mind of the teens.

I'm not complaining, or saying it's all wrong. I'm merely observing. Nor do I blame it on the kids. Start feeding a new pup choice morsels from your table, even though you know it's wrong. Pretty soon he's clawing at your leg if you're not handing it down fast enough. Next thing you know, he's a grown dog, is sitting at the table with a bib below his jowl, and gets snarly if you give him the half of your steak that has the gristle in it.

This adulation of the adolescent was non-existent when I was one. And don't give me that pap about today's teenagers being all mixed up and confused. People of that age have always been confused and mixed up. The difference was that we didn't know how to take advantage of it, and we didn't have enough money for anybody to be bothered with us.

Perhaps it is money that has supplied the motive power for the cult of the teen, which has smothered society, in the past decade with something that has all the grace, charm and vitality of a well-mouthed marshmallow.

It began in the 1940's, when the war-time and post-war boom produced easy money, the like of which honest plugging people had never seen. Parents, delighted and ill at ease with their newfound affluence, passed some of it on to their kids. For nothing. Not for working, but just so they could hold up their end with all the other kids whose parents had given them money for the same reason.

It was not long before the sharpies of society smelled a fat new market. Sociologists gave them a hand up by turning the full candle-power of their searchlight on the Youth of To-Day. The youth responded, as youth always will, by pushing for a place at the trough.

And thus, in the 1950's, emerged full-blown that phenomena — The Teenager — master of all he or she surveys, as capricious as Catherine the Great, as misdirected as a manna. One can only look forward to the 1960's with utter foreboding.

Glorification of the teenager has had several results, all of them dire. It has unleashed a veritable flood of garbage in the fields of entertainment and publishing. It has convinced even the more sensible of our youth that they are as important as the sycophants say they are.

It has made them believe that they are enjoying the most exciting, the richest years of their lives, which is pure crap. It has played hell with family life, because it has assured them that everyone who is not a teenage is either infantile or an imbecile.

Don't ask me for the answers. I just have the questions. The only thing I can suggest is to cut off ruthlessly their finances. Which would bring down about our ears a torrent from the soft drink companies, the record companies, the drive-in movies, the people who specialize in clothes and shoes for teens, and everybody else who has a finger in that big juicy pie.

Don't think that I am attacking the teenagers, or that I have a formula for revamping society. It's just that I have a problem. I have a son who is 12. When I was 12 I wanted to be a cowboy, Tarzan-of-the-Apes, a great explorer, or, on dull days, maybe just a millionaire. You know what my kids wants to be? He wants to be a teenager. It's very depressing.

Cock Pheasant Struts on Main St.

Harold "Hutch" Hutchinson and Albert Dawson reported a Main Street oddity one morning recently.

They were surprised to see a handsome cock pheasant casually standing in front of Barrager Cleaners show window. More unusual was the fact that Mr. Barrager's german shepherd was regarding the pheasant through the shop window without apparent interest. The bird disappeared when a passing car frightened it.

RUSSIAN DOCTOR PRODUCES TWO-HEADED DOG

— NEWS REPORT FROM MOSCOW



NOW THEY'VE DONE IT WITH A BEAR TOO

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

THE INCREASING FOLLY

The government's decision, early this year, to buy Bomarc missiles was questionable enough. Mr. Pearke's announcement last week that the government intended to continue as planned with this procurement, including U.S. controlled nuclear warheads, was even more questionable.

Since the original Bomarc statement, last February, the increasing efficiency and accuracy of Russian long-range missiles has been only too well displayed. During the same period, the Bomarc has been under a shadow and its efficiency openly criticized in the U.S. and Canada.

I wonder how many Canadians will sleep more soundly in the knowledge that this country will have nuclear missiles in 1961. I won't. The fact that Canada will have joined the elite ranks of nuclear powers, in two years time, fills me with alarm. It is akin to the idea of building a basement shelter against nuclear attack — and about as effective. In 1961 we will have missiles with A-Bomb warheads, but they will still be under U.S. control and are useless against ICBMs anyway.

We will then be classed as an A-Bomb nation by the rest of the world with the increased risk and liability that such a classification brings. At the same time we will have no effective atomic weapons — only retaliatory power is effective — and what we have got we can only use by courtesy of the U.S. War Department.

At this time, when the major atomic powers, Russia, the U.S., and the U.K., are closer to agreement on reducing atomic weapons than ever before, when there are hopeful signs of a relaxation of the East and West cold war, this is the time when Canada should be exerting every effort to bring about a solution to the mad suicidal stockpiling of mankind's grossest horror. It is not the time for Canada to be making statements about her own acquisition of nuclear weapons — particularly when this dubious asset is two years away.

I wonder when the govern-

25 YEARS AGO

ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald, Nov. 21, 1934.

R. R. Nickell, V.S. after thirty years of practice in Georgetown and vicinity has retired and will spend the winter in Toronto. "Doc" Nickell is a good citizen and we hope his stay in the city will not exceed the winter and that we will have him back with us again in the spring.

The Georgetown Canadian Legion Post 120 is now in

Canada certainly has a part to play in resolving and removing the threat to mankind posed by the build-up of atomic weapons. This part is not furthered by extending the U.S. defense line into Canada, nor is it furthered by urgent requests for more atomic information. Canada's part, as a Middle Power, must be directed towards nuclear disarmament, she must strive unceasingly to bring about a lessening of world tension — this is a moral duty.

France has announced her determination to proceed as planned with her atomic test in the Sahara Desert despite the truce-uneasy as it is — which exists between the major atomic powers to refrain from such tests. We can only hope that wisdom will prevail and that this unnecessary test will be abandoned — Minister Green could make Canada's views clear on this point. His position will not be easy now that we have confirmed our intention to purchase nuclear warheads from the U.S.

Best wishes for success to Avian Industries during the final and most important phase in the production of the 2180 autogru. The flight testing of this unique aircraft is about to start and all Georgetown will be anxiously awaiting results — results which may already have been announced when this appears in print. The success and expansion of this company is of interest to us all, and after meeting Peter Payne and his design team I cannot help but share their confidence.

SEASON'S OPENER

Hockey fans will be flocking to the arena Friday to see the Raiders in their opening game here. Milton will be the visitors.

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A public meeting will follow nominations, when reports of this year's municipal activities will be given, and candidates for office will be given a chance to speak.
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