

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### Changing Election Habits

A growing Georgetown is reflected in this week's Herald when, for the first time, a majority of council candidates are presenting statements of policy on controversial questions as part of their election campaign.

In twenty years of following the municipal political scene, there have only been rare occasions when a candidate departed from the usual formula of "You vote and influence."

Not that there wasn't any campaigning when Georgetown was smaller.

Quite the contrary!

There were brisk behind the scenes

efforts, and being human beings, all was not sweetness and light either.

We do feel, however, that this year municipal affairs enters a new phase and that in future there will be much more open campaigning, more platforms, more candidates combining to run as a slate, more claims and counter-claims. And, unless the election act is changed to allow a longer period between nominations and election day, any new candidate who seriously wants to try for office will have to start his campaign long before the actual nomination day.

### Nomination Procedure Antiquated?

With a plenitude of candidate, all of whom had something to say, the problem of time became important at the meeting following nominations on Thursday.

Since Georgetown was a village, this meeting has always followed a set procedure, with council members reporting on their year's work, then reports from appointed boards, speeches by new candidates, and finally questions from the floor.

It worked quite well until this year, when there were attempts from the floor to limit time of speeches and to have candidates appear on the platform before councillors. As such attempts were made after the mayor and reeve had spoken, the chairman did the only thing possible and ruled that the meeting must proceed as planned.

One way of overcoming the difficulty has been suggested by several ratepayers

presentation of council reports in printed form. If such were done, it would be possible to consider time limits on speakers.

The question of allowing questions from the floor is one which would require some thought. Here, too, there would have to be some limit on questioning time, and in order to be fair to those questioned, a system of having written questions submitted in advance should be considered.

One must realize that a council candidate is not, like our provincial and national politicians, seeking an office which will be close to a full-time job, nor can he be expected to carry all the facts and figures in his head to answer a variety of impromptu questions.

We suggest that the 1960 council study this problem and devise some improvements on a system which worked well in the past but is perhaps becoming outdated by town growth.

### Two-Year Term Lacks Support

Chances of a 2 year council term being approved by ratepayers next Monday should be practically nil.

No present or prospective councillor has indicated he favours extending the term, and several have been outstanding against it.

Only major factors in its favour could

be a saving in election costs, and a continuity of council work over a longer period.

The dollar saving is negligible. And, if a council meets with favour by ratepayers, it is rarely that there is a high enough turnover that a completely new group takes office in January. So we can see no good argument for such extended term.

## Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

### DON'T GIVE YOUR CHILD A PET FOR CHRISTMAS

With so much human suffering in the world today, perhaps it is putting the cart before the horse to stir up public feeling against cruelty to animals. It is, however, one of the paradoxes of human nature that makes it easier to stir up feeling against cruelty to animals than it is to do the same over cruelty to humans. One difficult aspect about the subject of this column, is the fact that the cruelty is the result of an action motivated by good intentions. In other words, people who give pets to their children at Christmas, or any time, usually do so with the idea of imparting happiness. This, it cannot be denied, is a good intention. Neither, unfortunately, can it be denied that the "Road to Hell is Paved with Good Intentions."

It is, perhaps, asking a lot of parents to suggest that they should refuse an apparently reasonable request from their children. In fact, many parents seem to have difficulty in refusing the unreasonable requests! This year, as in previous years, thousands of young children will be beseeching and cajoling their parents, campaigning as children will, for a puppy or a kitten as a Christmas present. The feeling, in the hearts of these youngsters, is possibly commendable — it may be a wish for something which they can love, and fondle. Unfortunately, the results of giving pets to young children seldom work out in the manner anticipated, either by the giver or the receiver.

On Christmas morning, the puppy or kitten, frequently garbed in ridiculous trappings of ribbon which threaten imminent strangulation, is presented to the young daughter or son. The scene which follows may be satisfying to the adults, and the child, during which the animal is snuggled and

mis-handled to the point of exhaustion and misery. After this, the pet may revolt in one of two ways, it may bite or scratch the child or, more frequently, it will wet on the living room carpet. Then, it is for a short journey in time before the short journey to banishment in the basement. The length of time necessary to convert the "cute" little pet into an unwanted, messy nuisance will vary from house to house, but in most cases the result will be the same.

The pet was bought by indulgent, but misguided parents for a child who is neither capable of, nor interested in, providing the necessary care and attention. At best, the animal will only be subjected to the unimagined cruelty of the average child, while the parents attempt to look after its training and welfare. At worst, and more frequently, the animal will pass through an initial phase of suffocating possessive attention from the child, followed by its becoming ignored, hated, and finally, abandoned to the streets. It will spend most of its time shut in the basement or tied up in a back yard noisily expressing its misery. This action will be excused on the grounds that the animal cannot be housebroken — an excuse usually made by people who have not the time or patience to carry out the first essential step in training any dog or cat.

The next step is a foregone conclusion, the animal will be given to the Humane Society, if it is lucky, or it will be encouraged to leave and fend for itself. In the latter case it will either be run over, killed by another animal, shot, or become a rib-showing miserable stray — eking out a precarious existence by knocking over garbage cans. This Christmas, thousands of cats and dogs, particularly, and dogs with their peculiar faith in human beings, will be con-

demned to a fate worse than death. The fate of being a Christmas gift to the child of indulgent parents. Before you make such a gift, please consider what is involved. The gift of a pet into a household where the parents are capable and willing to look after its welfare may be a wonderful thing but in most cases, the unconsidered gift of a pet to a child is a tragedy.



GETTING RID OF ANOTHER SANTA CLAUS

## Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by BILL SMILEY of the Waterloo Echo

This week we had a birth day in our family. Playboy was one year old. For anybody who came in late, the fellow with the fancy name is our spaniel pup. He arrived last Christmas morning, a six weeks-old bundle of coal black cuteness with a big red ribbon around his neck.

His arrival was the result of a mental aberration on the part of my wife. Normally, she is very sensible about animals. Like me, she loves cows, pigs, and sheep — in the form of steaks, bacon and chops — and is able to tolerate other species with a nice blend of unease and disgust. But somewhere she picked up the maulin idea that "the children should have a dog."

I had misgivings, but humoured her, as any red-blooded Canadian slob of a husband does when his wife gets a weird notion. The kids, of course, were ecstatic. They loved the little black bundle dearly from the minute he was bleated across the floor to their eager hands and made a puddle, the first of thousands.

I prefer to draw a veil over the first couple of months of Playboy's presence in our household. Even now I develop a slight twitch when I recall those midwinter days. And nights, in short, he was a pup, and therefore: stank, was lousy, messed and piddled, chewed to ribbons anything of value, howled like a siren in the pre-dawn hours and had to be comforted.

On several occasions my wife had to be forcibly restrained from strangling him. On quite a few, I could cheerfully have taken a hockey stick to him myself. At least twice a week, his mistress declared in tones just this side of a piercing shriek that we were going to have to choose between her and the dog. The kids fought for him fearfully and tearfully, and I sided with them just so I could continue to remind her that it was her place. Married people get a lot of satisfaction out of reminders like that.

We managed to stave her off until spring, glorious spring, when we could let the hairy, dirty, leaping little fiend out. We tied him to the clothesline and he raced up and down the yard, chasing butterflies and beetles, gnawing old boots, and yapping at the crows. He ate like a wolf and grew like a pig. He got sick and had to have costly shots. He was a delight to the kids, who did everything for him. Except bath him, feed him or clean up after him.

But the little devil, with his perky, turned-up nose, his melancholy expression, and his perpetual motion hind end, gradually sneaked into our affections. Even when he wound himself and chain around my legs while I was laden with garbage cans. Even when he

dashed through the asphalt and leaped up on Mother's new spring suit with loving forepaws. He couldn't get it through his head that he was a nuisance and a no-good.

A friend built him the classiest doghouse in town. Custom made of plywood, it was painted red and green, had a swinging door and even a window. We put a soft bed in it and waited for him to make himself at home. He refused to go into the thing. We tried everything, from pushing him in while he braced all four feet and howled, to bribing him with a tidbit tossed into the farthest corner of the house. He has never yet been inside it. He preferred sleeping in the grass and waking up soaked with dew.

When we went to a cottage for two weeks in the summer, everything changed. We decided it was now or never, and turned him loose. He immediately vanished in the company of several rakish beach dogs. The kids started to panic after a couple of hours. We were about to launch a tearful search when he turned up, looking like the most delinquent of juveniles. When we tied him outside that night, he howled arrogantly until he was let in.

From that day, there's been no holding him. He has learned to swim, to run with the gang, to snarl fiercely at very small dogs who want to buddy up to him, and to run like a deer when large dogs snarl at him. He howls like a demented soul when he wants in or out. He sits in the middle of the road, like a small, black statue, watching in all directions with a stern and piercing gaze.

He follows the kids to school, horses around for a while with the other dogs who do the same, then, if it's a cold or wet day trots down to the office. There he appears at the window, gives me a look that would melt the heart of a dope peddler, and trots in when I open the door, wagging like a metronome in high gear. He spends the morning smelling up the place, tripping the customers, and upsetting the wastebaskets so he can chew stuff all over the floor, then rides home with me for lunch.

### Georgetown Herald

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### Says Ratepayers Only Spectators At Meeting

To the Editor  
Georgetown Herald.

Dear Sir,  
It must have come as something of a shock to those of the electorate who attended last week's nomination meeting to discover that, in attending a public meeting in the true sense of the word, they were permitted to be little more than spectators.

We witnessed the sad spectacle of the mayor himself objecting most vehemently to a question put to him by a ratepayer during the course of his nomination address, and seemingly dictating to the chairman of the meeting the period of the proceedings at which the candidates for nomination might be questioned by the town's voters, i.e. when they, the candidates, had gone home!

The speed with which Mr. Sargent left the platform, and his complete disregard of my own efforts to direct a few pointed questions to him at the close of his long address, were remarkable to say the least.

There must have been a number of taxpayers present who most earnestly desired to probe the future intentions of some of those sitting members of council who are seeking re-election. Some taxpayers, including myself, would have dearly loved to ascertain exactly where some of the new candidates stood in relation to the main topic of this election. I would particularly have wished to probe Mr. Pearcey Porter's stand in relation to the Heslop organization's efforts to secure the release of a further 1163 residential building lots. His nomination address was singularly lacking in this regard. This gentleman can, therefore be joined with Messrs. Carr, Zorge and Beard as having notably failed to let the people of the town know where they stand in this important matter.

It will, perhaps, be a further shock to those taxpayers who were sufficiently interested in the affairs of their town to attend last Thursday's meeting, to know that we have since been advised by an official of the Ontario Municipal Board that a Nominating Meeting is a Municipal Board Meeting only up to 8:30 p.m., the time nominations close, when the meeting then becomes an Open Meeting at which any taxpayer may rise and question a candidate At Any Time, with or without the permission of the chairman, the only stipulation being that the questioner must keep within the bounds of good order.

That, particularly on the eve of this election, we were expressly denied our rights to question the candidates was most unfortunate for the best interests of the town.

In the light of our further knowledge of these rights, there will undoubtedly be many electors who will draw their own conclusions and cast their votes for those candidates who have come right up in the open and declared themselves Without Question.

Yours for 40-60 and very truly,  
H. N. Narty.

### CLOSE RACE FOR BRIDGE HONOURS IN TOURNAMENT

Closely grouped for playoff honours in a bridge tournament at North Halton Golf Club which ends this week, three of the sixteen teams have the edge.

Playing the fifth game on Friday, Cecil McNamara and Stewart Young advanced from fourth to first place, with a high total of 14,170 points. Mr. and Mrs. Sid Orr advanced to second place with 13,850; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Breckenridge dropped one to third place with 13,440.

High score for the evening was registered by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Biehn with 3650.

### LORNE SCOTS PROMOTED

The promotion of four local members of C Coy Lorne Scots was announced last week.

Privates Douglas Tucker and Terry Newton who qualified on course received moves to Junior NCO. Sgt. William Collier to Staff Sergeant replacing Staff Sergeant Eric Timms who is promoted to CSM.

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