

# Georgetown Herald

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Thursday, January 28th, 1960

## ... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

### Congratulations To (New) Warden

When a local boy makes good, his happiness is shared by his friends, and this week Revue Doug Sargent is receiving congratulations on his selection as county warden for 1960.

Mr. Sargent has served Georgetown well in municipal office since joining the town council several years ago. That he has done an equally good job as a county councillor is shown by their choosing him

warden, the top county office. He will be presiding officer at county council meetings, as well as representing Halton at any public functions which call for his services.

On a few occasions last year, the warden acted in the mayor's absence and showed his aptitude for conducting public business with dignity and despatch. We know the county will be well served by a man of his calibre and Halton Council has made a wise choice in their election.

### Chamber Needs Merchants

Upcoming elections for Chamber of Commerce executive give a chance to again point out the lack of support among town merchants for this important civic group.

While it could be said that the Chamber of Commerce needs merchants, it is equally true that merchants need the Chamber. It is a group which particularly should appeal to those whose livelihood depends on an active, integrated community with a strong civic spirit.

Lack of merchant support is not, we would think, any reflection on the worth of Chamber aims. Most merchants are busy men, not only in their private lives but in

their public ones. A businessman becomes involved in clubs and organizations which take much of his spare time, and his energy is limited.

But, even if he cannot be an active member of the Chamber, there is nothing to stop him giving token support by taking out a membership and attending a meeting when he can. And there are many who do not even go this far, and who expect others to carry on with no indication that their services are appreciated.

It is a good time of year for businessmen to think this over and join a group which serves them well.

### Some Action At Last

Velocated on previous requests, the Dept. of Transport has now seen the wisdom of having traffic lights at the dangerous John Street highway intersection.

It will be a relief to motorists and pedestrians alike to know that this year there is going to be protection at a corner which has been a trouble spot for years. With increasing traffic, the corner is often a traffic bottleneck, with long lineups of cars waiting to turn onto the highway. And since widening of No. 7 highway a few years ago, it is only the most agile pedestrian who does not have to wait five or ten

minutes before he darts across the busy highway stretch.

Traffic lights will not solve the problem altogether. Lights at the bottom of a hill are not one hundred percent protection in winter, and there is always a chance of a truck skidding on a slippery hill. The town will have to be extra careful to keep the hills sanded when lights are installed, and pedestrians and cars making the crossing on a green light will have to keep a wary eye on downhill traffic.

But it is the best solution possible, and one which is long overdue.

### Yes, We Need a Show!

Suggestion of Cr. Harrison that the town council should encourage a film company to build a theatre here is a good one. And while we're not optimistic that any firm will invest the money today in such a project, it can do no harm to circulate word that Georgetown would welcome moving pictures back.

It is sad but true that television has done to the movie business what movies in their day did to vaudeville. Had Georgetown not lost its theatre by fire a few years ago, it might have lost it by economics. For the local movie house was not paying the proper dividends to its owner and was reaching the point of no return financially.

Perhaps the only way we will ever have a theatre again is to interest enough people in being sponsors, by guaranteeing that they will attend the movies a certain number of times a year. Or, like in the old Chautauqua days, have a number of merchants help underwrite the cost by putting up minimum guarantees to ensure a movie house wouldn't run in the red.

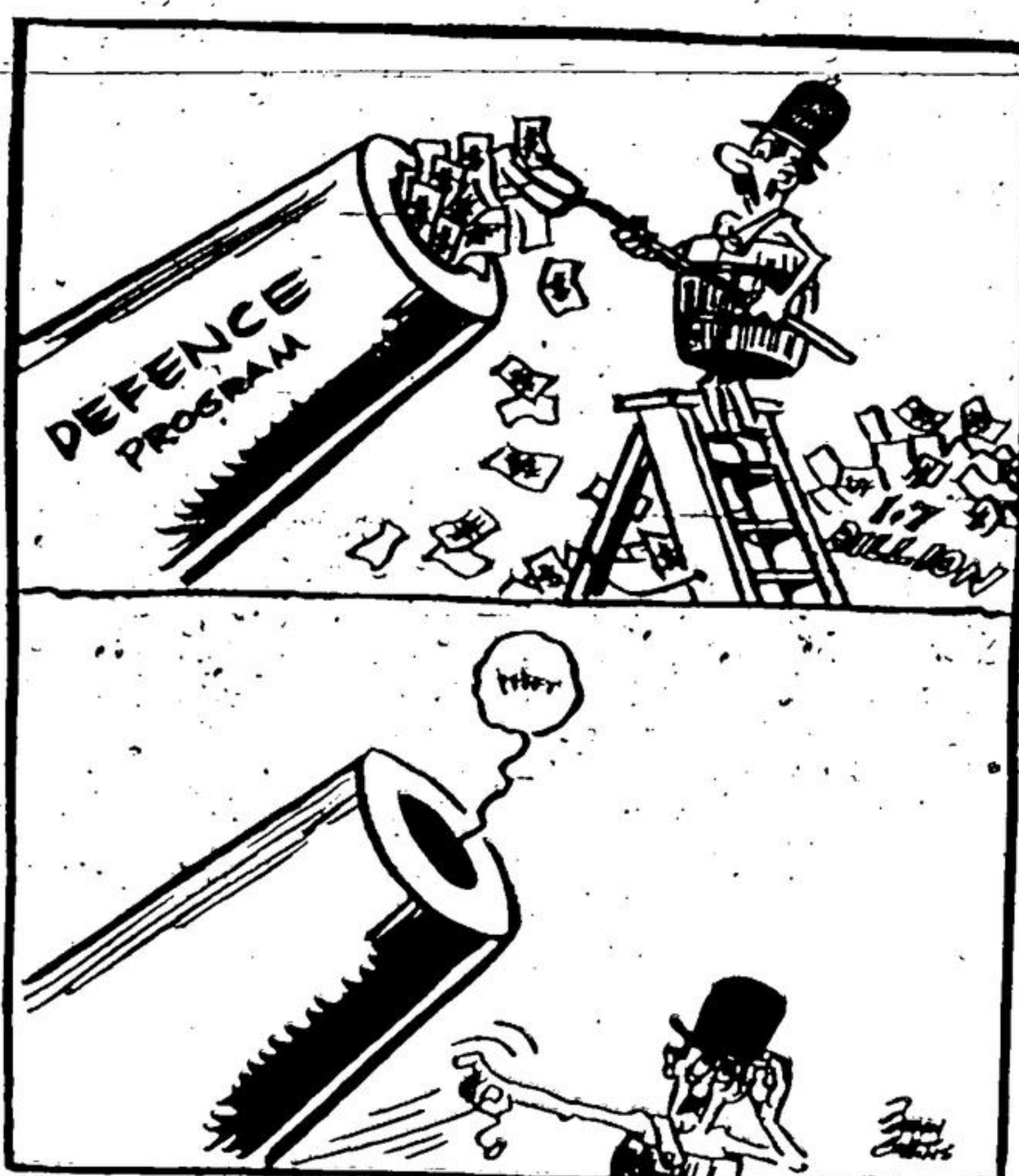
Certainly we are one who misses the show a lot, for it is only on rare occasions now that we venture out of town to the movies which used to be an almost weekly treat at the old Roxy. We hope Cr. Harrison gets somewhere with his plan.

### CNR Appointments

Stewart D. H. Thomas has been appointed methods supervisor, revenue accounting, and Reginald H. Barnard has been appointed administrative assistant as senior methods analyst.

anti-personnel in the accounting and finance department of the Canadian National Railways. Born in Winnipeg, Man., Mr. Thomas entered the CNR in 1937 in the methods division, revenue accounting, Montreal, and in 1954 to the accounting department.

Mr. Barnard was born in Saint John, N.B., and joined the CNR in 1948 in the express department in Toronto. He transferred to the personnel department in Montreal in 1954 and in 1956 to the accounting department.



### NOT MUCH BANG FOR OUR BUCK

## Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by BILL SMILEY of the Waterloo Staff

For most people, no matter how drab life is ordinarily, there is always a special excitement in starting on a journey. I've been on a few in my time, and on each occasion there have been the same sensations: anticipation, stimulation, and something akin to fear. I've started another one, and recognize the symptoms.

My first journey was when I was sixteen and got my first job. It entailed hitch-hiking 400 miles, all alone, to get to it. That was quite an experience for a kid who'd never been anywhere or seen anything. It's a good way to see a fair chunk of life in a hurry — hitch-hiking across the country with \$2.85 in your pocket.

There was no letdown in the climax of that journey. The huge boat was there, tied to the vast dock. The stevedores were filling her inwards, hundreds of people were bustling around knowing what they were doing, and I was standing there, mouth open, stomach churning with the knowledge that I'd soon be part of it, and a whole new life was beginning.

Then there was the first trip to college. What a deal that was for a small-town boy, clad in a cheap suit and a deep inferiority complex. Those other freshmen looked so sophisticated. Those girls looked so unapproachable.

There was no anti-climax then, either. Soon there was the exhilarating exploration of the minds of great men living and dead. And the fun of playing in the varsity band, and being on the college football team, and working on the varsity newspaper, and making 'all sorts of odd friends, and falling in love once or twice a week. All of it was heightened by the beginning of war and the certain knowledge that college days would be brief.

The next trip, a short one to the recruiting office, triggered several years of exciting journeys, and not one of them was a disappointment. The first was a hilarious hitch-hiking jaunt to New York, with three other potential air heroes. We had about \$20 each and did the city up brown. One of my mates can still boast that he spruced the entire length of Broadway, out a cab window. We guzzled three hours sleep a night. A cigarette girl in some joint promised to write me, and never did.

Next excursion was a big one, across the Atlantic. The only wall water I'd ever seen before was some my mother made me gargle with, when I was a kid. All I remember of the crossing is seasickness, submarine scares, and a big 34-hour-day crap game. But what a thrill it was to see the coast of Ireland, just as it was when my great-grandfather shook its dust off his feet, which were probably bare at the time.

Then the first journey to London on leave. I thought I was a blase young man, but my heart was pounding like a maiden's as the train rolled into that vast, smoky metropolis, the heart of the Empire. What a city it was then, before the Yanks took over by sheer force of numbers! Sailors and soldiers and airmen of every allied nation, beautiful women everywhere and in the very air that special excitement which only war can produce, sadly enough.

And more journeys, each stimulating in its own way, meeting new people, finding old pals, in Scotland and Wales and six corners of England. And soon enough the short trip, but the big one across the Channel and into Normandy. No anti-climax there, but the solid satisfaction of eliminating interminable months of training by smiting the foe, hip and thigh.

Then the rapid, long leaps, to Lille, to Antwerp, and the first vivid impressions of the bubbling life of people newly freed after four intolerable years. Ah, Lille, where are you now?

Then into a plowed field in Holland, saws, wheels, and became another long journey across a bitter, hostile land. A miserable trek, but not without its high points of excitement: attempted escape in Holland; being strafed in a German train by one of ours; rolling in a locked railway carriage through a night bombing raid on Frankfurt; meeting old friends, long since believed dead, in camps.

This is getting monotonous. But there was one more exciting journey. It was made on foot, through about 100 miles of country crawling with drunk Russian soldiers and blood-thirsty ex-slave-labourers, and was accomplished with no other weapon than a big, scared grin.

What I really started out to say was that I've embarked on another journey, which promises to be as exciting as any of them. After a certain amount of arm-twisting, I'm launched on a journey of exploration. In short, I'm taking confirmation classes, reading the Bible after 10 to 15 years, and on the way toward a fighting chance at getting to heaven. A friend suggests that you can't swallow anything whole with your tongue in your cheek, but I'm going to give it a fair trial.

### Georgetown Herald

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## Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

### The Failure of Modern Design

I was quite surprised last week when one of the designers at work showed me an almost new pair of over shoes with a neat round hole half an inch wide, pierced through each heel. They were ruined. The holes were apparently caused by the heels of her shoes. At least, she called them heels. I would have called them heels. The 'heels' were three inches long, made of steel, and were slightly more than a quarter of an inch wide as measured. This, she assured me, was the modern style and it was difficult to buy anything else.

I wonder how much more discomfort, unnecessary expense, inconvenience, material waste and personal frustration the average man or woman will tolerate, under the guise of 'style' and 'modern design', before there is a real consumer revolution? Here was a young woman who was virtually forced to buy a pair of shoes which satisfied none of her basic requirements. Shoes were originally intended to protect the feet from the elements and to act as a buffer between the sole of the foot and the hard cold ground beneath — if in so doing it was possible to make an unattractive appendage look attractive so much the better.

The modern 'stylists' and footwear 'designers' had succeeded in providing her with a pair of shoes which forced her feet into a ridiculous angle, which concentrated much of the body weight on two thin stiletts, which ruined her over-shoes and, on the icy streets, made walking more hazardous than ever. Furthermore, the shoes could not be worn indoors as they would quickly run any tile or hardwood floor. I cannot believe that this sort of nonsense is the result of popular demand. It is on a par with the 'sack' dress and tail fins on motor cars.

The engineer and the designer, by the very essence of their occupations, have a duty and a responsibility to uphold. If they proceed with honesty and integrity the results will be seen in products which are more efficient, more durable, less expensive and more pleasing to the eye. If they are not bending their efforts to achieve this then they are guilty of occupational dishonesty in the same way as a lawyer who does not strive for a just or a doctor who fails his patient. Unfortunately, in the high pressure atmosphere of modern industry, where the main criterion is 'will it sell', there is an infernal pressure on designers to concentrate on the wrong end of the spectrum. The emphasis, too frequently, is on producing something new, something different, to create some gimmick that the salesmen don't have to regard as a sound design or engineering practice. The requirements of the mass market frequently make it necessary to concentrate only on increased eye-appeal and lower production costs — a sort of 'come up with something that the sales boys can get their teeth into', atmosphere exists. In this atmosphere to lose his integrity, he is likely to lose his identity as well. He is forced to cater for the vulgar and the flamboyant instead of the tasteful and reasonable. Eventually, I suppose, some designers become brain-washed into the belief that flashy ostentation is important — the others — perhaps they get ulcers.

If there is a big public demand for an article which is a design failure, then I suppose the demand must be satisfied but that is not usually the case. What normally happens is that a few million dollars is spent in an advertising program to convince the public that it is desirable, or that it is the fashion, or that it is the latest style. Against this influence, it is encouraging to see that public opinion is still favouring tasteful design, classic lines and harmonious colours. It is encouraging to see that public opinion is capable of halting the useless trend in the automobile industry, it is encouraging to see the well-designed tasteful furniture back in the stores — it appears that people still retain an appreciation of that which is unpretentious and soundly designed.

As for women's shoes or any other item of feminine attire, I wouldn't care to forecast any trend in design or style. After the apparent failure of the hideous monstrosities of two years ago things have been fairly sane but as long as people like Dior are around, I wouldn't bet on it staying that way.

FOOTNOTE

If we ever get round to establishing a minimum wage for all workers, what do you think would be a reasonable weekly wage? Forty dollars? Fifty dollars? It was reported to me last week that in this fair town a young man is working forty-eight hours a week for the princely sum of twenty-two dollars! This is not a boy earning pocket money, this is a young man who has to support himself on a wage of 40c an hour. Needless to say, this is a recent immigrant who does not speak English nor does he draw unemployment pay. In a book I used to read I remember the words, 'The labourer is worthy of his hire.' We seem to have thought of that noble thought.

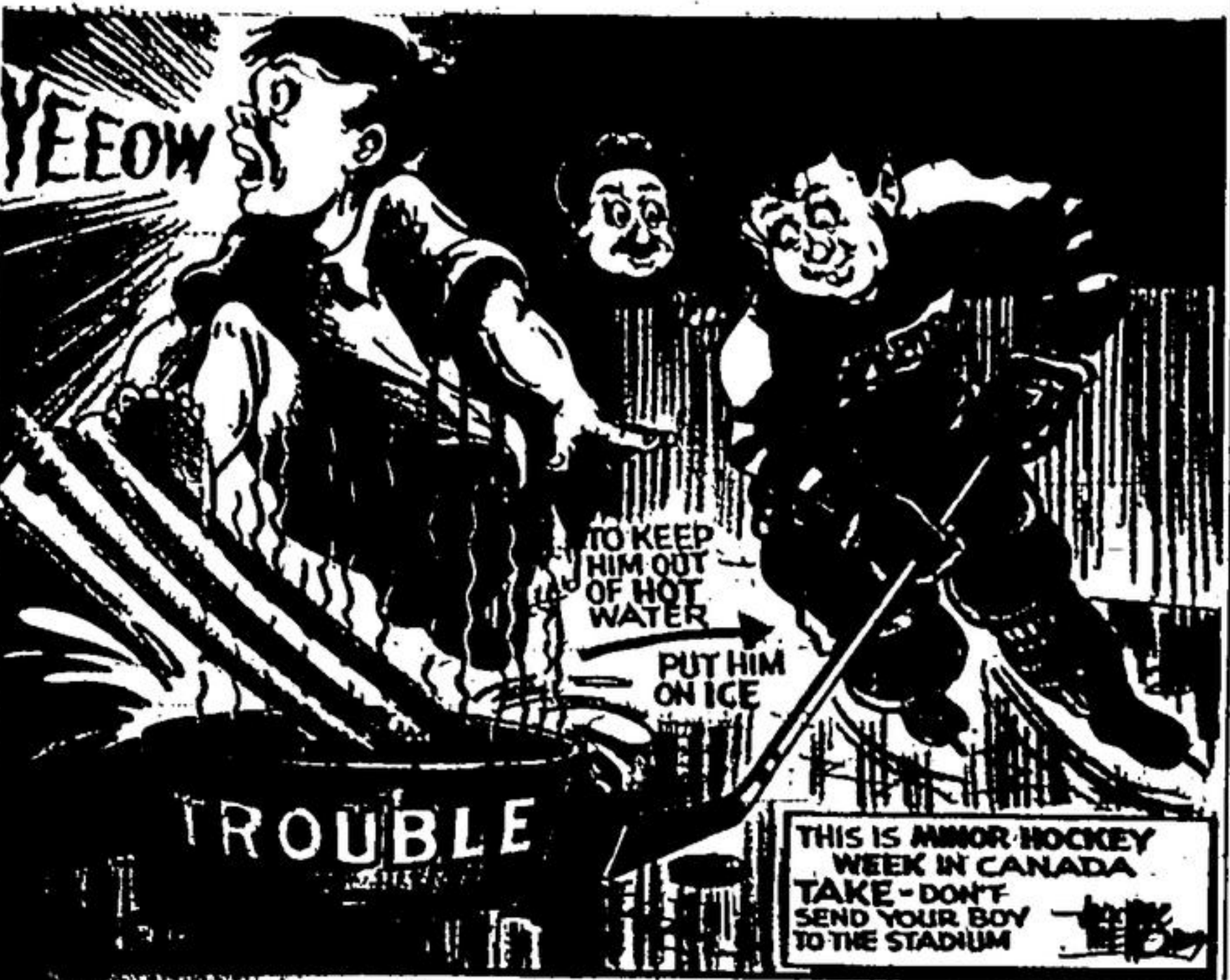
### This Is Minor Hockey Week



Give The Kids A Break By Attending Their Games

MERRY MENAGERIE By Walt Disney

GET YOUR WEEKLY PAPER FROM THE CARRIER BOY ON YOUR STREET.



THIS IS MINOR HOCKEY WEEK IN CANADA TAKE-DON'T SEND YOUR BOY TO THE STADIUM