

# Georgetown Herald

A THOMSON NEWSPAPERS LIMITED PUBLICATION

Serving the communities of Georgetown, Glen Williams, Norval, Limehouse, Hornby, Stewarttown, Ballinacree, Ashgrove, Terra Cotta.

PAGE 4

Thursday, February 18th, 1960

## EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

### Two Who Served Our Town

Georgetown lost two prominent citizens during the past week.

Fire Chief Jack Harlow, a young man in the prime of life, was one who served faithfully in this most important phase of public activity. In his fourth term as chief, he had a total of 18 years' service on the volunteer fire department, and held also the post of chief of the Smith & Stone brigade.

His untimely death, after a heart attack, was more than a blow to his family and friends. It was a blow to the town at large for there are all too few such men who devote their energy to a public service whose value can scarcely be measured in dollars.

Ex-councillor, Thomas I. Lyons was another man who had fulfilled a full measure of public service. As a council member for 15 years he had served as chairman of many committees. He lived to the fine age of 89, never losing his keen insight into local affairs, and always ready to debate a civic question with as much energy as in his active days as a councillor.

Though he had lived out his past life's allotted span, he will be none the less missed by a wide circle of acquaintances.

To both families, the Herald extends sympathy on behalf of the public they served. Georgetown will be the better town for the efforts they put forth.

### Hope Results from Petition

Action of Cr. Fred Harrison in trying to have a movie theatre located in town, has been aided by a local lady, Mrs. Agar Guest who contacted a theatre chain and was told that if a petition was received from a number of interested people, an investigation would be made.

The petition has been briskly circulating for the past few days and there is no doubt that the theatre people will have a good response to their request.

Meanwhile, we are hopeful that eventually the plan will bear fruit, for it is a sad lack for a town of ten thousand to be without a theatre.

The movie business has had a precarious existence since the advent of television. At a time when Georgetown might normally have expected major renovations on its old theatre, attendance started dropping, and when fire destroyed the building, the bell had rung.

A few years later, however, perhaps the tide has turned and there is an upswing in interest. A theatre chain will certainly have figures to go by in other centres, and with those who are actively promoting a theatre, we can hope they will get results.

### No Lack of Entertainment

While agreeing that lack of a movie theatre leaves a large hole in the entertainment field for our residents, we cannot subscribe to the oft-repeated statement that Georgetown provides nothing for our young people.

In fact, aside from a theatre, we think the town is well equipped with activities for all age groups.

To cite a few, every church has organizations catering to various religious tastes, and offering the opportunity to meet socially with those who share the same religious beliefs. There are three service clubs for men, Lions, Rotary and Kinsmen; an IODE Chapter, Women's Institute and Local Council of Women for ladies.

Those who like lodge work can find two Masonic lodges, Retekans and Odd Fellows, and Orange lodge. There is a horticultural society catering to gardeners, Arts & Crafts for those who wish to develop handicraft talents; Business & Professional Women's club for working women; several Home & School groups, branches of the Cancer Society and Red Cross, a revolver club, hospital association, and more ladies auxiliaries than you can shake a stick at.

If it's your youngsters you're worried about for after-hours entertainment, how about the Saturday-morning hockey and the many other leagues which cater to sport-minded boys. Or the dozens of scout, guide, cub and brownie groups which thrive around town, earn with a summer camp in store.

There is Club Midtown for the teenagers, lawn bowling, golf, curling, figure skating, soccer, baseball, lacrosse. If your child is artistically inclined or a collector, he can start early to plan some exhibits for Georgetown fall fair. If he wants to develop talents as a carpenter, a typist or an upholsterer, there is a thriving night school.

And how about our new high school gym where basketball and tumbling have been introduced as new sports to town. The Citizens Band, catering to young musicians.

We have one of Ontario's most beautiful parks, with ample space for summer fun. A well equipped arena for winter sport. A pond at the golf course which, with luck, is frozen over for a few winter weeks. And rural Ontario on our doorstep for nature hikes.

No entertainment? Far from it!



## Sugar and Spice

Inspired by BILL SMILEY of the Windsor Reel

There is quite a footwarfare these days about fluoridation. All the experts - federal Department of Health, Canadian Medical Association, Canadian Dental Association, and others - are just busting to get some sodium fluoride into our drinking water.

They want to cut down on the holes in the teeth in the heads of our children, bless them. They are supported by many members of the press, including a good few of my weekly contemporaries. In Ontario, the government is being barred for being backward about fluoridation.

Most violent and emotional of fluoridation advocates is a Toronto news columnist, who insists that all who oppose it are violently emotional, irrational, fanatical, dismissed and crackpots.

All I can say is, move over and make room for one more. I'll line up with the crackpots against the experts any time. That will help the balance a trifle. Nowadays there are too many experts, and not enough crackpots.

Experts are people who give you weather reports that are about 400 per cent wrong, people who predict election results 200 per cent wrong, generals who tell you how wars should have been fought, after they're over, politicians whose party is not in power, and hundreds of people who know a little bit about one thing, and sweat big fat all about anything else.

Crackpots are people like Christopher Columbus, Galileo, Thomas Edison, Alfred Einstein, Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. Albert Schweitzer; people who are too stubborn, fanatical and narrow-minded to make an honest effort to get along with the experts.

In between the experts and the crackpots lies the great lumbering body of humanity, even as you and me. We are led by the experts, know I led the crackpots. All we want to do is grow up, get married, have children, make money, live in peace, die at a ripe old age, and go straight to heaven. It isn't much to ask. But the experts won't let us do it.

Right now the expert politicians have us teetering on the verge of total annihilation; the expert scientists are creating the ways and means; the expert warriors have their fingers ready to push the buttons; and the expert news analysts tell us with one shallow breath that atomic war will wipe out humanity, with the next, that we can escape the effects of radiation by building a shelter.

Sorry, I don't do it every time I muse on that self-satisfied satisfaction known as the expert. We were talking about fluoridation. I am opposed to it for several reasons. Not because I think it's going to poison me, or because it's too expensive, or because if God had scattered sodium fluoride in our drinking water He'd have put it there because it's going to kill all the frogs in the town reservoir.

First of all, I'm again it because I think it's silly. I don't think teeth are that important. Let's get cracking on mental illness, the ulcers, the common cold and hemorrhoids. If these ailments were cleaned up, half the tensions of the world would vanish, and I'd be willing to talk teeth.

Second of all, the experts, as usual, are on the wrong track. If they are so concerned about the teeth of our children, why don't they start at the base of the trouble? Why don't they raise a hue and cry against the sale of soft drinks and candy? Why don't they teach "eat right" bread we have to eat these days, the fact is like wet ketchup, when fresh like bleached sawdust when stale? Or is all that stuff we learned about diet and teeth just so much expert malarkey?

Third of all, I'm again it because I don't like people doctoring my drinks. Oh, I don't mind a little chlorine to kill the bugs. But the principle is wrong. This year, they fluoridate our water. Thirty years from now, they'll be putting a sedative in it, so everybody will relax and be happy no matter what's going on.

But the best argument I've heard against fluoridation came from my wife. I asked her what she thought just to get an outside opinion. As usual, she was away outside. First she asked if there would be any of the stuff in our milk. I pointed out that cows usually live in the country and get their water from wells, streams and suchlike, not from the municipal water supply.

Then what's the use of putting that stuff in the water, she queried. "Kids never drink water. All they drink is orange juice, milk and pop." My case

### Fair Board Doings

Despite the rain and heavy fog that hung over the district on Wednesday night of last week there was an exceptionally large crowd at the eucharie party sponsored by the society at St. Nicholas Hall.

Twenty six tables of cards were in play and everyone seemed to enjoy the night out. Winners for the ladies were Mrs. Norman Snyder, Mrs. Fred Ross and Mrs. Thomas Gibson, and for the men Mel McCullough, Don Powers and Meddum Stark. Refreshments were served by the committee and the new president, Fairfield McElroy thanked all those who ventured out on such a night to make for such an enjoyable evening. The date of Wednesday, March 16th was set for the annual St. Patrick's eucharie at the hall.

Members of the Expiring Agricultural Society were shocked to learn of the sudden death of W. Percy Bacon of Orillia, the secretary of that fair and a past director of District No. 5 of the Ontario Fair Association. Mr. Bacon died of a cerebral hemorrhage suffered while helping to push a snowbank's car out of a snowbank.

Tom Thelander of Markdale who has shown his road horses at Georgetown Fair on more than one occasion, was recently awarded provincial honours with his roaster "Brownie Lee" the grand going master of the great stable, has been named roaster of the year in District No. 2. The award was made at Galt. Lou is also a well known judge at some of the top shows.

The fall fairs in the county lost a good friend and exhibitor with the sudden death of W. H. (Foxy) Merry. Mr. Merry was an outstanding breeder and exhibitor of Shorthorn cattle and took many awards at the county and larger shows. He was a "gentleman farmer" who loved his hobby, and made many friends throughout the farming district of Halton where he came a few years ago, after retiring as president of Bush Printing Ink Co. The writer knew Mr. Merry when he was still a salesman for the company, and was happy to make his acquaintance again throughout the fair association.

Shipbuilding got off to an early start in New-England. World Book Encyclopedia says the first ship built by English colonists in America was launched on the Kennebec River in Maine in 1607.

**Georgetown Herald**  
Published by Thomson Newspapers Limited  
Georgetown, Ontario.  
Walter C. Blahn, Managing Editor  
Garfield L. McGillivray, Production Superintendent  
Office Staff:  
Allen Bradley, Terry Harley, John Olliver, Advertising  
Plant Staff:  
F. M. Clark, Dave Hastings, U. Baskerville, Myles Gilson  
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association and the Ontario Division of the C.W.N.A.

## Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

**UNITED STATES REVIVITED**  
In weather which, proverbially, made even the birds into pedestrians, I flew to Ohio and back last week. During a pleasant interlude in Cleveland, while we waited for the snow to be shovelled off the wings of our plane, I was intrigued to hear the pilot (Captain) enquire - "How much blank longer are they going to be?" in a tone which implied more interest in an early takeoff than in whether or not the snow removal was done properly. His words had even more impact a day later when the papers reported that we were one of the last flights to get out of the airport that night. It seems to me that flying and February don't go well together. I must confess, however, that we had no real difficulties and that the TCA Viscount is a most comfortable aircraft.

The question of U.S. acceptance of Canadian money was most vividly demonstrated during this visit - we observed the following one act play. The scene: The Kasbah cocktail bar of the Terrace Hilton Hotel - time 8:30 pm. As we sat there sipping a cool glass of iced water, a traveller entered and ordered "Scotch on the rocks" in a voice which clearly implied urgency. He deposited his books, papers, magazines, briefcase and overcoat on the adjacent bar stools and whopped back the scotch with enviable alacrity.

"How much?" he says. "Eighty-eight cents, sir," says the barman. The traveller, to the disgust of the hovering barman, counted out exactly eighty-eight cents then, picking up his books, papers, magazines, briefcase and overcoat, prepared to go on his hasty way.

While he was collecting his many possessions, the barman had been examining the silver and copper on the bar and as the loaded (with articles) traveller prepared to leave he was arrested by a stern voice. "The traveller turned, looked at the money, recounted it, pushed it around. "It's eighty-five cents, that's what it is." "This, I mean sir, it's a Canadian quarter, we can't take that." The barman gave another disdainful flick to the offending piece.

The traveller looked about to explode. "What the hell!" he said, "it's money, isn't it?" The barman just continued looking at the hapless man fumbled in his wallet for a dollar bill with only two available fingers. He flung the bill across the bar and it landed on the glass-washing counter behind. The barman picked it up, shook off the surplus moisture, put the bill in the till and the change in the little saucer which barman use to blackmail customers into giving tips. As he was fiddling with the money, his back to the bar, the irate traveller said in a loud voice, "Where's my change?" "Uh? Your sixteen cents, sir?" said the barman, slowly taking the coins out of his tipping saucer.

The traveller looked at him - the bar was silent now. "You keep it," he said, and a thousand unspoken words trembled on his lips. He turned abruptly and walked out.

And make of this what you will, the barman in this little episode was clearly of foreign

### MILLION DOLLAR PROJECT

**A Symbol of Your Initiative!**  
by Tom Ferguson

Over three hundred years ago Canada's first hospital received its first patient. The Hotel Dieu Hospital de Quebec, founded by the French Order of St. Augustine in 1639, marked the first step in the start of a voluntary hospital system that was destined to spread over the length and breadth of our Dominion.

The significant motivating factor behind the growth of our hospitals which now offer health care second to none, was the initiative and independence of Canadian people who recognized a need, and decided to do something about it.

Recognize Necessity  
Just as thousands of people from all walks of life in countless communities have done in the past, the people of the Georgetown and District community have recognized the necessity of having THEIR own community hospital, and they have too decided to do something about it NOW!

This project to be successful will require the support of every citizen, business firm, and corporation in our community, and even those who have left our community to seek success in more distant parts, for the price tags on hospitals come high today.

However we do not stand alone in this undertaking, for the Government has assured us of support on one condition - a building fund of approximately one quarter of the total project cost must be raised by voluntary contributions. With our force united we can reach this objective, and make your Community Hospital a reality.

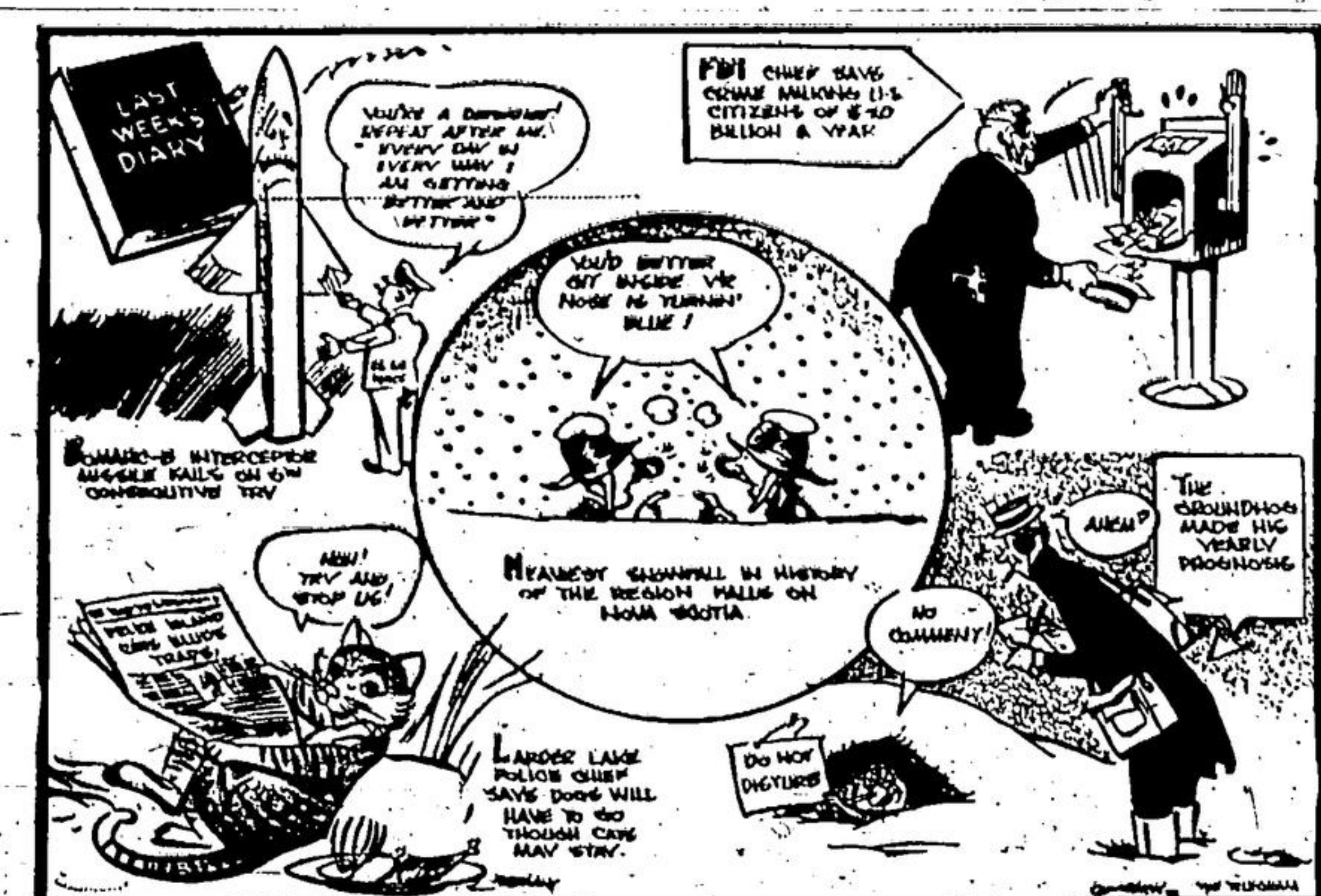
The new Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital will be a modern, up to the minute one-story, 65 bed hospital, with 24 bassinets, labour and recovery rooms, 2 major operating rooms, x-ray equipment, and emergency and out-patient departments. It will be equipped with a modern laundry, and other ancillary facilities. It is so designed that when the need arises it can be enlarged, both vertically and horizontally to accommodate 180 beds.

Planned facilities are capable of handling an estimate of 1,100 operations and 16,000 patients days per year.

Your hospital is a COMMUNITY PROJECT to be successful it needs your help, pledge your support NOW, and do your part in making the Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital a reality.

A SUCCESS IN '60!

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