

Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, JUNE 9th, 1960

Rodeo Week...

This is Rodeo week in Georgetown, and under direction of the Lions Club, we may be seeing an event which will become part of the town's tradition in future.

The Lions have gone to endless pains to make Saturday a gala occasion. Considerable money has been invested in the rodeo. All in hopes that the new hospital will benefit with a large donation.

Success of the venture will hinge on attendance, not only of district people, but of outsiders. People are urged to invite their friends to town for that day, to talk up the big event, and to say a little side

Carrier Boy Service Extends...

In a continuing effort to get the Herald into the hands of readers as fast as possible after its Thursday noon issue, carrier boy service is being extended this month to Norval. And as soon as this is completed, the service will be further extended to Glen Williams.

As of the end of June, yearly subscriptions to residents of the village are being discontinued. Refund cheques will be mailed to those subscribers who are paid in advance, statements for accounts owing will be mailed to those in arrears.

It is with some regret that we end the subscription service, for it has been in effect since the Herald was first established almost a century ago.

But it has been found that it is unfair to a carrier boy to be in active competition with a newspaper selling its product at a

prayer that the weatherman favours us with just the right amount of sunshine and clear skies.

Many towns have built their reputation on such events. Georgetown, in this case, is copying Calgary with its Stampede which draws spectators from all over the world. Closer to hand, we have Ferguson with its Highland Games, and Snelburn with the old time fiddling contest. Town like Teeswater and Erin are widely noted for their fall fairs. Winton has its big cattle sale.

With the Lions, we look forward to a huge success on Saturday, and wish them the best.

cheaper rate than he does. Price of the Herald will now, as in Georgetown, be a straight ten cents per copy from the carrier boy service is being extended this month to Norval. And as soon as this is completed, the service will be further extended to Glen Williams.

The new system involves only village residents. Subscriptions will still be available to customers on the Norval rural routes at the regular yearly rate of \$4.00.

The Herald will be delivered after 4 p.m. during school months, but will be available earlier at vacation time, as it reaches Norval in the early afternoon.

Close to 1700 Georgetown homes are now served by carrier boy, and the system has met with wide approval from local residents. We hope that Norval readers will also be pleased with an earlier paper which features a large budget of town and district news weekly.

They have performed in many of the large cities in Canada and the States, and while passing years have meant changes in personnel, the standard of musical excellence has been maintained and the attractively garbed young ladies are always an eye catcher at a parade.

We are happy to see them continue their winning ways.

Pipe Band Prominent...

Success of Georgetown Girls Pipe Band in placing third among 80 bands at the Lions convention in Ottawa, is another step in the successful record of one of Georgetown's best known attractions.

The girls, under direction of Pipe Major Roy Maglochlair are to be congratulated on their success.

It is nothing new for them to be in the limelight.

... MY GET-UP HAS WENT ...

How do I know my youth has been spent? 'Cause my Get-up and Go has up and went. Yet in spite of all that I am able to grin. When I think where my get-up and go has been.

Old age is golden I have heard it said. But sometimes I wonder as I go to bed. My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup. My eyes on the table until I wake up.

The sleep dims my eyes as I lay to myself. Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf? When I was young my slippers were red. I could kick my heels right over my head.

When I grew older my slippers were blue. And I still could dance the whole night through. Now I am old my slippers are black. I walk to the corner and puff my way back.

The reason I know my youth is spent. My Get-up and Go has got up and went. But I really don't mind when I think with a grin. Of all the places my Get-up has been.

From life's competition I am now quit. I get up each morning and read the obit. If my name is missing I know I'm not dead. So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

(Author Unknown)

Saturday Movies Are A Welcome Addition

Return of movies to Georgetown, even though just a one-day stand at present, is a welcome addition to the local entertainment scene.

First run features are being offered on Saturdays in the

areas Rose Room and public response has been good so far. The movies fill a lack felt since the disastrous fire at the Roxy, which spelled doom for moving pictures in town. Perhaps we can hope that the day will come when Georgetown will again have a movie theatre. Meanwhile, the Saturday shows are helping to fill the breach and a debt of gratitude is owed

to the promoters who are bringing good family entertainment to Georgetown.

WORDS OF THE WISE

It is easy to be right and not naughty, it is difficult to be poor and not grumble. — Confucius



DAVID AND GOLIATH
TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

ONE OF A SERIES

Barber Brothers First to Use Electrical Power

By Anne Currie

Down by the Old Mill Stream, may be a haunting melody reaching beyond days, but down by the old paper mill stream, is a phrase recalling all the bygone days in Georgetown's history. The history mentioned in the sprawling, thick walled edifice of the Old Paper Mill is the tale of the town's growth from the pioneering days of a three family settlement until the present.

Here in 1850, almost by accident, one of the first paper mills in Canada was born. The Barber brothers, William, James, Joseph and John, had been operating a wooden mill since 1847, purchased from the original settler, George Kennedy. In addition they had another wooden mill in Streetsville. Upon deciding to merge the two plants the Georgetown one was left vacant. But not for long. A Scotsman named David Forbes had it for a paper mill. However, Mr. Forbes found himself unequal to the task and the Barber brothers took over, and found themselves launched in the paper making business.

James Barber took over the running of the paper mill, and his sons Joseph, John R. and James were pressed into service. In later life Mr. John R. Barber used to enjoy telling how they helped take the first shipment of paper to Toronto. It consisted of three carloads of straw wrapping, made from pea straw, consigned to Hunt Brothers & Co. (now Hunt and Co.) and as there was as yet no regular train service to Toronto, the paper was loaded on three of the

flat cars, being used in construction work, and covered with a tarpaulin. The railway company was still burning wood in its engines, and so in order to combat the danger of sparks setting fire to the paper, the three Barber boys boarded the cars with several buckets of water and went along to Toronto as volunteer fire brigade.

In a few years they were supplying the weekly newspaper publishers with newsprint made from rags. With business booming another larger machine was used which ran at 100 ft. a min., a rate so astounding that J. R. Barber wouldn't believe it until he checked it with his own watch. Still no content, they entered the wall paper market, and by the 1880s many a fine Victorian mansion was hung with Barber wallpaper. In fact, it was the largest wallpaper manufacturing plant in America at this time.

When wood pulp became more generally used, the teamsters they had been before, had to find other sources of wood and piled it on the hill in front of the mill. Instead of the mountains of slag you've read about in 'How Green Was My Valley,' Georgetown had mountains of cordwood.

Realizing more power was needed for the mill, Mr. Barber decided to investigate the possibilities of this new fangled electricity, and investigate he did, so successfully that he had a dam built, and a hundred horse power generator and a sixty horse power motor delivered from C. R. Brush of Cleveland, who up till this time had never built a motor larger than thirty horse power. With this achievement in 1888 the first use of electrical power to drive the wheels of industry came into being on the North American continent. Electricity had been used for lighting and electric railways, but never for industry.

As time went on, making paper from old paper became common. In one upstairs room of the mill, girls sat all day and did nothing else but tear up magazines and books. Carload after carload of old magazines and books from all over the world were unloaded at the Barber mill, some from as far away as Australia. A few of the rarer ones found their way into local homes as souvenirs. Many a man in this town with little opportunity for formal education, picked up a liberal education reading the books which were piled to the ceiling, waiting to be consigned to the shredder. From there to start the cycle all over again and emerge in another form. Who knows, maybe Oliver Twist emerged as Little Orphan Annie when reincarnated.

So well known was Georgetown as the home of the paper making industry, it was called the 'Paper Town', and the baby team were known as the 'Papermakers'. The employees too, were proud of their product, 'the finest featherweight paper in the world' was their proud boast.

In case you think the paper

mill belongs to the dear dead days beyond recall, it was closed down as recently as 1940. So many of the readers worked there. In 1940 the Barbars sold to Provincial Paper Co., whose coating mill is still here in operation.

The old mill is not deserted, however, the thick white wash ed walls reverberate again, after a lapse of a few years silence. The Georgetown Machine Shop is in one part, and Delta Craft, furniture makers, is in another. So the familiar and beloved smell of wood again haunts the mill. But also, many gaunt unused rooms testify to a grandeur now dead.

With the realization that the town had its own history, and is not merely a fringe area of a metropolis, comes the feeling of belonging — of identification with the area — a feeling too long missing with so many of our uprooted citizens.

25 YEARS AGO

ECHOES

From the Pages of The Herald, June 12th, 1935

Mr. A. E. Cripps has been appointed examiner of applicants for chauffeurs and operators licenses by the Motor Vehicles Branch of the Ontario Department of Highways.

The sixth annual reunion of the Thompson clan was held in the town park on Saturday afternoon. Miss Annie Thompson and Miss Muriel Thompson were in charge of registrations, and Mrs. Will Cunningham was table convenor.

Holy Cross Church is being decorated in preparation for the Golden Jubilee which will be celebrated this year. The church was erected in 1885.

W. J. L. Hampshire, former Reeve of Esquevas and unsuccessful Liberal candidate in the Federal election of 1926, has been appointed Halton County Sheriff.

A lady was heard to remark on Saturday evening that she has "never yet heard a good Georgetown hand." If she has lived in town very long we must say that her sense of hearing is defective or she is a very poor judge of music. — J. Moore.

WESTERN RIDERS

At two o'clock Saturday in front of the grandstand a terrific western type championship competition will take place — a good three hours of thrills, spills and chills as the western riders compete for points and added prize monies.

WORDS OF THE WISE

Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately you occasionally find men disgracing labor. — Ulysses S. Grant

Sugar and Spice

Disposed by BILL SMILEY of the Windsor Echo

This is the time of year when hundreds of thousands of young people across the land have one foot in the air, ready to take a big step. They are the graduates. It's a little sad for us older folks to see, as the graduation pictures flower and the yearbooks sprout. It means the old vulture with the scythe has put another notch in our particular post.

But it is comforting to know that the reserves, fresh, strong and well equipped, are being roused up to support the tattered, weary, front-line troops in the battle of life. We need them.

Pinching public school, and just busting to get into high school and be real teenagers, is the Grade 8 gang. No nostalgia for them. They liked public school, but that's kid stuff now, and the sooner they're out, the happier they'll be.

For the boys, it means they will no longer be treated as children, which is the bane of their existence. Now they'll be students. It means they can start sneaking into the poolroom, shaving, giving their parents a little more lip, and getting their hair cut the way they want it. It also means pimples, paying girls' way to the show, and the first and worst, experience with love. But they don't know that, so they're as happy as turnips.

It's open more exciting for the girls leaving public school. For some reason, girls in Grade 8 are a foot taller than boys in Grade 8. This makes love affairs, in which girls are interested even in Grade 8, rather awkward. Moving on means they'll be mixing with real BOYS, their own size, who treat them as members of the opposite sex, and not with stunted demona who wrestle them, push them, trip them, punch them and smack them.

High school graduates are not so ecstatic about leaving. In fact they're almost reluctant, in many cases they'd never admit it to their parents, but they've had a ball for the last four or five years. Now the cord must be cut. Friends must be left behind. The familiar and comforting de-

pendence on parents and teachers is at an end. Life looms ahead, large and faceless. With it lurks a delicious fear, mingled with the excitement of knowing they are almost men or women, and will have the freedom and responsibility this entails.

For many of those leaving high school, graduation is surrounded by a special, rosy aura, because they are in love. It may not be deep and lasting, the stuff that will carry them through 30 years of domesticity, but it's just as real. Just as painful, just as blissful as any they'll ever experience.

Within a year, the high school sweetheart may be just a pleasant memory, but right now, it's true love, and they burn with it, languish with it, and have their hearts broken by it. They don't remember that the heart is merely a very tough pump, which goes right on pumping after it has been allegedly fractured, split in two, or torn to ribbons by love.

Then you come to the university graduates. Scarcely can they be recognized as the gawky smalltown adolescents who went off to college four years ago. They are blasé, well-dressed, opinionated and sophisticated. On the outside, at any rate.

These are the people who are going to make a great deal of money, write hit plays and successful novels, find a cure for cancer, build mighty bridges, or win the cold war.

I hope nobody tells them, but they're probably going to have to settle for making a living, writing letters to the editor, finding a cure for their hemorrhoids, building a house with a mortgage, and fighting a running, inconclusive battle in the hot, or domestic, war.

Graduates! We who are about ready to cry, salute you. May the roses along your path have fewer thorns than did ours. Keep a stiff upper lip. Look life squarely between the eyes. And if at first you don't succeed, remember what W. C. Fields said, try again, and then quit, but you make a damn fool of yourself.

DISTRICT NEWS at a Glance

BURLINGTON

An estimated \$203,848 must be raised for the Joseph Grant Memorial Hospital. The hospital board learned at a special meeting held last Thursday.

W. Norman Smith, chairman of the board's finance committee, predicted the hospital building, equipment and furniture, would cost \$3,675,458 upon completion.

STREETSVILLE

Streetville high school students have been car washers, rose bush sellers, dance conveners and record salesmen in the past few months to net \$1,000 which was presented to the World Refugee Year Fund.

BRAMPTON

First work on the Central Plaza, formerly the Bergstrom property on Queen Street, will begin on July 1. Structural drawings are being finalized and all leases secured in preparation for a summer start on the plaza. This was announced last week by the project developers, Hill - Clark Francis Co.

OAKVILLE

Some 125 employees of Duplate of Canada will be affected when the Ford Motor Company begin production of its own glass at Niagara Falls in the fall of 1961.

Duplate is the number one supplier of front windshields and rear view windows for the Ford plant. The front windshields are bent and are made with two pieces of glass laminated with plastic between them. The rear windows are heat treated to special specifications.

ACTON

A campaign for artificial ice has been sparked by the town's newest organization, the Lions club. At a meeting Monday it was agreed to immediately allocate \$500 to a special fund for that purpose.

CHINGUACOUSY

Decrease of one mill in the general purpose tax

levy is announced by Chingacousy Township. However, because of varying school costs throughout the township, most of which show increases due to new construction, the average township taxpayer will have a slightly higher tax bill.

MILTON

Protests were raised by Milton's council members Monday, over a letter from the Halton Agricultural Society in reply to council's inquiry into the manure smells from the farm-grounds. Reg Latham, representing the Fallingsbrook area residents, joined in the discussion and complained about the overabundance of weeds and mud in the area.

BULLETT BOB

The general chairman of the Rodeo committee is Leon Bullett Bob Brick, ably assisted by every member of the Lions Club under chairman Jim (Buck) Jones. Saturday is the big day.

Georgetown Herald

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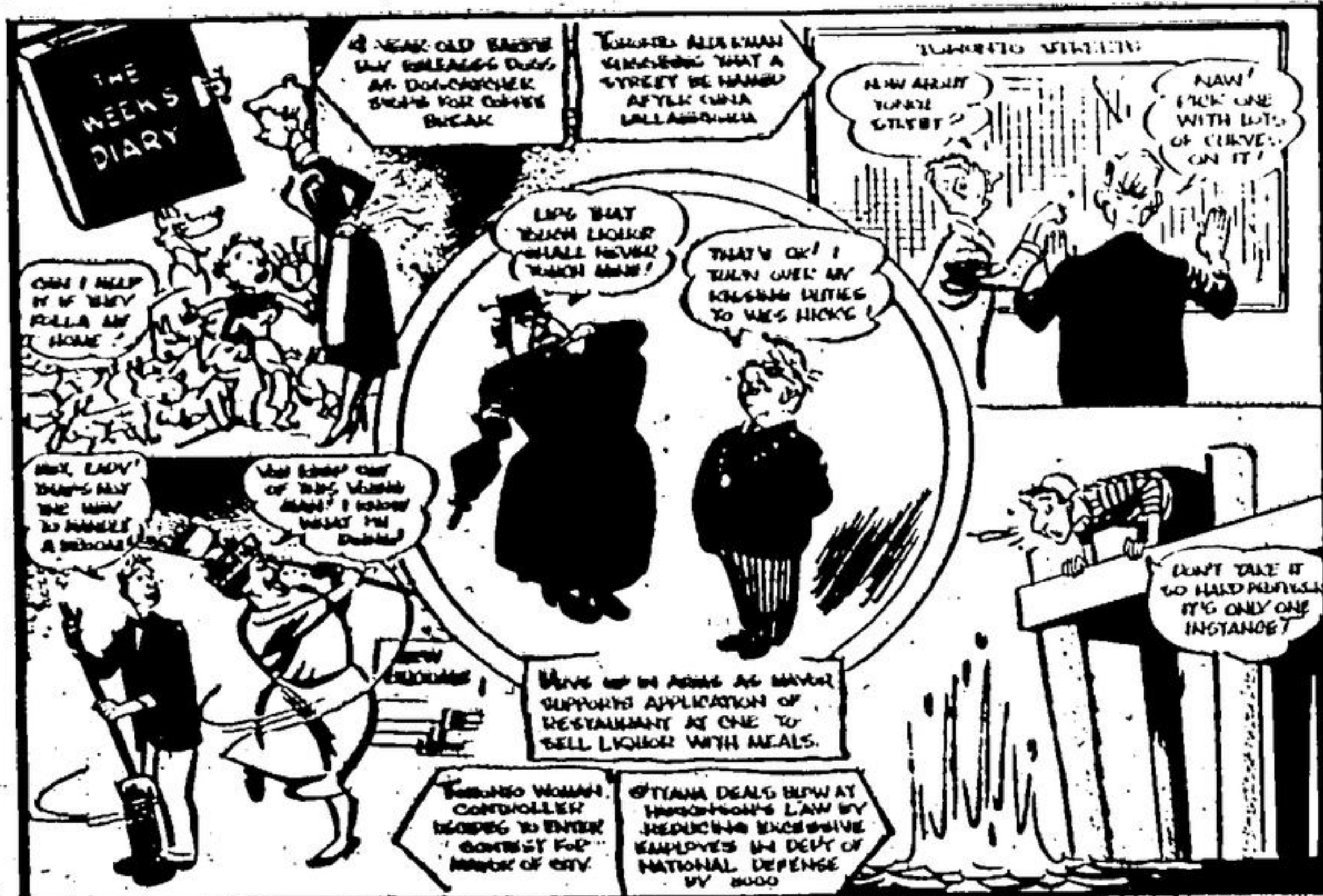
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HEADLINES IN REVIEW