

# Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1960

## Remember "That Book"?

A discussion in council about back issues recalls the time almost twenty years ago when names of tax arrears were published in the annual edition of the auditor's report.

Now we venture to say that a great many of the taxpayers have never seen a copy of the report, nor are they interested in the relatively dry statistics which it contains for the average person.

The booklet, of course, is in demand by financial firms which must know details of town affairs when they are approached for loans and bond issues. It is of interest to anyone who wants to interpret Georgetown's financial picture, to check on the activities of council, school board, hydro commission or any of the appointed boards which conduct various phases of public business. And to one who takes the time to study finance, and who wants to study Georgetown's progress financially, it could be considered "required reading."

Things were different that year, however, when council decided to include details of taxes owing in what later became

known as "that book."

It is customary for the town to order 150 copies printed each year, and after the required copies are supplied to councillors, banks and financial firms, there are some years when a surplus gathers dust on the Municipal Office shelves and eventually the garbage wagon takes her to town.

Not to that year! For the first time, before or since, the report was a sell-out and went into a second printing.

Taxpayers grabbed as avidly for the report as they would for Return to Payroll Piece, and the last page, containing the names and amounts of delinquent taxes, was perused as carefully as the celebrated last page of Lady Chatterley's Lover today.

People asked for the book at the Herald office in a variety of ways. It was called the voters' list, the municipal report, or simply "that book with the names."

And surprisingly, publication of the names had an electric effect on tax collections.

For a year or two later, the town had a clean slate of tax arrears.

## New Park Beauty Spot

Efforts of the town works staff in creating a beauty spot for the new memorial park cannot be too highly commended.

The park, not far from Main Street and in the same area as the new hospital, is a fitting site for the cenotaph and will be an ideal location for future memorial day observances and any ceremonies which may be planned in observance of our war dead.

One thing has been sacrificed in the cenotaph move, a location which was constantly passed by large numbers of the public. Yet this is the very reason why

there is authority decided on the move and there cannot be too many arguments in favour of retaining it in the old site at the highway corner.

The new park has a pleasant little stream and rustic bridge. It is attractively landscaped and we would judge that plans will also be made to spotlight the war memorial in floodlights at a later date. Benches are being placed in the park and it will be possible for those who lost relatives and close friends in war to spend a quiet few minutes, away from traffic, in a beautiful setting which complements the memorial more than the busy, dusty highway location.

## The Indispensable Man

Sometime when you're feeling impatient. Sometime when your eggs are boiling. Sometime when you take it for granted. You're the best qualified in the room. Sometime, when you feel that you're going. Would leave an unfillable hole. Just follow these simple instructions. And see how it bumps you. Make a bucket and fill it with water. Put your hand in it up to the wrist.

Pull it out, and the hole that's left is the measure of how you'll be missed. You can splash all you please when you enter.

You can stir up the water again. But stop, and you'll find in a minute that it looks quite the same as before. The moral of this quaint exercise is to do just the best that you can. Be proud of yourself, but remember there is no indispensable man.

(The Burford Legend)

**AN IDEA**  
A propos this December's vote on election of councillors by wards, a reader suggests an unique idea which would make ward voting acceptable to everybody, except, perhaps, the candidates.  
Make it obligatory for a candidate to run in a ward other than the one in which he lives, is her suggestion.

**FRAMING THE PICTURE**  
Do you keep the boulevard between sidewalk and road as carefully trimmed as you do your lawn?  
To be sure, it's the town property, but did you ever think it's the frame that enhances the careful job you do of trimming your lawn? And Georgetown is the more beautiful for it if you take over boulevard maintenance too.

## ECHOES

From the Pages of the Herald, July 19th, 1950, and July, 1935

**10 YEARS AGO**

The local campaign for Manitoba flood relief has come to an end and the grand total is \$2,867.80.

North Halton High School district board voted to ask the five municipal councils in the district to signify their approval of the building of a

new school somewhere between Sprydale and Georgetown.

A change of managers at the Rex Theatre will take place this week. Art Luck spent after has managed the theatre since Ernie Crawford was transferred to Kingston earlier this year, has received a promotion to head office and will be leaving the end of the week. The new manager is Bill Hart, a native of Minden.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Herbert were aboard the 30,000 liner Franconia which ran aground on Point au Tauxeu, a rocky island off Orleans Point

near Quebec City, shortly after it left Harbour last Wednesday.

**35 YEARS AGO**

Have you been to Callander to see the "Quinta" yet. Hundreds are going there every day.

How swiftly the summer passes. Now the 12th is over and Orange and Black Lodgesmen will be looking forward to the Derry Day celebration in Georgetown on Monday, August 12th.

The Glen Williams Hotel has been purchased by R. D. Robson of Brantford from the estate of the late Thos. Hill.

Mr. Leonard Watson celebrated his 80th birthday on Monday at his Maple Avenue home.

## Georgetown Herald

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IN HOT WATER

## Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

**Political Convention or What?**

Now that the housing and other issues are being discussed, it is interesting to note that the Democratic Party convention in Los Angeles is over, and that the subject of huff and bluff was plenty of water. It is a pity that the press does not report on the whole proceedings. I wonder what President Eisenhower would have thought of the present method of election. The government, if the people do not perish from the earth.

I thought it was a tedious, boring, and uninteresting, noisy, and unproductive, and I use those words advisedly and candidly. The convention is a far cry from the N. American way of doing things. It is a pity that the press does not report on the whole proceedings. I wonder what President Eisenhower would have thought of the present method of election. The government, if the people do not perish from the earth.

The cheerleaders, the demonstrators, the banners and the balloons. Bring on the dancing girls. If you can call majorettes dancing girls, bring in the bands and the hats and the spotlights. In fact, bring on anything which you would like to see. Let's have a ball. Let's forget about the serious aspects of the meeting. Let's not think about the problems of choosing a man who may be the leader of the Western World in 1961.

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**Love Thy Neighbour**  
Most people, I believe, would agree wholeheartedly that loving thy neighbour is a wonderful and essential part of our society. The bedrock almost. I wonder why so many people are appalled at the misery in this world, when on their own small scale they also create a fair amount of misery by acting without love for their neighbours. I wonder why so many people are such staunch supporters of the rights of man when they refuse to recognize the basic rights of the people

younger townspeople. Many of the residents in the Main St. Water St. Mill St. area are getting very sick of the continual weekend nuisance created by motor cars searching and roaring about this section until the small hours of the morning. There is no doubt, and local court evidence can prove it, that the bulk of the drivers of these nuisance vehicles are young people.

The police are doing their best to curb this nuisance, but unfortunately are being outwitted by a group of young people who are trying to correct something which should be done by the parents of the drivers. Most of these dismissed irresponsible drivers are in the 16 to 19 year age group and most of them fail to show the degree of responsibility that a driver's licence should require.

The police have a very good idea who the guilty parties are. They know with surprising accuracy who the juvenile offenders are, and it is a great pity that all the people in town are not so well informed. I hope that the police will continue their drive against this lunatic fringe who disturb the sleep of law-abiding citizens, against those who think that the streets of our town are for hot rod demonstrations, and against those who have insufficient maturity or common sense to use a motor car as a means of transportation, and not as a playground or hunter to their own inadequate ego.

A couple of days ago I was approached by a resident of the town who wanted help with a real problem. Apparently he is on shift work from midnight to eight o'clock and is one of those unfortunate people who has to try to sleep when most of us are up and around. Most of these shift workers are reasonably honest to know that they will have to tolerate some noise during their sleeping time. However, the man I was talking to obviously has to tolerate unbearable noise as his next door neighbour, in this residential area, is operating a welding shop in his driveway. The banging and clanging, and the noise of the motor driven generator along with the fumes thereof, go on immediately under the bedroom window of the man who came to me for help. He told me that he had to keep all the windows shut, the curtains drawn and wear ear plugs. He still can't get to sleep. This has been going on for three years and the man has been suffering what is certainly more than inconvenience. There doesn't seem to be much evidence of neighbourly feeling here. Such an absolute disregard for the welfare of others is difficult to understand and constitutes a definite threat to the health of the unfortunate shift-worker.

Last on this brief list of local indifference for the rights and comfort of others concerns the driving habits of some of our

who apparently thought they were blank rifle ammunition.

**ORANGEVILLE**  
As part of Bell Telephone's \$2,000,000 construction program to provide dial service here in the fall of 1961, telephone facilities are to go underground along the main cable route in the downtown section.

**ACYON**  
Sponsoring merchants were swamped by 3,000 people, all bearing vouchers given out since June 22 at stores and purchases when businessmen held their first community picnic in the park last week.

## Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by HILL SMITH of the Warner Echo

There's something mighty attractive about the city, in summer. Don't think I don't miss the leg show back home, as the tourist girls walk down the main drag, all brownlimbs, bare midriffs, red toenails, sun-bleached hair and dark glasses so you never know whether or not they're giving you the eye, but you're pretty sure they're not.

But that's what I mean. For two years I had that, and I'd grown so callous as the door-mat of the Wallis Bargaret. Down in the city, I climb on a stretcher, pull my shirt loose from me, and view with interest some dall, looking as though she'd stepped out of a cold shower, cotton frock clinging close, spike heels, up-swept hair and dark glasses so you never know whether or not she's giving you the big eye, but you're pretty sure she's not.

A few notes for the girls at home. The office girls in the city, who are usually right on top of fashion, are wearing shorter, skin tight skirts. Not graceful, but attractively disturbing. There's also a new look in vogue. Let your hair grow longer. Then gather it all up in both hands, pile it in curls here and there on your head, with plenty of wigs swaying, and stick some pins and things in it.

There is a vague resemblance to the hair style of the Masai warrior of Africa, but it is not so neat, nor do the girls plaster it with cow dung to keep it in place, as do the Masai.

Don't worry, I'm not going to talk about girls all through the column. After all, I've been away from home before. One week end, back in '54, I will add only one remark. Fortyish friends of the male sex, we were born about 25 years too soon. I've had a pretty good look at the crop of new teachers who will invade the high schools this September and some of them are enough to start a riot. And I do not mean the men teachers.

Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but some of these babes should be cigarette girls in nightclubs, not teachers. I can just see them writing a sentence on the blackboard, jiggling like jelly, while the big lunks in Grade 11 blink hard to keep their eyeballs from rolling down their cheeks. If these future teachers expect to impart any information beyond the fact that they are well stacked, they would be wise to put their hair in a bun, and don horn-rimmed specs, flat heels and Mother Hubbards.

These summer classes for teachers certainly produce a mixed bag. In my classes there are Indians, negroes, mexican, who are going to teach English and can't speak a word to their own inadequate ego.

lady, a scattering of living dolls, a smattering of young punks just out of college, and two old men, another chap and myself.

Big thock to me was to find that I had to take Latin. Last time I studied it was 22 years ago, and I can't say that I had quite mastered the language, even then. After that latherude the only Latin I know was Magna Carta, habeas corpus, and in flagrant delicto. None of these have come up in my Latin class so far. If I have to teach the stuff, about all I can do is hurl myself on the tender mercy of the students. And teenagers, on the whole, have a quality of mercy about as tender as that of the Emperor Nero.

The university is crawling with teachers in the summer. They all look very nervous, but I have a lurking suspicion that most of the men at all rates, are taking some sort of special course with for the purpose of getting away from their families for a few weeks. An ignominious thought, perhaps, but fundamentally sound. There's nothing wrong with leaving a woman to cope alone with the house and children for a few weeks. Nothing that a seasonal in the body hatch can't cure.

It's funny, when I went home for my first weekend, I thought my wife would be fascinated by my Latin, the dolls in the class, my timetable, which gives me afternoons off, and all that stuff. She wasn't even interested. She just gave me a long, hard look and started listing all the troubles she'd had during the week.

However, I cheered her up while she was doing my laundry late Friday night, I sat there cooling off with a long drink and called interesting little anecdotes about summer school to her, as she filled the tub. Pretty soon she ceased complaining altogether, and started off to bed, pausing only to observe, in measured tones, that she'd lost 8 pounds in the last week.

It was different with the kids, though. They were delighted to see me, and I got huge hugs and kisses. They listened enraptured by my little tales of summer school. For about four minutes, before all went sliding out of the room into the outdoors.

Oh well, I suppose I can't expect them to realize what I'm going through here in the torrid city, while they sport around in the cool north country. Why, some days it's so hot I don't really enjoy my after-noon nap, and I scarcely have the energy to walk the three blocks to the school. I'm conditioned to the evening however, and can't speak a word of Latin as we say in Latin number of priests a pregnant



'They're doing all right without my help'