

# Georgetown Herald

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## Why Not?

A local family who visited Ottawa recently returned with glowing reports about the experiment which has transformed busy, downtown blocks of into a shopping mall.

Borrowing an idea tried in a few American cities, Ottawa's downtown merchants persuaded city council to block off a section of one of the main downtown streets, to superimpose a shopping plaza in the centre of the city. And apparently it has paid off, both for merchants and for the city, which has seen a large tax revenue from such properties.

The mall was the cooperative effort between city council and merchants.

It has lowered circulation of some of the shops, but it has brought business to the places which are in need of the subjects. In Ottawa, there is a playground

equipment for children, fancy lighting, trees and shrubs planted in boxes, and many other attractions to interest people on a shopping trip.

Downtown Georgetown merchants might well consider the possibility of such a venture here. For years, we have heard complaints about parking problems in a section of town which was never planned to handle the volume of traffic which exists today.

It might well be considered a two-block mall on Main Street, and improve traffic to the present shopping area behind the northern block of Main.

There would be no problems to discuss among merchants themselves and with council. But it is not outside the range of things that something similar to the Ottawa experiment might be an addition to the local shopping scene.

## Sad Old World...

The world seems to be a long way from the Utopia we dreamed about at the end of World War 2.

Russia and the USA contain countries and the NATO bloc of nations have worked on a common front for so many years that it has become accepted as part of our way of life. The United States has suffered humiliating defeats on the diplomatic scene with cancellation of its status as the president to visit Russia and Japan, one because of a spy plane incident, the other because of anti-American riots. The African continent is a future with independent status granted to countries not yet ready for it. Cuba the pet of the USA following Castro's revolution has done a complete about face and is a Caribbean trouble spot.

It is too much to expect, perhaps, that

human beings can always be a complete brotherly love. There are always and needs with countries and few are the families which don't have their differences among blood relatives.

But with today's powerful weapons of destruction, we will have to evolve some way to solve the world's problems. We want to exterminate our present competitors and start the creation of a new world order.

Perhaps the only answer is to let the forces run the world for a few years. They can make any worse mess of things than the men have done, that is sure.

Being salaries for teachers and the lure of longer vacations are undoubtedly an influence in the decision and perhaps this will start a tree from the editor's chair to the classroom.

Certainly most editors should be able to handle any classroom situation which arises for there are few who don't put a man in contact with more segments of the public, and in such a varying cycle of different situations than that of a weekly editor.

## A Reverse Situation...

A few decades ago it was fairly common for weekly newspapers to be edited by ex-school teachers who traded the teacher's chalk for the editor's quill.

Today there seems to be a reverse trend.

Editor Bill Smiley is selling his *Warrior* paper and taking a summer school course prior to teaching high school this fall. Cal M. Nally, former editor at *Astorian* is planning a similar venture.

## Things Could Be Worse...

The *Dillon Advance* points out some of the reasons, perhaps, why teachers left the profession in the eighties, in this article borrowed from that publication, and titled "Things Could Be Worse".

Our friends in the teaching profession, who feel they have a rough time of it today, should at least be thankful they were not in the business away back around 1872. At that time, according to *Galaxy Science Fiction*, the following rules were laid down for those instructing in the three Rs.

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual tastes of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one even-

ing each week for counting purposes, or two evenings per week if they attend church regularly.

5. After ten hours in school, the teacher should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.

6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.

7. Each teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.

8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber-shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.

9. The teacher who performs his labours faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of 25% per week in his pay, provided the Board of Education approves.



THE EAGER BEAVERS ON PARLIAMENT HILL

## Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

### HARD LESSONS TO BE LEARNED IN AFRICA

The fact that the United States has had to pay reparations to the Negro population and that the Negro population has not been able to pay reparations to the white population is a hard lesson to be learned in Africa.

There is a very real danger of a new race war in Africa. The white population is not willing to share power with the Negro population. The Negro population is not willing to share power with the white population.

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### ADVERTISING ETHICS

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## Sugar and Spice

Dispersed by BILL SMILEY of the *Warrior* Echo

There's always something to take the joy out of life, isn't there? If a fellow was running barefoot in pursuit of a beautiful violet in a park, there's a chance he'd be a broken bottle among the flowers, and the nymph would turn out to have buck teeth and a grotto when you caught her.

That's the way I've been frustrated by the business of eating out in the city. There have been many occasions, in the past decade, when I have thought it must be heaven to eat out at a restaurant, every day, all alone. Our house at mealtime has always required nerves of steel and a castron stomach.

That's around home were all was a mad melody of the refrigerator arguments, the boys with the answers, lights over the door and an endless parade of items to be washed and dried, and problems, contribute to the noise.

Sometimes I used to clench my teeth, close my eyes, and retreat from the noise into one of my favorite dreams. There I'd be, in a romantic restaurant, just sitting down to a dazzling spread of glistening silver and white napery. A white-gloved waiter would be bending over me solicitously. In the dimly lit interior, gypsy music stirred the senses. Several devastating women, obviously rich, lonely and bored, would be eyeing me with interest from neighboring tables.

I would sip my aperitif slowly, with a casual interest about the room and just the head waiter, familiarly, as he came over to discuss the wine with me. He would slip me a note from the bar which I would take to the room, to whom I had nodded politely when I entered. I would read it, give a short, hard laugh and turn my entire attention to the pretty roasted duck, festooned in butter and just my preparation by the chef.

Just then one of the kids would knock over a glass of milk, and I'd be back at the kitchen table at home, gulping a hot dog, and assuring my wife that, all right, I'll get the lawn cut but she doesn't need to blow a gasket. I'll never know how I went through years of this without developing an ulcer the size of a turnip.

One of the most formidable figures of Madison Avenue, the developer of the sweater and the blouse, female who dresses herself in and out of everything from a bathing suit to an air plane, this has created a situation where the essential function of the woman's breast is pushed into the background and almost forgotten. This part of the female form has now become synonymous with sex success, and all the female sex poses which the ad man can dream up. The result of this is that many women don't breast feed their children because they might lose some shape and this is bad for both the woman and the infant. It also results in thirteen-year-olds, "balancing" around in mother's brassieres, loaded up with flowers, a sad reflection on mother and the child. It is almost true to say that the female bosom has been snatched away from the mouths of needy infants so that it can be used to sell everything from soap to motor cars. In fact, one car

That's why I was looking forward to eating out when I went off to summer school. I could picture it all; light breeze, fast, with perhaps just orange juice, crisp bacon, roll and coffee, and a spartan lunch consisting of a mere omelette, a salad, and perhaps a Danish pastry, but in the evening, the works. I planned to use out all those charming little foreign restaurants my friends in the city are always telling me they cannot visit one night, add do them up brown.

I was looking forward to cold victu, tossed on a hot evening, consumed with quiet appreciation and crusty bread in some candlelit French place. Piled, of course, by golden new potatoes, crisp fried eggs and a superb salad, the whole washed down by a light Rhine wine. Topped, naturally, by a choice Camembert and an elegant and honorable brandy.

Well, I don't like to admit it, but something has gone wrong.

My breakfast has turned out to be toast and coffee, eaten at home. Lunch has become a cheese sandwich and the *du jour*, some of which was definitely made la jour before, yesterday. These are eaten in hot, crowded, shouting dumps in which flies are twice as active as the waitress, who look at you as though you'd made an indecent proposal if you ask them for a spoon.

But the real heart breaker is the dinner. I tried it, just once. Went out all by myself to a push clip joint, and went all out. You know something? I was ready for a straight jacket before they brought my coffee. It was so lonely in that restaurant that I was ready to say, "The Baroness didn't happen to be there that night either? If it hadn't been for a nice old couple from *Widow* at the next table, I'd have left as friendless as the Prisoner of Chillon.

So from now on, that dashing boulevardier standing with his nose pressed against the window at Murray's restaurant, reading tonight's special on the menu pinned up, will be yours truly. And I don't care if I never see another French-fried potato in my life. And I count the days until I can get home and enjoy a real meal in the proper atmosphere of kids fighting, spilled milk, and four people all talking at once about four different things.

service with a Scottish regiment in the First World War, is a native of Hamilton. He graduated from McMaster University in 1959 and plans to continue his studies in Philosophy at the same University, working towards a Master's degree. He is rated by his professors as a superior student with a broad educational background.

At present Mr. Binnie is specializing in aesthetics, existentialism and ancient philosophy. He plans later to study for a Ph.D. at the University of London.

## Provincial I.O.D.E. Scholarship Winner

Mr. H. B. MacMahon, London, Educational Secretary of the Provincial Chapter of Ontario, I.O.D.E., announced that Mr. Donald James Binnie of Hamilton is the winner of the \$1,000 Provincial Chapter I.O.D.E. post-graduate scholarship for Ontario.

## WORDS OF THE WISE

The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way to make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show your mistrust.

Henry L. Stimson

## ECHOES

From the pages of the *Herald* July 24th, 1950, and July 31, 1955

### 10 YEARS AGO

The Ontario Provincial Police have notified the municipality that they will terminate their contract to police the town at the end of his year.

A former Georgetown banker, Tim Mayberry, has been appointed executive vice-president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company of Canada Limited.

Hydraulic sorting lifts recently installed in the Georgetown Mill of Provincial Paper Limited are the S. Lyon.

### 25 YEARS AGO

Picnics seem to be the order of the day. On Saturday St. George's Church Sunday School went to Swastika Beach, Knox Sunday School to Bronte Beach, and Glen Williams United and St. Alban's to La Salle Park, Hamilton.

Two inmates of the Guelph Reformatory escaped Sunday night and the countryside around Georgetown is being searched for them.

Delegates to the Firemen's convention at Petrolia over the weekend were Joe. HAJ Harry Savings, Henry Snepherd, and Fred McCartney. Other firemen who attended were A. B. Parr, Harry Hillis, N. H. Brown, Don Latimer, and S. Lyon.

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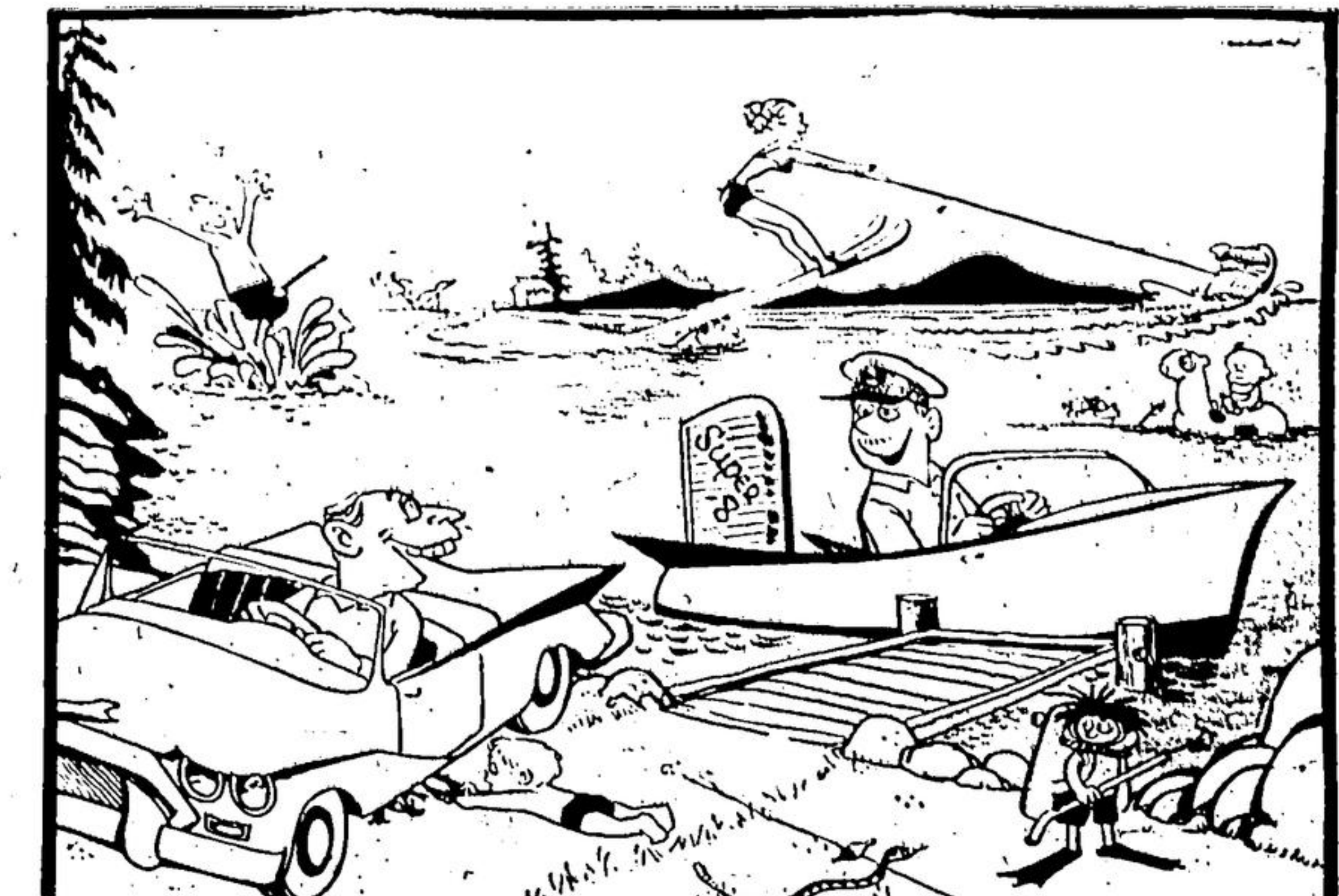
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### WORDS OF THE WISE

It is only when men begin to worship that they begin to grow. (Calvin Coolidge)



"What a lovely day, let's cause accidents"