

# Georgetown Herald

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Another Fine Fall Fair

Each year when we attend the fall fair, we are conscious of all the work that goes into Georgetown's big day, and the willing workers who slug behind the scenes to create a thing of beauty in the armory, and to dot the town park with booths and attractions which combine to make each fair a memorable one.

This year, we were particularly impressed by a new arrangement in the hall—a large centre exhibit which made traffic easier and gave much improved display space for a number of exhibits. Impressive, too, was a horse show which brought a new group of top class horses to town for the first time to compete in the jumps. They helped to dispel the disappointment in seeing a required entry in the heavy horse classes—a local development in the day of mechanization, when work horses are mainly raised for show purposes and no longer as beasts of burden in the field.

Flowers, fruit and vegetables were on the upswing, too, and many were the favourable comments heard as people viewed these displays.

The midway, though it might lack something to sophisticated eyes, was just dandy for our 9-year-old who missed the Ex this year, with the promise that he could have an extra dollar to spend at the fair. The rides he tried were just scary enough, there was a plentitude of hot dogs, chips and drinks, and enough booths to spend his dime as if he had a dime left over during the afternoon.

Cattle and poultry drew a good number of exhibitors. The poultry show is an attraction which not every fair commands, and one which adds considerable colour to the day. And of course, aside from the fair attractions themselves, there is the homecoming atmosphere which each year brings dozens of ex-Georgetowners back.

As one friend from a distance said "Now that Georgetown is so big, it's the only day when one can come to town and know that we will see all our old friends."

A good enough reward in itself for a hard working executive, don't you think?

### City Size Now!

A history making item in last week's Herald appeared in column news when the assessment commissioner reported Georgetown's population at 10,034.

Tripling in two decades, our town is now of city size, and gives no sign of abating in population increase, although the increase rate was sharply cut last year during a building recession which followed the Avro layoffs, and still sees Georgetown with a large number of houses for sale as ex-Maitland workers find employment in other centres, and, of necessity, move away from this district.

Historically, Georgetown is bound to grow. Situated in the midst of the Guelph-Hamilton-Toronto triangle, we will in time get our share of industry with consequent

expansion of building. And while there is a question mark as to when this might happen, it is not unlikely that 1961 will see new industrial locations, more home building, and an increase in commercial establishments.

We know nothing about the efficiency of city government compared with our present status as a town which, as a unit of Halton county, pays a tax share into the county treasury and has a reeve and deputy representing us on county government.

A study of the advantages and disadvantages of city status will undoubtedly be on the agenda of this or a future council, and it will be interesting to collect statistics and opinions toward this end in future.

### Double Value for Buyers

We hope a good number of people responded to a campaign by the Boy Scout Council to buy trees for planting this fall.

The idea has twin merit. Georgetown, particularly in its newer subdivisions, can well use more shade trees, and the sooner they are planted, the sooner they will grow to maturity.

And, when buying a tree from the scouts, at the same time you are helping their camp funds which are used to bene-

fit scouting in general, and scouting in this district in particular.

Recently the scout council has purchased property in the district which will be converted into a camp for use of district troops. A lot of work is needed to put this property in shape, and it can't be done without money.

The tree selling campaign is one of the ways devised by the scout council to make a start on the camp. It's a project worth supporting.

## Boy Scout Camp Week Proclaimed by Council

Members of the Georgetown and District Scout Council and ladies of the Scout auxiliary attended a Scout council meeting last week when chairman Sam Meltzer explained the purpose of the organization and how it

operates. He told the group that the council hope to reach the stage where they can have the individual scout organizations coming to them with their various financial requirements so that

a system of fund raising for a set goal may be worked out. The forthcoming district Scout council dinner on October 10th was discussed following Mr. Meltzer's address. Council officers at the dinner will include Sam Meltzer, president; vice president, Keith Webb; 2nd vice president, Mr. Hill, of Hornby; secretary Harry Levy; treasurer, Cecil Ford. The guest speaker will be the Provincial Scout Commissioner L. Col. Worth of Oakville.

On the subject of nuclear powers, I can see no benefit to Canada from the acquisition of U.S. atomic weapons. Despite the assurances of Mr. Pearson and I wish him an



PEKING TOM

## Controversial Corner

By Ian Cass

### United Nations Highlights

Mr. Diefenbaker's address at the General Assembly of the UN has been described as the most important speech of his political career. It may well be that this particular address, by a Canadian PM, was heard and seen by more Canadians than ever before—through the medium of TV. I thought it was a good speech—constructive, well-phrased and direct. Mr. Diefenbaker has some little habits and mannerisms of delivery which are a bit irritating but despite that he is to be congratulated for a fine maiden effort in New York.

### Outstanding

Prime Minister Macmillan also made an outstanding address to the assembly. He certainly hit the nail on the head when he said that the people of the world are sick to death of nationalistic propaganda speeches, whether they are made at the UN or anywhere else. At least, the people of the Western World have heard enough propaganda—maybe the Russians and Chinese still thrive on it. I don't think too many of us are any longer interested in hearing the heads of various nations expound the merits of their own political systems. There is only one course of action which ordinary people have a real interest in and that is disarmament—particularly nuclear disarmament. If this problem and a method for solving it cannot be produced by the nuclear power heads, the merits of communism, socialism or capitalism are only academic.

### No Benefit

On the subject of nuclear powers, I can see no benefit to Canada from the acquisition of U.S. atomic weapons. Despite the assurances of Mr. Pearson and I wish him an

unit visited our plant it was evident again. It is strange to see these strong and fearless men, some of them amateur boxers, wrestlers or hockey players, lying on a broken bone or a bloody nose is a probability, lying on the bed awaiting the hollow needle with faces pale and wan, their eyes fixed firmly on the ceiling so that they can see nothing of the scarlet flow. In another six or twelve months, these same pale-faced warriors will be back to volunteer another bout because they know that the war is long-lasting and well worth the moment of apprehension before the nurse says, "Hold it tightly now." If you are looking for concrete evidence of man's ability to rise above the animal to reach a higher plane, a blood donor clinic might be a good place to start looking.

### A Silent TV Show

Back to the UN and to a half hour shown given to the UN delegates by comedian Red Skelton. The sparkling performance by this master of mimicry was televised and so became almost a collector's piece—a TV show which appeared only to the visual senses. On this wonderful thirty minute of comedy and pathos there were no noisy commercials, no ear-jangling incidental music, no sound effects—in fact no sound bar the real laughter of the very mixed audience. It was a happy experience. TV producers generally seem so afraid of a few seconds of silence. On Skelton's half hour there were only two occasions where sound was used; in the middle of the show he sang "The foggy, foggy dew,"—this was a mistake—and at the end he made a short speech hoping he hadn't offended anybody—this was another mistake. A real artist needs no apologies, and he was one that night.

## THE DISTRICT at a Glance

### OAKVILLE

Oakville and the township of Trafalgar are amalgamating to form the new town of Oakville-Trafalgar, but the merger probably won't be completed until 1962.

### BRAMPTON

An air raid warning siren will be erected in the large parking lot behind Brampton post office. Council agreed on the location last week as proposed by Peel County Civil Defense. The siren will be on a 45' high steel pole.

### STREETSVILLE

A by-law was passed by the Streetsville council last week applying for authorization to change the status of Streetsville from a village to a town. If it's granted Streetsville will become a town on January 1st, 1961.

### WRIN

An Erin used car dealer has been fined \$50 for failing to give a certificate of mechanical fitness with a car he sold last month. He told the court at Guelph that he had not been ad-

## Sugar and Spice

Disseminated by M.L. SMILEY

Canadian males, in general, are agreed on one thing. They don't judge when they hear that delightful song from the musical My Fair Lady, which asks the question "Why Can't a Woman be Like a Man?" They realize, reasonable chaps that they are, what a pleasant, pleasurable world it would be if women could, by some miracle, be transformed into sensible, kindly, decent, regular, jolly, good-natured, easy going people like men.

Canadian females are just as mutual on a gripe to which my wife gave vent the other evening for perhaps the one hundred and eleventh time. "Why is it," she fumed, "that Canadian men never treat a woman as a human being?"

"Wuddaya mean?" I asked in my courtly, Canadian male fashion. She told me. It seems that Canadian men lack, among other things, gallantry, good manners, and a good, sound leer.

A woman, she says, goes to a party with her husband. She has a new dress—a new hat, and a new pair of shoes. "Pure Vice" or something said at for which she has shot \$5. Three minutes after she arrives she is sitting with a circle of other women, babbling of bathes and bathrooms, dryers and drapes. All the men are out in the kitchen, drinking happily or huddled at the other end of the living room, haggling over politics and football.

The only communication between the sexes during the evening, claims My Old Woman, occurs when one of the men holler across the abyss: "Hey, Mabell! What year did we get married?" in an effort to prove his point about which year Ottawa won the Grey Cup.

One other point of contact is made between the segregated groups, says My Girl, when the hostess serves the food. Wraying among the flailing arms of the men to pass the pickles, she receives less attention than a waiter in a beverage room, she avers.

The way she sees it, the sexes should mingle freely. The women should stand about decoratively, looking slightly seductive. To them should come a steady procession of men, who indulge in fierce discussions of art, politics and religion. In the process bawling on these mysterious and desirable creatures an occasional deep, longing look, or a whimsical, frustrated lift of eyebrow.

Well, sir fellows, you'll be glad to know that I didn't just sit there and swallow all this stuff without coming back with

some pretty good ones of my own. First of all, I pointed out that this is a young country. It's only a couple of generations since the men did all their drinking out in the barroom. Already, they've got inside, into the kitchen, and they don't even spit on the stove.

I also suggested that Canadian men are hogridden. At they hear from their wives when they come home from work is about how there's something wrong with the washing machine, and that darn milk, man only left two quarts, and the kids have been awful today. Joe, and you've got to do something about them, and the church is after me again for Joe and I don't see how you expect me to keep this house up without a cleaning woman and if you think you're going fishing on Saturday...

Not a sensible, kindly human expression in the entire outpouring. Not a trace of a feminine wit, a dab of perfume, a black negligee, or a soft look. Not a suggestion that she'd like to have him home. Not a hint that he might have had a few things go wrong today at work. Not the slightest intimation that she might be a bit of an old bat. Not even one lousy cold beer in the icebox, because she split the last one with the other female matter from next door, this afternoon.

Thirdly, I observed that we Canadian males are not to be compared, even by the most wildly romantic woman, to the waiters of Europe. It'd like to see one of them fix a kid's bike, put on the storm windows, or stand calmly up his blouse in the icy water, fishing rainbow trout, for eight hours, without getting a bite. We are, as I mentioned, iron men compared to those hand-kissers.

Another thing Time after time, I have tried to engage a Canadian woman in a continental type conversation. "You are looking particularly delicious tonight my dear." I purr. "How do you giggle." Diane is doing too much homework for her age." Or "Oh, this is just an old thing I picked up in East on's," she blushes.

Trying to get a Canadian woman into a saucy, scintillating conversation about as easy as trying to convince a miller she can't take it with him. But don't be discouraged, girls. We're coming along fast. Every so often, you'll see a couple of us rise when you enter the room. But don't be annoyed if we managed to do it without looking at you, and without using a single adjective in our description of the golf game we turned in last Sunday.

## 10 and 25 YEARS AGO ECHOES

From the Pages of the Herald, Oct. 4, 1950, and Oct. 9, 1935.

### Ten Years Ago

The Major Bowling League opened Tuesday at the Lucky Strike Club. There are four teams in the league captained by Dick Wilson, Alf Kirby, Bill Anderson, and Ace Bailey. Ross Norton had this week's high single, 318, and Bill Anderson, the high triple, 723.

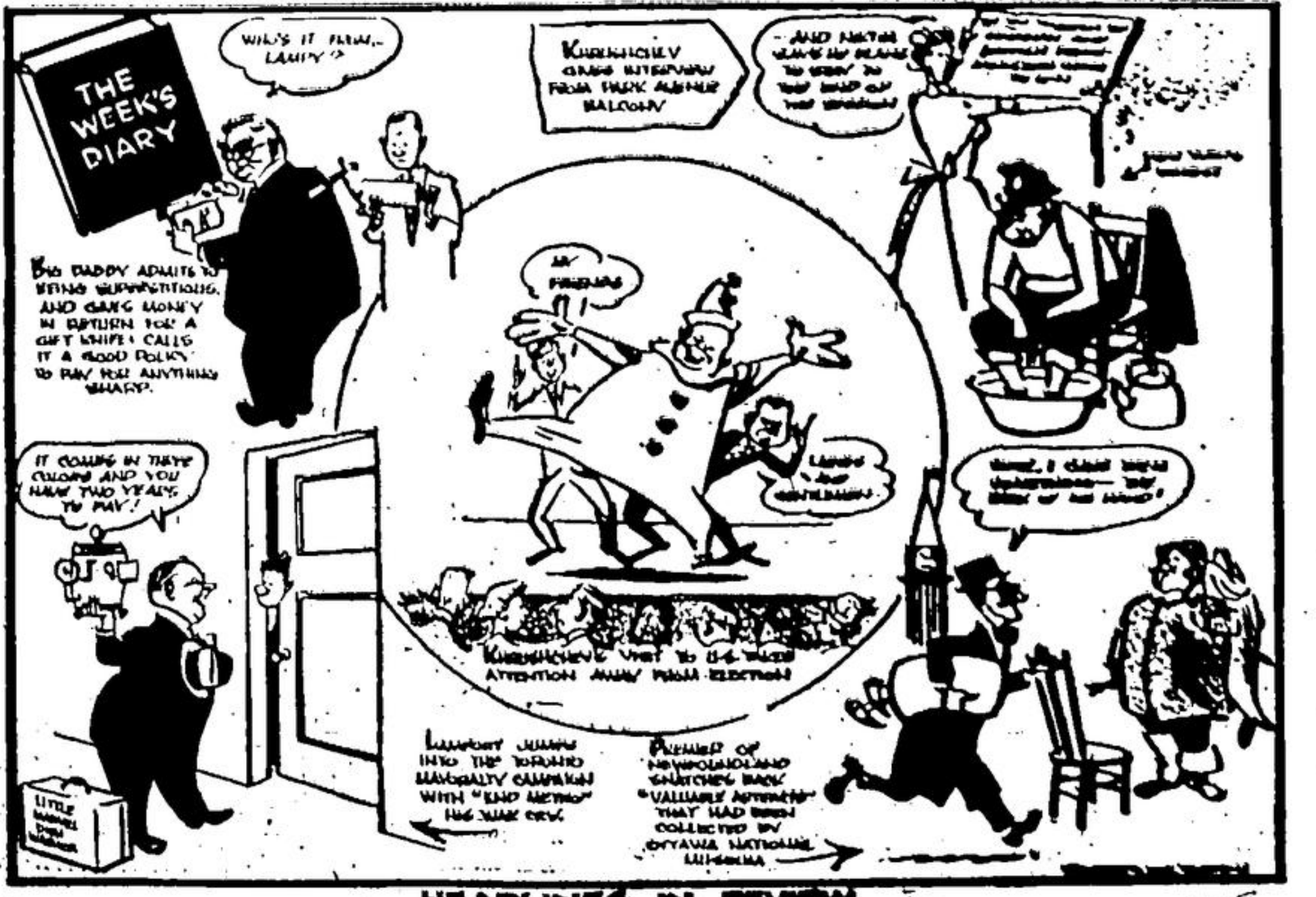
The annual public school field day was another success Friday. This year's champions are girls, senior, Dorothy Gates; intermediate, Diane Harrison; junior girls, Barbara Lally; boy's senior, Lynn MacNeale; intermediate, Bruce Denham; junior, Paul Ward. The day was marred when Tom Dobbie broke his arm in the broad jumping event.

Walter Cook has rejoined the staff of MacCormack's Drug Store. He started Monday in the store where he served his apprenticeship and worked for a time after graduating from the Ontario College of Pharmacy.

Among the Fair visitors in town last Saturday were Messrs J. A. Willoughby, Toronto; R. J. Kerr, Acton; John Erwin and J. Blain, Milton; Altona Thomson, George McDowell, Arol J. O'Neill, Toronto; Hughes Cleaver and M. M. Bobby, Robinson, Burlington.

The Georgetown Legion has purchased part of the store building on Mill Street, formerly the Willoughby Block and are busy remodeling it for their club rooms.

At the Gregory Theatre this week: Under the Impassable Moon starring Warner Barker and Society Doctor, starring Chester Morris and Virginia Brown.



HEADLINES IN REVIEW