

Georgetown Herald

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Thursday, January 19th, 1961

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Monthly Taxes Good Idea

Mayor Hyde's suggestion that municipal taxes be paid monthly instead of the present three times a year has much to recommend it.

As the mayor said, in proposing this recently, it would be a two way advantage — to the town treasury, which must rely on heavy bank borrowings until mid-year when instalments first start to come in — and to the individual taxpayer, who would find it easier to budget for monthly payments than to find a larger sum of money a couple of times a year.

Fine Public Servants

Each year when we attend the annual meeting of the fire department, we are struck by the fine public service given by men on whom we depend for protection of life and property whenever fire occurs.

And, as pointed out by a speaker at a meeting, this volunteer group is providing a service for a town of 10,000 just as efficiently as they did for a community a quarter the size — and on the same basis, with only token payment for their services.

Yes It's News!

We were quite taken aback recently when a lady reader of the Herald gave her opinions of some of the items we class as news.

"Why personals?" was one question. We hope our friend is not a typical reader. For if she is, we've been fooling ourselves for a good many years with the sort of news we put into gathering these bits of news which we feel collectively are so important to the readers of weekly newspapers.

When one stops to think, there is a wealth of information contained in the social column of a newspaper. Sometimes names of former residents are mentioned, and it brings them to mind of their neighbours in town. Everyone has a healthy curiosity about the comings and goings of our neighbours, and there is a definite interest in knowing who has been on a southern trip, the beach where a family

We would imagine that less frequent tax payments originated in the days when Ontario was largely rural. And particularly in the mixed farming districts today, monthly payments would still not meet with too much favour. But in a town where a majority of men are being paid weekly salaries, money which must be paid in taxes would be better allocated each month, avoiding temptation to spend the money on something else and postpone the day of reckoning which must come.

We're for the plan, and hope to see it adopted this year.

The department shows its efficiency in the way the annual meeting is conducted. Procedure is businesslike and to the point. Parliamentary procedure is followed, no words are wasted, and election procedure follows an established form from which there is no deviation.

It is customary for several of the visitors to compliment the department on its efficiency. And every word is true, for it is not idle boasting to say that Georgetown has a fire department second to none.

spent their summer vacation, the home town where someone went for Christmas. And it has happened on occasion that someone new in town has made a new acquaintance by noticing that someone from their old home community is also living here. Conversation thrives on subjects of mutual interest, and more than once when strangers are introduced, we can imagine someone saying "Oh, yes, you're from Blankville. I have a brother there, wonder if you know him."

To us, the attraction of a weekly newspaper is that you don't have to die a violent death, commit a felony or be involved in some major disaster to hit the news pages. Nor do you have to be a big-time social leader to be included in the social columns.

The Herald is a paper by and for every resident of Georgetown and district. And when you phone in to us, we do you no favour by printing. Quite the contrary. The favour is all on your part.

TWO GREAT MONARCHS

Two notable royal anniversaries occur in January this year. Sixty years ago, after a reign of more than 60 years, Queen Victoria died on January 20th. And 25 years ago, on January 22, 1836, her grandson King George V died at Sandringham, his favourite home, after reigning since 1910.

The Book of Knowledge points out that George V was famous for his kindly qualities, but was also famous in a quite different field too. He built up one of the world's finest stamp collections. A beautiful printed catalogue of it was produced a few years ago and has itself become a collector's piece.

Even the Eskimos have this trouble. Some of their people have lost the old values, the true way of life, and hang about the southern fringes of Eskimo-land, working for money, of all things, and eating stuff out of cans, just like the rest of us.

They don't seem to realize they have lost their old integrity and dignity — the stuff that made Uncle Tom's Cabin beside a hole in the ice for five days, waiting to spear a nonexistent seal. Some of these modern Eskimos have slipped

into the English Channel, right up to their knees.

There's none of this whizzing around on bare pavements for us. That's not living. It's like playing Post Office with no girls. Up this way, winter blizzards, you skid wildly about the streets, seldom pointing in the direction you are going. When you get to a corner, you put on your brakes and slide halfway across. The intersection, head swiveling like a fighter pilot. Or you do get stopped, and you can't see a thing in any direction for snowbanks, so you close your eyes and dive out.

There's none of this mincing around in toe rubbers, for us. The only time anybody in the great interior wears toe rubbers is to the New Year's Eve dance and we all lose them that night. Rest of the time, we wear big rubber boots, to the knee, trousers tucked into them in rather dashing fashion.

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MODERN INSIGNIA: The new trademark of the Canadian National is now making its first appearance on insulated box cars and trucks. Developed by Toronto designer Allan Fleming, the symbol is a continuous line forming the letters "CN". It denotes the role of Canadian National in Canada's development — the movement of men, materials and messages. The new trademark is the first step in a comprehensive re-design program that will reflect the continuing modernization of the system. Bright colour schemes incorporating the new trademark as shown on the truck and model locomotive will eventually be applied to all items of the CN: cars and coaches, signs, telegraph forms, stations, letterheads, uniforms and advertising. The re-design program is aimed at building and extending the reputation of the CNR as a company interested in providing good service and merchandising it with modern marketing methods.

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMITH

Ah wasn't that a lovely cold-snap we had there? Didn't it just make you feel good to be alive? Weren't you glad you were a full-blooded Canadian, part of the hard inner core of our country, and not one of those imitations who live away down in places like southern Ontario and Vancouver, who scarcely know what an honest two feet of snow looks like, but keep pretending they're real Canadians?

Why, I was in Toronto last weekend, and I felt like a hard-bitten centurion from the provinces, visiting Rome in the middle of Nero's reign. You know something? They didn't have one lousy little inch of snow let alone any snow. You'd hardly know it was winter, except for a wind blowing up the concrete canyons that would cut the eyeballs out of you.

It isn't that I envy those people. Not at all. After all, every country has its decadent centres where live those of its people who have lost that inner fire, and who have become soft and luxury-loving England has them there through the south coast in July, when there are some days so hot you have to take off your tweed jacket. Some of them have become so degenerate they'll put on bathing attire and run right into the English Channel, right up to their knees.

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It's fortunate that in the real heart of the country, right in the interior, there are plenty of us left; the old breed that meets the good, old Canadian winter face to face, looks it square in the eye, and talks about it fearlessly and incessantly.

None of this lolling about in heated subway trains for us. We get out and start our own cars. And by George, there's nothing that will test a man's integrity, mechanical skill, and vocabulary, like starting the old girl after the mercury has divided below zero overnight. There's nothing like that plummet of despair when she just sort of groans a couple of times and goes dead. Nor is there anything like that wild surge of joy when you try her one last time, and she coughs into a strangled life.

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Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

I cannot see why driving a high-powered boat under the influence of alcohol is any more excusable than driving a car while impaired. I cannot see why leaving the scene of an accident on water should be any more acceptable than failing to remain after a car accident. It seems just as evil and reprehensible to leave a man to drown as it is to leave him to bleed to death by the roadside.

Last July 12th, in Red Deer Lake, an 18 year old was drowned after his small punt was smashed into by a 15 ft. power boat with a 35 hp motor. The boat driver returned to shore immediately after the smash and apparently made no effort to save the youth from drowning. It appears that he was not only guilty of handling his boat in a reckless and irresponsible manner but also that he left the scene without attempting to save the life that his recklessness had endangered. Furthermore, doubts were raised regarding his sobriety.

Found Guilty

On January 12th, he was tried and found guilty on a charge of criminal negligence. The jury for reasons not evident in a report of the trial, recommended leniency, and Mr. Justice G. T. Walsh announced a sentence of sixty days in the district jail.

At first sight this seems a criminally inadequate sentence for negligence which results in loss of life. However, there is more involved in the case than that. On the one hand this man could be the type who will feel this life on his conscience and who has already suffered and will continue to suffer because of it. It may be that this was one mad episode in the life of a man whose character is essentially humane and considerate. On the other hand, he may be a complete moron; lacking in human responsibilities and awareness. He may be without remorse for the terrible thing which he did — perhaps even without realization or sense of guilt if the latter is the case the sentence is futile because it neither punishes nor restrains.

Worship Paper

What sense of values will our children inherit from us if we worship only the pieces of paper issued by the treasury department and the things they will buy? What can we say if they grow up with the belief that their playthings are more important than life itself?

The second comment, which raises quite a different question, was made by the defence counsel during the trial. He said that a heavy sentence would not benefit anyone, not the boy's parents or his relatives. This seems rather a peculiar argument for a legal man to put forward. I cannot see that anyone ever benefits from any sentence imposed for a crime. The sentence for murder does not put life into the victim; the punishment for assault is of no benefit to the assaulted; the rape of a virgin child does not restore her virginity; the prison term imposed on a thief is of no benefit to anyone whatever. The punishment assessed for a crime is meant to be retributive and deterrent not vengeful and vindictive. Such a fatheaded argument put forward by a member of the legal profession makes one fear for the survival of justice.

Two Comments

Two comments made during this sad affair give much room for thought. Immediately after the unnecessary accident, he was asked why he didn't go to the assistance of the drowning youth. His answer was reported to have been "Look what he did to my boat." There, if ever, is the complete revelation of the basic philosophy of many North Americans. A young man, with his life before him, has been stupidly and neglectfully drowned, yet the man responsible is worried about the hole in his boat. I know of no more glaring example of the gross, inhuman, revolting materialism which now seems to dominate so much of our society. It is understandable, to a point, when a man whose family is hungry and cold and without shelter, commits some crime in a last ditch attempt to provide for them. But this was not the case. The damaged boat was an adult plaything, a toy, not essential luxury, and yet it was apparently, to this worshipper of materialism, of more importance than a life.

Let us stop to consider our own philosophies before we let the easy heat of condemnation rise. How many of us are more interested in maintaining and increasing our own material holdings than we are in providing a helping hand to the teeming millions in other parts of the world?

A plea for a light sentence could be made for any criminal on these illogical grounds. If followed through to its illogical conclusion, the law would no longer deter the law-breaker, justice would collapse and anarchy would soon follow.

There are many aspects of the case which are disturbing. Finally, however, this is one more incident which emphasizes the dire necessity for legislation to govern and control the operation of power boats on our waterways. After this, the continued opposition of the Ontario resort operators to the passing of such legislation is increasingly difficult to understand.

10 and 25 YEARS AGO ECHOES

- From the Pages of The Herald, January 17, 1951, and January 22, 1936
- 10 YEARS AGO**
- One of nine applicants for the position of secretary of North Halton High School District Board, Lt. Col. Gordon Brown, was chosen for this office at a board meeting last Wednesday. He is a former board member and replaced Adam Sprout of Milton.
 - Another local man has joined the Ontario Provincial Police force. Cleave Wilson, whose parents Mr. and Mrs. Seward Wilson live on Guelph Street, joined the force shortly before Christmas and is presently stationed at Guelph H. Q.
 - Miss Beatrice Hume and Miss Marie Lindsay entertained a number of teachers at the former's home on Main Street, Saturday. Those present included Mrs. Joseph Dwyer, Miss Mildred Eason, Miss Marion Hepburn, Miss Luena Campbell, Misses Martha and Grace Brabant, and Misses Rowena and Wilma Stull.
 - Some vandalous person broke one of the lights on the front of the new post office last night. The perpetrator of such wanton destruction should be severely dealt with.
 - The Beaver Bargain Block will open up a full line of ladies wear, children's and men's rubbers, also men's overalls, shirts, etc., in the Roney Block on January 29th. You are cordially invited to call and inspect the large stock.
- 25 YEARS AGO**
- What proved to be a miraculous escape from death occurred at Huttonville Pond last week. Percy Laidlaw, Norval district farmer, while leaving the pond with a truck loaded with ice, just got clear when his truck and load crashed through the ice into ten feet of water.
 - The following message of condolence on motion of council Monday night was forwarded to the Governor General at Ottawa: "Please convey to Her Majesty the Queen and the members of the Royal Family a sincere expression of sympathy from members of council and the citizens of Georgetown. We mourn the death of a gracious and beloved sovereign king, George V."

Inquiring Reporter

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

The term "Nuclear Club" has been applied to these nations using nuclear weapons. Would you favour Canada staying out of this so-called club?

Mrs. J. Crawford, R.R. 3, Georgetown.

I think they should be in it.

George Mitchell, Joseph Street, would be in favor of staying out.

WORDS OF THE WISE

There is in love a strong mixture of humanity, generosity, kindness, friendship esteem.

—Adam Smith.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINCTION (LIBERAL RALLY)



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