

# Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1961

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Noteworthy Milestone

Thirty years of service to Georgetown was marked by the Lions Club on Friday at an anniversary party in the Elizabeth Room of the Royal Hotel, Guelph.

Since the night in 1931 when twenty charter members attended a dinner in the Georgetown Inn, the club has almost tripled its membership to 54. And behind it stands a long record of activity, including such major contributions to the town as the swimming pool, the park bandstand, a drinking fountain on Main Street and a substantial pledge to Georgetown Hospital. And even more important, the behind-the-scenes help to families in need, to children needing glasses and major operations, the helping hand quietly at the right time.

The Santa Claus parade was an original club project which is still delighting a new generation of children and adults.

Numerous sports have been sponsored at various times. The Girls Pipe Band received a boost when the club took it under its wing a few years ago.

Through the years the Lions have made many men wealthy — not in money, of course, but in the sense of the good feeling that comes when a job's well-done. The club roster does not include many of those early members.

Thirty years is a long time and only the 'cub' of the original group, as Harold McCuire described himself at the banquet, is still an active member.

But members themselves are not so important as membership in general and when one worker departs, two more are there to take his place.

Georgetown has been the better for the Lions Club. We wish the club continuing success in its field of public service.

### Regional Planning Vital

We endorse the views expressed by Mayor Hyde in a Mail Bag letter last week in which he points out the vital need for regional planning in this area.

The mayor is anxious to keep Georgetown a composite community, rather than being engulfed in the suburban development which has spread out from Toronto and Hamilton, eliminating municipal boundaries, destroying the individuality of communities and leaving no green belts between.

All of the town planning in the world is of limited value unless municipalities cooperate in their ideas and get together on a regional basis.

Georgetown, for instance, could be the best-planned community in Ontario and if uncontrolled ribbon development were to occur all around it, we would eventually still be only a community within a larger community.

Talk is easy, of course, and there are

endless problems to be solved along the way. And perhaps the whole subject is too big for municipal officials and must be taken on by a senior government.

Disappearance of the Niagara fruit-growing land is a case in point.

Only when it is too late to salvage them, has this received any attention. Factories and homes have taken over where peach and apple trees used to dispense their abundance. And someday there will be a costly project to convert other lands to growing use, or to restore the once-fertile Niagara land to its original state.

Tonight, this part of Ontario will be able to hear what regional planning can accomplish when a panel of experts discusses the subject at a dinner in Knox Church hall.

We don't expect any pat solutions to the question. But we are anticipating hearing the views of men who are interested in developing our province in the best way possible.

### Glen in the News

Another severe flood at Glen Williams put Georgetown's neighbour on the map for the week-end.

Daily papers featured the news, and television coverage even extended to the CBC news which broadcast the plight of the village to the large network audience.

The flood drew spectators like bees to a hive, and so great was the traffic jam on Sunday, that roads had to be barricaded for a time to let cars untangle themselves.

The ice jam was spectacular, and the sight of streams of water running in unfamiliar places was something which caught the fancy of human beings who are always impressed by the unusual.

But much as we might delight in the excitement of a flood, we must remember that its no fun for those caught in the middle of it. And we can sympathize with those residents who suffered severe damage to their homes by the flooding waters.

The flood points to the value of the plan of the Credit Valley Conservation Authority to erect a series of dams which will forever end the flooding which, in greater or less degree, has come to be expected as a yearly occurrence by river valley residents. They must be looking forward to the day when the flood stories will be only told in village folklore and their spring can be as dry as ours on higher land.

### Cut Ads If Slow Sales?

#### "Don't Do" Says IGA Ex

Don R. Grimes, head of the more than 5,000 IGA stores, told executives at the group's annual financial seminar that cutting ads when sales are slow is "one of the greatest errors made in business today."

"When advertising space is reduced, so is store traffic," he continued. "Certainly you can't beat a business slump without volume. You can't have volume unless you advertise. The company, large or small, which starts to economize on its advertising budget is defeating its main objective — more business."

Mr. Grimes also told the store executives to "stop referring to the money we spend for advertising as an expense. Let us place well-conceived advertising in the category of a sound investment, where it rightfully belongs."

The IGA president said it is vital that business executives become familiar with two key factors — advertising and financing.

"More businesses have suffered through their lack of knowledge of advertising and how to obtain adequate financing than any other reason," he said. "Two of the greatest material forces we have in our midst today are the power of the press and security of money. The man who progresses through and forgetting what I

was reading in the first place. So I would like to suggest that perhaps the Herald would set the editorial page up in such a way that all the 'Mail Bag' letters would be together rather than dispersed throughout the paper. The farm news and the sports and school news are more or less centralized and I think this makes for more concentrated reading. As I have said, knowing nothing about the printer's trials and tribulations, this might not be possible.

I would also like to express here my thanks to one member of the council in particular who rose and spoke on our behalf at a recent council meeting where the matter of a claim for damage from a broken sanitary sewer was being discussed. It is appreciated that the decision rests with the insurance company, but we felt that it was good to know that Mr. Hunter has the taxpayer's interest at heart in expressing the opinion that the matter should be considered further. We note that he has done this on various occasions for and on behalf of various individuals, and perhaps a few of our more silent members of the council might be more prone to speaking on behalf of individuals as well as on generalities.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Grace Irwin

#### WORDS OF THE WISE

Public office is a public trust.  
— William C. Hudson.



TEN LITTLE INDIANS



### SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Our daughter, Kim, was ten years old today. Nobody grows as quickly as children. It seems such a brief time since she was a fat, dimpled infant. Next thing I know, she'll be telling me she's going to have a baby.

It's good to have a daughter. When our second child was on the way, I'd have been happy with another son, but I've always been glad it turned out to be a girl. A girl-child opens a whole new chapter in life for fathers. And mothers who don't have a daughter are missing something important. So she cracks you people who have only a backyard full of boys, and produce a small female.

Ours has cost us a lot of money, given us some bad scares, and inspired many a headache. And there's promise of plenty of the same in the future. But she has also been a source of constant joy and pleasure in the last decade. She's an odd mixture — fiery and romantic one moment, realistic and sensible the next. I guess that's the woman in her.

The soft, little dumpling who used to toddle over to me and put up her arms to be picked up, hugged and kissed, has vanished. Alack. Now, when she favors me with an embrace it's like being attacked by a young kangaroo. She doesn't toddle any more. She leaps and pounces. She seems to have four legs and several arms.

On the credit side, our daughter has beautiful auburn hair, huge brown eyes and a fabulous grin that lights up a whole room when she turns it on. She does well at school. She can skate and swim. She plays the piano and the recorder. She has a joyous, eager nature, a great excitement about life.

But we must be honest. While good-natured on the whole, she has inherited from her mother a roaring Irish temper, and some day she's going to set fire to the house or murder her brother with an axe. Actual flames have been seen to shoot from her eyes while in this mood. The fellow who marries her without ever having seen her in a rage will get a surprise that I'd love to be there to see.

There's another thing she's what her mother calls a "slop." Her brother is one of these cool kids who can wear an outfit through a swamp and come out looking like "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Not so Kim. She could be played all cleaned up, in a hermetically sealed chamber of highly polished glass and emerge in twenty minutes looking as though she'd been working the night shift in a coal mine. It's fantastic, and it almost drives her mother insane.

If she swears feardards, they are wrinkled and buggy. She loses approximately one button a day from her clothing. She scuffs her new shoes. She falls in the mud in her new coat.

She spills gravy on her new skirt. She gets water colors all over her fresh blouse. And she does it all with the most maddening ease and unconcern.

Along with this goes another feature that keeps us all on edge. Kim is constitutionally unable to move slowly. She starts down the stairs like somebody heading for an air raid shelter, and is as like as not to wind up in a heap at the bottom. She never saunters, walks or strolls. She bobs. She dances. She springs. She bounds. As a result, if she isn't falling down, she's knocking something over.

She has always been a horror to eat with. For years, she didn't eat enough to keep a butterfly stout. Just eat there, mucking things about on her plate, pushing pickled beets into the tablecloth, or knocking over her milk.

Now she eats like a healthy child, but it's worse than ever. When she's cutting her meal, we all duck our heads and hunch our shoulders. Anything is liable to fly in any direction, from a dill pickle into the butter, to a baked potato into the pie. And she still sears with her milk, whenever there is a fresh tablecloth.

Aside from these slight defects, however, she's a delightful creature to have in the house. She's wise as a witch. She has a sunny nature. She's stubborn but forgiving. She's loving. She's comical in a completely unconscious way. She's wholehearted in everything she does.

She reads like fury, and right now, she shows signs of becoming a writer. We're always finding stories that she's written, about the house. Here, for example, is a bit of the latest one.

"I am Robert Harrial. I come from France and I wish I was back there. My father is an unhappy man who works in a small smoking store, with billiards. My mother is cruel to everyone. She is drunken and mean. She whips us all and fights with father. I HATE HER. My brothers and sisters are Roxaf, my bratty brother of 5, Fessmick, my brother of 19, Parlatrooms, another brother, my favorite one. He loves me very dearly. I love him dearly. And last is my sister Maralienna. I am not very pretty, but I can make myself lovely if I feel like it. And so on. A tough life, eh?"

Other fathers of daughters will excuse me for going on like this. We love our sons just as much, but it's a different relationship, because they are males and not so goofy. All I know is that I wouldn't trade my ten-year-old female child for a new Cadillac, four billion dollars and a one-way ticket to heaven.

### ECHOES

From the Pages of The Herald, Feb. 28, 1951 and March 4, 1956

#### 10 YEARS AGO

A veteran Georgetown business man who had from a small beginning created one of the largest and most modern clothing stores in this part of Ontario, Hyram Silver, died in Toronto on Monday.

Reeve W. G. Marshall celebrated his 70th birthday with a family party at his home on Queen St. last weekend. Members of his family presented him with a signet ring in honour of the occasion.

Clifton "Pat" Patterson, O.H.A. referee, who often handles games in Georgetown, has purchased a farm near Norval.

Georgetown Public School board entertained the teaching staff at Yellow Briar Inn, Brampton, last Thursday. Teachers present were Harold Henry, Misses Wilma and Rowena Stull, Miss A. Rowley, Miss Norma Weatherhead, Miss Mildred Eason, Miss Beatrice Hume, Miss Luena Campbell, Miss Laura Scott, Miss Hazel Harrison, Miss Martha Broadfoot, Miss May Langan, Mrs. Joseph Dwyer and Mrs. H. C. Wrigglesworth.

#### 25 YEARS AGO

There are at present 32 heads of families, 112 dependents and a single person, a total of 150, on relief in Georgetown. \$782 was council's relief bill in February.

The regular monthly meeting of Smith and Stone's Foreman's Club was held in the Hotel McGibbon on Tuesday night with over fifty members and guests present. President Fred Brooks was chairman and the guests were welcomed by Wilfred Ford.

Mr. James McKinney has rented his blacksmith shop in Norval to Mr. Harry Watt who will continue the business giving prompt service to old and new customers at reasonable prices.

At the Gregory Theatre: I Live My Life, starring Joan Crawford; The Gay Divorcee, starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; Widow from Monte Carlo, starring Warren William and Dolores Del Rio.

## Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

### ANOTHER LOOK AT FLUORIDATION

Now that the conclusions of the Provincial committee to investigate fluoridation have been made public after two years of intensive study, one can only hope that those who violently oppose treatment of municipal water supply with fluoride — and they are many — will take the trouble to digest the findings of this committee.

Its conclusions will at least serve to cut away some of the underbrush which has grown up around this highly controversial question. One conclusion: the presence of fluoride in drinking water at a ratio of one to one million "strikingly reduces the incidence of dental caries (tooth decay) when such water is consumed over the period of tooth development and that — the effect extends into adult life. Another conclusion: no ill-effect results from the consumption of such water.

Also interesting Two further items in the report are also most interesting: one is a recommendation that municipalities be permitted to authorize treatment of water supplies without a referendum vote (plebiscite); the other is the blunt statement that water treatment is the only way that the severe health problem of decaying teeth in children can be overcome, as adequate treatment of the whole Ontario population is beyond the resources of the dental profession. The committee points out, quite sensibly, that the problem of tooth decay is one of prevention — there is clearly no cure for a decayed tooth.

Effective, Harmless Finally then, we arrive at the only relevant question which has to be answered. It has been established beyond reasonable doubt that fluoridation is an effective, harmless, inexpensive method which can be used against a major health problem. Can its use be justified ethically or is it a denial of civil rights and individual liberty? That is the question.

Only Basis This is the only basis for objection which now remains and you may expect the opponents of fluoridation to kick it around with real vigour and determination — in fact they have already started. However, they do not impress me. I remain unimpressed for two reasons. First, many people spout enthusiastic clichés about civil rights and individual liberty and yet live a life which continually denies these rights to others. I wonder why the rights of human being to live in dignity and respect are so important when it is time for our impressive speeches. Indignant editorials and portentous conversation. They are so obviously of little importance at other times. Secondly, why can we give up so much individual liberty to achieve nothing and yet raise violent objections to fluoridation which may achieve a great deal?

Achieve Nothing I would like to buy bread which contained the essential ingredients. I would like to decide whether or not my food should contain artificial colouring, preservatives, flavourings, conditioners, drying agents, processing chemicals, insecticides — poisonous and otherwise. I would like to breathe air which was uncontaminated with atomic dust, carbon monoxide and other noxious matter. I would like the shores of our province to be washed with clear lake water instead of sewage and waste oil from ships. What of the civil rights and individual liberty involved here? These liberties have been lost to achieve nothing but the creation of further health hazards. The addition of one millionth part of fluoride to my drinking water seems a very minor threat to individual liberty in view of the benefit to my children's health.

Start Where? For anyone who asks where we start action against the problems of alcohol, I suggest that the consideration of drunk more or less will not be sufficient to make me wave my arms about loss of liberty.

Those who do oppose the recommendations of this committee may take heart — the matter has become so controversial that few municipal councils will be eager to take action on it even if legislation is passed to permit them to do so.

### RESTRICTIONS WILL NOT CURE ALCOHOLISM

Once again on the Provincial scene, Rev. A. W. Downer M.P.P. and member of the Liquor Control Board said, during a recent debate, that restrictions on the sale and consumption of alcohol are certain if the present problem of alcoholism continues. And I wonder what this will achieve.

Mumbo - Jumbo In view of the fact that the Provincial Government already has a virtual monopoly in the sale and distribution of alcoholic beverages; in view of the fact that the present system is already cluttered up with a lot of stupid, pointless, archaic mumbo-jumbo which goes under the flattering title of legislation; in view of the fact that Provincial finances benefit to the tune of over sixty million dollars a year from the liquor sales operation and Federal finances gather in over two million from the same business, in view of all this, I read of the Rev. Downer's remarks with rising suspicion.

Red Tape It is most surprising to find that a member of the Liquor Control Board, that beehive of restrictive practices and red tape is still of the opinion that more restriction will alleviate alcoholism.

Drinking is not the problem. Nobody much cares if Mr. Jones who they have never met and who lives in Timbuctoo, decides to drink himself quietly to death. Any suicide is tragedy, but it cannot be permitted by the law makers.

Major Problem Drunkenness is the major problem and it is against drunks in public places that the arm of the law should be raised. If, instead of talking about alcoholics, the Rev. Downer would disclose the percentage of all crime which is committed under the influence of alcohol it would demonstrate where the biggest problem rests.

Unlikely To Cure Alcoholism is a problem no doubt but it is a problem which the Liquor Control Board is unlikely to cure. As long as this hypocritical body continues to insist that a man in a beer parlour must be restrained from doing anything else but swilling beer in a sitting position it will also continue to encourage drunkenness.

Direct Action Until the Liquor Control Board and the Provincial Government realize that ninety per cent of the people who drink are responsible, civilized people and may be treated as such; until action is taken directly against the remaining ten per cent who drink too much; beat their wives, take to crime or become problem alcoholics; until there is some evidence that those who consume liquor are primarily interested in something more than revenue, until then I don't think the Liquor Control Board can or will do a goldstandard thing to help alcoholics or reduce alcoholism.

Be abandoned forthwith.

### MERRY MENAGERIE

By Walt Disney



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