



Sergeants Ball Annual Event for Lorne Scots

The annual Sergeant's Ball of the Lorne Scots Regiment has proved a great success this year as in the past. Last Friday evening, about 170 mess members and their guests met at the Brampton Armories for an evening of fun.

There was ballroom dancing and sets of highland dancing with the music for this provided by the Lorne Scots Pipes and Drums.

As the guests arrived they were received by RSM and Mrs. K. G. Murray, RQMS and Mrs. A. G. Rudd, Sgt. and Mrs. J. H. Perrott and WO2 H. W. Knight.

During the evening a silver cream and sugar set on a silver tray was presented by Sgt. J. H. Perrott, staff sergeant and Mrs. G. Egan as a wedding gift from the regiment.

Seek Crank Phone Caller

A crank caller who used local emergency services as a play thing, may face a jail term if an investigation by police discovers his identity.

A local doctor was the caller's first victim. A man's voice told the doctor that he was needed to treat a sick child. The caller hung up before any further information could be gleaned but phoned back twice more with the same plea. He said only that he was phoning from a Main St. store.

In a fourth call he told the doctor not to bother, that the child had died.

The police office was his second target. Early Thursday afternoon Cpl. Jim Bilsborrow took a call at the police office, apparently from the same man, claiming that a man with a shotgun was attempting to break into his house and "what are you going to do about it?"

Cpl. Bilsborrow attempted to keep the man talking with a stream of questions but learned only that he called himself Tony and was calling from "Avenue Road."

Moments later the fire department received a call summoning the trucks to a house fire on Sargent Road. The brigade sped to the scene and, of course, found nothing.

Fire Chief Bob Bonfield said his men were understandably incensed by the prank.

only 60 children per house would have 3,000 children to provide schools for. It would mean more space needed for our municipal offices, more office help and equipment, more sewers and water, more roads and lights, more police and garbage collection, etc. etc.

The income from taxes would be far outweighed by the expense, just as it was five years ago and that 50% water increase would probably increase 75%.

The gloomy picture of the power rolling down the hill like a snowball was banished by the 1959 elections Mr. McNeilly.

If Mr. McNeilly really wants to see Georgetown grow, why not pool his efforts with our Industrial Committee?

Six years ago Georgetown had enough industry to take care of nearly all of the manpower of our town, and it is well known that it is the wheels of industry that provide us with a living.

Today two thirds of our manpower commutes to Brampton, Toronto, etc. to find our daily bread.

I would suggest that Mr. McNeilly discover what kind of bait is used by Brampton that is so enticing for the manufacturers who are choosing Brampton as their location.

I may be wrong but I feel that if the industrial land now owned by others were in the hands of our Council members we would have had industry a long time ago.

Perhaps it is the old story of the snake swallowing the elephant. While we have much sympathy with the snake in his troubles the only way to help him is to make him disgorge his prey.

With industrial land (I am told) selling at only 100 dollars an acre there must be a reason why such a bargain is turned down by industrialists.

Could it be that there is restrictions as to who builds the industrial plants and could the cost of such plants outweigh the low price of the land?

These are only a few of the questions many of us are asking ourselves. Again since I believe many of the building prospects of the past employed

out of town help, it is only reasonable to think it would be out of town help used in the construction of some of the building projects in the future. This would not be much benefit to our labour problem either.

There is definitely something wrong when those who have already purchased houses here have to move back to where they came from because we have no work for them here, and those same people have to rent their homes at lower rent than it costs them to carry those homes, and others have lost their down payments because they can see no future without industry in this town.

To sum up Mr. McNeilly's letter, we don't love our neighbour if we place upon his shoulder a greater burden than he can bear, and his comments about the five man power on Council comes nearly two years late, the problem no longer exists. It should be quite easy for the majority of us to endure our town government, providing they are not outnumbered by the kind of get rich schemes that nearly put us on the rocks a few years ago.

Our town is still frantically trying to collect taxes from people who found it impossible to keep up. Let us direct our efforts in providing work for those already here before we contemplate any large scale building projects, remembering always since most housing projects are financed by N.H.A. it is the Government footing the bill, not the Contractor, and the buyer is the one who finally pays the bill.

So, who gains? I would say the contractor, not matter who loses.

Katherine Cordaro

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BUREAU HONOURED

HALTON COUNTY was honoured last week when county council received a certificate signifying its fire prevention bureau had won a special recognition in the 1960 Fire Prevention Contest. Here Oakville fire chief Douglas Wilson representing the Bureau left, and George Alexander of the Fire Marshal's office, present the certificate to Halton Clerk Gafield Brown and Warden Alex Phillips, Reeve of Trafalgar. The certificate was won in the National Fire Protection Association's contest for Canadian and U.S. fire department and fire prevention bureaus. Milton, Acton and Oakville Brigades won prizes in the Municipal section of the contest.



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

Ppg. ping, spring, spring, can the drip of clear sap as it falls from a bucket that hung from a spile on the trunk of a great old maple tree. Though this heralded the most joyous season of the year, I was sad. Oh very, very sad for it would be the last time this particular bush would yield its sweeter than sugar harvest. Next year it would echo to the sound of bulldozers and carpenters' hammers for it is to be "a new subdivision affording gracious county living within commuting distance of the city."

I was reminded of the first time I became aware of the fact maple syrup actually comes from trees. I was a prairie child born and bred and my early association with maple syrup was from a bottle. Then one day, when my first spring dawdled in the rural area of an eastern Canadian province, I was taken to the summer residence of the late Sir Sam Hughes in the Haliburton highlands of Ontario.

Sir Sam was a colourful figure of World War 1, who won fame for the rapidity with which he booted recruits in the early months of that first world conflict. I mean that literally for equipment for those intrepid souls was hard come by. But Sir Sam, then only a commissioned officer, knew where to go for quick results. Back in his home town of Lindsay, Ontario, there was a shoe manufacturing concern that became a byword among Canadian soldiers. Now nonexistent, this company shod much of the army signed up and before the war ended Beal boots marched thousands of miles through the mud and slush of war-torn Europe.

How did I get all mixed up with boots when I started out to lament the demise of the sugar bush? Yes, of course, I commenced to relate my introduction to the process of extracting sap from the trees and boiling it down into clear brown syrup.

about two tablespoonsful. When I had collected nearly a quart I started boiling and skimming. The smell of the boiling sap in a small house was sickening. Directions simply said "boil and skim until clear." I ended up with a little more than a table-spoonful of syrup and a bag of maple sugar. I thought I could never face another pancake embellished with maple syrup.

A number of years later I was invited to a "sugaring off" on a nearby farm. I learned why my tree had not "given." There is a special place one must drill for sap on any sugar maple tree. It takes experience to find a large tap root above which the spile should be sunk into the tree's trunk. Older trees have spile scars that it is easy to recognize where they should be placed about two feet from the ground.

Sugaring off was a family tradition in this farm home. Neighbours from near and gathered each spring to see the last kettle of sap to be up and simmer down in a golden pool. We were all given fine pie plates and to fill them with snow. Before this happened we had around the huge cake, he another stick on pie plates, neath, beating on the top and singing lustily. Then of our voices. Snow in our poured over this delicacy plates and we The evening ended with square dance in the old fashioned kitchen to put the final touches on this annual spring. The hungry thirties! Was youlous fifties! At No. the No. only 25 miles Eagle onto. But as I said, from take over next bull! It was a sad song we spry, recently to the echo of March wind sighing in branches of a doomed maple bush.

Friends and neighbours of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Jones and family will be sorry to hear that they are leaving the community. The day's yield usually

THE MAIL BAG

Comment From Another on Ratepayer's Letter

April 21st, 1961

The Editor
Dear Sir:

Thanks to your valued Mail Bag column in which citizens of our town my express their thoughts on matters pertaining to welfare of all.

The letter from Mr. Robert McNeilly quoting "Love thy Neighbour" and stating that he (the writer) thinks not. He goes on to say that many people are interested in education of slow progress children, but two individuals opposed this cause.

The statement sounds to me rather strange since I can't see how the efforts of two individuals could possibly effect the end result of any effort put forth by a group for this end.

Reference to the 20th century Golgotha however is a good. You see we had an example of what the power of men can do to a town in years between 1955 and 1960.

If he had made that statement back in 1959 I would surely have agreed with him 100 per cent. I suppose he has been sleeping since the beginning of 1960 since his observations are a little late. Nearly two years too late.

Today, as in 1960, we have a Council dedicated to keep this little ship of Georgetown on an even keel, and many of us can feel a good deal more confidence in the future of Georgetown with the ones we now have at the helm.

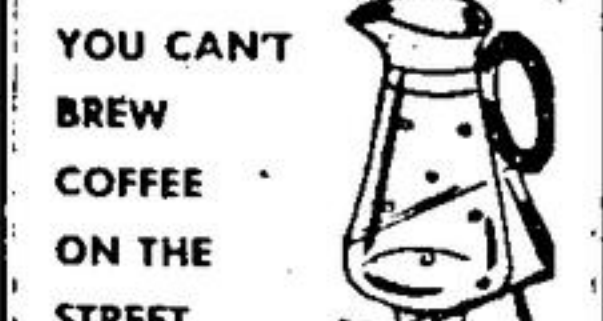
If Mr. McNeilly is a taxpayer, he has only to look at last year's taxpapers to prove my point, for the first time since 1955 there was only a very slight increase in our taxes.

As for the 50% increase in water rates, does he not know that it was the building boom of those past five years that created a demand for more and more water with the end result a 50% rise in water rates?

I think The Herald printed a letter by the same writer about two weeks ago in which he advocated the building of more houses to increase our tax revenue.

Surely Mr. McNeilly is not suggesting that we take another bitter dose of the same kind of medicine that forced our taxes up to nearly three times in proportion.

Let us consider what another 1,500 houses would mean for our town. At an average of



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