

Georgetown Herald

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PAGE 4 THURSDAY, JULY 13th, 1961

M.P. Says Halton Business Will Welcome Bank Act Changes

Ottawa (Special to the Herald): Changes proposed in the operation and scope of the Industrial Development Bank will be welcomed by many smaller industries throughout Halton ridings, in the opinion of C. A. "Sandy" Best, M.P. for Halton. Taking part in a debate on amendments to the Industrial Development Bank Act, Mr. Best said that the bank's regulations had been too restrictive in the past.

Welcome Change

"We have many medium and small sized enterprises scattered throughout my riding of Halton, a number of which have been interested at various times in obtaining funds from the industrial development bank. Nevertheless, while some companies have been successful, many have been turned down," Mr. Best said. "I have in my riding various firms engaged in new aspects of plastics, new auriferous firms and other imaginative new industries which would welcome and I am sure are welcoming, the changed provisions which are to be brought about."

New Ideas

The Halton member suggested that the bank should, in future, pay more attention to new ideas in the sense of people or companies that do not have the risk capital or the background in property to develop their inventions, methods and ideas.

"From a banking standpoint this may be difficult indeed to evaluate, but surely there is scope somewhere in our government field for an agency or body, perhaps indeed within the industrial development bank, to be just a little more risky in its approach to conventional banking methods with respect to new ideas or processes," Mr. Best suggested.

Mr. Best said that there was the problem of small Canadian family-owned companies which, for various reasons, were in danger of passing into foreign hands and control. He said he had seen this sort of thing happen in towns in his own area and it was happening in many small and medium towns throughout Ontario. He said he welcomed the statement that the bank would play an increasing part in assisting the present Canadian ownership of such industries through the problems of estate taxes and through the means of technical advice being made available to such industries.

"Another subject which was touched upon in this connection concerns modernization of existing industries," Mr. Best commented. "It seems that on many occasions firms which have been successful in the past, and perhaps are today, need to expend a very considerable amount of capital in modernizing their plant or production facilities. It is within the purview of the bank and it is to be hoped that the industrial development bank will take an aggressive stand in assisting industries in these very necessary changes."

Healthy Signs

He said that the enlargement of the bank's board of directors and of the number of executives of the bank and the fact that the number of branches had increased from four to thirteen over the past five years, were all healthy signs that the bank was developing in a way that would enable it to provide more and greater assistance where it was needed."

He pointed out that in order for many Canadian firms to compete with goods coming from Great Britain, Europe and Asia, there would have to be a considerable modernization of plant facilities.

Enlarge Scope

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Best expressed the hope that despite the progress that had been made, that the bank would continue to enlarge its scope and greatly increase its lending facilities and amounts in the years immediately ahead.

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THE MAIL BAG

Cordaro Write of Western Trip

Dear Editor: Back in 1955 I promised my friends and you a birds' eye view of any points of interest in any future trips we should make and while this is not another European trip it is still a very important trip for us, another joyous assembly of Jehovah's Witnesses where we are apt to see Brothers and Sisters from almost any part of the world, our destination this time, Vancouver, B.C.

I have wanted so much to see the Canadian Rockies, and see some of the beautiful country but had almost given up hope all this year. I heard someone express the thought "See the world with Jehovah's Witnesses" and that has literally come true for us since I doubt if we would ever have gone overseas to England, France, Italy, Germany and Holland if we had not gone there to our assemblies. My thoughts take me back home where thousands of brothers and sisters are preparing for other assemblies in the U.S. and overseas.

We boarded our train about midnight and as we stepped into our own reserved space it looked very cozy as I realized this would be my home for four nights and three days. We were glad to crawl between clean sheets on a comfortable bed. It was quite some time before I fell asleep because of strange surroundings, the rumble of the wheels, etc. they forgot to put rubber lines on the wheels of our train. Next morning, I awoke when the sun was just coming over the horizon, it is always a lovely sight, but by the time I was dressed it had turned grey. We went to the dining car where we were served a delicious breakfast of Halibut steaks. Ah, this is really relaxing. How glad I am that we decided to go by train, no driving tension, no watching the car ahead and the one behind, no one way streets and stop lights, etc., we are sitting now in the lounge car, very comfortable swivel arm chairs, wide windows and carpeted floor, air conditioned for comfort, no crowded highways for us on long trips. Right here I want to thank Mr. McDonald and Mr. Elliott, our obliging station agents for helping me to plan this trip. It was greatly appreciated.

Now we are pulling in to Capetown, a beautiful spot to spend a holiday. There is a beautiful new building on the water, a busy place judging from the size of the crowd here. They have added a parlor car to our train. It is a comfortable one with writing table right beside me. I can really relax. We have just been handed a Canadian National Telegraph news bulletin. It tells of 500,000 tons of bush-bark being cut out of control and being battling the blaze. Logging camps and hamlets are being evacuated in the B.C. area. We are passing through beautiful country, little lakes and rivers on every side. The lady next to me saw a fish about 12 inches long swimming in the water right beside the train. The sun is now shining again as our train winds its way along the ever-changing scenery, sometimes between hills and rocks, mostly bushland, then beside the water. How peaceful and pleasant. Little islands sometimes standing out of the water makes a beautiful picture. There are lots of fishing camps here but apparently the only way in is by wheelbarrow. We saw several men pushing wheelbarrows with their luggage piled on them.

Later, we learned that a cafeteria lunch wagon had been added to our train so we wanted to investigate and discovered something new. In spite of the fact that my tea was nearly boiling, when I held the cup in my hand it was barely warm. The answer I learned was insulated, plastic cups called, Polly Maid Thermocups, light as a feather, are bringing one home as a souvenir.

Well, well, we wondered why the train had stopped and looking out the window discovered we were on a curve and away

up front the conductor was letting off a group of people at a certain spot marked with a red barrel. But not a house in sight, only acres and acres of bush, rivers and lakes. Suddenly someone just shouted "there's a moose" and so it was, in the water, but too far away for a good picture.

This is Monday, dull grey morning but nothing can mar the beauty of the scenery we are passing through. In about 3 hours we shall reach Winnipeg. Time here is 8:20, but back home it is 10:20. I am thinking of friends back home, yes, Mr. Elliott is even more beautiful than I had dreamed. More next time.

—Katherine Cordaro

NEVER TOO OLD TO HITCHHIKE

The following article was submitted to the Herald by James William Pearson of 4 Hala Dr. under the pseudonym, "the sharing of a most enjoyable meeting with a courageous old lady with my fellow citizens is, I feel, ample remuneration for any use which you may derive from it."

The old lady now sat at our table with my wife, my daughter and I. It was apparent that she was quite at her ease and fully enjoying the hospitality which I had proffered. Outwardly she was no different from other elderly women we are accustomed to seeing around us every day. She was plainly but neatly dressed in the fashion of the older female. She had previously mentioned her age which was eighty-one, spoken of her faith in God and of her retirement which she was now enjoying. "What then," you may ask, "was so strange about her?" Please allow me to satisfy your so natural query.

Ultimate Destination You see, I had first made her acquaintance only an hour before, when I had stopped my car in reply to the familiar gesture of the hitchhiker which she had so adroitly executed. At first I had assumed she merely wished to travel as far as the nearby town of Acton. My own astonishment thereupon, when she revealed that her ultimate destination lay nearly seventy miles distant. My incredulous visage must have betrayed my astonishment, for she proceeded to enlighten me fully and the details of her story I now recount.

Packed Her Valise Being retired and all alone in the world now, she confessed that she was subject to periods of lonely depression. When these moods descend upon her, she remedies them by packing a small valise and heading for the main highway near her home; thence by bold use of the hitchhiker's universal visual plea she makes her way to new surroundings. After a few days spent at the local Y.W.C.A., she returns home in the same manner.

Postal Box Needed Near Hospital Site

Georgetown's new hospital has created a need for a drop letter box in that part of town and the Chamber of Commerce directors authorized a request last week to postal authorities to have a box installed. It was pointed out that patients in the hospital have considerable correspondence, as do members of the staff, and a letter box would be helpful and well used.

HINT TO HOMEOWNERS

When buying a new stair carpet, purchase one extra foot. Turn this under at the head of the stairs. As treads begin to show wear, let carpet down about one inch. The practice will greatly prolong the life of the stair carpet.

THE DATE BOOK

July 9, 1816 (145 years ago) Argentina declared its independence from Spain; July 10, 1509 (452 years ago), John Calvin, Protestant theologian, born; July 10, 1890 (71 years ago), Wyoming became 44th state to be admitted to the Union; July 12, 1854 (107 years ago), George Eastman, pioneer in photography, born; July 14, Bastille Day in France; July 15, 1606 (355 years ago), Dutch painter, Rembrandt Van Rijn born.



THE JUGGLER



The CNR coffee shop car was filled with smoking, eating, talking and staring into space. Usually I indulge in a late coffee on the pool train for that is one service, and dozens of executive types riding between Canada's two largest cities, really appreciate. But this night I chose to be different. I parked my train case at my feet and perched at the counter with the rest of the travelers.

I don't know why I even looked at the menu, because my intention was to order the usual "coffee, clear, please." Sitting beside me was a well built, clear skinned young girl. She wore no make-up over her peach bloom complexion, only a splash of vivid red lipstick. I noticed her hands particularly, because they seemed incongruous for a working girl, which I presumed she was. Long tapering fingers ended in colorless yet beautifully groomed nails.

"Pardon me, could you tell me what waffles are?" she asked in a voice and accent that sounded like water tinkling musically over the sandy beach of a brook. When I had explained how waffles were made from a batter poured over a hot iron apparatus that squeezed into dents and hollows invented for the express purpose of holding soft butter and maple syrup, her English remarks melted into a friendly smile.

"OO, maple syrup, that is truly Canadian, isn't it?" She said so enthusiastically about the idea that, before I realized it, I had ordered waffles and maple syrup too.

Newspaper people never can leave well enough alone, they always have to ask questions. Sometimes they are inane such as "What do you think of Canadians?" Perhaps I never should have asked.

Her reply wasn't exactly vituperative, but she didn't mince words. Her assessment of our population from her two month's residence here was revealing if not too flattering. In her opinion our men and boys are rude, undiplomatic, devoid of courtesy, ill-mannered, virile, handsome, completely unromantic and too obvious in their advances. Our children are bored, little bellions, have beautiful table manners and don't know what the word "obey" means. Canadian women are beautiful, slaves to cosmetics, too thin or too fat, have — in the majority of cases — dreadful taste in clothes and have long ago ceased to expect their men folk "to hold the door for them."

"Your men make fun of our accent, but my boss admits he wouldn't hire anyone other than an English girl as his secretary. Canadian businessmen are demanding, but also appreciative of work well done. Office routine is thoroughly organized but socially — the average Canadian man is a total loss. I imagine he is more at home in a hunting and fishing lodge, or on a 'ruggy field, than as a guest at a formal dinner."

She's Envious

"This all sounds as though I don't like Canadians. I do. In fact I envy them in many ways. They are uninhibited by centuries of social amenities; they are blunt, at least you know how you measure up to their expectations. Men accept working women on their own level, recognizing their ability without masculine prejudice. Well, anyway she adored the maple syrup and waffles."

The last I saw of this frank young woman was the back of her well tailored gait as she made her way to the coach section of the night train to Montreal. Another criticism she made of Canadians — "They do not take advantage of this country's excellent travel facilities. Every weekend I go somewhere; I'd rather spend my money on fares than on fur-bellows."

She made a claim I could not dispute. She said she was ready to wager that she had visited and knew more about the museums, art galleries, theatres and scenic splendors of central Canada than any Canadian, male or female, of her age and means. On this same trip I had another revealing conversation. I was sitting in the lobby of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal waiting for train time for my return journey, when a frail young man asked surprisingly, "You are not American?" His huge brown eyes were watery and he sniffled constantly into an immaculate white linen handkerchief. He said he was from Iran, an immigrant who had been establishing a new business in New York City. Confused and disillusioned by the hurly-burly and hostile-bustle of that great metropolis he had traveled to Montreal to find out for himself if all human existence in this part of the North American continent was as hectic and, to his European mind, meaning less.

Pat On The Back

After three days, he had fallen in love with Montreal and Canadians. "Your women are so chic. New York women are too flamboyant in their style sense, too obvious in their sex appeal. You have time here for leisurely pleasure, in New York you even count the minutes it takes to eat a steak. Your businessmen are courteous; they do not make you feel that you are wasting their valuable time. There is perhaps too much drinking. Why cocktails before luncheon? Your coffee is awful, but your tea is sublime, your population too small, but your hearts are so big. Canada is a most beautiful country; you should be very proud to live here."

—Both sexes, from remote parts of the world with totally different backgrounds had summed up, with candour their opinion of Canada and native Canadians. I didn't remind either of them that since the last war Canada, like the United States, because of immigration, has become a veritable kaleidoscope of nationalities. Though the

THE DISTRICT at a Glance

government has recognized that there is such a thing as a "Canadian" for census purposes, the rude young man, badly behaved child, the slave to cosmetics, and probably the "chic" woman could be of almost any national background.

BRAMPTON

Six hundred dollars a month is the price the Chamber of Commerce has agreed to pay to keep the meters hooded on the downtown off-street parking lots. The town solicitor outlined the provision of agreement at last week's council meeting and it was passed on to the parking committee.

OAKVILLE

Employees of the town of Oakville's work department are about to become unionized. Town council last Monday night received a copy of the certificate issued by the Ontario Labour Relations Board regulating the designation of the National Union of Public Service employees as works department's bargaining agent.

ORANGEVILLE

Laurel School near Orangeville burned to the ground shortly after the closing exercises were held by the pupils. Final ceremonies were held at 2:30. At 4 p.m. only parts of the walls bordered the smouldering rubble. Firemen believe the fire started from papers being burned at the rear of the school.

ERIN

The large barn on the farm of Bert Robertson, Erin - Eramosa Twp., burned to the ground last Thursday night after being struck by lightning. There was practically nothing inside the barn at the time.

FERGUS

Fergus was stunned Saturday when little Mark Martin, 22 months old, suddenly fell through a hole in the lawn beside his home and disappeared. His mother, Mrs. Kevin Martin, was hanging clothes only a few feet away. The child had fallen into a disused well and drowned.

MILTON

Despite a pay increase for the staff, Milton District Hospital, kept within its operating budget during June as established by the Ontario Hospital Services Commission, members learned Thursday at the board's regular meeting.

ACTON

A crimper, a two geared conditioning machine which will assist farmers in their hay operations is being used this season for the first time by Harold McIntyre of R.R. 3, Acton. The crimping machine reduces drying time and makes the hay easier to handle.

WORDS OF THE WISE

Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech. — M. T. Tupper.

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

How come they're killing off all the big fellows this year? First it was Clark Gable, then Garry Cooper, and now it's Ernest Hemingway. When indestructibles like these are suddenly mowed, it makes us other old soldiers-of-fortune realize, with a shudder, that even for us the bell must toll one day.

In an age where men think it's a big adventure to go duck hunting, when they think it's rugged, he-man stuff to cook on their back-yard barbecues — these men were our folk heroes. These were the giants who kept us aware that once men were brave and valiant and wild and gallant.

How we swaggered through the belles with Gable in Gone With the Wind! How we stood up with him to the fury of the vicious Captain Bligh, in Mutiny on the Bounty! How we gathered the luscious women in droves merely by joining him in quirkering an eyebrow!

Many a lone and dusty Western street we stalked with Garry Cooper, hand poised ready for the draw, eyes darting to the upper windows, where the rifle barrels poked. Many a lonely ranch we rode up to with him, our past a mystery.

How often have we strolled with Hemingway the festive streets of a Spanish town, girls tossing roses to us from balconies! How many times have we sat with him in the great arena, squirting the native wine from the goatskin into our mouths, as we waited for death in the afternoon, the fanfare of trumpets, the march of the matadors!

Don't try to tell me that a lot of clearest young fellows called Rock and Tab and Rip and Kirk and Dirk are going to fill the boots of Gable and Cooper.

Please don't try to tell me that these earnest young men in crew cuts and horn-rimmed glasses, who write as though they had swallowed a dictionary of psychological terms, are going to oust Hemingway of the clean, stripped prose, the haunting poetry.

These were the men who were what all of us wanted to be — the dead shots, the mighty drinkers, the lady-killers, the devil-may-care adventurers. Honest, Mom, I don't want to be just a timid old school teacher. I want to have a beautiful countess goofy over me. I want to out-draw the fastest gun in the west. I want to shoot a lion.

It's a lot of fun mowing the lawn, but I'd rather mow down six or eight cattle rustlers. I like a game of bridge, but my heart yearns for Russian Roulette. I know I have trouble getting the top off a jar of pickles, but I have a yen to bend horseshoes with one hand.

I suppose a lot of you women will think this is immature. But the truth, however bitter, is that you just haven't been able to tame the wild man that lurks in every male breast.

You think we're just sitting there, half asleep, watching television, don't you? Well, next time there's a show-down on the screen, observe the grim set of our jaws, see the fingers of our gun hands curl.

Keep an eye on our eyebrows next time Sophia Loren heaves into view. They'll be so quizzical you could hang a water pail on them.

MERRY MENAGERIE

By Walt Disney

