

# Georgetown Herald

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## + EDITORIAL COMMENT +

### Cool Heads Must Prevail....

A situation dangerously reminiscent of those anxious pre-1940 days when Hitler was on the march seems to be shaping up in Europe again.

Berlin this time is the focal point of a dispute between Russia and the western allies which could break out in another holocaust—or which could end in appeasement which could only make the final reckoning even harder on the west than it was after Czechoslovakia was sacrificed to the Hitler march.

The United States, Britain and France are in the unhappy position of knowing that any backtracking can only delay a final showdown with Russia. And yet a firm stand could be the spark to set off another world conflict.

It is an unenviable position and one which will require the greatest diplomatic skill of men like President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan. We pray that they are equal to the task and that they may find a way of dealing with the affair which can save face on both sides and solve a major problem to the satisfaction of both proponents.

Certainly cool heads must prevail in this crisis.

The Russians are hard bargainers and masters of propaganda. They send only their best brains as emissaries to other lands and they have jockeyed the U.S.A.

into many distasteful situations. The abortive Cuban invasion seems in retrospect like a game devised by a group of children rather than by the skilled strategists we might expect to find in the U.S.A. defence department. Inexperience and bungling are evident in trouble spots like Laos.

Perhaps it would be a concession to the Communists if the daily press in the free world were subject to some sort of control. But we think the time is approaching when this control might be a benefit. Too often our dailies now take an isolated incident, a statement by a politician, and magnify it into a feature story which inflames the public mind or throws an unnecessary scare into readers.

We don't mean that a rigid censorship should prevail, nor that newspapers should become mouthpieces for the government in power.

We mean that a central information office might suggest that journalistic irresponsibility be repressed as much as possible and factual reporting be more relied on to interpret the world news pictures to people on this side of the Atlantic.

And particularly we think our government leaders should be statesmen rather than politicians, weigh their public utterances carefully and present as united a front as possible to the world.

### Back To School....

Perhaps it's a little early for a back-to-school editorial.

But we are aiming this at pupils who might be considering dropping out before they complete their high school education and we want to point out how urgent it is to give every consideration before making a step which can strongly affect your future life.

If you've studied history, you will remember the industrial revolution which is detailed in text books. Up to this time, goods were produced by hand, in small quantities, by individual tradesmen. Gradually machinery was invented to do the job faster, cheaper and over a period of years, the machine took over many of the old hand operations. This did not happen in a day or a year. But it happened and mass produced goods became our way of life.

Today we are in the midst of another revolution—this time one of automation. And as in the past, it isn't happening in one day either, but is a gradual, relentless process of change in which further refinements of machinery are taking over many of man's jobs.

This time, it is more a discarding of physical "unskills" if one can coin a word.

Automation is replacing hand labour in such widely divergent fields as digging ditches, office filing and moving heavy objects.

And it is becoming apparent that the day is coming when man cannot exist by the work of his muscles without full use of his brain power too.

This is why education is becoming all-important for the future of the individual and the nation. For we are almost at the stage where, without some specialized knowledge, there is no work for a man, no matter how willing he may be.

This doesn't mean that every man must be a college graduate. Doctors, lawyers and teachers we must have, of course, but equally so we must have many men trained in engineering, in mechanics and in operating the machines which are taking over from manpower.

And whatever field a person tackles, a basic high school education is more and more essential if one is to take his place in this world of automation.

Another year will see a technical school added to Georgetown's facilities. At present, we would advise every young person to continue his academic course at high school.

### LILAC AND LIMBURGER



"WHERE DO YOU WANT THEM LAMP POSTS AGAIN?"

## Quips, Sallies Lighten Serious Federal Business

OTTAWA (Special to The Herald) — The debates and discussions of members of the House of Commons are not always concerned with matters of great and serious import. Vital issues such as the Coyne affair and the budget debate do not take up all the time of the House. In fact, the lighter side comes into play fairly frequently as members on the exchange quips and sallies which sometimes reduce the House to gales of laughter. These exchanges, usually indulged in by those members who possess the sharpest tongues and the fastest minds, serve to provide a welcome relief to the usual Commons' fare of long, dull debate.

**Party Wits**  
On the government side, postmaster general William Hamilton and works minister David Walker are generally credited with having a well developed sense of humor. For the Liberals, Paul Martin and J. W. Pickersgill probably lead the way, while H. W. Herdridge, the veteran CCF MP often lends the proceedings for his group.

A good case in point occurred not long ago when Mr. Herdridge, with tongue obviously in cheek, referred to a resolution passed by a group of young Liberals suggesting that efforts be made to seek an alliance with the CCF New Party.

"In view of the possibility of thousands of invitations and greeting cards being sent to members of the young Liberals, could the postmaster general inform the house whether these cards should be sent first, second, third or fourth class mail?" Mr. Herdridge asked.

**Rendered Harmless**  
Appearing well prepared for the question, Mr. Hamilton rose armed with a set of postal regulations in his hand and replied that if such invitations were to be sent he thought they might go third class mail "because it includes matter which is wholly in print without reference to process and such things as plans without specifications, reproductions obtained by a multiplying process and miscellaneous articles such as pathological objects rendered harmless by the mode of preparation and packaging."

**Funny Field Day**  
The suspension of a gentleman who had been appointed as a census commissioner created a funny field day for some members. The reason for the suspension was given in the House as being because the gentleman in question had been convicted of operating an illegal distillery. E. L. Morris, parliamentary secretary to the minister of trade and commerce, Hamilton's frequent trips, including riding a chuckwagon at Calgary.

**Constant Reminder**  
But by far the loudest laughter of the session was caused when postmaster general William Hamilton and his persistent critic Axelius Dennis, MP for St. Denis, crossed swords over Mr. Hamilton's frequent trips, including riding a chuckwagon at Calgary.

**Has His Moments**  
Even Mr. Fleming, who has been listed as a minister without a great sense of humor, has his moments. When a Liberal MP suggested that a reply Mr. Fleming had given to a question was both "insulting and irrelevant," Mr. Fleming shot back that he had not wished to be irrelevant.

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out by the activity in which he was engaged. "How did he get into the Conservative party in the first place?" enquired Liberal Paul Hellyer of Toronto.

When trade and commerce minister George Hees revealed that a mother and two of her sons were all engaged in census work in his own riding of Toronto Broadview and that the woman in question was also the president of the riding's Progressive Conservative Association, J. W. Pickersgill, Liberal member for Bonaville-Twohatch, asked "Is this the restoration of the family compact in Toronto?"

**Brunt Pun**  
The pun still rates high in Commons' humor as can be seen from a question asked by Mr. Herdridge about the Senate's opposition to the controversial Agriculture minister Alvin Hamilton left himself open to some verbal barbs when his department announced he would be using a gold plated syringe in the up to the minute campaign against Diefenbaker, in reply, suggested that Mr. Herdridge considered the day a failure when he did not have a play on words.

Persistent questions about compensation for PEEI potato growers who lost part of their 1960 crop due to rat, involved once minister Fleming. After Mr. Hamilton's reply, Mr. Martin asked if the minister would give the house an assurance that he would not about the bill.

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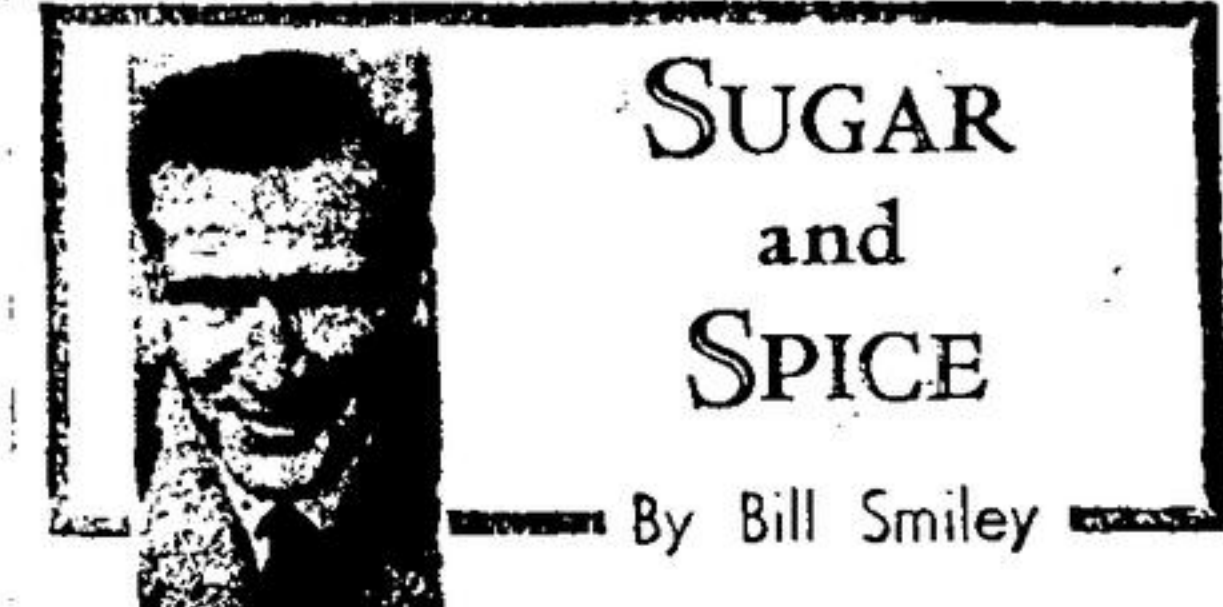
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## REMEMBER WHEN? ....

10 and 25 YEARS AGO  
From the Pages of The Herald, August 1, 1951, and August 5, 1936

**10 YEARS AGO**  
● Struck by a car on Main St. on Monday following the Donkey Baseball game Peter Darlington suffered a fractured bone in his wrist, and other cuts and bruises.  
● Council Monday turned over to solicitors Dale & a closing day on Mondays. Twenty-six of thirty eligible merchants had signed the petition.  
● Only minor damage was reported in an unusual accident last week on John St. An ice truck parked on the street rolled driverless down the hill and over the north sidewalk striking Arthur McGuigan's house.

**25 YEARS AGO**  
● Editor Joe Moore says: A man compares his possessions with what his parents had — a woman compares them with what the neighbours have.  
● A new racket has been reported in the area. On many mailboxes the names have become somewhat extinct so racketeers re-letter them and demand a fee of 50c on the grounds that government regulations call for distinct labels. The government says they have not authorized anyone to do this work.  
● At the Gregory Theatre: 13 Hours by Air, starring Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett and Zazu Pitts, Silly Billies starring Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey; Things to Come, the great H. G. Wells thriller.



**SUGAR and SPICE**  
By Bill Smiley

Rolling down from the north country early last Monday. All my dad had to do when he couldn't avoid thinking from under the cottage, throw there we were, pounding down the super-highway, doing a 90-mile trip in less than two hours. And there, in front, behind, and roaring past us like guided missiles, were thousands of others heading back to the city after a week-end at the cottage, each of them as grim and determined as a chariot driver on the day of the big race.

What a difference a handful of years have made. When we used to go to the cottage, back in the Twenties, it took a whole day to travel the 90 miles. And there was none of this business of Dad running up next week-end with anything that couldn't be carried on the first trip.

There was only one trip. He took us to the cottage when school let out, and he came back for us on Labor Day week-end. We didn't see him in between, and he was a much healthier and happier man for it.

We'd get an early start on the big day. Dad would be out about 6:15 kicking the tires of the car and filling the radiator with water, and checking his patching outfit. Then he'd start strapping and tying huge bundles onto the roof, running boards and bumper of the '27 Dodge. By about 6:45 he'd be damming and blasting like a civil engineer.

Around 7 a.m. he'd come into the house roaring, "Are you fellows ever going to be ready?" just about the time my mother was getting breakfast for five kids, finishing ironing, and packing a huge lunch for the road.

After eating a hearty breakfast, he'd go out to the car, kick the tires all around once more, climb in and honk the horn every two minutes as my mother was doing the dishes, changing the baby, and putting down all the windows in case it rained.

We'd get on the road about a three miles out of town, my mother would remember something that was indispensable. My Dad would turn around with a ferocious tearing of gears, and drive back, muttering something about cancelling the whole dam' trip if we couldn't give him a little help and cooperation.

Dad used to estimate our time so that we'd hit the ferry "right on the nose," as he put it. But he always neglected to allow for the inevitable blow-outs. So we'd tear down to the ferry dock just as the boat was in midstream, heading for the other side. My mother would sit placidly enough, fanning the baby, while my dad spent the next thirty minutes in a colorful outline of the character flaws of tire manufacturers and ferryboat captains.

When we got to the other side of the river, we began to get excited, as we inhaled the other world's beloved scent of "pine counseled" once again. Even my dad would sit down and relax on the East last week. Sam McAlister knelt over the boy and forced air into his lungs for about 10 minutes before he began to show signs of life. The bus, Elin Smith, was then rushed to Peel Memorial Hospital.

I'll admit that today's father is just as bad-tempered about the original trip to the cottage.

But there the similarity ends. All my dad had to do when he couldn't avoid thinking from under the cottage, throw there we were, pounding down the super-highway, doing a 90-mile trip in less than two hours. And there, in front, behind, and roaring past us like guided missiles, were thousands of others heading back to the city after a week-end at the cottage, each of them as grim and determined as a chariot driver on the day of the big race.

Next day was the same. He didn't do a tap. He just sat there looking at the lake, and maybe telling my mother she'd better paint the cottage this year. After lunch, he'd give her some money, kiss us all around, and head for home, serene in the knowledge that he wouldn't see any of us for two lovely, peaceful months.

Nowadays, on opening day, father has to hook up the water system, get the hydro turned on, and start wrestling a huge boat and motor out of the storage. He barely has the car unloaded when he's sent to town for groceries and beer. When he gets back, he's expected to take the kids for a swim, then cook a barbecue dinner. Later, he's expected to sit up here, the night talking to the people from the next cottage, who just dropped in for a night-cap.

And that's only the beginning. Today's father is expected to hurtle over the highways, anywhere from 100 to 300 miles every week-end, so that he can go through roughly the same performance. He arrives back on the job Monday morning, feeling like a bull fiddle that's been left out in the rain for a week.

In my father's time there wasn't much that could go wrong with a cottage. The toilet might flow over, but it would not back up. The water system couldn't go on the blink, because you got it from the lake with a pail. A hydro failure meant nothing when you cooked with wood and lighted with coal oil. If you got a hole in the roof, you put a bucket under it to catch the rain water, which was nice and soft for washing the hair.

Nowadays the poor, harassed devil who arrives at the cottage Friday evening after a three-hour drive is greeted by the news that the septic tank is not septic, the store is blowing fuses, the hot-water tank has burst, the kids have smashed the propeller of the outboard on a reef and "We're having a few couples in tonight."

The whole business is another example of today's man energetically wielding a spade at the digging of his own grave. In my dad's day the male was smart enough to work six days a week and have the family cottage far enough away so he couldn't possibly "run up" on week-ends. It's a wonder to me that there isn't a wave of suicides in the cities every Friday, about noon, all summer in these times.

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**Miss Canada Pageant Slated for Burlington**  
For the first time in the brief history of the Miss Canada Pageant, Burlington will be the scene of this national event. The Burlington Chamber of Commerce will run the show in the original trip to the cottage, August 9, 10 and 11.

## OUR READERS' RIGHT!

**Would Promote Amateur Contest**  
St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, Ont.

Dear Sir:  
Did I notice in the editorial column of your paper where some writer suggested that a group or organization should give leadership or supervision to the young people of Georgetown that they might become better prepared to meet the demands of tomorrow?  
On February 12th, 1926 I gave a donation to Ashgrove Improvement Society for impromptu speaking contest. Each contestant drawing three subjects and then speak on one of them from two to five minutes.  
Public speaking in Esquevas Township is like twitch grass in Georgetown.  
If your neighbour has twitch grass today you can bet your life it will grow through or under the fence before mowing and public speaking spread to a billion and peel counties and now it is all over Ontario.  
Times have changed and I would like to suggest an amateur program, say singing, dancing, or play a musical instrument. In 1958 four people offered to donate \$60 toward a program of this nature but it increased over 50%.  
Why didn't those fellows eat and smoke with the lawn, but this year six cigars hire another police man and raise their salaries in front of our house (which I

haven't quite figured out if it is a road level storm sewer or just a catch all water hole). Then along comes a town truck which I think was trying to lay the dust on the road, but made a better job of spraying the boulevard and killed every blade of grass.

The residents in our area of Georgetown are co-operative in every respect but when our official objects rendered harmless by the mode of preparation and packaging.

Speaker Roland Michener top pen off the exchange by declaring that it sounds to me like a conspiracy.

But sometimes the less prominent backbenchers get into the humorous act, too. During discussion of amendments to the income tax act, the Liberals tried to get Hon. Donald Fleming, the minister of finance to admit that retirement savings plans had been introduced by the Liberals when Walter Harris was the minister of finance.

"The minister finds it very difficult to say that this was introduced by Mr. Harris, but that happens to be the fact," declared Mr. Pickersgill.

"Is that the last time you saw Harris?" innocently asked John Drysdale, Conservative MP for Burnaby Richmond.

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## Picture Frames Need Dusting?

Georgetown Herald, July 30, 1961

Dear Editor:  
Glancing over the "Editorial Comment" of last week "Laws are Towns Show Windows" I couldn't help but get hot under the collar.

For the past five years we have lived in Georgetown, we der the fence before mowing and public speaking spread to a billion and peel counties and now it is all over Ontario.  
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We have taken the pride in keeping the boulevard seeded and mowed every year along with the lawn, but this year the grader has made a hole in front of our house (which I

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