

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Main Street New Look

Georgetown's new Main Street will be unveiled to the public this week-end when special ceremonies are planned to mark this forward step in the downtown world of commerce.

Honourable Robert Macaulay, Ontario's Minister of Energy Resources, has consented to assist in opening ceremonies on Saturday afternoon when he will join civic dignitaries and representatives of contracting firms in an official opening of the newly paved street.

The Lions Jamboree will move to an outdoor location on the Friday and Saturday nights, the first time in the memory of most Georgetowners that such a large open air event has been held downtown.

And adding to the festivities, merchants have planned special sales items, individual and collective lucky draws which will gladden the hearts of a number of lucky

winners and spark what should be one of the largest shopping sprees in town history.

The two-block section of Main Street has complete new pavement and sidewalks. Storm sewers and water lines have been refurbished, hydro and gas lines relaid, and every effort has been made to ensure that no digging up of the new surface will be necessary for some time to come.

Only thing missing this week will be street lights.

Council recently decided to test the proposed centre-location by erecting 'dummy islands' which will be tried for a few weeks, and if found effective the light standards will be erected in the centre of the street. If not standards will go in flush with store fronts in an unpaved strip of sidewalk which has been left for this purpose.

Fall Fair Coming

A week following the big jamboree, an annual event will draw large crowds to the town park when Esquering Agricultural Society present the fall fair.

This all-day show, plus the evening before, is in its own way just as big an attraction as the CNE.

It is a show window of district agriculture, with some of the finest livestock in Ontario on exhibit. Exhibits of crafts, flowers, school work and the culinary arts convert the armory into a show hall for the day. And a midway provides rides for the children and booths where one can spend money trying for the elusive trinkets which are part of the attraction of a fair.

Always a Problem!

To anyone associated with the merchandising field, the present store hours controversy is nothing new.

In over two decades on Main Street, we have seen stores open Wednesday and Saturday evening until midnight. When the Wednesday open night was dropped, there was a period of conflicting opinion among merchants, and some dire predictions from some of the public, that Georgetown's retail trade was doomed.

Another storm was weathered when a major decision was made to shift the Thursday half holiday to an all-day Monday closing and replace Saturday open nights with Friday opening. Here again there were sharp differences of opinion among merchants, and again some shoppers who said they would go elsewhere if they couldn't shop Saturday night.

Now the question of closing hours has again arisen, but this time with a difference.

A merchandise chain has intimated that it might locate in town if store hours were revised and the cause is being championed by a group of ladies who have approached

the grandstand, for extra bleachers will provide more than enough seating accommodation for all who want to watch the harness races and livestock parade in comfort.

Farm machinery and automobiles will be on display as usual in the centre of the track oval. And there will be lots of refreshment booths to satisfy appetites of youngsters and their parents, for what fair is complete without candy floss, hot dogs and chips.

Society members are hard at work on last minute details of the big show.

Plan to spend the day at Georgetown fair a week this Saturday.

council to air their views on the question. It is a tricky matter for council to handle, and we think that to date they have done the wise thing of refusing to initiate action which is, after all, mainly a matter for merchants to collectively decide.

In the long run it is better for shoppers as well as businessmen to have uniform store hours set by legislation for the majority. No system can be static, as past history has proved, and it may well be that we are nearing into a new period when closing hours may have to again be revised.

And while merchants are the deciders of their own course of action, it is natural, of course, that they will be guided to some extent by the feelings of the men and women who deal with them.

We know merchants have been discussing, officially and unofficially, the new trend to open nights which is discerned in cities and suburban shopping plazas. And it may well be that in future shopping hours will again change in Georgetown.

Certainly merchants do not go out of their way to offend their customers, for in the long run it is the buyer who calls the tune, and no one is more aware of this than a merchant himself.



THE GOLFERS



Friend of the Bride



BY DOROTHY BARKER

laws in a last minute dash to act as ushers and bridesmaids. We were all there, the women in their 'stand-in' dresses and 'sitting down' shoes, unwilling to admit they were being slowly tortured, the men, but and bored in dark suits with a wistful look as though they were remembering the tall one they might have been enjoying while stretched out under a tree if it weren't for all this fuss and formality to get two people hitched.

The sun slanted through the stained glass windows and danced among the posy hats of the congregation's feminine members. This was common ground where two generations could meet on the same social footing.

Men have often wondered why women weep at weddings. I never have, possibly because my own married life, for the 18 years it lasted, was a continual series of happy events. But I can understand WHY women weep. The stirring notes of the wedding march from Lohengrin is like a fanfare announcing the unknown.

Mothers of the brides tremble wondering what this step will mean for their darling daughters while mothers of the groom smother a sob of jealousy because another woman has usurped their place.

Brides today for the most part are tall self-assured, open confident, strikingly groomed young women. Pabulum, vitamins, exposure to sunshine, sports and usually a business career before marriage, have all contributed to this generation's assurance.

We were all gathered together in the sight of God to witness the joining together in the hallowed state of matrimony of a man and a woman who only seconds earlier had fought like cats and dogs in the friends and relatives journeyed backwards trying to blind one to pay tribute to this union.

Woody Barrie, Rhodes - Empire Builder, starring Walter Huston.

45 YEARS AGO

- While out hunting foxes on the main line, Andy Colgan shot a lynx measuring six inches from nose to tail tip.
Advertisement - Now is the time to buy your new Chevro let Touring Car \$695, Roadster \$680; McLaughlin Tour Car \$925.
The Suburban Railway Company are doubling the size of the platform of the station here. Traffic demands it.

ECHOES...

From the pages of the Herald, Sept., 1951, 1936, and 1916

10 YEARS AGO

Bruce Lewis and Bonnie Lynn Inglis were prizewinning babies at the Glen Fall Fair, Saturday, Bruce, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Lewis, Georgetown, and Bonnie Lynn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Inglis, Georgetown were awarded silver plates in the baby contest. Other prizewinners in other age groups were Diane Giles, Douglas McDonald, Shirley Ann Hancock and Brandee Campsty.

Georgetown's two pro hockey players, Bob Goldham and Joe Schertzl, have reported to their respective training camps, Bob with the Detroit Red Wings at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and Joe with the Hershey Bears at Hershey, Pa.

This is Georgetown Week in the Toronto Telegram. On Saturday our town was featured in the 'On the Map' series with descriptions and pictures. Each night this week, cartoons drawn by W. B. Mac will caricature personalities. Each cartoon features a group of six from such local organizations as the Town Council, Lions, Oddfellows and Masons.

25 YEARS AGO

Editor Joe Moore says: It will soon be time for political candidates seeking municipal honours to secure two hats - one to throw in the ring and the other to talk through.

With all the features and enthusiasm that would hold sway under the big top the Lorne Rifles Band presented a circus in the arena here last Friday and Saturday that outlasted anything like it in the profession. Sixty local people made up the cast.

At the Gregory Theatre, Florida Special, starring Sally Eilers and Jack Oakie, Speed, starring James Stewart and

SUGAR and SPICE By Bill Smiley

Backache? Feel listless? Nerves frayed? Why don't you do as I did. Get away from it all by entering the teaching profession, and revel in those long, golden, summer holidays.

A year ago, I had one week off between the end of summer school and the beginning of the teaching year. We spent the week winding up our affairs in one town and moving to another. I had two days vacation - Sunday and Labor Day.

This year, however, due to superior planning, and the uncanny timing of my wife, things are different. I had one day off - Labor Day - and I spent half of that moving the lawn, the other half writing a column.

I don't like to think I have a personal diet who is determined that a holiday would be bad for me. I prefer to put it down to sheer fate, had management, or some kind of psychological blocks I have developed, which steers me away, relentlessly, from anything that looks like a vacation.

It all started on the last day of summer school. White and shaken from a brutal Latin examination, I tottered back to my room to find the whole family waiting for me, aflame with excitement, for various reasons.

The kids were all agog because they figured they could con me into taking them to the Exhibition. My wife was all atwitter because she had just made a deal, out of thin air, to move to a different house, which she'd had her eye on for some time.

Right there, I almost broke down and wept. But, with that simple heroism that is the hall mark of the modern husband and father, without bitterness, with no recriminations, I pulled myself together. I waved a wistful mental farewell to my week of fishing, golfing and bumming. I grinned a ghastly grin. I agreed that it certainly was a coincidence that the Exhibition was on, and that it certainly was lucky that we had a week in which to move to the new house (with the big rent).

It all seemed sort of pre-ordained, and I didn't struggle. Just cried a little, inside. The kids took me for a horrible ride, financially and on a number of horrible rides, physically, at the midway. Every time it happens, I swear a deep and desperate oath that I'll never do it again. But I'm a sucker for midway rides. It's a hang-over from childhood, when I never had enough money for more than one thrilling trip on the Ferris wheel.

At any rate, we tried them all. That is, the rides that scare the liver out of you from the Wild Mouse to the Giant Rotor. My wife, brave little woman, was a good sport, as usual. She stood on the ground, alternately chewing her fingers and covering her eyes in horror, as we hurtled through space. But she did have the decency to help me stagger from one of these monstrosities to the next, and she did tell me I was white as a sheet and to stop being such a darn' old fool.

That was a fitting introduction to the week that followed, my holiday week. When we got home, we moved. As far as I'm concerned, moving and night-mares are in the same category. They're unreal, undesirable and deeply disturbing. The only difference is in the temperature of the sweat they produce. . . . with nightmares, it's a back to back and see how big I'm growing I'll soon be as tall as you are. How true, how true and likewise how soon. Oh, how soon!

ging them back in. Hundreds of cartons jammed with everything from toilet paper to toothbrushes, and nobody knowing what was in which. Furniture that had gone in easily through door ways but resolutely refused to come out through them.

And just to add a little spice to the move, a mother cat rubbing our legs for food when we were carrying refrigerators, three kittens climbing out of their box and heading in three directions and a crazy pup dashing wildly between the legs of the movers as they gingerly teted the 'hi-fi.

The only thing that preserved my sanity was the fortuitous recurrence of an old ailment in the general area of my back. This prevented me from lifting anything heavier than a cushion, but did not interfere with my natural ability to give cool, clear directions. It also proved something I'd suspected for a long time - that the Old Girl is a lot stronger than she looks.

As a fitting climax to the moving, it started to rain just as we were going to move the piano, and the mover had an open truck. My, it was exciting! You should have seen them put their backs into it - the two moving men and the two neighbours I had recruited. There was a great flurry of tarpaulins, grunting and bad language, but they moved the piano in five minutes. I can tell you, it was all I could do to stay out of their way, as I showed them where to put it.

Ah, well, we got settled in after a fashion - the four cats, the dog, and the four of us. There's a buffet and a china cabinet out in the garage and I think a whole suitcase full of my socks and underwear went off to the dump, but that's all in the game.

I am not really bitter about it and already I'm making plans for my week's holiday next year. But I had to assert some will power to keep from punching right in the nose some of my students on the first day of school, who greeted me with a cheery "Had a nice holiday, sir?"

BRITISH FARMERS TO VISIT MILTON FAIR

The Halton Agricultural Society will play host to a group of visiting British farmers at this year's Milton Fair.

The group, representing various types of farming in Britain, will visit the Milton Fair on Saturday, September 30th. In making this tour the group will visit points of agricultural interest in Ontario. Particular interest will be shown in the livestock exhibits at the Fair.

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County Members Attend Meeting Tuberculosis Union

Mrs. M. E. Lunan, Executive Secretary of the Halton County Tuberculosis and Health Association, served as hostess on Sept. 11th, at the International Union Against Tuberculosis, which is meeting in Toronto September 10 - 14th.

Approximately 3,000 delegates from 68 countries are attending this worldwide conference on tuberculosis. This marks the first time that such a meeting has taken place in Canada, and the first time in 35 years that the conference has been held in North America.

Members of the Association who are attending the International Union meeting include: Mr. Wm J. Benson, President; Mrs. George Somerville, Acting; Mrs. E. Sanford, Limehouse; Mr. Walter Pope, Georgetown; Mr. Hugh Brearley, Oakville; Dr. D. B. Campbell, Oakville; Mrs. Jack Ryan, Burlington; Mr. B. C. MacNab, Milton; Dr. A. F. Bull, M.O.R.; Mrs. C. W. McKim, Bronte.

Explains Coverage Of Hospital Plan

With regard to accommodation in the Hospital, the Hospital Insurance Act between the Federal Government and the Province of Ontario was set up to ensure the Hospital being reimbursed for its cost of providing standard or public ward-services to insured residents of the Province. It goes without saying, therefore, that the Hospital will not be reimbursed for the cost of providing other than insured services - that is any semi-private or private rooms - only the Standard Ward portion of this cost will be met. The Hospital must be very careful to collect the difference in cost from either Blue Cross, or some private insurance coverage or directly from the patient.

In keeping with the principles outlined above, patients who wish to be admitted to the Georgetown & District Memorial Hospital must expect to be charged the difference in cost which is \$3.00 per day for a semi-private room or \$6.00 a day for a private room unless they carry insurance to cover these costs.

As a matter of fact, no insurance company will pay the private room charge in full but only the semi-private portion of it. The residents of the community must realize that if they carry only public ward insurance, they may be required to await the availability of a public ward bed when admission is desired unless they state their willingness to meet the added cost.

The average cost for semi-private supplementary coverage for a family being some \$1.05 a month, it would certainly seem economically sound for this coverage to be carried.

H. GRAHAM GILHOOLY



UP TO YOU, THE NATION'S EDITORS, TO SUGGEST THE BEST WAY FOR CANADIANS TO KEEP IN SHAPE.