Georgetown Herald

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+ EDITORIAL COMMENT +

New Firm Coming . . .

An industrial story which has kept our community on tenterhooks for months has materialized with announcement by the American-Marietta Company that contracts have been awarded for a new plant in Georgetown.

The firm, with Head office in Chicago, optioned an acreage in Delrex last spring, and since then had been renewing its option each month, while not definitely stating its intentions.

In Georgetown, sealants, insulation and caulking compounds and other industrial chemical products will be produced. It will operate under the Presstite division of American-Marietta, which supplies products for the automotive industry.

It is a big step forward in the town's industrial future to welcome a firm of this size to town. Georgetown's industrial growth has not kept pace with its population increase, as any resident knows, and it can be hoped that this is the turning point to a brighter future.

Georgetown is situated in the hub of Ontario's industrial centre and has everything to offer industrialists -- serviced land, labour pool, and attractive living in a community small enough to be friendly, yet large enough to have all the advantages of a city.

Resultant publicity of the Marietta move should have nothing but good repercussions and we hope this will be the first of many new factory locations.

Entering the Ministry . . .

Elsewhere in this issue is an interesting account by Tom Forgrave of his decision to study for the United Church ministry.

His friends of all faiths will be wishing this fine young Georgetowner well in his chosen career, and it is good to know that someday our town can boast yet another member of the clergy who came Georgetown as his birthplace.

Tom was one of the most popular students in his high school days at GHS. He was a good student, scholastically and in extra-mural activities, and has been particularly active as a scout leader. In our opinion he has the personality and principles to make a fine minister. It is not a sudden decision, as he tells in his article, and the church is fortunate to have an applicant old enough to know his own mind when he makes a decision, and young enough to have many years to spend at his chosen labour.

We shall be following Tom's career with interest in the future and wish him the best as he continues his university course in London and plans to enter training college afterwards.

Contamination Will End . . .

Residents of town, and particularly neighbours of the Credit side of town will be happy to know that contamination of the Credit River will cease soon enough.

Monday, the town council approved of a plan which will see Georgetown supply sewer pipe and a development firm do the work which will allow all municipal sewage from one portion of town to the disposal plant. Up to now this has been spilling into the river because of broken lines to a temporary lagoon established before the disposal plant was constructed.

The problem has been kicked back and forth between the town, Water Resources Commission and the developer since the new town plant was constructed. There were points of dispute on both sides, but the matter now seems to have been solved to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

The new sewage hook-up will finalize one phase of conservation and end an increasing menace to what was once a fine, pure river despoiled by man and the growth of Georgetown. It is one of the reasons the Water Resources Commission was formed, and future generations will benefit from this forward step in sanitation which sees industrial and human waste disposed of before it reaches the Credit.

COIN COLLECTING HAS NOW BECOME BRAMPTON BUSINESS

"One of the main faults of being a coin dealer is that he is always a dealer in coins," said Gerry Panger, former proprietor of Kennedy's Cut Rate, Georgetown, and now owner of the Trading Post on Main Street North, the only store in Brampton that does no coin work.

Sideline

"Selling coins started off as a sideline to selling records as far as I was concerned," Mr. Panger said. "When I opened the store 15 years ago and the store two months ago I came to realize this where that are 200 for it because I had been collecting coins myself for 25 years. The condition of the years. Now it seems to be from good to uncirculated also coming a major part of my business was a bearing on the value.

Varying Factors

The value of a coin is governed by many factors. Age is important as some coins are worth more than others that are 200 years old. The condition of the coin varying in five degrees from good to uncirculated also was a bearing on the value.

A 1947 Canadian half dollar which the point of the "7" points to the right, is worth $125 to $425 and the last unlisted in collecting coins. However, dated 1921 half dollar sold for $4,800. On the other hand an 1870 half dollar is worth $7.50. The condition and the amount minted is all important.

The increased popularity of coin collecting is reflected in the number of sets of mint proofs ordered from the mint each year. In 1950 the number was 108 but by 1960 had risen to 61,100. The list price of the 1950 sets of proof, which cost $3 originally from the mint is now $150.

Becoming Art

In some places coin collecting has become a veritable art. Collections devoted to coins depicting fish, animals or flower designs are matters for the really keen, and affluent, collector. Weekly columns on the finer points in coin collecting are run by most of the major daily newspapers.

During the past few years or so there has been a tendency to search for so-called coin varieties. These are coins which have some slight variation in the spacing of date figures, an unusual mark or the lack of some minor part of the design. There are a great number of these, particularly on the half dollar.

Allied to the collection of coins, and even more specialized is the collection of tokens. In the early days both banks and stores issued tokens which had a face value of five or ten cents. Some of these tokens are now worth as much as $200. A whiskey token valued at five cents "at the bar" is now worth $2.

"CONGRATULATIONS!"

THE CHEERLEADER

Why I Want To Be A Minister . . .

By Thomas Forgrave

In the past few weeks, since I have announced my intentions of entering the Ministry of the United Church of Canada, many people have asked me why I made this decision. The following are the reasons, as nearly as I can pinpoint them, with the best explanations that I can offer.

First Insight

The first thing that I can remember wanting to be is a Minister. This was when I was in Grade VI. Rev. John Smith was the minister at St. John's then and due to close contact with him and his family I gained my first insight to the joys and satisfaction of the Ministry that cannot be explained in terms of salaries and expense accounts. This feeling in me was very strong, so strong indeed that I never considered any other vocation until I entered High School and even then it was in comparison with the Ministry that I considered teaching and various other vocations which became open to me.

With the entrance to High School comes much greater freedom to the young person. He comes into contact with an entirely different world which he does not know exists from the guarded viewpoint of his public school life. The people are different, adults treat him with greater respect and he is beginning to become acquainted with life as it really is. On viewing this new world I became rather disentranced with the ministry. It didn't offer big cars, the social prominence nor the success in monetary terms that most of the other jobs in the new world did. All of these things became very attractive to me and I tried to completely disregard the ministry.

I thought I might combine these two in Medicine but that didn't work out. Then I entered Business Administration and here was an entirely different situation. I was doing very well and I was quite happy. However something seemed to be missing and this business of the Ministry kept popping up in front of my mind until I had to do something about it I had to decide either for the Ministry or against it and I found that I could not deny the call.

I find it very difficult to describe exactly how or what I feel because the call to the Ministry to me is such an intangible thing and such a personal experience that it's hard to understand if you haven't experienced it for yourself. Quite often too, when I try to portray myself as a suitable candidate it's like asking someone to whitewash a fence and handing them a can of black paint. However in conferring with Rev. Morgan McFarlane it became clear to me that if I took these inadequacies in my personal character to God and sincerely asked for His help to overcome them I would be able to offset them with stronger, better characteristics.

Counted Cost

I believe in God; I believe in Jesus Christ. I believe that Christ died for all of us; I have accepted Him as my personal Saviour. I would be the first to acknowledge that I have sinned in my speaking and thinking and acting but I firmly believe that Christ died on the Cross for my sins. I have thoughtfully counted the cost of following Christ and I sincerely repent of my past sins. I am willing to surrender my life to Christ. And so I came to Him, and to the Session of St. John's as His deputies, to present myself as a candidate for the Ministry.

I will not pretend to be an expert on the Bible because I am not, and I don't know too much about the doctrines of the United Church of Canada but I'm willing to learn and to work hard and this is the purpose of my University training.

An Emptiness

I cannot explain my decision fully without making some mention of my family life. I am fortunate enough to come from a good Christian home. With the death of my mother two years ago came a period of maturation unequalled in my young life. When my mother died the bottom fell out of everything. I wondered where this God of ours had been or what He had been doing when He let her die. The only way I can describe the feeling was that I was empty. I no longer believed in anything. But the great turning point, the really decisive moment in my life came during her funeral. On listening to Rev. McFarlane's comments during the service I suddenly began to drink in their significance and a complete feeling of peace came over me. I knew that my mother was safe in the hands of God and that, although we would miss her sorely she had gone to a life far better than any we could offer. I suppose I knew then too that I would be a minister but it has taken me this past two years to admit it.

In closing I would like to quote a few verses from Isaiah that have had considerable significance in my decision:

"And he touched my mouth and said: "Behold this has touched your lips; your guilt is taken away and your sin forgiven."
And I heard the voice of the Lord saying: "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Then I said: "Here I am, send me."

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. . ECHOES . .

From the pages of the Herald, October, 1951, 1936 and 1916

10 YEARS AGO

- Georgetown will have dial telephones in 1953. Announcement was made this week by the Bell Telephone Company of the purchase of property on Main St. by the company.
- The Georgetown Curling Club has gotten off to a good start this year. Arrangements are being made with the area board for the club to have the artificial ice on Wednesday and Thursday nights and it is hoped that curling will start early in November.
- The Herald will move to a new Main Street location early next year. The Herald has purchased from Kenneth M. Langdon, the building recently vacated by B. F. Murfin Sheet Metal Works. The floor space is over twice that of the present location.

25 YEARS AGO

- Chief Marshall has issued some fifteen invitations to citizens to appear before the Police Magistrate on Thursday and explain why they have been operating a radio without a permit.
- On Tuesday the following officers of Verdun Rebekah Lodge were installed: P.N.G. Mrs. Ada Hall; Noble Grand Miss Hazel Marshall, Vice Grand Mrs. Gertrude Dale; Recording Secretary, Miss Mabel Forgrave; Financial Secretary Mrs. Edna Cleave; Treasurer Mrs. Olive Reid.
- At the Gregory Theatre: Three Wise Guys, starring Robert Young and Betty Furness; Sons O'Guns, starring Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell; Petticoat Fever, starring Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery.

45 YEARS AGO

- Finding that the Hotel business does not pay under prohibition, Fred Garbutt, lessee of the Hotel Royal, Milton, has decided to go out of business.
- The residence of Mr. John Townsend of Terra Cotta was burned to the ground Monday night. Those in the house were aroused about 1 o'clock in the morning by smoke and escaped.

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Civilization has taken majestic forward strides in the past fifty years or so. Half a century ago, people had cellars below their houses. In these cool caverns were found such things as: pickles and preserves; barrels of apples, turnips and potatoes covered in dirt to keep the frost out; and eggs kept fresh in white stuff called waterglass.

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Then came the furnace, and the cellar became a basement, with a plank floor. Now it costained bundles of newspapers, a stone crock and bottle capper for making home brew, boxes of limp love letters, old trunks full of older clothes to be dragged out on Hallowe'en, and the winter's supply of coal.

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Not many years passed before the basement underwent another face-lifting. With the advent of oil or gas heating, a cement floor was installed. The basement became the laundry-room cum workshop. The belch of the sump pump was replaced by the swish of Mom's washer, the hum of her dryer and the whine of Dad's bandsaw; as she kept the family clean and he happily fashioned jiggly-legged tables and rickety trellises.

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Between the second and third world wars, when everyone was building those inverted strawberry boxes with attached carports, the basement was again transformed. During the '40s, the fifties and right into the '60s, apparently intelligent people poured millions of dollars into these curiosities, which were known as 'recreation rooms.'

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They installed television sets in them. They built elaborate bars in them. They jammed in ping pong tables and dart boards and juke boxes and fireplaces and record players and pool tables and panelled walls and tiled floors and neon lights. They did all this for two reasons.

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First of all, they wanted a place where their children could play, happily and safely. And where their teenagers could have friends in, and dance, and eat hot dogs, and have good, wholesome fun. And second of all, their living rooms were so small that it looked like a poker game in a Pullman when they invited another couple in.

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For generations, these good people tried to get their children and their guests to go down and enjoy life in the 'recreation room.' The small kids, quite sensibly, refused to have anything to do with them, preferring, like normal children, to play out in the mud and on the road. After one dismal evening of 'recreation', with mother or father dashing down the stairs every twenty minutes to make sure they were having a whale of a time, the teenagers avoided them with alacrity.

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And, guests, lured to the recreation room by the hope of a drink, seized it in one hand, looked around, whistled, said, 'Boy, this musta setya back plenny,' and headed right back upstairs for the kitchen, where the real party inevitably took place.

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It was not until the 1960's that the cellar-basement-laundry room - workshop - recreation room achieved real dignity, and attained its true and lasting status in our society.

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At first, it labored under the rather insipid name of 'fall-out' shelter.' In fact, what brought up this whole train of thought was finding an old newspaper, dated 1961. I came across it when I was pulling a thigh-bone off Aunt Mabel's skeleton, back in the corner there. I needed it to carve a new soup spoon.

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Anyway, there was this clipping, ten years old. On it was a story in which Prime Minister Diefenbaker — that was when there used to be what they called a 'government' — announced that he and his wife and staff would go into an ordinary fallout shelter should there be a nuclear attack. Apparently that was before they started firing the salvos of glandular gas.

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Uncle Dud, who was quite a kidder before his second head went mental, told me one time that Mr. Diefenbaker wasn't killed in the 1st attack. He died of apoplexy when someone inadverently let it slip that the contractor who had built his shelter was what they used to call a Liberal.

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At any rate, it wasn't long before the 'fallout shelter' became known as what it has been called since, the "living room." Maybe it was because they were the only places where anyone was living. Unlike the people I mentioned, who never recreated in their recreation rooms. And I must admit, it's pretty darn cosy, when you get it fixed up as nice as Yours.

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The first few months were pretty rugged. We had to shoot quite a few people who were too lazy or too poor to provide themselves with living rooms, and tried to horn in on ours. But we were able to use the corpses as rat-bait, which kept fresh meat in the pot for some time.

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When Granny died, the smell was rather disagreeable, but we solved that by crushing everybody's olfactory nerve. We missed our lights for a while, after the generators went, back in '64, but we've got used to it, and the kids are blind anyway, so it doesn't bother them a bit. They're as happy as morons. In fact, uh. . . well, never mind. The main thing is they're happy.

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They're just as cute as can be, swimming in the big water hole at the north end of the living room. Of course, those webbed feet are a big help. They can swim twice as fast as I could, when I was a kid. And they're as healthy as trout. As a matter of fact, maybe that is because they live on the same diet — worms. Of course, they get lots of greens once a week, when we scrape the mould off the walls. That stuff is full of penicillin, too, if I remember aright.

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All in all we're about as happy and snug a little family as you'll find if you can find one. And I'm certainly glad we are living in an age of progress, not back in those dreary days when a living room was called a cellar, or a basement, or a recreation room.

THE DATE BOOK

Sept. 24 - 30 National Dog Week; Sept. 24 Gold Star Mothers Day; Sept. 25th 1897 (64 years ago), writer William Faulkner born; Sept. 30, 1927 (34 years ago), Babe Ruth hit his 60th home run of the season to establish a new record; Sept. 30, 1938 (23 years ago), The Big Powers met at Munich and agreed to the partition of Czechoslovakia in a futile effort to appease Hitler and avoid war; Sept. 30, 1953 (eight years ago), Earl Warren named Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.

MERRY MENAGERIE — By Walt Disney

"Then I wonder where I'm not buying now?"