

# Georgetown Herald

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PAGE 4 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1961

## ... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

### Another Fine Show...

Number three in the play series of Georgetown Little Theatre marked a return to comedy, when a fine cast fanned thro' the time-honoured 'Nothing But the Truth' to good houses on Friday and Saturday.

The play has been done on the silent and talking screen, on Broadway and by stock companies all across the land. But in this case humour isn't dated and it provided a quota of laughs as the hapless hero got more and more involved in his efforts to tell the truth for 24 hours.

The cast performed on a level above that expected from amateur theatricals. The show on opening night never quite reached

the quality level of 'September Tide,' last spring's drama which produced some of the best acting seen outside of professional ranks.

But it was the production's aim to entertain, and the laughs came often, which after all is the criterion of any such play.

Once again we were struck by the expert staging on a pocket-stamp stage. What a pity the presentations cannot take place in the high school auditorium with its superior stage facilities. Perhaps a few more full houses and the Little Theatre will be able to tackle the heavier financing involved in renting the high school auditorium.

### A Proper Halloween...

While we are sometimes inclined to reminisce about the good old days and the pranks which were played on Halloween, it is something with which we can do without nowadays.

And there will be no regrets that damage was nil in town this year, except to the supplies of goodies which housewives always have on hand for the young trick and treaters.

Innocent pranks like window soaping are to be expected on the night, and indeed merchants might be disappointed if there was not the usual frenzy of window washing on the morning after. But wilful damage like broken windows, missing gates,

despoiled gardens which occurred in the past are something we can do without.

This year shall-out set a new record in our neighbourhood at least. Each year we prepare for a dozen or so more than the previous season, and we thought ourselves well supplied with close to a hundred little packets. By eight p.m. they were all gone, and we hastily rushed some apples and pennies to the rescue. As these disappeared, we finally turned off the front lights, but this didn't deter many of the visitors. Next year we'll know better.

We hope that a damage-free Halloween augurs well for the future. For there is no more excuse for vandalism than any more than on other days.

### Township Might Share...

Much interest is being evinced this year in creating outdoor skating rinks to relieve congestion at the arena. And costs must be considered, for the town treasury is not an inexhaustible supply depot and many worthwhile things must be denied a municipality, as they are denied a household to meet the budget.

Perhaps outdoor rinks could be made more palatable if the surrounding portion of Esquimes were to contribute a few hundred dollars toward arena upkeep. The building is used extensively by its younger residents, yet it is maintained by Georgetown taxes alone.

If our town fathers approached the

township council, we feel they would meet with a good reception. And a township contribution would be a real help to the board of parks which is often criticized for measures it must take to keep a balanced budget, and which would be equally criticized if it were to go in the home more than the one mill tax grant allowed each year from public funds.

At the same time, the board should be complimented this year for the fine improvements in the building, particularly the white ceiling paint which sets off the modern lighting system installed last season. It is more pleasant for hockey players and spectators alike.

### Would Put All Poisons In Standard Bottles

An easily recognized, six-sided bottle of heavy blue glass is being considered as a standardized container for poisons wherever they are sold in Canada or the United States.

**Reduce Number**  
The Ontario College of Pharmacy is seeking the action in order to reduce the number of accidental poisonings among people mistaking poison bottles for medicine.

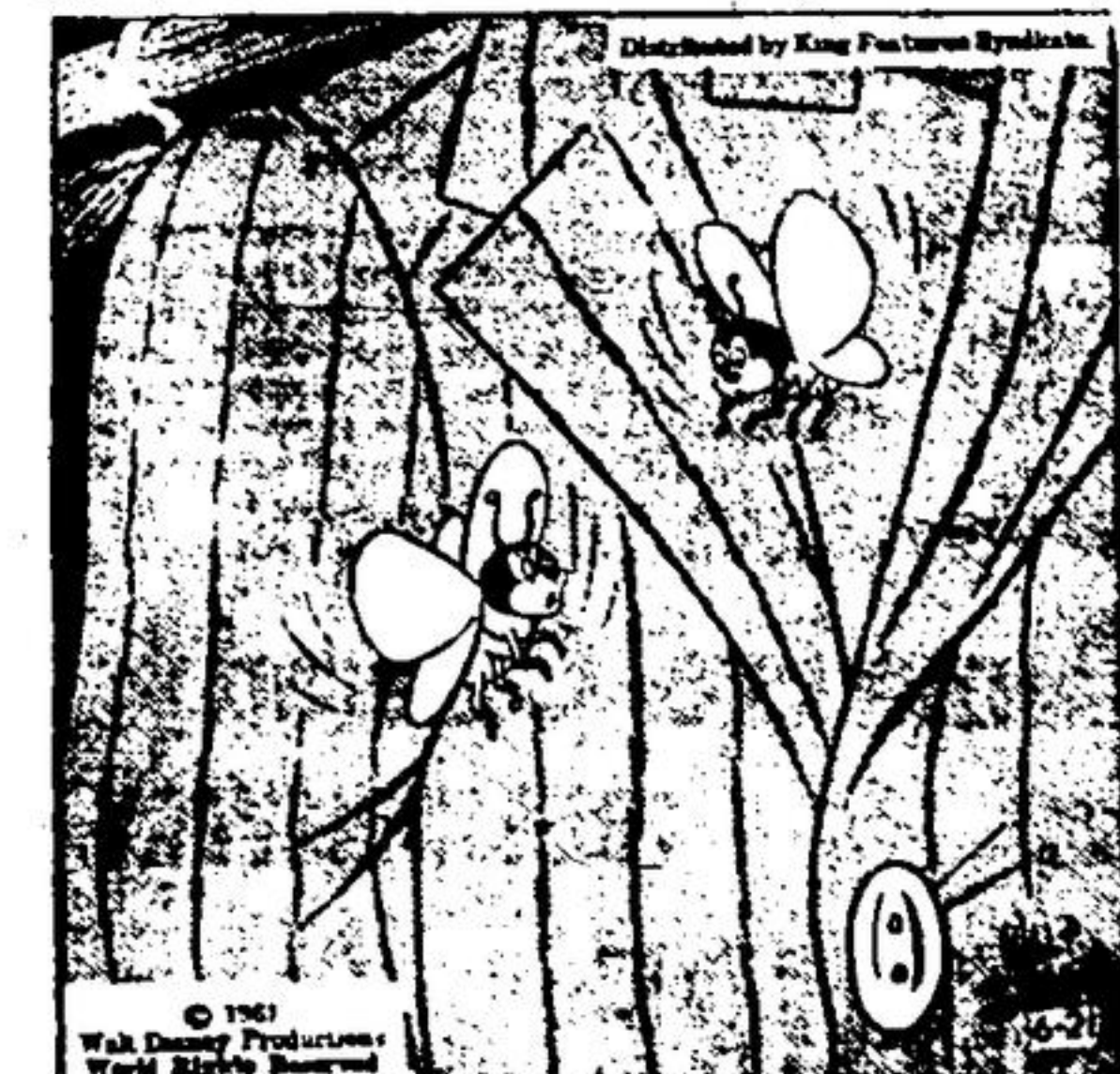
**Before Council**  
The original proposal was put before the Council of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, licentiate body of the province's pharmacists, by immediately recognized by sight staff member Inspector Thomas and touch for young children. E. E. Greenfield, people with limited sight, new immigrants who read no English, illiterate, and sleepy folk groping in medicine cabinets in the dark.

**Won Approval**  
Already, the College's proposal has won tentative approval in resolution form by the American College of Apothecaries in Washington, and by an Ottawa meeting of the Canadian Medical Council, comprised of deputy health ministers from each province. Now the proposal is before the Food and Drug Administration in Ottawa.

**Sight and Touch**  
P. T. Molesley, Registrar, says College officials feel the standardized bottle will make it possible for the bottle to be immediately recognized by sight staff member Inspector Thomas and touch for young children. E. E. Greenfield, people with limited sight, new immigrants who read no English, illiterate, and sleepy folk groping in medicine cabinets in the dark.

**Lack of Sight**  
His report pointed out that there are 600,000 people in Ontario alone whose ability to read medicine or poison bottle labels is handicapped by illiteracy or lack of sight.

### MERRY MENAGERIE By Walt Disney



"Since these synthetic fabrics were invented, I've been half-starved!"

## REMEMBRANCE DAY NOVEMBER 11



### "THEIR NAMES LIVETH FOREVER"

be a ruling that was ultra vires of the Pharmacy Act of Ontario.

**Kept Secret**  
One of the present problems in standardizing poisons in the blue bottles is that only three manufacturers in North America — one in Canada and two in the U.S. — make blue glass. Formulas are kept secret.

**Economically Unsound**  
The lone Canadian manufacturer says that production of the proposed distinctive blue bottle would be economically unsound unless orders amounted to 5,400 gross a year. Creating moulds for the bottles would cost some \$11,000 if it included the recommended sizes — half-ounce, one-ounce, two, four, eight and sixteen ounces.

**Inexpensive**  
However, Inspector Greenfield points out the bottles would be relatively inexpensive in the end.

What's more, and most important, he says, is that "many lives may be saved."

### Plans Training For Ministry

By Eric Dowd in the Globe & Mail  
Too old at 65? Nonsense, says company executive Gordon Alcott.

It is the age at which he plans to retire from business, and train to be a full-time minister.

The 52-year-old insurance underwriter, ex-manufacturer, recreation director, sales supervisor and personnel manager already has discussed his long-range proposal to start a career with officials of Knox Presbyterian Church.

**Ticked Off Reasons**  
This week the long-time Bible class teacher barbecued a steak

on the back lawn of his comfortable home on Weston Road, and tucked off the reasons why he will refuse to sit back after 38 years of working for a living.

"First, I feel an obligation to show others the benefits to be obtained from a Christian life. This seems the best way to do it."

"Secondly, it's quite ridiculous a man should waste away at 65. I keep fit now. I expect to be almost at full vigor then."

**All Walks**  
"Thirdly, I've spent a lot of time with people from all walks of life. I've picked up a lot of experience I can put to good use."

"Fourthly, at 65 I'll be financially independent. I won't need a salary to do my new job."

The scholarly spoken man with the quick movement of a trained athlete added quietly: "It's not something in which I feel I have any choice, anyway. It's something I feel I must do."

The idea came to him a year ago — suddenly. Although he has been a churchworker most of his life, he never had any ambition to be a minister.

**Toronto Born**  
Born in Toronto, a graduate of McMaster University and trained mine technologist, he worked in nickel mines at Sudbury from 1936 to 1945, for two years as recreation director of the town of Weston, as sales manager for a tissue company from 1947 to 1949 and as personnel manager of a sports goods manufacturing company until 1952 when he joined the sales staff of an insurance company.

His plan would create a precedent — but precedents are nothing new to Gordon Alcott.

**Founded Little N.H.L.**  
In 1935 he founded the Little National Hockey League at Georgetown, with 90 boys in six teams. The league now has 50,000 boys in teams across Ontario.

After 20 years as president of the league he gave up the office to concentrate on PAX (Peace and Attainment through Christ) Bible class he started at Weston Presbyterian Church in 1945. It now is the biggest teen-age Bible class in Canada.

Working with young people, Mr. Alcott feels, helps keep his outlook young. To keep fit he walks two miles each day before breakfast. Last year he started a university extension course for his M.A. degree.

He hopes to specialize particularly in youth work and estimates he has at least 10 years' full-time service in the ministry to offer.

Gordon is a Georgetown native, a son of Mrs. George Alcott of Main Street South.

### WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT

Day	High	Low
October 29	58	50
October 30	59	48
October 31	52	44
November 1	49	34
November 2	63	28
November 3	75	40
November 4	40	29
High for week	75	43
Low for week	28	29
Precipitation	73	28
Not much sun this last week until Saturday which was brilliant.		
High for the month	77	43
Low for the month	28	29
October 11	77	43
October 23	28	29

Alicia F. C. Scott

## SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

By the time this appears in print, the battle over the observance of Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, will be over, in most centres. It's an annual fracas, which generates a good deal of heat, and, on occasion, some bitterness.

On one side is the Legion, one of whose aims is to keep alive the memory that a goodly number of fathers and sons, uncles and brothers, had their lives torn from them, prematurely and painfully, in the two world wars that have disgraced the twentieth century. The Legion urges that the day be declared a full holiday in every community, and that it be fittingly observed.

Range on the other side are the merchants and manufacturers, some of whom resent the loss of profit or production that is involved. Lots of them are veterans themselves. They claim, and with some justice, that it's not a day of remembrance anymore, but merely a holiday. They wonder aloud why they should pay wages to a fellow who will simply take the opportunity to go hunting or sit in the pub all day.

And right in the middle is the Canadian Government. In deference to the big pressure from the Legion, the government closes its own offices on Nov. 11. But in deference to the even bigger potential howl from industry, the Government does not declare the day a national holiday, and makes little attempt to encourage it as such.

What about that ubiquitous creature, the man in the street? Where does he stand? I'm not sure, but I have a pretty good idea that he feels about this question just as he does about most others: he couldn't care off merrily enough.

Of course, if it were put to a national vote, he'd vote for the holiday. I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid that fellow would vote for a paid holiday if someone suggested one in memory of Henry the Eighth. John A. MacDonald or Good King Wenceslas.

I have an idea for Nov. 11. Let's make it a full holiday. And let's make it a real day of national mourning and remembrance. Let's turn off all hydro. Let's make any kind of heat or light against the law for 24 hours. Let's close all places of entertainment. Let's forbid travel. Then, in the cold and dark and the boredom, we'd suffer perhaps one one-hundredth of what the fellows in the trenches went through, back in that big war that ended 43 years ago.

Perhaps the reason the Government plays it cagey is because it is obvious that in 20 years there won't be many of the World War I veterans left, and in 30 years they'll be virtually extinct. I find that a depressing thought in more ways than one.

Personally, I hate to miss the annual parade to the Cenotaph. At our school, we have an impressive remembrance ceremony.

We always formed up at the Legion Hall, with a great bust-

ling among the color party and the parade-master. The Scouts and Guides would tag on the end to swell our meagre ranks. To the inevitable strains of 'Colonel Bogey', we swung smartly down the main street. Stern and straight we marched looking neither to left nor to right, except to nod at friends or grin at our kids or wave to our wives.

When we halted at the Cenotaph, there would be a big crowd—maybe 40 or 50—gathered there. Everybody would be looking pretty serious. It was always cold. The Mayor read the names of the fallen, and the wind would snatch them up and throw bits of them into the crowd.

A representative from each of the town's organizations placed a wreath, with varying degrees of self-consciousness. Then came the call for individual wreaths. You blamed the wind for making your eyes water as one or two women, pay wages to a fellow who will lose son or husband, went gawking forward.

At the flagpole, his post of honor, stood the Old Legionnaire. He had fought in the first one, and he had lost his son in the second one. And when he lowered the flag and bowed his head, and the colors dipped, and the Last Post shivered in the cold, and the town bell tolled in the silence that followed, there was a big, painful lump in your throat.

And then, with the jaunty hoot of Rowells, the dying was ended and life began again. The shouted command, the lively march tune of the band, brought the wanted release from sadness, and we swung off merrily enough.

And after the service, the warmth of the Legion Hall, with good friends, good fellowship, good refreshments and good stories by the hour. Ah, I'm sorry I won't be there this year. I'll miss every bit of it. Except the bit where I catch a phenomenal blast from my wife for arriving home 12 hours after the parade.

**DOUBLED IN DECADE**  
The amount spent by Canada's electrical manufacturing industry on raw materials in a year (\$467-million in 1959) has doubled in 10 years.

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## ... ECHOES ...

From the pages of the Herald, November, 1951 and 1956

### 10 YEARS AGO

- As a tribute to the Lorne Scots Band which this year won 1st prize at the Canadian National Exhibition for the third year in a row, town council entertained band members at a turkey dinner in the Legion Hall last Thursday.
- Last of the elk herd on the Martin Estate near Glen Williams, a 650 pound bull, was killed on Sunday. It was shot by Oakville sportsmen Frank Walker and Roy McMurray. The one remaining member of a herd of seven placed on the 300 acre estate 15 years ago, he was considered a menace to the deer stocking program and to the safety of the hunting and fishing club which uses the property.
- Work started Monday on an addition to the Provincial Paper Mill. The company is putting a fifty foot extension on the north side of the building which will allow for extension of the coating machines.

### 25 YEARS AGO

- The fire brigade was called out to a fire at Sykes Woollen Mills in town last Thursday night. The blaze was extinguished with a new chemical before any damage could be done.
- At council the matter of providing more suitable accommodation for police court was discussed and it was left to the chairman of the Property Committee to arrange with the Public Library Board.
- At the Gregory Theatre: 'Mr. Cinderella' starring Jack Haley and Betty Furness; 'Cain and Mabel' starring Clark Gable and Marion Davies; 'Give Me Your Heart', starring Kay Francis.