

Georgetown Herald

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PAGE 4 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1961

... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

Important Date Looms....

Next week brings one of the town's most important meetings, the annual nomination of candidates for the December 4th elections.

A return to ward voting for councillors this year will change nomination procedure and council candidates must be nominated to run in one of the three wards. Each ward will elect two men.

Offices of mayor, reeve, and deputy, as well as hydro commissioner, the latter for a two-year term will continue by general vote. So will the public school board, but this year there is a change there too. The town has passed the 10,000 population mark, and will now have eight trustees instead of the present six. All eight offices are open for voting, and the top four candidates will serve two-year terms and the remaining four, one year terms.

The one hour nomination meeting,

from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m. has customarily been followed by a public meeting at which present councillors report on their committee work, then members of other elected and appointed boards, and finally new candidates for office state their platforms.

Last year, a hassle developed when some spectators demanded that candidates speak first. It ended in a "walk-out" by the council of that day, who held their own report meeting a few nights later. This year we understand it is planned to continue in the past way, with council and board reports first, and candidates later.

Whatever may be the case, it is a meeting which no ratepayer should miss, for it is your one opportunity to hear a composite report of the year's municipal business, to ask a question if you wish, and to judge the various candidates as they take the stage.

Centralize Christmas Help....

In an effort to ensure that no family in need goes without help this Christmas, three local service clubs have combined activities in a central committee which will search out those who need a hand at the festive season.

The Lions, Rotarians and Kinsmen are sharing in the work, with assistance from town welfare administrator Al Norton.

They are asking for donations of clothing, footwear and non-perishable foodstuffs, and in newspaper advertising for the past few weeks in the Herald, have given phone numbers to call for those who have donations.

The idea came about because it was felt that there was sometimes overlapping

at Christmas time. Some families were aided by all three groups, while others were missed. By the new organization, it is felt the whole town and district can be adequately served.

Children's clothing is a particular need, according to club officials. And while only non-perishable goods are sought at this early date, gifts of foodstuffs which might not keep for more than a few days would be welcomed as Christmas approaches.

So encouraging has been the response to date that the clubs are considering making the plan a year-round one. They are not trying to be exclusive and would welcome any help from other organizations or from individuals not connected with the clubs in this humanitarian work.

Outstanding Performance....

Many local people — ourselves included, had the pleasure of viewing *Pajama Game* when it played last week in Kitchener. And we can report without qualification that it in every way equalled the Broadway show which we had seen a few years back in Toronto.

It was a local man, Tom Trouten, who drew the Georgetown attendance.

Mr. Trouten has had considerable experience as a vocalist in local minstrel shows, and with church choirs. His starring role in the musical demanded considerable

acting ability as well, and he came through with honours in both departments. The rest of the cast was on a par, and the smallest bit part was played with professional aplomb.

Orchestral work was on a professional level and one could imagine the long hours of rehearsal necessary for the musical blending of cast and orchestra into a perfect whole.

We only wish *Pajama Game* could play a performance in Georgetown so those who couldn't make the Kitchener trip could enjoy a fine evening's entertainment.



"FOR THAT KIND YOU REQUIRE A PERMIT... THEY'RE DANGEROUS."



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

Illusive Yesterdays
Crossing the Northumberland Strait over 14 miles of ocean to Wood Island is the nearest thing I have ever experienced to being out of the sight of land. I have been resident on this continent since birth and whereas my travels have been extensive both in Canada and across the border, I have never been farther off the mother earth of North America than Vancouver Island and our present destination, Prince Edward Island.

This crossing, which has been known to be as choppy as the English Channel, was as smooth as glass on the day we cut our way through the Atlantic Ocean to the 'Garden of the Gulf'. I was perhaps the most excited passenger aboard the ferry for I had that nostalgic thrill one usually experiences when returning to the scenes of one's childhood. Before my teens we lived in Summerside and those days of idyllic summers and excruciatingly cold winters had made an indelible impression on the mind of a young child.

Red clay roads, like the bright hair ribbons of a little girl, wound away from the highway as the stream of cars left the ferry and started at full speed for Charlottetown. One of my memories of PEI was the flight of an uncle of mine, along with other islanders, put up in the first quarter of this century of keep motor cars off 'The Island'. Now our CN Maple Leaf package tour rolled over paved roads expressly laid to accommodate that devil of inventions, the horseless carriage.

Before the white man farmed this agricultural prairie, Micmac Indians, closely related to the peaceful Algonquians, used to canoe across the Strait to spend the summer hunting and fishing. The island abounded in partridge, grouse and muskrat while plants and oysters could be fished without much effort from the rich clay of offshore breeding beds. In the winter, the Micmacs returned to the mainland where there was more protection from the cruel

blasts of inclement storms. When we lived in Summerside these Indians were year round residents.

GRANDMOTHERLY INTRIGUE
I had a grandmother who enjoyed shocking us children. One of her favorite stories was one about squaw Rosie's single tooth. Rosie washed our clothes, scrubbed our floors and during the berry season supplied us with heaping hand woven baskets full of wild strawberries. I never ate them again after my grandmother told me Rosie hulled the berries with that yellow stump of a tooth.

Now, from the vantage of my years, I realize Grandma had a smart way of keeping children's fingers out of the berries she intended to preserve.

The red earth reminded me of another childhood memory. We were three quite normal children, or perhaps a little more mischievous than most. At any rate on one hot summer day we had tried our mother's patience beyond endurance. She chastized we two older children and put us to bed without any supper.

Just as the sun set the pangs of hunger gnawed at our insides. My brother slid down the uprights of the back porch, dug artichokes from the garden with his bare hands, and returned to our bedroom his shirt bulging with loot.

We devoured those raw artichokes with such relish we choked with such relief we drooled red muddy stains all over our implish little faces and mother's snowy white sheets. When she came to forgive us with a contrite heart we were sound asleep and looking serene and satisfied. She never put us to bed again without any supper.

As we drove along our route there were gabled farm houses in exact replicas of my childhood home as I remembered it. It seemed to me the island hadn't changed too much in these many years. True there were some homes with new picture windows, bright asphalt shingled roofs here and there or perhaps that daring innova-

tion, an attached garage, but for the most part time might almost have stood still through two great wars and their aftermath. This island reminded me of that famous fictional character, Mrs. Moon, who remained beautiful and ageless while all around her time marched on.

When we arrived in Charlottetown it was a different picture. After dinner in the CN's Hotel Charlottetown we ventured down the main street. It was Saturday night and something I glowed with the experience of bucking crowds in the five and dime store, having to walk off the curb to get around groups of laughing, happy neophytes greeting one another like long lost friends. This was a joyous experience for those of us who are ridden by the present day practice of shopping on any night from Wednesday to Friday in supermarkets where we seldom see a familiar face. I think the world might find that illusive lasting peace if we again inaugurated one night a week shopping in all villages and towns.

Summerside was not included in our itinerary but our Nova Scotia Guided Tours driver realized what it might mean to me and one of the nurses in our car to visit this town. Her mother had been born there, and of course I wanted to turn back the clock, if only for an hour.

STORE HASN'T CHANGED
The main street hadn't changed. There was Holman's store where my mother, with the small hand of each daughter in hers used to go shopping, walking down the aisles and greeting the clerks with a smile. She was usually bent on purchasing 'trucking', a white pleated organdy trim that we sewed into the high necks of our woolen dresses each Saturday morning to be ready for church the next day. The smaller shops that lined the street on either side may have changed hands over the years but not their facades.

I think our driver believed me a bit stupid, for though he drove up one street and down the other I couldn't find for the life of me definitely identify any one of the lovely old wooden homes as having been the one in which we resided. When, on my return home, I tried to describe the house as I remembered it, my 85-year-old mother said gently "Dear, it was only a little house, not one of those three storey mansions you envisioned." I can report my dream is still intact. Even now I can still smell the cobwebs in the attic and the barrels of oysters and apples that used to stock your cellar each winter. Summerside is a precious part of my childhood and lost nothing in memory by my attempted return to yesterday.

SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

It's not only the ducks and the deer that are catching it this fall. Apparently it's also open season on columnists. Last salvo fired in my direction was discharged by a Baptist minister. His volley appeared in the Atikokan, Ont. Progress, which has run this column for some years.

Dearie me, that parson has a wicked tongue in his head. He can really dish it out. And when he rips out of personal abuse he falls back on a passage of scripture, torn from context, of course.

Herewith, a few samples. The letter begins: "I would appreciate the opportunity to express my disgust over an article that appeared in your paper by one self-styled Romeo and tough guy, Bill Smiley. This article was a mixture of trash and rubbish with a whole lot of nothing thrown in."

Now this gentle man of the cloth obviously has me mixed up with someone else. If I didn't believe that, I'd be hurt. He's a Romeo? It is a laugh. I haven't been out with a girl, except my wife, since I started courting her back in '49. Me, a tough guy? The same wife, who weighs about 108, can quell me with an eyebrow. I'll admit the article, was a mixture of trash and rubbish, but I'm not going to take that part about 'a whole lot of nothing' lying down. There was also junk in it, and nonsense, but there wasn't any nothing in it.

The parson goes on to suggest that he'd enjoy giving me a physical pounding, as well as a verbal one. Careful minister, I may be a 138-pound cower, but my big brother isn't. He is currently bossing a lumber camp.

Joking aside, you didn't really mean it, did you, reverend? I didn't mind you linking me with harlots, drunkards, dope addicts and Mr. Kruschev, but the next part hurt, where you said: "I recently read where a college graduate could not read nor write. Could it be that Smiley was his teacher? Any school that is foolish enough to have a man like him on their staff, would no doubt have him in the English department."

Yes, that's where all us dope fiends and drunks wind up. I showed your letter to my department head, a gentle lady duration.

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"Now, to my mind, 'damn' and 'damned' are mere expletives, the uttering of which relieves tension. Would you have Smiley say 'my goodness sakes alive', or, as an evangelist who campaigned in my youth recommended, 'Tobacco, pipes and wine, in place of 'hell' and 'damned'?"

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"Personally, I don't see why a lady should be upset by mention of the final goal of sinners, or the verb that condemns them to it. In my view it is more revolting and disgusting to hear the English language murdered by semi-literate radio and television personalities."

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"Smiley is not going to change his style. Good for him. I shall still enjoy Sugar and Spice." Thank you, Fred G. Miller of Halifax, and may your joy in my employment be of many years' duration.

ECHOES..

From the pages of the Herald, November, 1951 and 1936

- ### 10 YEARS AGO
- Mrs. Ken McMillan topped a class of four ladies to win the Phaeton competition at the Royal Winter Fair on Thursday. Mrs. McMillan drove Whitegate Princess and Whitegate Smile in this, one of the top features of the fair.
 - With a resounding majority of 2770 over his Liberal opponent and an overall majority of 577 over the total Liberal and CCF combined, Stan Hall, Streetsville farmer rolled back in on the Progressive-Conservative landslide in Thursday's Ontario elections.
 - A four way race has resulted from a novel and interesting campaign at the public school, where Wayne Pries, Tommy Dobbie, Tom Palmer and Claire Bradley have been nominated for president. Presidential speeches were given in the various senior rooms Friday morning.
- ### 25 YEARS AGO
- A wheel came off a local man's truck while turning a corner at Guelph and Water Streets this morning and broke a large window in Mr. Hynes' store.
 - At council Monday it was moved by A. E. Cripps and seconded by Thomas Lyons that an Assessor for the town of Georgetown be appointed and that the by-law be read a second and third times.
 - At the Gregory Theatre: "China Clipper," starring Pat O'Brien, "Poor Little Rich Girl," starring Shirley Temple "Rhythm on the Range," starring Bing Crosby.

MERRY MENAGERIE

By Walt Disney

Walt Disney Productions
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"What happened, stranger—somebody slam a door in your face?"

DISTRICT NEWS - AT A GLANCE -

BRAMPTON: Elimination of all railway crossings in Brampton has been suggested by the Board of Transport Commissioners. A some obnoxious weeds opposite proposal from Brampton Council the cemetery, a fire alarm was set for an underpass at the Queen East and Mary Street crossing brought the suggestion to a halt.

CHINGUACOUSY: A full scale election battle is shaping up in Chinguacousy. The political pulse of the township indicates that a fight is on for the seats of reeve, deputy-reeve and two councillors.

BURLINGTON: Burlington's Historic old town bell, which for many years summoned citizens to their work and to local fires, may become a memorial to the pioneers of the town under a plan outlined last week to service clubs.

STREETSVILLE: Len McGillivray was appointed Clerk and Don McDonald, Treasurer, for the Corporation of the Village of Streetsville at last week's council meeting. The formal by-law action did not alter village office routine, since McGillivray holds several village titles including Assessment Commissioner, Welfare Administrator, and Justice of the Peace.

MILTON: Milton Council officially passed the by-law setting up a December 4 vote on Sunday sports and Sunday movies last week. A simple majority (over 50 per cent) in favour would authorize the council to go ahead in opening Sunday.

STREETSVILLE: Tenders are being invited this week for a large scale permanent engineering project which will end parking problems in the village. While the issuance of debentures to cover cost awaits the approval of the Municipal Board, approval is expected before tenders are opened November 13.

ORANGEVILLE: The Monarch Mast Manufacturing plant at Orangeville is being expanded again and when the addition is finished the plant's floor space will be doubled. In 1960 this company had a sales volume of \$1 1/2 million.

BURLINGTON: Fire of undetermined origin roared through Marineland Ltd. early last Tuesday and might have swept adjoining business properties but for the timely use of a recently purchased snorkel aerial fire platform by the Burlington Fire Department.

ELORA: The waters of Luther Lake, the Grand River Conservation reservoir south of Monticello, claimed three lives about dusk last Saturday when sudden winds are believed to have swamped the shallow punt occupied by three fishermen.

OAKVILLE: Any contemplated action to transfer the Magistrate's Court from Trafalgar "will be in the interests of the administration of justice and with full consideration for the requirements of each municipality." Oakville council was informed last Monday in a communication from Magistrate Kenneth M. Langdon. The letter was in answer to one from council requesting the magistrate to reconsider his proposal to transfer Oakville and Trafalgar court to Milton.

Preparation Means Survival

(first of a series)

Many hundreds of thousands of Canadians who would otherwise perish could survive a nuclear war if preparations are made, Halton's Emergency Measures organization co-ordinator Bruce McGregor points out. Despite statements by skeptics to the contrary, Mr. McGregor says that much can be done to reduce the number of casualties, to rescue, and safeguard the survivors against radiation.

E.M.O. in Halton is getting into full swing in the Municipalities of the County. Planning boards are being set up in the towns and training courses are being opened to the public. However, despite the planning of the government and communities on all levels, the survival of the individual will depend on the preparations he makes. Pamphlets are available for general use and can be obtained by writing to Halton E.M.O., Headquarters, Box 183, Milton, or by applying to your local Municipal Office.

Perhaps the most important publication available to the public is the pamphlet "Steps to Survival." In succeeding weeks, this paper will discuss these 11 steps and relate them to Halton county. It is by the individual, these steps could increase his chance of survival tremendously. At a recent public meeting in Milton an official, after being asked time and time again, "What is the government doing..." gave a reply which could do many people much good if they would listen: "Stop worrying about what the government is doing. What are YOU doing?"

NEXT WEEK: Step 1, Know the effects of Nuclear explosions.

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