

Georgetown Herald

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PAGE 4 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1961

... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

Georgetown The Place To Shop....

We've said it before, and we say it again... you can't beat Georgetown for values at any time of the year, and the Christmas season is no exception.

Local stores are already well stocked with tempting buys for gift-minded shoppers, and more merchandise is arriving daily to keep shelves full.

In this week's issue downtown merchants are announcing a cooperative venture which adds to the successful promotion which drew so much attention last year. A total of \$800 in prizes, half in cash and half in merchandise to holders of lucky tickets in a give-away. Besides, there is a

'Match the Numbers' contest to induce people to look in display windows of participating merchants.

Merchants in the two shopping plazas are also planning some attention-compellers to interest shoppers.

If you're tempted to do your holiday shopping in the city, don't forget it costs you money to travel, and unless you like to be bewildered by a sea of strange faces and too much choice, you'll have a happier time in the local stores. Clerks know you here, exchanges if necessary are easy to make, and you'll have a few extra dollars to spend by saving the cost of your city trip.

Bingo Lots Of Fun....

The Lions Club raised a bit of money for their public service work and those who purchased cards in the first newspaper bingo series had a bit of fun.

The second series is now in progress, and in this Herald issue you will find a second group of numbers, plus a repeat of the numbers announced last week.

In case any localite is concerned about reports in city papers that bingo has fallen into the hands of gamblers, we can assure you that this is not the case in town. There are printing and advertising expenses, of course, but aside from these and the prize money involved, plus a small remuneration

to the carrier boys and girls, the whole proceeds are earmarked by the Lions for their service work.

The Lions hope to raise several hundred dollars in this way, and each 25c card you purchase helps them on their way.

What do the Lions do? In a public way, the swimming pool is one monument to the club... and a generous pledge was made to the hospital. Behind the scenes, there is a helping hand to people in need — eyeglasses, an operation, food and clothing to tide someone over hard times. None of this is publicized for obvious reasons, but any Lion can fill you in on details if you ask.

County Suffers Loss....

Sudden death has removed two familiar faces on the county political scene in recent weeks.

Mrs. Mary Pettit and George Cleave, both former county wardens, had long and honourable careers in Halton public affairs.

Mrs. Pettit, who was a Trafalgar reeve when she held this high office had entered municipal affairs again and was Milton's reeve at the time of her death. Mr. Cleave, who was an Essex reeve and councillor, retired from county council after his term as warden, but served several terms after

that as a member of the old North Halton high school board.

When he retired from farming he became a Georgetown resident, and extended his circle of friends to include many townspeople.

The bereaved families may have some comfort to know that Mrs. Pettit and Mr. Cleave were unselfish public servants. Many of today's public improvements are the result of their efforts as county and township councillors and like others who serve in public capacities, their monuments include the making of better communities.

Welcome Back, Chatting!...

Readers were always flattering to the Chatting columnist when her column was a Herald feature a few years back.

Since retiring to housekeeping, people often have asked when she intended to

start in again... and last week, she finally took pen in hand and started on a series of stories about Pakistan and experiences of a local family during two years' residence in this fascinating country.

Instalment two appears in this issue.



KEEP YOUR ASHES OFF THE RUG



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

Cradle of Confederation

The chair Sir John A. Macdonald sat in when he signed the document for Confederation of the provinces of Canada, when I was a child. Probably after the British North America Act was passed in 1867, the chair of the head of a long table in the Legislative Buildings in Charlottetown, P.E.I. Ninety-four years later I sat in the chair Sir John occupied on that memorable day in Canadian history, and signed the guest book in that famous room, feeling my heart swell with native pride. Sometimes I am amazed myself by the rather inconsequential thoughts that pop into my mind at the height of some moving experience. On this occasion as Robert Craig, attendant, in his bewitching Scottish brogue was describing the historic signpost of Confederation on the nation and what transpired on that first day of July so long ago to weld the provinces into a strong unit I was trying to figure where the windows were that form the background for the picture of the Fathers of Confederation with which we are all so familiar. This picture used to be in all Canadian history books in 1961, when plans for Confederation were drawn up to be presented to the Parliament of Britain. However, the actual signing of the document was done at the table at which I sat and gazed at the bronze plaque on the wall with its inscription to this effect, "They huddled better than they knew." I had waited a long time to visit the cradle of Confederation. I wasn't disappointed. The CN Maple Leaf Tour, which had covered so much of the ground, where Canadian history was first written, might have ended right in that dusty old building and I would have returned to central Canada with

a glow of satisfaction. But there was still much to see and learn before we said goodbye to our drivers.

P.E.I. Has Few Worries

Prosperity was evident everywhere in the island. Unlike most provinces, P.E.I. has practically no welfare problem. Picturesque white spruce windbreaks on every farm prevent one of nature's caprices, soil shifting, from happening. Tourist promotion has been considerably stepped up during the past several years. For instance, a visit to an authentic Miemac village was interesting. There we saw an old birch bark canoe reputed to be 150 years old. It had probably transported members of this tribe from mainland to island and back again many, many times before the White man and his ferry service happened along.

Over rolling hills, like a ride on a roller coaster, our caravan drove to a beautiful farm at Woodleigh where Col. A. W. Johnston has built the most amazing miniature replicas of famous structures in his native England. The building of these scale models started as a hobby. It took five years for Col. Johnston to complete the first replica, York Master Cathedral. Since then he has added Gray's Church of Eley Hamlet, Penn Manor House, Glamis Castle, Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage. There is a wishing well, coach house, Ye Old Dragon Inn and stocks and pillory which delight literally thousands of tourists who visit this interesting exhibit each summer.

When I had numerous folk in mind developed on my return I found I had snapped the posterior of a small child on his hands and knees trying to worm his way into Glamis Castle. Our drivers good naturedly posed in stock and pillory and now pasted into my scrap books are colored postcards of each one of these remarkable replicas.

Haunted by Anne's Ghost

We paid another visit on the island that aroused memories of our childhood. This was the home that inspired L. M. Montgomery's famous story 'Anne of Green Gables.' Guess which one of our party was the most excited at the prospect of reliving this story which has become a children's classic. It was my Polish friend, who said the story had been translated into her native tongue and that she had read it during her happy childhood long before Hitler's war devastated her homeland and provided her with memories that were anything but happy. No wonder she was thrilled at the scenic landscape surrounding this former farmhouse.

Now people play golf on the course that formerly pastured flocks and herds during Anne's adventure. Tourists by the thousands peer into the private lives of the former occupants of the gabled home while roaming from room to room, or consume their lunches at benches and tables on the lawn provided by the government of Prince Edward Island to make visitors feel welcome.

The first half of my tour drew to a close on the banks of the Salmon River near Truro, Nova Scotia. We crossed from the island on the Abercrombie ferry that swallows up a whole CNR train on one side and then transports it to the other as well as the odd hundred cars and passengers.

It was during luncheon, that for the second time in five days I saw the bore push back the Salmon River. The first time I still don't know what I



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

People keep asking me how I like teaching. I find it difficult to give a direct answer. There are some things about it that I don't like at all, and some that I like very much. It's difficult to be neutral.

Some teachers are. They go through the motions, neither liking nor disliking their work, but treating it as a job which produces a fairly good living. They would be just as happy selling beer, or putting round pegs in round holes. Fortunately, they are few.

Teachers are like farmers. The poor ones do a mediocre job of working with what they have, refuse to learn new methods, let their implements grow rusty, complain steadily of the hard work, and avoid it whenever possible.

The good ones make the best of what they have, keep in touch with new methods, keep their brains or machinery in good condition, face reverses with fortitude, put a great deal of themselves into their work, and look forward to the new term or season with a high heart and great expectations.

I'm not trying to imply that good farmers and good teachers are dedicated, dull people, who confront adversity with a sweet Christian smile. Many a good farmer will make the air crackle with Olympian wrath when the weather ruins his crops. And many a good teacher will do exactly the same when his seedlings are touched by the frost of apathy or the locusts of laziness.

But the good ones gird up their loins, spit on their hands, and go back at it, secure in the knowledge that one of these days the crop will be a good one, whether it's grain or brain they're developing.

This faith is essential to both. It is really a sort of inner toughness, and without it, the farmer or the teacher is licked. The farmer who doesn't have all it sells out and goes to work for somebody else. The teacher who doesn't have it has a fair chance of becoming a mental case.

Here's where the farmer has an edge, perhaps, over the teacher. He's not so apt to go goofy. When he wants to release his tension or provide an outlet for his frustration, he can always give his prize bull a boot in the behind. In this enlightened age, the teacher is restricted from doing this with his prize pupil, and must content himself with a glare, a pointing finger, and a voice quivering with controlled rage.

expected. I think it was a roar like thunder and a burst of water like the gush of a broken dam. Instead, the bore looked as though God had upset a bucket of water. It came gently around the bend in the river with a swish against the red banks and a whirr of the wings of gulls who wait at the water's edge for the fish forced inland by the tide pushing the river back. This is the sound I shall always associate with the phenomenon of nature, the tidal bore.

The most successful farmers are not necessarily those who stick to the approved, tried-and-true method. Some of them are gamblers. Others are innovators who will try anything that makes sense. They have their failures, but they bounce back and enjoy their big years, when the gamble pays off, the market holds, and the new method works like a charm.

It's the same with teachers. Those who stick by the book are not necessarily the teachers who kindle the desire for knowledge. Often it is the oddball, the erratic one with the unorthodox methods, who makes the lasting impression on the pliable young mind. They, too, have their failures, but they also have their brilliant successes.

Both farmer and teacher must have one thing. They must be able to make things grow. They must be adept at planting the seed, careful in nursing its growth and able to judge when it is ready to be harvested.

Another thing each must have is an affection and respect for the living things with which he works. I don't mean the farmer must hug his high admiration for the chairman of the school board. What I mean is that the farmer must have an abiding love for the growing things, animal or vegetable. And the teacher must have affection and respect for the young animals and vegetables he is raising. (Don't think there aren't both in the classroom. Some of those kids would grow to prodigious heights if watered daily.)

The more I think of it, the more I wonder why I didn't go into farming instead of teaching. The life and the aims are practically the same. And in farming you have the big advantage that you're out in the open all summer and not cooped up in some cottage at some darn old beach, or driving all over the country in a stuffy old car.

Yes, if I had my youth and health and strength, and if I didn't hate getting up early in the morning, and if I had about \$100,000 cash, I'd make the switch in a minute, even yet, and leave this emotionally exhausting profession for the rich, placid life on the land.

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ECHOES...

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

10 YEARS AGO

- Mayor Harold Cleave was presented with a charcoal portrait of himself by the noted artist Egbert C. Reed of Norval at a recent meeting of the Georgetown council. Making the presentation was Charles Hall, regional manager of Cities Service Oil Company which sponsored a radio show earlier this year in which facts about Georgetown were featured.
- Prizewinners at the second annual 'formal' of the Georgetown Girls Pipe Band Friday were Mrs. Sam Penrice, in a birthday dance; Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Young, in a lucky spot dance, and Mrs. Stan Mickus, in an elimination dance.
- After two years of intensive study in horticulture at Rutherford College in England, Mr. Ernest Ball, of Georgetown learned recently that he had passed his examination which entitles him to use the initials F.R.H.S., meaning Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society.

25 YEARS AGO

- During the past week we have received word from E. Lewis Heartwell, Jack Erwin and Jack Kennedy of Sarnia, all old Georgetown boys and readers of the Herald, that they are going to be in town for the Big Centennial Event and Old Boys and Girls Reunion next summer.
- Mr. Alex Gregory, an esteemed resident of Georgetown for many years, and 79 years of age, Long Service Order Soldiers Badge to be presented to a member of the Salvation Army in Canada at a meeting in Brampton.
- At the Gregory Theatre: 'Gentle Julia', starring Jane Withers and Tom Brown; 'Secret Agent', starring Madeleine Carroll and Robert Montgomery; '36 Hours to Kill', starring Gloria Stuart and Brian Donlevy.

DISTRICT NEWS - AT A GLANCE -

ACTON

Conclusion of the arena wiring and a shortage of major projects sparked a decision by the hydro commission to reduce the working staff by one employee last week. Superintendent Doug Meson was queried regarding the anticipated work program for the next few months and because of slack schedule the lay-off was authorized.

STREETSVILLE

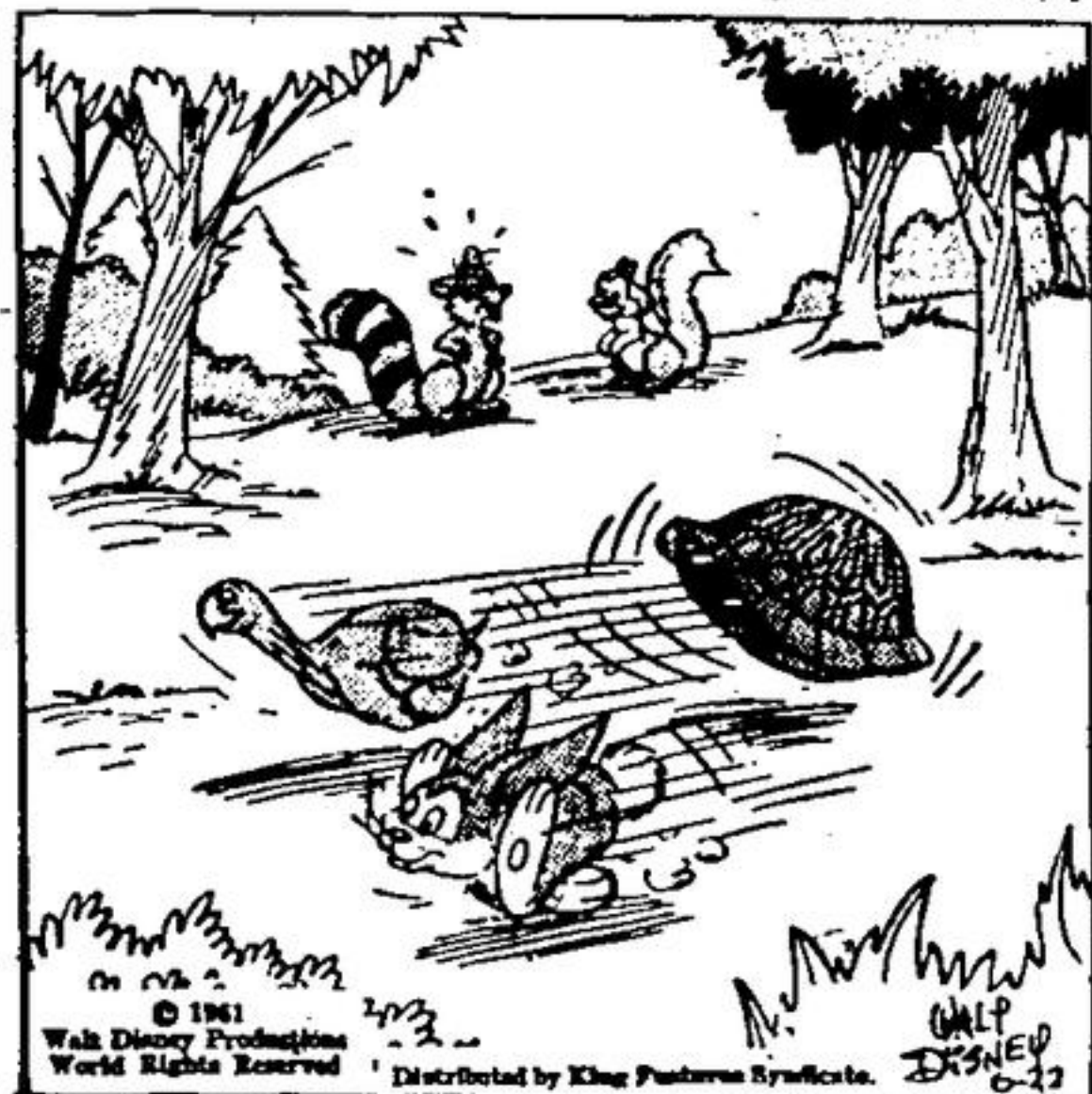
An expedited land survey and description of Streetsville boundaries will be made this week. Arrangements were made when it was learned that the formalities is required to supplement the village's application for town status.

MILTON

The coming votes on Commercialized Sunday Sports and Sunday movies, the rec-

MERRY MENAGERIE

By Walt Disney



ent annexation discussions and the current hot topics of raised assessments and the Milton (West) number, are expected to be the controversies surrounding Milton's nomination meeting tonight.

ORANGEVILLE

The old Post Office which has served Orangeville since 1885 will soon be gone. It will be vacated Saturday, December 2. Space has been leased on Broadway until such time as a new Post Office can be built.

BURLINGTON

Burlington residents have been drinking fluoridated water for the past two weeks, apparently without noticing the difference. P. U.C. officials announced on Tuesday. The chemical was introduced into the mains without announcement to determine if any effect would be noticed in the taste of drinking water.

BRAMPTON

The minister of highways has confirmed that no by-pass on Highway 10 will be constructed "for at least three and possibly five years," but some of the property may be purchased earlier.

OAKVILLE

Despite the efforts of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Oakville Women's Electors and other civic minded groups to stir up interest in the Chamber's pre-nomination night the affair fell flat. The reason — Lack of an audience.

Preparation Means Survival

(second of a series)

The weapon considered most likely to be dropped in Canada is one equal to the explosive force of five million tons of TNT, called a five megaton weapon. Such a bomb would destroy any Canadian City. The effects described in this step are approximate for a five-megaton explosion and can only be approximate since effects depend on conditions.

Energy released in three forms by the explosion: light and heat, blast and radiation.

LIGHT AND HEAT

A blaze of light brighter than the sun and lasting about 15 seconds would be produced. This flash can produce blindness or other eye injury, so if you sense an explosion, do not look at it. It could blind you.

The heat flash travels at the speed of light. It can start serious fires nine miles away and smaller fires 20 miles from Ground Zero or explosion point. If a 5-megaton bomb was dropped on Hamilton, it would cause sunburn type of burns as far away as Milton, skin blisters in Bronte and serious burns to exposed skin in Burlington. Clothing will afford some protection a substantial shield, such as a wall between you and the blast will protect you from burns in any of the areas mentioned.

BLAST

The blast wave travels more slowly than the heat flash. A person 10 miles from the centre of the explosion would have 35 seconds to take cover before the blast wave struck. This wave would cause total destruction within a three mile radius, irreparable damage three to five miles away, damage requiring major repairs five to ten miles from Ground Zero and light damage up to 15 miles away. Reinforced concrete structure are the most blast resistant; wood frame structures, the least. Windows are very vulnerable and could be blown in 25 miles away from the blast.

RADIATION

A nuclear explosion causes both immediate radiation and residual radiation. Immediate radiation, given off at the time of the explosion is dangerous only within two or three miles. Residual radiation is that given off by the radioactive particles left as 'fallout' after the explosion. The dangers are great and widespread and will be discussed in Step Two.

PROTECTION FROM THE EXPLOSION

If you see or hear an explosion, take cover immediately. Fairly adequate protection can be given by ditches, creeks, and other such natural features of the terrain, cement culverts, automobiles, stone walls, and reinforced concrete walls, among others. If possible, do not seek protection in a wooden building or such structures. Keep away from windows and cover as much exposed skin as possible. Steps to take after immediate effects have passed, are described in later steps. Next week: Know the facts about radioactive fallout.