

# The Time is Now For Decentralization

Special to the Herald by Alan McPherson

There are several excellent bodies operating in Ontario, all working toward a single goal: upspringing local areas in manufacturing, tourism, industry, and general improvement for the overall betterment of the province.

These are the Regional Development Associations, which stretch across the provincial network of communities; and most of them have a zonal breakdown, which integrates the problems of the smallest district to the parent body.

The magnitude of their efforts with decentralization is almost impossible to determine, but the results are easily identifiable with progressive thinking and action.

Before me is the 1961 annual report of the Georgian Bay Development Association. General manager W. N. Keefe submitted his findings and they showed the addition of 11 new industries within one year.

## DISTRICTS DELIVER

That is indicative of individual and community effort.

I checked closely into one industrial move — that of Salada Foods Ltd., locating an instant potato plant at Alliston.

The Georgian Bay representatives had no hesitation in going right into Metro with their ideas, and as a result, they sold occupancy management.

In a nutshell, they argued that some of the finest potatoes in Canada are grown right in the Barrie district. Why not site a plant there with the processing plant, save money on land, and bring the unfinished product right to the front door?

The result is that today, three new processed products have doubled the size of the plant, the neighbourhood in Alliston is proud of its industry, and the parent company in Toronto is pleased over the expansion.

That is only one instance. Here are others: A hosiery mill moved into Durham; part of the Yeatman Corporation selected Barrie; Federal Farms Ltd. went into prepared foods at Bradford; Blue Mountain Pottery went to Collingwood; a children's clothing manufacturer settled in Cookstown; Highland Forest products wisely chose northern Monteville for their charcoal division; Monarch Master started automatic winding machines in Orangeville; steel pipe assemblies are now in Midland.

These, of course, are revolutionary changes and support the arguments for diversification of industry throughout rural Ontario.

However, even with this impact, and I'm sure every other development area has fine examples, there are still some cold statistics that assume frightening proportions.

The present population statistics list Grey County as having 81,000 persons more, and an expectancy of only 62,000 in 1976. Bruce County is hypothetically supposed to stay static at 42,000, along with Dufferin at 16,000.

If they remain as the figures state, then chaos will result; if they moved upward, then we can thank groups like the Development Associations' municipal governments who refuse to accept the metro giant; and responsible, aggressive legislators at Queen's Park who simply will not accept the tired old clause that nothing can be done.

If the figures prove nothing else, they act like the consulting physician of industry and manufacturing — pointing to the warning signs of the future which could strike countless communities like a plague.

On every side, expert opinions have been unanimous. If there is to be decentralization, the time is 1962 — not 15-20 years hence.

**EXPENSIVE LAND**

There are so many positive factors in favor of the rural development areas.

Land in metropolitan areas now is so expensive that in the words of one provincial government official, "You can buy almost one-half of a town for what you can purchase a factory site in Toronto."

Much has been made of the intricate web of highways and roads surrounding Toronto, and almost every brochure writes glowingly of the "roads out of Toronto," the rural areas must face the painful truth that "most roads lead to Toronto."

And yet there's room for the optimistic area developers to capitalize on this situation.

The highways are now so traffic entangled that a load of manufactured products could be trucked into Toronto from Ottawa as quickly as it could be transported through the heavily over-crowded thoroughfares of the city during many peak hours.

**TRAFFIC YANGLER**

The vehicle problem in the metro area has assumed such outlandish proportions that it's nearing the impossible to pinpoint a delivery date for trucks within the city.

These facts are what makes it disturbing to see intelligent individuals concerned to the point where negation creeps into any argument.

For the rural developer, more factors can be counted towards decentralization than against.

It's a question of facing the issue.

There is little indication that the provincial government will call a halt to metro expansion. There's a good reason. We live in a democracy.

There are many reasons why outside Ontario communities can come into metro districts and battle the stiff competition to obtain their share of industry and manufacturing.

**WHY IS NOW**

The reason why this year is so important is related to the growing apprehension for Metropolitan areas.

Most experts agree that the first real approach to decentralization will probably come from within. Perhaps not by choice, but by compulsion, statistics notwithstanding.

On the northwestern borders, it has become evident. A major airport is in danger of future expansion because of the hazardous zoning. Factories and housing may interfere with aeroplanes.

That's only one part of the problem. Metro borders Metro and as a rapidly growing community, urgently needs all facilities. But it's located in Peel County which is still under the city law.

Consequently, hotel interests shy away from the airport area. What can be done, apart from zoning "left reasoning" which would put more land under metro supervision?

Dr. E. G. Pleva, Head of the Geography Department of Western University, London, Ont., came up recently with a new

interesting theory about the rapid development of larger centres, which has brought about complacency in living settlements.

"A man," he said, "can live in a township, work in a metropolitan city, send his son to school in a town, and shop in any one of the Highway 401 complex of plazas."

**EFFECTIVE PLANNING**

Dr. Pleva quoted ammunition sources for regional development when he addressed the Niagara Association, but wisely called all "meaningless unless made effective in the planning process."

He stressed proper development or urbanism, broken down into residential, industrial, commercial, open space

hospitals, and agriculture. Finally, he termed definitive planning as "steering the elements of growth and development toward socially desired goals."

This is a fine approach to a provincial crossword puzzle, patterned along democratic lines, and cannot be construed as anything less than constructive.

Nevertheless, rural Ontario still faces the same dilemma of insufficient industry, commerce, manufacturing, plus taxation on provincial highways that are bringing in little revenue.

No one has yet delivered the ultimate, which is becoming more apparent every day. "Move now and do something — and the future will resolve itself."

There is something deeply comforting to the human spirit in fire. Whether it's a log in the fireplace, chucking charcoal or burning with a slow, dream-making flame, a bonfire on the beach pushing back the darkness, or just the gleam and warmth from the kitchen stove, fire soothes and renews the inner self.

I'm writing this column by the twinkling flame of all — a candle. There's been a hydro break and the lights have been out for hours. With the soft, little, yellow glow of my candle beside me, I don't care if they never come on again. At the moment, and in my present mood, I would not trade this one candle for all the lights on Broadway, all the power that pours over Niagara Falls, and a light bulb personally autographed by Thomas Edison.

It's a brave, small, red candle, left over from Christmas. There are only about three inches of it left, and in an hour it will be just a burned-out candle. But right now it brings me comfort, companionship, and memories.

Its flame brings back the nights of wonderful coziness, as a child, at the cottage in summer. Snuggled in bed with my young brother, I'd watch the proteque shadows flicked over the ceilingless interior by the fireplace flames. But there was no real terror in the weird, leaping figures.

On the other side of the partition, my parents talked in the low, peaceful tones of people half-banned by an open fire. The coal oil lamps cast a sturdy orange glow that chased the leaping shadows. The whip-poor-logs called his cheerful goodnight. And I drifted into sleep with a sense of security I have never had since.

The candle flame reminds me of the first time I fell in love. It was a huge bonfire. I was 11. After the marshmallows and the sing-song we grew silent, watching the deep red of the hottest inside of the fire, as it burned lower. This freckle-faced girl with the brown eyes and the white teeth and the golden arms was sitting beside me. She got a bit dopy, leaned against my shoulder, and fell asleep. I didn't move. Just sat there being madly in love.

Next day, I proposed to her, the power on again.

My candle flame brings other "fire" memories. Prison camp in Germany, December, 1944. The wind howls out of the Baltic. The only light in the room is a red flame shining through the crevices of the crude stove. The only sound is "drip, drip, drip." Fifteen young flyers of half a dozen nations lie silent and watch the firelight dance on the walls.

They are of a single mind. Escaped? Home and loved ones? A thick juicy steak? No, they're all listening intently to the "drip, drip, dripping" from the hama-made still hooked up to the stove, and wondering if the potato whisky it's producing will be fit to drink in time for the New Year's party.

Yes, fire is truly a blessing. Under its soothing light and warmth, even the chattering of women's tongues will desist. Under its influence, businessmen who would sell their own grandmothers into slavery if the net profit were right will be imaginative, sentimental and idealistic.

We have come a long way from the days when our primitive ancestors crouched before a fire and a cave, dimly wondering what was for breakfast. We don't wear skins any more. We wear bikinis and strapless bras. We don't kill people with a club any more. We use push-buttons. We don't tear the liver out of a newly killed animal and eat it hot and raw and juicy. We pay 60¢ a pound and eat it dry, and gritty, with onions.

But firelight has the same magic for us, after all the progress as it had for our ancestor, Slob the Caveman. It can take the bitter lines from around a woman's mouth and turn her into a Madonna in Tahiti. It can put a look of sheer hellery into an old man's eyes as he looks into the flame and sees himself as he was 50 years ago.

It would be a very sorry day for mankind if he lost, somehow, the great gift of fire. In the meantime, however, my column is finished. I feel like eating a fried egg sandwich, you can't cook eggs over a candle, and I wish the hydro boys would pull the sticks and get the power on again.

By Bill Smiley

**SUGAR and SPICE**

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## HONOUR

### Honour Bride-Elect With Several Showers

Miss Joan Harrop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Harrop, has had a very busy week with several showers held in her honour.

On Saturday evening, July 28, a party shower was held for Joan by the Norval Junior Institute girls at the home of Mrs. Joan McPhail.

On Sunday, July 29th, a miscellaneous shower was given by Joan's aunt, Mrs. Clara Ford of Milton. Guests were several relatives of the Harrop family and friends.

Wednesday evening, August 1st, Mrs. Charles Twist was hostess at a miscellaneous shower for the bride-to-be, guests being relatives of the Harrop and Wrigglesworth families.

Finally, on August 3rd, a miscellaneous shower for the bride-elect was held at the home of Mrs. Joan McPhail. The shower was given by Mrs. Joan McPhail and her friends on Friday evening, August 3rd, with Joan receiving many lovely gifts.

Previously, on July 18th, relatives of the Harrop family and friends held a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mrs. Earl Hyatt for Joan and on July 19th, the ladies of St. Stephen's Church of Norval, held a miscellaneous shower for her at the home of Mrs. Cliff Hunter where she was also presented with a woollen blanket from the Guild.

Surry to hear that George Scotland was critically injured when struck by a car in Georgetown last week. Mr. and Mrs. Scotland lived for several years at the end of Draper Street in Norval where Mr. and Mrs. Barry Timleck now reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Guthrie and family spent the week end of July 29th visiting relatives at Woodstock.

Mrs. Stanley Fishburn is spending a few days at Brantford with her father who is ill.

Irene McLean spent a few days holidays in Brantford visiting with her friend Shirley Findlay.

Rev. and Mrs. Lloyd Freeland, family, returned from spending the month of July at their cottage on Horn Lake near Burks Falls.

On Saturday, July 28th, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hyatt were guests at the wedding of their nephew's daughter, Mary Lou Willis, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Harry A. Willis of Belknap, Ontario. The wedding took place in the Baptist church, Belknap, and the reception was held at "Willowood," the bride's home.

**ESQUESING NAMED FOR CHIEF'S WIFE?**

It is believed that Esquesing Township, was named after the wife of Chinguacous, whose name is perpetuated in neighbouring Chinguacous Township, Peel County. Chinguacous, the legend says, commanded a mixed detachment of Indians and white men at Fort Michemac during the War of 1812 and held out against the Americans for the duration of the war.

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### Honby Youth Victim In Crash at Oakville

A car driven by a Stratford youth went out of control Sunday night, July 29th, near Oakville and hit a hydro pole, killing one of the seven passengers in the car.

Dead is John Turner, 14, of R. R. 1, Hornby. Driver of the vehicle was Glen Miller, 16, of Britannia Rd., Streetsville.

Police say the car failed to negotiate a curve, went out of control and hit the hydro pole. Turner was thrown clear, but the wheels of the car crushed him.

In satisfactory condition in the Oakville-Trafalgar Memorial Hospital is Peter Smith, 17, of R. R. 1, Hornby, suffering from a concussion and multiple bruises. The driver and four other passengers were uninjured.

**Operated Brampton Motel with Husband**

Funeral service was held Monday, July 30th, at the McKillop Funeral Home for Mrs. Kathleen Beckford, who died suddenly in Toronto, July 28th. She was 49.

Mrs. Beckford was born in Brampton and lived in the area all her life. She and her husband operated a motel outside of Brampton.

Surviving are her husband, Edward Beckford, daughters Ruth Anne (Mrs. Neal Barnhardt) and Mary Margaret.

Minister for the service was Rev. Lloyd Freeland.

Palbearers were Jim Eccles, Clure Archdekin, Harold McCune, Les Cation, George Dix and Clure Dolson. Interment was in Brampton Cemetery.

**Bell Girls Assist Sending Message**

Recently, due to an urgent matter, it was necessary for a Norval resident to get a message as quickly as possible to a family who were on holidays on an island in Muskoka. The only information they had was their name and the name of the lake where they were holidaying but the wonderful cooperation from the helpful Bell Telephone operators soon had the party located and the message delivered.

Sometimes when we receive our telephone bill we grumble about the cost of this convenient service, but in an emergency the courteous, patient and efficient service supplied by the polite operators help us to realize that a telephone is a necessity, these days.

**Reception**

For the reception at the Junction Diner, the bride's mother received her guests wearing a flowered silk sheath in shades of blue, mauve and fuchsia with matching accessories.

The groom's mother received wearing a dress of sea foam green organza with matching hat of French straw and a corsage of sweetheart roses.

For a honeymoon to the coast the bride wore a two-piece beige suit.

The newlyweds will reside at R. R. 4, Georgetown.

Out-of-town guests came from Michigan, Red Rock, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton.

### Shasta Daisies are Background For Carney-Davidson Wedding

White standards of shasta daisies and mums decorated Grace United Church, Brampton, on Saturday, July 14th, for the marriage of Karen May Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Davidson, Brampton, and Robert Charles Carney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Carney of Georgetown.

Rev. B. F. Ennis performed the ceremony. The soloist, Glyn Evans, sang "The Wedding Prayer" accompanied by Mrs. M. Hetherington.

**Silk Falls**

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a dress of lightweight pure silk tulle, with a picture neckline inset with allencol lace. The full skirt was appliqued with allencol lace, ending in a slight train. Her head dress was a white silk tulle length veil. She carried a white Bible with an arrangement of white sweetheart roses, carnations and stephanotis.

The matron-of-honour was Mrs. Lynne Archdekin, Brampton.

Bridesmaids were Mrs. Judith Pomeroy, Norval, Diane Richardson, Brampton, Thelma Shaw, Malton, and Mrs. Anthony Holland, Ottawa.

Most were street length dresses of apricot overspun taffeta with matching overskirts. Their headpieces were made of a large soft flower and veil the same color as the dresses. Color-matched shoes completed their ensembles. They carried white lace Bibles topped with sweetheart roses and carnations.

Charles Carney, Norval, was the best man, and the ushers were Eli Lieut. Donald Carney, Chrousting, Que., brother of the groom, J. D. Cameron, Norval, and Malcolm Mead, Mead, Ontario.

**Herald Readers in Nine Provinces**

"What is black and white and read all over? A newspaper, of course!" So goes the old riddle, and the Herald is no exception to the rule.

Copies of the Herald are mailed directly each week to over 140 Canadian communities, located in nine provinces. The mailing list includes nine American states and even crosses the ocean to reach subscribers in England and New Zealand.

The Herald is certainly "read all over" the Georgetown area. Over 1600 households in Georgetown have the Herald delivered to their door every Thursday by carrier-boy. When sales from retail outlets (drug stores etc.) are added in, this number increases to over 2300 which means that the Herald is reaching 90% of all possible subscribers in the Georgetown area. The rural route subscribers and other mailing list customers bring the press run to 3600.

Of course, these figures don't include the number of Heraldists that travel directly to such faraway places as the British Isles and Australia via relatives and friends.

**WATER RATES**

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