

... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

Let's Keep To The Facts....

In its endeavours to persuade council to release more residential building land, the Dalrex Developments firm has used many good arguments.

And it would appear that, if the Dept. of Municipal Affairs, which has indicated it will give its opinion in the next week or two, should endorse the majority council decision to offer a new land release agreement, there will be nothing to stand in the way of allowing more houses to be built here.

As long as the Dalrex firm sticks to logical arguments, one cannot be too critical. No question is one-sided, and there are many good reasons to offer for the scrapping of a 1954 agreement whose terms have become impossible to fulfil in the foreseeable future.

But when the Dalrex firm, through its publicity channels, tries to prove that industries are avoiding Georgetown because of (a) lack of a labour pool, and (b) lack of houses for those who are locally employed, we think the point is being stretched to a ridiculous length.

Recently a Dalrex press release used supposed statements by spokesmen for 'Georgetown's newer industries' to get this point across.

The anonymous speaker was quoted as saying that 40 per cent of its labour force was recruited from neighbouring municipalities and that 'many have bought homes in Brampton.'

A survey is then mentioned which shows that some 300 people who live elsewhere are employed in Georgetown industries.

And to clinch the argument, another anonymous executive insists that Georgetown's labour pool is exhausted.

This is used to tie up in a neat package the inference that until Georgetown has more houses it will not have a labour pool, and ostensibly not have even enough houses for present employees... and thus our industrial search is vetoed until more land is released.

What are the facts?

Certainly there are many men working in town who are not residents. One has only to look at Glen Williams, Limehouse, Elwelltown and other portions of Esquesing to see a large percentage of such men. They are living there because of cheaper housing, family ties or country air. And they will continue to live there whether Georgetown has no homes or a thousand for sale.

An exhausted labour pool?

Has the Dalrex firm not made any survey about local residents employed out of town. Those 300 in-commuters are certainly matched by as many or more who travel to Toronto each day. Are they interested in working locally? Perhaps if the right opportunities come, but there are pension plans, seniority and job preferences which have a large bearing on a man's decision to change jobs.

Or put it this way. If doubling the size of a town in a decade still means there aren't enough residents to take jobs in a far-from-doubled industrial force, how many new homes would have to be built, (and presumably how many temporarily idle men would have to move to town) before this mysterious labour force for which industries clamour is adequate.

We don't think for a minute that any potential industrialist is at all interested in how many houses there are or aren't in Georgetown, or in how many men commute to or from town for their daily employment.

If they were, then we can think of some towns in the Bruce Peninsula where industry should be flocking, where empty houses can be purchased for a song, and where the whole labour force moves out because there are no jobs available.

We do think that we have many selling points to offer in this competitive bidding for industry, and we should concentrate on using them, rather than anything so ridiculous as this labour pool housing business.

The hall exhibits were up to usual standards. For the first time, local public schools did not show in a class. School population has grown to such a point that if this were continued, the whole hall would be needed. A few rural schools took this space, plus individual exhibits by children.

Paul Barber's organ music was a new feature in the exhibit hall, which was pleasing to the crowd. And among interesting displays were articles made by pupils of the North Halton Sunshine School, and a spinning demonstration by Mrs. A. M. Baxter.

The fair directors have not compiled a financial statement as yet but chances are the red figures may be somewhat more prominent than the black this year. If so, we suggest that a private little drive be made among businessmen and industries so a deficit will not have to be carried into next year's show. We're sure no one would mind helping out an event which goes back to Georgetown's origin.



ALL READY FOR THE WORLD SERIES

Desperate Need For More Nursing Grads

by Alan McPherson, Special to the Herald  
It is indicative of the close bond of comradeship in the nursing profession that Mrs. Blanche Duncanson heads the Nightingale School in Toronto.

Mrs. Duncanson is president of the Registered Nurses' Association of Ontario, and her efforts toward better nursing and more professional nursing have been nothing short of herculean.

It is axiomatic that she should have been chosen to act as Dean of a college that might set all coming standards of training in nursing.

Nightingale School isn't the first experiment towards the two-year goal, nor could it properly be termed an experiment.

Actually, it comes under the Ontario Hospital Commission and its true worth will be judged from this month forward.

GRADUATION DAY

On September 10, to be precise, the first graduates leave the school and it is interesting to note that of 23 girls, 18 have been placed in various nursing positions, and the remaining five are advancing to universities for degrees.

As an example, Edda Fabretto of Timmins; Bonnie Alcock of Sarnia; and Isabel Fife of Alliston will be in the graduating class. Two of the three girls, have accepted hospital posts and the third proceeds to university.

The first real hint of revolutionary changes in nursing came when the Canadian Nurses Association expressed dissatisfaction with prevailing methods of nursing education. These criticisms came to light during the Biennial Convention of the Association held at Winnipeg in 1944 and in Toronto, 1948.

A resolution was carried, giving approval to a demonstration being undertaken to determine whether a professional nurse can be prepared adequately in less than three years.

The association approached the Canadian Red Cross Society for funds with the result that the Red Cross agreed to put up \$40,000 per year for four years to finance a demonstration school.

FIRST SCHOOL

After much discussion on locale, Windsor was chosen and the Metropolitan School of Nursing came into being January, 1948. Due to lack of accommodation space, the first class was limited to 13 students.

A new building had been erected, to become the home of three classes with bedrooms for 84 students.

This looked like the ideal arrangement for both student and teacher, but it was doomed before it got underway due to no fault of the nurses or the school.

The hospital became involved in unpleasant publicity with the result that certain administration changes came into being and the Nurses Association found themselves dealing with a new Board.

After innumerable hassles that have no direct bearing on this story, the end was in sight by October 1, 1952, the CNNA had withdrawn from the

self, and to 'demolish' our municipal progress to the vengeance of human selfishness, petty jealousy and party politics.

Rev. Ian M. Fleming, St. John's United Church, Sept. 30th, 1962

and some form of a binary system.

The Nurses' Association holds a strong hand for the demand is greater than the supply.

Whatever emerges, one talent statement remains static: Canada needs trained nurses desperately.

THE MAIL BAG

Says Organization Changes Are Needed

S. Keats Ave.  
Can someone please tell me what is happening to this place called Georgetown.

There is one I feel who would like nothing better than to have it known as Hartown, regardless of who suffers during the period of transition.

Before Mr. Heap came to Georgetown, many looked this way with eagerness where they might have a 'house of their own with taxes on a reasonable level and as a quiet peaceful community, where they could live and enjoy life.

Today many are looking for a way to get out and leave this place far behind them, the taxation having increased to an almost unbearable level, the peace and quiet gone, and instead dogs running loose anywhere, children of less than school age playing or crawling all over the road, schoolboys using the roads as racetracks or their bicycles at night, and most without a fear light, making themselves a potential danger to all other traffic, plus teenage boys in cars adding to the confusion.

Not so long ago this town had the opportunity of seeing one man stand up and fight this greed for monopoly, are we now going to let all this go to waste by letting a new council give way to that which our last mayor fought to stop. More houses means higher taxes, and if you don't believe me, ask yourselves why the taxes have nearly doubled in the last five years.

Then as reported by some of our daily papers, our own engineer, together with another is suspected of acting in a manner not in accordance with the ethics of his employers.

What a town! Every time a new council is elected, the first thing they do is give themselves a raise in pay, then they have to put up the taxes because the budget cannot be balanced.

Has anyone ever enquired how much is spent each year on clothing for our Police Force. Are you know that there are some who have more than they will ever wear out. And we wonder why the taxes are so high.

I suggest Mr. Editor, that if this town intends to survive, it requires some drastic changes in its organization, and that your paper as the voice of the people uses itself to its full extent to help this town get on its feet once again and make Georgetown a place every one will want to live in.

Yours truly,  
-E. R. FRANCIS

THE MAIL BAG

Says "No Writ"

Dear Sirs: Colleagues and I wish to inform the people of Georgetown that all accusations made against the Town personnel are accurate and true. Nowrit has been served against me or anyone concerned as stated in last week's edition of 'The Leader.'

Thomas Slater

SUGAR and SPICE  
By Bill Smiley

Don't ever let those talk you into making a speech, old friend. Especially if you have nothing to say. It happened to me, and pretty well destroyed the entire month of September.

I've been avoiding speech-making for years. My distaste for listening to speeches is only exceeded by my panic at the thought of having to deliver one. The whole business of speeches has grown into a monster, an insatiable fiend.

The Guest Speaker has become one of the more feared symbols of the sickness of our Canadian society. You can't get four people to sit down in the same room any more, without one of them suggesting that you have a guest speaker at your next meeting.

All across this once-carefree country, the night has spread. A new species called the Program Committee Chairman, has surged to the front in every organization. He is more important than the president. He is the bird who scrapes guest speakers from the bottoms of barrels and other native habitat.

He is one of those persons engaged in the greatest misanthropy of the 20th century - trying to find a guest speaker, any old guest speaker. There is an excellent chance that he will wind up with an ulcer. The composition is more frantic than it is among the super-markets.

There is a fair probability that our Program Chairman will suffer complete nervous breakdown within a few months after he has taken the position. This is usually a direct result of:

(a) the guest speaker coming down with the flu the night of the banquet; (b) the guest speaker getting a little tired at the pre-dinner reception, and including a couple of off-color jokes in his speech; or (c) the guest speaker turning out to be a real clod, who has nothing whatever to say, and says it at a great length.

However, I have no sympathy for Program Committees Chairmen, who are completely unscrupulous in their methods. One of the more slippery members of the fraternity hooked and landed me with the skill of a con artist, and that's how I came to be standing in front of a couple of hundred people the other night, with my hands hanging down, my mouth hanging open, and the entire audience hanging on my opening remarks, which I couldn't remember.

This crafty character called me last June and asked me casually if I would address the Canadian Club in September. He had picked his day. It was the last day of school, I'd have a couple of bells to celebrate and September seemed six months away. "Shore, shore, glad to!"

I went back out to the garden, picked up my empty glass, and enquired: "Hey, Susa, what do you know about this Canadian Club?"

She said: "You know perfectly well we can't afford any of that. It's about \$5 a bottle."

This was getting me nowhere. I then learned that the Canadian Club was on 100th in town that morning distinguished speakers. This made me feel like a hotbed for about three minutes, then threw me into a blind panic. However, I did have the whole summer to prepare a sophisticated, scholarly address, so I stopped worrying.

Unfortunately, time passed, as it so often does, and I didn't do a thing about it. Two nights before the banquet, desperation drove me to choose a topic. I decided to talk to the Canadian Club about Canada. This was throwing words before pearls, but it was a nice, big vague subject so I stuck to it.

But I can tell you I felt pretty foolish when I stood up in front of all these people. At their banquet last year, they had really obtained their money's worth - a beautiful, blonde speaker, colored mouset, dancing girls, special Hawaiian music.

I didn't have even one lousy lantern slide. I had tried to talk my wife into doing a few native dances to add some color. But the only native dances we have are Indian, and she refused to stamp around a fake fireplace in her bare skin, and the kids got into a scrap over who was going to play the bongos drums for the performance, so we had to wash out the whole business.

It was awful. But do you know what I found out? People are extremely polite. They will sit there fighting to keep their eyes open, no matter how rotten a guest speaker you are. They will applaud, with a nice kind of relief and gratitude, but politely, when you finish. And they will have one of their members stand up and thank you, without a trace of irony, for your inspiring address... which I am sure we will all remember.

The YWCA was organized in London, England in 1853 and established in Canada in Saint John, New Brunswick in 1870.

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ECHOES

From the Pages of the Herald, September, 1952 and 1957

10 YEARS AGO

- An enrolment of 186 last year will grow to at least 200 next September and necessitate another teacher and another classroom according to the information given to North Halton High School District Board by Georgetown principal J. L. Lambert at last week's meeting. Mr. Lambert said the school is crowded to capacity at present and teachers over-taxed in time. Action has the same situation this year.
- Resignation of Cst. George Earnas from the local detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police leaves a vacancy which is expected to be filled next week. At present Cst. Ernest Allen of Dundas is relieving temporarily, joining Cpl. Joe McBain and Cst. Ross McCrea.
- Hockey news is very much in the foreground this week with an announcement that the club has hired Pinky Lewis as the coach for the season. One of the best known and most highly rated coaches in OHA circles, Pink will take over the helm in an attempt to revive Raiders' winning ways. His home is in Hamilton.

25 YEARS AGO

- Prize winners in the WCTU provincial poster test were Barbara Cousins, S. S. 9, Esquesing; Bernice Hughes, Georgetown Public School, and Anne Bowman, Georgetown High School.
- In the intercollegiate track and field meet at Varsity stadium last Friday Varsity outpointed McGill's athletes who have been the champions for seven years. Queen's came third and McMaster was fourth. Starring for Varsity was Georgetown's Dave Critchton, whose running gained 10 points for the blue and white.
- At the Gregory Theatre: 'Man of the People', starring Joseph Calleja, 'Saragosa', starring Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, 'Topper', starring Constance Bennett and Cary Grant.

Rain Hampered Fair....

For the first time in many years, rain put a dint in the big fall fair.

But while the morning rain and drizzly skies kept the crowd down somewhat, Georgetown's usual luck prevailed and the rain stopped in time for a fair number of people to turn out. And in late afternoon the sun peeped through the clouds as if to say "Sorry, I'll make it up to you now."

Biggest disappointment to spectators was cancellation of the harness races. With the race track a quagmire, officials had no recourse, for it would have been foolhardy for these fine animals to risk injury on the track.

While the inner exhibitors' circle was also somewhat hampered by mud, most fairgoers still took the opportunity to view farm machinery, cars and the various commercial exhibits which abounded there.

As for the midway, it was the biggest yet, and was well patronized both on Friday night and on Saturday.

THE MAIL BAG

Spirit of Reconciliation Needed in Georgetown?

Dear Mr. Editor: Unusually expert in seeing the other person's faults or inconsistencies. In the affairs of Georgetown let us be careful that we are not simply 'grinding our own axe.'

If there has been 'disimulation,' or if there is 'disimulation,' hypocrisy or a lack of basic integrity now, in some areas of public life, these attitudes may be overcome by a 'spirit of reconciliation.' But if public servants live with hearts that 'wax' or carry on imaginary battles to preserve self-esteem, in any area of life, I suggest they are not serving the best interests of the town of Georgetown.

words of Jesus — "This is my commandment that YOU LOVE ONE ANOTHER as I have loved you." John 15:12.

Every Georgetown Christian should recognize that animosity and self-gratification have no place according to, in public life, and is alien to the Spirit of Christ.

Jesus also said: "But he who enters by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the gatekeeper opens, the sheep hear his voice, and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep." John 10: 2, 3, 1.

Public servants will be shepherds of the flock, looked up to with trust, confidence and affection by those who follow. They will put others ahead of self preservation, if they will first of all definitely pray that they may be held by the Spirit of Christ. To be reconciled with Christ makes it possible for us to be reconciled with men.

The 'Spirit of Reconciliation' must never be denied by the Confessing Christian, Roman Catholic or Protestant, or by our brethren of other beliefs, Jewish, Unitarian, Agnostic, Hindu or Muslim. To do so would be to hate