

Georgetown Herald

Published by Home Newspapers Limited
22 Main Street S., Georgetown, Ontario
W. C. BIEHN, Publisher

PAGE 4 THURSDAY, MAY 9th, 1963

... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

Visit Hospital Sunday

To mark national hospital day, the local hospital board is planning a tea this Sunday afternoon and district residents are invited to attend between two and four o'clock.

While tours of the hospital will not be included this year, visitors will have an opportunity to chat with staff and board members and doctors, who will answer questions pertaining to the facilities which Georgetown's modern hospital offers.

There will be a number of gifts formally presented, including a portrait of John Gunn, first chairman of the board and one of those responsible for promoting this valuable town asset. The portrait has been executed by Miss Dorothy Stone as a personal gift. The flag pole, erected by the Legion ladies, will also be officially presented that day.

Cross-Atlantic Neighbours

Three district ladies are returning this week from a trip to Holland where they visited graves of loved ones lost in the war and were house guests of Dutch families during their stay.

Some time ago the Netherlands War Graves Committee was formed, with the goal of repaying the debt they felt was owing to men who lost their lives in the defence of freedom and are buried in Dutch soil. Money was raised by public subscription and close relatives contacted, offering them the trip. This week's contingent of 79 is the second group to make

Nostalgic Week-End

A week-end in Windsor brought back memories of happy schooldays when we attended the fiftieth anniversary of our old public school.

No, we weren't one of the original graduating class, though its remarkable how fast those years do go by. Let's leave it that we saw boys and girls we hadn't seen since Grade 8 — and despite those social graces of "You haven't changed a bit" our mirror tells us another story.

As if to point this up, as we introduced our wife to a former teacher, she said, "And this will be your daughter, Walter."

Most noticeable, of course, were the ladies. Some who were stout were thinner, and vice versa. A girl who had been the class sweetheart had changed to an average middle-ager. Another, who had grown too fast and was an ungainly 12-year old, complete with what, in those days was an oddity (horned rim glasses) is now a charming matron much more handsome than some of the 8th Grade glamour girls.

Hair styles, of course, are the most startling among ladies. A teacher, prematurely gray when she taught us, is now a redhead. The teachers we thought were old ladies at the time (all of 25 some of them probably) are not the ancient fossils we might have imagined. Though most are now retired, they are happy, contented ladies, with the knowledge of a job well done, and memories in plenty of their classroom days.

Not that the men haven't changed,

At present there are positions available on the staff for registered nurses and it is hoped that local nurses who can serve full or part-time will be applying for positions. Modern facilities for patients can only be used to their fullest if an adequate staff is maintained, and while there is no immediate danger that admissions will have to be limited, it is a possibility which concerns the board.

Meanwhile, it is hoped that a large number of people will attend the tea, particularly those who have not already been on the premises either as patient or visitor. Georgetown is justly proud of this fine institution, long needed for a town of this size, and the board is anxious to show what has been provided for the welfare of ailing residents.

the visit.

A special service of remembrance, which Her Majesty, the Queen of the Netherlands, attended was one of the highlights of the trip.

The hospitality of people in this European country is an example of good neighbourliness which substantiates the feeling that human nature is essentially good. The overseas trip, while recalling sadness for the Canadians, will be tempered with a measure of happiness too, in knowing that others care and that men who died in the war are being remembered by others too.

too, mind you. Receding hairlines, sprinklings of gray for those who kept their locks, increases in the midriff, made some of our friends a bit hard to spot.

There was sadness too in learning that many teachers and classmates had died in the intervening years. There was a surprise in finding that a dumb dora had ended up with a good job, and the reverse was true for a few of the brighter students.

One teacher summed it up best, perhaps when he ruefully admitted that he had once advised a man holding one of the top positions with an auto firm to leave school and find a job because he was never going to amount to anything anyway.

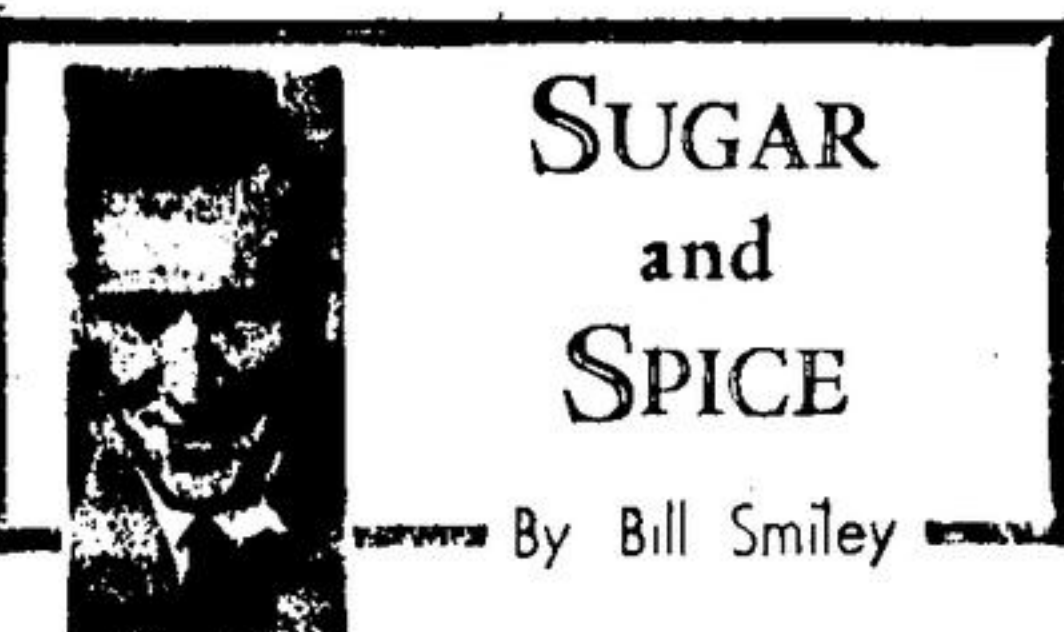
Though we have not yet reached that stage, we found a majority of our old friends are now fathers and mothers-in-law and many of them grandparents. Thank goodness, there were no great-grandparents, or if so, they were keeping it quiet.

We were impressed with the education which was offered us as a youngster for Windsor in those days set the pace for all Ontario. The old school was one of the first to have a rotary system, with pupils moving to specialized teachers. A science lab, a gymnasium and French classes in the senior grades were things we enjoyed as a small fry.

It was a week-end we will cherish in that special compartment which we keep for nostalgia. And it belied the adage that one should never go back, for we enjoyed it to the full.



WHAT A LINE-UP!



Mother's Day is just around the corner. And so I think I'll take this chance to warn 'er. Not to be fooled by all the flowers and fuss. When Monday comes, we'll be right back to us.

And you know what us are like during the other 364 days. Us eat like hogs and vanish, leaving Mother with the dishes. Us walk across Ma's clean floor with awamp-soiled hip waders. Us stay out too late and make Mummy's nerves shriek. Us arise on Mom's third clarion call in the a.m. and hawker her out for not waking us up on time. Us come home from school and take a big wedge out of the cake Ma has baked for the church tea. Us spill gravy on our clean blouses and chuck them into Mom's laundry. Us decorate doorknobs, chairbacks and floors with our clothes, because Mom gets a big kick out of putting things away. Us drive Mother right up the wall. Daily.

Mothers come in three sizes, regular, large and family size. They come in several shades: red with rage, white with fear and gray with exhaustion. Some are thin and holy-looking. Some are roly-poly-looking.

But every single one of them is a martyr, and I say it with out irony. Martyrs are people who were burned at the stake just once. Mothers burn all day every day.

Mothers are like farmers. They plant the seed carefully in the only ground they have to work — their children — nurture it with care, watch with deep delight as the first green shoots appear, tremble lest they be flattened by the ripening stalks, and recoil with horror when the crop turns out to be wild oats.

Some mothers are like hens. They sit on their offspring until the kids are either rotten or half baked. Others are like cats. They birth their young, feed them well until they can eat by themselves, then give them a lick and let them fend for themselves.

Some mothers swear, drink beer, and run around town after men. Most mothers bear, drink tea, and run around the block looking for their kids at suppertime.

Some mothers — and I hate to say it at this semi-sacred time — are slobs. They sit around drinking coffee in their bathrobes. The only time they get out of their slippers is when they go out to play bingo. They whine incessantly at kids and husbands. Their household gods are the can-opener, the freezing compartment and the television set. They have runs in their stockings, curlers in their hair, and aching backs.

Some mothers are just the opposite. They are hell on high heels. They are out of bed like a Roman candle in the

morning, and continue to explode at regular intervals all day. They drive their kids and bully their husbands. They redecorate at the drop of a color chart. They move the furniture and terrorize the other mothers in them. They flee down the short corridor of life as though pursued by a stream of molten lava.

And somewhere between these extremes are all the other mothers, like yours and mine. Oh, they are not all perfect, our mothers. They are not gentle, little, old, silver-haired old ladies who smile and mind their own business and hand out cookies. There are saints and sinners, guffers and gadabouts, naggers and nappers and nippers among them. But they're the real mothers, and they can be forgiven any of their little foibles.

They are the women who bore children proudly, played with them joyfully, taught them carefully, and walloped them with aching heart when they had to.

They are the mothers who nursed their children with tenderness when they were ill, kissed their bumps when they fell, listened to their troubles with sympathy, and showed them the beauty and the joys of life.

They are the mothers of whom young men whisper, for whom they call with anguish, when they know they are dying, in war. They are the mothers to whom young girls bring their first, fragrant love affair, on whom young wives call for help.

They are the real mothers. God bless them for what they have done in this world, and reward them with a perpetual Mother's Day in the next.

AT A LOSS

The person who doesn't believe in hell is greatly handicapped these days in describing world conditions.

St. John's UNITED CHURCH
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Organist and Choir Director: K. R. Harrison
A.R.C.T., R.M.T.
The Church With a Warm Heart

Sunday, May 12, 1963
9:45 a.m. — Sunday School
11:00 a.m. — Morning Worship
Christian Family Sunday

As much for others as for ourselves.

Georgetown Herald

Published by Home Newspapers Limited
Georgetown, Ontario

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Publisher

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HOSPITAL DAY HAS REAL LOCAL MEANING

When you attend the hospital tea this Sunday afternoon, think back a few years when every illness, every operation, every new baby meant a stay in Brampton or Guelph hospitals.

Aside from the convenience of having a hospital right in town, there is a real cash saving when you think of the trips the family had to make to see you and the tedious time consumed in travel. Georgetown district people owe a real debt of gratitude to those far-sighted men and women who set their sites on a local hospital and carried it through to reality.

JUST ENOUGH

A professor says a worm has brains. And no doubt a worm does have enough brains to get along as a worm.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for you — Luke 10:14.

What wonderful opportunities we have had to know the Lord, compared with many others. But neglected opportunities are worse than no opportunities.

BRIN

Fire ripped through an Erin township barn and levelled the large landmark on the farm. The property, less than an hour after the blaze broke out. Thirty dairy cattle and four calves were rescued. Aston and Erin farmers kept flames from touching a partially completed modern home.

NEWS ECHOES

News Echoes from the pages of the Herald, 1933 and 1938.

10 YEARS AGO

- L/Cpl. Douglas Browne is one of several local soldiers serving with the United Nations forces in Korea. With Sgt. Bruce Collins of town, and other members of the Lord Strathcona Horse Regiment, he arrived overseas a few weeks ago.
- Two months in Canada from England, Dr. Hamish Refran, who will practice medicine in Georgetown, will open his office in the Norton building tomorrow.
- A distinguished visitor stopped briefly in Georgetown on Monday where he called to see Sybil Bennett, Progressive candidate in Halton. John Diefenbaker, a candidate for election in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, has been speaking for the party in Ontario and stopped in to tell Miss Bennett he hopes to speak in Halton later this summer.
- Local member of the Halton Garage Operators Association honoured a retiring member, Fred Sinclair, at a dinner recently in the McGibbon House. A garage operator here for 31 years, Mr. Sinclair has sold his service station to Fred Maveal.

25 YEARS AGO

- At council Monday it was moved by Cr. Smith and seconded by Cr. Hall that the tender of J. B. Mackenzie & Son for building a judges' stand at the park be accepted at a cost of \$127.50.
- A meeting was called on Monday evening for the purpose of discussing plans and the possibility of forming a Businessmen's Association in town. Over 15 merchants were on hand and enthusiastically endorsed the idea. Elected to the executive were William Long, Norman Brown, William King, Bert Lumb, Dr. Jackson, and Garfield McGillivray.
- An R. R. 2 man was robbed of \$18 late Sunday by two women on a lonely township road. He said the two women stopped him and wanted to tell his fortune, but he continued to walk away. When he arrived home, he discovered his wallet and \$18 missing. He said the women looked like gypsies.

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Suite 3 TR 7-2209

M. E. Manderson, Q.C.
Barrister and Solicitor
61 Mill St. Georgetown
TR. 7-2464

T. Van Sickle, B.A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary
(Dr. Williams Bldg.)
38 Main St. - TR 7-4581

DISTRICT NEWS AT A GLANCE

CLARKSON
Dr. Gordon Williams of Clarkson has warned Toronto Township Council of the danger of typhoid unless construction of sewage facilities is undertaken this summer in the South Fairfields area of Clarkson.

STREETSVILLE
The resignation of Streetsville Police Chief Ted Rutledge was accepted by town council Monday night. The new Chief is Ray Hodgson of Bradford who was formerly with the Ontario Provincial Police. The change will take effect June 30th.

OAKVILLE
The town's first 'indoor-outdoor' swimming pool will go on the drawing

boards as soon as an architect is hired to design the glass-walled \$200,000 project. It will be located in Trafalgar Park.

COOKSVILLE
Four men charged with attempted murder after a gun battle with police two weeks ago have been remanded until May 8th. They have been charged with conspiracy to break into and enter a dwelling house while armed and having an offensive weapon.

MILTON
A movement to have oral French taught in Milton's public schools is to be headed by the Milton University Women's Club. The club will sponsor a public meeting with Ontario's Director of French Education Dr. Robert Gauthier the speaker.

ORANGEVILLE
The Dufferin Area Hospital Board at Orangeville expect to sign with a contractor on Monday night for the building of a new wing. Approval of the Ontario Hospital Commission is hoped for by that date. A bid wing has been vacated for demolition.

BRAMPTON
A 50 mile up-hill hike from Brampton to Orangeville and back was completed by 27 of 102 who started out. More than 80 completed the first 25 miles. Barry Mullin was the winner in 10 hours and 47 minutes.

GUELPH
Fifteen tons of structural steel were dumped into the middle of a busy Guelph intersection last week when a chain broke while the truck carrying the load was rounding a corner. Hours later a crane arrived to clear away the snambles.

ACTON
A former Acton mayor was named 'citizen of the year' at the annual Chamber of Commerce banquet last week. When C. of C. president Paul Nielson announced that John Goy was this year's winner the hundred diners gave a standing ovation to the popular civic worker.