

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Music Hath Charms

If the old adage "Music Hath Charms" is true, then Georgetown should be an even more charming place in years to come.

Thanks to Steamer Emmetson, a new Chapter of the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. has been formed and those who relish barbershop harmony are waxing enthusiastic about the future. The group made its first out-of-town trip to Etobicoke last week, and they are hard at work perfecting the technique of close harmony, which might seem deceptively simple to the uninitiated, but is actually no easy job.

Barbershop singing is something like "westerns" in movies and television. It has its ups and downs, but it is a basic form of entertainment which never dies out. Every now and then there is a great revival. The present interest stems partly from the Broadway musical "The Music Man" we would judge, and is closely allied

to the folk singing craze so popular now days.

It is nice to see that Georgetown is upholding a musical tradition by formation of such a group. Years back, our town was noted for its choral society and for its excellence of church and school choirs.

Along with the barbershoppers, today we have the Legionnaires glee club, which is also winning accolades for singing excellence.

The two groups will put Georgetown on the musical map again, and provide a talent outlet for men who enjoy an evening of entertainment put on by themselves.

Despite the poet's view that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" one cannot underestimate the value of a pleasant combination of syllables when designating a person or place in the English language.

What's In a Name?

Many words, of course, become unpleasant through association. Comic books and movies may make a name synonymous with undesirable characters. But many phrases are unpleasant, too, because of peculiar combination of vowels and consonants.

It is as hard to define beauty of face or figure as it would be to define why certain words offend the ear. And what can be perfectly acceptable in Canada can be the reverse in another English-speaking country.

Whatever the reason, a name is most important, and we are sometimes shocked by poorly chosen ones.

Pleasant View Motel, the Rose Garden

Room, the Georgetown Herald are terms which denote meaning and at the same time are pleasant to the ear. On the other hand, who would be inclined to stay at the Chicken Manure Inn, attend a function in the Garbage Disposal Room or read the Blood Splattered Weekly. See what we mean?

And yet we have stumbled on such dillies as the Home of the Friendless (a residence for people with whom life has dealt unkindly) and the Hospital for Incurable Children, certainly one of the most ill-chosen designations ever dreamed up. The moral, if one could be drawn, is that one should think twice before designating a lifetime monicker on a person, a building, a street or an institution.

Changing Municipal Theory

Decision of the local public school board not to join in a campaign to make remuneration for trustees possible, leaves us with mixed feelings.

As a long-time opponent of other than token fees for public office, we are inclined to say "Bravo."

But from today's practical standpoint we don't think the trustees should be singled out to serve entirely free while other municipal functions are handled by men whose salaries are reaching to the four figure bracket.

We still think a token payment would not reduce the number of men who want to enter public service... and that it is entirely possible that eventually some will have an eye more on the meeting fee than on the genuine desire to serve.

But assuming that the concept of paying up to \$20 a meeting is today's rule, one surely can expect and well-nigh demand, more than an "after-hours" type of government. Perhaps the time has come to reappraise our whole municipal set-up, to pay councillors enough to make the job at least a part-time one, and to provide training courses for men who enter public office.

NORVAL

Describes South Africa Training in Nursing

Norval Women's Institute members had a picnic supper meeting there on Thursday evening, May 6. It was decided to go to Hal-leck's brother, Mr. and Mrs. H. Snel-ton Museum at Kello Dam for Brock Bradley and family late in the afternoon, the picnic to meet at Webb's Greenhouse picnic supper was enjoyed on the 11 a.m. verandah. The pot-luck supper, the meeting closed with singing "The Queen" was both delicious and bountiful.

Vice president, Mrs. Don Murray, was in the chair for the home returned to their home on the meeting which opened with the Institute Ode, the Maryling in Toronto. Stewart Collect and the Lord's Prayer. The roll call was answered by naming "Something new on my pantry shelf" of a baby daughter. Another to her confirmation. Bert Carnoy, year are requested to be handed in to the secretary as soon as possible.

Home Economics conveners and family had their cousins H. Gollup were the winners of Mrs. E. McLean and Mrs. H. from Abernethy, Sask. dropping Gollup were in charge of the on them for a short visit last program. Mrs. McLean introduced Mrs. Tom Pettigill Monday were returning home who gave an interesting talk with their son Ronald who had on conditions in South Africa been attending Military College at Kingston. She also showed a number of pic-

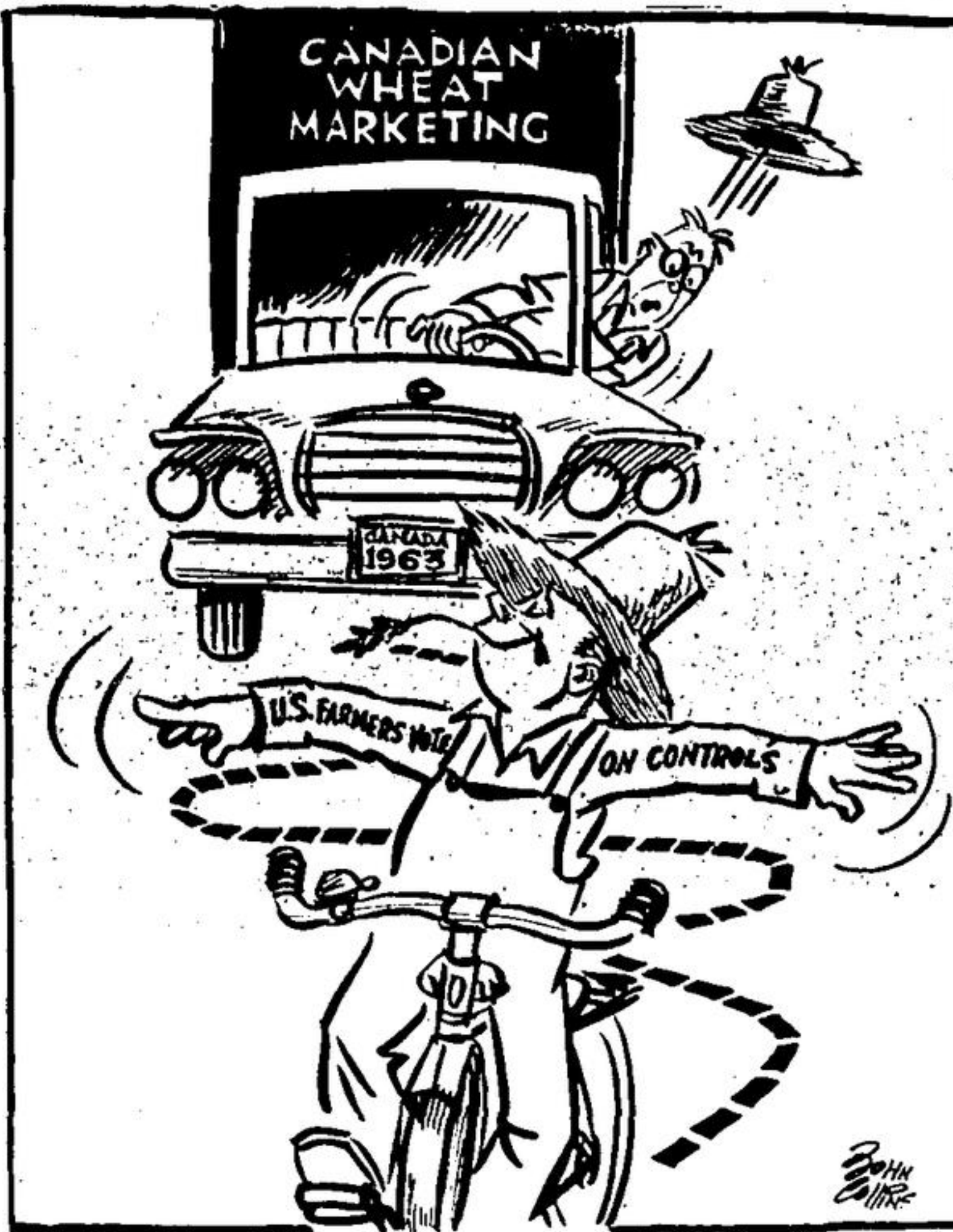
Terry and Ron Moffat who were married in Grace United Church, Brampton, on Saturday, May 25th. Mrs. Clark Lyons was soloist.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Timlock have left on a month's camping trip to Comox, B.C. where they will visit with Mrs. Timlock's brother, Mr. and Mrs. H. Snel-ton Museum at Kello Dam for Brock Bradley and family.

A miscellaneous shower was held in honour of Miss Joan Crawford on Tuesday evening, June 4th, at the home of Mrs. Murray Laird, assisted by Joyce McLean, Mrs. E. McLean and Miss Prairie Maguire. Friends were neighbours and guests of Joan's in the Village.

Several grouped together on some of the girls and added to her confirmation. Bert Carnoy, year are requested to be handed in to the secretary as soon as possible.

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"LOOK MA' NO HANDS!"



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Surely Father's Day is the most insignificant occasion on the calendar. Everybody knows which Sunday in May is Mother's Day, but there's a good deal of confusion in the minds of most people about the other one, and were it not for our good friends the merchants who urge us not to forget "Dear Old Dad" it would probably slip by as quietly as Whit Sunday.

It's not difficult to understand this vagueness. Not too many years ago, every day was Father's Day. But in the symphony of today's family, the father is the lost chord. The family centre no longer centres on father. It has become the pendulum swinging between Mom and the kids.

From the time we can lip-synch, we are fed a lot of pap about motherhood. Mother can do no wrong; Mother is a brave little soul; Mummy knows best; Mom works too hard; Mother is always there with demands for stringent economy; Dad turns over the cook like Mum; Mother's nervous; nobody can do without Mama; and so on. There's a certain amount of truth in it all, but what I object to is turning Mother into a bushel basket under which father's once bright light is well hidden.

Oh, for the good old days when Father was head of the house, and everybody knew at the table, there was a respectful, if not fearful, silence. The kids sat in rows at each side, silent until spoken to.

The women scurried around with proper humility, fetching the steaming dishes, holding their breaths while Father lifted a carving knife, waxed benevolent under the charm of food.

In those golden days, Father's comfort, well-being, and peace of mind were the prime requisites of a happy home. His slightest opinion was gospel. His wrath was awful to contemplate. You didn't need household gods. You had Father.

If Father said women should not be allowed behind the wheel of a car, they shouldn't. And that's all there was to it. If he declared there were no fish in that creek, there were none. If he believed that the Grimms (or Torries) were a pack of damned thieves, they were. If he told you to get in bed, you got in bed, and the storm windows off.

By what subtle and fiendish alchemy has Father been transformed from a giant into a figure of fun, a national joke, a stooge on third-rate family television series? By what foul trick of the fates has that magnificent man been turned into the cringing creature who can be seen wiping the dishes while his wife is out at the bingo?

Where Father used to have a fine paunch, an acknowledged symbol of his success in life, Dad has a mean little pot belly that merely suggests he doesn't eat enough exercise. Where Father kept the children in line with one hard look, and the occasional "about" used to get Dad whines that he'll cut off their allowance if they don't do what their mother tells them.

Where Father used to dole out the housekeeping money, Dad turns over the pay envelope, intact, and withes out a murmur accepts the glad tidings that mother has just bought a new refrigerator on the never-never plan.

Where Father used to read the Bible to the kids before bed, Dad coaxes mother to let the kids stay up and watch Quest. Where Father used to rumble curses as he pitched the fourth ball out on a for-its-mile trip, Dad grumbles complaints he can't get a new set of tires after 20,000 miles.

Oh, it's bitter, but we've brought it on ourselves. Just an example of the awe in which he held these days: This week I suggested to the Old Girl, very subtly that some new fishing tackle would be highly acceptable on Father's Day. She looked at me coldly, "You're not my father," she said.

Anyone care to join me in a movement to convert Father back into firm Father?

Grow beards, get rid of the blubber; take away the wife's set of car keys, cut the kids down to size, do some bellows-ing around the house? What's that, Mac? You're sorry but you have to go out and bring in the clothes? Well, I'm a little busy myself. I have to take the kids for a swim, the dog for a walk, and the storm windows off.

And take heed to yourselves, lest at an time you hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.—Luke 21:34. There will come a day! We are warned about the not in scorn, but in sorrow, reckoning Only a fool will not prepare himself from the messily heckled by his children, table.

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Bruce Harley Comments On Britain, Holland Trip

Georgetown Women's Institute Mrs. Wellington Wilson gave a splendid report of the dis- evening June 5th for their reg- ular monthly meeting with 29 ladies attending. Mrs. Ezz Thompson was in charge of the meeting, in the absence of Mrs. Mathews. Following the usual opening exercises, the minutes of the last meeting were read, and the correspondence dealt with. There was an invitation to display of work, and afternoon tea at the Sunshine School on June 14th, also a letter regretting the closing of the Rural Musical Festival which is proving too costly. The committee planning the mystery bus trip reported plans almost complete, the date is set for June 26th, and the tickets are available. Mr. Shields is planning a luncheon and social half hour at her home for June 12. The next regular meeting will be held on September 4th.

NEWS ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald, 1953 and 1938

- 10 YEARS AGO**
 - Coronation Day will not soon be forgotten in Georgetown. The town which has shown its firm ties with the motherland in so many ways - record enlistments in two world wars, substantial donations to the British Flood Relief, heavy purchases of war bonds - went all out to honour Queen Elizabeth.
 - It was a big task which Dick Licata and a large committee tackled when organization started for the Georgetown celebration. A community church service was held in Knox church in the morning, after a special communion in St. George's, and at noon a long parade marched to the park for the afternoon festivities. A sports program filled the afternoon and the day concluded with a garden party and fire works.
 - There was a nostalgic touch to the day when the town bell on the Old Town Hall was rung for the last time by Henry Marchmont, retired town employee, who had rung it so many times in the past. The bell pealed out the noon hour. It is to have a place of honour on the front lawn of the new fire hall soon to be erected.
- 25 YEARS AGO**
 - A crowd of over five hundred people turned to Georgetown arena last Monday night and witnessed some interesting boxing bouts, the proceeds of which go to the underprivileged children of Georgetown and vicinity. In the main event Steve Curley lost to Maxie Scott on a TKO. The results of the preliminaries were as follows: Jack Bryon over Albert Kemshead in the 95 lb class (decision); Ted Carroll over Jim Sargent (TKO); Arnold Brill over Sonny Stockford (decision); Jack Kemshead over Garth Cowan (decision); and Otello Maltussi over Jim Seville (TKO). In a novelty feature Harold McClure and Dick Licata staged a daring fist-wrestling show which ended with both participants going down for the count. On hands were notables Willie Morrissey, "Baby" Yack, and Charlie Malone.