

Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 9th, 1964

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Job Well Done

Attending the annual meeting of Georgetown Fire Department always impresses on us the public service rendered by 25 men who serve on a volunteer basis in this important phase of municipal work.

One might think that it would be difficult to find volunteers for this hazardous work. Far from it. There are few changes in the department. The same 25 men belong who were at last year's annual meeting. There is a waiting list, should one retire, and newcomers are carefully screened and voted on by secret ballot before they join.

Several of the members boast a quarter century of membership or close to it. Discipline is strict, attendance at drills and

fire calls is as close to one hundred percent as one could expect. And Georgetown enjoys a most favourable fire insurance rate because of this efficiency.

Sunday's annual meeting was marked by an election in which deputy chief Erwin Lewis moved up to the top post. While congratulating him on his new position, we wish to thank retiring chief Bob Bonfield for a job well done over the past four years. The Herald is always in close touch with fire chiefs, and we have found Mr. Bonfield most cooperative in our dealings with him. His interest in firefighting and fire prevention is intense. Like other chiefs who retire from office, he will continue to devote his best to the fire department as one of these 25 dedicated men.

Something from Nothing

The pending conversion of Toronto radio station CJBC to a French language station has caused some most unnecessary repercussions which might have been avoided if the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation had bent an ear to Ontario opinion.

CJBC has a large listening audience which naturally resents a radical change in its listening habits.

But aside from this is the expenditure of public money to impose biculturalism in what is an essentially English-speaking section of Ontario.

It is blowing up quite a storm, to put it mildly.

And it is causing frictions which need not exist.

Thinking Ontarians are quite willing to accept the fact that Canada is to some extent a bilingual country. But the Ontario interpretation of bilingualism is that English is the common language, with

French a secondary one. It is a relatively new idea that French-speaking residents of this province should be allowed to use this language exclusively in their education and cultural pursuits. And whatever the much-quoted BNA Act might or might not say, it is going to take some convincing to put across any such idea.

To put it plainly, we are all for more emphasis on the teaching of French in our schools. It is an important addition to our young people in both a cultural and economic way. Nor would we argue with a certain amount of French programming on our Toronto radio stations.

But we are much opposed to any idea that because Canada has a second language, any Canadian should be free to choose this as his mother tongue to the exclusion of our official English language.

It is equally harmful to Canada and to the individual. And the sooner we establish this fact the better for all concerned.

What's All the Fuss?

Elevation of newspaper publisher Roy Thomson to the peerage has turned into one of the year's biggest stories — a fact which should gladden the heart of a man who has been so significantly successful in operating daily and weekly newspapers in many parts of the world.

There is a local touch because The Herald was acquired five years ago by Thomson Newspapers and is one of the group which has been to frequently mentioned in the news this week.

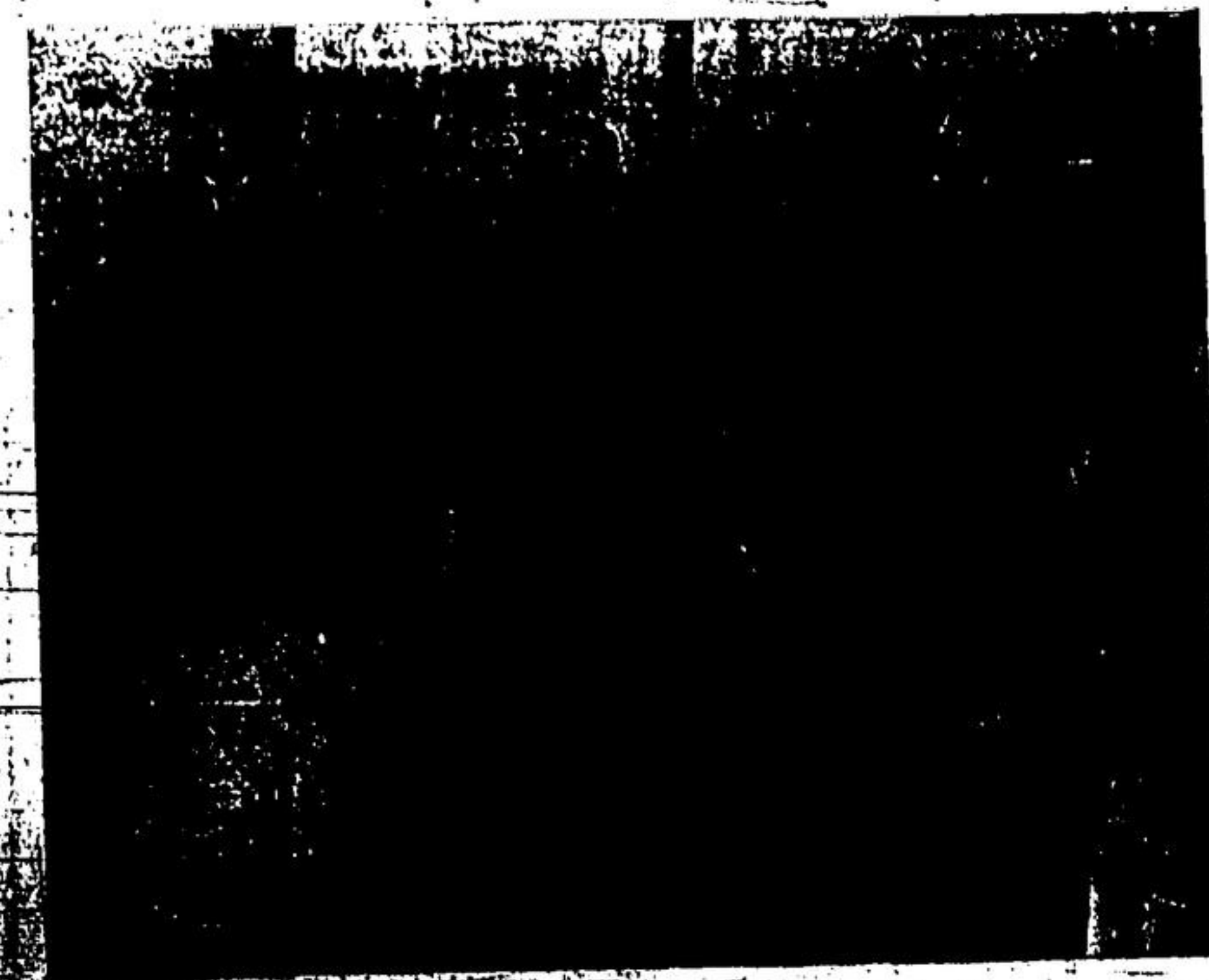
Everyone has been caught by the drama of a man who started out in a small way, and by a combination of effort, ingenuity, hard work and foresightedness has achieved the ultimate — a title.

There has been some good natured

kidding locally about what to call the Herald editor (Sir Walter seems to be the present favourite) . . . but little of the worry which seems to be affecting our government about whether Mr. T. is or isn't a Canadian citizen and whether he can accept a title if he is a Canadian.

Surely we have passed the stage when Canada was growing up and it was popular to shy away from all things British in our emergence from a colony to a member of the Commonwealth. Far from objecting to titles being conferred on Canadians, we should be pleased that such recognition should be given to one of our countrymen . . . and pleased that Mr. T. intends to be a citizen of the country where he made his initial impact in the publishing world.

SING PRAISE — GAIN PRAISES



CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH CHOIR

—Peter Jones Photo

are receiving plaudits as the result of recent past public performances. The Gloria Patri Choir of the Christian Reformed Church, directed by the choir, composed of native born Netherlanders, was one of the best Musicals in the high school auditorium was such a success. Not years in this photo.

Security is having a watch dog with more teeth than tail



OK—AS LONG AS THE CUTS ARE ON THE RIGHT END

THE MAIL BAG

Reader's Tribute to President Kennedy

R. H. I.
Georgetown, Ont.

Dear Editor:

Perhaps you might be interested and find space in your columns for these few verses to keep alive the memory of John F. Kennedy, a noble gentleman to whom the world looked up as the greatest leader of all time in our struggle against Communism.

Here's to President John F. Kennedy
Who was born in 'twentyeight
He struggled hard to uphold
As he would that flag of green.

And in his early thirties,
He served in World War II,
Helped to defeat the Nazi forces
And caused Hitler's Waterloo.

God gifted him with talent,
Likewise a bumble pride,
A human sense of dignity
Which he carried till he died.

He was noted for his courage,
Which never seemed to fade,
There was firmness in his answer,
When he called for a blockade.

His aim in life was peace on earth,
No matter where he trod,
And with humility he always strove,
To walk before his God.

In the presidential election
He nobly took his stand,
And defeated his opponent
Who seemed the better man.

In his short three years as president
He met with leaders all,
Paid a visit also to Paris
To meet with General DeGaulle.

Being the first president to enter Ottawa
In May of sixty-two,
He conferred with Prime Minister Diefenbaker,
And other members of the crew.

In the short time that he spent there
Unto the house he spoke,
And in remembrance of the grounds
He planted a red oak.

Being of Irish origin,
In June of sixty-three,
He visited relations in the south,
Who welcomed him with glee.

In Dublin city streets were jammed
As they waved their old coban,
Their token of affection
Was the greatest ever seen.

The world was shocked at the fate
A man like this should meet,
While on his way to make a speech
He was riding down the street.

Dallas, Texas, was the place,
Accompanied by his wife,
The fatal shots were fired at him,
That took away his life.

His name will go down in history
No matter where he lies,
But it's sad to think
That in this world of ours
Brave men are in some way victimized.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul,
As no one knows their time
And may he show his mercy
To all those connected
With this dreadful crime.

George Graham,
R. H. I.,
Leamouth.

GEORGETOWN BOY GETS AWARD FOR RESCUE EFFORT



JOHN MADSON

John Madson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Egan Madson, 2 Elm St., and Kathy Housinger, of New Liskeard, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Housinger, 88 River Dr., were included in a list of persons from all provinces who will receive awards for bravery from the Canadian Humane Association.

The list, made public last week, includes winners of seven medals, 26 purchased certificates, and five certificates of commendation.

John Madson and Kathy Housinger will receive purchased certificates for their efforts in rescuing Gary Bidwell from drowning at the lower paper mill dam August 7, 1962.

Gary, age 4, a non-swimmer, was spotted struggling to keep his head above the surface of the water below the first sluice

as John and a friend, George Service, were walking across the bridge. The pair hurried down a steep bank and John threw out his hand and went to the spot where he last spotted the boy.

The child's head was under water when John reached him and started swimming for shore.

Kathy, who was also on the bridge when the boy was discovered in trouble, responded immediately and waded into the water to take the youngster from John who was tiring fast because of the weight of his clothes.

Weekly Bible Thought

Manus to me be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. — Acts 3:19.

Since "the wages of sin is death" it is a matter of life and death to get those sins blotted. The first step is to confess them to God and turn away from them, else they will be the death of you.

SUGAR AND SPICE — The Cocktail Party

By Bill Smiley
We went to a cocktail party during the holidays. In fact, we went to four of them. In fact, we even had one ourselves.

And, after judicious consideration, I made categorically that there be no form of entertainment, self-abuse, penance or punishment that could be considered as a part of the cocktail party for these 2000 years.

Only upon a time, I suppose, a cocktail party was a social affair, a gathering at which friends slipped a drink, discussed the arts, and nibbled a canapé or two, before going off to dinner somewhere. Urbane, sophisticated, the manners as polished as the glasses.

Nowadays, the cocktail party is a social monster with 44 legs and one great big fat head.

First, there's the guest list to prepare. This is a lot of fun, and takes only three weeks. It is interspersed with remarks like, "What the hell did they ever do for us?" and "Well, you may think she's terrific, but I can't stand her."

The list includes the names of all the people you "own" hospitably to. This means the couple who took you for a ride in their crummy boat last summer and soaked you to the skin in the process. And the neighbors who called you over for charred spareribs one evening when their expected guests had enough sense not to turn up.

Also all the people who invited you to one of their cocktail parties during the last three years, and the couple who sent you a Christmas card and whom you had cut off your list, and the people down the block who looked after your dog the day you were at the wedding, and the couple you don't know but who look interesting.

You now have seventy-seven names on your list. So you start scratching. This too is fun. Joe and Mabel are given the axe because Joe always gets stoned. Miriam and Elmer go down the drain be-

cause Miriam always starts a fight just because Elmer is a bit of a girl-queerer.

Then there's the booze problem. This produces an agonizing session of elementary mathematics which results in a reasonable figure, which you then double.

And then there's the food business. Food at a cocktail party used to be a matter of five hors d'oeuvres, but now it's a horse of a different color. Nobody who has gone to the trouble of getting a lady to sit and putting on his best suit at five o'clock in the afternoon has any intention of going home until he has eaten about five dollars' worth of the only case of smoked eels you've ever bought in your life.

But these are all on the surface, by-product ticks. The real delight of the cocktail party, as we all know, is the conversation. Where else do the girls get a chance to bare their souls almost as thoroughly as their bosoms? Where else can you hear a chap tell the same story he told at the last three cocktail parties, and tell it even better?

When I started writing this column, I was feeling a bit lousy, a little critical of the cocktail party. But during the process, I have come to realize that there's nothing quite like it in modern society. Nothing.

Unless it might be throwing lions to the Christians.

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