

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Scouts a Starting Place

The Christian Church today is in the midst of a quiet upheaval.

We hear constant talk of ecumenical councils, discussions behind the scenes and in public gatherings of the needs for major acts to solve differences and break through the barriers of misunderstanding and distrust which have been prevalent for too many generations.

It is a complex problem — one which will probably not occur in our lifetime, though history books may someday indicate the sixties as the start of church union.

There is one small area where we think the practice could start right now.

Georgetown has an extremely active boy scout movement which embraces a large portion of our youngsters. It had its rebirth some years ago largely through the efforts of one man, Rev. John Smith who, because he was minister of St. John's United, and because this was the only church at the time with adequate facilities, centred activities around that church.

As new groups gradually formed, scouting tended to branch to other churches until today, almost every Georgetown church has its own group.

There is some danger, we think, in concentrating scouting exclusively in churches where it tends to become sectarian. Certainly, a church, if its facilities are to be used by any such group must exert a certain control over operations. But this should not be carried to the point of assigning children to exclusively sectarian groups.

On the contrary, it is a good thing if youngsters of all faiths can meet on the common ground of scouting. For though scouting, originally conceived by a Christian, naturally has many principles of this faith included in its make-up, it is certainly not a religious body. Membership includes children of all faiths and it can provide a definite step forward to the brotherhood of race, creed and colour which the world so earnestly seeks.

A Signal Honour

Georgetown Little Theatre is to be congratulated on being chosen as one of the entries for the Western Ontario Drama Festival in Simcoe.

It is the first time the fledgling group has attempted such an ambitious undertaking. And to be chosen as one of five entrants from a field of fifteen is a mark of distinction in itself.

The play Under the Sycamore Tree is directed by Tony Lloyd and will be in competition at Simcoe March 18th. Its public presentations here are scheduled for early April.

Win or lose, it is a signal honour to

Stops Where We Want It

A mail bag letter last week wondered where increased taxes are going to stop.

Like it or not, the democratic world, ostensibly a capitalistic one, has been approaching socialism by a faster and faster route. And it would be a difficult thing to check, for human beings are loathe to abandon something once it is established.

The trouble seems to be that we want to have our cake and eat it — an impossibility which must be realized.

At the local level, there is constant pressure on council for better roads, dust control, more parks, improved recreation facilities. There is equal pressure to reduce tax rates, provide purer water at less money. We want more policemen, better school facilities and the best teachers. Yet we want to spend less money to provide them.

Senior governments are in the same

reach even this stage in an area which spreads from Windsor to Sudbury, London, Hamilton, Woodstock and Welland are also successful entrants.

In its short few years, Georgetown Little Theatre has given a great deal of pleasure to a number of people who take part in the performances, and the public which has supported them with satisfactory attendance.

There are many empty seats, however, for most of the shows. In future, with such solid endorsement of their abilities, seats should be at a premium when a play is presented locally. Make it a point to see 'Under the Sycamore Tree' next month.

position. We vote for the party which promises the most — unemployment and hospital benefits, increased old age pensions — and lower taxes. Patently, election promise are as far apart as the poles, yet each election, we close our eyes and hope for some magic to happen.

We're no economist, but we think the stopping place will be just where we want it to be.

If we want to save for our old age, ourselves, get by with a bit of dust, take our chances on looking after ourselves, if we're unemployed, drop some of the frills from our education, then we can hold the present tax line, locally and federally, or we can even reduce it.

If, however, we believe our form of socialism is better than the old every-man-for-himself philosophy, then we must be prepared to pay a large share of our income into a central pot for distribution.



WHO'S WALKING WHOM

SUGAR AND SPICE

Oh, How We Danced!

Have you watched teenagers dancing lately? If you haven't, and you are old fashioned, and your blood pressure is high, take my advice. Don't.

Saturday afternoon, through sheer inertia, I found myself before a television set showing one of those teenage dance programs. Fortunately, I am neither old-fashioned nor high blood pressured (it says here).

But I must confess, I was wishing I were 25 years younger.

Today's kids dance delightfully, but sweetly, to the slow waltz, heads knuckled together, bodies scarcely moving. Indent, serious, tender yet strangely impersonal.

But when the music begins to clang and thump, they come into their own. They laugh, they bob and bounce; they wiggle and jiggle and giggle. Their faces light up. Their feet weave and shift and trace peculiar patterns. They are very young and very much alive, and completely caught up in that most ancient means of communication — rhythm.

Watching them, I was sad. It's a pretty bitter thing, after all, to have been too young for the Charleston, too old for the Twist.

But I couldn't stay sad. Letting my mind drift back over the years, I actually began to feel sorry for the youngsters.

These kids, I thought disdainfully. "How many of them have mastered a step as I did? Sure, they can do the Cha-Cha and the Twist and the Bossa Nova. But is there a single one of them who can base a whole era of dancing on one step — the fox trot — as I did?"

There are ample-bosomed middle-aged ladies who will testify that Smiley was a corker, if not a terror, when he tripped the light fantastically.

There are grandmothers in Canada, England, France and Belgium, whose eyes still light up when they remember the way we whirled about the dance-halls, a symphony of smoothness, a fantasy of fox-trotting.

"How many of these kids," I wondered, "have ever danced with a Brazilian beauty who couldn't speak a word of English and was doing a dreamy tango while you were doing a break fox-trot?"

"How many of them," I queried, "have ever been to a real old country square-dance, where the sign that the dance was over was not the band playing 'The Queen', but the stove-pipes coming down when the fight started?"

"How many," I thought, "have ever tried to fox-trot with a brawny Land Army girl who was bound she was doing a waltz, and could lift you right off the floor in the process?"

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

perennial trickle of phone calls that accompanies the trickle of swelling rivulets down the sunny side of slopes this time of year has started. Sharp-eyed readers began jangling the Bell unit on this desk two weeks ago reporting their spotting all sorts of symbols that generally signal the loosening of winter's grip and the creeping advance of the second season.

Judging by the calls, the signs are many. Crows, of course, geese in irregular Vs like a child would trace with a pencil when carefully printing a wiggly alphabet in a K. P. — known hibernators, gaunt from their underground fast, following crazy-snake patterns in the snow patches in their first aimless wanderings — a brave robin, and a green shoot from a crocus obviously in need of a thermostat check.

One harbinger we spotted ourselves. A trio of schoolboys arguing over who owns the aggie and whether or not to outlaw high-drops and knuckling. That scene must have jolted old man winter to the core.

The Observer, a Channel 6 program, focused close to home a week ago Monday. It dealt with a day in the life of a minor hockey player and traced his waking hours from his home to the arena and back to his own backyard rink. The boy was five-year old Ronique Cole of Hornby.

Notice the sudden multiplication of Casius Clay pickers the morning after the rug-pulling division through the major arteries made us wince at the possibilities. It's in this area that most of Georgetown's preschool age are concentrated and the thought of these heavy-footed cowboys brushing the edges of the sidewalks with their lethal machines is frightening through the major arteries through the major arteries through the major arteries.

Parents must feel frustrated in their efforts to step on the irresponsible driver, but it could be they're punching in the wrong spot.

The habitual speeder is an addict and though repeated fines make their wallets seem considerably lighter their right feet apparently retain the same averdopula. Maybe by tilting the responsibilities of holding a driving license on the children now holding the pad and shovel (they'll be at the required age by the time you turn around twice) will remove the cause of so much concern the nut holding the steering wheel.

As many as I love I rebuke and chastise — Revelation 3:19. Even the seeming harshness of God is an expression of His loving concern.

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BLOOD DONOR SERVICE

DO YOU KNOW

How much blood do we have? The blood volume is roughly proportioned to body weight. The average person has approximately 11 to 13 pints of blood. How much blood do you give with one donation? Three quarters of a pint. How long does it take to give blood? The actual giving takes only 4 to 5 minutes. Approximately 30 minutes is spent at the clinic. This includes time for testing, registration, rest and refreshments. Is donating blood painful? No. There is no discomfort experienced in giving blood donations. It's under professional supervision. Specially trained nurses will take your donation. Do I have to pay for blood should I need a transfusion while in the U.S.A.? Have your doctor notify your local Red Cross in Canada and arrangements will be made to

replace the amount of blood necessary at no charge to you. What is the age group for giving blood? Anyone in good health between the ages of 18 and 65 years may give blood.

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NEWS ECHOES

From the Pages of the Herald, 1939 and 1954

- 10 YEARS AGO
At Eggdesing council this week \$100 was paid to Thomas Haines, Glen Williams, as a grant to the Ontario champion Georgetown N.G.'s lacrosse team.
- Georgetown's 1954 tax rate is 45 (forty five) mills, a 2-mill increase over last year. "We can be proud of this low tax rate in such a rapidly growing town" commented Mayor Jack Armstrong.
- The first week in April, Ontario Hydro crews will move into Georgetown to begin the door to door job of inventorying all frequency-sensitive electrical equipment owned by either domestic or commercial customers, in preparation for the 25 to 60 cycle changeover.
- 35 YEARS AGO
Several of our readers have commented on what they term discrimination in charging townspeople \$2 to \$5 a year for box rentals in the local post office while country residents have their mail delivered to them free, a distance of from one to ten miles.
- There was a good attendance at the annual meeting of Branch 120 of the Canadian Legion last Thursday night. The officers are: Hon. Pres., Dr. J. G. Sutherland; Past President, William Roney; President Lt.-Col. G. B. S. Cousins, 1st vice president, C. Parson; 2nd vice president R. Learmonth; secretary J. F. McCartney; treasurer G. O. Brown; chaplain W. G. O. Thompson; Sgt. of arms, S. Dewhurst.

THE MAIL BAG

Compliments Librarian For Thoughtful Help

Dear Mr. Editor:
I read with interest the reports of the Women's World Day of Prayer from our various churches. Then the scout and guide news, being interested in youngsters.
From our window I see the children in groups, chatting between themselves on their way to the library. I imagine about books they have read, and books they intend reading.
Mentally, I join in their colorful eagerness, saluting our silent friends "Books" which give us their wonderful minds of great thinkers, past and present. To browse through public libraries across our immense country, small and large towns, gives a feeling of familiarity, of a warm welcome to a stranger. So quiet and contented a feeling. Our creator gave a great talent to authors, committing the pleasure to readers.
Many books donated are from the local Daughters of the Empire — one of their greatest of outstanding educational contributions.
We all may have a period of enforced stay indoors. Imagine the wordless delight, to have a thoughtful Librarian take time from a busy day to choose with surprising, sensitive perception, knowledge of books we would enjoy.
In the quiet richness of hours

DISTRICT NEWS AT A GLANCE

BRAMPTON
A new industry from Windsor, Windsor Converters Ltd., is moving to Brampton to take advantage of the premises to be vacated by Union Metal Mfg. Co. of Canada Ltd. at 45 McMurry Ave. N. Strategic proximity of the town to central Canadian markets was cited as a factor in the choice of location.

STRETSVILLE
One of the town's best known citizens was left homeless last Saturday evening, when the old ramshackle house in which he had lived alone for years was destroyed by fire.

BURLINGTON
Halliday Homes Ltd., a new company which will supersede Halliday Co. Ltd., announced spent reading, one feels a tremendous uplift in gratitude, and silently joins in with the community in the Women's World Day of Prayer.

today it will expand its operations in the Burlington area after its recent purchase of the former company.

PERGUS
M. C. Watson, the vice-chairman of the Groves Memorial Community Hospital Board and the chairman of the personnel committee, recommended to the board that it set up a Grievance Committee to be the 'supreme court' for any troubles with the staff of the hospital. His suggestion was presented to the board at its regular meeting on Feb. 18th. He was expressing the feeling of the whole personnel committee and the board approved the recommendation.

MILTON
Milton Public Library should be moving into its new home in the former K. S. Adams store around the first week of May, Library Board chairman Bob Reed announced this week.

ROCKWOOD
The village of Rockwood may be small but citizens hearts are big when it comes to helping crippled children. Monday evening \$77.30 was handed to the Geolph and Wellington Branch of the Crippled Children's Society during a community such-

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

by Terry Harley

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