

Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, JUNE 18th, 1964

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Town Should Own This...

Whether it is considered a suitable centennial project or not, acquisition of the Cedarvale School property by the town would be in the best interests of Georgetown's future.

The 20-acre property, vacant since a girls' school operated by the United Church closed a year ago, is for sale at an asking price of \$130,000. It includes an extensive building as well as scenic, rolling land ideal for many types of recreation.

The building, while perhaps not suited for any one recreation or cultural project which the centennial committee might have in mind, is certainly usable by many groups. The YM-YWCA senior citizens club, and other facets of Y work, rehearsals for Little Theatre, Rotary Show, Barber-shoppers society, are a few that come to mind.

But most important is that the school property, fairly central to all parts of town,

is a green space which could disappear and never be recovered. And while not so important today, it could be of inestimable value a few generations hence, when Georgetown might be a town of twenty or thirty thousand, or a hundred thousand.

Tonight, we will learn whether the centennial committee is interested in the purchase.

If so, we advocate that it be acquired either by a debenture issue, or by an extra assessment on the tax rate over a period of years, taking advantage of the \$2.00 per capita government assistance for such a project.

If the centennial celebration should take another form, then we still advocate acquisition of the property for Georgetown's future benefit. The church is anxious to dispose of it, and it is not something on which a decision can be delayed too long.

Parkettes Important Too...

While large park areas are necessary in a community, the smaller type of parkette such as the one being developed by the Kinsmen are important too.

But there is a third type of playground which we think every neighbourhood should have and which, once acquired, has little upkeep except for cutting the grass and weeding a couple of times a season.

This is the "vacant lot" where children from the block or two surrounding gather in summer evenings for a ball game, in winter for skating or sleigh riding, if they are fortunate enough to have it contain a slope, and for any of the myriad games which youngsters can devise.

As a child in the city we had one such lot near our home. And as a householder in the Queen St. area, we are fortunate to have one almost across the street.

The requirements are only that the lot be far enough removed to avoid nuisances to neighbouring houses of broken windows and children chasing balls in a garden, and perhaps a small degree of deafness on the part of nearby residents.

These small scale playgrounds disappear as years go by, for they exist on private property, and one cannot expect a taxpayer to be a philanthropist forever.

Before they are all gone, wouldn't it be worthy of study if council were to look them over and acquire one here, one there. The large park for organized sport certainly has its place in a community and we wouldn't be without it. But a safe, convenient place where parents can keep an eye on their young ones, within easy calling distance and where ingenuity can still be used for games, is of equal importance.

Please, No More Glass...

Swimming pool officials and parents of children using the pool, are incensed over broken glass which appeared in and around the pool just as it was about to open for the season last weekend.

Despite the best housecleaning efforts, some splinters remained unobserved in the shallow end of the pool, with the result that some children received cut feet. Luckily none was injured seriously, which well could have happened.

Breaking glass bottles is a relatively new juvenile prank and one which we can well do without.

We have noticed more and more this past few years, large quantities of glass appearing on roads and sidewalks. When the swimming pool is the target, it is just

too much, and the board which operates it is offering a \$25 reward for apprehension and conviction of the culprits.

We hope those responsible will read this and take heed. We don't think any bottle thrower has malicious damage in mind. It is rather a careless, irresponsible act.

The swimming pool is a municipal asset which cost a great deal of money to construct and has been a fine addition to the town's recreation facilities. It is well operated, admission charges are reasonable and it gives summer recreation for a large number of people. It might be your own kid brother who cuts his foot on a piece of broken glass. And it might be your own tire which is slashed by a bottle thrown on a highway.



TANGLED LINES

well the Corporation may make contributions towards the operating costs of such public housing projects for the benefit of persons of low income. They could contribute up to 50% of such operating losses for a period of 50 years. Loans will be extended to assist further the construction of university housing projects, by extending such loans to cooperative associations and to charitable corporations. These amendments to the National Housing Act I feel are very significant in the fields of urban renewal, public housing and housing of university students. For the first time as I have mentioned, older homes (in urban renewal areas) will be insured under the CMHC.

GLEN WILLIAMS

Glen Pastor Leaving In Two Weeks Time

United Church service was cancelled Sunday in order that friends might attend the United Church Anniversary service in Norval. Next Sunday the service is at the usual summer hour of 9:30 a.m. There are just two weeks till Rev. Freil will be leaving for his new pastorate at Clarkson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Beam of Richmond Hill were home over the weekend. Ken attended a stag party for his brother-in-law, Allan Stokes who is to be married soon.

Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Paul Hills on the birth of another son on Sunday at Georgetown and district Hospital.

We extend congratulations to Cathie Bishop on her successful first year at Ryerson Institute, Toronto.

Next Monday is Field Day at the Public School.

Mr. Arthur Lorrimer left Monday night by air for a trip to England. Mrs. Winnifred Rigg and Miss Yvonne Adams also went on the same plane.

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

by Terry Harley

Hardly a conversation begins and ends these weeks without someone "raising" the flag. One thing is certain, no single banner will satisfy everyone. We wonder why someone hasn't come up with a compromise yet - perhaps a red ensign with the three maple leaf cluster in white in place of the coat of arms.

Pierre Berton speaking in a comment slot on a popular radio station last week reiterated his stand as a fan of the Beatles, and listed his reasons. He said they dress better than the average teen idol, perform without the grinding gyrations of the earlier hit parade headers, and conduct themselves like gentlemen on and off the stage. However, he carefully avoided mentioning talent.

Our mail this week contained a news blurb from the Ontario Council of Canada about the latest thing to hit France and Sweden - punch card grocery shopping. It says shoppers simply enter the supermarket, select a few coloured cards, drop them into an electronic computer and then pick up their groceries wrapped and packaged. "Frankly I don't think the system would work here - the thought of a woman standing in the fresh fruit section squeezing a yellow card seems too ridiculous."

In succeeding weeks we've published some of our favorite newspaper slips, and signs. This week we've got out collection of deft definitions out of the files, so here are a few to think on:

LECTURE - Something that can make you feel dumb on one end and numb on the other.

TICKET SCALPER - Someone who enables you to see one hockey playoff game for the price of five.

INFLATION - When nobody has enough money because everybody has too much.

GOSSIP - Someone who puts two and two together and gets three.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN - A matter of mud, threat and smear.

EXPERIENCE - What causes a person to make new mistakes instead of the same old ones.

For some reason we still remember writing about an assembly at high school ten years ago when we were with the school paper High Tales and saying that when one particular teacher addressed the students it reminded us of the derivation of the word auditorium - audio, to hear, and taurus the bull.

We also remember his reaction when the paper came out. Ouch!!

NEWS ECHOES

From the Pages of the Herald, 1954 and 1959

10 YEARS AGO

Officers and men of C Company Lorne Scots are now in camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The Georgetown complement includes Major Paul Barber, Lieut. R. D. Hoare, Lieut. R. H. Marchington, O/C Allan Teeter, Sgt. J. M. Beardsford, Sgt. J. P. Chagnon, Sgt. R. B. Harley, SSM. K. G. Murray, A/Sgt. R. H. Giles, Cpl. J. Doherty, L/Cpl. T. Harlow, Ptes. B. M. Beckett, A. R. Darby, W. Darby, R. Freestone, K. Gregory, A. Leslie, W. Leslie, E. E. Nevors, W. C. Arman, R. J. Alcott, G. Brisbois, W. Pries, D. Seddon, D. J. Tucker, D. G. Jennings, D. Weir.

In a final bid to have council reconsider re-establishing a strictly local police force, Reeve Stan Allen was supported only by Cr. Harry Hale at Monday's council meeting. They opposed a by-law that would boost the local OPP detachment from three to four men.

25 YEARS AGO

At a largely attended meeting held in the public library auditorium Tuesday it was decided to organize a branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society for Georgetown and District. The meeting was presided over by Mayor Gibbons. The meeting then elected the following officers: Dr. Roy Dale, president, Mrs. T. Grieve, 1st vice president; Miss Yvonne Adams, secretary; G. W. MacLennan, treasurer and executive committee; Mayor Gibbons, Reeve N. A. Robinson, L. E. Flack, John D. Kelly, the clerk, and a member of each of the ladies organizations of the community.

SUGAR AND SPICE

Dear Old Dad

Probably the biggest piece of pure poppycock on our calendar is the Sunday in June designated as Father's Day.

It is almost as silly as celebrating the birthday of Queen Victoria (on the nearest Monday), or adopting that pretty, but unlovely, sprig of the maple leaf, as our flag symbol.

That's because like queen's birthdays and flags, fathers are anachronisms, things that belong to the dead past of empires and gallantry and family solidarity.

The empire has disappeared, the flag has become something to quibble about, and fathers have turned into cartoon characters.

We have become increasingly a mother-dominated society. But in trying to prove that Mom doesn't have clay feet, we have casually accepted the theory that father has a dough head.

The word "father" is never used any more, as a term of address. The only place it crops up is in sociological and psychological terms, such as "father image" or "father figure."

It's been a wild swing of the pendulum, and it is a sad and bitter thing, this degeneration from Father to Daddy, but I can't help pointing out that we have brought it upon ourselves, chaps.

The Trojans opened the gates and dragged in that big, wooden horse. The Arab let the camel attack his nose into the tent, to keep warm. Father achieved the same end by relinquishing the purse-strings to that brave, little woman with a heart of gold and a will of iron—Mom.

Next, he began to listen to a lot of third-rate tripe, mostly in the form of articles in women's magazines. Thus, he fell prey to such claptrap as "family togetherness," and "being a pal" to his children, and "talking things out" with his wife.

Then, under the bullying of his wife and the relentless heckling of his children, he forsook principles for possessions, and happily hopped aboard the treadmill of proving that he could bring home as much bacon as the poor, harassed, coronary-bound character next door.

Slaving like a pit pony, and attacked for it by his family he was still expected to help with the dishes, mow the lawn, entertain at parties arranged by his wife, and drive 300 miles on the week end to visit relatives.

Thus, the comfortable paunch which was a measure of Father's success became Dad's pot belly, a sign that he wasn't doing his 50X. Thus, Father's ominous look and cuff on the ear became Daddy's whimper that he would cut off the allowance. Thus Father's majestic carving of the family roast became Dad's inept spooning out of the meatballs smothered in canned mushroom soup.

Not a pretty picture? Right. What are you going to do about it, Jack? Will you join me in trying to convert dittohead Daddy into fearless Father?

Shall we grow beards, get rid of the blubber, pound the kids once a week, and tell the old lady we're going fishing, when we damn well feel like it?

What's that? You agree, and you'll join the movement on Monday, but right now you have to help Mom do the shopping. All right. Don't say you weren't asked.

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

... count him not as an enemy but admonish him as a brother." 2 Thessalonians 3:15
An enemy properly treated sometimes turns out to be a trusted friend. It's all in the treatment.

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