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**THE GEORGETOWN HERALD**

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**NOBODY IS GAINING YARDS WITH THIS POLITICAL FOOTBALL**

**NEWS DESK EXTRAS**

**BY YARRY HARLEY**

**• SYEW POY POURRI...**  
A minor real-life drama witnessed by only a handful of people at the John Street-Guelph St. intersection a week ago Friday failed to end in tragedy only because bystanders stepped in to see that it didn't. But for one long, tense moment it appeared two pre-school children would fall victim to the heavy traffic that congests the corner Friday evenings.

Onlookers on the Water St. side of the highway watched in helpless anxiety while two small boys, one about two years old, and the other not yet four, started from the curb and dashed back to it time and again attempting to break through the steady stream of automobiles and trucks.

Finally an adult made it across from the opposite side and held them there. It turned out their mother had given them a note and sent them off to the confectionery store on the corner, apparently oblivious to the fact that sending children of such an age across the busiest street at the busiest time of the week is inviting the grim reaper to two more via his best recruiting channel—the highway catastrophe.

We wonder what kind of a mother is so chained to her home that she can gamble two young lives in the stacked game of traffic roulette.

Elsewhere in this issue motel operator Ted Beckford makes a plea for justice in stating his case against the Ontario government for putting the kiss of death on his business by rerouting No. 7 highway around his place. The route, and bridge created to eliminate two level crossings virtually leaves Beckford high and dry.

But one fact, obvious to anyone who has passed the site and not brought out in the story, is that even had the highway been kept straight, and the bridge were built where the highway level crossings now exist, the high banks of the approach would still have made access to Beckford's garage and motel impossible.

If, as Mr. Beckford claims, the Dept. of Highways went ahead with the job without mentioning the plan to him, then he has every right to raise a stench about it. But it appears to us that the only rap against the new bend in the highway is that it is a bend, and a potential safety hazard.

We like Mr. Beckford, have not been able to contact the Highway Department's Information Officer so we can only guess the bypass was created because of the difference in cost of land on the highway to that on the south side. But the elevated road at the killer

railway crossing has been a necessity for a long time, and reroute or no reroute, Beckford was inevitably a casualty of the project.

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**NEWS ECHOES**

From the Pages of the Herald, 1954 and 1959

**10 YEARS AGO**

- Stewart Young brought home a trophy and a carving set when he carded low net at the Tri-City Druggists and Doctors' golf tournament at Rockway Golf Club, Kitchener recently. Dr. J. H. Chamberlain and Dr. J. R. Karby also competed in the tournament.
- Members of her family, with other close friends from town attended a ceremony at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, last week when Teresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Beeneby, took her first vows as a nun.
- There will be quite a few clocks in Georgetown after this week. Ontario Hydro Chairman Robert H. Saunders said today that Hydro has located a clock and fan depot in Georgetown where customers can exchange their 25-cycle models for new 60-cycle models.

**25 YEARS AGO**

- Lions Club president John D. Kelly in a report to the club last week said the Georgetown Lions would soon reach their tenth anniversary; and in this period had collected and circulated in Georgetown \$13,000. Some of the services he listed included a drinking fountain on Main St., a dental clinic, inaugurating a police patrol at school, distributing 475 coronation medals, supplying eye glasses to fifteen children, underwriting the cost of operations on people unable to afford them, donations to Hospital for Sick Children, sponsoring sports and the boys' band, raising money for food during the depression, and sponsoring the annual Christmas Tree.
- No less than five business places were entered forcibly in Georgetown and district last week-end. Thugs entered the hardware store of J. Sanford and Son, Stewarstown, Friday night, blew open the safe and took about \$40 in cash and a \$50 electric drill. On Saturday night the local Hydro office was entered when burglars smashed a window to gain entrance, but nothing was taken. The same night the Bill Hoslery works was entered and a quantity of socks taken. Sunday night thieves forced their way into Jack Squires' Service Station, stealing a radio, anti-freeze and tobacco. The G. B. Dayfoot Co. was entered Monday night and although the drawers were ransacked only a pair of shoes were missing.

**SUGAR AND SPICE Summer! Who Needs It?**

Waiting summer is a sad time, in a way. The halcyon days are nearing an end. The sun has lost its burning, balancing strength. The nights come sooner and cooler.

Young lovers who have had a summer affair part with a last embrace, desperate promise to write, and a great heart-wrenching, a feeling that something is going to be lost, ir-retrievable.

And—they're B.M. Smiley right.

There is a slightly faded, lonely air about the beaches and the resorts and the summer places. They have acquired a certain air of shabbiness that goes with the end of summer.

Canadians fall asleep every year, in June. Lulled by the whispered, scented promises of that lush and lovely month, they dream of dazzling beaches, pine-scented woods, fun and sun, health and happiness.

And then the dream turns into the reality. The stinging irritation of the July heat wave, when they have decided, for a change, to take their holidays in August this year. And the cold, wet blanket of August, which turns camping trips into shivering family feuds, cottages into miniature mental institutions, and resort owners into wild-eyed neurotics.

But don't let this end-of-summer sadness bother you. It's phoney. Canadians are not really sad as summer ends. At least, they're no more sad than I am, when I dream I'm flying to Hongkong with Elizabeth Taylor, and I've just drifted off with her head on my shoulder, and she shakes my eyes and says, "I think I WILL have a double brandy," and I suddenly wake up and the Old Hatline is shaking my shoulder, the one with the burlesque in it, and mumbling "Gimme a drinks woder."

Summer in this country is an absolute fantasy, something in which no sensible Canadian would put any more faith than he would in his Irish Sweep-stake ticket, or his old Aunt Ethel who has changed her will six times.

Summer in this country is a fraud, an illusion. Every time I lie out in the backyard, on the green grass, with the green trees enclosing a circle of blue sky above me, I shake myself and pinch myself, until I know it's a dream, and that if I tried the same thing four months later, I'd be buried under three feet of snow.

That's why I feel so real sadness as summer draws to a close. The Canadian summer is about as real as Gilbert and Sullivan.

In fact, I am stilled at the thought that another two months of muddling around with visiting relatives, irrational golf balls, reluctant fish and lippy kids is at an end.

As any true, red-blooded Canadian knows, fall is the time when we begin to live again. We love it. We come alive. We stop dreaming.

We look at our kids with clear eyes, after the opium-dream of summer, and find they've grown four inches. We look at our stomachs, after two months of barbecued chicken, french fries and dairy goodness, and find they've grown two inches.

We look with loving eyes at our schools and realize, with some joy that it's only a few days until we can take advantage of our position as taxpayers, and get rid of the kids for the best part of each week.

We look at our country and see it with new eyes. It's beautiful. Not a tourist in sight.

We look at our soft, soppy, silly, summer selves, and realize that this is not what life is all about. And we give a dim silent Canadian cheer for the fact that it's all over once again, and we can get back to the serious things of life. Like having a baby. Or running for the school board.

**A Bible Thought For The Week**

H. M. Dean

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Exodus 20:7

The name of the Lord nor the work of the Lord are to be taken lightly. To do so is to invite the displeasure of God.

This Saturday in the Park, the Lions big Chuckwagon Races, A big day for all.

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