

... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

Much Ado About Nothing

Prime Minister Pearson's Christmas gift to himself was unveiled last week when a government committee presented another design which will now be up for debate.

This time it's a red maple leaf on white background, with a wide red bar on either side. It's neither better nor worse than any of a hundred combinations which a school kindergarten class could produce on an hour's notice.

This whole flag business is becoming nauseous to the Canadian public, and it must surely make us look like a bunch of hicks from the sticks to other countries.

We were getting along quite nicely, thank you, with a couple of flags — the union jack and the red ensign. No one was quite sure which to fly when, so we had a certain feeling that, if we were extremely commonwealth minded, we could use the jack, or if we thought Canada should stand a bit more on its own feet, the ensign could show our independence.

Election promises are not always kept. Voters don't even particularly expect them to be, and why Mr. Pearson seized on this absurd, unwanted and foolish one for an issue is beyond comprehension.

We look at it this way.

If the Liberals were determined to introduce a new flag, they should have done so speedily, without fanfare, and without bringing everyone into the choosing act.

There is no one flag which will ever meet approval of everyone, whether it has leaves, beavers, polar bears, or fleur de lis in its composition. It has been a criminal waste of time and money to have a parliamentary committee sit for six weeks for this momentous decision. Apparently they spent their time, and a large share of our money, looking at flag pictures and trying to talk again a brick wall of Conservative opposition.

Now there are rumours that, if too much fuss is kicked up, Pearson may take to the polls. We hope either that he drops the whole flag issue pronto, or, if he must proceed, pushes some design through and lets the matter drop. If it isn't popular, we can always have a new design some day in future.

If it becomes an election issue, then the average Liberal or Conservative voter would be perfectly understandable if he gave another party a chance to take over and see if they can handle public affairs more like statesmen and less like unpredictable adolescents.

Footbridge Need Urgent

Action of Canadian National Railways in banning pedestrians from crossing the main line tracks in future, is to be expected.

The new Toronto terminal project will soon be boosting rail traffic through town to the point where it would be impossible to allow trespassing on the tracks. It would only be a matter of time before fatalities would happen.

Council moved last week to ask the CNR for an overhead bridge.

It is badly needed to serve the hundreds of people who have been accustomed to using the crossing. At present, all

employees of the paper mills and Smith & Stone who live south of the tracks, some of them within a stone's throw of their job, must take a long route around by the Mountainview bridge and River Drive, itself a dangerous trip on foot. School children, too, must either use this route or the equally dangerous John St. subway on their way to school.

It is to be hoped that immediate action will be taken and that the town fathers will press for the footbridge, or as an alternate, a safer subway under the tracks, either at John St. or at the main railway yard.

High Tales Challenge Back

Readers would enjoy the return of High Tales, the student paper within a paper which made its first appearance this season in last week's Herald.

And it is good news to know that, after a year's absence, the school year book, The Challenge, is planning a spring edition.

Such activities are a valuable addition to the school year, developing as they do not only the writing skills, but in the case of The Challenge, salesmanship, cartooning and magazine layout.

A year book is a treasured souvenir

of high school days, tucked away and produced on occasion to provide nostalgic memories of teen-age years. Every school year should have the pleasure of preserving for posterity their current jokes, their classroom whimsy, their sports achievements and their serious literary endeavours.

High Tales is a valuable addition, for it allows students to test their writing. When properly edited, as it is under the guidance of a member of the staff, it also serves to give the reading public a glimpse into some of the school activities which are not always published in the regular news columns.



THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

by Terry Harley

The people that push the theory that anyone can have the closest thing to perpetual youth through permanently youthful looking hair are being met half way these days by the cooperative public who are worrying themselves into prematurely grey top crops. Mostly people stow about matters they can do nothing about.

We have become a nation of worry warts. But more often than not we worry about the wrong things.

The Galt Reporter recently took a look at the trend and dashed off a list of things to worry about for its readers. Declared the Reporter:

"Just for instance. It has become popular to worry about the Russians and the dangers of freedom unless they are curbed. While worrying about the Red Menace the worrier goes outdoors in a mental fog and is run over by the neighbour's car."

"Radio-active fallout was once No. 1 on the Worry Parade. In the midst of dodging the fallout we smoke heavier and are poisoned by the nicotine."

"We worry about the youngsters running in front of cars in their heedless disregard. Then we

drag them across the street against a red light."

"We worry about crashing in an airplane, then fall off a ladder painting the house"

"Viewing our employment we worry about getting enough exercise. Then we drive two blocks for a cup of coffee to soothe our nerves."

"When we forget to get the car oiled and greased every couple of thousand miles we worry. Putting off a medical checkup never bothers us."

"We worry about polio, then get crippled by running into a lawn mower."

"Worrying about where the money is coming from after our working days are done seldom stops anyone from getting out and mortgaging a few more productive years with a big purchase on the installment plan."

"This can go on and on. Try it yourself. It can be interesting. It can also take your mind off some of the irritations which worry has ballooned into things far larger and less important than they really are."

Two astronauts in the same capsule were 160 miles up in the stratosphere on their sixth day of circling the earth. One turned to the other and asked: "What do you mean, 'it won't flunk'?"

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She's Everything But a Patient

I get a few fan letters. About half of them are from dear sweet, intelligent people who tell me they read the column faithfully and like it.

About a quarter of them are from mutt-op-headed, wrong-minded, opinionated people who read the column faithfully and disagree with my politics, language and philosophy. The other quarter is made up of frantic chairmen of the program committees for various service clubs, wanting to know if I'll speak to their group on July 14th.

The answer to the last one is always no. I spoke to a service club once, and swore I'd never do it again. I have never had such an ignorant audience.

After spending a week preparing a speech and driving 30 miles on a winter night, after a hard day's work, I was asked anxiously by the president if I could "keep it down to ten minutes or so."

About half the members were half-asleep and two or three went to sleep while I was being introduced. This is about standard. The president and secretary kept looking at their watches. Before the ritual "thank you" right or ten members had slunk out. The president apologized "they had to go home."

The minute the voice of thanks (in which the mover called me Mr. Wiley, the famous columnist) ended, the club came to life with tigerish intensity, and I sat there listening for three-quarters of an hour to them quibbling about whether they should spend fifty bucks on a donation to the hockey, which would get them a picture and a half a column in the local paper, or twenty five bucks on a donation to a scholarship fund which would get them a press graph. Guess which won.

However, as you have long since guessed, this experience has nothing to do with what I am going to talk about. What I started out to say was that I had a switch this week. My wife got a fan letter.

It was a lovely letter—warm, kind, friendly, intelligent, and utterly mistaken.

In part, it read, "I'm sure you must be a very patient woman and a very happy one, as I think I can tell from your husband's column he is a happy and contented man, and this is

mainly all a wife needs to be happy herself. Perhaps?"

Bless you, dear lady, for that "perhaps." There's still hope for the reading public.

My wife is about as patient as Henry the Eighth, about as happy as Hamlet.

She's a good kid, basically, but it's been a long time since she was on her own. Or even knew what lanning it was.

At least once a week, she's so depressed she says, "I just feel like jumping off the dock." I reply: "So who's stopping you?" She, old Patience, replies, "You'd just love that, wouldn't you? You'd go right out and get married to some young fellow—right? Who couldn't keep you in line." And so on.

She thinks she's smarter, that's all. She's the president of the Bible of Canada—but she never has any change for the milk bottles.

She claims she's so neurotic she can't sleep a wink, ever. I take her to a movie, she falls asleep in eight minutes and it takes the combined efforts of me, the ticket taker, and the manager, to get her out of the theatre when it closes.

Last week she wanted to go to Africa and teach all the kids in the Congo how to play the piano with the proper finger movements. Next week she'll be bawling her out of town because I haven't been bawling her out of the kids about something or other.

Happy? No. Patient? It is to laugh. Interesting? St. Attractive? St. Nutty? Naturally. And perhaps that, dear lady, is why her husband, as you put it, is a happy and contented man. Oyl!

Weekly Bible Thought

H. M. Dean

"If I sin, then thou markest me, and thou wilt not acquit me from mine iniquity."
—Job 10, 14

Only Christ can remove the mark of sin and misery of the sinner. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

—Be on hand to honour our country's fallen this Sunday at Remembrance Park, November 8th.

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HARLEY TO HALTON

WEEKLY OBSERVATIONS BY DR. HARRY HARLEY, M.P. FOR HALTON

SINCE OUR LAST column the time of the House of Commons has been devoted to either consideration of departmental spending of the Government or interim supply. The interim supply is necessary for the Government to pay its bills for the months of November and December and must be asked for until complete detailed spending estimates of the Government have been passed by Parliament.

DURING INTERIM supply any matter may be discussed. On Friday all debate was concentrated on the Canadian National Railways and the proposed changes in their routing of their trans-Canada trains which would have discontinued crew changes at Nekina, Ontario, and Watnright, Alberta. After the debate on Friday the CNR agreed to postpone their decision in this matter for 3 months while the matter is investigated by an independent commission. Since this agreement, the topic of debate has been the CBC and its programming.

THE SENATOR REPLAIN that there is no time limit on the interim supply debate, but it is usually as long as the speaker wishes to debate. One of the last would be im-

proved in the rules of Parliament. A great deal of time could be saved by placing a time limit of 48 or 72 hours on such debate.

AN INQUIRY HAS been set up by the Government to investigate the limiting of election expenses. Television in particular has caused a great increase in election expenses, and there is general feeling in Parliament that limitation of spending during election campaigns would be welcome and tend to equalize all Parties in this matter.

"Teach me to use my fingers, Give me some task to do, You fight for the strong and healthy, Does my life mean nothing to you? My crippled mind and body Like yours, has a heart and soul, That cries to God and the people Help me find just one small goal!"
Mrs. James W. Knaut.

FORGET ME NOT
What good is the retarded child? Who wants him around to see, With his crippled mind and body He's useless to you and me. Education is for the masses, Equality for all but him, What inalienable rights to a normal life Have damaged brain and limbs? Did God create this child? Who knows from whence he came? Why worry or waste tax money On the crippled, retarded or lame?

The answer came in a whisper, But the stammering, stuttering words, Echoed throughout the country in a cry that all men heard.

SMILE
A kid from the East Side was complaining about his family being too large — that there were so many kids they didn't know what was going on. In fact, he said one day a strange kid moved in with them, was there for three months and one day they found out he wasn't one of theirs when they caught him eating matzo balls with chopsticks.

NEWS ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald 1954 and 1944

10 YEARS AGO

● Greatly enlarged and with many new lines the Ovenette Bakery Centre reopens Friday after being closed for remodelling. Owner Jack Sheehy has gone to a lot of work to modernize his Main St. location.

● A request by the Maple Leaf Dairy for a by-law which would limit milk sales to milk pasteurized and bottled in town caused discussion by council but no action. Cr. Walter Gray favoured such a by-law. Reeves Allen said he couldn't support creating a monopoly which would deprive residents of any benefits they might get from the competition. He feared that if council protects dairies they might be asked later, to protect bakers, builders or any other group.

● Halloween night festivities in Limehouse were marred by a serious fire which caused extensive damage at the home of Tom Sutton near the community hall. The entire back section of the house was razed and extensive damage was done by the smoke and water to the rest of the building and contents. Mr. Sutton fought the blaze himself until Georgetown firemen arrived.

25 YEARS AGO

● The matter of a curfew was brought before council on Tuesday evening and it was decided that an effort be made to curb juveniles loitering in restaurants and on Main St. at nights. The curfew law is provided by the Children's Protection Act, prohibiting children under the age of 16 from loitering on the streets after 9 p.m. will be strictly enforced and the cooperation of parents and others in this regard is expected by council.

● Federal Sales and Engineering Co. Ltd. now located at 97 Phelan Ave. have recently purchased the old Woolen Mill property and intend moving to Georgetown just as soon as the building can be put in shape. Mr. Diggins and his associate Mr. Simpson addressed council Monday.

● Mr. Norman Brown has sold his bakery business on Main St. to Mr. Fred Baird of Palmerston. Mr. Brown has been in the baking trade in Georgetown ever since 1921.