

... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

End Of An Era....

Last Monday's council meeting was, in a sense, historic. Signing of a new agreement with Delrex Developments which allows residential building on any part of the subdivision, subject to certain requirements from the builder, ended an era of bitter election fights, charges and counter-charges, and opinions for and against land release which have given Georgetown an undue measure of unfavourable publicity. The agreement was not unanimous among councillors. It received a 6-3 vote, however, so one must assume that its contents is a sufficiently good deal for the town, while allowing the subdivision firm to expand its activities profitably also. A further step, with which few can quarrel, is the acquisition, at a give-away price of 175 acres of municipally owned industrial land. If, as has been stated by some councillors and the industrial commission, a small portion of this land is sold for more than the \$17,500 purchase price, the town will reap not only the benefit of some extra cash, but also the needed industrial assessment to stabilize our tax rate. The Herald has not been in total

agreement with council in its planning a new agreement. As stated on several occasions, we would have been happier to see land released under the subdivision control by-law. And if, as rumored, the by-law regulations were impossible to follow, some revisions made to it, along the lines of the agreement which was signed. However, the deed is now done, and we would hope that it will start a new era of civic progress where building can proceed, with the town assured of an adequate revenue to keep an attractive tax rate. Delrex President Rex Haslop has said his slogan from now on will be "67 (mills) in '67". And he visions a further substantial reduction to 60 mills in 1968. If this materializes, then the new agreement will have proved to be a good one. And if the much talked about industry on our doorstep leads to a substantial factory or two in the next few months, council's change in heart will be well justified. We hope that there will now be a minimum of backbiting, that residents will accept council's decision and work towards the happy future which can and should be Georgetown's.

A Real Gone Crowd....

Toronto's Mayor Givens and city council will be hanging their heads this week after the near-fiasco which concluded the opening week of the new city hall. The A-Go-Go open air party, designed to give Toronto's teens a share in the celebrations, erupted into a near riot. Fainting teen-agers were carried from the wild scene, there was one knifing, a performer worked himself into a state of hysteria and had to be removed from the stage. It was a sorry spectacle, and a sad reflection on those who have boosted modern dancing and entertainment to a point which is making most of us oldsters almost puritanical in our outlook. We have never considered ourselves a prude. We watched our teen brothers and sisters doing the charleston and black bottom. And in our turn we did the big apple, trucked, swung and jitterbugged. There is no use fooling ourselves that all types of dancing do not include a certain amount of sex. Our forefathers recognized this when dancing was not allowed at high school parties—only promenading, hand in hand, around the hall. The cheek-to-cheek variety with which we grew up might have had its bad-points, but at least there was some control.

Sad State Of Music....

A by-product of the new type of entertainment these days is the dearth of popular songs with any staying qualities. Time was when tunes like My Blue Heaven, Always, Shuffle Off to Buffalo made the big time and stayed there. It was a day when songs would sell on a composer's reputation. Walter Donaldson, Gus Kahn, Harry Warren, Hoagy Carmichael wrote songs which are still played and sung. Sheet music sales were as important as records. Today only a few Broadway shows and movies produce a small quota of songs

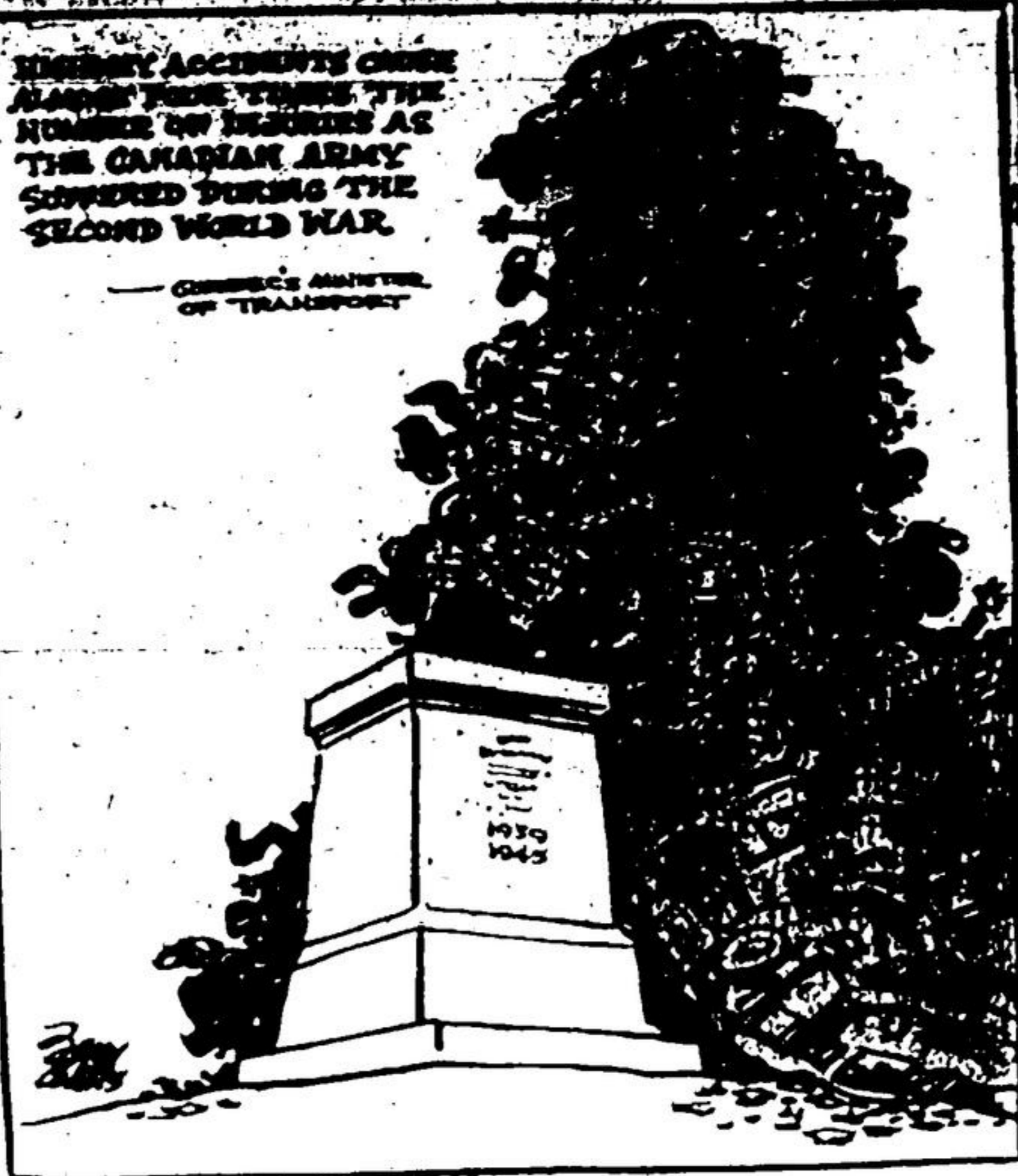
which will be remembered. The hit parade changes as rapidly as the weather. No music producers in his right mind would dare take a chance on publishing sheet music for teens, even if some of the junk which is foisted on them could be reproduced on paper. And the names of songwriters mean nothing anymore. Someday today's young people will discover Lombardo and the beauties of the sweet, hummable, danceable music on which we were raised. And maybe a new generation of songwriters will appear who know their craft and can give us some hits which we can still hum a quarter century hence.

Disregard for Historical Items Irks CVCA Members

The Credit Valley Conservation Authority is wondering this week if Caledon Township is really interested in preserving its historical sites. In the past several items of historical value have gone to the scrap dealer. Now it is up to the Caledon Twp. school board whether Belmont School is to be sold for the timber and brick it contains or is preserved for future generations to see how some of the country's most illustrious citizens received an education. Some time ago it became known that the school will be sold on the block. The Credit Valley Conservation Authority, with money promised by a generous citizen in Belmont to buy a school in the watershed, placed an offer before the school board. At present

Health Unit Nurse Talks To Institute

A talk by Helton County Health Nurse, Mrs. William French, highlighted the first meeting of the Silverwood W.I. for the fall season at the home of Mrs. R. Miller Thursday. Health was the theme of the meeting and the roll call was answered with health hints from the members. Mrs. G. Burt and Mrs. E. Miller were the social committee for the meeting and the members enjoyed a cup of tea at its conclusion. Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Marchington attended leaders meeting at Milton Thursday for 4-H Clubs. The theme was "wool."



MAN'S MONUMENTS

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

IF YOU MUST RESCUE DO IT RIGHT!
If the Good Samaritan were to exhibit the same concern for his fellow man in Canada today that he did in his time he might well find himself liable for civil damages as a result of one of the many unjust quirks of our system of justice. While we can't argue with the law's hesitance to tread on personal liberty we do feel that some protection is due the man who makes an abortive rescue attempt. Professor Linden foresees a gradual changing in the present attitude of the law in conformity with the broader approach that we feel most Canadians favour to moral questions. But until this approach is written into our laws, Professor Linden's advice is to avoid the role of the Good Samaritan, because you may find yourself on the wrong end of a law suit. Somehow we can't believe that the Canadian citizens, even the blasé version of the 60's, could watch an accident victim bleed to death, or a swimmer in trouble go down for the third time because he may fumble and leave himself open to civil damage by the victim's relatives. Reprints of photos by Peter Jones which appear in The Herald are available. 5x7 \$1.00, 8x10 \$1.50 if ordered within two weeks of publication. A 50c extra charge for late orders. Cash with order should be left at the Herald office.

PICTURES AVAILABLE

10 YEARS AGO
Over objections of Cr. Doug Sargent and Reeve Stan Allen who wanted to call for additional tenders, Council Monday awarded a \$12,000 contract for storm sewerage No. 7 Highway to Beaver Ready Mixed Co., lowest of two local firms which tendered for the work.
Georgetown's present population is 5,004. Latest census figures were given to council on Monday by assessment commissioner Joseph Gibbons. Town growth is almost 900 in the year's period.
A Georgetown hospital is one step closer with the formation of a hospital committee under the sponsorship of the Chamber of Commerce. Last week John Gunn, who is C of C chairman, was named chairman of the new committee. George Sivill is secretary and Bob Darou treasurer. Committee members are Mayor Jack Armstrong, Reeve Stan Allen, John Ord, Denney Charles, William Kinrade and Sid Silver.

NEWS ECHOES

20 YEARS AGO
The weatherman smiled on the Georgetown Fair last Friday and Saturday and as a result the 1945 show was acclaimed by many as being the best yet. An estimated attendance of 4,500 passed through the gates. It was one of the hottest fair days on record with the temperature standing at 86 degrees.
At a gala musical carnival sponsored by the Georgetown Girls Pipe Band in the arena Friday, Dave Robertson of Toronto was master of ceremonies, Jimmie Fox did a comedy routine; Sam Glsby and Lieut. Russell Firestone sang vocal solos, Dolores Harrington performed a tap dance, and two members of the band, Sgt. Mary Cummins and Cpl. Grace Beerman did the sword dance.
Welcome home from service overseas, WO2 George Gilmer, Cpl. A. N. Carter, CSM Ken Murray, Pte. John Everson, Pte. Jack Noble, Pte. Donald Taylor, Pte. Robert Andrews, Sgt. Jack Watson, CSM David Bowman, Pte. Herbert Robinson.

DAY OF KISSES AND ROSES

I have the deepest admiration for those men who make a big fuss over their annual wedding anniversary. My wife and I had another anniversary this week, and, as usual, neither of us remembered it until three days after it was past, too late to celebrate.
The reason I admire the anniversary addicts is the sheer boldness of their tactics. Usually, they are about the roughest husbands in town, on a day-to-day basis. But with one flourish, extravagant gesture, they wipe out all their sins of the last 12 months and lay the groundwork for another year of getting away with murder.
Few of these birds are the gentle, meek, timid, humble, hen-pecked husbands this era has spawned, like you and me. Not they. Among their ranks you find the deer hunters, the Baharmon, the hard drinkers, the poker players, the philanderers.
And yet with a combination of utter effrontery and incredible craftiness, they carry it off every year. A big bush of candy, a flourish of flowers, dinner and a night on the town; and the old lady falls for it every time.
This is the part I don't understand. Women, especially, women who have been married for a few years, are not notoriously soft-headed. And yet these women, who know perfectly well that the old man is a two-timing heel, an incipient lush, or a big mouthed bum, go all weak at the knees when Joe waltzes in on their anniversary with a potted plant.
I'm not making this up. Let's take my pal Charles as an example. He's real. I'll change nothing but the names. Charles wouldn't be caught dead taking his wife to church or the movies, during the year. He takes his holidays in the fall, when the boys are going deer-hunting. Mabel stays home. It gives her a good chance to rake the leaves and get the storm windows on.
When Charlie finishes a day's work, he has a couple or six quick ones with the boys, grunts at Mabel a few times during dinner, grab his curling broom or golf clubs, and heads out the door.
Charlie's idea of a pleasant social evening for Mabel is to send her over to visit her sister. After, of course she has had a huge lunch for the boys.
Charlie has a lot of trouble with Mabel's extravagance. Heck, he gives her thirty dollars a week to run the house and feed and clothe the kids and herself. She gets just runs right through it. She though the kids grew on trees. Sometimes she hasn't even enough left on Saturday to buy his weekend case of beer.
He had no close to tears as he told me about the folly of letting women handle the money. With golf and curling fees in this year, and a new ride to buy for the hunting trip, he figures he might just hafta cut down on the house allowance, if they were going to make ends meet.
Now Charlie, while a pleasant enough fellow to the world, with a real swinger with the boys, a husband and father is not only a rat but also a snk. And Mabel, who is no dope, knows it.
But you should have seen her the other night, when she dropped in to pay my wife back the five bucks she'd borrowed recently. Her eyes were shining and her poor, harassed face was all lit up, so she told us about the wonderful thrill of their anniversary celebration.
Charlie had come straight home after work, without drink and with roses, hustled her into her glad rags and taken her out to the golf club for dinner. She'd had to come home with some friends, because Charlie had wandered into the locker room and got involved in a poker game. But she just couldn't express her appreciation of his thoughtfulness and kindness in remembering their anniversary.
My wife's comment, later: "I'd cut his throat."
BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK
"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."
Romans 6:23
Sin comes with a play back and a pay back. Only forgiveness through Christ can both be erased.

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