

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Welcome To Canada.....

News that an Iowa firm has chosen Georgetown to locate its first Canadian manufacturing plant was a happy news item to last week's Herald. Economy Forms, which supplies steel forms to the concrete industry, plans an immediate start on a building on Todd Road which will employ 75 workers initially. The firm is a large U.S. corporation with head office in Des Moines and sales offices and warehouses through the States. It will not be the first American business to establish in Georgetown. Eagle Sig-

nals, Interchem, Standard Products, Varian Associates are all branches of U.S. Corporations. And each has proved to be a worthy, stable addition to Georgetown's growing industry. The Herald is happy to express welcome to Economy Forms, with the hope that like other industrial infants, it will have a steady, healthy growth. It is the type of industry which we had hoped would come — small enough that it can be readily absorbed without major problems of services to be supplied — large enough so it employs a substantial number of residents.

First Aid Course Available.....

Those who might wish to become proficient in first aid have an excellent opportunity with a course scheduled to start tonight, September 30 at the volunteer ambulance building on James Street. The town is fortunate in having a well qualified St. John man, Fred Cooley, close to town and he will be instructor for the eight lessons being offered. Cost is nominal. The GVAS building and its facilities are given by the town, for the course is of primary importance to ambulance men.

The town refunds cost of the course to those who qualify, as do many Georgetown industries. It is open to any resident in town or district, who wants to learn first aid, and even if one has to spend the few dollars himself, it can be of inestimable worth. The course is not necessarily available every year, so we would advise registration tonight by anyone interested. Registration is at 7:30 p.m.

Join The Crowd Saturday.....

If you aren't in Georgetown Park sometime this Saturday, then you will belong to a small minority. It's the annual fall fair, sponsored by Esqueing Agricultural Society, with something doing every minute for every member of the family. The news and advertising columns carry a more detailed account of what to expect. There are horse races, livestock judging, midway rides, refreshment booths. The armory will be filled with exhibits of fanciwork, flowers, school displays, grain, baking.

Farm machinery and some of the new model cars will be displayed in centrefield. There are sheep, hogs and horses, a poultry show, pony races. And with this, the crowd itself, always meeting a Georgetown expatriate home for the big day, or someone from another part of town that you haven't seen for some time. "Meet your friends at Georgetown Fair" has been a slogan for over a century. It will still hold true this Saturday.

Georgetown's "Y" Is Unique Operates Without Building

For three years now, the Georgetown and District YMCA YWCA has been in operation. It was first conceived by an interested group of citizens to fill the gap in the recreational needs of the community. The district had active church groups, Scouts and Guides, and organized sports for young people, but no other club programs on a community wide scale. This was the gap the Y set out to fill. That it has been successful, no doubt exists. Every year more and more youngsters (as well as adults) have asked for programs, and have enthusiastically joined in when the programs have been offered. On Rented Premises One of the unique features of our District Y is that it has no building of its own. Traditionally the Y has low-cost residences for visitors and young single adults, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and club rooms for the use of its members. Georgetown has none of these things. It was realized by its organizers from the beginning that, while a great need existed for these services of a Y, neither funds nor suitable property existed for the traditional Y establishment. Therefore all activities of our Y are carried out in premises which are either rented or donated. It has been so traditional that the Y works from its own premises that our type of arrangement had never been successfully carried out in Canada before. As part of the national program, the local group obtained permission to work from borrowed facilities, and under the helping hand of the Brampton Y, began operations. One of the features of a Y is the expert professional leadership which is available to its members, and Brampton was interested enough in the birth of Georgetown Y that George Egan was granted the part-time assistance of their "expert," and Eric Eamon came to help as Executive Director.

There is no simple scale on which to measure the worth of a service. If there were, the Y would not have to ask for funds. People would donate without being asked. Value of a Grin What is the value of the grin on the face of a youngster at the Terra Colla Summer Day Camp — a youngster who has had a day of wholesome fun with his friends, while his mother has a chance to catch up on some of her housework with no "helpful assistance." With no true full-scale gym facilities in our elementary schools, what is the value of a group of tired but happy kids who have had a chance to work out in a real gymnasium, as there is at the High School where Y gym classes are held. Club program after club program, the Y offers youngsters of any age, nationally, race or creed the chance to get together with their friends and learn and have fun. What is the value of the Y? Next month, when the canvasser calls at your door, show him that you too feel that this organization merits support.

MERRY MENAGERIE By Walt Disney. Illustration of a dog and a cat. Text: "He's a watchdog on a Texas ranch!"



LIMEHOUSE WATERFALL

And Suddenly It's Fall

No matter how busy the summer has been, each year the widely accelerating pace of life in our town comes as a jolt. One is not eased, but hurled, back into the rat-race. First shock, akin to diving off an ice-flow in the vicinity of Greenland, is the re-opening of school. It's exciting for the kids, exhumating for parents, and pure chaos for the teacher. One day it's Labor Day, calm, competent, relaxed, the teacher patters about the long silent, fresh-washed halls of the school, picking up his mail and planning an afternoon round of golf. The next day, he is just another man in an unshiny, ill-fitting suit in the halls by a maestro of students. He frantically makes class lists, sells pads, bills out forms. He directs sweeping grade assessors who are lost, or can't remember the combination of their lockers. He comforts tear-weeping new teachers who don't know what to do, nor why, nor where, nor when. Just to add to the general jolt, this fall at our school, we meet on a double shift. Our term commences classes at 8 a.m. The means hitting the deck at 8:30 or earlier. Pull a teenager out of bed at 8:30 and you have a curly teenager. Pull a teacher out of bed ditto and you have a ditto teacher. It's had enough these fine autumn mornings, but there'll be murder done by mid-winter. But school is only part of autumn's rude awakening. There is the despair that strikes when you read a list of the "new television shows and discover that not a single shrub or tree has been planted in the wasteland of last year's TV. Bills sprout like thistles in autumn. There's the routine of last winter's fuel bill with "PLEASE" typed in red. There's the notice of the mortgage payment. There's the one, entitled "Last warning," from the guy who coddled the bald spot on your lawn last June. There's the first instalment of music lessons. There's the note from your friendly bank manager. And this fall the thistles are larger and sharper than ever around our place, with a kid heading for university. We figured out that he will need approximately as much money this year as my old man used to raise a family of five on. Hugh's idea of helping out with finances was to take off in mid-September with my best jacket, all my socks without holes, and every shirt of mine without frayed cuffs — both of them. Meetings galore. There's the notice of the curling club meeting, at which "We will discuss the advisability of raising the fee." They were raised. There's the notice from the Library Board for the first fall meeting, at which the Property Committee (guess who's chairman) will present its report. There's a reminder that the speech I offered to make, last June will be presented in 10 days. There's the memo about the staff meeting at 7 a.m. There's the advice that my resignation as teacher of the Bible Club has been ignored, and classes commence on Sunday. In between, the lawn has grown four inches, the hedge looks like a bush, and the leaves are falling. The squirrels are back in the attic, the garage is still half-empty, and my daughter, in a month of camp, has busted out of all her clothes. Oh well "Life is the life," as King once remarked sagely, age six. There have been a couple of bright spots. I have a new English teacher on my crew who would have given Cleopatra a run for Mark Antony. And there was the Old Fighter Pilots' reunion in mid-September. They tried to ruin it this year by having wives along. But most of the boys ignored this and turned up stag. And those who didn't were wishing they had!

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK "And the house of Joseph, they also went up against Beth-el; and the Lord was with them." Judges 1:22 "The man who has God with him shouldn't worry about who is against him." 1st Cor. 10:13

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

Stew Pot Pourri by Yerry Harley. Georgetown's most influential organization must be the Doorway Don Juans or the Petrified Plague or what ever you want to label that after supper club that affixes itself in large numbers to a store entrance (the location varies) early in the evening and settles down to an exciting night of just standing and staring. The complainers have a case — but not against the police. The local gendarmes can tell the curious crew to take their slouch party somewhere else, but any member of the group can just as easily, and with just as much authority, tell his uniformed annoyance to go polish his buttons. What's missing is a legal weapon with which the officer can prod the sidewalk pack into dispersing — a lotter by-law. We discovered last week that Georgetown doesn't have such an animal. "There's nothing we'd like better than to be able to eliminate these clusters of loiterers from the business section, but until a new by-law is on the books we're powerless," one officer explained to us. A petition to council would go a long way toward bringing it about.

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The District At A Glance

SPEYSIDE Overcrowding in Esqueing's public schools was overcome last week when Acton's Public School Board rented one room at the old Acton Stone School to the Esqueing Stone School. BRAMALEA — A break down in negotiations between Northern Electric Co. Ltd. and Local 531 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America had resulted in an application for conciliation to the Labour Conciliation Board office in Toronto. BRAMPTON — Tentative approval for new McMurchy Street School to house 1,600 students has been received from the Ontario Municipal Board.

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