

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Training On The Job.....

Ontario's labour department has launched a \$300,000 promotion campaign to turn the factory into a job-training school.

The first on-the-job training program began in Toronto in April as a pilot project with six trainees. Today 13 firms with a total of 800 trainees are participating. Of these, eleven are in the needle trade and one is a textile plant. Thirty-seven others are in process of undertaking similar projects.

In the case of unemployed who are given training, a federal-provincial plan pays as much as 50 per cent of wages for the training period. The labour department is prepared to develop a curriculum and supervise the program, and in certain instances, pay for instructors.

The department hopes to avoid the pitfall of creating dead end jobs by a program where trainees could later add to their skills. Each program will be fashioned to the need of the firm. The department will help companies assess their training requirements and assist in locating trainees in co-operation with the National Employment Service.

According to the government 30,000 skilled workers are needed in Ontario today to fill existing requirements. A techni-

cal, and vocational program is providing some of these. The on-the-job training plan should be an important addition, dealing as it will with an older portion of the population.

It should help overcome a situation where Canada has departed to a large extent from an apprenticeship system still much the rule in Europe. New Canadians are quick to notice and comment on the lack of skilled tradesmen here, compared with their own countries.

Not only is this noticeable in such trades as carpentry and plumbing. In countries like Germany and Switzerland, every occupation is dignified by a training period which creates an excellent workman by teaching him the skills of his craft and a pride in his performance.

A restaurant waiter is one example. Here, all too often, this is considered an unskilled job. In Europe, quite the contrary. A young person there is carefully guided in all the details which makes dining out a pleasure for those who pay the bill. And this ends in a happier, well-trained employee who puts his utmost into the job, and receives the utmost from it in return.

Kid Hockey Again.....

Georgetown's winter activity for the youngsters is again starting this Saturday, as the Legion-sponsored Kid Hockey league gets underway for another season.

The arena will now be an early morning mecca for young hopefuls, and a generous sprinkling of fathers and mothers.

It is hockey in its purest and most natural form, with a minimum of injuries, and little of the name-calling and roughhouse tactics which sometimes mar the senior leagues.

The youngsters take their games seriously, but not so much that they lose any sleep after a defeat, or crow too hard when they are in the win column.

Leading them are a group of men who, for the pure love of the game, devote half their Saturdays all winter to coaching and managing, with an odd practice thrown in as well during the week. These unsung heroes deserve a big hand from parents. And you can give it to them best by turning out for a majority of the games, particularly if your lad is in the early-years bracket getting into other parts of his equipment.

For almost 100% of parents, Kid Hockey is the end of the line. In our own case, this will be our last year of early Saturday sessions, as age begins to take its toll.

But, just as every young Canadian can theoretically become prime minister, so can he hit the big time in sports. The Georgetown league produced NHL star Bob Goldham in one generation. And now Poul Popiel has joined that exalted top echelon as he starts a season with Boston Bruins.

That gives a little extra filip as you watch these Saturday games, knowing that you might be watching an NHL star of a dozen years from now.

Disappointing In Numbers.....

The people who attended a public affairs lecture Sunday afternoon will be better informed about the United Nations.

The pity is that there were so few there to hear McMaster University professor D. J. Grady, who by his education and experience is well qualified to discuss this important world body.

We shared the disappointment of the YM-YWCA in this first venture into what was hoped to be a series of informative lectures on current affairs. We had hoped that enough people could attend to make it worthwhile for a busy man to give up his Sunday afternoon to speak. Whether the series will have an abrupt end is now a question.

Perhaps the idea would have more merit if it could be linked more closely to the high school, particularly the grades which study modern history.

A Sunday afternoon, while theoretically a good time for a lecture series, is perhaps no longer applicable. If there is good weather, the Sunday drivers and golfers

are hard at it. There is usually some sports feature on television to keep men at home. Many people go away for the week-end or entertain relatives. And for many it is a day when they like to relax after a busy week, and they prefer to rest their bodies and minds for the week ahead.

If the lecture series is continued, we would suggest that an evening during the week would be better, that promotion among senior high school students and staff be done, and that service and cultural organizations be directly contacted and encouraged to attend. And particularly, if sponsorship is to be undertaken by the 'Y', its own executive members, of whom there are many, should make up the nucleus of the audience.

There are many excellent speakers available within driving range of town, many more than could travel to towns beyond the metro range. But if only a handful of people are interested enough to come out and hear them a lecture series will never get off the ground.

NEWS DESK EXTRAS

by Jerry Harley

ACCUMULATED NOTES.....

● Do you realize that with the cancellation of the Untouchables, and the denouement of Eddie Shack to Rochester it leaves Milt Dunnell of Sports Hot Seat as the only villain on TV this season

● Suspicion confirmed. We have suggested in the past that the automobile's influence is approaching the frightening point. One look at the free slaughter for four miles along the 7th Line South puts it out of doubt.

● Funny how humans become creatures of habit. This year we headed the New York Yankees and the Toronto Argonauts; and acquired such a taste for losing that last weekend we chose Hamilton Burger to defeat Perry Mason.

● Every sportsman who uses Georgetown park facilities should doff his cap this week to a band of action minded baseball people who are filling a crying need by building permanent team dressing rooms on the track infield. Materials are gratis through Bill Richmond.

● We're surprised some cut-line writer didn't jump on the obvious during the International Plowing Match and get a photo of one of the dignitaries MILLIKEN A COW.

● The Guelph Street reconstruction project has a horde of secret sufferers — the many pre-school children who live in homes on the residential streets now congested with detoured highway traffic. Until the pro-

ject's wound up they'll do their trick riding in the laundry room for safety's sake.

● We feel like a stickup victim who has had a wad of cash and cheques lifted from one pocket and is hoping the gunman will take the traffic ticket and hydro bill out of the other one. We've been cheated out of a summer, the autumn colour display, and now we're hoping the delinquent in the weather bureau will keep us from winter's worst aspects — freezing temperatures and deep snow.

● We suggest one of the candidates in the federal election brief his workers a little more carefully next time. The Peel county hopeful has some of his posters plastered over speed limit signs in some parts of the county completely blotting out the figures.

● Local golfers must wince when they hear the song "Autumn Leaves." Lately they have to rake the ocean of crisp foliage blanketing the front

yard to earn a couple of hours at the club where they do the same thing all over again looking for the lost ball with a 5 iron.

● The feasibility of traffic lights at the John and Guelph streets corner won't really be known until after the first snow storm. That's when we find out if downhill traffic can stop for a red light and vehicles heading uphill can move when it switches green. We'd like to see it a-four way stop with a five second delay, at least during the winter months.

● If you're stuck for a Halloween party costume we just thought of a good one inspired by the great art debate at Toronto city hall—Wear a pair of coveralls with old neckties sewn all over them and go as Harold Town's flower garden.

OUR FARMER DEAR BY THE BUSHEL



Symbols of our annual autumn ritual swirl the garbageman

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

PITY FOR THE CITY MAN

This is a time of year when my heart goes out to city dwellers. It's a time when rural or smalltown living is immensely superior to that in the concrete canyons, the abominable apartments, the sad suburbs of metropolia.

In the city, day ends drearily in the fall. There's the long, wearying battle home through traffic, or the draughty, crushed, degrading scramble on public transportation.

The city man arrives home fit for nothing but slumping for the evening before the television set. And what greets him? The old lady, wound up like a steel spring because she hasn't seen a soul she knows all day, there's nothing to look at but that stupid house next door, exactly like their own, and the kids have been giving her hell.

He's stuck with it. For the whole evening. That's why so many city chaps have work-shops in the basement. It's much simpler to go down cellar and whack off a couple of fingers in the power saw than listen to Mabel.

Life is quite different for the smalltown male. He is home from work in minutes. He surveys the ranch, says, "Must get those storm windows on one of these days," and goes in, to the good fall smells of cold drinks and hot food.

His wife saw him at breakfast, again at lunch, has had a good matter with the dame next door, and has been out for two hours, raking leaves with the kids. She doesn't need him.

Instead of drifting off to the basement, the small-town male announces that this is his bowling night, or he has to go to a meeting of the Conservation and Slaughter Club, and where's a clean shirt. And that's all there is to it.

While her city counterpart squats in front of TV, gnawing her nails and wondering why she didn't marry good old

George, who has a big dairy farm now, the small-town gal collects the kids and goes out to burn leaves.

There is nothing more romantic than the back streets of a smalltown in the dark of a fall evening. Piles of leaves spurt orange flame. White smoke eddies. Neighbors call out, lean on rakes. Women, kerchiefed like gypsies, heap the dry leaves high on the fire. Kids avoid the subject of bedtime, dash about the fire like nimble gnomes.

Or perhaps the whole family goes to a fowl supper. What, in this city living, can compare to this finest of rural functions? A tion, its easy friendliness. Not for him the quiet stroll down a sunny wood road, shot gun over arm, partridge and woodcock, rising like clouds of mosquitoes.

It's not that he doesn't live right, or doesn't deserve these pleasures. It's just that it's physically impossible to get to them easily. If he wants to crouch in a duck blind, at dawn, he has to drive half the night to get there.

Maybe on a Sunday or holiday in the fall, the city family decides to head out and see some of that beautiful autumn foliage. They see it, after driving two hours. And with 50,000 other cars, they crawl home in late afternoon, bumper to bumper, the old man cursing, the kids getting hungrier, the mother growing owl.

Smalltown people can drive for 15 minutes and hit scenery, at least around here, that leaves them breathless. Or they'll wheel out a few miles to see their relatives on the farm, eat a magnificent dinner, and sit around watching TV in a state of delicious torpor.

Yup, it's tough to live in the city, in the fall.

100,000 SAFE SPORTSMEN

Approximately 100,000 Ontario hunters are graduates of the Hunter Safety Training Course.

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IN THE MAIL BAG

Thank Auctioneer Spence for Services In Toronto

Oct. 20th, 1965
6 Kingstee Dr. N.,
Toronto, Ontario

The Editor:
Georgetown Herald,
Georgetown, Ont.,
Dear Sir:

The ladies of Royal York Road United Church thought your readers would be interested in knowing that Mr. Alf Spence of Glen Williams donated his time on Saturday, October 16th, to conducting an auction sale at historic old

Montgomery Inn, here in

Kingston. Our ladies were so pleased and grateful for his valuable help and feel certain the money raised could not have been so great success it was without him.

His good humour kept every one in a happy frame of mind and his ability as an auctioneer delighted the hearts of our finance committee.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs. W. H.) K. King

DANGER IN DIRT

A rifle barrel plugged with mud or snow can turn a weapon into a deadly hand grenade.

NEWS ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald 1955 and 1945

10 YEARS AGO

● Nearly four hundred people Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton, Port Credit, and Georgetown attended the official opening of the new building at the Cedarvale School for Girls Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Orpha Houston is the school superintendent and is assisted in her work by assistant superintendent Miss Paula Arthur, the teacher Mrs. Iva Margesson, and housekeeper Mrs. Verne Allen.

● The local servicemen have arrived home from their postings in Germany. Cpl. Bud Hardman, Pte. Wayne Gribbens, and Pte. Lionel Hazell are all on a month's leave.

● Work was started by J. B. Mackenzie and Son Ltd. on a large new building which Irwin Noble is constructing as the future home of Georgetown Dairy. It is being built at the corner of Maple Ave. and No. 7 Highway.

30 YEARS AGO

● According to final figures released last week by Mr. Ralph Ross, chairman of the recently completed National Clothing Collection in Georgetown District, a total of 8,195 pounds of used clothing was contributed by local citizens and forwarded to the depot in Toronto. A hundred and ninety-nine cartons were sent by four shipments, one load being conveyed free of charge by Snyder's Transport. Mrs. S. Groat and Mrs. R. Y. Paton organized the packing of cartons.

● This week we welcome home from overseas: Pte. Walter Brandford, Pte. Thomas Rayner, Cpl. H. W. "Pete" Tost, Pte. K. W. King, LAC Lewis Humberstone, Pte. J. E. Fox, Sgt. James Schofield, CSM C. F. Davies, Pte. Glen Britton, Sgt. W. J. Collier, Pte. Joe Norton, Pte. Perc King.

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