

Georgetown Herald

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... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

We Intercepted.....

Speaking at Mayor Gibbons' inaugural dinner, Rev. Collin Todd proposed that party politics should be a part of local government and remarked "Someone will probably intercept this forward pass I'm throwing."

We did. We hold the very opposite view, that municipal affairs can be conducted much more efficiently by citizens whose minds are open to localized questions and who are not swayed by loyalties to national political parties.

The sad state of our federal parliament these past three sessions is proof enough

On The Threshold.....

Georgetown's industrial scene seems to be taking an upward jump, and there is general optimism that continuing growth will be the keynote this year.

Location of a large American firm which will manufacture office furniture; another making industrial equipment and a Canadian firm in the church-furnishing field were announced recently. There are expansion rumours from more than one established firm. And several interesting contacts have been made through the industrial commission which, if they bear fruit, will add substantially to employment possibilities in Georgetown.

It is nothing new to those who live here now, to know that Georgetown has all the advantages and few of the disadvantages of big city living.

We have the city attractions right on

Will Be Missed.....

Death of a young Georgetown physician two days before Christmas cast a sadness over the community which is rarely seen in a town of this size.

In four short years in town, Dr. Bernard Bebenek had won the respect of a large segment of the population. He was dedicated to his profession, tireless in his energy.

It will be some comfort to his wife and young family to know that so many people shared in grief when the sad news came. It is a tribute which few of us deserve, and even fewer receive.

Don't Always "Need Industry" Expert Tells Esquering Dinner

"Many towns now competing for industry should never have industry at all, but should be left lovely fresh places in which to live," so spoke Gordon Blair, Director of Business Development for Burlington, Friday night, at a dinner in Stewarttown Hall, given jointly by the Reeve, George Leslie and Deputy Reeve Wilfrid Leslie.

All the ninety guests at the dinner were in some way connected with the township, and it was the first reeve or deputy reeve's dinner which included wives of the officials.

Mr. Blair, a past mayor of Burlington, contended that the present system of taxation on property for educational purposes, forced municipalities to compete for industrial assessment, frequently where it was neither desirable nor economical for the municipality.

"The oft heard statement, 'we need more industry to help pay taxes,' is the wrong philosophy to attract industry," he maintained. He pointed out that industry is a mixed blessing, necessitating many expensive services.

He stated that the formation of a Halton County Industrial Commission, the first on a County wide basis, was only common sense. "While the municipality in which the industry is located is the only one to accrue taxation, the other municipalities do benefit since the County assessment goes up, and keeps the county rate down," he added.

Referring to the Plunkett "Needs Study," he remarked that this study was closely connected with regional government, which he said might be the answer to the high education costs to individual municipalities.

of what could happen if Mr. Todd's ideas were put in practice. In Ottawa, where being a member of parliament is a full-time job, it is possible to get major work done despite the filibusters and the delaying tactics. But when business must be done by part-time politicians meeting a night or two a week, it would be disastrous to occupy time with political debates.

It is refreshing to know that men with diverse political leanings can come together around a municipal council table and work for the common good of their municipality. Let's keep it that way.

our doorstep, while still able to go home for dinner at noon, walk to work if so desire, play golf or curl without driving miles. We can know our members of town council, the merchants with whom we deal, the mechanics who repair our cars, much more intimately than is possible in big cities.

We have country air and rural scenes near at hand, hockey and baseball leagues for our children, a multitude of service clubs and lodges. Our schools are modern and well-equipped. Our roads are better plowed in winter. Our hospital is an efficient and well-staffed institution.

No wonder industry is interested. Maybe our job in future will be to pick and choose what industries we most want, and what will best fit Georgetown's future needs.

Georgetown lost another esteemed resident a week later with the death of Miss Isabella Preston.

An "adopted" Georgetown, we can bask in the reflection of knowing that such an important woman chose our town as the place to spend her last years. Quiet and unassuming, many did not know that her contribution to plant breeding had made her world famous. Countless gardens will be more beautiful with flowers which her skill and knowledge developed during her years at the Ottawa Experimental Farm.

He wondered if regional government would mean the disappearance of Halton County as an entity, since this study includes Peel and Halton jointly. "The signs seem to point to regional government with present boundaries being changed or completely disregarded."

He explained that in dividing Ontario into ten regional development areas, Burlington was included in the Niagara area. "Many of us felt if the government could separate Burlington from Halton, when Burlington pays 40% of County costs, we'd better look carefully," he warned. He pointed out that if Burlington's 40% were removed, the heavy weight could fall on the next largest municipality — Oakville. "In which case," he continued, "Oakville could apply to become a city, leaving the rest of Halton a dead duck."

"Governments are sneaky," he joked, "except of course municipal governments," he added looking around the hall. "A large conference on regional development was held, at which it became apparent an environment favourable to regional government was being created."

In conclusion he pointed out that no-one knows the right answer but advocated everyone trying to make themselves aware of current happenings. "If you don't try to solve it somebody else will solve it for you, and perhaps less to your liking," he stated.

Co-host of the dinner, Deputy Reeve Wilfrid Leslie thanked the speaker, and Mrs. W. Leslie presented Mrs. Blair with flowers.

Mrs. George Leslie thanked the ladies of the Ashgrove

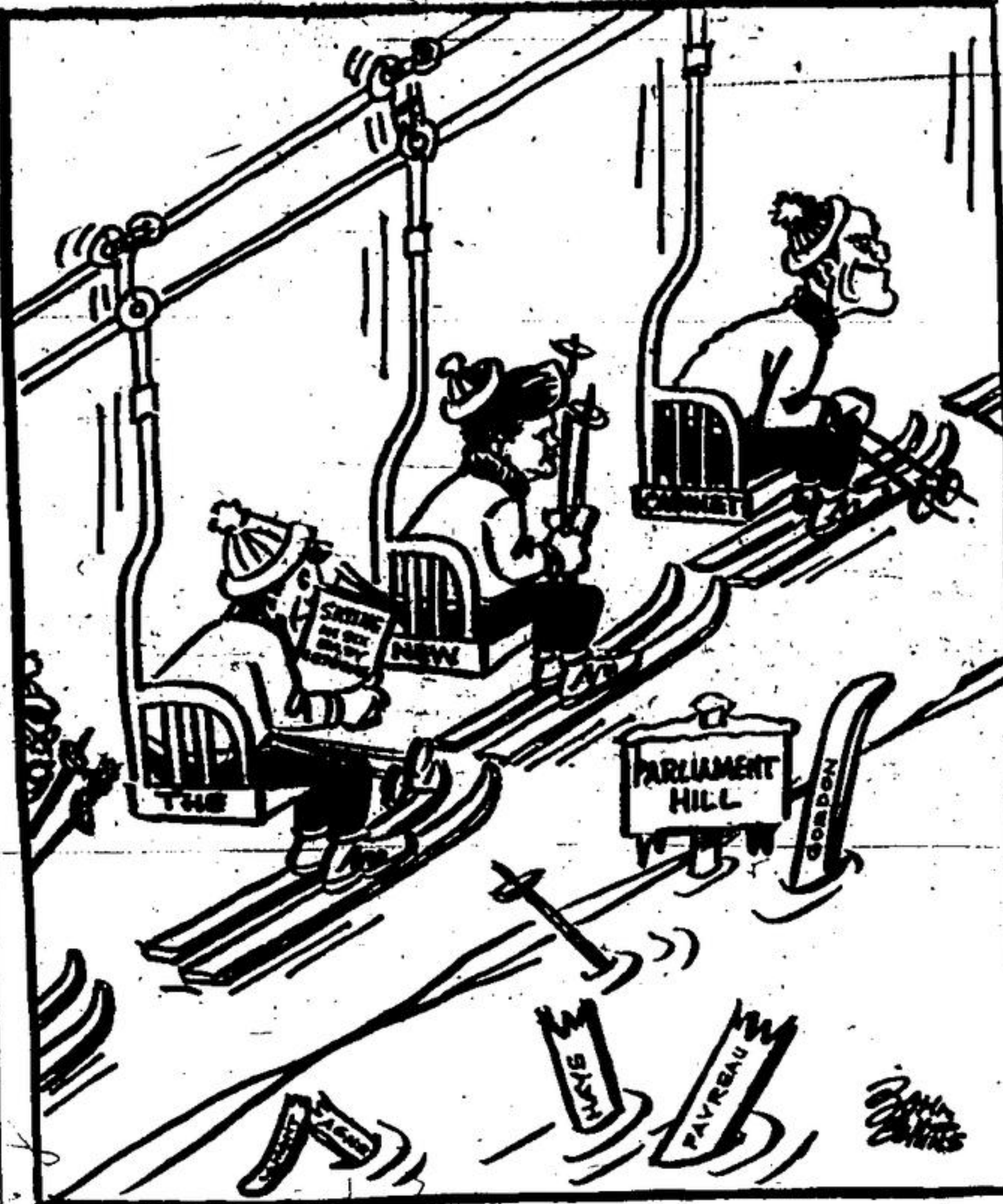
County government will be relegated into limbo, Lester Whiting, predicted at a Halton County Planning Association meeting last night.

He said county government as known today would be replaced by a new concept of government along regional lines following the Peel-Halton report of Thomas Plunkett, which is expected later this year.

When the report is received the association would receive a new status and authority in county planning, Mr. Whiting said.

The Association's chairman Robert Serena of Burlington also stated that a "larger form of government" is in the offing.

Car tip: Never race a cold engine. It burns a fearful amount of gasoline and increases wear on the motor.



PRACTICE SLOPE

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

The Sturdy Ones Remain

This is the time of year when we get rid of all the undesirables in the community. By undesirables, I mean people with more money than I. They leave our northern community for Florida, Mexico, the West Indies.

In one fell swoop we get rid of all the softies, the cowards, the sycophants. In short, the rich white trash.

It's as much a part of our heritage as the Saturday night bath, or spring cleaning. And I think it's a good thing.

When the last barber or bricklayer has bragged about being off to the Bahamas, when the last druggist or doctor has informed me pompously that "we'll probably take in Acapulco this year," I feel a sense of relief.

The rats have left the Freezing ship, and there's only the hard core, the sturdy pioneer types, the rugged individualist and the poor people, left in the temperate (hah!) zone.

The rest of us, the best of us, can get down to the real glory of winter living, without stumbling over a lot of sissies who are better off down there getting sand in their navel.

As one of the old true-blue breeds, fighting it out with the elements, I am inclined to scorn them. As a humanitarian, I can only pity them. Think of what they're missing!

And here's our pal in Mexico, just getting up at 10:30. He hasn't paid last year's income tax yet, but he borrowed \$1,500 from the bank to make the trip. He has a hangover from those six-ounce, forty-cent Mexican drinks, and a twisted back from trying to tango.

His wife, in the other twin bed, looks like an inmate of Belsen, because she's had Mexican complaint, commonly known as dire rear, ever since they crossed the border. She whines, he snarls. They totter out in the muggy heat. And another horrible day in Acapulco has begun.

It's not like that around here. My daughter wakes me at six-

thirty and I call a cheery good-morning. It may sound a bit more like "RUMPH" but it's well meant. My life's partner shoves me out with her foot ten minutes later.

Down to a jolly breakfast: vitamin pills, cuppa tea and half-slice of toast. There's the thrill of variety as you prepare for the day. When dawn comes, will the sun be shining, the snow falling, or a blizzard-howling?

What is there in the soft and sensuous south to equal that crunch of toes breaking off, the crack of bursters in the shoulder when you throw the first curling stone, that snap of thigh bones on the ski hill?

Let's take a look at a couple of these hot-weather hounds. Look at this bird in Florida. Gets out of bed and there's that same old crumbly, monotonous sun blazing down, just like all the other days. Same old routine. The inevitable orange juice on the inevitable patio; the inevitable trip to the beach with the inevitable obscenely fat soppies lying all around. Or the inevitable sweating it out on the golf course with a lot of other, middle-aged liars.

Out into the wild white wonder. Grab the shovel and make the snow fly, chuckling heartily all the while as you think of those poor slob in the south, with nothing to do every day but the same old things.

The clean, fresh, northern air hits your lungs like a dum-dum bullet. Bark seal-like greeting to neighbour, whose head is just visible over the snowbank. Off to the garage. Excitement of wondering whether the car will start. The sheer, demonic joy of belting out the driveway backwards and trying to smash through the bank the snowplow has thrown up. Sometimes you make it.

The skidding, alighting adventure of the drive to work. Wheels spinning, visibility twelve feet, every man for himself.

The goodfellowship and vivacity of the teacher's cloakroom, everyone stamping, cursing, and running at the nose.

And another day of glorious winter living has begun. Don't try to tell me about the seduction of the languorous-south land. Just give me the crisp, virile challenge of living where men are men. And you can tell them from women. When you get them thawed out.

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Same Old Story, Expect Licence Plate Line-up

It looks like the same old story again this year, with line-ups for licence plates to be expected, since according to licence issuer Mrs. L. Clark, the sale of plates is very slow, slower even than last year at this time.

With over three months in which to get those plates, it doesn't seem reasonable to wait till the last minute, but a lot of people will.

It is not only Georgetowners who are lax in this regard, according to Ontario statistics, only 10.8% of the plates have been obtained, contrasted with 11.4% at this time last year. This leaves 1,580,000 plates to be obtained in Ontario.

Mrs. Clark said that the first day, December 1st, saw quite a few plates purchased, but since then, the rate dropped sharply. She predicted a pick-up in business about the middle of January, when people have recuperated from Christmas hills. With the office now open six days a week, on Saturdays it is open till one. Mrs. Clark asks all car owners to come down and avoid that line up in the cold at the end of February. The final date for obtaining plates is February 28th.

BIBLE DIGEST

H. B. Deen

"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities." Psalm 51:9

We ought to be ashamed of our sins, and alarmed if we aren't. "The wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

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