

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Please, Not Another Hassle

Now that the Industrial Commission has passed the point of no return, we hope council won't be faced with a similar situation in naming a Board to operate Cedarvale Community Centre.

In this case, it seems to be a case of trying to please everyone and satisfying no one.

It was council's idea that, instead of selecting five individuals for the board, they would seek recommendations from five groups.

The plan had one flaw.

There were more groups than positions, and unfortunately four service organizations were lumped together and asked for one nominee.

The fur immediately started flying. Why should the Red Cross select a member, and a joint man, roared service club men.

Who's going to call the meeting for us to decide, and how are we going to make our final selection when each club proposes a member, they asked.

Why shouldn't the men who are going to be asked to raise some of the money for

Cedarvale, be the ones asked to serve on the board, is heard.

The fact is that what appeared to be a good theory on council's part has turned into a boomerang.

Before it makes its full circle, we hope flight can be arrested and a speedy solution found.

What we would not like to see is council abandon its idea of a separate board and decide to operate Cedarvale itself.

It would seem now that it might be best to reconsider, forget about representatives and appoint five residents whom council feels will be interested and efficient administrators of one of the town's major properties.

The fact that three organizations have already suggested nominees need not be a stumbling block. The three nominees could still be appointed to the board, as private citizens, rather than organizations' appointees.

The important thing is to get a Cedarvale board organized as soon as possible without it becoming a contentious issue.

National Tragedy

Whatever the problems on the local political scene, they are minor compared with the tragedy of our federal parliament this week.

Some bitter exchanges of words between senior members of two major political parties erupted in a sudden wave of scandal rivalling Britain's Profumo case of a few years back.

It has all the elements of the cheapest dime thriller. Canadians are human beings, too, and there is no doubt we are relishing the sensationalism ground out by the dailies, radio and television.

But, complex as we are, there is a backwash of distaste for the whole sordid mess, too.

The blackening of a few reputations, no doubt already tainted in their own cir-

cle of friends, can accomplish nothing for Canada.

It can, instead, do inestimable harm to parliament, individually and collectively, in revealing the feet of clay possessed by those on whom we count to lead us.

A member of parliament is much more than a person. He becomes a sort of god who is assumed to have superior wisdom. Chosen as a leader, he must be assumed to have qualities above the average run of man, to lead a well-ordered personal life.

The Dorion enquiry dealt a sad blow to our conception of politics and politicians and their business ethics. If now we are to dredge up details of Ottawa's morals, it will be one more nail in the political coffin into which our parliament is slowly but surely being sealed.

and good. But certainly what is determined as profit should be safely tucked away for a major use.

Town-owned industrial land has proved to be a real boon in acquiring new industry.

Now that the land is nearly all sold, if this practice is to be continued, more land should be acquired.

It will be that much easier to buy if the money is safely tucked away in a sinking fund, ready to use when needed.

Earmark for Industry

Council will be wise if it takes steps to earmark at least some of the profits which will accrue from sale of industrial land for purchases of more such land in future.

Opposition to this suggestion last week by the reeve and deputy seemed to be not so much to the idea, as to the fact that the surplus over the original purchase price is not clear profit.

If some of the money must provide services when the land is built on, well



OO SUM NOO?

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

That March Madness

I have a profound respect for poet T. S. Eliot. But one of his lines, that which says, "April is the cruelest month," is pure poppycock. He had obviously never spent a March in these parts.

Raw east winds that chap the hands, chill the bones, reddens the nose, deaden the soul. Third bout of la grippe in three months. Holes in your over-shoes. Faces of friends become hateful. Tailpipe and muffler gone on the car. Eaves-troughs sagging. Spirits flagging. Spring is merely a word in the dictionary. Winter is a monster, clawing your shoulder.

If you're anything like me, you're hanging on by your teeth. This is fairly easy, because your nose has been running, and you're keeping a stiff upper lip. It's frozen. And your teeth are exposed.

It's a wonder we don't all turn as mad as March hares, and cut our collective throats, if only to add a bit of color to relieve grim, grey March.

But cheer up, chaps, all is not lost. I have a little therapeutic theory that works wonders. It is the only thing that saves me, in March, from running out into the snow, in bare feet and long underwear, bab-

bling. "T. S. Eliot is mad, mad I tell you, mad!"

I first discovered this theory when I had trouble sleeping. After a long evening of too much work, too many fags, and too much coffee, I'd crawl into bed, and lie there as rigid as a rake, toes curled, tightly, eyes burning brightly, no more chance of getting to sleep than getting to heaven.

One such night, I remembered, "Listen, Buster," I told myself. "Fifteen years ago tonight, you were lying on the floor of a box-car, freezing, hands and feet tied with wire, on your way to a prison camp."

"And here you are lying in a soft bed, in a warm house, with a warm woman beside you, and warm blankets over you, and no night-fighters shooting up the place, and no guards wandering in to give you a kick. So what if you don't sleep a wink?" In 14 seconds I was asleep. It works every time.

Now the same technique applies when it comes to saving my sanity in March.

When the miseries of March have me reduced to one great bellow of frustration, I put it to work. "Old Buddy," I say to myself, "just go back 300 years three miles from here. Not three miles from here, they were eking out their March, half-frozen, half-starved half-blind."

And I think about them — the Indians, nearing the bitter end of a bitter winter; in their long-houses. Men, women, children, dogs, pell-mell in a seventeenth century Nissen hut made of boughs and bark and skins.

Two or three hundred human beings crawling over each other in about the space you and your family occupy. Cold. Hungry. Stench unbelievable. Smoke from cooking fires indescribable.

The last of the meat gone. The maize reduced to a few handfuls. Spruce tea and moss stew on the menu. Hunting im-

A BIBLE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"And they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." Luke 17:13

The mercy of God is waiting for every man who is ready to confess his need and plead his case. "Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

fallibility or omniscience, and who being human, are liable to error. Nevertheless having put them in office it becomes our duty to accord them our unequalled support. We must believe that they are consistently working in the best interests of the electorate and of the town at large, to the best of their not inconsiderable ability.

They therefore deserve our support our encouragement and loyalty. They should certainly not be the target of carping criticism, petty fault-finding and a general downgrading by distant citizens, the sum total of whose inflationary ideas appears to be out of all relevance to reality.

Does money grow on trees?

After all there must be a point, beyond which even those most affluent taxpayers are unwilling to go in unlimited and unconditioned spending.

Yours truly, Zeta Hayes

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NEWS ECHOES

From the Herald of 10, 20, and 30 Years Ago

10 YEARS AGO

Georgetown's third public school, which will be constructed on Rexway Blvd. this spring will bear the name of a family long associated with education in town. The school board has decided to name the building Harrison Public School in tribute to the late Robert E. Harrison, principal here for many years. The family connection with school affairs was also carried on by Mr. Harrison's daughter Hazel, who was a teacher here for 42 years, and by his son Percy, who is presently treasurer of the school board.

Trouble with the boiler at St. John's United Church on Saturday forced some rapid changes in arrangements for the Sunday services. With the heating system inoperative, the church made use of the Roxy Theatre, which was offered by manager Bill Leslie, and the congregation held their morning and evening services there.

20 YEARS AGO

Georgetown and district welcomes home from overseas this week - Cpl. Bert Marchmont, Cpl. Bob Charlton, Pte. Bill Schultz, Pte. Elmer Stockford.

A recent business change on Main St. is the sale of Smith's Shoe Store to Mr. Ross Thompson, who took possession the first of this month and will operate the business under his name.

30 YEARS AGO

A man wrote a letter to the paper protesting against the publication of pictures of lady badminton players wearing shorts, saying they were so shameful he had to cut them out before allowing the young members of his family to see the paper. Sounds just like father, but what will mother say when she finds them?

eggs. No shelves of canned goods. No supermarket a few blocks away. No heat, no light. No bathrooms. No books. No television. And always the cold.

A few cynics will add, "And no income tax, no mortgages, no insurance policies, no fuel bills, no ulcers, no doctor's bills." True. Wanna trade?

Not I. I turn up the thermostat a bit. I mix a hot toddy.

Then I sit by the fireplace, listening to the wind whistling around the house. I sniff the air about who gets the fire next. I pick up a book, put a record on the hi-fi.

I listen to my wife, who is not fighting with Mrs. Abenaki about who gets the fire next, to make the dog soup.

And my March madness is gone. Try it.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Grid of business advertisements including: CHIROPRACTOR DONALD A. GAY, D.C.; CHIROPRACTOR Gerald W. Corbett, D.C.; CARR & WESTWOOD; DAX DEVELOPMENTS LIMITED; MONUMENTS; DELREX Photography; BARRAGER'S; FRANK PETCH LICENSED AUCTIONEER; POPE & GOEBELLE; JOHN B. LOVE ARCHITECT; GEORGETOWN ANIMAL CLINIC; Dale, Bennett, Latimer & Baines; Frederick A. Nelson; M. E. Manderson, Q.C.; T. Van Sickler, B.A.; WALLACE THOMPSON; GEORGETOWN ANIMAL CLINIC.

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

ANOTHER DRAMATIC chapter has been written in the history of Canada. For those who feel that Canada is a quiet place, where nothing exciting happens (and we do hear of the people with these feelings) the recent happenings in Ottawa (and in fact for the last four years) must come as a rude awakening.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Inflationary Ideas Not Constructive, Writer Says

14 Academy Rd., March 14, 1966

Mr. Editor:

In reference to the advertisement appearing in the latest edition of the Herald "paid for by a group of taxpayers concerned for the future of Georgetown."

WHEN THE ESTIMATES of the Justice Department came up in the House recently, the Opposition clamoured for an enquiry

much more constructive manner.

The council we have elected to office in this year of grace is faced with problems and decisions unparalleled in the previous history of the town. Never before have issues been so weighty, so numerous, so far reaching, so complex. To deal with these issues we have elected men who make no claim to in-

Whether a girl can measure up to the requirements of movie producers depends largely upon her measurements.