

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Property Value Explosion....

Georgetown is in the midst of a sensational property boom.

Only a few years away from the days of the Avro slowdown, when houses were going begging for buyers, top prices are the rule today. Houses in the newer subdivisions are selling briskly at an appreciation of at least two thousand dollars over original cost.

The older parts of town are being eyed by increasing numbers of subdivision dwellers. Jured by the trees, the varying architectural styles and the "settled in" appearance which only time can create on a street.

Building lots, particularly in the park district, are briskly sought. For an example, a town-owned lot near the hospital for which council was offered \$1300 earlier this year, sold recently for \$2200 and since then other lots which have gone begging for years, are being snapped up at similar prices.

Rents for apartments have spiralled by the same law of supply and demand, and there is a present scarcity of such accommodation, particularly any designed for the

average man's pocketbook. At present the Accommodation Wanted column of the Herald is at a record, as families moving to town find rentals almost impossible to obtain.

The boom has created a few odd situations. Some owners have sold their homes, unable to resist the healthy profit which accrues, only to find they are stuck to find rented quarters, and faced with an equal appreciation on any house they wish to buy.

While it is tough on those looking, the situation is a healthy one for Georgetown's economic climate. Gone are the pessimistic observations that the town is stagnating, unprogressive and dead. One can almost sense progress in the air. Factory additions and new buildings are underway. A number of new houses are being built. New commercial buildings are being planned for the downtown business district. New professional men are locating here.

It seems that Georgetown is coming into its own after a quiet period which followed the expansion of the mid-fifties.

### Visitors' Guest Book....

From time to time Georgetown has distinguished visitors and while a permanent record may be noted in a Herald news item, there is no municipal acknowledgement of their visit.

We would like to see an official guest book kept at the municipal office, where celebrities could sign. The custom is quite common in the larger centres, where it is sometimes combined with presentation of a "key to the city" by the mayor. While this would not lend itself so well here, an idea could be to present a visitor with a small sampling of Georgetown's products — a packet from Dominion Seed House, a small

taken from Smith & Stone, an industrial brochure, etc.

In our years in town we have had visits from Governor General Vincent Massey, Lieutenant Governor Earl Rowe, Prime Ministers Diefenbaker, Pearson, St. Laurent, football star Dick Shatto, hockey great Bob Goldham and other NHL stars, high officials of organizations like the Red Cross, Ontario and federal cabinet ministers, Halton wardens and mayors of neighbouring municipalities.

A guest register, which would have their signatures, and a short detail about the reason for their visit, would be an historical treasure as the years go by.

### Denominations Grow Closer....

Ecumenic, a word known only in the inner circles of the Christian church a few years ago, has become almost a household phrase today.

Christianity, for so many centuries known for its dissenting factions, is in a revolution of change. In Canada, Anglicans and United Church are talking seriously of union. Forms of worship in most Protestant churches are becoming more and more uniform.

And there is a marked relaxation in the vast difference in ritual, philosophy and belief between the Roman Catholic church and a majority of the Protestant denominations.

In Georgetown could one have imagined, even a few years ago, that a Roman Catholic rector would be guest speaker at a meeting of a ladies' group in a Protestant church? Would a group of Protestants join a conducted tour of the new R.C. church? And would one have believed that at a marriage between an R.C. and Protestant young couple, a Protestant clergyman would be

invited to participate in the service? All these things have happened here recently.

But more than this, there is a growing tolerance of religious differences, which in turn is dissolving these differences more rapidly than one would ever have dreamed.

There is still many miles separating churches. But we're in a jet age, and it is now possible to believe that the prodigal waste which has characterized Christianity may yet draw its churches into a more united front.

Is it any wonder that our efforts to spread the Christian gospel in other lands have met such slight success. How can people in foreign countries understand it when dozens of sects compete for their own brand of religious interpretation.

The ecumenical movement is gathering force. With give and take on both sides there is now a glimmer of future hope that after two thousand years, a uniform Christian philosophy, acceptable to all who profess this faith, may emerge.



"FUNNY, YOU CAN ALMOST SMELL IT OVER HERE"

## SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

### TRAGEDY: PART 1

We went through a 'beach village' last weekend, on our way to visit the grandparents. You know the sort of place: perhaps 83 year-round residents and once the weather warms, about 10,000 par-boiled foreigners every week end and all through July and August.

It's not my cup of tea, but such a resort has something. There's a carnival excitement for the teenager. And for family groups and the middle-aged, it means getting away from the city, yet not having to cope with the wild, frightening silence of the real country.

Sun and sand and sky at these places are magnificent. So are some of the bronzed, bikini-clad goddesses wriggling past the penny arcades and shooting galleries.

But it isn't those things that give the beach village its atmosphere. No, it's a compound of other things that make them fascinating.

There are the wonderful smells: hamburgers frying; stale beer, gasoline fumes, fish, faulty septic tanks.

There are the fresh-air sounds: eight thousand gulls, fighting over garbage; the squeal of tires and vroom of exhausts as the punks scatter kids like quail; the whine of power boats beheading swimmers.

And of course there are the sights. Here the pen falterers. Words alone cannot convey the impression of that pink, pot-bellied man in the purple sport shirt, that lavish lady whose slacks match exactly her orange hair.

Nor do the beach villages neglect the sense of touch. There is the stove-hot, sticky asphalt underfoot. There's the cool thrill of bare feet on some kid's dropped popsicle. There's the satisfying crunch underfoot of a half-eaten bag of potato chips.

I'm not knocking these places. They have their own charm, like soos. At any rate, there we were, heading for this beach village, which lies across our route to Granny's. And suddenly they started to hatter past us, in pairs, in threes, in gaggles of five or six: the motorcycle gang. There were at least three different ones, with such names as The Marauders across the backs of black leather jackets.

"Oops. Looks like a rough weekend at the beach," says I. My family was enthralled, just watching them fly by, black jackets, cowboy boots, dark glasses.

We stopped in the village to buy something. The invasion was on. They were everywhere. The storekeeper groaned when I mentioned it. "I sure hope they don't start nothin'."

We got a closer look. My wife was appalled. She'd never seen such a collection of females in her life. Greasy hair, dirty clothes and a built-in chip on the shoulder. I guess it's difficult to stay dainty on the back of a motorbike, but they did look like a jam of tarts from a Glasgow slum.

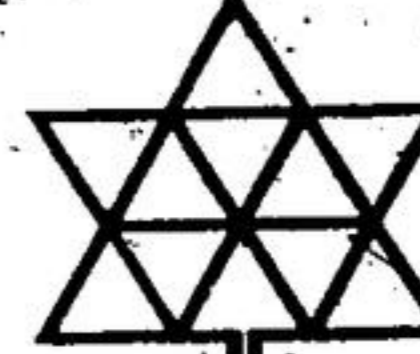
The men were equally interesting. You could tell them from the girls because they hadn't taken off their leather jackets to expose every inch of legal flesh.

They were obviously into the beer already, but they weren't relaxed; they were tense. They didn't walk; they swaggered. They didn't laugh; they sneered. Big, burly brutes, dirty, long-haired. I must admit they gave me a small, cold chill down the back.

Nothing happened. We were not beaten up or insulted. We drove off, glad we weren't staying there. Next day, I heard there'd been quite a rumble at that village.

On the way home, over the same route, we were wondering whether they had left. There didn't seem to be any sign of them. Then we turned a corner. There was a big crowd in the middle of the road. A policeman

## Centennial Report



1867 | 1967 by JOHN W. FISHER CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER

Every community big enough to have a weekly newspaper has one or more industrial or commercial plants.

With flags, special decorations and a spruce-up program these plants can go a long way to help give the town a gay atmosphere for the 1967 celebrations.

Such companies are going much beyond a plant beautification program. Take, for example, the Black Diamond Cheese Company at Belleville, Ontario. It has plans for lawn beautification, an inplant museum, an auditorium and a big community parade.

David Helliwell, editor of a national business magazine called Plant Administration published a special eight-page Centennial feature in his May issue on what factory management can do for 1967. There are many things that can be done without much expense. Helliwell and his editors suggest a clean-up war on ugliness and an in-plant project.

From a cross-Canada mail Plant Administration found management in general to be slow in planning to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday.

In an editorial which wraps up the situation, David Helliwell

waved us by. On the pavement were two bodies, covered with blankets. But you could see the cowboy boots sticking out. A greasy-haired girl crouched, striking the face of one of the young men lying there.

I don't know whether they were dead. I don't think so, because nobody seemed hysterical, and the cops were calm, even indifferent.

It was rather like watching the last scene of a tragedy, when you'd seen only Act I and then had to leave.

well writes: "What's needed now is action, not talk. If communities across the country are celebrating Centennial (and most are), industrial plants will look pretty silly not joining in the fun and games."

"And you know that's not likely to happen. Community pressure is very strong. You can almost see the pressure groups being ushered into the president's office at the eleven-thirty hour. Why wait for a last-minute mishap? Wouldn't it be better to take the initiative, decide now what you're going to do? That way you'll have much more control over plans and costs."

"What to do? There are dozens of ways... While it's fine to buy a new flagpole or flower bed, a project that gets employees into the act is obviously much better. They'll feel more a part of the celebrations if they're involved."

"For example, if you decide on a miniature golf course don't just buy one. Donate the land for \$1 a year let the employees construct the course and run it."

"The main point is to stop procrastinating. Time's running short. 1967 is only seven months away."

Well, my thanks go out to Plant Administration editors for their clarion call. Their comments are representative of a new spirit I've noticed in recent weeks. Other editors and other Canadians are becoming more enthusiastic about 1967. The apathy and the negative attitudes are disappearing. Even the critics are sounding positive and constructive these days.

The spirit of 1967 is growing fast.

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## HARLEY TO HALTON

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



THE PAST WEEK in the House of Commons has again been a good one. To me the Parliament of Canada is now behaving as the people of Canada would wish and have every right to expect their elected representatives to act in the House of Commons. There is no party politics. At the present time there is good debate, with strong differences of opinion, well expressed, but conducted in an honest and straightforward way. This is the way I expect Parliament to function — a place for honest clear debate, based on honest, intelligent opinion and differences of opinion clearly expressed as an expression of differing political conviction.

SOME OF THE budget resolutions and changes in the Technical and Vocational Training Act have passed. Work has begun

and is in various stages of progress on other matters such as the National Arts Centre, the Company of Young Canadians, the Student Loans Act, the Bank of Canada Act and the Bankruptcy Act. The debate on the Canada Assistance Plan has begun and this program will be back dated until 1st April, 1966. This will bring together all disabled pensions, blind pensions, and old age assistance pensions and in addition will share some administrative and social work costs with the Provincial Governments for the first time. It is through this plan that further financial assistance will be given to the senior citizens who are in need.

THE HEALTH RESOURCES Fund has passed reauthorization. This provides \$200 million over the next 15 years for Federal Government assistance

training facilities and for medical and related personnel. I had the pleasure of taking part in this debate, most of which consisted of some question by the Opposition as to whether this money would be sufficient. As this is a program shared by the Provincial Governments the fund we are talking about is in reality one billion dollars over the next 15 years.

### SMILE!

"Why that looks like a picture of a cowboy walking into a saloon," said the horrified Sunday school teacher.

"It is," said her pupil. "But it's alright. He's not going to drink anything. He's just going to shoot a guy."

## NEWS ECHOES

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

### 10 YEARS AGO

The Save The Trees campaign by residents of Main St. N. met with some success at council meeting Monday when they were promised that every consideration would be given before five large maples are toppled in a sidewalk straightening program. A petition was received, signed by 25 residents.

A new doctor joins the local medical fraternity on July 1 when Dr. C. Alan Thompson becomes associated with Dr. C. V. Williams in his medical practice at 34 Main St. S. Born in Penstang, he has spent most of his life in Hamilton where he attended Wycliffe Collegiate. He is a BA graduate of the University of Western Ontario, London, and a member of the 1954 graduating class of the university graduating class.

### 20 YEARS AGO

One Tuesday evening June 20th the members of the Local Council of Women met at the home of Mrs. F. Nodwell to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the organization in this town. It was in 1921 that Mrs. Parsons of the Local Council of Women, Toronto, spoke to a number of ladies in the auditorium of the library on the aims of a Council and suggested that a local council should be formed. An executive was elected and included: president Miss Gertrude Dayfoot, vice president Mrs. H. W. Kennedy and Miss A. Bradley, corresponding secretary Mrs. M. E. Currie, recording secretary Miss Annie Ryan, treasurer Mrs. W. R. Mimms.