

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

New Street Names

Suggestion that the main highway through town be renamed from its present Guelph Street is a good one. And the idea of a naming competition, as one councillor proposed last week, is the best way to hit on a proper name for one of the town's main thoroughfares.

Of equal importance, if council is to proceed with this, would be to rename a couple of other town streets which cause confusion to the public, and are particularly trying to groups like the fire department and ambulance service.

We refer to Victoria St. and Victoria Ave., Delrex Blvd North and South, and the long thoroughfare which starts out as Young St., becomes Mill, Water and John, in turn, and then turns into John St. East after a block's jog through the railway culvert, as McNabb St.

There is always the danger that in the excitement of an emergency, valuable minutes can be lost by heading to the wrong

street, when a simple name change would overcome this possibility.

One important factor in renaming any streets is to try to tie this in with some of Georgetown's history. Looking back we can think of River Drive, a most ordinary name which could have been called Old Mill Road to perpetuate one of Georgetown's earliest industries, the old 'lower mill.'

Victoria Crescent, created on land which had been in the Dayfoot name for generations, could equally well have been called Dayfoot Drive.

Shelley, Keats and Byron streets could better have been named for some of Georgetown's outstanding citizens of past and present. Mary and Henry Sts. have no local connotation and contribute nothing to the town's future history.

Perhaps the Guelph St. idea might lead to a complete survey of the town's street names, retaining those based on local or world history, and renaming those which have none.

Keep Museum Where It Is

Attempts by Halton Conservation Authority to move the county museum at Kelso have so far met with no success. Let's hope that this foolish idea will continue to be blocked by county council, the museum board and residents of the county in general.

There is no more suitable location for a museum than the present one.

As one who is interested, and has visited many of our Ontario museums we can say without fear of successful contradiction that the setting, in an old barn, with the natural beauty of the escarpment as a frame, is superior to any we have seen. A move to any other building would reduce the interest of the exhibits themselves as well as

removing the fine combination of sightseeing and outdoor picnicking now available at Kelso.

A main reason the conservationists would make the move is that they do not agree that a museum and a recreation area go together.

Nothing could be further from the facts.

What better family excursion than a trip to view some of the county's past, followed by a swim in the Kelso pool and a picnic supper in one of nature's most superior settings?

Let's fight tooth and nail to keep Halton's museum where it is. In years to come it will be one of the county's most valuable assets.

Need Traffic Light

A traffic light at the dangerous Maple Avenue highway intersection is long overdue. Every day's delay increases the chance of a fatality at a corner where several motorists have already come to grief and where the incidence of both personal and property damage is reaching alarming proportions.

So far a majority of accidents have occurred when highway motorists have collided with one or other of the traffic island warning flashers.

Equal danger exists, particularly at

times when highway traffic is at a maximum that some intrepid motorist will venture out onto the highway from Maple, become panicky and cause a highway motorist to swerve. Because of the width of the highway, it has become even more dangerous than the John Street intersection where traffic lights were finally installed over objections of the Dept. of Highways.

Council should immediately ask a traffic survey at the corner and press for fast correction of a situation which can only lead to more and more grief in future.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Faith Shaken, Thought Writer Dedicated Citizen

97 Sargent Road,
April 10th, 1967

Dear Sir:

It is with distress and repugnance, I read Mr. Warren's letter in last week's Herald.

Through contact with him through the 'Georgetown Civic Group,' I had developed an impression of a man on our political scene, who was solely dedicated to the improvement of our town, a man firmly believing in our democratic process of government and a man who would be an asset to the progress of our town.

Even though he has the misfortune of appearing to be a supporter of an opposite political party to one I have every confidence in, I for one have nothing but compassion for one so unfortunate.

I realize now that the image he had created in my mind was nothing but a mirage which has suddenly evaporated caused by his letter of innuendos and insinuations.

In his first paragraph he has shown ignorance by not knowing the meaning of the word 'image.'

Also written between the lines he has endeavored to show his entitled for contempt for a political party other than his own. History has proved the insubstantiality of a country with only one party.

Further in his letter he has made the insinuation that the group of three he named have implied that the people on council do not deserve the increase I can only assume that we were only writing and expressing the thoughts of many Georgetown citizens of the undemocratic, selfish and ill planned passing of this bylaw.

There was little thought given to the feelings of the people, less than one eighth of their term has lapsed, and with no budget prepared for this year.

I believe that in our fast-growing progressive town a competent man or woman on council is priceless.

I close saddened by the inadequacy of being unable to get thoughts across to one who had such promise to the progress of our town.

Sincerely

—ALBERT PORTER,
Secretary, N.D.P.
Georgetown Area Group

DID YOU KNOW?

About 20,000 years ago, a meteor weighing several thousands tons and travelling at 36,000 miles per hour crashed obliquely on the face of what is now Saskatchewan. It ploughed out an asteroide 8 1/2 miles across near Deep Bay, and it is the world's biggest meteor crater.



CRACKS IN THE (CATER) DIE

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

I'd Rather Eat Spam

One of the great, bruising stresses of modern society, to which sociologists pay little attention was imposed on me this week. I traded my car for a new one.

This psychological crisis comes to all of us, every two or three years. It bears looking at, as a manifestation of the tremendous pressures we have to cope with and our grandfathers didn't.

What a snap they had! They went to a reputable horse-dealer and bought a horse. No sweat. They didn't even have to make the agonizing decision of whether to buy a brand new one or a late model used. There was no such thing as a new horse.

What's more, they enjoyed it. There was some good-natured dickering which usually ended with both parties thinking they had got the better of the deal. Grampa chuckled as he drove his lively gelding home, thinking of how much trade-in allowance he'd received for Old Min, the mare, who hadn't much mileage in her. And the dealer chuckled as he thought of the gelding steadily going blind, and the fact that the preacher, who knew nothing about horses, was looking for a quiet mare like Old Min.

My point is that it was not the wrenching, exhausting thing that a modern car deal is. The average layman then knew whether a horse was sound. He took a look at the teeth, felt the beast here and there, hitched it up for a trial spin, and made his c.a.l.

There was only so much that could be wrong with a horse. He could be blind, or spavined, or wind-broken. But he didn't rust, there was no chance of his brakes grabbing, his transmission was automatically automatic, and he didn't cost \$1500 a year for life.

And that's one of the reasons I buy a car exactly the way Grampa used to buy a horse. I look at its teeth. That is, I lift hood to make sure there's a motor, and open trunk to make sure there's a spare. I don't feel the beast here and there, but I kick the tires and give the doors a good slam or two. I take it for a little trial spin. And if nothing falls off, and the color suits my wife, I deal.

There are different types of car buyers, of course. There's the kid who makes \$60 a week. He walks up to the red convertible with 80 yards of chrome, buckets seats and dazzling wheel discs, points to it and says — "Gimme dat one." Cheefully, he signs the indenture papers, which will enslave him for four years, and departs the lot with a squeal of tires. Where else can he find power and sex appeal for a lousy \$80 a month?

And there's the born horse-trader, who deals for the sheer joy of it. He spends most of his spare time in car dealers' lots, badgering the salesmen, disparaging the merchandise and quoting the terrific deal that Honest John down the street has offered him. He seldom has a car more than six months, and is deluded into thinking that his lot is improving with every trade.

But for the average layman

today, buying a car is an excruciating ordeal. He suspects the dealer. He fears ridicule from his friends, all of whom have made excellent deals lately. He dreads the interview with the bank manager. He trails from one car lot to another, trying to find a Buick for the price of a Volkswagen. And the upholstery must match all his wife's clothes.

Not me. Not no more. Life's too short. Yesterday, I bought in 20 minutes. Let my wife drive it home. Oh, there were one or two little things. It stalled, and we discovered the battery cable was loose. The light in the ceiling wouldn't go out, and I had to phone the dealer to find out where the switch was. One of the doors won't close. And there was a delightful bit of family excitement when my wife pushed the window washer button, it stuck, and soapy water gushed over the windshield for five minutes with more suds than a detergent commercial.

But it'll all work out. Three years from now, it'll be just another rust bucket, almost paid for. And I have probably added a year to my life by buying like Grampa. Try it yourself.

IT HAPPENED IN CANADA

● John Guy of Bristol brought settlers to Cupids, Newfoundland, in 1610. It was here that a record was made of the first white child born in North America.

● U.S. publishers and reviewers rejected Mark Twain's famous novel Huckleberry Finn outright and it was only after it had been published in Canada that it was fully accepted in the U.S.

● The command 'mush' given to sled dog teams in the Canadian north comes from the French 'marchons.'

● Alex McConnell, northern Ontario lumberjack, manhandled a full grown moose into a CPR boxcar after he had run it down in a 25 mile chase.



HARLEY TO HALTON

Weekly Observations by
Dr. Harry Harley,
M.P. for Halton

THE REPORT OF the Special Committee on Drug Costs and Prices was Tabled in the House of Commons on 3rd April, 1967. I thought my constituents would be interested to know the conclusions of this Committee, and in this week's column I will deal with the conclusions of the Drug Committee which are as follows:

(1) That the price of drugs in Canada is at least higher than it need be;

(2) That no significant change has taken place in the drug-cost structure since the recommendations of the Hall Commission which were primarily based on the recommendations of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission.

(3) That there exists no single method nor simple approach which can be taken to reduce the price of drugs to the consumer, and it is therefore necessary to present a series of recommendations to affect this purpose;

(4) That since Canadians are paying a significant portion of the cost of international pharmaceutical research... more of this research should be done in Canada by the pharmaceutical industry;

(5) That the medical profession is responsible for the prescribing of most drugs, and for these Committee recommendations to be fully effective, the medical profession must be fully assured of the safety of all drugs by the Food and Drug Directorate;

(6) That the implementation of the recommendations could lessen marketing and promotional expenses and reduce excessive profits;

(7) That the implementation of the recommendations could also in some respects the form of the drug industry as it exists today, removing inefficiencies in the industry and increasing competition;

(8) That in anticipation of national and provincial welfare programmes or the further development of other forms of health services, it is of paramount importance that legislation be introduced at the earliest practical date to implement the recommendations of this Committee.

IN MY NEXT column I will deal with the Recommendations to Parliament of this Committee.

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G A L T

THIS SPACE

FOR SALE

ONCE WE HAD A LAKE

THIS WAS TYPICAL SUNDAY SCENE AT WILBER PARK LAKE, Georgetown's beauty spot in the early 1900s. The dam on which the people are walking was located near the west end of Water Street and canoeists who launched their crafts from this point could take their favourite Misses' on quite a trip. The lake spread out on both sides of Guelph St. filling the low-lying property between Queen and John Sts. Note the Georgetown high school on the hill at left.