

Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1967

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Why Not Every Year?

Watching the colourful centennial fall fair parade on Saturday, started us thinking — why not an annual event?

And going farther, we wondered if the Lions Club might not be wise to consider a shift from the Christmas parade and take over this as their annual event.

It seems that almost every year the Santa Claus parade falls on the coldest, windiest, dreariest day of winter. The people who work so hard to create attractive floats often find their handiwork buffeted by wind, drenched by rain, while the float participants shiver in the wintry blasts. Parade watchers are equally cold as they wait for the show to pass by.

Saturday was so different. Although the parade was somewhat late in starting on its route, no one minded waiting on a crisp, sunny autumn day. The floats were attractive and those parading looked as if they were really enjoying it.

We don't want the Lions Club to think that we are knocking their show. Far from it. We had our stint, too, at selling tickets while our hands slowly froze, and in waiting with our youngsters in the long queue receiving their candies from Santa.

We do believe that, while the Santa parade, born in the depression years, is a real event for kiddies in those days, it has become somewhat superfluous in today's affluent society. Most children receive far too many gifts in their own homes, club, lodges, unions all have Christmas parties and there are few children who relish the Lions affair the way their fathers did.

A fall fair parade would allow the Lions to use their ticket sale money for some of their other public service activities and save the considerable cost of candy. But more important, we think it would be appreciated more by both public and participants, while also giving the fair some publicity.

Unfortunate Phrasing

Premier Robarts may think he has stumbled on a good election plank with his coining of the phrase 'Franco-Ontarians' but it doesn't sit well with us.

We listened to a television speech in which he spoke of the difficulties encountered by Ontario residents of French ancestry in an English speaking province, lamented the school dropouts because of this, and told how his government is planning a whole system of secondary education in the French language to compensate for this.

What is he trying to do?

It is not enough that Canada is being ripped apart by generations of pussyfooting politicians who have never faced the problem and presented any solutions.

Are we in Ontario now to get into this 'biculture' type of thinking which, in the long run, only aggravates the plight of a

small number of residents who have not mastered the English language.

Are the large number of Essex county residents with French backgrounds to suddenly be deluged with the idea that they are different than the rest of us whose ancestors came from Britain, Germany, Poland, or Italy.

Well meaning as Mr. Robarts may be, we wonder if he has assessed the results of his plans. And is it really going to get him the votes he expects?

Surely the majority of Ontarians do not want to think of themselves as English, French or what-have-you residents, but as Canadians. Nor do we want to be saddled with an unnecessary, expensive system of dual education. He might better lend his efforts to a better system of education which would give our residents a speaking knowledge of the French language as a valuable cultural attainment.

A Wonderful Fair

Seldom has weather and attractions combined so beautifully as on Saturday for the annual Georgetown fall fair.

From opening to close it was a delight to the huge crowds.

The hall exhibits were tasteful and well displayed. Centre field of the race track was thronged with livestock displays and commercial exhibits. The midway was of a much higher calibre than some years.

Women, and a few men in centennial dress, mingled with the crowds and lent the proper centennial year touch. The par-

ade was an appealing extra. Some beards were in evidence to give another centennial air.

Antique displays in various parts of the exhibit hall were attractive and created much interest.

Refreshment booths were extremely well patronized. The Youth-in car smash added a new feature. And, in general, there was an air of happiness and gaiety which must have warmed the hearts of all the hard working men and women who pour their energies each year into creating this fine event.

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

The Sweetheart of . . .

Some people take a beating turned to a classmate and said, and skulk away to lick their. That's it I can't take any more wounds. Not me. Like Dief, I walked out, and hasn't been believe that. "When the going back since gets tough, the tough get going"

Just to digress for a moment and other southern climates, didn't you admire the (during which he lived on an old leader's courage during (grass for a three-day stretch) that convention? Though, he came home for a while, was caught in a web of his own creation, he had enough guts to die fighting, politically, a job. A month later we had a rather than find for himself a card from Cape Cod, where he soft spot to land on his last flight. And the mixed metaphor spotters can go to work on that one.

Back to business. You can't say I'm not game. Two years ago, I launched one member of the family into a university career. He went into orbit, tottered around in the stratosphere, ran out of fuel, flamed, and sank, though not without a trace.

That was son Hugh. He did pretty well in high school. Scraped through first year college. Changed courses in second year. Lasted till late November. One day, after listening to a particularly putrid lecture — and you have no idea how numerous they are — he

anniversary the other day. Or, rather, the day after the other day, because we both forgot. And don't think that won't cost me. You'd think that, like most women, she'd be quite content to keep my nose to the grindstone and enjoy life.

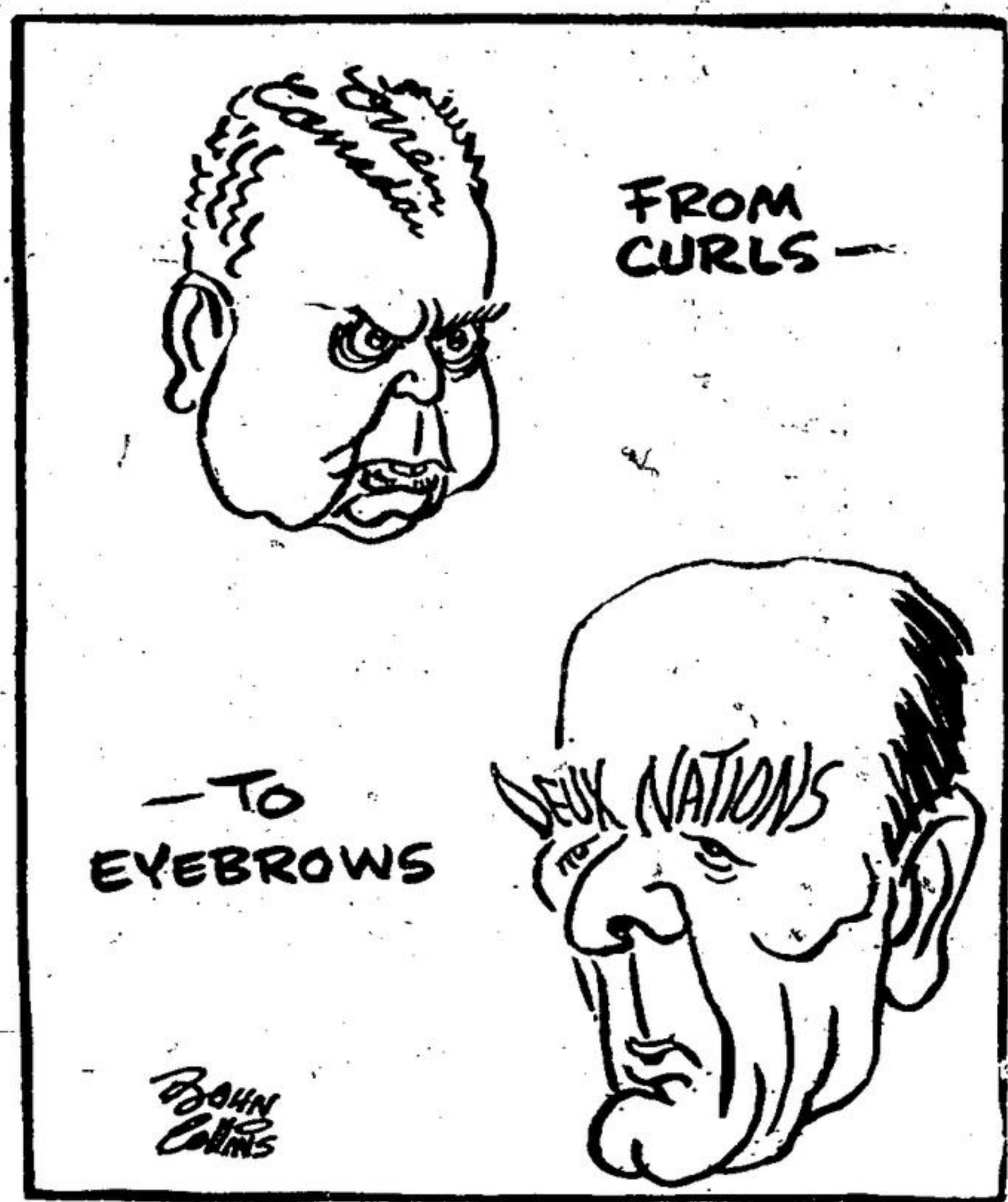
The answers are several. First, she's one of those exasperating people who like to finish something they've begun, even if it's two decades later. Ridiculous, but that's the way she is.

So why didn't she finish her course in the first place? Well, to put it in the vernacular, she got a bun in the oven. The bun turned out to be our first born. She struggled bravely to carry on at lectures, but decided that the bun, (now spelled bum), was more important than the Romantic Poets and the Modern Novel.

Secondly, the idea has been percolating for several years. She has too much intellectual curiosity to sink into the familiar morass of teas and bridge and curling and gold and gossip.

Thirdly, the kids are out of the shell. The son is a young rooster, the daughter a healthy chick. The days of diapers, bottles, Hallowe'en costumes and helping with homework are over.

And fourth, there's the economic factor. She had listened to me groan and crunch out of bed in the morning. She has taken a long hard look at the bags under my eyes, the bulge under my belt. She has heard me hacking in the morning.



THE NEW PC IMAGE

whooping after one flight of stairs. It's good insurance that will get you a job when Midas kicks the can.

She doesn't know it, but the minute she graduates, I retire. So it's Josephine College, off to lectures full of ideals and worries about the mess she'll come home to every weekend.

There are only a few things that trouble me a trifle. I hope she isn't arrested in one of those student demonstrations. I hope she doesn't fall in love with a freshman. And I hope I can run that blasted washing-machine.

MAIL BAG

Letters to the editor are accepted for publication provided the writer appends his name and address and the content is free of libel, personal insult or other impropriety.

Writers should attempt to deal with a subject of public interest and have their letters in the Herald office by Monday for the same week's edition.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Subway Traffic Lights Young Man's Suggestion

20 John Street E.
Georgetown, Ontario

Dears Sirs:
The traffic problem at the John Street subway under the CNK tracks is getting worse, especially during the rush hours. This problem could be corrected by installing traffic signal lights the same as was installed at the Maple Ave. E. bridge.

The lights seem to be successfully controlling the traffic there and I feel that they would do an excellent job at the subway.

If the lights were installed in the correct places there is no reason why the system would not work. On the south side of the subway for instance they should be installed at the first bend in the road so that waiting traffic would not have to rub and have their letters in the Herald office by Monday for the same week's edition.

They could also be program-

med to allow time for the pedestrians to cross safely from one side to the other without being crowded against the wall.

I am hoping that something will be done about this place and that traffic signals might be the answer to the problem.

Yours truly,

Richard Forster, Jr.

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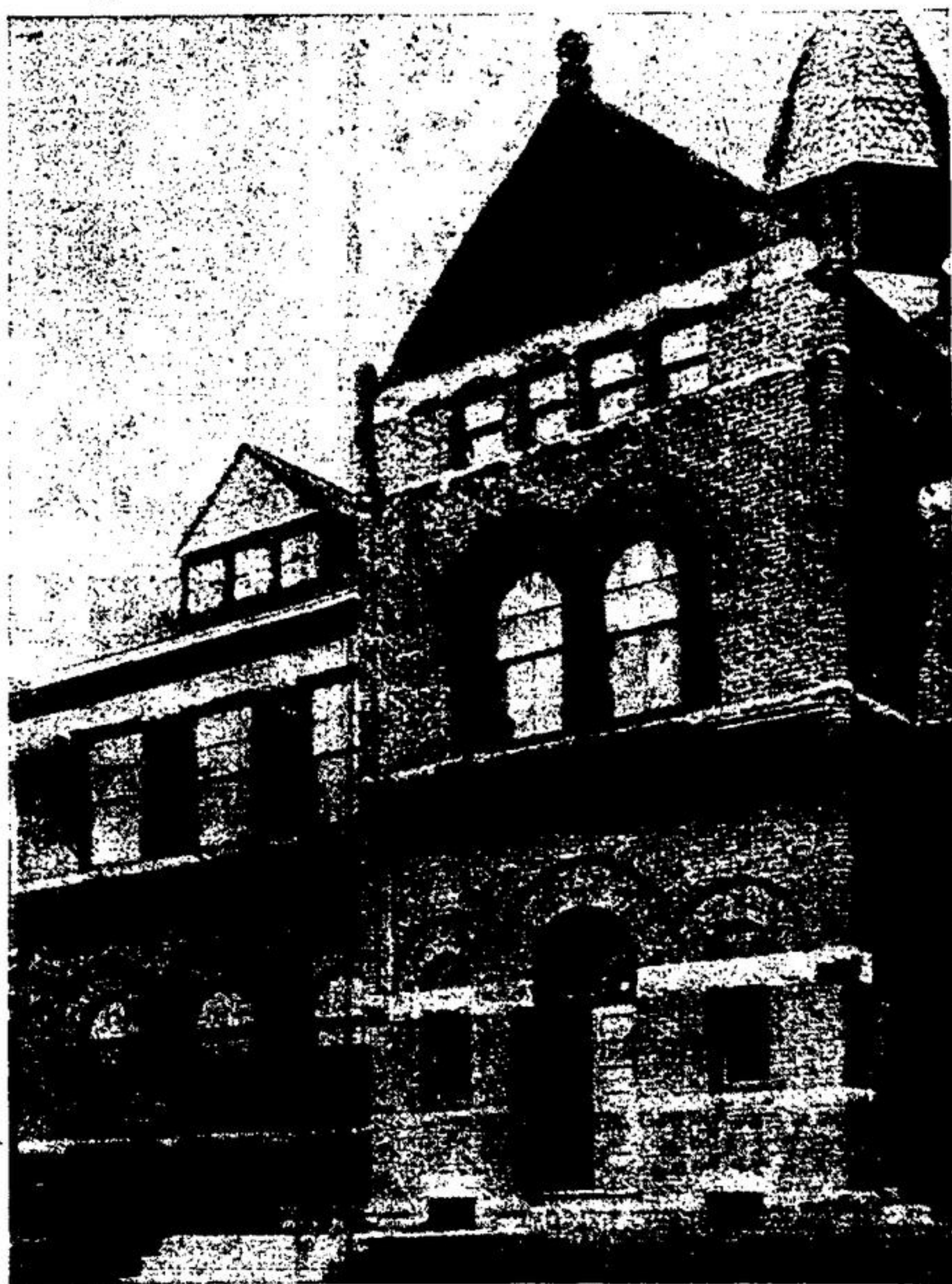
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Turning Back Time



GEORGETOWN'S HIGH SCHOOL FOR 80 YEARS

THIS WAS ALMA MATER TO GEORGETOWN high schoolers from 1887 until five years ago when the last trace of it disappeared, erased to make way for new wing that converted Georgetown District High School to a composite school. The three storey building, which occupied that part of the high school property on which the north-east corner of the present building now sits, started sprouting additions in 1954, now, five additions later, the original school is only preserved in memories or on post cards like this one submitted to the Herald's Turning Back Time series.

NEWS ECHOES

From the Heralds of 10 and 20 Years Ago

1957

● Another new store opened in Georgetown this week, Holmes 5c and \$2.00 Store. The large variety store is located in the premises formerly occupied by Western Tire. Mr. Howard Holmes, who left the S. S. Kresge firm to start his own business is proprietor.

● A one cent increase in the price of milk per quart in Georgetown came into effect Wednesday. The increase brings the price of a quart of milk to 23 cents.

● The Georgetown police have formed the town police association in affiliation with the Halton county police Association. Cst. Nelson Trafford is president, Cst. Harley Lowe vice president, Cst. Ted Scott treasurer, and Cpl. Jim Bilsborrow treasurer.

● A huge shopping mart which would be one of the largest in Canada is being promoted for a Georgetown location by the Toronto Realty firm of A. E. LePage. News of the 42 acre project which would locate in the Delrex section of town fronting on No. 7 Highway was released this week by W. J. White of the LePage company.

1947

● Georgetown public school retained the inter-school field day championship against Acton and Milton this week. Georgetown winners in Sr. girls, Mabel Shepherd, Joan Dobbie, Miriam Grace, and Ruth McNally, Sr. boys, John De Beaulieu, Laurence Rayner, Joe Louth, and Doug Hill. Intermediate girls: Elizabeth Ireland, Betty Bouskill. Intermediate boys: Ross McGill, Donald Cleave and Don White.

● Mrs. Jack McGibbon of Georgetown won a Rogers Majestic radio on the Mother Parker's radio program last Saturday night. She was phoned during the program and she correctly identified the tune being played on the air.

● Operating Schultz Electrical Construction, Mr. Fred Schultz has moved here from Mimico to open a business. Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, Joan and Gloria moved into their new home Saturday which they purchased from Art Booth.

● Silver's Department Store will soon be double in size with work almost completed on an addition at the north side of the store.

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PHEASANT SEASON

Pheasant hunting season in Halton and Wellington counties runs from October 18 to November 11 this year. Pheasant hunting is permitted between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. and the bag limit is three per day, only one of which can be a hen.

Partridge season is from September 30 to December 15 and the bag limit is five per day.

MONUMENTS

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