

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### No Cause to Be Lonely

Hats off to a pair of enterprising new residents of the Moore Park subdivision.

Realizing that small towns can be lonely places for newcomers, they have started the Teapot Club, with plans for dances, card parties, sleigh rides — something to get people together for a bit of fun and socializing.

And it's true that the very nature of a town our size tends to isolate a new person somewhat until he integrates himself into community life through church, service club, lodge or welfare organization.

The reason, of course, is that we live much closer than do those in a city. After a few years, people tend to form into somewhat tight little social circles. It isn't that they want to be exclusive that newcomers aren't invited to join a group. It's more because of the physical limitations of an overwidening circle of friends, for there are only so many nights in a week, only so many parties one can attend.

Loneliness, of course, can happen whether the community be large or small, and it is up to the individual to deal with it

himself. The Teapot Club will certainly fill its function in getting people together socially, and from it will come the community integration which, finally, will mean the end of the club itself, for it will outgrow its usefulness.

Meanwhile, we advise newcomers not to sit back and wait to be asked, for there are dozens of dozens of groups waiting to extend the hand of friendship.

It shouldn't be necessary for churches to make surveys, visit new residents. Every church has an open door. The YM-YWCA, groups like the Cancer Society, Red Cross, hockey and baseball associations will welcome you with open arms. We have Cubs and Scouts, guides and brownies always in need of more leaders. Rotary, Lions Club, Kinsmen, IOOE, Women's Institute have plenty of room for new members. An active Legion is there for veterans and their wives. And there is such diversity as an Anglers and Hunters club, duplicated bridge club, lawn and indoor bowling leagues, golf and curling, revolver club, to mention only a fraction of things to do where you will meet people.

### Time to Call a Halt

Reckless expenditures by our senior governments makes one wonder sometimes if we wouldn't be better to separate into small city states like the ancient Greeks, where administrators could be more like our local civic government — men who know the problems at hand, who are conscious of the fact that the taxpayer hasn't an unlimited pocketbook, and who on the whole do an excellent job of providing the best possible value for the least possible tax take.

Not so in Ottawa, according to an article in a week-end newspaper about Ottawa's new cultural centre. Originally estimated to cost four and a half million dollars, this has skyrocketed to over five times that figure, and the reporter indicated that costs would still mount substantially before the building complex is completed.

Add to this the problem of securing sustaining audiences to fill an O'Keefe type structure in a city of only 300,000, and one wonders how much thought went into the initial planning.

### Letters Always Welcome

For the last few months, The Herald mail bag has been a growing feature and one which readers are enjoying.

We hope as months go by, that more people will take advantage of stating their views in print, in the public forum of the district newspaper.

Our requirements are simple. The writer must agree to have his name and address appear with the letter. Unlike the daily press, we take the view that as editor we hide behind no pseudonym, so

we expect other residents to have the courage of their convictions in getting across their viewpoint.

And we reserve the right to edit or omit altogether, a letter which we consider libelous or unduly offensive.

By this we do not mean that we censor anything controversial. On the contrary, just as we deal editorially with facets of community life which we believe can be improved, to it is a reader's right to constructively criticize.

These thoughts run through our mind each time we see a National Film Board presentation. Last week in Brampton, there was a well filmed travelogue on Ethiopia, of all places, and noting the lengthy credit list of NFB staff, we wondered what it cost to send all these people abroad for the movie. Yet here it was, unadvertised and unheralded, seen only by those who were attending the theatre to see a certain movie.

Then we have the costly television productions, which in a season run into millions of dollars for viewing on a subsidized network already taking untold millions of our dollars to maintain.

Isn't it time to call a halt, to balance our budget and do away with some of the frills which our politicians dream up, while apparently ignoring a mounting national debt which can eventually destroy our whole economy? Companies and individuals have gone bankrupt because of grandiose schemes and ignorance of business basics. Is government any different?



### DISTRICT NEWS AT A GLANCE

**MILTON**  
The Ontario Municipal Board has set Thursday, March 21st for the hearing of a motion for directions on Milton's long-standing annexation application. The original application would take 2,100 acres from Oakville and 580 acres from Esquew Township.

**ROCKWOOD**  
A case of rabies has been confirmed in the Rockwood area following testing of a skunk killed on the farm of Harvey Bayne, R. R. 4, Rockwood. It was discovered in a pen with seven pigs.

**ACTON**  
Rumours circulating in Acton that Micro Plastics division of Building Products Limited were contemplating a move to Montreal were vigorously denied by plant officials. Manufacturing manager John Arnold said 15 men were laid off but they could return to work as soon as market conditions change.

**OAKVILLE**  
A \$1,330,000 budget for capital works over the next five years has been prepared for submission to Oakville council by that town's recreation committee. It includes a second indoor-outdoor swimming pool at a cost of \$500,000 for 1969.

**ERIN**  
Building permits in total value of \$8,787,884 were recorded in Wellington county in 1967 according to Gilbert MacEachern, construction safety inspector. Erin village's total was \$249,864.

**HUTTONVILLE**  
Huttonville's River Road residents are keeping their fingers crossed that flood waters still threatening the area won't rise with melting ice. Culverts

carrying water to the dam were frozen turning one road into a river.

because we are in a minority position.

THE CONSTITUTION Conference has ended and all parties seem to be in agreement that it was a success. It has granted linguistic rights to those of the French language outside of Quebec, equal to those of English Canadians inside of Quebec, right across Canada.

THE HOUSE OF Commons is now expected to debate the amendments to the Income and Excise Tax Acts which are the last Budget proposals to be brought in by the Minister of Finance.

IT IS LIKELY that in the very near future, the Bills introduced in the senate concerning LSD and Birth Control will be brought up for debate in the House of Commons and will probably pass without incident.

**WORD OF THE WEEK**  
ARISTEIOUS: moderate and sparing in use of food and drink; temperate.  
Next Week's Word: Abstruse

THE BILL on the Broadcasting Act has finally passed the House of Commons during third reading. Ralph Cowan attempted to send the Bill back to Committee for further study on one particular clause. Without the aid of some of the Members of the New Democratic Party who voted with the Government not to do this, the Government would have been defeated. As there was a suggestion to refer the Bill back to the Committee for study, the defeat of the Government on this amendment would probably not have precipitated a general election but it would have caused acute embarrassment to the Government. It is a reminder that at any time the Opposition Parties in full force decide to vote against the Government that the Government can be defeated.

### NEWS ECHOES

From the Herald's of 10 and 20 Years Ago

**1948**  
● Ed Hall of 16 Margaret Street was elected to his second term as chief of the Georgetown Volunteer Ambulance Service, Thursday, when the brigade met in Wrigglesworth school.

● Classes at Harrison public school have been put on a staggered basis because of overcrowding there. Every grade has been placed on the half day schedule.

● Council in a 6-3 vote on Monday turned down a Delrex Development request to release additional land for erection of 500 houses. Council on Monday reviewed a report from auditor H. A. Lever which gave the opinion that there would be a \$5,000 yearly tax deficit.

**1938**  
● A Georgetown historical landmark will disappear this summer when the old high school is demolished to make way for a new 12 room wing.

● Arthur 'Scotty' Johansson, 54, an employee of Provincial Paper Coating mill was instantly killed in an accident last Saturday morning at the CNR crossing near the station. He was a passenger in a company truck, which was struck by the Toronto-bound Chicago - Toronto flyer.

● A business change occurred in Georgetown this week when the Pries Brothers of Walkerton purchased Kemhead's Bakery established in the new Mackenzie Building on Mill Street a year ago.

### DR. SMILEY'S REMEDY

By Bill Smiley

Well, the old 'flu bug, or something equally virulent, hit me on the weekend. This column comes to you via gobs of aspirin, hot toddies and sheer will power.

Sunday morning, I woke up feeling like a mackerel. Not just out of the sea, fresh and quivering. No. One of those that have been gutted, packaged, frozen and then cooked over a hot fire and re-frozen and de-cooked.

My wife had several theories, as usual. First, I had a hang-over, plain and simple. There's no such thing, but I reminded her that we'd spent the previous evening quietly watching television and fighting as usual. Proof positive came when she offered me a hair of the dog and I recoiled in horror.

Next, she decided I was going through the change of life, with those hot and cold flushes. I pointed out that my breasts hadn't grown, and that I wasn't growing any more hair on my head, face or legs, which have always been like an Alfrede's. She was discomfuted.

Finally, she proclaimed it was food poisoning, because Kim and I are always thawing fish and stuff and then refreezing it, for some reason. Obviously I'd had bad fish. "Turned out we'd had steak, all fresh."

Couldn't convince her that I might have the 'flu, which has been knocking people on their heels for weeks at a time around here, all winter. That's because I never get sick or rather, I'm half sick all the time but never take a day off.

When I do, about every three years, she panics and starts demanding to know where the insurance policies are. I never have a clue, so I just groan and say, "Lemme-see-which-which-increases her anxiety problems, which are already Grade A."

Whatever it was, I think back all my public and private utterances about people who've had the 'flu this winter. In public, "Pampering yourself. Take some whiskey and an aspirin." Or, to myself, "What a shaggy dog anything for a few days off work." I didn't have a headache. I wasn't sick at all. I didn't have a sore throat or the

stuffed or the sneezes. But I haven't felt like that since October, 1944, when five burly Germans set about me with fists, boots, and rifles butts, for some trifling crime which I can't even recall.

And I took the same escape this time that I did that time. I read. That time after they cooled off, the Germans brought me a couple of books.

But I lay there in a box-car, on a siding in the Utrecht station yard in Holland, and read Upton Sinclair. Since I was a dangerous criminal, my wrists were wired together, as were my ankles. There were no handcuffs. It took some physical manoeuvring, and I could see out of only one eye, but read. And the pain floated away.

About the third night, the Feldwebel in charge actually brought me a tin of poisonous coffee and we talked, in a garble of English, French, German. We had only the most rudimentary idea of what the other chap was talking about, but it backed me up. I think he felt better, too.

It was about the same last weekend. I read. I could read for only about ten minutes at a shot, without half fainting. But amidst the fever and the cups of coffee proffered by my personal, local Feldwebel, I read "The Last Enemy" by Richard Hillary and the new "And Now Here's Max" by Max Ferguson, by Max Ferguson, CBC and Free lance radio comedian.

Hillary was a young Englishman, Oxford, upper-class, egotistical, self-centred, who walked through his own suffering (he was shot down and terribly burned) man's inhumanity to man, the universality of suffering. It was his only book. He was killed later in a night-fighter. It took me back into a world of training and night flying and Spitfires that was like reliving an epoch.

Ferguson's book is consciously funny, but it is funny. And both writers are individuals who offer some hope to all the rest of us, who fear we are being ground between the upper and nether millstones of the twentieth century.

Get the 'flu. Read. Simple.

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ADMIRING THE NOBLE STEED WAS POPULAR PASTIME

ALL EYES ARE ON THE STALLION being shown off by a proud owner in front of the Hollywood Hotel at Norval around the turn of the century. The picture was loaned to The Herald for use in The Turning Back Time Series by George Greepward.

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