

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Desperate for Volunteers

Georgetown's 12 year old volunteer ambulance service is in trouble. But there is a simple solution — more volunteers.

The problem is not so much a drop in interest of those who have served many years as GVAS volunteers, though this is something which is bound to happen. It is rather that today the group serves a more than doubled population, which means more calls.

Statistics reveal this — 200 calls in its first year of operation, and over 500 in 1968.

Biggest stumbling block to maximum efficiency is the problem of daytime duty. At first this was not so important, Georgetown being a town with a more than usual number of shift workers, and it was possible to use men on the daytime roster when they were on night work.

Each year, the problem has intensified, and today of the 85 GVAS members only ten or so are able to be on call in the daytime. This puts a heavy load on the few, and the point could be reached where some of these will not want to shoulder the task forever.

There are many of the newer residents who, unless they have had need of the service may not be familiar with its operation. When a private ambulance in town was discontinued because it could not be operated profitably, the idea of a volunteer system was proposed, and with hard work and promotion by some interested men, GVAS came into being. It is reputedly the first such in Canada, and possibly on the North American continent, and has since been copied by many municipalities.

Volunteers get no remuneration, their pay being a yearly banquet, an odd social event, and the tremendous feeling of helping a fellowman with a lifesaving service.

So dedicated are some members that it costs them money — there are men who, while their firm does not dock them for a duty call, may lose a shift bonus by their absence.

GVAS has no limit on number of members and any man who wishes to join will get a warm welcome from the membership.

An advertisement in last week's Herald gave details of officials to contact for information about joining. We urge anyone who wishes to help this all-important public service to do so immediately.

Going to "Pot"

The Herald has an inflexible rule in publishing mail bag letters — they must carry name and address when they appear.

The reason is that we believe a person must have the courage to stand up for his convictions, just like the editor does in his column, particularly when the matter is controversial.

In Monday's mail we received a letter signed "Concerned."

And it has so concerned us that we have turned it over to municipal authorities, albeit it with not much hope of success.

The writer refers to a "drug situation" in Georgetown, claims that seven-eighths of the population between ages of 13 and 25 take drugs in some form, and says there are five or six drug parties every week-end. He (or she) then takes the police force to task for not raiding parties and municipal authorities for not providing more recreational facilities to keep young people occupied in more healthful pursuits.

We are not in agreement with the writer that our police spend most of their time giving traffic tickets and pay no attention to the things mentioned.

What he fails to realize is that policemen are not clairvoyant, nor can they operate in any but a legal way.

Raiding drug parties if such exist, is a tricky business in which police must be sure of their ground, have the proper authority and proceed in a legal manner.

If the writer has definite knowledge that such things are happening, then it is his moral duty to contact the police, tell them what he knows and let them proceed from there.

Policing, in such matters as this, is not merely a matter for a dozen paid men. They need information, leads, tips, to carefully assemble details and deal with such problems.

To use an illustration — if one sees a man throw a rock through a window, remove merchandise and make his exit, one can hardly say "Why don't the police catch him?"

It Didn't Work

Despite a plea from a Little Theatre official to fill the house for performances of "Private Lives" last week, the public paid little attention.

The people who say "There's nothing to do in Georgetown" are always noticeable by their absence. And they are the losers, for Georgetown boasts one of the finest dramatic groups in the province, offers an evening's entertainment at a reasonable price and deserve to play to standing room only.

Take last week's show.

One of Noel Coward's biggest hits (Laurence Olivier, Gertrude Lawrence, Tallulah Bankhead and Mr. Coward have ap-

peared in it), a London and Broadway success, and still a mirthful, fun-filled evening.

Add four of the Little Theatre's best actors, stage settings which would do credit to any professional show . . . and you should have people queued up waiting for tickets.

We're missing a good bet, for such as members of the Little Theatre enjoy their work, they need audiences to share their achievement and to provide funds to carry on.

It would be a sad day if, because of lack of interest, some day the theatre group disbanded. Then we could truly say "There's one less thing to do in Georgetown."

IN THE MAIL BAG

Varying Opinions on Bread Crumbs for Birds

R. R. 3, Stayner, Ontario.
To the editor:

I welcome this opportunity to write my home town newspaper and it is about an item I read about three weeks ago concerning the feeding of the birds. It went something like this — "In this cold winter weather birds of a feather starve together. Feed them, but not harmful bread crumbs."

We have a lot of birds in the bush behind our house and as you can guess I feed them bread crumbs.

This article stuck in my mind everytime I threw crumbs out to the birds so I phoned into the Collingwood Radio Station to a program called "Call For Help" to ask the listeners if any of them knew of any reason why bread crumbs would be harmful to the birds.

"Call For Help" is a program where the homemaker or listener can phone in for help on any household problem, can put on "wanted to buy, trade or sell items" or just a general discussion on any subject they would like the advice or view point of the listening audience. It is quite an interesting program. As a result of my phone call, feeding the birds became the topic of the hour long program and I heard many views on the subject, but the majority of the listeners said the crumbs were not harmful.

I thought I would write and ask you where you got this item from and if the source of this information could verify if bread crumbs are, and if so why harmful to the birds.

I might add, altho' we have left Georgetown, we still have an interest in "our home town" and enjoy reading the news

every week thru' The Herald.

Thanking you very much for any information you can give on this subject. I remain, Yours sincerely, Ethel Cuthbert.

Editor's Note:— The item Mrs. Cuthbert refers to was a filler item on the front page of the January 16 edition. Since it was written to fill a small space during the last stages of the page's composition there was no room to explain why bread crumbs were described as harmful to small birds in "winter." According to one of the many news letters from various wildlife organizations which arrive regularly with The Herald's mail, bread-crumbs, while handled easily by larger birds, swell up in the crops of smaller birds when they drink water and can block their gullets. Suffocation may be the result. The news letter recommended millet and other seed for bird feeders and pointed out that quite often the birds are more in need of water than food during the harsh winter months.



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JIM SNOW REPORTS

conditions, and discuss with him the plans for improvement of these facilities.

On January 21st, Mr. George Kerr, M.P., Halton West, Mr. George Currie, Warden of the County of Halton and myself met with representatives of the 8 different welfare and social agencies of Halton at the Halton County Administration Building in Milton. This meeting was most informative and most productive in that it gave us representatives of the different agencies such as the Children's Aid Society, the Probational and Welfare Officers, etc. to bring matters of concern to them and their departments to our attention and discuss these with Mr. Kerr and myself as the provincial representatives.

I would like to thank the representatives of these agencies for the opportunity of meeting with them, and to congratulate them on the fine work they are doing within the county of Halton.

Since the legislature opened on Tuesday with the exception of the introduction of some new legislation, the main time of the House has been taken up with the continuation of the debate on the Speech from the Throne which will probably carry forth during most of the coming week. Next week, the senior representatives of our government will be attending the constitutional conference in Ottawa along with the representa-

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NEWS ECHOES

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

- 1959**
- Georgetown will have a fifth public school in operation in September. After a request from public school board chairman Ed Wilson at Monday's council meeting the first step was taken toward building a 10 room school on Weber Drive. Estimated cost was \$200,000.
 - "I'm most happy to declare this motion carried unanimously," said Mayor Jack Armstrong Monday as council decided to apply to the county and Minister of Education to withdraw from North Halton High School District. If the request is approved, Georgetown will go it alone with their own high school board at the end of 1959.
- 1949**
- An encouraging response greeted a public meeting called by the Georgetown Recreational Council in the Old Town Hall, Thursday, when well over a hundred residents turned out to discuss the future of organized recreation in town. When chairman E. V. McCormack called for volunteers to serve on a new committee in a last ditch effort to save the GRC, twenty-five of those present indicated their desire to help out. Temporarily selected to office were Dr. Clifford Reid as chairman and Mrs. H. C. Lewis as secretary. Other members of the group are Norman Smith, Harry Hale, Wheldon Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Timbers, H. C. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Emerson, Mrs. Clifford Reid, Jim Martin, Cecil Walker, Clem Dwyer, Douglas Sargent, A. Bertke, Agar Guest, John Farmer, George Farmer, Mayor Joseph Gibbons, Wilf Breen, Alex McClaren, Mrs. Percy Olney, and Mrs. Ray Conn.
- 1939**
- A carnival staged in the arena last Friday night by the Georgetown Lions Club proved to be one grand success. A large number turned out in costume to skate to the music of the Lorne Scots Band. Race winners were William Huffman, George Walker, Della Poole, W. Schenk, Margaret Hoare and Dick Riddall. Best skaters were Millie Davidson and Joe Hall. Best costumes: A. C. McMurchy, Mrs. Roney, Mrs. K. King, Alva Grievie, W. Greensward and Mrs. Greensward, P. Bradley, Peggy Kelly, Doreen Mulholland. Spot prize winner: V. McLintock and Roy Harlow. Door prize winner Mrs. K. King. Lion-Jack Watson was in charge of the arrangements.



Those Degrees Bug Me

Some pretty earth-shaking events occurred around our place lately.

First of all, my wife has taken up curling. Perhaps taken up is not the right phrase. "Falling down" might be closer.

The first time she stepped on the ice, the feet went to heaven, and her bottom went to the other place. The earth shook (you must have felt it) and she has the purple posterior to prove it.

She has fallen only about four times per game since and has mastered the art to the point where she can look up from her sprawl with the injured innocence of a pro hockey player trying to pin a penalty on the guy who didn't trip him.

For years she has looked down on the sport. She thought the curling club was a place where men went to drink, smoke, play pool and poker, curl and get away from their wives. And she was right.

Now she has learned that it is a cultural centre where women go to drink, smoke, play bridge, curl, and get away from their husbands. And she's right again, as usual.

But as long as she can do it with me, and keep an eye on me, she feels it is one of Canada's grand old sports. I used to get home from the curling club at midnight. Last time, we got home at 3 a.m., after being invited somewhere for coffee. I wish I could get the same price for that coffee that the distributors do.

Anyway, the Old Battleaxe has been hooked. She doesn't know a hog from a hack, a skip from a dropout, but with Hugh's old stretch ski pants on and Hugh's old skiing sweater on, she's the prettiest curler on the ice. If she could sweep the ice the way she can sweep the kitchen floor, we'd be in the money every time.

The second earth-shaker around here was Kim's performance in the piano exams for her degree in music.

Not only did she knock off a first class honour mark, but she topped the list of candidates. She can now add the letter A.B.C. after her name. That's longer than my degree.

That cost me. Kim phoned collect, between music lessons in the city, and my wife phoned every relative between here and Zanzibar.

But for one wild and glorious moment, I thought it was over. After an accumulated 30 years of music lessons among her brother, her mother, and herself, I thought I was home free.

No more, winning as I wrote out cheques for the conservatory. No more trucking the kids all over the country, in blizzards, to play at festivals. No more sweating through performances. No more getting up at a quarter to seven to take her to the bus. No more.

It seems I was wrong. My wild and glorious moment was only a moment. She wants to carry on with lessons. And Hugh will be around one of these days, broken, crooked finger and all, ready to go back to it.

We now have two A.R.C.T. diplomas in the house. They look beautiful, side by side on the living room wall. It's like sitting in a doctor's office.

But what really drives me out of my skull, is that not one of them can play anything. As soon as the festival or exam is over, they take new pieces, and the old ones are dumped overboard. So, during any 11-month period of the year, nobody in my family has learned the new pieces, and they have forgotten the old ones.

Ask anyone to play a piece, for company, and you get the familiar whine 'I haven't anything ready.'

I never heard of a guitar player or mouth-organ player who lost his repertoire overnight. But I am here to testify that a piano player of classical music can't even whistle a tune, most of the time.

Aside from two degrees on the wall, and two pianos around my neck, all I've got out of the whole thing is three people who think they are gifted, talented, and couldn't play "Mary Had a Little Lamb," without six weeks preparation.

S M I L E.
He: What happened to that soda clerk who used to work around here here?
She: I dunno. I haven't seen him in a month of sundaes.

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