

Georgetown Herald

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WALTER C. BIEHN, Publisher

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Police on the Spot

An anti-littering by-law passed in Oakville is getting quite a play in the daily papers with the pros and cons sounding off, and the police squarely in the middle.

"A policeman's lot is not a happy one," as an old saying goes. "He's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't," it seems.

Apparently in Georgetown, we have been having our own confrontation in a quieter way.

Georgetown has had a by-law similar to Oakville's for several years now. The idea, like most laws, is not to persecute, but to give police the power to act when the necessity arises.

Though some will disagree, we interpret all laws in this way.

A speed limit does not mean that a policeman automatically jumps on every motorist driving a few miles faster. He uses his judgment to determine whether the motorist is callously disregarding the law and is creating a hazard to others.

Littering is an even less exact type of

thing to determine, and surely cannot be so strictly enforced that a group of people cannot stop for a chat. The by-law was passed to stop unpleasant incidents which can arise when such groups become a nuisance to other traffic.

Young people, particularly, will complain when they are told by an officer to move on. That's not new. We grew up in a busy part of a large city, and when a gang of young people gathered on a main corner, it was never long before a man in blue was breaking us up. It was only years later that we understood why he was doing so.

According to town officials, police have been criticized by parents of young people who have been told to break it up when they gather in commercial areas. Surely, a parent should realize that this is not individual persecution of their youngster, but only a means of keeping Georgetown the quiet, untroubled town it has been and should continue to be.

Highest Qualifications

What would a nation be like, what would it be like in a town without an efficient, trained police force?

For too long, many people have tended to regard policemen as their natural enemies. Well-meaning, but thoughtless mothers sometimes use the threat "I'll call a policeman if you aren't good" to make him behave. Is it any wonder that in later life, the new adult's reaction to a policeman is fear, rather than admiration and respect which it should be.

To our way of thinking a policeman should be one of the best educated, best trained and highest paid man in the community.

His job calls for a high degree of judgment, athletic prowess, top physical and

mental condition. He should know human nature, be trained in psychiatry, and sociology.

His salary scale and social status in a community should be at least equal to that of a school teacher.

Creation of the provincial police some years ago has one much to head towards this. The Ontario police college has been a forward step. Municipalities, with farther thinking politicians and police associations to prod them, are demanding more of the men they hire and paying salaries which justify higher requirements.

As citizens we can help by thinking twice next time we run afoul of the law. Instead of cursing the officer who fines you, thank him for keeping you within the bounds of the law.

Clean-Up Day a Flop

A clean-up day earlier this month was hardly an outstanding success.

Last year, service clubs gave the day, organized by Mayor Emmerson, a real boost. And it was so successful that this year, it was decided to enlist any of the public who was interested to join in.

What happened?

For one reason or another, the club's interest shrank. Two Rotarians, one Lion, one fireman, two teen girls and the Herald editor were the sole participants. They cleared a stretch of highway, but other parts of town were left untouched.

In the heavy garbage department, there was more luck. Town workmen were

busy all day answering calls to haul away discarded furniture and junk which had accumulated in basements, some of which might well have found its way to private property later on.

Another year, we hope that the mayor will form a committee which will study ways to make this a really big day. We think there are hundreds of residents, who, with a little prodding, will get behind a clean-up campaign and make our town, if only for one day, a thing of beauty.

Best of all, of course, would be for all of us to resolve not to litter. If parents and schools kept up a continuous campaign, a clean-up day would not be necessary at all.

FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE



LOW PROFILE

IN THE MAIL BAG

Enforced Law For One How About Big Business?

31 Byron Street

Dear Mr. Editor:

In the removal of the frame building on Guelph Street near Mountainview Road, applied by the Halton Mower and Marine, a man has been deprived of his livelihood and a much needed service has been denied to the residents, not only of Georgetown but the surrounding territory.

The removal of the building was required by Georgetown council because the owner of the property had rebuilt the burned-out garage to a larger size than authorized by the building permit and for other possible reasons.

It was agreed by the owner that the frame building would be removed last fall but this was extended to June of this year. Demolition of the building is under way at the time of this writing. Council exercised its right in ordering this.

However, council has had a by-law on its books for many years now which if legally acted upon would have forced an industry in this town to have cleaned up an odor nuisance which has caused property values in the area of this industry to be seriously devalued.

Despite the attendance of many taxpayers at the council meetings protesting this it still exists. This is in defiance of the by-law which should have been the subject of court procedure to have this mess cleaned up.

Did council take the necessary action in this matter? They did not. Big business was and is still involved, but no council in Georgetown has had the guts to place the matter before the courts. As a result of this the residents are still plagued by this unholly odor which is noticeable at certain times even in the extreme areas of town.

Will council take action to do something drastic about this before the next election? If not, all the taxpayers must elect a council pledged to take full necessary legal action to end this nuisance once and for all.

Oh yes, a little business man was involved in the demolition of the building that housed his small business up which he was dependent for a living. He had no wealth or extent of business to get him the consideration meted out to the big industry.

A plea to the Mayor on pure

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ing dispossessed of his place of business, but said council had voted for its removal and it must be removed.

Is all humanitarianism dead in Georgetown? I hate to think so, but I will leave it to the public to judge. Has partial judgment been used in the cases enumerated in this letter?

What about it you taxpayer's group?

Yours truly,
Ed Peters

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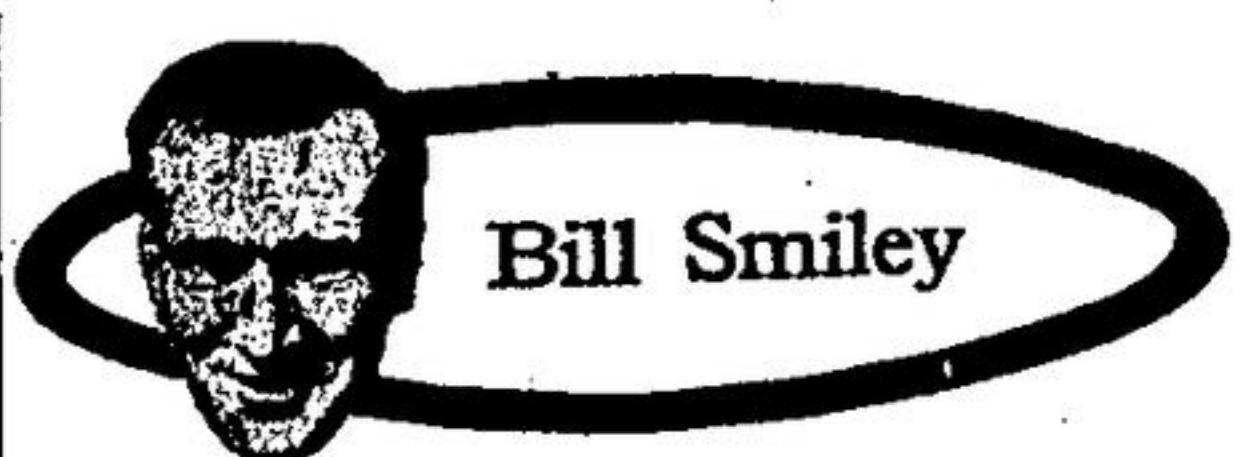
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Bill Smiley

Our Instant Garden

It's high summer, with a hot sun, a blue sky and perfect conditions for sitting at the picnic table typing this column. But there's something wrong, something off-key.

It took me a while, but I've got it. Instead of the lush green jungle that used to encompass our back yard, there are splashes of color everywhere, destroying the solid green effect I'm so used to.

My wife has been off on another of her wild, off-season bursts, like doing the spring house-cleaning the week before Christmas.

If all began with one rose. She received a large rose-bush, ready for planting as a gift. Our rose bed, like the rest of our flower beds, was suffering severely from malnutrition and neglect. They were like children who undergo the same treatment — stunted and retarded. Our roses had shrunk to three, one dead, one dying and one which produced about two tiny blooms a year.

In a fit of ill-considered fury after some barbed remark from my wife, I went out and dug up the lot and planted the new one... I should have put it quietly in the toolshed and let it die a natural death.

It only took the one log to break the jam. The rose was a beauty. It looked so lovely and so lonely that the old lady, no gardener, sent me out to buy another. I got a dandy for fifty cents, age, sex, color and kind unknown, but dubious.

The boss was disgusted, but we planted the thing anyway. Then she bought two more and stuck them in, with peat moss, fertilizer and invocations to the gods.

I thought that might bring a little peace, but she'd caught fire. In a flurry of self-disgust, she went at her window-box like a wolf coming down on the fold. It was a dilapidated object that runs along the side of the garage.

I rather liked it as it had been for several years, with the

fresh, green weeds spilling down over the side. But there was no reasoning with her.

Out came the weeds as if they were scorpions. Off I went for a carload of zinnias, begonias, and other bewildering things. Working as carefully as a surgeon, so the window-box wouldn't fall off the wall she gave it a coat of paint.

But we had some flowers left over. That meant I had to dig up a corner of another crumbling flowerbed, and we planted the leftovers. I was confident this was the end. She hasn't even pulled a weed for years.

No such luck. Blazing with enthusiasm, or simply insanity, she shot me off for another carload, zinnias and marigolds. By the time I returned, she had weeded the front half of our moribund tulip bed. She had dug little holes and set in them a handsome row of orange and yellow marigolds in half an hour. An instant garden.

Now she has her eye on the old peony bed. Once a mass of green and bloom, it has shrivelled to a few sickly plants producing eight blooms. It seems it is to be dug up and completely replanted with another exotic species.

With all this new beauty, of course, we had to buy a new water sprinkler. The old one was perfectly all right. It cost \$29.50 ten years ago and water would still come out of it, though it didn't really sprinkle any more, just shot out two jets in opposite directions. New one, \$11.00. She's fascinated, and keeps me moving it about all day, from one flower bed to another. "No, no. Move it another two inches to the right."

It's all ridiculous, of course. Even I know that you don't plant flower beds in the middle of July. They'll all be dead in a week, either from the haste with which they've been ripped from the womb and thrown into life, or from simple drowning.

I liked the old jungle, with the odd tiger lily struggling up through the milkweed, or a few hardy daisies reaching for the sun. Why can't women leave things alone?

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BARGAINS ATTRACTED BUYERS

Who can resist a bargain? But it takes some looking, and these shoppers are considering the best value as they look at the goods G&S Television had to offer at last weekend's sidewalk sale at Georgetown Market Centre. Merchants were well pleased with results at this annual affair.