

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Fluoride Decided Asset

Despite Gordon Sinclair's campaign against it, addition of fluoride to the water supply has been well proven a boon to humanity, with no injurious effects to health.

For years, at least one Georgetown dentist has been advocating this and along with most parents, particularly he will be happy to learn that a plebiscite vote has been asked here in the December elections.

The water department is to be congratulated on this forward step. And we hope the same can be said for the voters who should support it in large numbers.

Why?

A Timely Acknowledgment

It is all too seldom that a person is honoured when he is alive and well.

Too often, we think about tributes and memorials after a man has departed this life, or is so old and feeble that he can't enjoy to the full what has been planned.

Not so with Ben Case, one of Silverwood's most popular citizens.

And despite the fact that Mr. Case has never entered the bonds of matrimony, it was the women, bless 'em, who conceived the idea of a Ben Case day and surprised the guest of honour with a party.

Why so?

Well, Mr. Case has worked with Sil-

Because fluoride will lead to a tremendous decrease in the incidence of tooth decay, particularly in the adolescent years when such decay is most evident.

Sound teeth are a tremendous asset to a person, in physical appearance and general health. Dental treatment is expensive, and in some cases prohibitive. In consequence many adults lose their teeth at an early age, a tragedy in a country like ours where living standards are so high.

From a strictly monetary viewpoint, it should be a 'yes' vote in December. Add the health angle and there is a powerful incentive for everyone to vote.

verwood Women's Institute and on his own to compile a history of this district which has reached publishing stage. He has been a staunch supporter of the horticultural society, a member of the county museum board, and when it was on the go a few years back, the farm forum.

And he served his country well in World War I, overseas with the Canadian forces.

But more than this, Ben has been a friendly member of the community no chise as his home many years ago. He has a large circle of friends, and it is always a pleasure to chat with him.

His tribute was well deserved.

Restore Musical Legacy

Missing three years from the CNE competitions, the recreated Georgetown band did it again this year, and brought home the trophy for winning its class.

Noted for years as a musical town, Georgetown's reputation has slipped somewhat in recent years.

In the thirties and forties, the band, then under the auspices of the Lorne Scots, and the choral society were two of our chief features and provided many evenings of cultural entertainment for the public, and training and recreation for their members.

Times change. The army dropped its sponsorship of the band, which makes it a more onerous financial burden. Television and stepped-up transportation have

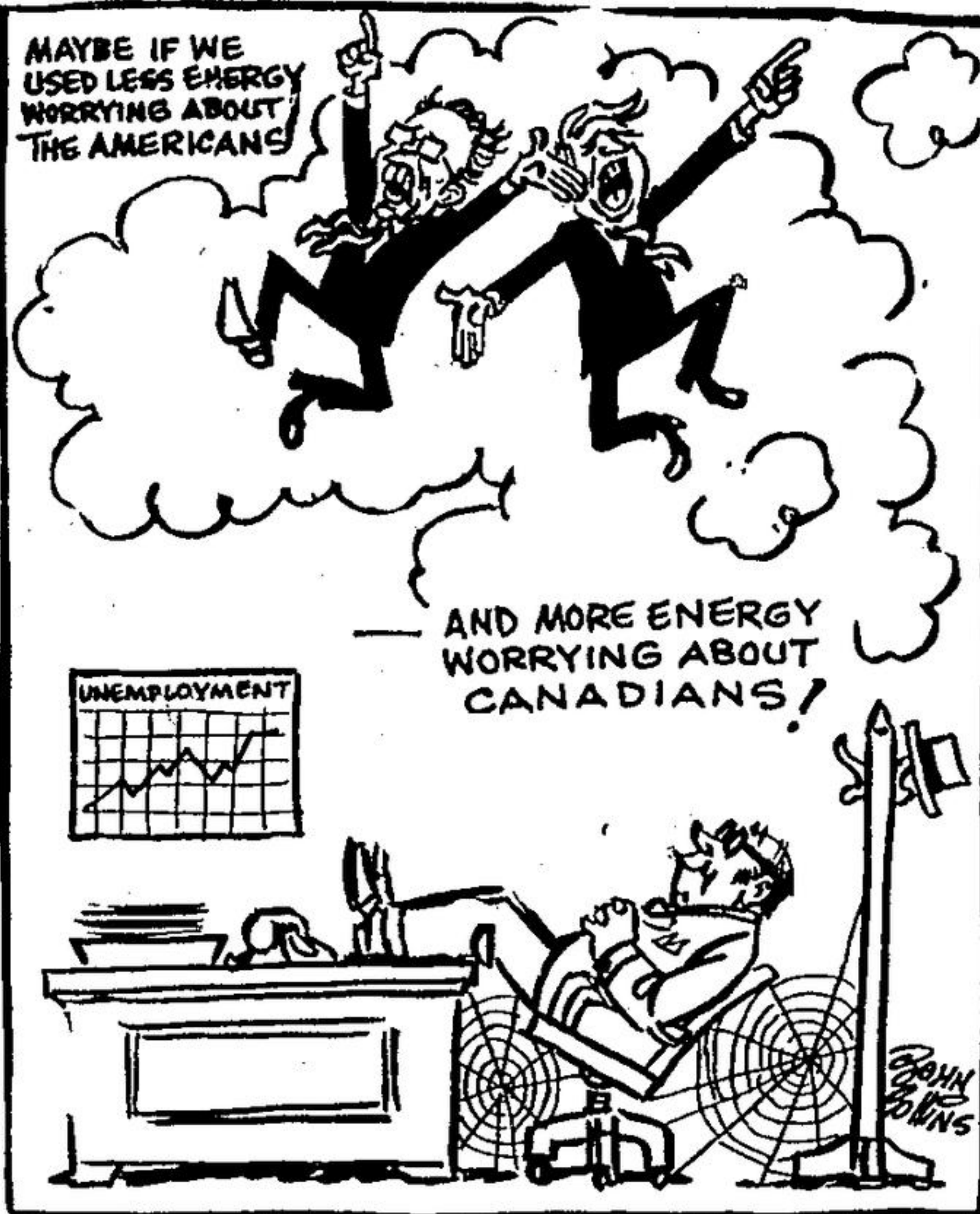
had their effect on things which used to attract young people to membership.

For bands, particularly, leadership is all-important, and only when musicians of Art Hilliard's calibre are available, can one field a band capable of such a major achievement as took place at the 'Ex'.

Conversely, this should be Georgetown's golden era. If a town of 2000 could field a totally homebrew band, what potential there is in a community eight times as large, with musical education available at the high school where none existed then.

Now that the band is alive again, let's hope it grows and grows.

It can be one more asset to a town where some people think there's 'nothing for our young people to do.'



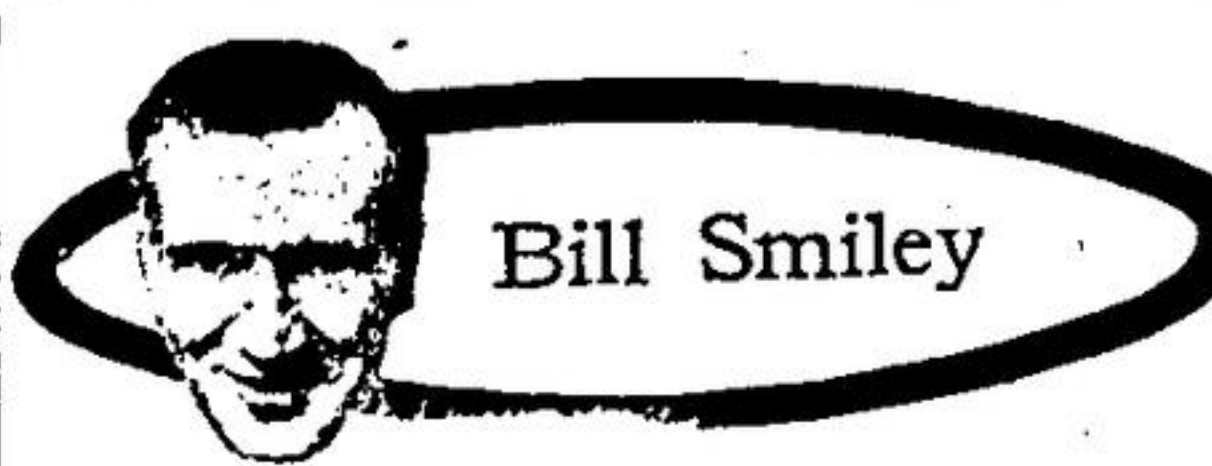
AN ENERGY POLICY FOR OTTAWA

Congratulations are in order for the four cadets who were chosen in the 69-70 training year to attend courses offered to the Air Cadets. WGs Brian Seeler and Dave Burns spent 7 weeks at Wagner Flying School, Kingston on a flying scholarship course, and received their private pilot licenses. This is a great achievement for any air minded cadet and certainly one of the best opportunities offered by air cadet league of Canada. They are now entitled to wear the coveted wings on their uniforms.

P/S Bob Little and Cpl. Peter Henderson distinguished themselves at CFB Borden in the Senior Leaders Course and Technical Training Course respectively. Both boys graduated on August 3 after six weeks of intensive training.

Next year? Well, we can expect even more, as interest and enthusiasm increase every day. Training in First Aid, Radio and Electronics, Hobbycraft as well as aeronautical subjects, and the possibility of our own glider, are all on the prospectus for 70-71. Enrolment will take place at our Cedarvale Park facilities on September 14.

Yours very truly,
C. W. Groskorth, Lt.
Chief Instructor.



Bill Smiley

Sunshine, Sand, Bacon & Beans

In a burst of blind fury, I made my wife get off her tail and go with me on our Big Trip in the last week of holidays.

It had started out, back in May, as a leisurely trip to the British Isles, it shrank like a dowager on a crash diet.

There was no formal opposition, just a lot of little feminine tricks, something like the Chinese water torture. Drop after drop. Insomnia, nothing to wear, can't afford it, who'll cut the lawn, absolutely must have the so-and-so's for a weekend. You know the gamut.

By mid-July it was a trip across Canada with a trailer. Looking up friends and relatives, not driving too far in a day, enjoying the camaraderie of the trailer camp.

By mid-August, it was a mad dash to the Maritimes. But Kim was home and "We can't leave her alone" (and she didn't want to go with us, after just having been there).

Well, split milk isn't much use. We finally made it. Left on a Thursday afternoon, and got home Sunday evening. How's that for a Big Trip?

However, perhaps it was worth waiting for all summer. It was different. We bought a Coleman stove, as we planned to cook along the way. Anyone interested in a brand-new Coleman stove that has never even been lit?

And of course, we bought food here and there to cook on our new stove. Arrived home with two huge boxes of groceries. I swear I had 12 meals in a row of bacon and eggs and beans. No mean feat. But we have still got two weeks' supply.

We just drove until we felt like stopping. North and north, and we wound up spending a couple of days in a cabin on a lake and loving it.

It was a run down, old fashioned tourist resort. We got one of the deluxe cabins. No bell-hops, no broadloom, no TV, but a real washroom, with running water. In fact the water was running all over the floor, from a leak or something, when we checked in.

Strangely, my wife loved the place. At home, she's a psychotic emptier of ashtrays, sweeper of floors and maker of beds. At the cabin she cheerfully walked around in grit up to the ankles, and actually chuckled when the Trans-Canada train went by three or four times a day, rocking the cabin like a cradle.

For a couple of days we forgot about pollution and population explosion and other such poppycock. It was enough to wrench the door open, look at that great, clean lake 20 yards away and wonder what the rich people were doing. Sunshine and sand and bacon and eggs and beans.

Evenings were just as paradisaical. Campfire until midnight, then into the hut with the little novel, a nightcap, and no phone ringing or car door slamming to indicate callers.

We had a special treat on Friday night, when the proprietors held a dance. The rock band made the railroad train sound like a muted whisper. We did not go to the dance, but it was just like home, when Kim has a record on.

But idylls must end. Third morning, woke to a wild wind, a driving rain coming in around the front door, and the worst storm of the summer in full flight.

Drove the long way home in rain that was worse than a blizzard, with sundry morons tail-gating, cutting in, passing on corners and hills and over the white line, when you could not see the front of your car. Shaky.

Things didn't improve. They just got back to normal. Discovers daughter engaged to fine young chap who had two cents. Literally. I know it's hard to believe in this affluent age, but he had two (2) cents cash when he proposed.

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IN THE MAIL BAG

Befriended Here, Has Many Happy Memories

23 Leatherby Close,
Southway, Plymouth,
Devon, England.

Dear Sir:

Here in England the BBC puts out a TV program each week called "Across the Great Divide."

I always make a point of watching it. However, I sit with a lump in my throat as I watch the story of the men who went to Canada from here and did well and made it well and truly their home and ideal.

You see, sir, I too once had the same goal but I did not make it. I was thwarted all the way by circumstances I was unable to match (being only 15 years old at the time.)

However, sir, I shall never forget the wonderful and kind friends I made during my stay in Georgetown. I had run away from a farm owing to the cruelty of the farmer. I was sent back a second time to him, but I eventually ran away again. I had a lift to Georgetown by a wonderful man who also gave me five dollars (it was a fortune to me.) He dropped me in Georgetown and continued on his way.

It was November, 1929 and a very icy, cold night. I did not know where to turn. I had a suitcase and just walked. A dear lady saw me, she was named Mrs. McGuigan, I believe. She took me in, gave me a wonderful big plateful of bacon and eggs. I will never forget that meal as long as I live.

Her husband allowed me to stay the night and the next morning he got me a job and took me to a house on Victoria Street where he said I would find solace and comfort. The lady was Mrs. Mary Morrow, and if ever a saint lived on earth, it is her. Her kindness always remains in my mind as something sacred and holy. She was like a mother to me.

and would not hear of my giving her the five dollars I had. She gave me a good bed and plenty of food and the happy atmosphere of her home was wonderful.

I began to work at the place Mr. McGuigan found me. I had only one hour in when a hand fell on my shoulder and I was taken forcibly to Norval. I pleaded on my hands and knees to be allowed to return to my dear and benevolent friend and my newly found job. However, my pleas fell on deaf ears. I was not allowed to return.

I was taken to Toronto and put in a psychiatric hospital. I was treated like someone sick in his mind and I was unable to do anything about it. Eventually after four weeks, I was taken to Montreal where I was put in a cell and detained for another four weeks in what was a prison. Then I was sent back to England. I never had a chance to see my dear friend again.

Now, in my 56th year, I still think of that dear old lady. She is now 90 and I have received several letters from her. My family of five are all married now. I have a dear wife who is a victim of polio from a child of 12. We are very happy and we thank God for what comfort we have. I am now head verger for the Plymouth Garrison churches. My greatest wish is to visit that dear old lady but alas, I am still thwarted by the expense of such a visit. Verger's wages are low here.

Thank you, sir, for hearing my story and God bless you all and all your readers, and especially that dear old saint of a lady, Mrs. Mary Morrow.

— John Hill

P.S. Your wonderful town will always be my idea of heaven. I can never forget it and its wonderful people.

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IN THE MAIL BAG

Good Listener, Example Adult Approach to Youth

18 Victoria Crescent,
Dear Sir:
After reading Mrs. C's letter to the editor of August 27th, I was impressed by the headline. It is rather unfortunate that the writer must look at the problem as one who looks backward in years and not toward the future. The answer — while one must not completely ignore the past — lies in examining the reasons the youth take to drugs, and secondly, in looking to the future for answers.

Many parents may say, why should my child use them (if they even acknowledge the fact) when I've given him (or her) everything he could want? Perhaps the answer to that lies in the question itself — everything: Siblings as they grow up learn to take anything given them — even if it's not what they really want. And what is that? Someone who is really interested in them, not their productivity or what is best for them — but their hopes, dreams and plans. Think back, or is it too late for that? When you — anyone — were young, wouldn't you do anything for the person who listened while you told what you wanted to do and be when you grew up? All too soon other people narrowed and confined your ideas and ideals to a rut. And there you roll along. What hopes now — money, power, ownership, prestige.

Our youth today — including Mosport — made no demands on society, caused no riots, murders or assaults. Oh yes, there were police and "interested bystanders" around. But then name any event with such a crowd attending, where there are not the same police and onlookers around.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Busy, Profitable Summer for Local Air Cadets

Now that summer is almost over the Georgetown Air Cadet Squadron is preparing for another training year. During the school holiday period the cadets, while not active on a weekly basis, were far from idle. Indeed the Town of Georgetown can be justly proud of her Air Cadets after only two years in operation.

Twenty-six boys departed from Georgetown on August 2nd for a two week summer camp at Canadian Forces Base, Trenton. All the cadets enjoyed this camp immensely and most wished that it had lasted longer. Drill competition, swimming, sports, sailing, flying and gliding were only a few of many activities that went on at the camp. Tours to Upper Canada Village, Fort Henry, the Royal Military College at Kingston and the Aeronautical Museum in Ottawa were laid on in case the camp routine became monotonous.

Sgt. Rick Peters and Sgt. Larry Grace distinguished themselves by completing the Senior NCO course as did LACs Rod Smith and D. Servos and Corporal D. Pantling in completing the Junior NCO course. Cpl. Andy Camman was chosen as bandmaster for the camp band, made up of cadets from all the Squadrons in attendance. He ably led the entire cadet group to their various activities in the two weeks. This included a parade review before the Base Commander at Trenton on August 8.

No. 756 Georgetown Squadron was well up on marks in the final camp assessment and our officers and instructors in attendance unanimously agreed that they had not been to camp with a better group of boys.

— H. Lee

NEWS ECHOES

From the Heralds of 10, 20 and 30 Years Ago

- 1960
- Enrolment in Georgetown's schools this week stands at 2,805. The majority, 1,924 are attending five public schools, 577 have registered at the high school, and 304 at Holy Cross separate school.
 - It took 36 holes of scintillating golf to decide the North Halton Golf Club championship Sunday. Under pressure from a late surge by Ken Nash, Ben Matthews hung on to halve the final hole and capture the A Flight title one up.
 - Avian Industries plant has doubled its size to accommodate the work program involved in building more prototype aircraft. Ground running tests on the second prototype is expected to start in October.
- 1950
- Howard Wrigglesworth, principal of Georgetown Public School since 1938 died suddenly early Monday evening. The death of one of Georgetown's most prominent citizens from a heart attack was a great shock to the town and his loss will be keenly felt.
 - Hon. Dana Porter, Minister of Education will be asked to look over four or five suggested sites for a new central high school which is being planned by North Halton High School District Board. At a recent meeting, the board narrowed locations down to the three most likely, one near Stewarttown, one near Speyside, and one on the eastern outskirts of Acton.