

Georgetown Herald

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PAGE 2 THE GEORGETOWN HERALD, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1971

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Georgetown A-Go-Go

Cancellation of the Spadina expressway in Toronto could have a far-reaching effect on Georgetown.

The government, with the idea that rapid transit is the way of the future, is commencing a study which could result in a GO train service to ferry commuters from this area into Metro.

When this happens, it will turn history full circle.

Half a century ago, Georgetown had rapid transit into the city on the old interurban line which ran from Guelph to the city.

Popularity of the motor car, with an assist from the depression, forced the radial out of

business. Now the motor car is causing today's problems.

Millions of dollars spent on freeways only adds to the traffic burden, funneling more and more cars into the city.

The provincial government has seen the impossibility of continuing a road building system which can only lead to eventual chaos. A GO train, with fast service and good connections, will cut hundreds of cars off the city trail.

And it will fulfil a double purpose, freeing major roads like 401 for through traffic.

Western Days Success

The town-wide Western Days promotion by Georgetown merchants was a co-operative venture which was well received by the public.

Merchants in general were well pleased with their business on the three day effort. And shoppers were pleased with the extra attractions - street dances, barbecues, art exhibit, visiting hockey star, Little Theatre playlet.

As a first effort, there was room for improvement, of course, and another year we expect Western Days will be bigger and better.

Many merchants did not get around to extensive decorating. Those who did, like the Toronto-Dominion Bank, excelled. Some store personnel dressed up in old fashioned costumes to add colour to the theme.

Another year, merchants might consider hiring someone to promote. Most of us just need a little push to get started. A retired person with some sales ability could pay his fee in making the celebration more colorful.

Those who spent so much time arranging the attraction are to be congratulated. We look forward to Western Days, 1972 version, next summer.

Tiresome Confrontations

We are growing tired of confrontations. The latest, a transient camp on the University of Toronto campus, was dispersed on Sunday.

It need never have happened. If authorities stepped on trouble before it started, we wouldn't be faced with these ridiculous situations.

If young people want to wander, with their parents' permission, they should carry enough cash to pay their way. If not, they should expect to be treated just like any other transient - told to get moving.

Youthful wanderers have no more right to

pitch a tent on a university campus than they have on your front lawn. The Toronto trouble should have been nipped in the bud when the first tent was pitched.

We don't blame youngsters for these confrontations so much as we censure those adults who prattle about generation gaps and scurry to set up free food and lodging.

Isn't it time we started telling young people that the best way to see Canada is to work, save some dollars and pay their way?

That's the way those they expect to foot the bill have done.

Kids Eager to Swap

Lack of Host Farms Snags Urban Exchange

Kim Ghintz is one of 10 urban students spending a week on Halton farms. The idea of the game is to take an urban boy away from the paved streets and tall buildings and onto the farm where the youngster can catch a glimpse of the rural way of living.

The 15-year-old son of a Burlington road foreman claims he has never sweated as hard as he has during his stay on the Bob Merry farm on the Fourth Line, Esquesing.

Farmer Merry wasted no mercy on the "rookie" farmer. Haying, fence repair, weed clean-up, feeding the animals and going about the routine chores are all part of the youngster's daily activities.

HARD WORK
The work is hard and Kim isn't about to dispute the fact but he has fitted in well with the pattern. Each morning sees him rise at 6 a.m., even while farmer Merry was catching the last few winks.

Unlike a good number of urban youngsters, the taste of fresh untreated milk agreed with Kim. The Merry farm is a good farm for a 15-year-old to spend some time on. Horseback riding, boating and swimming are all activities readily available. A large pond near the house provides an excellent boating and swimming hole.

Kim graduated from John T. Tuck Public School in Burlington this year and will attend General Brock High School this September.

TIP FROM TAPP
An avid horseman, Kim first overcame his fear of horses at a birthday party for Gordie Tapp's son. When Kim told Tapp he did not want to go on the wagon-load of youngsters because of his fear of horses, Tapp took him to the front of the rig. "Ever since that I've really liked them", he noted.

Once his fear of horses vanished his love for animals began and has since grown. "Some day I hope to own a horse ranch. I'd like to have some land for it out near Calgary to be handy for the Stampede," the youngster explained.

The Enthusiast, formerly known as the Junior Farmer and 4-H Quarterly, said the program would in part help familiarize youngsters with farms and farm work. "It will show milk doesn't really come from a bottle and apples don't grow in a basket," the article said.

GOOD RESPONSE
The plan to take youngsters from the urban way of life for a week has met with a good response. About 75 Halton youngsters have applied to take part in the program.

Evelyn Weatherston, program co-ordinator for Halton and Wellington said some youngsters

might have to be rejected because of the lack of host farms. More are needed if the program is to be a success. Ten youngsters were sent to farms last week and this week another 20 will have

EXCHANGEES
Terry Warden
Mark Durdin
Robert Lang
Kim Ghintz
Debra Cole
Robert Cutler
Nancy Currow
Theresa Eaton
Carol Beacock

their chance. The only charge for the boy or girl is a \$3 fee to cover the expense of transportation. Members of the first group of urban youngsters staying with Halton farm families are:

HOST FAMILIES
Mr. & Mrs. Ross Mills
Mr. & Mrs. Lionel McKeown
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Stanley
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Merry
Mr. & Mrs. George Hillman
Mr. & Mrs. Colin Marshall
Mr. & Mrs. John McDougall
Mr. & Mrs. Bill Dymant
Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Hume
Mr. & Mrs. Edward Parker

There is no doubt of its popularity however. Records show that in 1970 the year it was finally abandoned as hopeless, membership in the Bruce Trail Association (The Trail's supporting organization) was over 20,000. In addition, the Trail was said to be used and enjoyed by countless thousands of ordinary citizens who were not members. However, not even such a measure of public interest was able to sustain it against the weight of official disinterest, as the land over which the Trail passed gradually converted to residential use.

It is difficult for our children in the mid 1990's to imagine a time

Kelso Checks Weather

In 1871, when Professor King started to make meteorological observations at Toronto, he worked with a staff of four. This year, as the service celebrates its 100th birthday, it retains some 2,300 full time employees, in a network of stations and offices that covers all of Canada and links into meteorological services throughout the world.

In addition to weather forecasting for which the synoptic observing network is designed,

the service has a responsibility for recording data in more detail for the study of Canada's climate. This climatological station network is made up of about 2,000 units, of which the Halton Region Conservation Authority's Kelso weather station is one.

The twice-daily readings made of rainfall, temperature and humidity levels are recorded automatically on charts and forwarded to the Federal Department of Transport.



IT'S BEEN A HOT DRY SUMMER

June 23, 1994

Remember the Trail?

The following was published as a possible future news item (dated June 23, 1994) by the Bruce Trail News:

I wonder how many citizens remember the walking trail that once wandered through the city on its way to the Conservation area. It ran over 400 miles in all, following a ridge of natural rock from Niagara in the south to Tobermory in the north. The ridge was known as the "Niagara Escarpment" and parts of it may still be seen at isolated points like Credit Forks and we are told the Bruce Peninsula.

The peculiar thing about the Bruce Trail was that it vanished at the height of its popularity. In fact, some have claimed that its very popularity was the cause of its demise. However, we hold with the majority view that it disappeared as a result of population pressure and official neglect.

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It is difficult for our children in the mid 1990's to imagine a time

when it was possible for the ordinary citizen to walk freely in open country. What is now the prerogative of only the very wealthy was once the privilege of every citizen. And since the construction of the Electric Traction Golf Course at Credit Forks, the Centrifugal Limehouse and the massive plastic Esqueing Place with its Stereosensory 3D Panavista Feelies Cinema at Terra Cotta, there is barely enough space left for stretching.

Most of us gradually become accustomed to the sight of private property jealously guarded by locked gates and electrified barbed wire. And who, after all, can blame the owners.

With space at such a premium we cannot fail to become acutely aware that if there is one basic requirement for survival, it is surely a place to stand. It is with wonder that we recall the Bruce Trail passing over private land with the free consent of the owners. And we realize that there must then have been a remarkable absence of that paranoia which is such a social marked feature of social relationships today. No doubt it was related in some inexplicable way with the amount of open space, freedom of movement and choice which was so characteristic of that dimly remembered happy time prior to the 1980's.



BILL SMILEY

THESE WORDS WILL COOL YOU OFF

During the winter, I literally grind my teeth when I know I must make a trip to the city. The idea sours my soul, my stomach, and my normally sweet disposition.

I don't just think, I know what to expect during any part, or the whole of the 180-mile round trip. "Freezing rain." That means crawling along, half blind, peering out the window because the windshield has a quarter-inch of ice on it, and wondering when some idiot is going to come out of nowhere and clobber you.

"Scattered snow flurries." That is a weather department euphemism, in these parts, for a howling blizzard. The only thing that is scattered are the wits of the weather forecaster.

"Slight drifting conditions." That means a 40 m.p.h. wind sweeping white clouds across the road just as some jerk is trying to pass you and there's a ten-ton gravel truck right in front of you. Oh, they can't fool me. But I just grin and swear it. However, I get my revenge in July. I sit under my oak trees and chuckle - yes, chuckle - as I think of all those poor, tormented creatures setting their way through the mad traffic, trying to get to where I am.

It's not a nasty chuckle. Those chaps have my utmost sympathy. It's just a little sort of revenge chuckle. The kind of thing you might hear Boris Karloff emitting as he sends his creator, Dr. Frankenstein, up in flames.

Sometimes, when my chuckle gets out of control, I am decent enough to take a walk downtown and stroll around looking at all those sweaty, frustrated, infuriated tourists snarling at their spouses and children.

My natural sentiments take over, and I can scarce forbear to weep, as I think of what they've been through to get here, what they are going through now, and what they have to do to get home.

When my emotion gets quite out of control, I sometimes drive soberly to the beach and survey the scene. This usually plunges me into further depths of compassion. Everybody is so fat.

And there's something cute about the way they lie around on the beach, not smashing anything, or waving signs. Just lying there, about eighteen kids to twelve feet of sand, smoking and chatting intellectually. It makes you feel sort of good all over, to know that they're not out on the highway, doing goodness knows what, but right here on the beach, doing nothing.

Golly, I envy those city people who come up north to get away from it all: the air-conditioned buildings, the home-cooked meals, the playgrounds, the privacy of their own backyards. I wish I could get a break like that in the winter.

Over here is a 200-pound lady a 12-ounce bikini, dragging two kids, a beach chair, assorted towels and 200 pounds. She is utterly miserable as the sweat destroys her makeup. And don't forget she has to walk half a mile back to the cottage, hauling whimpering offspring, and prepare dinner for her husband, who is fighting his way up through the circus on wheels, her mother and father, who have been invited for a week, her Aunt Jessie and Uncle Tom, who have just dropped in on their way through. For a few days. Poor lady.

And down there, near the water is an elderly gentleman, flaming red from bald dome to calloused toes. Enjoying himself. His paunch begins just below his chin and continues almost to his knees. How happy he seems as the children jump over him, spraying sand and cold water.

What a delighted smile he produces when the teenagers' football hits him squarely in the belly. He's at the beach for two weeks, and he's having fun if it kills him.

The little kids are wonderful too. Never a dull moment. It they haven't lost their sand-pail, they've cut their foot on a rock, or they want money for a pop, or they're out too far, or they've simply vanished and are probably drowned.

And the teenagers are grand. It just restores your faith to see them go into the water occasionally. And there's something cute about the way they lie around on the beach, not smashing anything, or waving signs. Just lying there, about eighteen kids to twelve feet of sand, smoking and chatting intellectually. It makes you feel sort of good all over, to know that they're not out on the highway, doing goodness knows what, but right here on the beach, doing nothing.

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