

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Welfare Gone Wild

We were shocked, viewing a David Susskind television program, to hear the views of some New York City recipients. One woman blandly stated that she works in a hospital, gets a \$6,000 yearly salary and also receives \$4,000 in welfare payments for her family. She had gone to a department store, outfitted her family with clothing, and told the clerk on the way out to send the bill to the welfare department. She said that \$14,000 a year was the minimum amount on which she could live, and when her salary reaches that, she will not seek further help from the city. And she said she was bringing up her children to "Ask for it - demand it - then take it."

There's A Breaking Point

We have a lesson to learn from this. While Canada has nothing so flagrantly in need of revision, we are slipping into a welfare state where we are encouraging a percentage of people to live minimally without any effort to keep themselves. The sadness of industrial progress has been the disappearance of many jobs which required brawn alone. There was a day when a man who could not master a formal education, could earn a decent salary and live a happy life with his physical stamina. Today that's not so easy. And yet, while more education is necessary to train for one's life work, we have more proponents of the theory that education should be mainly cultural. And our welfare payments, which must mount for those who cannot master today's skills, are including another group - the educated misfits, who have not prepared themselves for a gainful occupation, and won't be accepted by employers for more menial tasks because they are over-educated.

Come to the Fair

Those who have attended Georgetown's fall fair don't have to be reminded of its attractions. But Georgetown has many new residents, and it is to them, especially, that we say "Come to the fair this Saturday." The town park is a happy place that day. There's a carnival atmosphere, and you can see all the attractions of the bigger expositions, with less legwork, less money and less energy. Today, with rapid urbanization, there's a chance to see some of nature's beautiful creatures - horses, cattle, pigs, sheep. The hall exhibits are always tasteful and worth an hour's view. School exhibits, crafts, flowers, baking, fanciwork are on view, a very important part of a fall fair.

In the Mail Bag Writer Questions G.R.C. On Memorial Arena Income

29 Bairdrow Cres., Georgetown
Dear Sir,
Thousands of words have been written and spoken regarding the kid hockey negotiations between the G.R.C. and the Royal Canadian Legion. Like many citizens of Georgetown I refrained from involving myself in the issue while both parties were still on speaking terms. However, the situation between the parties concerned is now stalemate and I feel it necessary as a citizen of Georgetown to pass comment. The G.R.C. maintained all through their numerous discussions and correspondence with the Legion that increased costs of operating the arena must be borne by organizations and sponsors using the arena. To this

end they provided a chart that appeared in The Herald. To their mind (although baffling half of Georgetown) this chart proved conclusively the reason for increased cost of ice time. To support their case they insinuated that other organizations had accepted the increased cost of ice time without dissent. This latter myth can be easily exposed if one took time to question the executive members of Tri-county hockey, one of the larger groups using the ice time at the arena. The members of Tri-county executive met on numerous occasions with the G.R.C. to bargain their position. Only after a promise of reduced costs for practice ice time did they finally settle, but before settling they made it quite clear in no uncertain terms that they

humans in at least average circumstances, which she ruled to include a college education. Her view is that it is the state, rather than the individual, who is responsible for her offspring. They belong to an organization of relief recipients who have formed a group pledged to badger officials, get more and more benefits, and become a militant force dedicated to making welfare no stigma. A welfare worker, also on the Susskind show, opined that the militants are accomplishing their purpose, that those who shout loudest are getting extra handouts to shut them up, while more deserving cases are getting the short end. Is it any wonder that an economist has forecast that in a few decades, cities like New York will be completely bankrupt?

As less and less workers try to support more and more people, and as those supported demand more and more of the world's goods, it is inevitable that a breaking point will come. Those earning marginal incomes will swallow their pride and go on welfare. What use to dig for a living if almost the same living is there for the asking? Should we not accept the fact that we must sustain those who cannot or will not look after themselves, but that we must supply only the bare essentials of food, shelter and clothing? Should we be subsidizing young people to continue on and on in postgraduate university courses when they could be out earning a living and foot their own postgrad bills later? A man is motivated to earn his living by three basic instincts - pride of accomplishment, beholden to no one and fear of the future. Remove fear, and you remove a powerful factor in keeping a country's economy on an even keel.

There's a chance to see some of the new car models in commercial exhibits scattered here and there on the grounds. And there is tasty food on sale, much of it home cooked by women of town and district associations. Best of all, is the general air of gaiety and goodwill, the chance to meet your neighbours informally, greet a friend who has come back from another community for the day. Other things may change in a town as years go by, but the fall fair continues as a link with the past. A hard working group of men and women have worked all year to arrange it. A large attendance is their best reward. See you there.

were completely dissatisfied with the attitude of the G.R.C. Now returning to the G.R.C. position on producing and maintenance cost of ice time. All we hear and read is COST! Is there no REVENUE that could be considered INCOME? As one of the baffled citizens of Georgetown I pose the following questions. How much and what happens to the monies received from public skating, percentage of the gates from senior hockey, operation of the refreshment booth at the arena, tournaments, rental, skate sharpening, per capita grant from Township, etc. Surely the citizens of Georgetown and the sponsoring organizations have a right to know the answer to these basic and pertinent questions. How can one truly determine the cost of ice time if the G.R.C. are not prepared to disclose a financial statement covering cost and income of the arena operation. Having said all this may I add a personal note. I am not truly in favour of the stand taken by either side at the negotiations. I

CHATTING with Mary Biehn

Georgetown Naturalists Followed Explorers' Trail Through Quetico

Find that summer holidays are fast becoming a blur of pleasant memories? Not so for Frank Brown, 12 Bairdrow Crescent, who had such an unique holiday experience this July, that it still remains sharply in focus now, hopefully, for always. When he was telling me about his week-long canoe trip on part of the old Dawson Canoe Trail in Quetico National Park, northwest of Lake Superior, he made it sound so interesting, and his enthusiasm was so infectious, I thought you might enjoy hearing about it. The 20 people in his party, all members of the Federated Ontario Naturalists' Club who had responded to an ad in the Federation's magazine, started paddling their canoes from French Lake. Adding a piquant sense of history to the expedition, was the knowledge that they were following the very same trail used by the earliest explorers, settlers, fur-traders, en route west, and troops sent from Upper Canada to put down the Riel Rebellion in Alberta.

Only basic qualification for the 1971 trip, was a love of nature, and a desire to explore, and discover the infinite variety of flora and fauna to be found in an otherwise inaccessible tract of wilderness. Of course, it helped if you were in good physical condition and possessed some knowledge of how to handle a canoe! When the party assembled, it consisted of almost equal numbers of men and women - married couples and singles - from all walks of life - and all age groups, ranging from a 17-year-old boy, to a man of 66. No matter. They got along famously, their common in-

terests and efforts contributing to a fine, warm, sense of fellowship. But the 'effort' part shouldn't be minimized, as you can well imagine, when we're talking in terms of a fifty-mile canoe trip, plus portages, and side trips. There were two people to a canoe, as well as camping gear, food and personal effects. Two qualified guide-naturalists in charge of the party, pointed out things of interest en route. They alerted the voyageurs about what to look for in varieties of trees, plants, birds, animals and soil conditions, as well as the geological background of the area being explored. Everyone kept a sharp eye out for signs of land and water pollution, duly reporting on this aspect of the canoe trip to the Department of Lands and Forests, with suggestions for possible remedies.

Relaxing around the campfire at night - often after a supper of freshly caught fish - and sometimes a cake baked in the embers of the fire - was always a good time for comparing notes on what was seen, during the day's journey. That is, after the last of the daylight was used to make forays on foot into the wooded areas, in the hopes of glimpsing moose, beaver, etc. The most exciting moments came unexpectedly. Like when a bald eagle was sighted, on its nest. These birds are almost extinct, largely due to the use of DDT. The eagle ingests DDT from its prey, which in turn causes it to lay soft-shelled eggs which do not survive the hatching period. Another highlight came when ancient pictographs were spotted on the face of a

cliff overlooking one of the small lakes. These Indian paintings in red dye, have survived the centuries because they were done on a rock face angled inward, thus forming natural protection from the elements. Sometimes the portages were pretty arduous, especially when they were three-quarters of a mile long, but because that was when all eyes were, of a necessity, down, they yielded some of the finest plant "finds", of the expedition.

LAST TIME Last year was the first time the canoe trip was tried. It was such a success that this year the F.O.N. sponsored three - two in Quetico Park, and one in Algonquin. And next year, more are planned. There is, of course, a fee charged, which covers the cost of guides, canoe outfitters, camping material and medical supplies. A doctor and nurse are included in every party. Mr. Brown is a member of the Georgetown District Naturalists' Club, which is an affiliate of the F.O.N. The Bruce Trail Club is also affiliate of the F.O.N. Our local Naturalists' Club has a membership of about 40. Meetings are held in Park School the second Wednesday evening of each month, September through April, featuring lectures, films, and photography contests. During good weather, members can enjoy "outings" such as hikes on the Bruce Trail and other nature preserves. The Club is very concerned about ecology, conservation and pollution control. Sounds like a pretty interesting and "relevant" form of recreation, doesn't it? And they're always eager to welcome new members.

In the Mail Bag Little Sympathy For Local Hockey Parents

Northboro, Mass.
Dear Sir,
We have your paper sent to us by my in-laws and could not miss the big "hey-rube" between the Legion and the Recreation Board regarding the cost of ice-time for the youth hockey program. We feel we should advise your readers and parents how lucky they are. We live in Northboro, Mass., a town of about 9000 people. We have a youth hockey program involving just under 250 boys and no local arena. At the present time we are using Fitchburg arena which is a one hour drive from Northboro. Ice time there costs \$50.00 an hour. Our boys pay \$1.25 for each practice and for game. There is also a registration fee of \$6.00 per year, per boy, to cover insurance and misc. items. Our Hockey Association is run by a group of volunteers. They hold one raffle a year to help finance the cost of the programs. The profits from this venture go towards the cost of goalie equipment, sweaters etc. The boys must supply all the rest of their equipment themselves. We have a 40 to 45 game schedule in all leagues from mites to midgets. Needless to say the parents of Northboro had very little sympathy for those complaining in Georgetown. They just feel you

believe a few less adamant decisions and a little more thought and consideration for each other's problems and opinions could have resolved this matter. Furthermore, Georgetown doesn't need councillors like Donna Denison throwing out

BILL SMILEY An Anniversary To Remember

September is bass weather, and last Saturday I had one of the most interesting bass-fishing jaunts I've ever enjoyed. My old Russian billiard partner, Captain Dalt Hudson, called about noon and asked me if I'd like to go out for a little fish. The situation was a little tricky, as it was my wedding anniversary and I thought maybe I should stick around. But the Old Battle-axe and I had had a big fight the night before, and she had told me not to come sucking around with a bunch of roses or anything else to mark the occasion, or she'd throw them in my face. Even so, I had the decency to tell her that Cap wanted me to go fishing. "Go ahead!" she snarled, and burst into tears. Many a man would have been unwrung, but I steered my heart, tip-toed around gathering my

gear, and prepared to make a dash for the back door. She was weeping silently now, trying to make me feel like a heel. She failed. I hadn't been fishing all summer. "And don't you bother coming back!" she fired at me as I snuck out. Picked up the skipper who had a basket full of worms, and down to the dock. He has a fine boat. Cabin, in-board motor that runs like a Cadillac, and sea-worthy as the most frightened old mald could wish. It was a beautiful, sunny September day, and I was in good hands, those of a retired captain who had sailed fresh water and salt for about fifty years. We had a pleasant run up the bay about ten miles, and arrived. "See that little reef," he said. "We'll anchor about 150 yards sou-sou-west," I slung in the anchor, doubling, as I always do when I go out with someone who knows the "spots", that there would be a bass within five miles. We had a quarter bet on who'd catch the first fish. Dalt was telling me how to tie my line and fiddling around filling and lighting his pipe. I tossed my bait overside and whacko, before he'd got the pipe lit, I had a dandy, about 2 1/2 pounds. It was one of those days you remember. We sat in the sun and bartered lies about the days when we sailed the lakes. His lies were much more picturesque than mine. He told of strikes and storms and colourful characters. I told about scrubbing out lavatories. Finally, we had our limit and it was time to go. The Captain turned the key to start the engine. Total silence. Dead battery. I wish I had a movie of the various expressions of the Captain's face. There couldn't be a sound track with it, though, because he was blistering the paint right off the deck. We were only about 500 yards offshore, so we started to paddle. It was like paddling the Queen Mary. Two feet ahead and the wind would push us three feet back. We were lucky. We could have sat there all night, anchored, because the place was rife with reefs. But there was one boat in sight, fishing just offshore. The only sign of human life in that vast bay. The skipper made a megaphone out of a chart and hollered at them. They waved. We beckoned them. They waved back, friendly as you could want. The rest of the story is anticlimatic. They finally realized we were in trouble. The chap in the other boat went to his cottage for a booster battery. It didn't boost. He towed us, ignominiously, to his dock, a 14-foot skiff towing a 30-foot queen. Cap muttered all the way in. The shame was almost unbearable. We got home about 10 p.m. and I thought my wife would be out of her mind with worry. She wasn't. She was just out, visiting friends. I tracked her down and craftily brought a big plastic bag with twelve bass in it, offered at they wanted to the housewife, and she cleaned the whole lot. It was a grand day, but the moral is: never go fishing with an expert.

In the Mail Bag Council of Women Oppose Hi-Rise, List 7 Reasons

4 Jessop Court,
Dear Sir:
Enclosed please find a copy of a letter submitted to Members of Council, Town of Georgetown by Local Council of Women. This is asking council to reconsider the re-zoning of more of our limited industrial land to residential. These 158 units as discussed we think should be considered rather, as approx. 400 or more people, not as inanimate objects. I would appreciate having this letter printed so that other citizens could see also the disadvantages as we see them of this new apartment building as proposed. Yours truly,
Mrs. R. Poulos
President,
Local Council of Women.

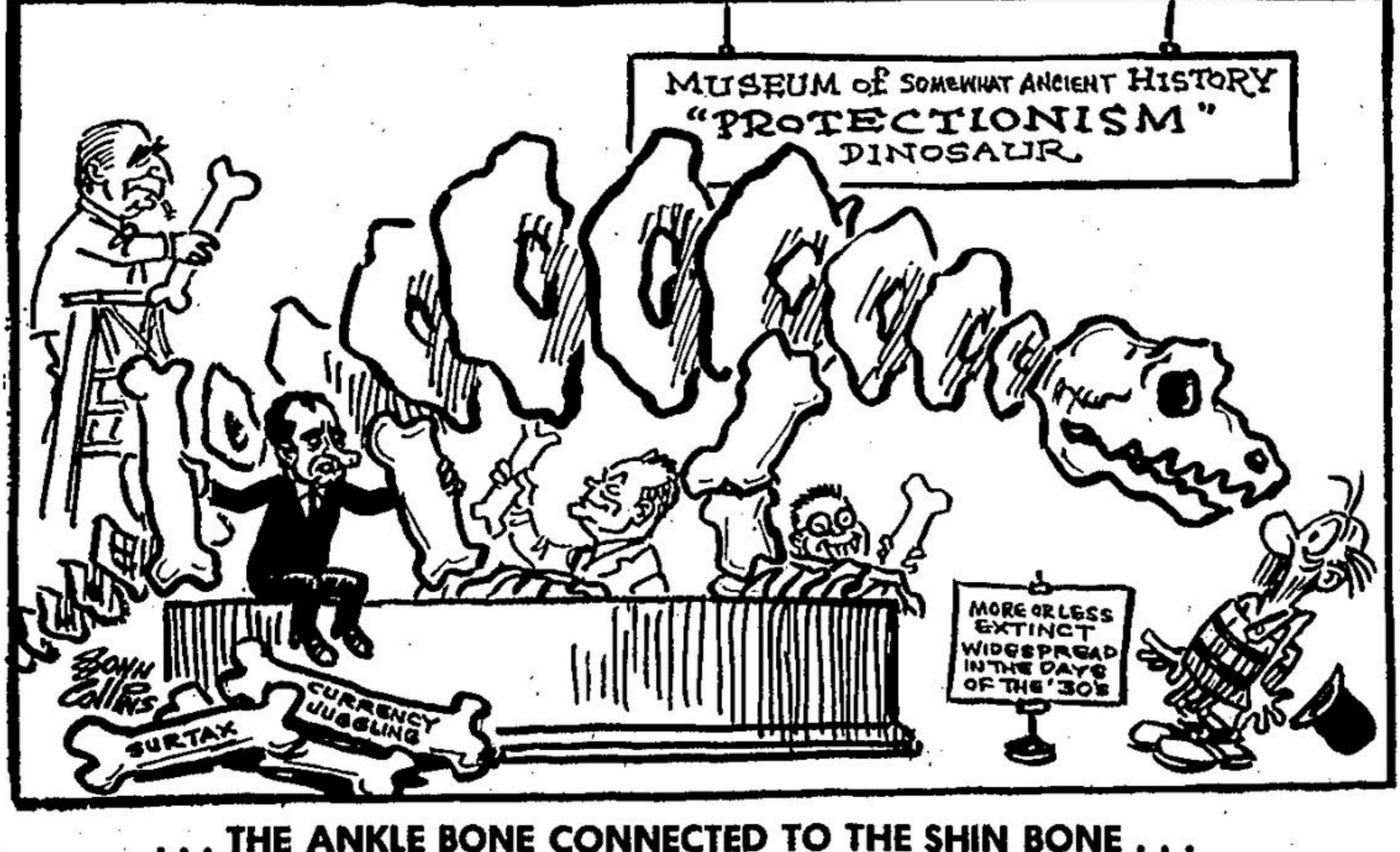
on industrial land, why then is it not possible to use this land for industry of comparable size, which would help achieve the proper balance of Residential, Industrial Assessment. (f) We are anxious also about the local sewage plant. As we understand it, the town has been directed to slow down building by Ontario Water Resources people as the plant is working at present to its capacity. (g) The safety of children being asked to cross a 40 mile per hour highway during peak traffic periods, i.e. 8.30 a.m. and 4 p.m. on route to and from school. We would hope that the Members of Council of Georgetown will reconsider the change in zoning of this area. Yours truly,
R. Poulos,
President,
Local Council of Women.

Dear Sirs:
The Georgetown Local Council of Women would like to go on record as being opposed to the re-zoning of part of the Old Tracy Property originally designated Industrial to High Density Residential to accommodate a 158 unit apartment building. Our reasons for opposing this are as follows. (a) This would be an isolated apartment development in an industrial park. (b) The Tracy Property is a triangular piece of land with a frontage facing the Upper Canada College Forest. One side of the triangle abuts the rear of British Motors an Automotive dealer and service station, as well as a proposed Motel-Tavern and North Halton Motors another Automotive dealer and service station. The other side of the triangle faces a restaurant and a steep hill. At the foot of this hill in plain view is a Cement Co. and other industry. Therefore we feel that children and adults alike would be forced to live in this area surrounded by contamination from industry and automobiles. (c) We are concerned that at the present time Georgetown has a Volunteer Fire Dept. Although it has a very good reputation it hasn't the equipment needed for rescue work on a 7th floor level. (d) The town of Georgetown has paid Municipal Planning Consultants to prepare a town plan. What is the good of having professionals plan this town if every time a developer wants to build something that contravenes this plan, the local officials change the zoning. (e) It was noted at the Local Council of Women that if an apt. building of 158 units could be built

In The Mail Bag
Pleased to
Host Ball
Team Social
20 Elizabeth St.
Dear Sir:
Saturday September 18th saw the annual hot dog fest and corn roast for the players of the Legion Baseball Team at the Brunsiks. It was wonderful as usual to see so many of the interested parents present. We were especially honoured by a short visit from Norm Ward, president of Branch 120 with his wife Ada, and Ralph Hawes, P.R.O. for Branch 120. I would like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to Jim Peardon who took over the job of managing the team after Tony left us. My sincere gratitude goes out to the two young men, Guy Hennessy and Ross Mitchell who so ably coached the team this year and who I understand will be taking the job on next year to win the championships they so much deserve as the Legion team are all champions. Good luck next year team, and may the wind be always at your back. Sincerely,
-M. Brunski.
A plaice is a flat fish of the flounder family.

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... THE ANKLE BONE CONNECTED TO THE SHIN BONE ...