

Georgetown Herald

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Page 2 GEORGETOWN HERALD, THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1971

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Doesn't Stand Still

That a town must continually strive for new industry is indicated in the news columns of this week's Herald. A shut-down of one division of Smith & Stone will affect some 80 employees for whom there will be no jobs after the year-end.

In three decades with The Herald, it isn't the first time we have had to print unpleasant industrial news. In fact, looking back, it would seem there are very few of the industries still operating which were in town in the late 'thirties.'

Such well established firms as Dayfoot Shoe, Brill Hosiery, Glen Textiles, Georgetown Clay Products, Provincial Paper's 'lower mill', Harley-Kay have closed, or moved elsewhere.

The casualty rate is even more noticeable as we recall others which have come and gone during thirty years. Federal Sales, Dolphin Craft, Plax, Triplett Instruments, Henry Davis Wood Products, Sykes Tool, Dennison Manufacturing, Avian Aircraft, are some which come to mind.

Of industrial enterprises of the thirties which are still in business, only the two paper coating mills, Smith & Stone, Beaumont Knitting and Apple Products are still operating locally.

The importance of an industrial commission and of constantly promoting new industrial locations is obvious when one reviews history.

Should Be Changed

Sunday's wintry chill again pointed the need for a change in date for the national remembrance service.

This would have been unthinkable before World War 2, for November 11 had a very special significance - the end of World War I.

Today, when those who lost their lives in a second war and the Korean conflict are included in our memories, we would take nothing away from that day in 1918, if we changed remembrance day to a more suitable one for Canada's climate.

There is a practical reason. Parading and standing in wintry winds like those on Sunday, is downright dangerous, particularly for older veterans who could succumb to pneum-

onia. And, no matter how solemn one should feel as names of men who sacrificed their lives are reviewed, man's nature is such that most of those attending the parade are anxious that it end, to get back to indoor warmth.

There would be little opposition if the federal government were to set a remembrance day when we could be more certain that weather would not interfere. The matter has been discussed at more than one Legion convention, without being resolved, and perhaps the government is waiting for a recommendation from this organization. Let's hope it appears on a future convention agenda.

"Shades" Of The Future

Three Georgetown streets will benefit in future from far-sighted residents who bought and planted 58 trees on town boulevards recently.

Those on Rosefield, Baylor and Wilson who planned and executed the project will be remembered by future generations, just as those who live in older parts of town remember the well-known people who planted beautiful maples and elms in the older sections of Georgetown.

Unfortunately, inroads of disease have removed almost all the elms. And many

maples are ending their life spans. In coming years, it will be older residents who must band together to provide for future generations what they have been handed from the past.

Nothing enhances a community like trees. It may never be possible again to plant the huge giants like elms and maples. Modern water and sewer systems do not lend themselves to trees whose roots extend too far afield. Tomorrow's trees will be of different varieties, but equally important to provide shade and beauty for Georgetown's streets.



It was "love at first bite" when Canadian recording star Anne Murray met Snowball and Whitley, the pair of six-month old oxen at Black Creek Pioneer Village during some location shooting for Miss Murray's first special of this television season, "Anne Again", which was shown Monday on the CBC network.

Black Creek was used as background for Miss Murray's version of "Garden Jenny", a Gordon Lightfoot song which she does during the show.

Miss Murray was making friends with the young oxen when Snowball decided the poncho she was wearing looked too good to resist and took a bite. The livestock man at Black Creek quickly rescued the edge of Miss Murray's poncho before any damage was done.

In the Mail Bag

Don't Jeopardize Life, Property For Sake of a Few Tax Dollars

28 Husefield Drive, Georgetown, Ont.

Dear Sir,
I feel I must write and oppose the views of your recent correspondent, Mr. J. Kirley, who protested that this town does not need a full-time fire brigade.

What kind of nonsense is he suggesting? I wonder if we can attach some significance to the fact that Mr. Kirley's letter carried an address which is literally only a few yards from the firehall. Is it likely, do you think, that he would pronounce the same opinions if he lived five miles from the firehall?

Allow me to remind Mr. Kirley that the Ontario Fire Marshal recommends that a full-time chief be appointed when the population exceeds 5,000, with some full-time firefighters added before the population reaches 10,000. This town passed that mark a long time ago. In fact, we are nearly double that latter figure by now.

Further to this, at the Council meeting of February 11th 1971, the volunteer fire fighters themselves submitted a proposal recommending that some full-time staff be hired.

In his letter, Mr. Kirley states that "there are a very few on Council who try to keep our taxes at a tolerable level and still achieve adequate service to the town". Believe me, I am as much against escalating taxes as anyone else, but for goodness sake, let us not put life and property in utter jeopardy merely for the sake of a few extra dollars on the tax bill. There is no reason why Mr. Kirley and all other tax payers in this town should be asked to pay more than \$9 extra to provide adequate fire protection on a full-time basis.

If anyone thinks that this meagre increase is too high a price to pay for the possibility of saving a life (maybe your own) then I claim there is something sadly lacking in their sense of moral responsibility, community spirit and civic pride.

Mr. Kirley claims in his letter that we have "adequate service" at present. Recent issues of The Herald have contained advertisements for increased numbers of volunteers for fire service. Is this, in itself, not a tacit indication that we have inadequate service?

Do not misunderstand me - by advocating a full-time service, I am not running down our present volunteers. These devoted men do a truly wonderful job, and are to be highly commended for their dedication. However, I feel that there can be no question that it takes a considerable time to assemble all the volunteers when an alarm is turned in. Experienced fire fighters will tell you that literally every second counts when getting to a fire.

It is not totally inconceivable, I submit, that in the apartment fire last week on John Street (in which damage was estimated at \$55,000, and nine families were left homeless) considerable losses could have been reduced if the fire fighters could have been on the scene a matter of minutes earlier. I contend that my increased tax payment would have been well spent for the year, had it been responsible, directly or indirectly, for reducing the number of families rendered homeless from nine, to eight or even less.

In his letter, Mr. Kirley states that a town is like a child - it has to crawl before it can walk. He expresses the opinion that Georgetown is not yet ready to walk. This is just about the most ridiculous statement I have heard in a long time. When may I ask, is a town with a population of over 17,000 considered large enough to progress? If we are to listen to Mr. Kirley and his ilk, we will stagnate for ever more. Thank goodness some people around us have overcome the inertia displayed by others, taken their heads out of the sand, and decided to try and do something for this town.

Of course we are big enough to walk. We might have to hold on to

LOVE AT FIRST BITE

noticed an increasing tendency in recently published letters to make a point of being downright rude about certain members of Council. If one disagrees with the decisions and opinions of Council, there are more effective ways of putting your point across without resorting to the sarcasm and asinine remarks such as contained in the latter half of the last paragraph of the letter which prompted my reply.

Pinged by Pellet From Pelletterio

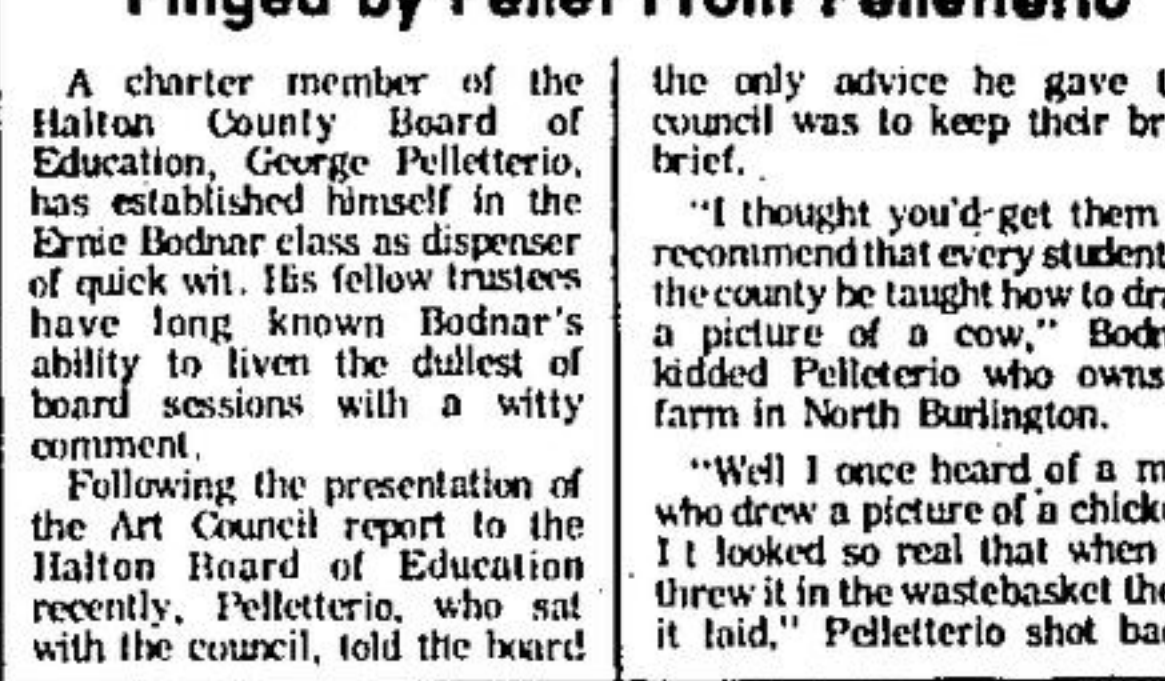
The only advice he gave the council was to keep their brief brief.

"I thought you'd get them to recommend that every student in the county be taught how to draw a picture of a cow," Bodnar kidded Pelletterio who owns a farm in North Burlington.

"Well I once heard of a man who drew a picture of a chicken. I looked so real that when he threw it in the wastebasket there it laid," Pelletterio shot back.

Following the presentation of the Art Council report to the Halton Board of Education recently, Pelletterio, who sat with the council, told the board

Turning Back Time



GENERAL PETER ADAMSON

Perhaps you've noticed that the town-line in Norval is sometimes called Adamson Street. It's named after General the Honorable Peter Adamson (1775-1865), who owned the mill around the middle of the 19th century there.

A native of Dundee, Adamson had served as a colonel in the Portuguese army, fighting in battles like Busaca, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos and Salamanca during Wellington's peninsular offensive against Napoleon. For his military service, the Portuguese government made him a Knight of the Tower and Sword, and the British government awarded him land in western Ontario. When he came out to Upper Canada, he bought land in Erindale, where he settled.

In 1838 he purchased the mill in Norval. He leased it to Gooderham and Company in 1845 (they also ran a distillery in the village) till 1850. Then the General had the mill run by his son-in-law, Colonel Mitchell. Mitchell was a poor businessman, though, and the business was soon taken over by the Bank of Ontario, until Robert Noble bought it in 1868.

General Adamson lived for some time in Norval, and built a large brick home there. He served for some time in the Legislative Council (the Upper Canadian counterpart to the House of Lords), until it was disbanded in 1841. Later he returned to Erindale, and he is buried in St. Peter's churchyard there.

BILL SMILEY

When Men Went Willingly to War

As the two great wars of this century move gradually out of memory and into the pages of history books, our annual Remembrance Day recurs with alarming rapidity, for the veteran.

There was nothing "great" about either of those wars, except for their size. Yet, the old sweats call their war the Great War, and the middle-aged sweats have to settle for the title World War II.

The name of the day has been changed from Armistice Day to Remembrance Day. A good change. But I'm glad they haven't changed the date. November 11th is an ideal time to remember. It's usually cold, wet and gloomy. Even the skies seem to weep at the folly of man.

It's difficult to conceive of hearing those hallowed clichés: "fallen comrades"; "in Flanders fields the poppies grow"; "At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we shall remember them"; "lest we forget"; "on a hot day in July."

But I'm not being sardonic when I refer to hallowed clichés. They are clichés, but they are also hallowed, and they mean a great deal to the men—and many women—who gather once a year to remember that the cream of Canadian young men, in two generations, was skinned off by a brutal fate on faraway fields.

It's hard to believe in these days of the burning of draft cards, of draft dodging, that in those two great wars, Canadians went not only willingly, but in most cases eagerly, to fight in a war 3,000 miles away, against an unknown enemy, for hazy reasons.

At least, with hindsight, the reasons were hazy. But at the time, they were crystal clear. The Kaiser was out to destroy the British Empire. Good enough. Hitler was out to stomp across the civilized world in jackboots. Clear. Let's stop the sods.

We didn't fight to subdue anyone, as the Russians, Germans, Japs, Italians have done. We weren't out to conquer new territories. We were out to prevent someone from subduing

us, or conquering our territory. In both wars there was a minority who "joined up" for less than heroic reasons: to get away from a nagging wife; to avoid the law; to escape a boring job. But in the first great war, Canadians literally flocked to the colours, swamping recruiting offices.

In that war, they showed a dash and élan and fortitude, once in action, that made them respected throughout Europe, and especially among the enemy. And in the second, despite the disillusion of the depression, despite the cynicism of the Thirties—perhaps the most anti-war generation of this century—they did it again. And once again they proved themselves, beyond a doubt, as doughty warriors on land, sea and in the air.

Personally, I didn't exactly flock to the colours. Both my brothers had jumped in early. That didn't bother me. I was a product of the cynical Thirties, a university student, and I laughed at them as they went through endless months of dull training, while the war in Europe was a complete stalemate.

But a time came. The Germans broke through. Civilization, as we knew it, was in danger of being stamped into the mud by the jackboots.

That was when thousands of us stopped sneering at the "phony" war and took the oath. Looking back, I shake my head wryly as I remember how desperate we were to get killed. It was a traumatic experience to be washed out of air-crew, where your chances of being killed were fairly good, and wind up washing dishes at manning pool, safe as a sausage.

We knew what we were doing, in some instinctual way. We wanted to come to grips. That's why I feel a certain pity for the conscripts of the so-called free world, in these days. They are forced to go to war against an unknown enemy, for something they don't believe in, amidst an atmosphere of corruption and downright lies.

To all veterans: don't remember the blood and mud and sweat and brutality and fear. Just remember all the good times and the good friends. You'll never have them again.

THE DISTRICT AT A GLANCE

CHIEF CLASSES DROP-IN CENTRE
ORANGEVILLE—This town's drop-in centre has been closed by Fire Chief Bill Noble. After answering a call to extinguish a leaf fire nearby, the fire chief and Constable Bill Davis went inside the centre to check the fire protection and found none. He said it was the lack of fire extinguishers which led him to close the drop-in centre. Hank DePrince, chairman of the drop-in centre said it would have closed for the winter anyway because there is no heating system.

RAILWAY POLICE PLAN CRACKDOWN
GUELPH—Railway police in Guelph and area are going to crack down this winter on snowmobilers who use their machines and railway tracks. "Any snowmobiler using the tracks this winter can expect prosecution for trespassing and fines up to \$100 under the Railway Act," said railway police investigator J. J. Koren. Special patrols will be made and all offenders charged. The law bans snowmobilers from the tracks and the railway right-of-way.

HEAR OBJECTIONS TO NEW SYSTEM
ROCKWOOD—The Ontario Municipal Board listened to 21 objections in Rockwood to the installation of water and sewers in the village and then adjourned until a later date to hear final arguments from lawyers representing the

ELECTION SIGNS STILL POSTED

BRAMALEA—The Peed North Liberal Association may be taken to task about campaign signs that have not been removed following the October 21 provincial election. Chinguacousy Township clerk Ken Richardson said this week that there is provision in the municipal bylaws requiring the removal of election posters along township roads some 48 hours after the election. Failure to do so can result in a fine of up to \$300, said the clerk. The clerk said no action has been taken to date as no one has complained and the bylaw enforcement officer was not aware signs were still up.

FLUORIDE COSTS
NEW \$22,000
MILTON—Installation of fluoride into Milton's water supply, if it is approved by the electors at a December plebiscite, is going to cost Milton more than earlier estimates, indicated. Figures presented by town works superintendent Bruce McKerr to council last week show it would cost in the neighbourhood of \$22,000 to install fluoride facilities. Compounding the problem is the fact that Milton's water is drawn from three wells - one at Kelso, and two at Walker's Line.

MAY DISCIPLINE STUDENT PROTESTERS
BRAMPTON—Disciplinary action probably of a minor nature will be taken against students in Brampton secondary schools who participated in Friday's demonstrations to protest the five megaton Amchitka blast. William Spangle, principal of Brampton Central, said a letter will be sent to the home of each student who walked out of classes Friday afternoon. "And as far as I'm concerned it will remain on their school record," he said.

We've Heard Them All

This list of typical observations and questions printed in the Greenfield (Indiana) Reporter proves readers say and editors hear the same remarks the constant over. The Reporter editor says the 12 most frequently heard news office clichés are:

"Please put it on the front page."
"Use the story just as I have written it. The club wants it that way for the scrap book."

"You're invited to our annual dinner tonight (this was the third invitation that week and we wanted a night home). There will be plenty free to eat and drink. Oh, yes, please bring your camera."

"How come it wasn't in the paper? It was—Well, I didn't see it. Will you please go through the back copies and tear it out for me."
"I just stopped by to talk a few minutes, but if you're busy."

"We voted to make you our club publicity chairman."
"I know you have a deadline, but couldn't you just squeeze this little item in?"

"My husband has never been in trouble before so I don't think his name should appear in the paper."
"I know it's on a Sunday, but it's our annual reunion and someone ought to cover it."

"My uncle's brother is one of your biggest advertisers and I was wondering if..."
"I'll try to get my ad in to you before the deadline next time."

"If there wasn't room for the picture, why couldn't they run it on another page?"

Look God

...This poem was found on the body of a dead soldier on a battlefield in Italy during World War II. The author is unknown.

Look, God, I have never spoken to You
But now I want to say "How do You do."
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist,
And like a fool I believed all this.

Last night, from a shell hole I saw Your sky.
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God if You'd shake my hand,
Somehow I feel that You will understand.
Flurry I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say.
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the zero hour will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're here.

The signal! Well, God I'll have to go.
I like You, lots, this I want You to know.
Look now this will be a horrible fight,
Who knows, I may come to Your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your door.
Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.

Well, I have to go now God, goodbye!
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.

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