

# Georgetown Herald

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WALTER C. BIEHN, Publisher

Page 2 GEORGETOWN HERALD, THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1971

## Long Service to Community

A milestone was marked one recent day at the Herald when a staff member started his 46th year of service to the firm and the community.

When shop superintendent Garfield McGilvray started his apprenticeship with the late Joe Moore, the Herald was in mid-Main Street, the Herald location of Henry's Clothing store.

The paper was a four to eight page sheet, with type all set by hand. The commercial printing department had handfed presses, the building was heated by a pot-bellied stove, the paper printed four pages at a time, on flat newsprint sheets.

As years passed, he has seen the Herald grow to its present 16 or more pages weekly. He mastered the typesetting machine which replaced

the antiquated hand setting, learned the operation of automatic printing equipment. And, just this year, he has shared in another printing innovation, when the Herald converted to the modern offset method of reproduction.

Besides his printing skills, he has contributed to the news department, particularly in the 30's and 40's when he was active with the hockey club executive.

And, outside business, he has served his town as a councillor and as a member of the fall fair board.

He is the type of person a town can be proud of - a dedicated man who puts his best into his work, whether it be his daily job or extracurricular activities. The Herald is fortunate to have him as a member of the staff.

## Supreme Test

We predict that a movie, made 35 years ago, and opening in Toronto this week, will be one of the new year's biggest hits.

Invited to a press preview of Charles Chaplin's 'Modern Times' last week, we attended with mixed feelings.

We had never seen Chaplin, except for a few snippets in movie anthologies.

We expected a few laughs, some nostalgia, a 'camp' type reaction from the mainly young audience, conditioned to the current fad for W. C. Fields and Mae West.

Instead, we found the movie as fresh as if made today.

We laughed and laughed and laughed, almost from start to finish, as Chaplin portrayed man's foibles, never unkindly, and poked fun at industry's assembly line, mass production, politics, trade unions.

Mr. Leslie Allen, owner of Brampton's radio station, has scored a bull's eye in securing distribution rights to Chaplin's films. We're looking forward to seeing Modern Times again as a paying customer, and anxiously awaiting other films which will be released later.

Meanwhile, we recommend that everyone see this fine movie.

## Can You Keep Christmas ?

Are you willing:

-To forget what you have done for other people

-And to remember what other people have done for you?

-To ignore what the world owes you

-And to think of what you owe the world?

-To put your rights in the background

-And your duties in the middle distance

-And your chances to do a little more than your duty, in the foreground?

-To see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are

And to try and look behind their faces to their hearts,

Hungry for joy?

-To know that probably the only good reason for your existence

Is not what you are going to get out of life

But what you are going to give to life?

-To set aside your book of complaints against the management of the universe

And to look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to do these things even for a day?

Then you can keep Christmas.

-Adapted from Henry van Dyke.



Whatever else is lost among the years

Let us keep Christmas. Its meaning never ends

Whatever doubts assail us or what fears,

Let us hold close this day

Remembering friends.



BILL SMILEY

## The Ghosts of Christmas Past

Looking forward to Christmas has become something less than unadulterated joy. The thrice-blasted tree, the seven-times-blasted card with its inevitable crooked stump, the ever-increasing cost of gifts: these and other aspects of the festive season have turned the festive part of it, at least, into an exercise of hectic futility.

I think many will agree when I say that there's a huge sigh of relief on Christmas night when the last of the wrappings have been put away, the last of the dishes washed, and we can sit back, look at the lights, and listen to music. It's a lot easier on the nerves to look back on Christmas of the past. They were probably just as frantic, but in retrospect they have a sort of rosy glow about them.

There's one that still causes me a pang of remorse and shame. My mother was making the usual huge turkey dinner, with all its entails. We were to eat about four. Around two p.m., my kid brother and I sneaked, yes, sneaked off to the mall. About the same time, my older brother and sister went for a long walk with a friend. None of us got

home until about 5.30, and there was Mom stuck with the ruins of a magnificent dinner, on which she had toiled for hours. She didn't say anything, but I, for one, felt like a rat.

I was about ten, and it was the first time I ever realized how thoughtless and selfish kids can be. Which reminds me that my own two thoughtless, selfish brats will be home this Christmas. Hugh's a vegetarian and will have his little bag of whole brown rice. Kim's on some kind of a crazy diet. By some strange coincidence, the vegetarian becomes a carnivore and the diet goes out the window, when they're home. It's tempting to think of making them a nice nut salad, and cooking a small duck for their parents only.

Another Christmas I'll never forget was that of 1944, deep in the heart of Pomerania, behind barbed wire. We didn't have to worry about buying gifts, sending cards or making long-distance calls to relatives. Maybe that's why it was so much fun. Not even a tree to wrestle with.

We exchanged gifts. I gave a pair of gloves to one of the ar-

tists, and he gave me a caricature of myself. Someone else gave a pack of smokes and received a razor blade that had been used only one week.

And there was the Christmas dinner. We had saved every scrap we could from the last of the Red Cross parcels. We had two tins of salmon with delicious cream sauce made from powdered milk. There were potatoes au gratin (we'd hung onto a hunk of cheese). And there was that fantastic cake crumbled Graham crackers and mashed turnips held together by a bit of marg, with two melted chocolate bars stirred in. It was cooked on top of the stove, and weighed about 18 pounds, one pound per man.

With dinner went kriegle brew. We'd saved enough prunes and sugar to make a potent potion (just add water and let it ferment for a couple of weeks).

After scoffing the lot, we lay around on our bunks, with the firelight flickering from the battered stove. Did we talk about home and loved ones? We did not. We just lay there and groaned, like 18 pythons who had simultaneously swallowed 18 goats.

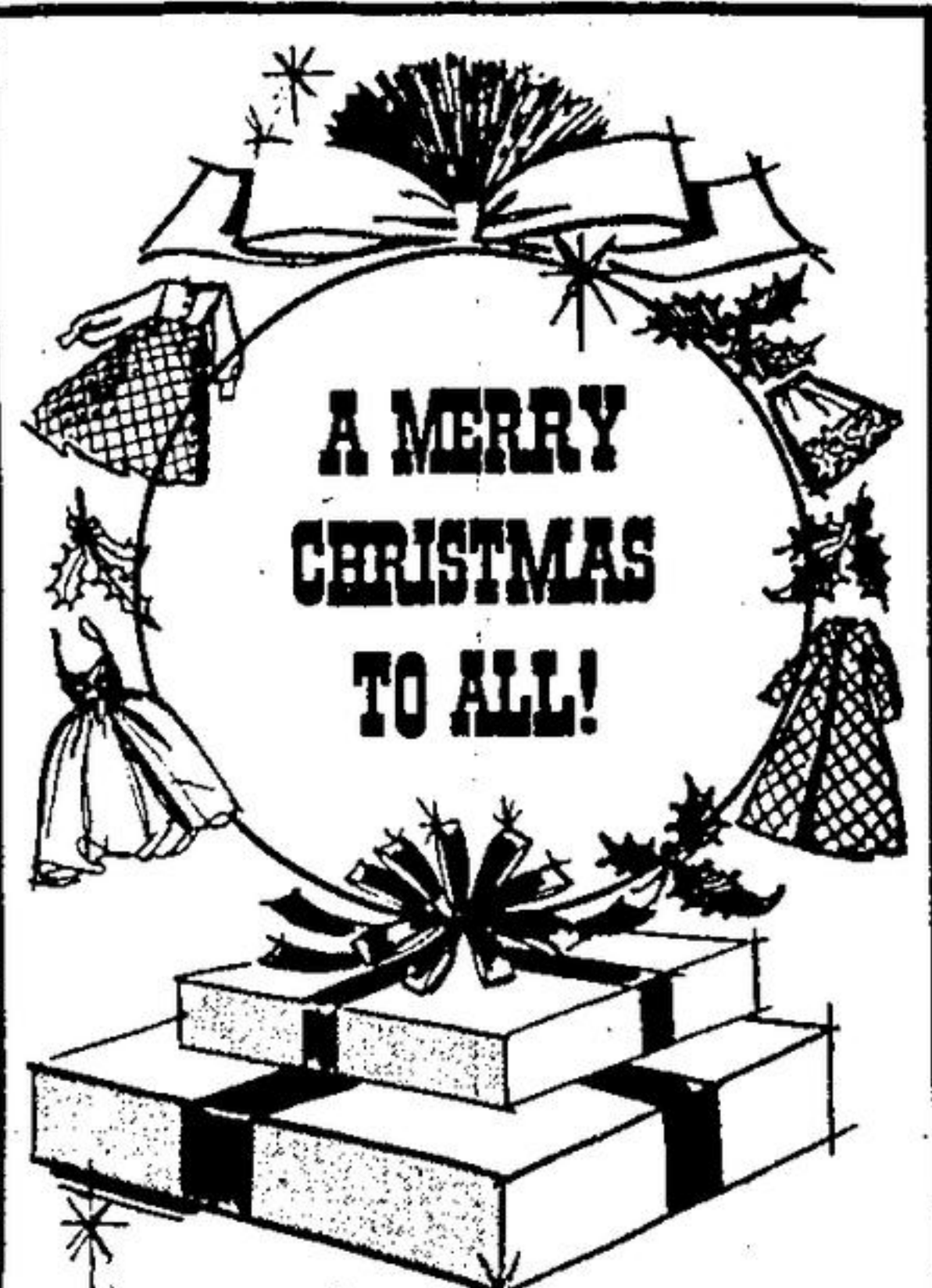
Most of us were sick half the night, but it was worth it. It was the only time for months that we hadn't been hungry, and the only time for months that we wouldn't be.

Other Christmases swarm into memory. I'll not forget the one when my wife was having the family, for the first time. She fussed all day and had everything just so. She was going

to show her mother and aunts that she was no slouch of a housewife. Her eyes were darting everywhere, making sure that everything was in order. The atmosphere was about the same as that at Cape Kennedy when they're going to fire at the moon. Finally, the supreme moment. She ushered everyone to the table and rather grandly ordered me to take the turkey out of the oven. It did, but the dam' pan was red hot and I dropped the whole works: gravy, grease, dressing and turkey, on the shining kitchen floor. I'll spare you the details, but I've never come closer to sudden death, even during the war.

In parting, I have three wishes for my loyal readers: that your Christmas tree doesn't fall over just after you've finished decorating; that you don't drop the turkey; and that you have the best and happiest Christmas you've ever had, with people you love.

Have a Happy Christmas



To our many friends:  
Merry Christmas Greetings we send to you - And, our warmest wishes, too.  
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## THE DISTRICT AT A GLANCE

### Sue for Rock Expense

ORANGEVILLE—The Ontario government has launched a suit against Orange Productions Ltd. to recover \$106,102 it says it spent at a rock festival near Orangeville more than a year ago. The suit is for the expense the province said it paid in providing extra police patrols near the site and medical services to thousands of young people who attended the weekend festival.

### Studying Site for Hospital

CHINGUACOUSY—Officials of the Ontario Hospital Services Commission Friday confirmed in principal a hospital to be located in the northeast section of Chinguacousy Township. Howard Kraft, administrator of Peel Memorial said two or three sites were considered in north east Chinguacousy. He said confirmation of a site is expected by the end of this year. He said the hospital would be built after Peel Memorial in Brampton completes expansion on its present site.

### Police Union Review Approved

BRAMPTON—A committee consisting of a judge, two provincial appointees and two members of county council will be established to make an in-depth investigation of the feasibility of unifying police departments of Brampton, Mississauga, Chinguacousy, Port Credit, and Streetsville. The committee will operate on a budget of \$19,000.

### Drugs Found in Post Office

ACTON—Canada Customs has shrouded investigation of a parcel containing drugs in secrecy. Customs officer Murray Harrison discovered six and one quarter pounds of Moroccan keef in a parcel mailed from outside Canada to the Acton post office. The keef is estimated to have a street value of \$5,000 to \$10,000. Harrison said he could not discuss the find as to arrests, source of the package or the addressee.

### Track Coaches Gather

CAMPBELLVILLE—More than 60 track and field coaches from Ontario clubs, universities and schools attended a coaches conference at the Mohawk Inn at Campbellville on Saturday. Sponsored by the Ontario Track and Field Coaches Association, the seminar concentrated on training techniques.

### Mark 20 Year Service

ERIN—Erin District Lions Club celebrated 20 years of service to the community with an anniversary party in the Erin Legion Hall. Eleven of the club's original members were introduced. Five of the originals have died. Twenty year pins were awarded to six charter members still active in the club, Cec Carney, Stan Lelich, Bob McEnery, Bert Smith, Fred Steen and Fred Wilson.

### Pigeons Under the Gun

BRAMALEA—Chinguacousy municipal officials have turned their attention to pigeons. Solicitor Ray Plant told the legislation and administration committee that the Ontario municipal Act does not permit the prohibition of pet pigeons but can allow for the regulation of them. Concern was expressed for home owners whose property may be in the "flight path" of a large number of homing pigeons. The matter was brought to the committee's attention because a Bramalea family had bought a number of pigeons for their children and a large number of pigeons could attract other birds to the community.

### Form Group Opposing Line

CHELTENHAM—Several area residents have organized a group to oppose the proposed 500,000 volt high tension line route selected by Ontario Hydro. The group has been called the coalition of Concerned Citizens and will extend its membership to surrounding municipalities. They propose to circulate a petition asking for an inquiry by the provincial government to have Hydro justify its choice of route and method employed of selecting it.

## AWAY IN A MANGER



"Away in a Manger," the beautiful hymn, is the favorite of young children, and has often been called "The Children's Carol". The simplicity of the words, the picture they bring to mind, the adaptability of the music - these things have contributed to its popularity.

There has been great controversy over its authorship. An argument over who wrote this favorite of the children has been going on for years.

Away in a manger  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down His sweet head;  
The stars in the bright sky  
Looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
The poor baby wakes,  
But little Lord Jesus  
No crying He makes;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus!  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle  
Till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus  
I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever,  
And love me I pray,  
Bless all the dear children  
In Thy tender care,  
And take me to heaven  
To live with Thee there.



CALLING SANTA...if the girls give up their dolls to play with the fun games a boy got for Christmas, the logical thing to do is to put in a call to Santa on the two-way radio and register a complaint. Hello, Santa, do you read me?

## Season's Best



We would like to thank you, our loyal friends, for your patronage this year. It has been a real pleasure serving all of you.

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