

# Georgetown Herald

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Page 2 GEORGETOWN HERALD, THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1972

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Too Much Photography?

While realizing the need for secrecy in municipal business at times, we wonder if Georgetown's council might not be overdoing the 'in camera' committee meetings this year.

In the past three weeks, there have been at least three such meetings from which the press was barred.

The Herald has never been one to make a big issue of this and we are sure there was good reason that each of these meetings be confined to council members only. But we hope this isn't going to be the rule this year.

Since Mayor Gibbons' days, when most matters were thoroughly debated in open council, there has been a change in procedure. Formal council meetings today tend to be fairly cut and dried - a number of motions presented and passed, with little comment, either from those who support or oppose the matter at hand.

This is because preliminary debate has been done at a committee meeting, and unless an oppo-

nent wants to stress his opposition, he tends to keep silent.

For this reason, for the past couple of years, the Herald has made a point of reporting committee meetings as well, with the result that the public has been much better informed about municipal business through our news columns.

We feel we have done a reasonable job of reporting, and have never gone out of our way to reveal news which might reflect on an individual, nor hamper council in making a decision on a controversial question.

With the exception of discussions on municipal staff problems and union negotiations, which should be in camera, we believe that the Herald reporters should sit in on other deliberations, and that they possess equal judgment to that of councillors, in not disseminating news which would be detrimental to the public interest. Without this background, it makes a reporter's task much more difficult in informing the public about municipal matters.

### Misplaced Sentiment -

Discussion in Mississauga council about naming a park after the parents who donated their young son's heart to Mayor Speck for a successful transplant is a case where sentiment took the place of sense.

The family's gift was a precious one, like previous ones which have worked modern miracles for the lucky recipients. But this action does not justify such recognition in history just because the recipient happened to be a prominent politician. If the municipality wishes to honour the family, a small plaque in

the municipal building might be more fitting.

We are all guilty, at times, of letting a dramatic event stir us to action, but, should the same thing happen more quietly, we overlook it.

The death of Pierre Laporte, victim of the FLQ kidnappers, is a case in point. Had Mr. Laporte died less dramatically, we doubt that his picture would have appeared on a Canadian stamp last year. Or had he been a less prominent citizen, there would be slight chance that John Doe would have been remembered so prominently.

### Valentine Memories -

A Mail Bag letter, suggesting that exchange of Valentines in school classes is not in the original spirit of the day, and could be better replaced by a donation to the Heart Fund, has a point.

And yet, this is one of childhood's special times and we should hate to see it fade altogether. The writer argues that where a Valentine should have a special meaning, the idea is a farce when each child gives one to every other in the class, and gets one in return. But perhaps this is preferable to our day, when the popular youngsters get the majority, and others only one or two.

Childhood has its heartbreaks, and for some, the Valentine box was the first indication that all are not equal. It must have been a blow, particularly, to the girls in the class. A boy can swallow his heartache much better. Later, the same held true in the school dances. It's much more obvious when a girl isn't asked to dance, than when a boy gets a refusal. He can pretend that he didn't really want to dance anyway. A girl must sit there, trying not to show her feelings.

But to get back to Valentine day, it was a very special one when we were in elementary school. First was the decision about who was to make the container. Not being the artistic type, we never were in the running. But there were hurt

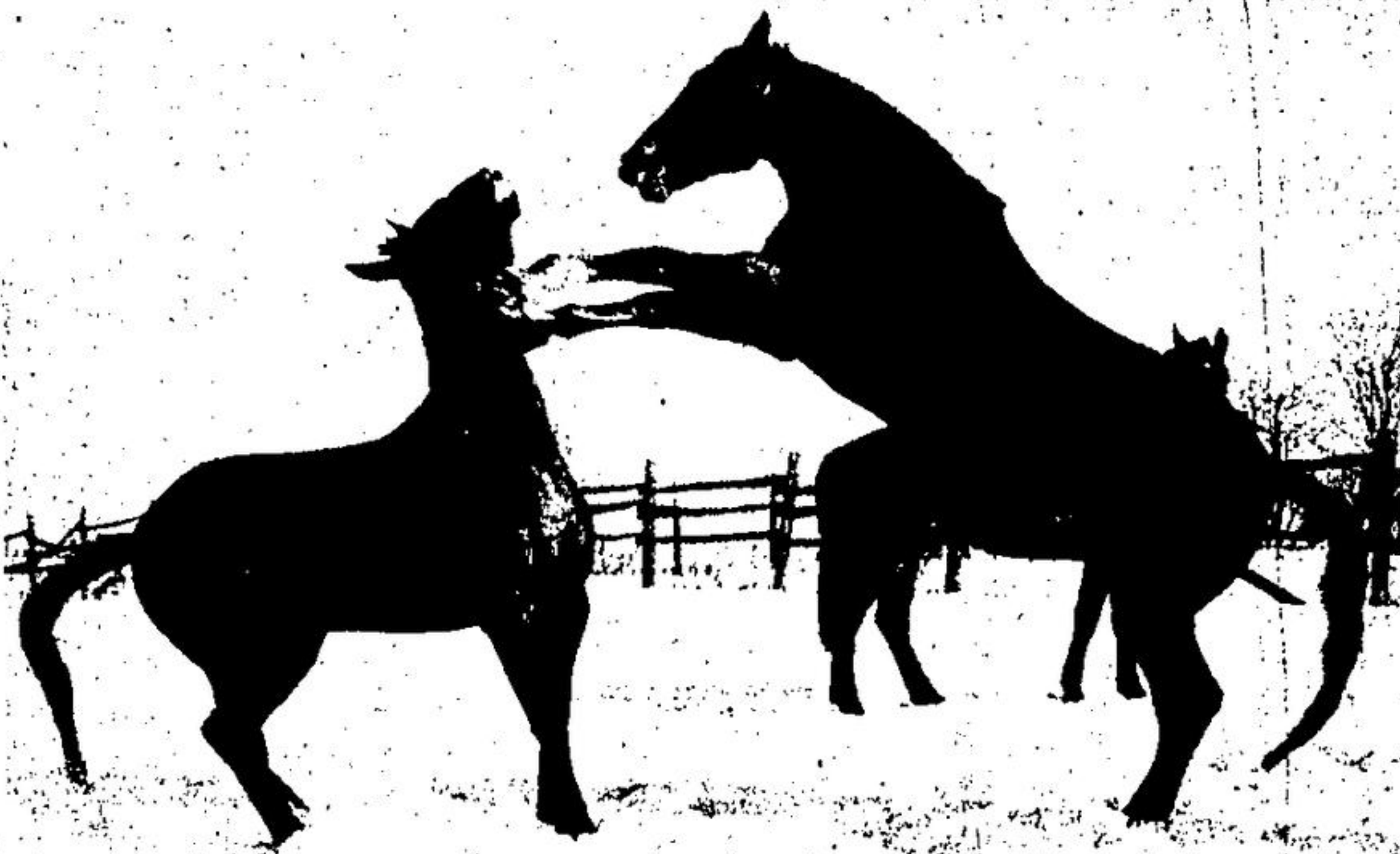
feelings to start with, for teacher had to make a final decision.

When the day itself arrived, there was a terrific air of excitement in the classroom, as envelopes were carefully deposited in the huge box. There were two varieties - the home-made ones, some elaborate, depending on the artistic ability of the designer - the 'boughten' ones were much more attractive than today's cutouts, resplendent with lace and ribbon, pop-out hearts.

Next came the choice of who was to hand them out, usually one boy and one girl, who would then be subject to some razzing as teacher's pets for the next day or two.

Distribution began, and, looking back, it was a lesson in life which we all must learn. Popularity was soon established, as Valentines began to pile up on some desks, while others were clear. We can't remember any occasion when every youngster didn't get at least a couple. But there must have been a few tears quietly shed later.

One highlight we remember in Grade 8. At one of the bigger boys, had a crush on Gretta. There must have been advance warning for she turned up that day, dressed to the teeth, and with her first high heels. Her name was called, and Gretta teetered forward to receive, not a paper Valentine, but a large heart-shaped box - of chocolates.



Horsing Around in the Snow

IN THE MAIL BAG—

### Says Benefit from High Rise Minimal

96 Moore Park Cres.  
Georgetown, Ont.

The Editor:  
The Georgetown Herald,  
Main St. South,  
Georgetown, Ont.

Dear Sir:

The layout in the recent issue of the Herald proposing a fifteen story apartment building in the Main North and Carruthers area was to say the least a shock. I do hope this plan will not be put into effect. Either there or in any other part of Georgetown.

Our fire department, of which we can be duly proud, is presently strained. A high-rise would require additional fire-fighters and sophisticated equipment, the latter of which would be idle (hopefully) most of the time.

Joseph Gibbons school and Chapel St. school would I'm sure have to be enlarged to accommodate the increase in registration. Sewage facilities would have to be increased. The incinerator in such a building would dump tons of ash, dust, and pollution on our relatively smog free local environment, the prices of houses in the area could do nothing but decrease with this 150 foot gargoyte glaring down on them.

It may be argued that the town would benefit from the additional buying power of 170 more families sitting on top of the hill. I'm afraid the benefits would be minimal. It takes the average home owner moving into a new area or subdivision one or two years to relinquish their previous shopping habits and settle in. By this time they have formed local ties with the schools, library, churches and local merchants. The transient apartment dweller however doesn't stay long enough to develop these ties. The average apt. leasee's one year not even enough time to wear out a good pair of shoes.

I therefore implore you, the council and the citizens of Georgetown not to let this happen. I moved here to get away from the traffic, smog and ugly high rise strewn sky-line as I'm sure many others did. Don't let's spoil it by allowing it to follow us out here.

Yours truly  
R. E. Booth.

IN THE MAIL BAG—

### Need Denturists For Competition's Sake

31 Bryon Street.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Three cheers and a tiger for the denturists in their fight to be recognized as fitters of dentures for the public.

We certainly need their competition to the dentistry profession, who for far too long have levied unconscionable charges on the public requiring their services.

I trust that our federal and provincial representatives to their respective governments see that the denturists will be enabled to practice legally.

It would save the badly overcharged public millions of dollars a year on this item alone.

Yours truly,  
Ed. A. Peters



### BILL SMILEY

## Memories of The Jalna Books

A lot of people would give their eye-teeth for some free publicity in this column for whatever they're selling. In fact, I have a large case of mounted eye-teeth which I haven't bothered returning.

For once, I'll make an exception. In this case, it's a plug for a television series. I'm not much of a T.V. hound. Most of the content is aimed at the 12-year-old mentality; and this is an insult to a bright 12-year-old.

Three BBC series, however, were well done enough to interest me. They were The Wives of Henry VIII, this year's Elizabeth R. and The Forsyte Saga. In each case we had superb entertainment without the violence, off-colour jokes and utter inanities which characterize so many well-known and avidly followed shows. I might add that one reason they appealed to me was that they were not trying to be "significant", merely good drama.

I remember saying to my wife, during the span of the Forsyte family. "Wouldn't the Jalna novels make a wonderful series?" She agreed, whereupon I put a nick in the doorknob. I do this every time she agrees with me. There are three nicks there now. Of course, we've only had this house for ten years.

Now we have it. A Canadian series, produced by the CBC, which can turn out first-class stuff when the creative people manage to wiggle out from under the meaty, far-from-green thumbs of the administrators. The Jalna series.

Mazo de la Roche, creator of the Jalna novels, will never be ranked with Shakespeare or Dickens. But she was an excellent craftsman, with a shrewd knowledge of the reading public, able to blend romanticism and realism into a mixture that had a universal appeal.

It was the same old story. Practically unknown in Canada, she submitted her novel Jalna to a U.S. contest and won the Atlantic Monthly prize of \$10,000 (I believe), for best novel of the year.

She had found a rich vein of gold. Like Ian Fleming, who wrote the James Bond nonsense, and that character who churns

out the Carry On Doctor stuff, she mined her lode to the depths, extracting every last nugget, and even panning for grains toward the end. Don't mistake me; she was a far better writer than the others mentioned.

The novels deal with a large, extremely complex family, the Whiteoaks, living on a big farm near Lake Ontario, and it covers several generations.

Our pioneer ancestors were about as much like the Whiteoaks as Pierre Trudeau is like me. And Jalna is about as real in rural 19th-century Canada as Camelot was in the barbaric dark ages. But this is part of the charm. They're escape novels, in the best sense of the word. Yet, the author creates characters who are not only attractive but memorable. And the love-hate relationships within the family are believable, because they are familiar.

I predict a run on the Jalna novels, if the TV series is any good. Regardless, treat yourself. They are available in most public libraries.

A little incident during the war proved to me that, despite their regionalism, the novels have an international appeal.

It was about May 2nd, 1945. The Russians had just "liberated" our prison camp. They were pretty drunk and disorderly, still celebrating May 1st, one of their big holidays, and they let us out for the evening. (Next day they locked us all up again.)

But we had one glorious spring evening of freedom. I set off for the little town near the camp with Nils Jorgenson, a huge Norwegian who spoke German.

We watched the Russians still pouring into the town, a motley and colourful crew. I remember a huge Cossack-looking type, with vast moustaches, riding a stallion. Slung over one shoulder was a machine-pistol. Dangling from his saddle was a balalaika. On his other shoulder perched a tiny monkey. So help me!

We drifted into town, watched the Yanks picking up German girls, or trying to. We saw a big house, set back among the trees. Went up and knocked, out of curiosity. A frightened old woman finally opened the door a crack. Nils spoke gently to her in

## THE DISTRICT AT A GLANCE

### Sno-Brrr-Fest Coming Up

ORANGEVILLE—Hundreds of discarded Christmas trees are awaiting the spark on Friday, February 4 at Orangeville's Sno-Brrr-Fest. These are the trees discarded from family homes and apartments picked up by the Works Department. They will be set ablaze by Mayor Victor Largo to signify the start of the weekend festivities.

### Owners Want Annexation

MILTON—During a council meeting last week, Milton councillors received request from owners of 3,300 acres south, west and east of the town to be annexed to Milton. All the lands are in Oakville and the present owners cited better services and a desire to be part of the Milton "community" in their appeals to be taken into the town.

### Planning Now for Birthday

ACTON—Acton's 1974 centennial will be a long way off but for Jack Carpenter and his centennial commission it helps to receive municipal approval, even if it is only in principal. Carpenter and Ted Tyler Jr. appeared before Acton council last week and received the seal of approval. There are no official centennial projects yet but ideas include a parking lot, new town hall, enclosed swimming pool, and completing the community centre.

### Take It or Leave It

ROCKWOOD—Dictatorial could have been a nutshell conclusion at last week's special meeting regarding the Rockwood post office under construction, except for the presence of South Wellington MP Alf Hales. The meeting was called by Eramosa Township council to discuss with Public Works Department representative Sid Samuels the new building on which the council slapped a stop work order. Its resemblance to a small barn has led to controversy. Mr. Samuels said the day is gone when government must be reflected in monumental buildings. He said the trend today is to factory type buildings which can be torn down in 20 years. Mr. Hales said he was disgusted and would do everything he could to co-operate with the people of Eramosa.

### No Union for Elora

ELORA—Elora is backing off from the idea of an eventual union with Fergus. It was decided to notify Wellington County that Elora is quite satisfied with the present situation. It has indicated it would prefer that Pilkington, Nichol and West Garafraxa be joined to Elora, with Fergus left on its own. The second situation is recommended in Schedule E in the Guelph-Wellington Study.

## Helping Heart Beat A Real Valentine

79 Moore Park Cres.

Dear Sir:  
I wonder how many parents feel, as I do, that Valentine's Day has lost its meaning?

I can remember when a Valentine sent to a loved one had a wealth of meaning, but when my children trot off to school with sixty Valentines and haul approximately the same amount home again at night, the whole idea becomes a farce.

Our hospital desperately needs a new heart machine, and a service club here in Georgetown is, at the moment, attempting to raise the necessary funds. Wouldn't Valentine's Day have a new meaning if the children donated some pennies towards the fund?

Hearts are a symbol of Valentine's Day, but helping a heart to continue beating is far more important than a picture on a card.

—(Mrs.) Jean Wakefield.

### DID YOU KNOW?

The berries and fruits of Ontario provide mix and match variety with pork dishes, says the Ontario Pork Institute. Favourites are spiced pears, curried mixed fruit, and honey-glazed peaches from Niagara orchards.

### REPRINTS

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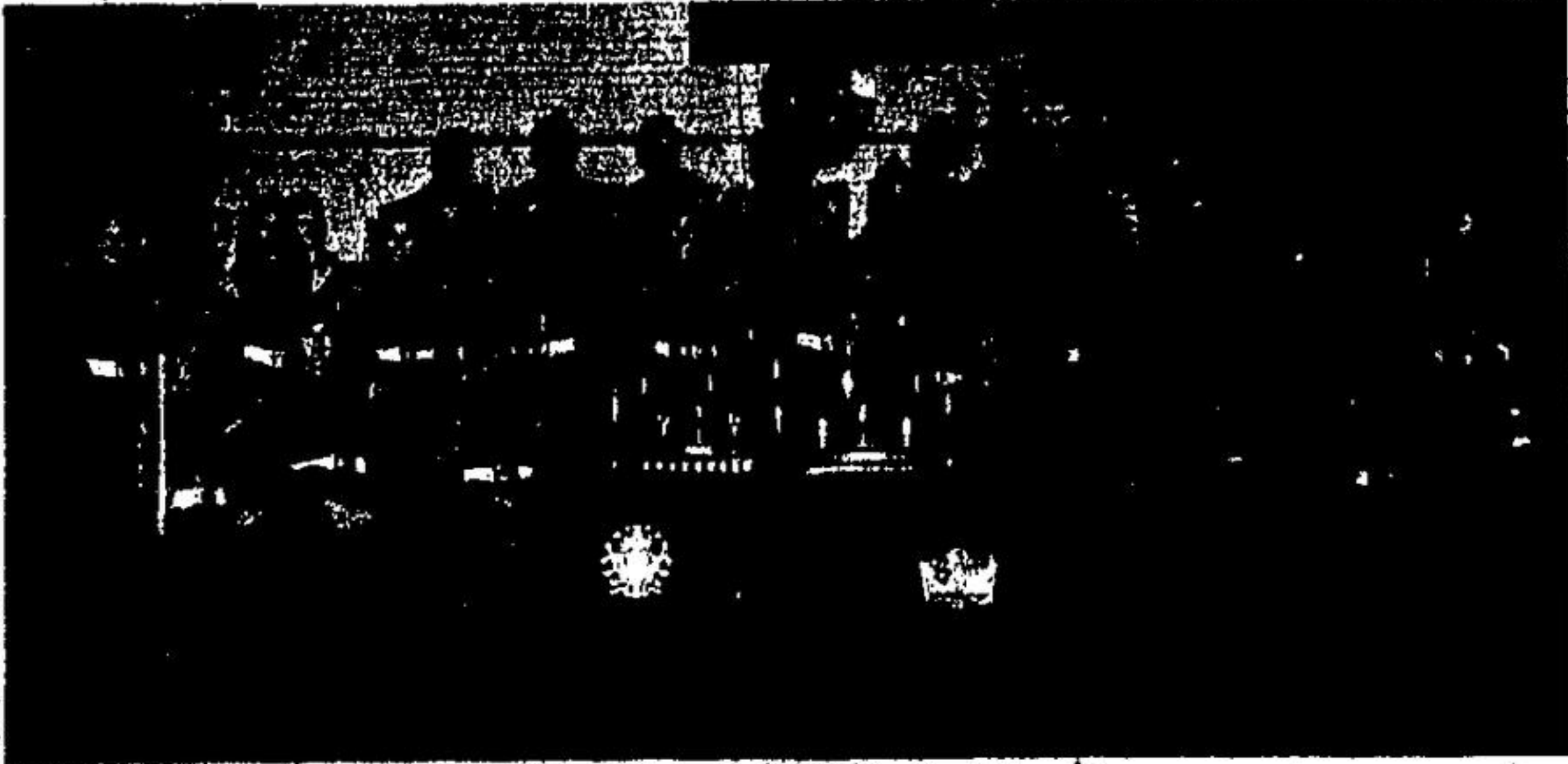
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### Turning Back Time



Remember Lorne Scots' Regimental Band?