

# Georgetown Herald

A Division of Home Newspapers Company, Limited  
22 Main Street South, Georgetown, Ontario  
WALTER C. BIEHN, Publisher

Page 2 GEORGETOWN HERALD, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1972

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Ms Is Here

Customers at one of our banks will notice that Women's Lib has caught the fancy of the T-D advertising department.

The newest staff member is not Miss Oprica, but Ms Oprica on the identification card at her teller's wicket.

And coincidentally, in today's mail, a woman writing from an advertising agency uses the latest terminology in signing her letter.

We are not particularly opposed to the new word.

Perhaps it has been wrong all these years to keep a man's marital status secret with Mr., while women have been clearly identified.

Peculiarly, while we have never heard a man complain about the use of Ms, it has not found favour with some women. We have heard more than one who opposes it, and doesn't want to change, whether she is Miss or Mrs.

Fact is that many women are satisfied with their status in American society and don't want too big a change. There's no percentage in becoming so equal that they will take on unpleasant jobs now shouldered by men.

If Ms becomes too common, it may be women themselves who will clamour for a reversal.

### Honour For A Neighbour

It was a pleasure to record that neighbouring publisher David Dills has been chosen citizen of the year by Acton Chamber of Commerce.

When we first came to Georgetown, young and inexperienced in newspaper work, his father was a good friend, always willing to assist.

David, and his brother Jim, in Milton, have continued this. Rather than the business rivalry which can exist when publishers vie for readership and printing orders, we have honoured each others' territory. It has been a mutually beneficial arrangement, one which, from our

standpoint, will endure as long as we have a share in managing the Herald.

Mr. Dills has been active in his home community, particularly in scouting. And he has turned out a well-edited, beautifully reproduced weekly newspaper which has won many prizes, and is considered one of the best in the province.

In a wider field, he has been president of the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association and a director of the national association, devoting much of his leisure time to the greater good of his profession.

His honour is well deserved.

### Child's Game Centuries Old

Watching some youngsters at the old game of 'Statues' one day, we wondered how games persist and where they had their origin.

As if in answer, a reader brought this item from a British newspaper, which gives the origin of what they call 'Ring a Ring a Roses', known in Canada as 'Ring Around a Rose.'

"RING A RING A ROSES" ...

The old English children's rhyme "The ring of roses" was the first dreaded symptom of the Great Plague of 1348, being a rash of bright

red spots about the body of the person infected.

The "pocket full of posies" was the medicinal herbs the poor people had gathered in the fields to fight the plague.

The "Atishoo, atishoo" was the cough that went with the plague. The "all fall down" was the collapse of the victim and death. A moving tribute to the genius of children's imagination and play-instinct even under conditions of such horror.

## Georgetown's History is Contained in Street Names

64 Main Street South, Georgetown, Ontario.

The Editor, The Georgetown Herald, Main Street South, Georgetown, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

The street names of Georgetown have intrigued my curiosity for a number of years and your editorial of February 24th and the headline news item of last week's issue of the Georgetown Herald have prompted me to write to you about some of my own research regarding them.

This letter is concerned with the street names of the oldest part of our town, the original Village and later, Town of Georgetown. I am just as interested, too, in compiling information about the newer street names since town expansion began in the early 1950's. I realize that, even in this short span of time, origins can be lost and have to be researched with just as much effort, sometimes more, as for those of seventy-five and a hundred or more years ago.

In your editorial, you

mentioned several old street names which appear to have no trace of origin. I would say that William, Joseph and James Streets are named after three of the original four Barber brothers who established themselves here in 1837. The other brother, Robert, seems to have been left out but this might be logical considering that not very long after, in 1843, he, along with his brother-in-law Ben Franklin, was responsible for managing the second woollen mill which the Barbers had started in Streetsville.

Young Street would definitely seem to be named after James Young who came to the village about 1843 and established his business and home at the corner of Main and Mill Streets, which is now occupied by the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Most of the block remaining, bordered by Main, Church, Market and Mill Streets became his garden, the first in the village, choleely planted with apple trees, pear trees and strawberry

plants which he imported from Rochester.

I can only make a guess about Charles Street, it is possibly named after Charles W. Young, James Young's son, who was born here and left in 1865. His reminiscences which appeared in the Georgetown Herald in 1920, tell us about Edith Street: quote, "Edith Street was named by James Young, who had it opened up as a short cut to Stewarttown for his sister-in-law, Miss Edith Phillips." The Phillips family were prominent members of St. George's Church and their father, Rev. Thos. Phillips, D.D., although not a resident of Georgetown, was well known as one of the founders of Upper Canada College in Toronto and was at one time the assistant and principal of that school. To quote further: "the choir roster, I fancy, if it was uncarried, would be found to have been mostly a family affair of Youngs and Phillipses."

George Street must certainly be named after George

(continued on Page 3)



REMEMBER THAT DREAM OF A LITTLE COTTAGE WITH THE PICKET FENCE



BILL SMILEY

### Wedding Bells And Sad Dads

Toughly one million people read this column. And they read it roughly, because that's the way it is written. Many of the old faithfuls have read the column since the time my daughter first hurped and covered the old man's shirt with baby-sneez.

And they have associated, and laughed and cried as I described the peculiar creature that I produced. With a little help from my wife, of course.

I feel it only fair to the old faithfuls to keep them up to date. Anyone who is not interested can turn to Ann Landers or Billy Graham or somebody who writes about something important.

Kim is getting married. Normally, this is an occasion of great hilarity, geniality, joviality, and sometimes even spirituality.

Personally, I think she's out of her mind. But this, at least, is normal among parents. So everything is proceeding normally.

Today, I came home and found my wife surrounded by income tax forms and samples for material to cover one of our chairs. Normally, I wouldn't be surprised by this. It's a typical. But it's not exactly the pre-wedding hysteria one might expect.

And where is Kim, with a wedding about ten days away? She's in the city with her boy-friend, looking for a second-hand van in which they can eat and sleep and have their being during the summer. And they have my car. Every time the phone rings, I flinch, expecting to hear a police officer telling me they've cracked up my beautiful 1967 Dodge.

And tomorrow night there's a shower for her, and the next day a dental appointment, and next week an appointment in the city about a job, and another dental appointment. And she hasn't

even bought her wedding dress yet.

She's not at all worried about her "going-away" outfit. She assured her mother, "Don't worry, Mom; I'll be going away in my jeans."

Well, I'm sorry I can't invite everyone to the wedding. You would enjoy every minute of it, but we can't get one million people into our living-room, though you'd never believe it when we have our annual party. And you'd enjoy the reception even more, with Kim's cat and ours flying into a screeching, spitting, spangling fight every three minutes.

One of the biggest ordeals, of course, is meeting the future in-laws. We got through that last Sunday, and it went off fine. The kids sat nervously hitting their nails up to the knuckles, as they watched it.

Dot, a sensible person like myself, and I got along fine. She accepts life as it is, and does something about it. She'll be a fine mother-in-law. Doug and my wife are both out - about classical music - and they got along fine. He and I are going trout fishing, so we got along fine.

We had some chili - and some cough medicine (an excellent combination, by the way), and could scarcely bear to part.

But to get back to my thesis, and I'm afraid I've wandered a bit, we can't invite everybody. So I'll make it official.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. T. Smiley announce the marriage of their daughter, KIM ELIZABETH (university drop-out) to Mr. Donald Sieber (impoverished artist) on May 6th, 1972.

This dubious affair will take place at Kim's home 303 Hugel Ave., Midland, Ont. (Probably).

That's the gist of the thing. There. Don't feel hurt

because you haven't received a personal invitation. If you had, it would be like getting a personal invitation to the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Why do young people want to get married anyway? In my day, it was the only way to do you-know-what. But with the pill, and the new concept of "morality", it all seems rather dopey.

Oh, well, I'll probably weep during the ceremony. And when I sleep, it's a sight to behold. Strong women, who have never wept in their lives except over a lost eyelash, come up and pat me, and try to dry my eyes with Kleenex, and all they do is make me weep louder, and wetter, and understand.

The only advice I can give at this moment is that if you have to have a daughter, have five. I imagine by the time the fifth was gotten rid of, you'd be able to control yourself, to some extent.

### THE MAIL BAG— Where Was The Mayor?

152 Mountainview Rd. S. Dear Sir,

It seemed a great pity that the mayor of our town could not give a few hours of his time to greet the weary walkers when they arrived home on Saturday after many hours out on the road. We are continually seeing Mr. Smith attending this function and that meeting but surely nothing can be more worthwhile than a short visit to the last check point of the Oxfam Walk to give these dedicated people of Georgetown a handshake and a certificate of "Well Done!"

As a wife of a foot-sore husband who completed the course and the mother of a daughter who walked a short way, believe me this is self-sacrifice and no easy task!

Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J. Christie.

CASH ON HAND Yesterday is a cashed cheque. Tomorrow is a promissory note which cannot be used today. But today is cash on hand, so spend it wisely.

### IN THE MAIL BAG— Writer Says Church-Goers Create A Traffic Hazard

R.R.2 Rockwood Ontario

Dear Sir,

Again I feel I must draw attention to the traffic hazard being caused by those patronizing the church opposite the Federal Post Office.

On Sunday April 23rd people getting stamps or mailing letters had to double park as the lay-by designed for this facility was occupied by church-goers.

I travelled past this area cautiously but almost struck a child who ran between two cars parked on the school crossing. Children are urged to use safety crossings by educators and visiting safety officials, so it is natural that when school is in or out, children crossing roads in school areas are going to use the crossings.

Checking with local police I was astounded to learn that there is no by-law forbidding people to park on or near these crossings during or after school hours.

Apparently children crossing the road at school crossings are fair game for

motorists unless a crossing guard is present. Wm. A. Johnson

GEORGETOWN HERALD  
Established 1865  
Telephone 877-2201

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CARRIER CIRCULATION  
Mr. and Mrs. N. Eyre  
Telephone 877-4067

Single copy 15c  
Mailed subscription \$7.50 yearly

A Division of Thomson Newspapers Ltd.

## Labour Relations: Select A Club and Have At It

18 Metcalfe Court, Georgetown, Ontario. Georgetown Herald.

To the Editor:

At a time when managers and politicians are inundated with mysterious verbiage written in behavioural science on the subject of innovation, motivation, communication and industrial relations, the photograph on the front page of the Globe and Mail is a testimony to the worth of all the "gobbledeygook" frenetically ground out by professional wordsmiths.

Despite all the razzamataz written on the subject of labour relations we seem to have advanced no further than the situation where at the end of every two or three year contract, the two opponents, i.e. Labour and Management, retire to their respective corners, select a club and proceed to beat one another's brains out, having first clumsily arrived at an impasse, be it by accident or design.

"Negotiations" continued ad nauseum and as always, after the event, despite the revelations delivered by the sages and oracles who occasionally emerge from the hallowed halls of the behavioural scientists to "observe" our species.

The human engineering experts then compound the misdemeanours by continuing to generate non-communication bulletins on Industrial and Behavioural Psychology which only a minority can comprehend anyway. It wouldn't be so bad if they would recycle their own paper physically.

Jean Meyer of Harvard made the observation that conditions in China, with a population of 800 million are not good. Thanks be to God, says Meyer, that they are not 800 million affluent - they would be buried under their own garbage in no time flat which would be most disconcerting, when they

have only just been discovered - by Henry Kissinger.

Meanwhile the citizenry of Toronto continue to trip base over apex over their own garbage, politicians over their own egos, all under the influence of their own affluence.

Perhaps verbiage and garbage have a common denominator, both are abundant, only the solution seems elusive.

Maybe it's not so bad after all to oscillate between Hurace and Andy Capp!

What a pity that the ancients decided to domesticate the goat, particularly since it seems that they mutated - some got into unions and others into politics, while others go about their business in total abdication mumbling Jeremiah 2:7 - presumably awaiting Divine Intervention.

Yours very truly,  
Peter H. Blakesley

## Praises Work Of His Referees

11 McNabb St. Dear Sir,

With the minor hockey season over for another year I would like to mention a few words to the referees of Georgetown.

Your work has been terrific all year, especially in all of the tournaments, Juvenile Midget, Tykes and the one and only International Bantam.

We have nineteen O.M.H.A. officials in town, more than most of the other towns in Tri-county and these boys handled eighty hockey games in one week.

Also thanks to the house league referees, your cooperation was terrific.

Thank you, it has been a pleasure to say that I am one of a bunch of great guys.

"Gerald" "Perky" Perkins  
The Chief.

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NATURE'S SHOWCASE

Deep green cedars, a bank of white birch and the beige sea of well weathered bull rushes compose the springtime mantle for this picturesque valley on the 9th Line of Esquesing north of Georgetown. In the autumn this is spectacular display of colour.