

# THE HERALD

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## RUN ROUGHSHOD

### Big Not Always Better

The trend today is for everything to get bigger. It happens in government, housing, industry and education.

Halton Hills is replacing the smaller municipalities of the past. The looming apartment blocks (which now house more than half of Toronto's population) are much more lucrative for developers than single dwellings. Suppliers of scarce products (such as the raw materials for plastics, now that we have an energy crisis) do not want to bother dealing with small manufacturers. And little schools (like Norval) keep getting closed while large ones are being built.

Some people would insist that the trend is good, that bigger is naturally better. Others are seeing some of the dangers of a society where not just our goods and our foods are mass produced, but also our homes and our children's education. We are becoming what a distinguished sociologist called "faces in the lonely crowd," losing

our identities and our values.

The trend is made worse in that people have so little choice in the matter. We elected regional councillors and named our new municipality without ever voting on the larger question as to whether we wanted regional government.

Two years ago Norval people opposed the decision to close their school, and won a stay of execution. But the county board, after paring away the earliest and latest grades, has again announced that the school has too few pupils to carry on. The attrition tactics of modern bigness make it difficult to oppose.

A few individuals have the gumption to resist being swallowed up, like Hamilton's Mayor Vic Copps, who shouted his objections to regional government to a surprised legislature. Bigger may sometimes be better, but it should not be imposed roughshod on people who don't want it.



OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

## Driver Education Needed To Help Improve Standard

In this country of ours we have a motor vehicle transportation system composed of 9,000,000 drivers and similar number of vehicles. This system is lavishly supplied with all sorts of essential ingredients except one and that is driver education. For some reason we seem to think that Canadians must be born with the inherent ability to drive a vehicle.

The system which has done such a splendid job of building cars, roads, gas stations, repair shops, insurance companies and hospital facilities, has done a very poor job of providing the one essential ingredient for safe and efficient vehicle transportation—adequate training for those who use the system.

In addition the number of vehicles and drivers coming on to our roads increases at close to a four per cent annual rate. The capacity of our roads does not increase at anything like a compensating rate because of the huge capital expenditures involved.

The Canada Safety Council's Defensive Driving Course provides this missing

ingredient on a mass scale. Since the program started in Canada early in 1968 close to 450,000 Canadian drivers have taken the course. This averages approximately 75,000 per year. We should be

training at least 250,000 drivers each year if we are to make a significant impression on traffic accident statistics as we know them.

### Bible Verse

"But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." 2 Corinthians 9:6

Today do a little more, give a little more and be a little more for the glory of God in Jesus' name. Only what you plant can be put into production. Sow big and you can expect a bountiful return. You will never relive today, make it a good one with God's help.

"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah." 1 Kings 17:16

Keep giving of yourself and your means to God and His work. You will like His method of multiplication. "Give and it shall be given unto you...running over."

## ONE LOST

by G. Landsborough

Debbie  
Innocent of face fair of complexion cheeks kissed by soft pink roses  
Debbie  
Hair soft as silk tumbling in bountiful blackness to her shoulders  
Debbie  
Tiny taunt blue sweater showing the full promise of her womanhood  
Debbie  
Faded blue jeans where lovin hands stitched the flowers made of colored cotton  
Debbie  
A child of peace and love so soon to be a woman  
Crumpled like a broken doll she lay in his arms  
Her fathers face wet with falling tears and filled with sorrow  
Nurses rushing calling for the doctors  
Pale friends with knowing faces holding the terror of what had happened  
The rose kissed complexion now the color of gray ash  
And oh so still  
A summers afternoon now filled with nameless horror  
All for a dare not caring what might happen  
Debbie  
Whose mon and dad had cared so very much  
Debbie  
Whose now still hand once held the pretty colored capsules  
Debbie  
Having everything yet having nothing  
Debbie  
Who was lost before the door of life had opened  
Debbie  
Whose life just slipped away from those who tried to save her  
A hundred Debbie's a thousand ten thousand Debbie's  
Why Debbie Why

## Thomas Mack Tribute

When we look back to yesteryear  
We think of one we held so dear,  
'Twas "Father".  
When storms came up and winds assailed  
Who should meet that briny gale?  
—Dear "Father".  
With shovel in hand, and heart so warm,  
Who should dare to face that storm?  
Who...but "Father".  
When summer's sunshine and gentle rain,  
Brought forth a bountiful crop of grain,  
Who was there in the fields? but Father?  
Out there with fork and glove in hand,  
Setting each sheaf to his command, our "Father".  
On into the moonlight night he'd work,  
Without a doubt, or even a shirk,  
'Twas "Father".  
And later in life, with these things gone,  
He had other things to ponder on,  
Did "Father".  
With Mary, a dear wife, sick,  
He bore up bravely, with never a kick  
Bore up bravely without a doubt,  
And that's what LOVE is all about.  
Daughter Elizabeth Rogers, author and contributor

## BILL SMILEY

### Think You're Sick? Here's A Few Cures



First, we'll do a book review this week. A fascinating volume has come into my hands. It is called "Drink Your Troubles Away."

The title alone would sell a lot of copies. I can just hear the boozers say, "Hey, That's for me. It's time somebody wrote a sensible book."

And then there's the name of the author. It is John Lust. What an intriguing combination. Drink and Lust. All for 95c.

It's not quite as exciting inside as it is on the cover, because it's a natural foods tract. Unless you can get excited over the thought of a brimming glass of carrot juice, or start to drool at the image of a cabbage pie, it may not be your meat. If the author will pardon the expression.

### CYNICAL

I was a bit cynical at first, but I read on with growing interest, and by the time I had gone through a few chapters, I was engrossed. I'm a meat and tates man, myself. You know what that will get me? I quote: "Wrong diet brings with it constipated bowels, hemorrhoids, anemia, defective secretions, acidity, ulcers, bloating, arthritis, headache,

nervousness, liver and kidney ailments, heart disease, feeble-mindedness and a thousand other ailments."

Well, I think that's a pretty sweeping statement. I have never been constipated in my life. Lots of the people I know who follow the same diet as I am constipated.

I do have hemorrhoids and arthritis occasionally, and I am definitely becoming feeble-minded, but I've had none of those other things, though I try not to think of my liver. Defective secretions indeed. What kind are you supposed to have? Effective secretions?

Don't think I'm knocking this book. I think John Lust is on the right track, even though it has many turnings.

I haven't seen any signs of feeble-mindedness among natural food fiends. Let us say, charitably, that there is a certain feebleness of will.

### HELPS EAT

My son comes home with his little bag of unpollished rice. He cooks some for breakfast, taken at 12 noon. He gives us a lecture on what harm we are doing our bodies, putting poisons in them.

During the afternoon, he smokes eight of my cigarettes, though,

theoretically, he doesn't smoke. That evening, at dinner, he decides, just to keep peace in the family, to break his habit for once, and eat meat. He eats about a pound and a quarter of the roast beef we can afford only because my wife rushed out and put a second mortgage on the car.

How would you like to have to kill a fatted calf? That story would never have made the Bible at today's meat prices.

My daughter, who is also a natural foods freak, has even less will power. After a few weeks on rice and beans and macaroni, she comes home with her husband, a sensible young chap who would eat stewed raisins if he were hungry enough.

She goes straight to the refrigerator, whips open the frozen meat department, and starts muttering, "Meat! Glorious meat!" the saliva running down her chin.

### DRINK AWAY

But this is a good book, no doubt. The title refers to the fact that we can drink all our health problems away with vegetable juice. What a way to go!

It is based on vitamins. Take iron, for example. If you are short of iron in your blood, you can have one of 40 different symptoms of debility. Space forbids the listing of them, but a few are: "face alternately flushed and pale; murky, yellowish gray face; crying involuntarily; fearful of losing reason; tense genital organs; swollen ankles; bed wetting; film before eyes; desire to carry arms over head; partial deafness..." How would you like to crawl into bed with somebody who had no iron at all? Apparently the best cure for this is wild blackberries.

So, remember. If you are suffering from an iron deficiency, and at the same time want a fulfilled sex life, keep a bushel of wild blackberries handy by the bed. Lay in a good store. They're a little scarce in February. If you're short on calcium, it's just as bad. Here are a few of the 48 symptoms: "laborious thinking; looking into distance; incoherent speech; afternoon headache; dizziness in open air; staggering upon arising; early sleepiness..."

### FONDNESSES

Does that sound more like Uncle George, who has developed a fondness for the grape, than someone suffering a lack of calcium? It does to me. Anyway, the best cure is turnip leaves. Moral: carry around some turnip leaves and lay off the hooch.

I wish I had space to tell you what ghastly things can happen to you if you are short of the other vitamins. I'll give one example of each, with its cure.

Potassium: feeling of sand in eyes — dandelion leaves. Magnesium: cholera — oranges.

Silicon: fingertips burn — Callimyrna figs. Chlorine — purple ex-tremities — asparagus.

That's just a sample. If I meet someone with cholera, burning fingertips, sand in his eyes, and purple ex-tremities, I imagine I'll give him a wide berth. But don't say I didn't warn you.

You're going to look pretty funny, though, going around with a pocketful of dandelion leaves and another of asparagus.

## QUEEN'S PARK

### Energy Crisis And Prospects



By DON O'HEARN  
Queen's Park Bureau  
Of The Herald

TORONTO—Premier Bill Davis was asked a question in the house which he wouldn't answer.

The question, by NDP leader Stephen Lewis, was what the economic prospects of the province appeared to be in view of the energy crisis.

The premier said he wouldn't answer publicly until he had discussed this until he had facts. There was a government study underway which would provide these facts.

Anything he said in the meantime would be hypothetical and in view of the situation would be irresponsible.

Mr. Lewis and his party benches derided him for lack of planning but he was adamant. He wouldn't speak until he was sure of what he was talking about.

The premier, of course, was right.

Any statement on energy today can be dynamite. One only has to watch the tribulations of the stock exchanges to appreciate this. And any statement that isn't well founded on fact and clear certainly is irresponsible and dangerous. With the energy situation changing almost daily cool heads are to be called for and to be admired.

## Plea Made For Stamps

Sir: Please tell your readers of my plea for used postage stamps.

Dear Friends,  
Especially at Christmas time, I think of all the used postage stamps that are needlessly discarded. These seemingly worthless articles, from any country, are sold in bulk by the Scarborough Fathers, to stamp dealers, to help finance mission projects throughout the world.

In 10 months I have received over 100 lbs. of cancelled postage stamps, in small quantities, in very large quantities, from schools, service clubs, companies, individuals etc. They add up quickly if everyone collects them for me.

It hardly takes a second to rip the used postage stamps off of an envelope leaving a bit of paper around it.

This can be your way of helping the world's poor without costing you a lot of time or money.

Please send (by third class mail) or bring all your cancelled postage stamps, anytime of the year to:  
Mrs. R.M. Chmya  
230 Jarvis Street  
Fort Erie, Ontario

or  
Mrs. J. C. Lawrence  
6782 Dorchester Road  
Niagara Falls, Ontario

## Mixed Pans For Gardener

If you've got a gardener in the family—or just someone who likes houseplants—you don't have to choose only one plant per pot. "Mixed pans", as they're called, are becoming popular because they offer a variety of plants in a single container.

"Often a mixed pan will include a pepper plant, some asparagus fern, a geranium, a begonia, and perhaps coleus or dusty miller," says Dave Sangster, a horticultural specialist with the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture and Food.

For Christmas, a typical mixed pan might include a single red poinsettia surrounded by white chrysanthemums. If you purchase a mixed pan, be sure to find out what color combinations you'll get when the blooms appear and the temperature and watering required for the plants in the collection.

After blooming, many mixed pan plants can either be repotted as single houseplants or planted outdoors next spring.

## Blunt Words Hurt

Canadian writer June Callwood told the Ladies Day luncheon at London's annual Western Fair — "we're all little better than prostitutes".

"What the husband is getting," the 49 year-old author of eight books and innumerable magazine articles said, "is exclusive use of sexual apparatus with which the bride comes stocked..."

Ms. Callwood pointed to Canada's "incredible" Marriage Act which puts women in a position of object inequality. When a London wife moves to Grand Bend for a better job — it is considered desertion. "Because you know what she's taking with her." But if the husband moves to Grand Bend leaving his protesting wife in London — the wife again would be considered the deserter.

Crux of the issue is the con-

sortium clause. Should a wife be sexually incapacitated in a car accident, Mrs. Callwood explained (she wrote Canadian Women and the Law 1971), the husband can sue the driver of the other car for "loss of consortium." But if the situation were reversed and the wife lost consortium through her husband's injury — she cannot sue.

Ms. Callwood also struck out at low salaries for women and man's superior position in both society and sex; at welfare children kept to the malnutrition level by tight-fisted handouts; at television commercials stereotyping children as headache-causing nuisances — and advised women to cuddle their sons as much as their daughters to make them into "more sensitive, intuitive adults."

June Callwood's blunt words hurt — almost as much as the truth of her allegations.

## A Spiritual Famine

Famine and famine relief have been very much on our minds during 1973. The stark tragedy of slow starvation has become an awful reality in parts of Africa, the Indian sub-continent, and other parts of the world.

News of that famine has been countered to a degree by giant airlifts of food and supplies from the affluent, industrialized nations of the West. The problem is expected to persist, and one can only hope that relief and other long range solutions may be forthcoming and intensified.

Pictures and documentaries have brought before us the reality of that famine and its terrible consequences. Children and old people with bloated stomachs,

protruding ribs, and hollow eyes have pleaded with us by their very appearance on the television screen and the newspaper page.

Another famine is also a reality, but we are apt to overlook it because its effects do not seem so physically observable. In the words of the Bible, it's "not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."

That real famine, with its accompanying spiritual vacuum, is reflected, however, in very real and burning ways. Hatred, racial strife, suppression, and greed affect millions today.

Those ugly things are symptoms of a deep-seated gnawing spiritual famine.

## ECHOES FROM THE PAST

10 YEARS AGO.

Pilgrim Virgin Statue, better known as the Fatima Statue, arrived in Georgetown for a second visit. It was escorted from Acton by a cavalcade from the community to meet members of Holy Cross Parish at Silvercreek from whence it was escorted into Georgetown. Taking part were Rev. Victor Morgan of Acton and Rev. Otger DeVent and Rev. Zeno Deroo of Holy Cross.

Tributes to the memory of the slain United States president, John F. Kennedy were paid in Georgetown. At Maple Avenue Baptist Church, a scheduled evangelistic service was cancelled and instead visiting minister Rev. Donald Holliday conducted a special memorial service.

Complete Esquesing Township Council was re-elected by acclamation. Serving again were Reeve George Leslie, deputy reeve Wilfred Leslie, and councillors George Currie, Walter Linham and Robert Lawrence.

Gale winds of great force ripped across the Georgetown area. Wind tore the steel roof off a barn belonging to Roy Break, Ninth Line, and dumped it in the yard, narrowly missing some livestock.

20 YEARS AGO.

Sale of prize show horses, Whitegate Princess and Whitegate Smile, a hackney team, was announced by Ken McMillan. The pair was purchased during the Royal Winter Fair by a Chicago man, who planned to take the horses to Libertyville, Ill.

Salary increases were approved by North Halton High School Board for teachers at Georgetown, Acton and Milton. And the board decided to have three insurance agents provide coverage for the new Acton school.

Judy Richardson of Georgetown scored the highest mark at the Guelph Music

Festival and won a \$10 scholarship for girls, nine and under, in a vocal class. Two others, Lynn McKerr and Janice Chaplin, placed second and third respectively.

Nine cases of tuberculosis were discovered during a mobile clinic conducted throughout North Halton. One of the cases was in Acton and the others were in Burlington and Oakville.

A series of Saturday evening eucbre parties sponsored by St. Alban's Guild in Glen Williams enjoyed large turnouts. Mrs. Robert English and Jack Hooper were the most recent winners with Thomas Varnes getting a prize for lone hand.

30 YEARS AGO.

Medical officer of health for Georgetown, C.V. Williams, appealed to residents to report cases of scarlet fever. Every case of sore throat should be checked for a red rash, chiefly noticeable on the chest and abdomen, he said.

School nursing program was outlined to a meeting of the Local Council of Women by nurse Miss W. Walker.

Night constable C.J. Fordyce and town council came face to face over allegations about the constable's "offensive" conduct. Despite heated debate, council and constable smoothed over matters and council moved on to more important matters, according to a newspaper report.

A tractor-trailer truck from Waterloo was struck by a CNR train at the Mill Street crossing in Acton, but the two occupants of the truck escaped with only bruises.

F. C. Thompson of Georgetown sold his farm on the 10th Line, formerly known as the Smith homestead, for \$4,000. Purchasers were two Toronto women who contemplated a sheep farm operation.