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## This noise bylaw is unsound

Do not shout.  
Do not ring bells.  
Do not blow your horn.  
Those and a whole lot of additional don'ts are included in the latest bylaw of the regional municipality of Halton Hills.  
The bylaw is a lot of nonsense, according to Councillor Ernie Sykes. "It's difficult to administer, but it allows us to act when somebody is being obnoxious," says Councillor Roy Booth.  
The bylaw, approved by council last week, is a result of problems in the past in connection with sound trucks, according to a report during the debate on the bylaw.  
So we wonder, why not a bylaw regulating the use of sound trucks and public address equipment?  
Would it be so difficult to make up a new bylaw for a specific purpose?  
What we've got now is a standard noise bylaw, of the kind that has been on the books of some municipalities for so many years it still includes "the ringing of bells."  
A bylaw is a good law only if it offers the possibility of being applied equally to all. This one doesn't because it gives a police officer the discretion of charging some "long haired hippie" or other "undesirable"

while letting off scott-free the clean-cut kid who may be making just as much noise as the L.H.H.  
What's an unusual noise under the bylaw? Get this... "any sound made by pet animal or pet bird which disturbs the peace, quiet, comfort or repose of any individual; grating, grinding or rattling noise or sound caused by the condition of disrepair or maladjustment of any motor vehicle."  
What all that means is simple: We need policemen who are experts on the degree of bark in a barking dog and the degree of meow in a pussycat and the degree of chirp in a bird, all in relation to the degree of disturbance created by same. Then, also, all our anti-noise enforcement officers will have mechanics licences to determine whether that grinding noise of your car's starting motor is a result of disrepair or of maladjustment or whatever...  
Things could become very interesting before long in a court case over the difference between a usual and an unusual noise—or is it sound?  
To sum up, the bylaw is unfair to the makers of sounds but more so, it's grossly unfair to the policeman who will be required to be the judge. And a sound judge at that.

## A dump by any other name . . .

Take a sanitary engineer's title away and you have a garbage man. Take a sanitary landfill site's monomer away and you have a garbage dump. And that's precisely what the residents of Ashgrove are fighting: a garbage dump, plain and simple.  
We offer full support to those citizens of Ashgrove and the rest of Halton Hills in their struggle against Halton Region's high-handed and somewhat devious plans to transport garbage from all sections of the region here to Halton Hills. Their reasons for opposing the proposal are all good ones and ones which the rest of us should look at and heed.  
To develop either one of the two sites presently being considered would be to take out of production prime agricultural land. We don't have it to spare. Beyond that, there are the many hazards which any dump, regardless of size of operation or method of operation, may pose to the surrounding area.  
In this area we feel the region has been far less than honest, not only with the people of Ashgrove but with the regional councillors who are presently looking at the dump plan.  
Maps showing the area do not include a number of streams which flow through or adjacent to the two dump sites and then continue on to connect with 16 Mile Creek. Nor did the maps show that Ashgrove is located very nearby and thus would be affected by the steady flow of trucks to and from the dump.  
However, we hope that when the

Ashgrove situation is carefully looked at, planners, councillors and citizens do not just dwell on whether or not to locate the dump in Ashgrove.  
Let's take a look at whether or not another garbage dump is really necessary. In dealing with that fairly basic question possible alternatives—such as a close tie-in with the province's planned reclamation centre for this area—should be looked at.  
But then, going even beyond finding mere alternatives, we would hope that, finally, a level of government—be it regional, provincial or federal—would take a full-scale look at cutting down on garbage at its source.  
Frequent targets for groups such as Pollution Probe are the extremely expensive and extremely wasteful packaging standards of North American manufacturers.  
A look at shelves in any supermarket offers bright, colorful examples of almost totally useless packages which, in a matter of days and, in many cases, just hours, will be bright and colorful examples of garbage which have to somehow be removed and disposed of. The consumer pays at both ends for that package; the buying of it and the removal of it.  
That's the kind of thing we would like to see closely examined. First and foremost must be a study on the need for a new garbage dump in Halton. When the need has been proven to be undeniable then, and only then, should we begin to look for a place to put it.

## Now the computerized report card

Whether or not you have teenagers attending high school or even if you are a teenager, this latest sign of the times will get you probably as much as it got me.  
I have a son, 15, in high school. He came home a few days ago to tell us that his next report card will be a piece of computer programming.  
Apparently the next report is going to come out with the teacher's comments done up the same way as one of those Reader's Digest computer printout sheets.  
It works this way: While marking the number or percentage on the report card (I'm given to understand that, for this term at least, the teacher will still do that) the teacher will have a choice of 50 comments he or she can tick off as he or she finds these apply to the student whose report is being made up.  
The 50 comments cover the whole range of good, bad, or indifferent attitudes the student may have developed in school during the term in question.  
I'm not looking forward to the report card. I think we've got to draw the line somewhere, and here's where I draw it. If that report card does indeed come to my house as currently

proposed I intend to raise the roof so high, the minister of education will wish he was dealing in reforestation.  
I hope you're with me in this one. I can't say, unfortunately, that "I wouldn't even pass the mark of the worst kid in my class when I was in school. Yet they've graduated...  
And the saddest part of it all is that there are thousands of students who have become victims of this new thing in education: Kids who have simply missed out on the basics, and who will have a helluva time the rest of their lives and trying to catch up. Many never will.  
Ask some of the teachers today.  
Yes, there are still the die-hards who say the "new way" is the only way. But there are, it seems to me, many more who have come to the conclusion that what was good enough for grandpa and dad and myself, is good enough for Johnny, in fact a whole lot better.  
Let's hear from some of you people out there. How do our schools stack up today compared to when you went?  
Are the kids in the class of 1974—whatever grade—really getting their money's worth?  
The more I see of it, the more I doubt it.  
And the more worried parents I meet, the more I find I'm not alone in my opinion.



by PETER BROUWER

## Speaking of illegal acts . . .

If there's such a thing as getting the last laugh when receiving a traffic fine I think I managed to do it. Heading home last Wednesday evening after a full day of work plus an enjoyable time at the Georgetown Chamber of Commerce's dinner meeting I was pulled over for speeding. Guilty! There was no denying it. Caught with my speedometer up and my defences down.  
A constable, who shall remain nameless, did his duty by handing me the ticket. All well and good. As I was getting out of the cruiser I was still sort of kicking myself for a) speeding in the first place and b) getting caught. Just before closing the door I looked down and saw this flattened red and black thing where I had been sitting. Gee constable, sorry about your nice hat.  
Georgetown may have the only cop who's flat at both ends: flat feet and flat top.  
Speaking of illegal acts, Ken Coulas, our ad manager here at the Herald, brought in copy of the Renfrew Mercury. On the front page was a story from provincial court in that town. One case dealt with a guy who happened to miss the road and

sheered off some guideposts and a fence. His defence? He was necking with his female passenger. The Judge sternly admonished him stating that, "we used to stop to do that." \$103 for careless driving.  
In another case in the same court



by BILL JOHNSTON

that day, an OPP constable reported that he was driving along one day when he happened to notice a car coming down the road with a boy sitting on the roof. Ah, but the driver of that car had an iron-clad defence. "I wasn't going far" he told the court. Guilty the court told him.  
Having been in court many a time—as a court reporter of course—I think I can hold my own with any lawyer when it comes to telling funny stories about incidents in court.  
The best one, I think occurred in provincial court in Cobourg. Things had been dragging along on this fine summer day. A rather seedy looking fellow stood up to plead not guilty to a charge of drinking in a public place. After an impassioned plea that he would never do it again he returned to his seat in the back amongst a group of his cronies.  
The court settled down to its tone of due respect. Suddenly, Crash! The entire court stopped and slowly looked around. There, under this fellow's chair, were the shattered and soggy remains of a mickey of rye. Guilty!  
Liked this joke. After her boss slumped into his office chair after a too liquid lunch, the secretary plucked up the ringing phone: "I'm sorry" she said tactfully. "He's out FROM lunch."  
Switching the subject completely. If you noticed in last week's paper, almost all of page five was devoted to letters from you, our readers. That's terrific. Keep them coming, for a community paper should be a community voice.  
I was involved in a thing called Interdesign '74 this past summer in which a group of industrial designers from throughout the world came to a small community to study how it could retain its self-identity while still existing in the shadow of a large, all-

consuming centre (Toronto in this case.) It was extremely interesting because all the designers, who represented countries as diversified as Russia, Australia and Brazil, came to the same conclusion.  
Close, friendly and open communication among the members of a community is totally necessary if that community is to exist with any semblance of self-identity.  
Putting that into more practical terms one group presented methods of doing it. The community's newspaper, they said, offered the most obvious and most effective means of doing so. Another

suggestion which they made was a community "Bitch Board." It would be nothing more than a board placed in a prominent spot in the community on which citizens could anonymously express their views on things going on in the community through letters, signs, drawings. It would also serve as a community information centre about upcoming events or just a place to advertise that you're free on Fridays to do some babysitting.  
Communication, though, was the key and is very much the key to the whole process of retaining a community's character.  
So communicate.

## YEARS AGO

### \$60,000 for new bridge at station

From past editions of the Herald

**10 YEARS AGO**  
Reeve John Elliot has announced he will seek re-election. Bill Smith has also indicated he will seek a third term as councillor in Ward Three. Thus far 11 nominations have been received for political office in the December election.  
For the first time since he stepped down from command ten years ago, Lt. Col. John R. Barber of Georgetown led the Lorne Scots regiment to St. George's Anglican Church.  
Friday the 13 was not lucky for Don Chapman, a local farmer. While driving to work he struck a dog, forcing his car into the ditch, blowing a tire in the process. While trying to help the dog he was bitten and his suit ripped. Upon returning home to change he found he was locked out. While climbing in a cellar window he put his foot in some home brew he was making for the Christmas holidays. When Mr. Chapman arrived at work he was docked an hour's pay for being late. Some days it does not pay to get out of bed.  
It was estimated that it would cost \$60,000 to construct a foot bridge across the CNR tracks at the station. Increased train traffic forced CN to close the crossing to both cars and pedestrians. The John Street subway is the only way to get from one side to the other. Costs of improving the subway would be \$400,000.  
**30 YEARS AGO**  
Five new members have joined the Lions Club. The initiation ceremony was under the direction of Lion Harold McClure. The new members are Vic Diggins, Mayor Harold

Cleave, Charlie Willson, Jack Armstrong and Eric Colvin.  
Halton County exceeded Victory Loan Bond sales by \$1 million. Georgetown and District exceeded their objectives by 147 percent.  
This week at Carroll's: Pancake Flour...15 cents a package; Quaker Quick Oats...19 cents; Bruce's Bird Seed...17 cents; Palmolive soap...2 for 11 cents; New Brunswick Sardines...2 for 15 cents.  
Bell Telephone reports long distance calls have increased by 10 percent over last year's total.  
**20 YEARS AGO**  
The farms of Mrs. W. McClure, H. Reid, W.T. Reid, Bruce Reid, William Emslie and Wilbert Cleave, which make up 1,258 acres, will form the new Delrex subdivision. Delrex Developments will appear before the Ontario Municipal Board to seek annexation of the land.  
Former Georgetown banker Bob Ireland has been transferred to the head office of the Bank of Commerce. This follows a recent transfer from the Georgetown branch to Brantford.  
Nick Ferri and Blake Inglis each scored a hat-trick at the arena to lead their club to an 11-4 victory over the Milton Co-Ops. The players showed plenty of scoring punch and checked well to give fans a good brand of hockey.  
Elmer the Safety Elephant flies over Chapel Street and Wigglesworth School for the first time. Principals Harold Henry and William Kinrade welcome the "Elmer" campaign as a method of reducing accidents caused by the carelessness of children.