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More arena protection

The brawl Friday night at the arena just adds one more point to a strong argument in favor of providing more protection for fans and players alike in the arena.

Two weeks previously, during a Raiders game, two young spectators received minor cuts when hit by flying pucks. They were lucky. It takes only one moment of inattention

and an unintended bouncing puck. Result: an eye injury, a painful cut or a severe blow to the head.

Friday night's situation was precipitated by a fan located too close to the penalty box. The fan managed to taunt the player into action and that mushroomed into the entire ugly situation.

The fault for the entire incident

lies with a number of people; fans and players alike. But fault should also lie with the circumstances.

Had not the fan been able to get on the original player's nerves; had not the fans been able to get to the players and players to fans the incident would not have occurred.

We would like to see town council's works committee initiate a

study into the costs of providing some sort of protection for fans at the arena, be it plexiglass or screening of some sort.

No doubt it will be costly. All things are today. But, weighed against possible accidents or incidents such as Friday night's, which do nothing to aid Georgetown's stature in the eyes of visitors, it may be a profitable expenditure.

Orville Scugg

By ORVILLE SCUGG
Sunderland Correspondent

Well, let me tell you, my Henrietta and me ain't no different from the rest of the crowd when it comes to the battle of the sexes.

Folks around these parts figger that just because the two of us is still hitched after 30-odd years, the only spats we ever had must of bin the ones I wore away on our honeymoon.

Now that there is a good one. Why, over the years, Hank and me has had some good old-fashioned bare-knuckle brawls that would make yer latest heavyweight match between Muleheaded Alley and George Forearm look like Libber Archie dancin' with uncle Millie.

We had another humdinger a short spell ago and if I hadn't a throwed out my back carryin' a load of my home-made hooch out to the goat barn, I'da won that one.

Anyways, to make a long story snort, old Hank pinned me to the ground and allowed as how she wouldn't let me up until I promised to take her to Toronto fer the day to do some shoppin'.

Now she'd bin jawin' at me fer a coon's age to gas old Miss Agnes up and drive into the big city but up till then I'd managed to talk her out of it by pointin' out that she was in danger of gettin' raped and pillaged by all them hippos what hang out around Yung Street in Chinatown.

Well, danged if an incycle-peedy salesman don't sell her a set of them books and she looks up hippo and sees it's a vejtarian so there went that argument.

Anyways, fair bein' fair, yer worshipful servant here agreed to throw cushions to the wind and make the trek into Toronto fer the day.

And mind you, just like old Perc McDonald said when he locked hisself in the outhouse and missed the preacher's visit, things usually turn out fer the best.

Do you know that since the last time I left God's country fer the wicked south they's gone and put in one of yer sooper highways called the Four-Ought-One what takes you right into Toronto without havin' to make an overnight stop at Moody's hayloft over to Ajax?

And the people what drive the Four-Ought-One are right friendly-like. There me and Hank was, drivin' old Miss Agnes along flat out at 35 miles per and all the other motorists was honkin' their horns and wavin' at us just as neighborly as all get-out.

Now Harry Peterson, he gets into Toronto regular-like fer some kind of cultural evenin' they has a place called Starvin' Marvin's and he tipped us off that the quickest way to get into downtown Toronto was by somethin' called the Rudy Vallee Parkway but we never did find it.

Instead, we saw a sign fer Yung Street, although they try to Westernize it by spellin' it different, and we follered it right downtown, even though there are more red lights on that street than on Sadie's Pleasure Palace back in Sunderland.

Well, lifen you though the biggest part of the adventure was gettin' there, you was wrong. Unfortunately, this here Daylight Slavin' Time makes it get dark awful early and I don't have no more kerosene fer the lantern so I'll have to tell you about the rest of our trip another time.

Making you laugh

Greg Landry aims to make you laugh. But then, depending upon which side of his pen you're on, he just might make you mad. And those are the reasons why he's with the Herald.

Greg has joined the Herald staff as our part-time editorial cartoonist. He began filling a large section of our page four editorial page last week and already he's drawn quite a following, judging from response on Main Street.

Greg's a 19-year resident of Georgetown which qualifies him as a fairly knowledgeable observer of the Halton Hills scene. He attended Georgetown and District High School before

moving onto Sheridan College where he enrolled in the Media Arts Course.

While there he studied under the direction of Graham Pillsworth, back-up cartoonist for Duncan MacPherson with the Toronto Star, and Ted Marten, cartoonist with the Toronto Sun.

Upon graduation from the course Greg took on a job at English Plastics in Brampton. He spends his time carrying out free-lance art assignments as well as his new regular work for the Herald.

We hope you'll enjoy this new addition and look for it each week.



LANDRY '74

Federal John's budget has nothing on this one

There I was, barrelling merrily along the Kings Highway 401 (or is it the Queen's?) and who nearly runs me over?

You'll never guess.

It was a great big white Lincoln Continental, with New York State orange licence plates.

The driver: None other than Punch Imlach.

And he was in a hurry, it seems, because I tried to keep up with him all the way from Metro Toronto's East end to the airport, where his big white machine speedily disappeared.

Off to Buffalo for yet another practice, I guess.

Or is he still with the Buffalo Sabres?

To some of my readers, I know this is a terrible question to pose. After all, doesn't everyone know where Punch Imlach hangs out?

Well, I've a confession to make. I can't be sure, until tonight when I

come home and ask my 12-year old son. He'll know. In fact, he knows where "they" all are. And that includes the expansion teams - what a lovely term - for a hockey club.

Anyway, from all this you can gather I'm having a difficult time



by PETER BROUWER

writing a column this week. Editor Johnston is on my back saying, "Boss, even you have to adhere to a deadline," and I know he's right.

But I do have an excuse. I've been busy with things that are not necessarily my favorite pastime, but things all the same that must be done, that are not necessarily my favorite

pastime, but things all the same, that must be done.

I've been busy for several days planning for next year. Trying to estimate how many columns of type we will be giving you, the reader, and how many new carrier boy bags we'll need next year, and how many typewriter ribbons and how much film and how much fuel we're going to burn this winter. (That one really gets me. I know "white man make big pile of wood" this fall, but can I really be sure the pile is so high it has to reflect my budget?)

Think about it, folks. John Turner thinks he's having a tough time doing the budget for Canada. I'll bet my Herald budget is more difficult.

Why? There's one big difference between John's budget and mine. If his is way off, he just comes to you and me and holds out his hand, and says, "I goofed, I need some more dough."

I can't. Mine's got to be dead-on. Mine must have nothing in common with the kind of budgets Federal John puts out, or even provincial John.

Mine has to be right on. So just for this once you're getting it right here on the editorial page, a dissertation on the finer points of high finance.

By now the editor is screaming for copy, and I'm going to estimate how many light bulbs and long distance calls, and new subscriptions we can look forward to.

The latter is going to be a high number.

Because The Herald is going to keep on getting better and better and when I see that we're now paying 25 cents for a cup of coffee I say it's got to be the greatest bargain around. You know it, because you're a reader. The fact that you got this far proves it!

are still anyone's bet.

Seven employees of Smith and Stone Limited received their 25-year memberships for continuing service. They were Richard Prust, James Sargent, Mrs. Doris Lusty, Mrs. Jean Campbell, Robert McMenemy, Mrs. Alice MacDonald and Lorne Cross.

Mrs. Lois Thompkins reported witnessing a meteor in flight across the sky near her RR2 home. Terry Glover of Georgetown also saw the flaming object.

30 YEARS AGO
The Ontario Municipal Board gave approval for 1,600 acres at the town's limits to

be developed by Delrex Developments. The new subdivision will include a shopping centre, schools and many new homes.

This week at Carrol's: Grand Union Coffee...\$1.09 per pound; Stokley Pork and Beans...2 for 25 cents; Stokley Fancy Peas...2 for 35 cents; cream corn...2 for 27 cents.

30 YEARS AGO
Harold Cleaves and Joe Gibbons will contest the mayoralty race in Georgetown this year. Issues to be discussed this election will be taxes, garbage pick-ups, town expenditures and town planning.

Cold look at school

School trustee Tom Watson certainly came up against tough opposition last Thursday in Norval. As the man who presented the motion which led to the closing of the school in the village his appearance there was much like a Christian sticking his neck into the forum to find out if the lions were hungry.

We admire his nerve. For a man who's just recovering from a heart attack he was not taking it easy. But beyond that we admire his stand on the school issue.

Certainly not on the decision to close the school. We will never condone the sort of behind the scenes shenanigans pulled to close that school. It may have made all the sense in the nonsensical world of the board of education to close that school but the whole thing came down to the principle of the situation. Peoples' feelings versus black and white statistics in an official ledger. But that's all by the board now. Norval school is no longer Norval school.

What we admired Mr. Watson for was his cold approach with regard to the Norval school issue. It's something which should be copied by our councillors during the next step in this Norval issue i.e. to turn the school into a community centre or not to?

As it stands now the school board is looking for someone to buy the Norval school. They want to get it off their hands.

The community of Norval would

like it as a community centre, complete with ball diamond and tennis court.

Even the smallest amount of common sense would lead you to the conclusion that it would be logical for the Halton Board of Education to sell it to Halton Region. But what's the cost?

Talk of \$100,000 or \$200,000 frightens us.

If the cost is going to run in that area we would strongly suggest that our councillors, both town and regional, with a strong hand from Halton Hills' recreation director, take a cold, hard look at whether or not that recreational centre is needed in Norval.

We don't know. We would hope that council can easily provide facts and figures which would show us that such a large expenditure for a recreational centre in Norval would be a definite asset not just for the people of the village—although they should come first—but to the entire Halton Hills community.

Let's not forget that we are presently also looking at a large and expensive water system for Norval.

As council sits down at the bargaining table with the board of education we would hope they realize they are entering negotiations in a very good position. The market for the old Norval school is a buyer's market, not a seller's. The board has to get it off their hands, which should lead to some sharp horse trading on council's part.

YEARS AGO

Approval given Delrex subdivision

From the files of the Herald

10 YEARS AGO
Lois Elliot will appear on "Tiny Talent Time" this weekend. In addition to being on the show she was also taped doing several promotions for the up-coming program.

Melvin Murphy, Fred Mack, George Divell, Eric Tompkins, Bob Hillier, and Bob Kennedy divided the Kinamen \$1,000 prize six ways after winning the elimination draw held at the Kinamen's dinner meeting.

The positions of Reeve and Councillor for Ward 3 have been assumed, however the Mayor, Deputy-Reeve, and Ward 1 positions