

## Volunteers doing a great job

We've said it before and we'll say it again. This town should consider itself very fortunate to have an ambulance service as qualified and dedicated as that provided by the Georgetown Volunteer Ambulance Service.

Why are we saying it this time? It isn't Ambulance Week again is it? No, however if you noticed a story we reported last week the GVAS is looking for extra personnel to bring its crews up to full form. Five men are needed, however extra members would make things that much easier for all.

Now we could bring out all the old platitudes about the volunteer ambulance service that you have heard time and time again. They're exceptionally well trained. They spend endless hours preparing and working. Their standards for response time are equal to that of any full-time service.

Which brings us to something you may not be aware of: Halton Hills is actually receiving all the benefits of a full-time service at roughly one-third the cost. A full-time service has to

have a minimum of eight men, rotating on regular shifts. Wages, being what they are that is probably going to cost in the area of \$100,000 alone in salaries.

Georgetown's ambulance service, thanks to the volunteers, costs the province's taxpayers roughly \$37,000 per year.

That full-time service, we should also point out, will provide only one ambulance. We happen to have a two-car service.

That's pretty affordable service. But it's all very dependent upon a group of men willing to give of their time and their families' time to be on hand if and when you or we need them. It's called dedication.

If you happen to count that as being one of your stronger personality traits, give the ambulance service a thought.

From the sounds of all their activities, plus having met a few, they also happen to be a nice group of people to be associated with.

They need five men. Perhaps one of those five could be you.

## No names

We received a couple of calls asking why we didn't print the names of some young people arrested and charged with trafficking in narcotics following a raid which we reported last week.

"All the rest of the facts were there, why weren't the names," one caller commented.

To answer their questions and perhaps yours, we don't print names

of those charged unless we can provide a full follow-up, i.e. a report of the trial, that must go hand in hand with the report of charges being laid.

Simply put, is it right to hand that "Charges have been laid against..." burden upon someone who eventually is found not guilty and is not reported as such? That's morally unfair.

Besides, the weight of punishment should be applied by the court and not by this or any other paper.

## Sorry about that

No folks, much as we would have liked to, we did not take last Tuesday (our normal press day) off in honor of Remembrance Day. Everything was going along relatively well (nothing ever goes really well) until press problems cropped up.

That's why we were late last week.

We apologize to all our carriers and customers for the inconvenience caused by the problem.

We should also say hello to a number of new readers of the Herald, on Georgetown's

rural routes. During the life of the current postal strike we have arranged for all rural route residents to receive copies of the Herald. We hope you're enjoying our news and family features.

If you happen to, and would like to join our family of regular readers (here's the commercial message) just give our office a call at 877-2201 and we'll be glad to see that you're added to our list of subscribers. A year's subscription is only \$8.50. It makes a great Christmas present.

## Years Ago

### Hyde's Rambler stolen

FIVE YEARS AGO

Georgetown's "grand old man" and one of the oldest Canadians, Joe Martin, died Sunday at the age of 104. Joe Martin had entered Georgetown Hospital about three weeks ago and died early Sunday morning at the age of 90. Joe decided to retire and he moved from his farm in Chinguacousy to a house on Union Street in town.

Hornby post office moved last week from the home of the Carters in Norval to a new location formerly occupied by Carney's Hardware. The post office which was in the Carter's home for the past 12 years has found a new home along Highway 7 in Norval.

An off-track betting service has been opened in town with an office located on Mill Street. There are approximately 50 off-track betting shops in and around the Toronto area.

The persistent silo fire on the Eighth Line on the farm known as the old Alexander farm, which burned for four days last week flared up once again on Saturday. For seven hours Georgetown firemen fought the silo fire and this time they think it is finally out.

TEN YEARS AGO  
County Game Warden Ted Ackart has estimated the number of deer killed by hunters during the three-day deer hunt last week at 50. However, he also stated that there could have been well over one hundred deer killed if hunters did not report their shooting.

It seems that Miss Pat Tost of Churchill Cres. has had a bad streak of luck during the past week. On Saturday, while at the dentist's office, workmen outside of the office while cutting a tree hit the paverlines and Pat had to return home with her face frozen and no dental work done. Tuesday she returned to the dentist's office and, after receiving her needle, the power went off and once again she had to return home with a

frozen face!

Despite the power blackout the bridge players at the Legion continued their game by candlelight.

The Georgetown line of the Canadian National Railway handled an all-time record in the town's history by handling 67 trains on one day. Because of a violent wreck on the Lakeshore double track, trains had to be funnelled through the Georgetown line.

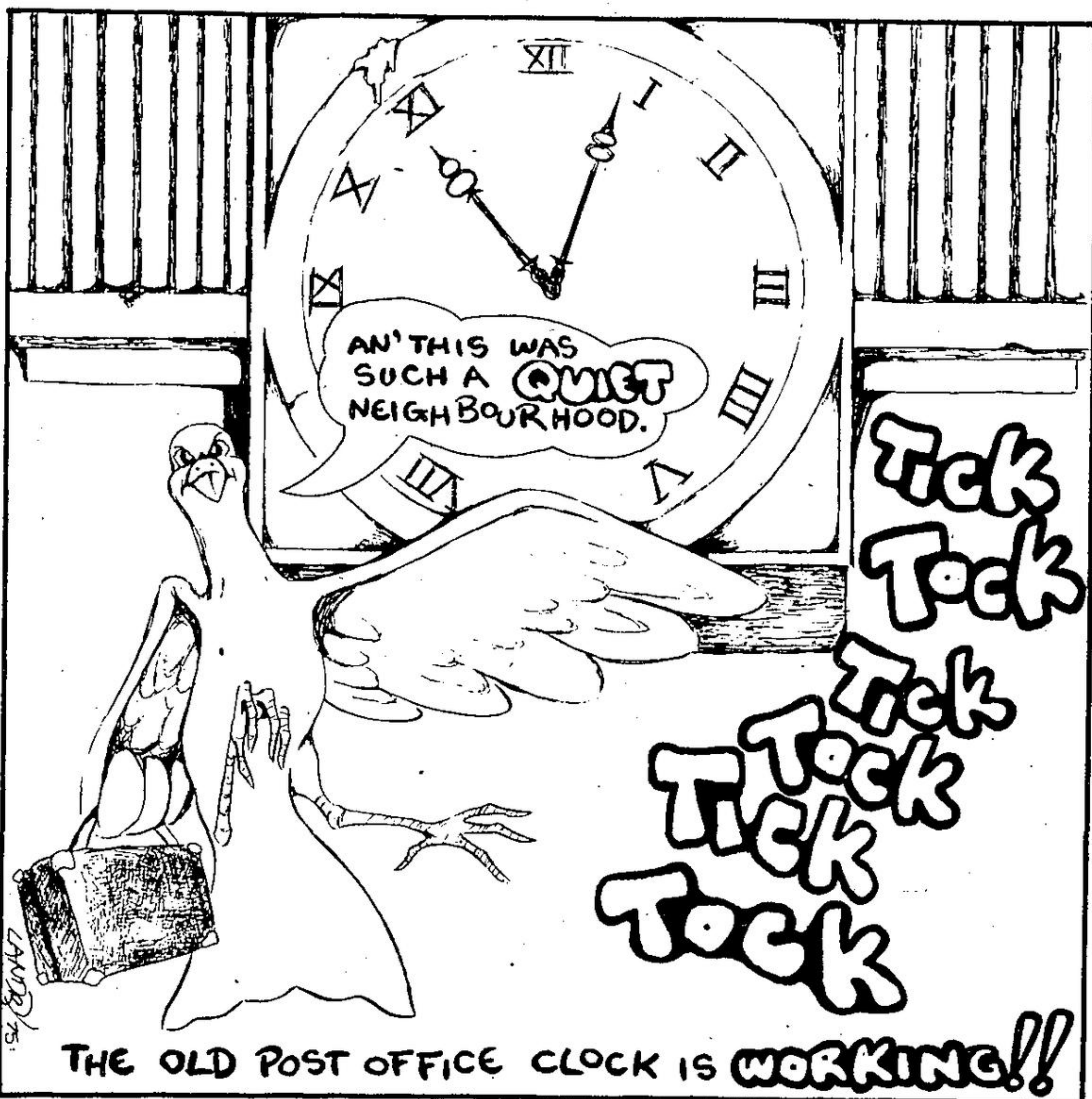
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO  
Legion Branch President, David Capperault unveiled a plaque which stands beside the war memorial in the new Remembrance Park last Sunday during the Remembrance Day services. The name of the park is embossed in gold lettering on the wooden log.

Minister for almost ten years at Norval and Union Presbyterian Churches, Rev. G. Lockhart Royal has accepted a call to the Knox Church in Goderich. He will preach his farewell sermon in the district church on Dec. 11.

The Georgetown Raiders will be changing their colours half-way through the 1961 hockey season because of the similarity in appearance between Dundas and Georgetown. The local club will change from red and white to blue and white.

Early Friday morning the window of the gift shop at the Georgetown Plaza was smashed by a rock. Thieves got away with close to \$700 in jewellery. The hole in the window yielded watches and rings valued at \$690 and the window itself will cost \$250 to replace.

Mayor Ern Hyde's 1959 Rambler was stolen Friday night and driven over a steep embankment near Hickory Falls. The car was taken from the parking lot near the Legion auditorium. It was found half-way down the embankment with its lights on and the motor running.



## A strike is 'the child in all of us'

By Gerry Landsborough

This week viewpoint looks at freedom and the right to strike. Freedom is a very funny word. It means many different things to many different people. Everyone wants to be free. If you ask people who have suffered through an existence in a war-torn, state controlled country, they will tell you that freedom is the most valuable thing in the world. Yet when people are presented with too much freedom, too many rights, they seem to invariably abuse those rights.

Since the Pearson administration granted the right to strike to federal employees, it would appear that perhaps ethically the decision was right but from a practical point of view it was dead wrong. One can say the same thing about strikes in general.

What the strike amounts to is blackmail, plain and simple. "If you don't give us what we want, we won't work" and it doesn't seem to matter who gets hurt in the process. The key expression in any strike seems to

be "we just want our share of the pie." What is difficult to understand is how people who are supposed to be free-thinking, can reason for themselves that the "pie" will keep increasing in size along with all the demands being made upon it.

Take the teacher's strike for instance. There is much more to being a teacher than two months off in the summer, and short working hours through the week. A good teacher plans a program for his or her students that pays little attention to starting at nine and quitting at three.

The unseen hours are long, the work is demanding, and for the most part the teachers are doing a damn good job. The problem then is not paying a teacher what he or she is worth but what the economy can afford.

The economy of this country and the countries of the rest of today's world is in deep trouble. Curbing inflation with wage and price controls is an eleven hour strategy that many economists feel comes too late to be effective. But in order to work within the freedom of democracy—in order to make democracy work—we can only abide by what our government is trying to do. This means

everyone, because if everyone won't pull their weight, wage and price controls are useless.

Back to the teachers. Here we have the educators of our youth. The learned segment of the population. If anyone should be able to rise above the "I want mine now" philosophy you would think it would be the teachers. What is happening to the learning process however is disastrous.

I heard a very brilliant professor once say that no one can learn if they are anxious. The facts are digested but if a person is anxious the ability to integrate what knowledge is gained and to put it to use is totally stunted. One has only to look at our school system at present to put that hypothesis to work.

Then we have the postal strike. Here the rights of a few can economically cripple thousands of others, can in effect try to bring a nation to their knees. This is another group that merely wants "their" share of the pie. Remember, that pie that has no end. It would be hard to equate exactly what is the true worth of an inside postal worker at this point in time, however I believe in the principle that no one is indispensable.

Which brings us back to freedom. We have abused freedom in this country. It doesn't matter if we can point our finger elsewhere and claim to be far better off. What does matter is what is happening with us in our own country today. And what is happening is terrifying.

It is a blow against democracy when the government has to step in and deny what many consider to be a basic right. But when rights are abused, when people cannot set reasonable limits themselves, that is what happens. It is apparent that the right to strike should be revoked not only for federal employees but for all.

A strike is the child in all of us speaking. The child that wants more and cannot understand why he can't have it. The child that denies what is apparent and states boldly "New York can't go broke." The child that points out "I won't, I don't have to, no one can make me."

There is a time to "put away the things of childhood." That time is now—it's time for a nation to grow up.

## On the home front

# Aah, the smell of Xmas paint

By Susan DeFacendis

The family Christmas dinner is going to be at my house this year.

I extended this early invitation, to the various members of my family, not because I love to spend three days cooking, but from the purely selfish motive of self-preservation.

My mother is an artist, which is terrific when I have an empty wall space that needs filling, but her genius at an easel is matched only by her vagueness in the kitchen.

Mother's little eccentricities have long been accepted by her loving family, but sometimes they can be carried a little too far. My poor father, who has had to develop the patience of a saint, even swears he has found porridge sandwiches in his lunch bag on several occasions.

I remember one Christmas Day at mother's, all too clearly. We walked through her front door, inhaling deeply, expecting the good smell of turkey and ham to start our gastric juices jumping merrily. Instead, we received a lungful of turpentine, that just about finished us all off entirely.

I believe it was the same year, that the cranberry sauce remained tucked cozily in the refrigerator throughout dinner time, to suddenly make an unexpected appearance at eleven p.m. along with the coffee and mince pies. I never have figured out what we were supposed to do with it.

A watchful eye has to be kept on mother during the dinner preparations. You could wander into the kitchen and find her absentmindedly basting the turkey with a paintbrush or perhaps attempting to carve the poor bird with a palette knife.

Apart from the confusion reigning in the kitchen, other hazards exist. Wet canvases, in various stages of completion, lean against the walls, usually resulting in my young Teresa acquiring a blue face, green hands and a sailboat imprinted upon the seat of her pants.

Even though I concede it is not easy to live with, I can fully understand and sympathize with my mother's artistic temperament, as I definitely inherited some of her talent. I am not too good at sailboats, mountains and lakes mind you, but when it comes to painting door frames and window sills, I am unequalled.

However, this is the reason why dinner will be at my home this Christmas. Hopefully, they will all be able to smell the turkey roasting, and it is even possible the cranberry sauce might make it to the table in time for dinner.

Then, again, you just never know. I am, after all, my mother's daughter.

## Letter to the Editor

### Theatre story good news

To the Editor of The Herald:  
The news that Halton Hills special Building Committee is considering a theatre-library complex certainly deserved the front page position in last week's Herald.

Three cheers for those who have at last realized the necessity for such a building. As a library user I am very happy, and as a resident who is involved with little theatre both here and in Brampton, I am ecstatic!

For the past six years I have been a member of the Brampton Musical Society as no comparable group exists here, largely due to the fact that there is nowhere suitable to stage a musical comedy.

I have worked both onstage and backstage at Wigglesworth School for Georgetown Little Theatre, and although I enjoy anything connected with theatre, there is no comparison between Wigglesworth and the facilities at the Lester B. Pearson Memorial Theatre in Brampton, where the Brampton Musical Society presents its musicals.

The theatre seats 475 (more than ample), and has dressing rooms, orchestra pit, up-to-date lighting equipment, and plenty of space for scenery construction and storage.

The popularity of musical comedy is proven by the capacity audiences which enjoy our shows twice a year in the comfort of a proper theatre, where every seat is a good one. So many groups and community organizations use the theatre that we find we have to reserve it some 18 months in advance.

Everybody would benefit

from a library-theatre complex, and I now look forward to reading further details of this exciting proposal.

Margaret Eggleton  
RR4 Georgetown

## Self-renewal

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It's easy. Thousands of men do it every year. In all walks of life. And it sets our economy, our country and the world back thousands of years in terms of wasted human resources.

But worst of all is the personal tragedy that almost always results from "early retirement."

It usually begins with a tinge of boredom. Gradually a man's work begins to seem endlessly repetitious. The rat race hardly seems worth it anymore. It's at this point that many a 35-year-old boy wonders what he is doing there. He still goes to work every day, puts in his 40 hours and even draws a paycheck. He's retired but nobody knows it. Not at first, anyhow.

The lucky one gets fired in time to make a fresh start. Those less fortunate hang on for a while, even decades; waiting and wondering. Waiting for a raise or promotion that never comes and wondering why. There are ways to fight back though, and most men do. They counteract the urge to coast by running as they never ran before. They run until they get the second wind that is known as "self-renewal."

Self-renewal is nothing more or less than doing for yourself what your parents, teachers, coaches and bosses did for you when you seemed young enough to need it. It's the highest form of self-discipline. And it can be one of the most satisfying experiences a man can enjoy.

Self-renewal is the adult's ability to motivate himself; to re-awaken his self-pride in the face of spiritual fatigue.

Self-renewal is the device by which the boy wonders become men. Leaders. Creators. Thinkers.

Self-renewal is probably the greatest test a business man must face. It's worth the effort, though.

With the life expectancy approaching the century mark, 65 years is a long time to spend in a rocking chair. "Waan't it Thomas Carlyle who said, "Go as far as you can see and, when you get there, you can see farther."

When we develop a strong faith in ourselves and our own abilities, when we become willing to choose our course of action and go as far as we can see, then we have taken another important step toward the self-preparation that will enable us to achieve much more in life.