



the HERALD

Home Newspaper of Halton Hills

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A Quiet Year

If we were to sum up 1975, Halton Hills style, in one word it would have to be "Quiet".

While the rest of the world stumbled through myriad trials and tribulations we in Halton Hills had a relatively easy time of it these past 365 days.

Even our slight rise in mill rates couldn't get anyone steamed up, particularly when our councillors were gleefully pointing towards our big brothers to the south—Oakville and Burlington that is—to their financial problems and ensuing property tax hikes.

The Norval school issue kept things hopping for a little while but even that, by year's end, has resolved itself to the satisfaction of all involved (ho hum).

Ken Campbell, Renaissance, Georgetown's Concerned Parents and HEAL (Halton Educational Action League) had their brief moments in the sun and will doubtless continue to do so.

Accidents and fires? Well we had our fair share of those with probably the fire at Valentina Farms leading the list of fires and the recent fatal train-car crash in Acton leading the list of accidents.

We even had a shooting, and oh yes, another flood.

We lost a fine, fine gentleman, Councillor Len Coxie as the result of a heart attack.

We gained a new member of council, George Maltby and Dick Howitt decided to see what it's like down at Burlington with the rest of the regional councillors (ho hum).

The high spot of the year came on

September 18 as Halton-Burlington voters—together for the first time in this new provincial constituency of ours—decided to try something new: a Liberal MPP, Julian Reed.

Even that could be considered a quiet effort in Halton Hills. While the rest of the province was bristling with attacks and counterattacks our three Queen's Park hopefuls, Liberals' Reed, PC's Gary Dawkins and NP's Bill Johnson were leading quite a gentlemanly battle of words.

But if all this peace and solitude is getting on your nerves take heart; 1976 is going to be far from peaceful. Hard times are ahead and we had best prepare for them now.

Mill rates are going to take a naru jump upwards, thanks to the province's decision to tighten their belts. Already the word from the school board is 'expect the worst.'

Then there is the added problem of paying for the addition to the town's sewage treatment plant.

After three years of regional government this coming year will see voters heading to the polls to show either their approval or disapproval of the way things have been handled by their regional and local councillors. That in itself should be a fiery time.

We can only pause, during these final few hours of a quiet 1975, and draw strength for the battles ahead.

Thank goodness we'll have the Olympics to take our minds off all our problems.

Then again, perhaps the Olympics will be just another one of our problems? Ho Hum!



One more bash to go

By Susan De Facendis

Well, here we go again, the final big bash of the year.

The Christmas tree, that looked so glorious a mere week ago and that now appears moth-eaten and ratty, can be taken down tomorrow and by June, the last pine needle will finally be eliminated from the ash carpeting.

Even if we can no longer use the threat of Santa to blackmail our children into staying up, at least it will be another 46 weeks before we have to suffer through the repetitious horrors of 'Jingle Bells' again.

If Christmas is for the little kids, New Years Eve is for the big kids. Mothers everywhere, will have to stave off exhaustion for one more evening and hostesses can finally unload the rest of that left-over turkey.

Husbands who were too sick with flu to visit poor old Auntie Maud this past week, will somehow manage to struggle manfully to their feet for tonight's pagan ritual of welcoming in a new year.

Economic problems will be forgotten. Countless resolutions will be made, just to be broken and the wee small hours will see over-indulgers swear off food and drink forever, quite fruitlessly I'm sure.

New Years Eve is a time for mixed reactions. For some, it will be a desperate attempt to hold onto youth for one more night, a reluctance to accept the passing of another year.

Others will anticipate the challenge from an unknown, future year, bringing with it the possibility of a new love, a change of adventure and progress.

The elderly will clasp hands at midnight, recalling the past. Some will view it with happiness; some with the sadness of too many burdensome memories.

Willing or unwilling however, at the stroke of midnight we shall all struggle through the birth of a New Year and, for most of us, life will continue its routine course.

Away with gloomy thoughts and introspection however. Tonight should be a time for happy faces and hearts, for best dresses and the company of good friends and loved ones. Ring out the old and ring in the new. Another clean, bright day is coming.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?

Then take a cup of kindness now, for the sake of old lang syne.

Happy New Year! May it be the best one ever.

1975 was a year of many changes

by Gerry Landsborough

Once again we reluctantly say goodbye to another year. Another year that has sped by all too quickly.

1975 was a year of many changes both socially and economically.

It was a year of continuing strikes pushing more of the "I want it now" philosophy, a year when a government that once completely opposed wage and price controls brought down the hammer of necessary restraint on all.

1975 became a year of tragedy when a violent shooting occurred in a Brampton high school that made news headlines around the world.

U.F.O.'s were back again with sightings around Ontario and a continued increase in sightings world-wide.

Dollar-power continued to shrink in '75 with continued inflation and the promise of more of the same in '76.

1975 was the year that the advice columnist to millions around the world, Ann Landers, became another statistic in the continually rising divorce rates.

Supposedly a year for women I.W.Y.

peace and a stable economic future. These are not Pollyanna dreams of impossibilities. They only become impossible when the dream and hope for a better future are given up. For, as always, hope is the promise of the future.

Restraint will be with us in '76. The rose coloured glasses will be off and more and more people will come face to face with the harsh reality of a teetering economy.

We would like to take this opportunity in the final hours of '75 to thank all of you for your interest in the past year. A column is always a two-way street and without your interest dear reader, continuing would be a wasted effort.

We thank those of you who have invited us to happenings around the community, which a special thanks to the "Y" and Local Council of Women. Though sometimes we are unable to make the event we still appreciate your interest in extending your invitation and sincerely thank you for it.

Of course in order to be fair we also acknowledge those of you who have rapped our knuckles over columns on homosexuality or calling the vicious wolf not quite so vicious after all.

We have been accused of favouring one set of politics or another (both wrong). We've been too serious, too flip, too common, too intellectual but we have a tendency to keep on plugging along. You might not always agree with us but this is one column where you never know from one week to the next what will turn up.

It might be an exclusive interview with an expert in his field as when we spoke with Dr. J.P. Lautenlager, an expert in parasitology.

It may be an interview with a world renowned humanitarian as when we had the privilege to speak with Dr. Lotta Hirschmanova of the Unitarian Service Committee.

You might find a bit of stuff and nonsense in potpourri, a regular feature where we travel around the world bringing you bits of tongue-in-cheek humour on man's continuing struggle to prove his superiority. At any rate it's been fun.

We've enjoyed your comments both good and bad and we look forward to more of the same with maybe a new twist or two for '76.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR" everybody.

Years Ago: OPP arrest two men following Speyside break-in

From the files of the Herald:

FIVE YEARS AGO

Ian Derek Hutchinson was the Christmas baby for the Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Hutchinson of 80 Maple Avenue East arrived late in the evening, at 10:15 p.m.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO

Twenty-six young people from the Norval and Union, Presbyterian Church joined together in song for the special Christmas Eve candlelight service.

TEN YEARS AGO

Ontario Provincial Police will hold an inquest into the death of a Georgetown doctor, B. J. Bebenek 32, who died moments after his small car was involved in a two-car crash on an ice-coated hill on Main St. South, Thursday afternoon.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

A new precedent in friendly relations among competitors was set last Thursday when the staff of the three local banks joined for a Christmas party. The downtown branches of the Bank of Commerce, Royal Bank and the Mountview branch of the Commerce joined together to celebrate the festive season.