

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Fine Job Well Done

Hydro and telephone men are trained for emergencies, and the nature of their job is such that one expects a certain degree of service while others are sleeping.

But we think they deserve an accolade for their Herculean efforts when another ice storm descended last week and brought down poles and wires only recently repaired.

Local hydro men, particularly, worked

close to the breaking point through some of the bitterest weather on record and in town there were no homes which had hydro off so long that it caused either their inconvenience.

That they managed to deal with individual cases of tree limbs falling on wires, while coping with major breaks in transformers, is a tribute to an efficient organization which proved itself one of the finest in the province.

Curling Interest Increases

Opening of a fine new curling rink has sparked an upsurge in interest in a sport already popular in Georgetown for some years.

Since the original curling rink, an adjunct of the arena, was abandoned, curlers have been operating with a makeshift arrangement which allowed them use of the arena ice surface at certain times, plus a clubroom in the building. With ice time more and more in demand, it has been obvious that as interest in curling increased, the club should have its own accommodation. Combining with the golf club should be an advantage to devotees of the sum-

mer and winter sports, allowing better clubhouse facilities for both and certain economies in operating costs.

The new rink is 80 x 100 ft. with ice provided ample facilities and a heated lounge for spectators and after-game gatherings is all that could be desired.

Many newcomers are in evidence at the rink these days when the club has advertised a week's free curling for men and women to try their skill. Response to a membership drive has been encouraging and it is anticipated that the curling club will be one of the largest sporting organizations in town in years to come.

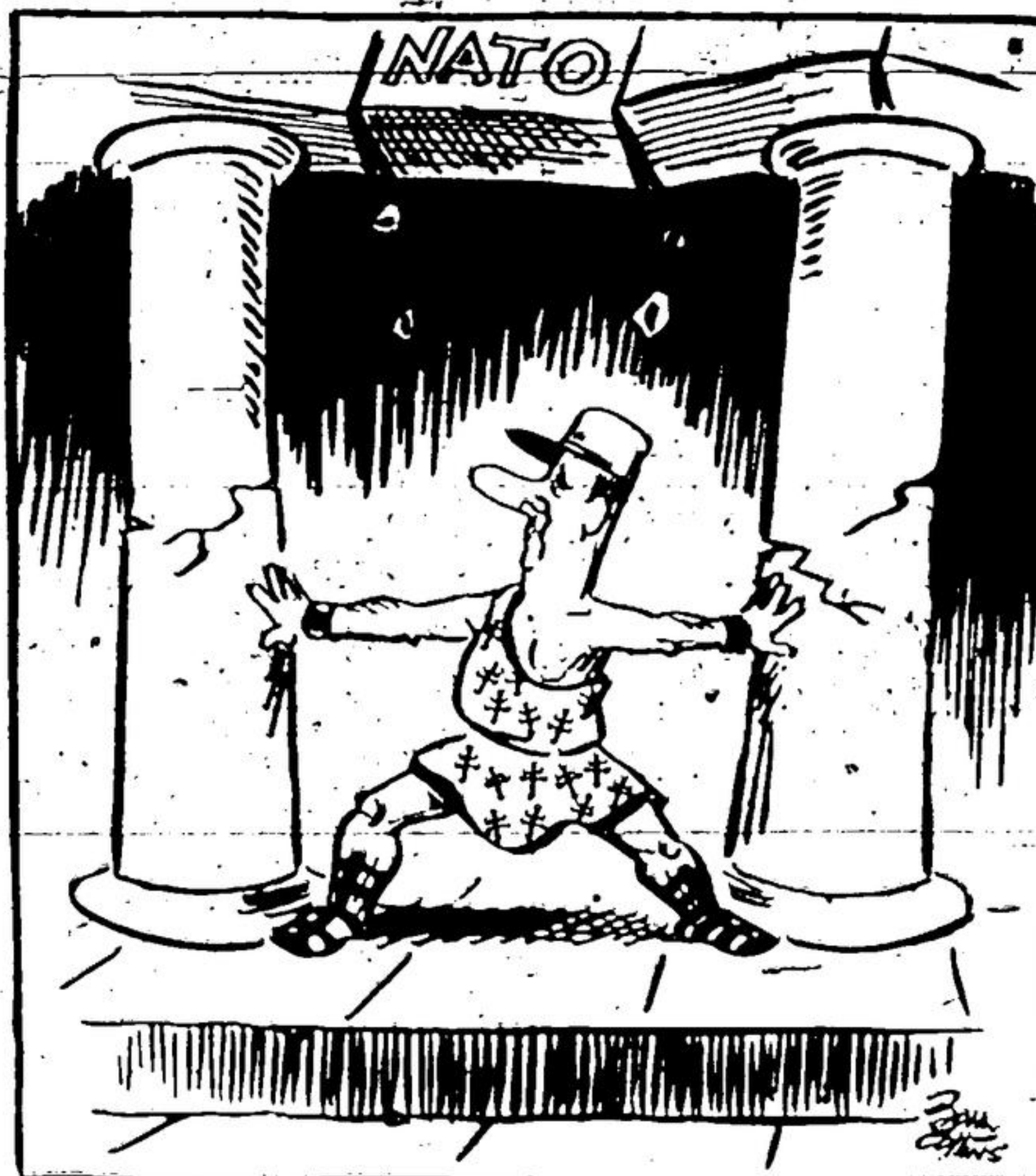
Education a Civil Service?

With education costs continuing to be one of a municipality's heaviest tax burdens, and mounting demands of teachers, through their federation, for pay increases, the question of establishing a civil service department for education is one which would bear investigation.

There would be advantages, certainly. In one central administration for school affairs, no longer would school boards be fighting for teachers, competing costwise with other municipalities, getting entangled with salary schedules which on occasion lead to friction and threats of action by the

federation. Teachers would be assigned, through the civil service, to posts, just as in other government departments. And by so doing, salaries could be equalized with-out regard to the whims or ability to pay of individual towns.

Such a system would require intensive investigation, of course, for there would be disadvantages too. An educational program for municipalities, instead of losing autonomy would be needed. And teachers themselves might balk at becoming government employees without a full explanation of their future position under a new system.



THERE MUST BE SAFER WAYS TO PROVE YOUR STRENGTH, SAMSON

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

THE SIXTIES - A DECADE OF DECLINING INTELLIGENCE?

The 'thirties' was a decade of depression, the 'forties' one of war, the 'fifties' were ten years of political turmoil and uneasy peace - the 'sixties' years. What will the 'sixties' bring? In general terms this is impossible to forecast. The next ten years may see a lessening of world tensions and a more stable peace. We may hear of the first manned space vehicle. I fervently hope for world peace but as for space travel, I still think that the amount of human endeavour spent on this project is a tragic waste, particularly when the motivating force is largely one of national aggrandisement and dangerous competition.

For many years after the last war, the expression 'angry young men' had quite a definite meaning. It was applied to young men of fair intelligence, who were most dissatisfied with our way of life, our social structure, our methods of distributing wealth, our type of government and so on. Many of these young men, particularly those who became known, became writers with varying degrees of success, others formed groups, ran newspapers, entered trade unions, went vigorously into politics - they found some medium through which they could voice their opposition to the things they opposed.

Recently, the question, 'where are the angry young men of this generation?' was asked of groups of university students in various parts of the western world. The answer most frequently given made me shudder. 'There are no worthwhile issues left,' they said, 'in the welfare states of social care there are no battles left to be fought; the social injustices and inequities which occupied the angry young men of your generation no longer exist.' This obviously is not true and I suspect that many of the students knew it to be untrue. The issues are still there. Some old ones have been resolved but many new ones have been created. Young men are as great as ever was - it is the audience which has gone.

The present, hard-won benefits of social justice were achieved, initially, in Europe. Achieved during a period when much of the population was desperately interested in political and social affairs. A period which was a heyday for writers of every kind. It was a time when people not only read for information. In the present, ultra-materialistic world of western civilization, the writer word is fighting a losing battle; a battle, not only against the mental stagnation of materialistic influences, but also against the fantastic mutilation of the spoken word. The angry young men are still around us, potentially at least, it is their audience which has disappeared because there is no longer the universal attraction of the written word.

It is a great pity that man of original thought, men of independent mind and vision, men whose views are different, find it increasingly difficult to communicate those views to their fellow men. It is a paradox of this age that the amazing im-

provements in universal communication, telephone, radio, television and rapid transport have, if anything, decreased the interchange and availability of worthwhile ideas. The exchange of scientific and technical information is extremely well-organized. The views of the conformists are always available. The views of free-thinkers, and anybody who has original thought stands the risk of being classed as revolutionary, are not encouraged by those who control much of our communications network. The growth of commercial interests in the field of mass communication is one of the most dangerous aspects of the next decade. These interests find the present arrangement to be most profitable and are only interested in maintaining the status quo. The controlling powers behind those mediums which are rapidly replacing the written word, radio and television have no time for angry young men or for anyone else who might expose the intellectual vacuum which they are busily creating.

We face the greatest threat to our intellectual development during the next ten years - the threat of conformity. If this trend towards materialism continues, if the material assets and possessions of our people, become influential enough, too many people will be concerned only with preserving what they have and retaining it unchanged. The society which gave it to them. In this atmosphere there will be no place for men of original thought other than in scientific fields. There will be no sympathy for social revolutionaries, no time for philosophers, and only the conformist's automatic response to religion and art.

Our increasing educational facilities, our university extensions and our more numerous school teachers and professors will not, by themselves, protect us from intellectual decline or mental apathy. It is unfortunate but true that much of our educational program is being used to produce uneducated morons who are a bigger pain in the neck than the uneducated variety. Education disciplines the mind to absorb knowledge, it develops the ability to reason - it does not, create intellectual integrity nor does it de-

Georgetown Herald

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ECHOES

from the pages of the Herald, Jan. 23rd, 1955.

About 200 guests were present at the Bon Temps Club Dance held in the arena last Friday night. Jack Hama's orchestra of Brampton supplied the music. The lucky spot dance won by Miss Edith Squires and Max Simon and the birthday dance by Miss Mildred Fleck and Percy Saxe.

Our esteemed citizen, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hickey celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on Sunday, Jan. 17. They were married in Guelph on Jan. 20th, 1910.

The Public School board held its first meeting on Wednesday Jan. 17 when the following officers were appointed: John D. Kelly, chairman; S. Harrison, H. Dickie, and D. Crighton, property; Dr. Gollan and Mrs. P. W. Cleave, acclamation.

supply committee, P. H. Harton, sec.-treas.; Mrs. A. B. Parr, school nurse; Mrs. Fratura, attendance officer; Miss A. Ryan, member entrance board; Ralph Ross, member - public library board.

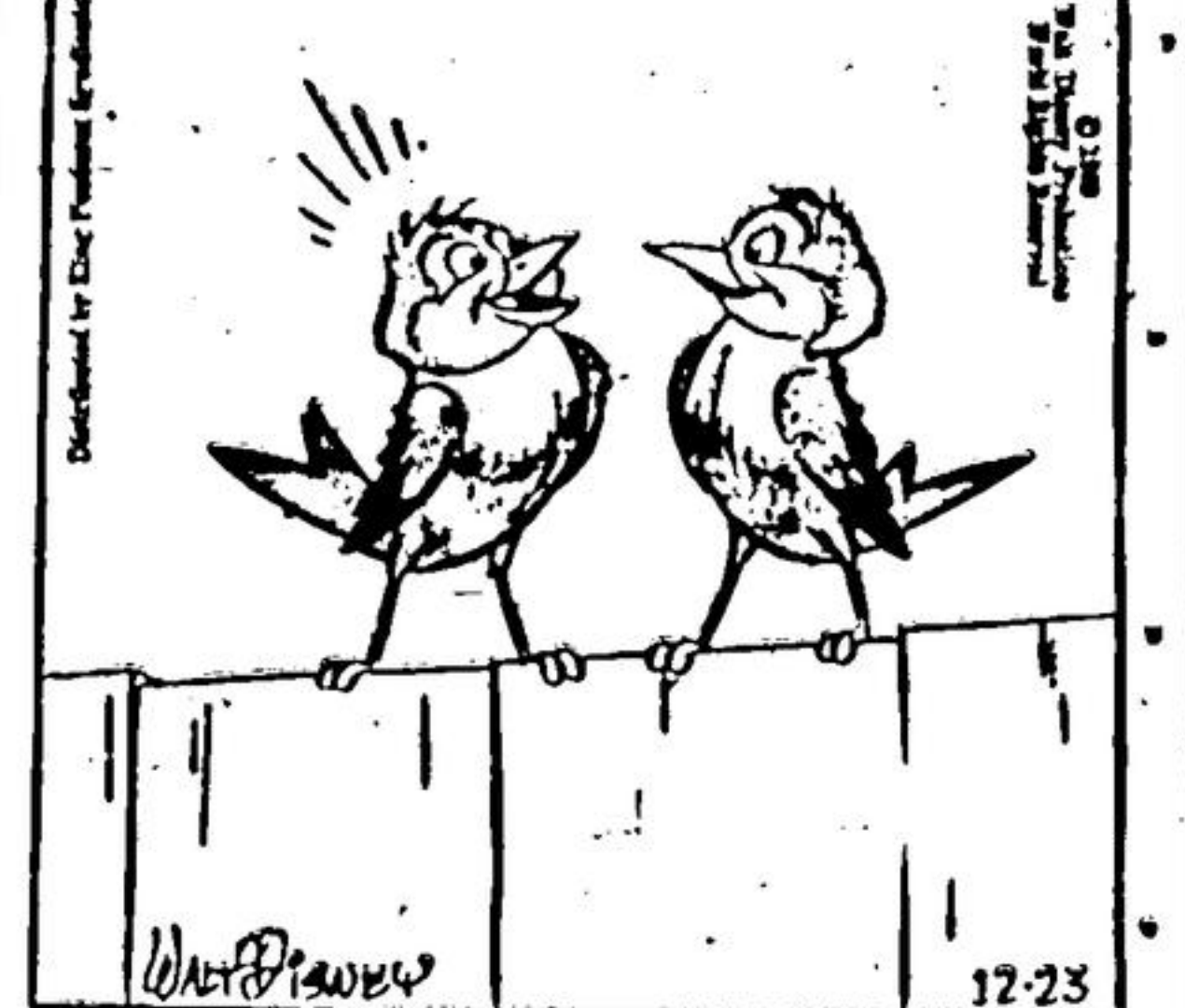
Chief Marshall reports fewer tramps waiting out town this year than last year.

The annual meeting of the Girls Aux. of St. George's Church was held Tuesday evening with a good attendance. Pres. Peggy Keener; 1st vice pres. Hazel Walker; 2nd vice pres. Kay Mulholland; sec. Elizabeth Hill; treasurer, Joyce Stacey; Dorcas sec., Ruth McNally; literature sec., Mary Walker; delegates Audrey Griese and Joyce Stacey.

At the first meeting of Halton County Council for 1959 held in Milton Tuesday, Heave Harold Cleave of Georgetown was elected Warden by Gollan and Mrs. P. W. Cleave, acclamation.

MERRY MENAGERIE

By Walt Disney



Our man-watching club spotted a downhearted bell pusher today!

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Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by HILL SMILEY of the Waterloo Echo

Went to see a Tarzan movie with the kids the other night. I looked forward to the evening. I hadn't seen Tarzan in action for night on 30 years.

Well, sir, it was like going back to see an old sweetheart after 30 years, and finding the slim, pretty woman turned into a greasy, spotted old bat in a soiled blouse.

I don't mind telling you, I came out of that theatre shocked, bewildered and disillusioned. No experience in recent years has so explicitly confirmed my creeping suspicion that the world is going to the dogs.

Now, I was not so naive as to think I'd be seeing the same Tarzan as the one in my childhood, or that the story would not be jinxed up a bit for the hard-eyed little hoodlums who haunt the movie houses today. But this Tarzan was no more like the one I watched in my salad days than Marilyn Monroe is like Mickey Rooney.

Tarzan was an influence of almost overwhelming dimensions, when I was a kid. We read all the Tarzan books. Every Saturday afternoon at the matinee, we saw two reels of a Tarzan serial that left us limp with excitement and fear, as our hero struggled in the coils of an anaconda, or went tumbling over a mile-high cliff as the episode ended. But we didn't worry all week until next Saturday. We knew he'd beat the rap.

I dreamed about him. I suffered innumerable confusions and agonies trying to swing through a maple tree the way he swung through the trees of the jungle, in the privacy of 'The Sandlot', I practised calling the ape as he did. I fought my way, silently but indomitably, through hordes of black warriors, with nothing but my knife and a last-minute assist from Tantor the Elephant.

Instead of striding through the jungle as though he owned it, he skulked around like a juvenile delinquent looking for an old man to beat up.

But what got me was the plot. In the old Tarzan films, animals were killed, but only in self-defence, or for food. In this epic, we saw the other night, there were no less than five horrible deaths, all people. One got an arrow through the heart. A beautiful girl was impaled on stakes in a pit. Another fellow was pushed down a mine shaft. A fourth was shoved over a cliff and landed flat on his back on a rock. Even young Kim, case-hardened by many a Saturday afternoon of scowboys and Indians cutting each other down, flinched at the sight of a man stumbling into quicksand and sinking, screaming horribly, out of sight.

In my day, the movie-makers didn't have to rig up trouble like that for Tarzan's enemies. He took care of it himself. There he'd be, tied to a stake, the native warlocks dancing around him, shaking yaches in his face. Old Yars would just rare back, bellow his ape call, and in a few minutes, hundreds of his brother-apes would pour over the palisades and chase the black fellows, while a horde of his elephant friends trampled down the whole Watusi village.

Maybe I'm just getting cranky and old. But when savagery and vigorous violence are replaced by sadism and psychopaths, I think it's time the crocodiles finally caught up to Tarzan, and finished him off, once and for all.

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