

Georgetown Herald

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THURSDAY, MARCH 30th, 1961

EDITORIAL COMMENT

All the News?

In a recent issue the Ottawa Journal mentions a letter it had received which "provides the basis for at least a dozen libel actions, every one of which would be successful." It quotes part of the letter in which the writer says "You appear to have men who know the elements of stories and know how to write them. But they appear to never go very deep into the facts, or else they fail to get the facts but skim over the surface of things."

Just a few days ago some members of the Sun-Times editorial staff were discussing what would happen if we published all the news. All agreed the issue would make a sensation; not all agreed that the aftermath would be too horrible to contemplate.

The Journal is not the only one that has the same complaints from correspondents. Indeed there is probably not one that is immune. Some people seem to consider that a newspaper's business is to publish everything, to support their private grudges, to print sensational stuff based

hearsay — in short, to be a sort of dumping pile for everything they are afraid to say over their own signature. And they kick most vigorously when it refuses to be made the goal.

A newspaper's business is to publish all the news that is worth considering; but it has to do a lot of weeding. First it has to consider "is the story true?" Next "is it interesting to anyone?" Third "is it in the public interest?" And when those three questions are answered in the affirmative the stock of news copy is much smaller than at the start.

Even with letters which the writers are willing to sign, it has to exercise some censorship. There are still such things as libel suits, and no publisher wants any on his hands though the paper, if it has used due care and judgment, usually wins.

So if anyone thinks the newspapers are not publishing all the news, let him consider just what would happen if they did.

Owen Sound Sun Times

Public Library Benefits

An increased grant to the public library is in keeping with the current trend to realize the even more important role that education must play in this modern world.

The library is a public convenience which has been steadily growing in community stature over the past several years. A steady improvement in quality of books available, and in quantity, has been marked by an equally growing number of patrons, particularly among the younger segment of the population.

With more money available, the board can now continue with plans to increase the junior section of the library, while also making physical improvements which are necessary to keep the building in top shape.

Parents whose children are not library members are urged to see that they make use of the service. And they are reminded, too, that a library is equally ready to serve senior citizens as well with a fine variety of reading material.

Successful Venture

An unheralded venture in racial fraternization is taking place quietly in about two score cities and towns where there are universities and colleges, writes Leslie Wilson in the Financial Post. The venture is working so successfully as to astonish some of the professors and college administrators who are involved in it.

Some 3200 students whose skin colour is black, brown or yellow, different from

the majority of Canadians, are fitting well into Canadian college life. These are students from the 100 or so countries, territories, colonies and former colonies around the globe which are usually described as 'underdeveloped'. They come to this country for an education, not to learn how to 'mix with Canadian college students. But the latter is an inevitable byproduct of the former and the mixing process is an undoubted success.

A VISIT TO SUNSHINE SCHOOL

Reprinted at the request of the North Halton Association for Retarded Children by Anne Currie

I went to a Ladies Auxiliary meeting the other night, and came away with a feeling of guilt and shame. This was the Auxiliary for the Milton Sunshine School for the Retarded, and my shame was for the lack of patience shown my normal children, in the face of the calm matter of fact patience of these mothers of retarded children.

The meeting was much the same as most meetings of fund raising organizations, but the atmosphere was more dedicated, more uninhibited, with the mothers discussing the progress of their children. Progress to them, most things like combing their hair speaking a little more clearly, and learning to read a little. Some can read quite well, due to the infinite patience and love of their teachers Mrs. Jeffares and Mrs. T. Mitchell Mrs. Max English of Weber Drive gives speech therapy classes — an impersonal name for a most important work. To us, who take speech for granted, the long hours, even years of painstaking effort in teaching these children to talk clearly, can scarcely be understood.

in most schools. A piano and rhythm instruments are an integral part of their training. Mrs. Buckner, wife of an Aconon psychiatrist, teaches eurhythmics, that is dancing and moving to music freely, with no set pattern. This is not only great fun, but helps the coordination of the muscles.

As in other schools, the children's names were on the blackboard with varying number of stars beside them. However, some of these children who look and act quite normal have been in ordinary public schools before coming here, some in Grade 1, and some as far as Grade 2. The extent of this ordeal may be imagined, when you realize to them every day was an agony of frustration, trying to cope with problems completely beyond their capabilities — always being the slowest, the dumbest, in the room. To these children, the stars on the blackboard for achievement are not chalk stars but very precious jewels. Little wonder the mothers, who have



DISPUTE IN THE MAO CLINIC.

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

This is Dancing?

So we went along to the Teen Town dance at the Rose Room, primarily to squash the stupid implications contained in the Telegram's now notorious bit of "imaginative reporting." It was quite an eye-opener. It has already been established that the young people were well-behaved and I will only briefly confirm that this was so. In fact it appeared as though Cpl. Bilsborrow gazed with more suspicion at attending members of council than anyone else — or was this my imagination?

Two Things
Two things about this affair were remarkable to me. One was absolutely deafening and would have adequately filled a hall ten times the size of the Rose Room. My poor shattered eardrums took several hours to recover. The other remarkable thing was the dancing if that is what it is called. To my jaundiced eye there was only one rhythm and only one step pattern during the whole time. I wondered what had happened to the waltz, the tango, the rumba, the slow foxtrot, the samba and so on. The grace of movement, the changing dance patterns, the variety of music was all that made dancing worth while. Is all this to be lost? Is dancing going to degenerate into a universal shuff, flang, twirl performed to an interminable four-four tempo? I think it will be a great pity if most of our young people are to grow up in the belief that this is dancing. It will be a pity if fewer and fewer of them ever experience the pleasure and mutual regard which springs from the ability of two people to move together, gracefully and accurately, through a real dance routine.

Partial Solution
Some partial solution may lie in making it lawful for younger drivers to drive only cars of limited horsepower and performance. Such legislation would soon produce a car of this type so that our youth would be able to start their driving careers but would not be able to enter the highways in the spirit of competition and bravado. This is what kills.

Public Outcry
An industrial accident which results in forty deaths often produces a public outcry for improved safety measures. Four thousand deaths each year occur on the highways and yet many people, including those who influence police activities, are more concerned with the poor fellow who was fined for speeding and wondering if this was really fair.

Safer Place
Our police have radar equipment for the purpose of making Georgetown a safer place. I hope they will use it, with common sense, discretion and perseverance. More important, I hope they will do so without fear or favour.

THE A.M.A. JUMPS ON THE BAND-WAGON
The American Medical Association has now jumped on the favourite witch-hunting bandwagon of all such English-speaking associations — socialized medicine. Apparently a bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives to provide paid health benefits for the aged. Immediately the A.M.A. is up in arms screaming about the loss of freedom and control by the Federal Government, and the old witch-hunt is on again. I wonder why the British, Canadian and American medical associations fight so hard or fought so hard against national health plans. I also wonder if they truly speak for the majority of doctors.

Very Clear
I would have thought that it was very clear, by now, that adequate education of a nation's children was only made possible with the introduction of state sponsorship. Whether you like it or not our educational system is undiluted socialism and in fact wasn't worth a darn until it was socialized. If providing adequate education is universally accepted as a state responsibility, surely the nation's health is equally important. I don't think that people's health should be on a profit and loss basis, or that it should be catered for on a basis of treatment according to income. It is not reasonable to expect doctors, as individuals, to suffer the loss of providing essential treatment for those who cannot afford to pay. Nor should those who are sick and poor be denied adequate medical care anymore than education should be denied those in the low income groups.



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

This is the fag end of the year. Winter has retreated as year, sullenly as a rattlesnake with an ulcer. Summer is as remote as heaven. And the citizens of Canada are at the end of their tether.

In most northern countries, winter is the bad time. The Finns and the Swedes and the Russians do most of their sulking in the melancholy of the long, dark months. Not Canadians. We are too busy curling and going to meetings and watching the hockey game on television.

No, we get through the winter fanatically. It's around the end of March the Canadians begin to brood, to draw in on themselves, to eye each other darkly. About this time of year, though, an outsider would never suspect it, most Canadians are as mad as March hares.

What's behind it all? First, it must be remembered that we have just come through a five-month siege by a fierce, determined and implacable enemy. We have fought gallantly and well, but our nerves are frayed, our galoshes holed. Second, though the siege is raised, and the enemy has moved off, the relief column is at least a month away. Our starving souls must feed on something and there's nothing around to eat but people.

There are terrible scenes in our homes, as men and women chew at each other and children snap at their parents. In offices, bosses snarl and secretaries weep. In schools, teachers run amok and hurl themselves headfirst at blackboards.

The March madness takes many forms. Honest, upstanding citizens spend hours crouched over income tax forms, trying to diddle the government. Elderly ladies stumble around their backyards in rubber boots peering wildly at the ruins of last year's herbaceous border.

Other men drive far into the country and sit alone on a little bridge, bitterly watching rainbow trout, leaping up a little waterfall. Other women dye their hair purple, or start frantically painting their kitchens.

Mythical Claim
The doctor's loss of freedom is a mythical claim as far as I can see. State medicine established two important freedoms: freedom from untreated ill-health and freedom for the medical profession to help all those who need it. Private enterprise health measures result in abundant suffering both physical and mental. State medicine results in doctor's services for everybody. I believe that this is what most doctors want. Of course, the medical associations lost a lot of power and most of their function. This I must admit, is no great loss to us.

Enquiring Reporter
Question — Do You feel the Ontario Sales Tax is justified?
R. Wyatt, Main St. North — Yes, I can't see much wrong with it. Other provincial governments have been doing so for years.
D. Sargent, 33 Charles St. — Yes, governments have to raise money somewhere, and I think this is as logical a way as any. However, I do think municipalities should be exempt.
Mrs. E. Hyde, Ewing Street — Yes, I think it's justified. People are demanding so much and it has to be paid for.
Peter Jones, 1 Chelvin Dr. — I feel there probably a better system of budgeting, than adding a sales tax.
M. Manderson, Tyers Ave. — In view of the unemployment and the effort to increase consumer spending, I feel the imposition of a sales tax, would be a hindrance.

10 and 25 YEARS AGO
ECHOES
From the pages of the Herald, March 28th, 1951, and April 1st, 1936.

10 YEARS AGO
Branch 120, Canadian Legion, elected their officers Sunday. They are president, Leslie Clark; past president, Dave Bowman; 1st vice president, Jim Bell; 2nd vice president, Henry Shepherd; secretary, Wallace Thompson; treasurer, William Roney; executive, Charles Day, Harvey Garvin, Wilfred Hillis, Fred McCartney.

E. V. MacCormack has been appointed issuer of licences and motor vehicle permits in town. Mr. MacCormack will have a permit office in a section of his Main Street drug store.

Mr. Alfred Barker has accepted a call to Georgetown Baptist Church. He will commence his duties here some time in May, following his graduation from McMaster University.

25 Years Ago
The Georgetown Baseball Club elected its officers for 1936 Thursday night. The president is Harold Marshall, honorary presidents, Dr. R. T. Paul, Mr. B. Stone; vice-president E. V. MacCormack; secretary-treasurer, Walter McGilvray; executive committee, C. King, C. Beaman, W. G. Marshall, Harvey Walters, J. Beaumont, Joe Hanson, C. E. Buddy.

There's nothing unusual about all this. It's simply that the residents of this country have entered that miserable, wet, cold, frustrating, dismal season that delights in the name of Spring, gladness Spring. We might as well be honest about it. Spring in this country is a hideous nightmare that may last from the end of March to the middle of May.

Because we are a people used to doing, rather than thinking, we find spring an excruciating experience. There's nothing to do! Curling is about shot, and it's too early for boating, gardening, golfing, or fishing. It's the mating season, presumably but everybody is so irritable it's rather a waste.

In other springs this wintering period, this spell of madness, has resulted in near-tragedies around our place. I have seen myself pick up a coal shovel and batter a harmless old furnace with it until I dropped from exhaustion. I have seen my wife trembling with homicidal intent on catching me chipping pieces of coal with my mine iron when I was supposed to be cleaning up the basement.

In some countries spring may be a season for light hearts for love, for song and laughter and dancing. But in the true north, strong and freezing, it's a gray time of waiting, of despair, of the March mania.

You can't have a light heart when you have a heavy fuel bill. I defy anybody to fall in love in Canada in March. Your song can't be heard above the howl of the wind. The only people who are laughing are being taken away by the boys in the white coats. And it's pretty awkward dancing when you're up to the knees in mud.

Oh, I'm all right. I haven't snapped yet. But my wife and kids are looking rather sinister these days. And some of my neighbours are beginning to act mighty peculiar. And don't tell me that old lady who tried to push me in front of a moving car at the store the other day was completely sane. In the spring everyone in this country except me goes slightly mad. Mad, I tell you mad. Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!

Joseph Beaumont has been making quite extensive improvements in his woolens and knitting mills in Glen Williams. A large new up to date mule has been installed and other machinery added to his already well equipped mills.

At a meeting of the Royal Winter Fair held in Toronto last week Col. G. O'Connell of Georgetown was elected a director of the Winter Fair.

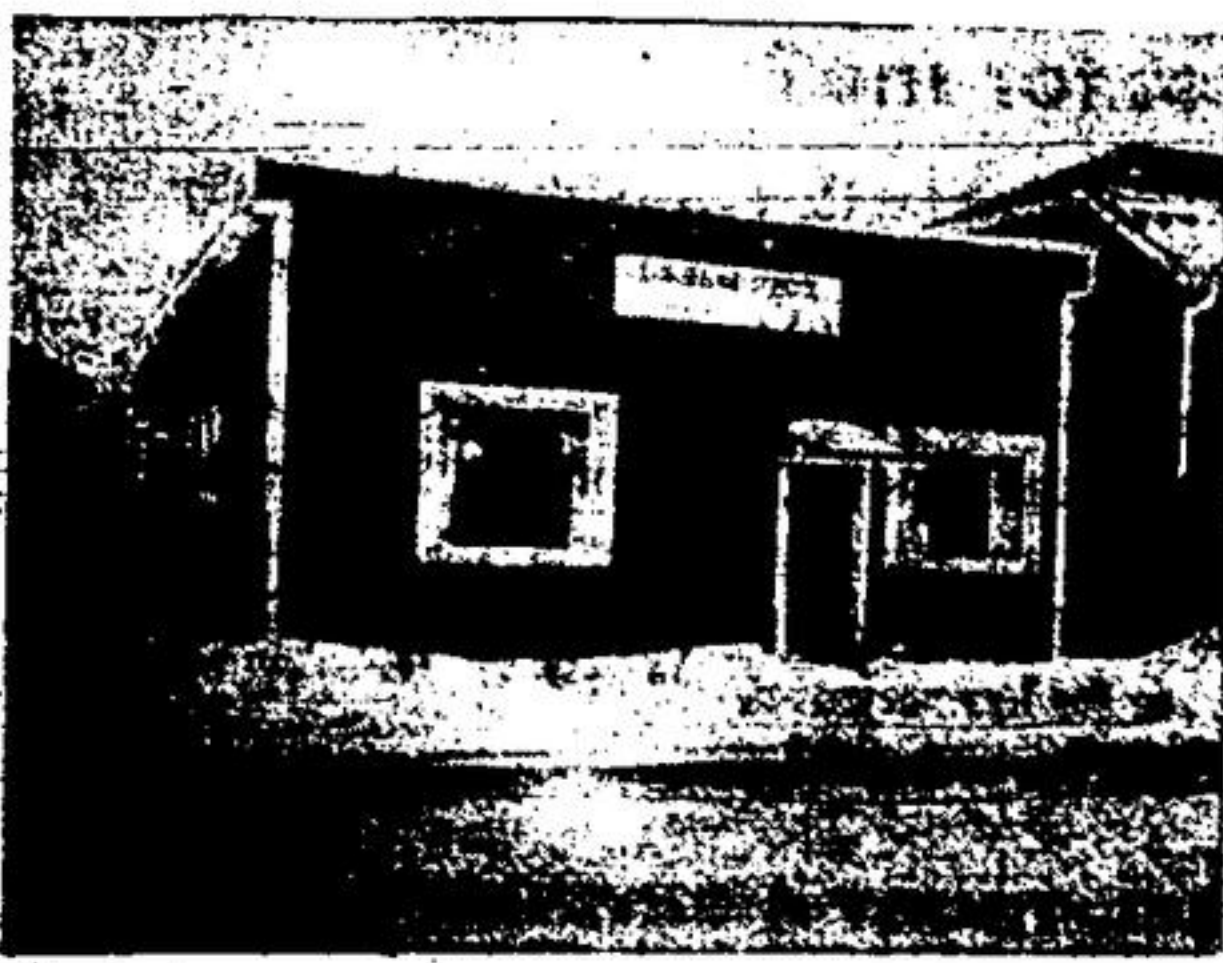
Enquiring Reporter
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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Classified advertisement, in an Alberta newspaper, under the heading of "Lost"—"Would the man from a nearby town who picked up a fur coat at the arena, after the hockey game on Tuesday night, kindly return the blonde that was left?"

IT IS LONG
Coming to work doesn't seem much — it's the long way home.

Is There a Need



This is the present Sunshine School for retarded children on Brown Street, Milton. A growing enrollment has made the existing garage size building inadequate. Can this space be filled with a new one. That's the question facing the North Halton Association for Retarded Children. A site has already been chosen north of Hornby.