

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Future Will Benefit....

A council proposal to allocate funds for a tree planting program in town will bring approval of residents who realize that trees are one of nature's best attributes for a community.

Many, many years ago, a local group planted the small trees which now majestically tower in the older parts of town. They have made Queen Street, for one, a bower of beauty, and the park district and highway have been made more attractive by handsome elms and maples.

In those years, the men responsible could not foresee what progress might do to their plans. As traffic increased, highway improvements called for one after another of these beautiful trees to fall to the woodsman's axe. And nature, herself, took a toll as some of the giants lived their natural life and fell prey to disease and old age.

It takes half a century for a tree to reach maturity, and each year that a dead tree is not replaced, can deprive another generation of the beauty which those thoughtful folk at the century's turn left to us.

We can't start too soon to keep Georgetown beautiful with trees and we commend council for taking this forward step, in conjunction with the Horticultural Society.

At the same time, we hope it will encourage residents to plant their own trees on their property. The newer subdivisions need the shade and beauty which trees can bring. And the older districts must replace those which die, or eventually become barren.

School to Community Hall

Foresight of members of Terra Cotta Farmers Club in purchasing the old S. S. 3 school house for a community hall is to be commended.

The "little red schoolhouse" is a fast-disappearing thing in this part of Ontario and there is no better use that can be made than to keep such a building as a community centre which, as the school did before, will serve as a focal point for rural life in its district.

The Chinguacousy school is a relatively new building and will well serve the needs of the people in Terra Cotta and Union districts.

Elsewhere, we see schools converted into houses, while others cannot economically be used for anything and must be razed.

There will be tears shed for the days when the one-room school was a fixture of the Ontario countryside. One cannot dispute that many of our country's most distinguished citizens received their elementary education in a country school.

But one cannot be sure of an argument that this meant they were completely good. For who can tell to what heights such men might have risen had they had the advantages of instruction in a larger school?

The trend to consolidated schools is a feature of today's better transportation, better teachers' salaries and need for a more varied education. Even were we to cling to the country school, it is doubtful if today one could find enough dedicated teachers who would make it their life to teach eight grades, stoke a coal fire, and play as prominent a part in community life as those ladies and gentlemen of a few decades ago.

One can feel nostalgic about the demise of the horse and buggy without wishing to abandon our sleek automobiles. So it is with the country school which a quarter century from now will be as extinct as the work horse.

A Cheap Commodity....

Perhaps there will be some protests when one of these days ratepayers receive an increased water bill in their mail.

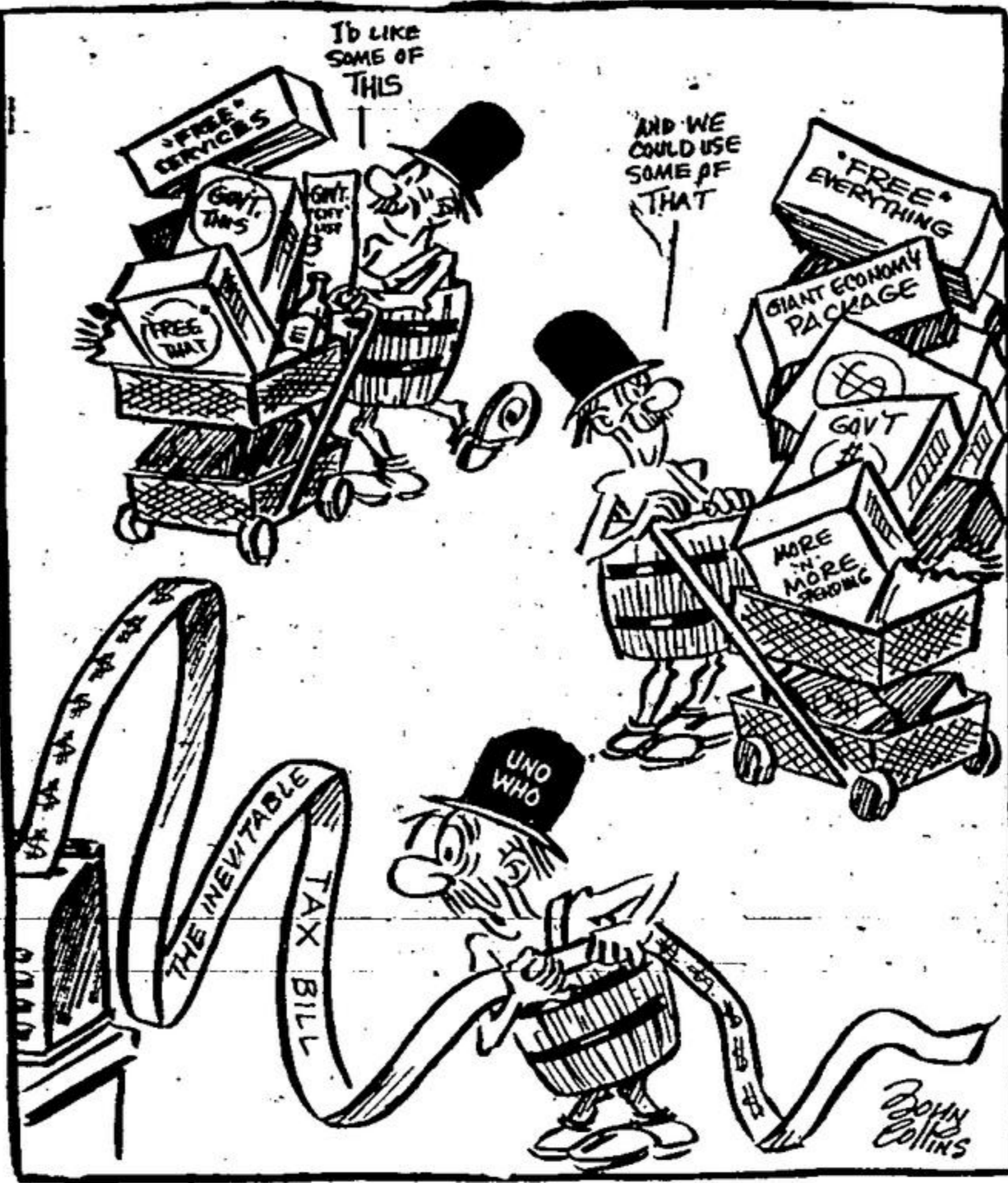
But we, for one, will not protest too much, because we feel that water is one of the cheapest commodities today and one which gives full value for our present dollar and a half a month, and proposed double rate.

Contrast what one gets from an unlimited supply of water with any other present-day purchase, and we can be thankful that it costs so little.

We drink it, wash in it, use it for cooking, water our lawns and gardens, wash our cars and dispose of our sewage, all with this precious liquid.

And most industry, though it pays a larger amount for its water, could not function as efficiently unless large quantities were made available.

No one likes to add to their cost of living, but in this case, if water rates should double, we can still be thankful that we are getting so much for so little.



We Have to Reach the Check-Out Counter Some Time

Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

BAN THE BOMB OR HANG THE FLAG

Although superficially one must condemn all breaches of the peace and all attempts to force changes by an active minority upon a stolid majority, I must confess to some satisfaction when reading of recent articles by Young Canadians protesting against government action or inaction.

Young People

The young people of Canada, particularly those at the upper levels of education, have a real part to play in the affairs of the country — a part which seems to have been sadly neglected up to now. I would be happier if the Canadian universities were up to the task of raising their sights in the past more often.

One Tenth

One reason surely why a country with such an abundance of natural wealth is unable to put one tenth of its people to work is the reason, perhaps, why so many skilled or highly educated Canadians depart for the greener fields of the U.S. rather than stay to face the greater challenge here.

BAN THE BOMB DEMONSTRATION

The question of whether or not Canada should obtain nuclear weapons for her armed forces remains a contentious one. Regardless of my opinion on this matter, I would still feel that the protest marches by Ontario University students were a healthy sign.

Weapons Control

There is only one hope for the future of mankind and this hope cannot be subjected to political compromise. It is complete nuclear disarmament, first and control of conventional weapons after that.

Daily Press

The attitude of the daily press to such protests is rather frustrating and the CBC is not blameless either. One common note seems to permeate the reporting of these events — a good deal of humor, condescending tolerance, such as might be used in describing the activities of a circus.

Fairly Obvious

I don't think that Canada should obtain nuclear weapons of any sort. The dangers of such action seem fairly obvious. These dangers are more than obvious to young men who are anxious to see their country free from the purchase of atomic weapons.

Nasty Nationalism

Nasty nationalism and flag waving have been the tools of those who would destroy freedom for many, many years as we can recall in the Kaiser, in Hitler and in Mussolini. There fore I can only hope that the question of Canada's flag will be decided on rationalism and not nationalism.

Canadian Way

No doubt there are some who are sincerely devoted to this country of ours, who believe strongly in the Canadian way of life and society. No doubt there are those who wish to face the real challenge which is here in the land between the two vast oceans, who wish to seek and give of themselves to create here a nation which is truly great in matters other than size.

Some Prestige

As a non nuclear power, can we speak with a strong and relatively independent voice in the United Nations Assembly. She still maintains a position of some prestige among the nations of the world.

wish to have a flag which symbolizes a nation of which they are a part in the real sense, then let them have it. But let us not choose a new Canadian flag in the tawdry atmosphere of cheap and easy nationalism if that is all we have to offer.

The Only People

Two things are worth remembering when the question of a new flag arises. One is that thousands of Canadians have fought and thousands have died under the flag we now have — the Red Ensign, under it, they fought for freedom.

As a result of this tight money policy, there was usually some ready cash on hand for necessities, like smokes, magazines, crocks, gas for the car, and birthday gifts. When we were going on a trip, or off to the city for a big week-end, I'd just write a cheque, get my partner to countersign it, and cash it at the grocery store.

Certain Admiration

As for Peter Hargreaves and his new flag, I still can't help feeling a certain admiration for his action even though his motives may be open to question.

When the bank manager called, I spoke right up before he could say a word, and told him "All right, George, I'll get some money in right away to cover those cheques."

Oh, once or twice a year, I'd have a good grumble about all the bills coming in, but nobody paid much attention, including myself.

At the end of each year, we owed the business another thousand dollars, but the way I explained it to my wife, that was perfectly logical, as my partner wasn't married, so I didn't need as much money as we did. She thought this an eminently sensible explanation.

This system worked to perfection. We were happy. I was respected for my financial acumen. In fact, my wife used to listen, rap, when I discoursed on higher economics, interest rates, finance companies, and things of that sort.

There was never a cross word about money. There was never much money, either, but that didn't seem to matter. Now we seldom talk about anything else.

I come home from school now, haul out a cold one, and sit down for a friendly chat. Five minutes later, there are bills and receipts all over the kitchen table, I'm defending my former monetary policy like a deposed minister of finance, and she's attacking it as mercilessly as the auditor-general.

I don't quite know how it happened, but since we came here, and I went on a regular salary, the Old Girl has taken over the purse-strings. Perhaps it's because the mail now comes to the house.

At any rate, she pays the bills and does the banking. We have also acquired, somehow, a monstrosity called a joint account. As nearly as I can learn this means that I endorse my pay cheque and from there on, she takes over the joint.

All I can say is that her system has plunged us into the worst economic gloom we've ever experienced. First of all, she has the insane idea that you're supposed to pay your bills as soon as you get them. As a result, we never have any money. She even thinks you're supposed to pay things like church dues and doctor's bills.

Just last month she nearly put us right on the rocks. She came across an old tax notice that I had thrown in the wastebasket. What did she do? She sent off a cheque for the entire one hundred and seventy dollars.

It mean I had to smoke makings for a month. She didn't see what she'd done wrong, even when I carefully explained to her that they can't seize the property until your taxes are three years in arrears.

In the long run, we may get out of the soup, if I can teach her the primary fact of home financing — that you never pay a bill until you have to. What bothers me is her complete absorption with money. How would you like to go to bed with a cross between Scrooge and the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

It's humiliating for a former Quod-Time Charlie, who could buy a round with the best of them, or plunge for a home racket with a flourish, to have to ask for his lunch money. But what cuts deeper than that is the fact that she knows where every nickel she gives me is spent. I'm supposed to be at the dangerous age. How do I finance it? I want to support a mistress, or buy a one-way ticket for Bali.

ECHOES

10 and 25 YEARS AGO From the Pages of The Herald, April 18, 1951, and April 22, 1936

10 YEARS AGO Frank Carney, electrical contractor, has purchased a hardware and electric store in Rockwood. Mr. and Mrs. Carney have lived in town for eight years, moving here from Norval.

The Roxy Theatre installed a new wide screen this week, which manager Bill Boal says will give better vision to those sitting in the side seats at the show.

Bob Addy, who has completed his second year in engineering at U of T, has signed up for a second summer of Navy Training. This year he will be stationed at Halifax.

Georgetown Anglers and Hunters Association plans to build a new clubhouse this year. The organization recently bought a 12 1/2 acre site on the road which runs from No. 7 highway to Hickory Falls.

1956 Personals: Mrs. H. W. Keotner and daughter Marjory visited friends at Pop Dover last week. Mr. Frank Lin Lake of Cobalt and Miss Dorothy Lake of Powassan are visiting in town with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Eeller. Miss Marie Kieck is visiting with friends in Marmora.

THE MAIL BAG

Appreciate Publicity For Retarded-School Georgetown, Ontario April 11th, 1961

Dear Sir: On behalf of the North Halton Association for Retarded Children, may I say Thank You, a BIG ONE for the publicity we have received, it is indeed a fact that through the Herald we in the Association have found our jobs so much easier, because of the articles you have so kindly printed. This week, which is our campaign week, many people have said - OH YES, we read about it in the Herald. Sincerely, Esme J. Ball Provincial Director for The Ontario Association for Retarded Children.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

The question of wearing school uniforms has been raised. What do you think about it?

All those asked are high school students. John Kalsbeek - If everybody has to wear them, there are going to be many objections from a financial viewpoint. Pat Harris - A lot of kids can't afford the cost, and if you don't have one, you'll look out of place. Elaine Robinson - I think school uniforms would be a good idea, they'd improve the morale of the school. Karen Norton - I think it's a good idea because it avoids competition among the girls regarding the price of clothes, and it also looks very striking to see a school group all dressed the same at interschool activities.

Paul Hodgman - They tell us that we are supposed to be individuals, how can we be if they make us conform. Gail Malcolm - I think we should have school uniforms because they reduce competition among students. Bill Wheeler - I am against it, they would become boring, and gradually they would not be worn. What a waste of money. Beverley Handel - Yes, I think it's a good idea. I think it should be a skirt and blazer, worn four days a week.

SUGAR and SPICE By Bill Smiley

Something new, and particularly odious, is threatening to destroy any semblance of domestic placidity at our place. A shadow has crept across the little pale sun that shone, however dimly, on our household. Hot words and cold looks are the colors of the day.

It seems like a little thing. But it's making me depressed, irritable, moody, sullen and generally intractable. Perhaps if I get it off my chest in this space I'll feel better. Briefly, my wife is now handling our finances.

In the old, happy, carefree days in the newspaper business, I handled the family funds with no stress, no strain, no tension.

I used to pick up the mail each morning. If there were any bills, I stuck them in my hip pocket, unopened. After a week or two, I'd empty my pocket into a drawer at the office. Every month or so, I'd look them over, and pay a few of the more urgent demands.

I ran contra-accounts with some of the merchants. They'd run up a big advertising bill, and I'd run up a big bill for drugs, or hardware. At the end of the year, we'd have a grand reckoning, square up, and all would be serene.

Little money changed hands, and all parties were satisfied. It was as primitive, and just as efficient, as transaction in the old days of trade.

I never paid the premiums on my insurance policies, until my month's "grace" had run out. I was always one winter behind in my fuel bill. I paid the taxes on the last day of the year, or a few weeks later. I made the payments on the mortgage and the car whenever the spirit moved me, impervious to threats, warnings and the other trappings of the bill collector.

As a result of this tight money policy, there was usually some ready cash on hand for necessities, like smokes, magazines, crocks, gas for the car, and birthday gifts. When we were going on a trip, or off to the city for a big week-end, I'd just write a cheque, get my partner to countersign it, and cash it at the grocery store.

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Lorne Scots Reunion at Brampton, 6-7 May.