

# Georgetown Herald

Published by Home Newspapers Limited  
22 Main Street S., Georgetown, Ontario  
W. C. BEHN, Publisher

PAGE 4 THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22nd, 1963

## ... EDITORIAL COMMENT ...

### Good Record at School

Georgetown high school can be proud of its record this year.

Two young men, Paul Baker and Robert Fisher, averaged over 86 per cent to win the coveted Ontario scholarships which will give them a financial boost as they embark on college careers. Among others who had enviable records was Carolyn Hallatt who fell just short of the necessary 80 per cent but had six firsts and three seconds in the papers she wrote.

Seventy-seven percent of papers written were passed, with 42 per cent receiving honour marks. A number of young people will be continuing their education at university, teachers' college and nursing school.

We congratulate them, and the teachers who helped them on their way.

At the same time, we urge those who are entering the higher grades, those who did not quite reach their goal, and every undergraduate to try even harder this year,

to absorb as much knowledge in their study course, to be determined, not to leave high school without the highest diploma they can receive.

Education sits very lightly on a young person's shoulders.

The Highgate Algiers days when a young man, poor but honest, could reach the top without formal education, have ended. Today's jobs call not only for ability and perseverance, but for skilled training as well.

Georgetown is fortunate in having a school which can equip young people for academic, business and vocational careers. It is a school second to none in the province. No longer can one say "I just can't absorb Latin . . . or French . . . or science . . . etc., etc." The broad scope of courses offered gives a niche into which every individual can fit.

Don't be one of those who say "I wish I hadn't quit school halfway through."

### Don't Forget No. 7

While pressure is being exerted for a better access to Highway 401 from town, the present state of No. 7 Highway at both east and west approaches to town tends to be overlooked.

Without depreciating the importance of the 401 connection, we think No. 7 is at least equal value. It serves as a main trucking and tourist link with Guelph, Brantford and Toronto. And besides its commercial value, the deplorable state into which it has degenerated, hardly advertises Georgetown as the progressive town which we claim to be.

### Promises We'd Like to See

A month of promises is here.

Until September 25th, we will be hearing about medical plans, pensions, trade development and what have you.

Here are some of the things we would like to see politicians promise.

1. A compulsory pension plan for every working person, portable and sufficiently high to ensure that his senior years will be cared for at his own expense, rather than be shared by the public.

2. Tightening of the unemployment insurance fund to restore it to its original intent, not a catch-all payment for expectant mothers, retiring pensioners and people who just don't want work.

3. Amendments to our criminal laws to safeguard against continuance of beyond the law gangsterism brought out in the Roach report following Ontario's crime probe.

4. A medical insurance plan which would work like other types of insurance as a safeguard against crippling hospital and doctor bills, but with a deductible clause which would have an individual pay his own small bills.

There are economic reasons, of course, why the job has not been done to date.

Councils these past few years have been deluged with road expense, with surfacing of subdivision roads, a major redo of Main St., dust control costs until surface

ing could be done. Budgets have had to be trimmed to bare necessities at times.

But surely next year, improvement of No. 7 could command a priority position before the eastern end, particularly, completely disintegrates between the old town limits and the Norval line.



### THE NINETEENTH HOLE

## SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

I had my annual injection of culture last week, and am now ready to resume my normal condition of boorish bohemianism. The shot as usual, was painless physically, producing a feeling of mild stimulation, painful financially, producing an aftermath of hollow depression.

Because we plan to attend a convention at a sauna spot in a week, that sauna and hammock bound. I haven't the "to wear" around its lousy head. This gave birth to the inimitable twins, a visit to the hairdresser and a trip to the city.

The latter, in turn, demanded that we take in a show. The only show in town was a brilliant English revue called "The Establishment", direct from rave reviews in New York. It stank.

That may not be quite the cultured way in which to see a revue, but it's an honest opinion. The ladies probably hacked that the thing was refreshingly frank and didn't fully reverence. I thought it was disgustingly frank and abominably irreverent.

The show did have a couple of amusing skits, including a clever parody of the Queen reading one of her speeches, but the remainder was labored and tasteless, about one jump and a bushel of English accents.

However, the audience, properly coaxed with \$1.00 off the ticket price, applauded wildly while I sat on my \$3.50 seat gawking like a true-blue royalist.

Almost a year later, I appear to have an identical conduct at the town dump, an identical complaint, an identical argument, being passed back and forth by members of council with an identical outcome.

We still also decide that the collection and disposal of town garbage could be best handled and controlled through town employees.

At a recent council meeting two members of council put forward an honest attempt to institute a By-Law for the collection of garbage and incineration contracts for its collection. While we think the By-Law did have some minor loopholes which needed plugging, big and large it was a very good effort and did not deserve the picking apart by another member of council which appeared to be due to a clash in personal

ideals.

On the weekend, when we Branch members and their took a flyer to the Stratford families took advantage of the Festival, that peculiar Canadian festival of the year, we bow with reverence, beam with pride, and point with honor, chartered by the Legion for the test indignation when people say, "Ah, you Canadians get no

respect." Things were a little brighter when we

set up a booth at the fair, when we

had a booth at the fair, when we