

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Major School Change

Plans to make Georgetown's new sixth public school a senior school for grades 7 and 8 in the east Georgetown area is seeming to meet with general approval of area parents.

There are some disadvantages, of course. While no pupil will be walking more than the mile and a half limit set by the Dept. of Education, certainly some will have farther to commute than they do at present. There is a sentimental argument that school spirit will suffer by transfers after the Grade 6 level. And there is the fact that cutting the diversity of ages in a public school by segregating older pupils cuts a few of those precious childhood years which parents now enjoy. The fact that a senior school cannot be created in the western part of town at present gives two educational systems and if the senior school proves advantageous, has an element of discrimination which could be resented there.

On the plus side, there is every chance that instruction should be better when teachers can specialize in a given number of subjects. Certainly it will be more pleasant for a teacher to be able to better prepare a smaller number of daily lessons than they must do in an 8-grade school.

There can be more emphasis on physical training. Students from a senior school should enter high school better prepared for the transition to a more adult world. There will be no split grades in the two eastern schools, which has plagued teachers and students for some time.

The 'rotary' system, where pupils move from room to room is not a new departure. In our public school days in Windsor, this was in general use. The home room teacher taught the basic 'three R's' while specialist teachers imparted such subjects as geography, science, art, reading, in classrooms specially designed for the purpose.

### Salvation Army Deserving

Few will argue that the Salvation Army is not one of Canada's most noteworthy organizations, and there have been few turn-downs when the annual house to house canvass for funds has taken place in past years.

This year the Army has a problem. Difficulty of getting enough volunteers to adequately cover a town of Georgetown's size has led to an appeal by mail this year.

"It's given us some trepidation," confesses an Army official "and we are anxious that the campaign by mail should work."

Donations may be mailed in the envelope provided in the Red Shield appeal, or can be left at the downtown Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce branch, whose manager, Don Wingrove is treasurer.

The good work of the Salvation Army

is almost too well known to need repeating. During two world wars its wartime services alone more than justified a helping hand today. It helps homeless men and women find shelter, assists families with welfare vouchers in difficult times, is always there when someone needs a helping hand.

William Booth started his work in the London slums. His one burning desire was to change a man's heart by God's power. He knew if this were done, he could escape from his discouragement. He knew, too, that man needs help during this period of development, so he opened cheap food depots, organized soup kitchens, helped people to move into better surroundings.

Today, as then, the Army does not quibble over the cause. It recognizes the hungry must be fed and meets the need.

### Lesson In Prejudice

For older people who have forgotten, and younger ones who have never known what prejudice can do to human beings, we recommend a current movie — "The Shop on Main Street."

Better than any Hollywood spectacle, this little gem from Czechoslovakia tells in simple fashion what can happen when little people, essentially devoid of prejudice, are caught up in a situation, shut one eye to their better instincts, while greed occupies their other, and thus contribute their own little bit to the breakdown of the legal and moral structure which man needs to subdue his own weakness.

Don't be misled by the fact that the movie is in a foreign language. The acting is so perfect, the portrayal so vivid, that one hardly needs the subtitles to follow this moving story to its tragic conclusion. The movie's theme is twofold. While

portraying the horror of a minority in a relentless man-created trap, it shows what happens to those whose urge for self-preservation is stronger than the urge to speak for justice.

And it poses the subtle question "What would you have done?"

That can't be answered truthfully, but it can answer another question "What can I do to see that it never happens again?"

The answer is obvious. To zealously guard against even the least sign of prejudice in our daily life. To avoid the oft-heard phrase, "He's a nice guy, even if he is a . . . ." To appreciate unusual qualities in people with other skin colour, other language, rather than ridiculing them. To not label an ethnic group, with an undesirable quality. To ensure that our laws remain just and fair to all humans, not to just one segment of our population.

### Celebrates 90th Birthday on Five Generation Homestead

"I celebrated my 90th birth, can say that," Halton Manor day on the homestead where I resident Benjamin Robertson was born, and there aren't many proudly declared this week.



**PIREWORKS TIME . . .** Most Canadians will celebrate the traditional May 24th holiday a day early this year, on Monday, May 23rd. Lovely Christa Hering of Toronto took this proclamation of civic and private fun to heart by getting synods of Canadian made fireworks for her own display. Backyards all over Ontario, Quebec and the Prairies will be bright with colour and noisy with the squeals of excited children.

Mr. Robertson, a Halton resident for most of his 90 years, was born on April 24, 1876 on the Robertson homestead, east of Speyside, which is now farmed by his son Frank. When he celebrated his 90th birthday on Sunday, April 24, he was back on the homestead for the day with the family.

The elderly gentleman still wears a carefully trimmed mustache and possesses a keen sense of humour. Asked if he'd always lived in Halton, he remarked, "I guess so, I was out of the county for five years but then I really only existed."

Robertsons have been on their Equeusing homestead for well over 100 years and Mr. Robertson recalls his grandfather purchased the farm in 1822. "There have been five generations on it and I was talking to my son and he says he hopes there's going to be another five generations on it."

Suggesting the young people of today aren't nearly as energetic as they used to be, he noted, "my grandmother walked from the farm with an iron pot on her back to Muddy York (Toronto), and today the youngsters are too lazy to walk for the mail."

Mr. Robertson always had a keen interest in farm work and indicated, "I never belonged to any lodges, my cattle and horses and pigs were my lodge and I took good care of them."

Lightning moves 30,000 times as fast as a bullet.

### WILDLIFE IS TO BE THE THEME OF THE DESIGNS ON CANADA'S CENTENNIAL COINAGE

—REPORT FROM OTTAWA



PLenty to howl about what with STRIKES, TAXES AND PRICES



HIGH FLYING COST OF LIVING



THE RABBIT—ARTIFACT ALL LOOK HOW TAXES ARE MULTIPLYING!



THE TAXPAYER—POOR FISH!



### THOSE WILDLIFE COINS

### SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

#### This Family Taxes Us All

All across Canada these days, municipal councils have been wrestling with the arch-villain of all time, a mysterious monster called The Budget.

Although he is made up from a combination of concrete things like sewers and schools and streets, The Budget himself is an abstract thing. He is like The Devil. You can't see him or hear him or even smell him. You can't really understand him, but you know he is there: a blind malignant creature that cannot be controlled.

You can fight him — and get a bloody nose. You can hammer at him, chisel at him, chop at him — and all you get are a broken hammer, a dull chisel and a blunted axe.

The Budget is like an octopus. He grows bigger every year. His appetite increases, his tentacles become longer and stronger and more strangling as he grows. And when you try to come to grips with him, he exudes a cloud of black (or red) ink which obscures him from view.

Of what ingredients is The Budget composed? Really, he's a two-headed monster, a regular Siamese twin.

On the one hand, it is just a big bundle of sugar and spice; new schools; new industries; a new library or community centre; wider streets; better lighting, sewage disposal and snow plowing. Progress, culture, civilization, comfort. At first glance it appears that The Budget is the most desirable thing a man has dreamed up since The Devil.

And on the other hand he is snags and snails and puppy-dog tails. That's what little towns are made of. And big towns too.

And the reason for all this, of

course, is that The Budget, this big, ugly, unmanageable brute who is impervious to human feeling, fell in love, by some chemical accident, while a mere hulking lump of a boy, with a girl called Millie Rate. Most of us know her as Millie.

She is just as prepossessing as her husband. She is steady, eyed, relentless, unscrupulous, and absolutely without mercy, charm, pity, looks, or any of the qualities we normally associate with that lovely creature known as the female of the species. I have known Millie Rate since she was a girl, and I am here to state, without apology, that she is a pig.

It's difficult to believe that such a union could produce progeny. But it did. His name is Taxes.

Taxes' career has been about what you would expect from such parents. He was an unpleasant child, from the beginning. Unwanted, unloved, rejected at every turn, whiney, demanding.

He hasn't changed much, except that he's grown. He is now a big slob, over-fed, under-worked, menacing if he doesn't get his allowance right on time, sulky if some of it is held back.

But he has a lot of promise. Around election time. He's going to cut the lawn and wash the car, and paint the trim and smarten the old place up so you wouldn't know it.

But somewhere along the line, something goes haywire. He cuts the trees, paints the lawn, and washes the car, and figures, after one year, that his allowance is not big enough.

For some reason — and it certainly isn't his winning personality — Taxes has become

## NEWS ECHOES

From the Herald of 10, 20, and 30 Years Ago

### 10 YEARS AGO

● A large group of members of the new Valley Hill Ratepayers Association, most of them residents of the new Swanek subdivision, besiged the town council with requests for action on drainage and roads on Monday. The delegation, led by Sam Reid, their president, asked for relief from impassible roads, and pools of stagnant water.

● An historic event occurred Tuesday, May 9th when the first line to bring natural gas to Georgetown this summer was laid. Work commenced at the corner of Edith Street and Maple Avenue.

● The campaign for a hospital in Georgetown was launched Monday when the hospital association sponsored an all-day entertainment in the park.

### 20 YEARS AGO

● The Directors of the Esqueuing Agricultural Society met last Wednesday evening at the home of W. H. Reid, Nohval Road, to begin planning for the Centennial Fall Fair to be held September 6th and 7th. A committee to collect historical data and make a souvenir booklet includes W. J. Alexander, chairman; W. A. Wilson, Mrs. Herb Cleave, Mrs. John Hunter, W. C. Cunningham, Frank Patch, and P. Cleave. The ladies formed their own executive body at the same meeting, president Charlotte McCullough, vice president Marjorie Gault, and secretary-treasurer Mrs. John Hunter.

### IN THE MAIL BAG

#### Enjoyed Tournament "We'll Be Back"

Copper Cliff, Ont. May 2nd, 1966

As Convener for the Copper Cliff Athletic Association Minor Hockey League, I would like to thank you for the wonderful manner in which our Bantam team was received in the City of Georgetown, during the International Bantam Hockey Tournament.

Everywhere that our boys went they were treated royally; in the restaurants, at the arena, at the Legion, and at the homes in which they were billeted. I would also like to express my appreciation to Mr. Walter "Red" Asseltine for inviting Copper Cliff to the tournament and on doing such a terrific job in handling such a tournament, and to the many people who helped him.

Our congratulations to all the winners and we are looking forward to taking part in other

tournaments in the future. Once again, "Thank You, Georgetown."

Sincerely,

—John 'Yacker' Flynn  
Copper Cliff Bantams

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