

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Centennial Celebrations Start

Saturday's Christmas tree burning, first of a series of Georgetown centennial celebrations, was a huge success and the organizing Lions Club and the others who shared in the event are to be congratulated on the arrangements.

A huge crowd was on hand to witness the ceremony, a first in Georgetown though not uncommon in many other communities.

Preceding the giant bonfire, whiskered town councillors handed out centennial

souvenir pins, and appropriate words were said by the mayor, centennial chairman and Lions president.

The Olympic idea of carrying the torch to the site from Cedarvale Community Centre was an added touch of pageantry which made an impression with the crowd.

If future events are as well executed, and as well received by the public, 1967 will be a truly memorable year in Georgetown's history.

Hasbed-Up Holiday

The one-time celebration of Sir John A. Macdonald's birthday last week was a somewhat hasbed-up holiday.

Unfortunately the birthday was not a memorable one (the 152nd) nor is a school half holiday exactly a stirring tribute to a man who is considered the architect of Confederation.

The schools cooperated in some cases by stressing to students the reason for their half day off. But would it not have been much better to forget about the holiday, have an assembly period with emphasis on Canada's history, and make a start at putting Sir John in the same perspective as

the Americans do for Lincoln and Washington?

A school holiday is somewhat of an anomaly, anyway, in a world where education is supposed to be the most important single factor.

We are prone to give students a holiday on the slightest pretext, even to considering a day away from books as a reward for scholarship.

If we really value education so highly, wouldn't it have been better to add an hour to the school day, or have a special session Saturday morning, and impart a bit more wisdom into these young heads?

Too Many Frills

Well to wall broadloom in a London public school seems to us to be the final stage of foolishness in today's affluent society where the taxpayer seems to have become resigned to contributing a large slice of his salary to every whim of those who should know better.

Today's schools are, like many of today's homes, designed with little regard for our climate.

Large expanse of window does not suit our winter extremes of cold, nor our summer heat, and leads only to the double expense of drapes. New types of floor coverings have never equalled the old wooden floors which had some resilience to ease the aching feet of teachers. And provision of expensive parking facilities in city schools for staff members is a luxury which few other workers enjoy.

We don't mean that children should

not have the best education possible, and many of today's innovations have their place.

But while education cost has become a favourite whipping boy for the politicians they pay only lip service to it, while more and more unnecessary, and often-times foolish frills, continue to make large dents in the taxpayer's pocketbook.

An idea being propounded by Hamilton and Burlington, to make pensioners exempt from education taxes, will only add to the already crushing burden which we have brought on ourselves by reckless expenditures of education.

With less people to foot the bills, the average man is going to be hard pressed to balance his budget and will be paying through the nose for the so-called "free education" which is supposed to be one of Canada's privileges.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Labour Leader Adds to Quarry Problem Letter

January 13, 1967 Oakville Ont.

Dear Sir:

Further to my letter of December 30, 1966, which was published in last week's edition of your paper in regard to Quarries in north Halton permit me this elaboration.

There is no doubt that some people read more in my letter than was actually written. I brought into the picture a third dimension which is the working force of the Quarry operations. Naturally the quarry workers have families and due to this fact a greater number of residents are involved. There can be no doubt either that the unorganized labourer in the quarries may make less money than the organized one. Where labour organizations exist overtime is also involved but in this case the earnings are considerably above the \$5000 mark which I had used for average figures only.

I would like to make it abundantly clear that I did not speak for management and that I did not consider my letter of being in defence of management policies. Management has its own means of communication and most certainly has not chosen me as a media. I again state and this is in the forefront of my letter of December 30th, 1966, that the parties must get together to solve the problems confronting them. A worthwhile endeavor anywhere and anywhere. A socially acceptable solution must be found which will appeal to all parties concerned.

In regard to blasting of which I have said nothing previously, I would like to point out that I do not recommend heavy blasting nor do I think that heavy blasting is correct.

One must not reside near by to estimate the effects. If such heavy blasting has or will damage surrounding homes of quarries and will influence the well being of the residents, the quarries should offer restitution to such residents and home owners without the costly resort to legal action by such affected residents. If blasting is not acceptable other means of extraction would have to be found by the operators.

This I actually indicated as a procedure by saying and I repeat from my previous letter: Quarry owners will have to reform to residents wishes and residents will have to look with a bit of common sense to the quarry operations.

Laws may be the final answer but meantime someone must move to get the parties together before employing ultimate alternatives.

Sincerely yours, The Faraway Intruder G. G. Heym

IN THE MAIL BAG

Doubts Quarry Lands To Be Beautified

R.R. 3, Milton, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

I was surprised to hear the quarries have plans to beautify their rubble heap.

If the quarries have any rehabilitation plans they are keeping it a very close secret, especially Milton Quarries.

I look out my front window and see a pile of twisted trees and broken rock that keeps getting worse. The acres only got

larger and more ugly. I have seen bulldozers push dirt, rocks and trees over the edge of the embankment to roll and fall where they may.

To drive down 401 and see the unsightly craters on the mountain makes the town of Milton at the foot seem very uninviting. You can see that the people who operate the quarry have no pride in their country or in our community.

With the kind of countryside we have around Milton, it should be the most beautiful for miles, but the only time Milton Quarry property looks beautiful is in a heavy fog.

— J. VanDorecht

IN THE MAIL BAG

Says Main St. Lighting Was Christmas Fairyland

85 Harrison Ave., Guelph, Ontario, January 9, 1967

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the town of Georgetown (my old home town, which I am exceedingly proud to mention) for their most impressive Christmas decorations on the Main Street.

Sunday night was the first time I had seen these decorations since the light standards were erected and it seemed to me that we were driving through a Christmas Wonderland through town.

Again, please accept my congratulations on a job so well done. I have seen many towns at Christmas but this tops them all.

— Mrs. Calvin Miller

The famed Eiffel Tower of Paris was designed by Gustave Eiffel for the International Exposition of 1889.



MAN OF THE CENTURY

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

100 YEARS OF WHAT

Wouldn't it be fun if we could conjure up from their neglected graves Sir John A. and the other Fathers of Confederation, and take them on a tour of the nation they tied together 100 years ago, with string and sealing-wax?

Would they think they have bulged well? Would they swell with pride over the nation that has emerged? Would they look with awe on what has been accomplished? Or would they cry, as with one voice, "Lemme out a here! What have you done to our glorious Dominion?"

The physical changes in those 100 tiny decades, a flash in the human span, would surely impress them. The vast towers of steel and concrete in our cities; the ribbons of road and rail that span the continent; the St. Lawrence Seaway.

And surely they would be thrilled by the vast technological leap made since they stood

together for that stiff portrait in Charlottetown. They would be dazzled by the simple facts of electric light and power, flight by jet-liner, radio, television, the telephone the automobile, oil-heating, air-conditioning, and a thousand other things we take for granted.

But how would they feel about the country they created after the fancy wrapping came off the toys? After they'd seen the Toronto City Hall and flown across the country in a few hours, and plunged into the bowels of a modern mine, and gone up in a chair-lift at Jasper, and faced annihilation in a Montreal cab, and groped for their drink in a gloomy cocktail lounge?

Behind the glittering playthings, would they really find much change in the country? Not at this time of year, anyway. It would be still a shaming, geographical monster,

buried in white, tall turned to the north wind. Only a sprinkling of lights, a few curls of smoke, and a few ants crawling about would suggest it was not straight out of the ice ages.

And if Sir John A. and his fellows lifted that familiar blanket of white and peered under it, would they be surprised and delighted by what they saw? Would they perceive a mature, virile, independent people proudly proving that the twentieth century belongs to Canada?

One look would reveal a material prosperity and comfort beyond their dreams. But it would show that a lot of other things they were familiar with had not changed or improved in 100 years. Fear of the U.S.,

NEWS ECHOES

From the Herald of 10 and 20 Years Ago

10 YEARS AGO

County Progressive Conservatives will meet Friday to choose a successor to the late Sybil Bennett, Q.C., M.P., to represent the party in the next federal election. Candidates are Sandy Best, Georgetown; Rev. G. Lockhart Royal, Norvaly; and Mac Sprowl, Acton.

Formation of a Georgetown Volunteer Ambulance Service moved one step closer Monday when council accepted the offer of a volunteer committee and appointed Stan Allen, Fred Harrison and Garfield McGillivray to assist in setting up the system.

Formation of two home and school associations were completed Monday when parents of pupils at Chapel Street and Wigglesworth schools elected officers at meetings in their respective schools. Mrs. Joe Emmerson was elected president of the Chapel Street group, and Roy Hansen, president of the Wigglesworth Association.

20 YEARS AGO

Walter "Skip" Sargent was elected mayor of Georgetown's Teen Town, when elections by ballot were held in the Old Town Hall, Friday, Dec. 20. The six council members elected are: Toots Murphy, Margaret Sargent, Peggy Kelly, Ken Mendham, Clifford Taylor, and Claire Burns.

The Royal Bank of Canada will open a branch in Georgetown. On Saturday branch representatives were in town to make an offer to purchase the town's municipal building at the corner of Main and Mill Streets. The town purchased the building from the Bank of Montreal in February of 1943 for \$11,000.

corruption in high places, French and English Canadians wrangling, dirty fighting at Ottawa, the taxpayers being bribed with their own money, the rich getting richer and the poor getting children; a familiar world to The Fathers.

But the sorrow might change to horror when they looked beyond the familiar things and saw that the healthy-looking body was riddled with disease. The pollution of air and water would make them furious. The soaring rate of divorces, drug addiction, homosexuality, alcoholism would appal them. The number of dead on the highways each year would sicken them. The power of huge monopolies would frighten them. And the apathy of the average well-fed Canadian would disgust them.

No, we'd have to divert their attention quickly, and turn it to other things that would dazzle them. Perhaps they'd be im-

pressed by some of our great cultural traditions, developed since their time. Like the Grey Cup Game, when the punks and the drunks take over. Or Hockey Night in Canada, one of our great national customs, when this entire, sprawling nation is linked together into a warm, friendly group of idiots, rising as one man to fetch another beer when the commercial comes on.

Maybe they'd enjoy a tour of one of our new atomic energy plants? But I wonder what they'd think of the pictures of Hiroshima?

We could tell them what we did in the two great wars. But one look at the tax bill for defence would give them apoplexy.

And so it would go: Personal, I think that after the initial novelty wore off, Sir John A. and The Fathers, more in sorrow than in anger would return to where they came from, without ever taking a look back.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Business Directory listing various services including CHIROPRACTOR, OPTOMETRIST, BARRAGER'S, FRANK PETCH, PRINTING, MONUMENTS, and GEORGETOWN ANIMAL CLINIC.

The Centennial Song

The official recordings and sheet music of Canada's Centennial Song, entitled "Canada," are now being released across the country. Written by band-leader Bobby Gimby and arranged by Ken McPeck of Toronto, the record version uses all-Canadian talent.

Since the song will be sung and listened to many times during this 100th Anniversary of Confederation it might be a good idea to clip the lyrics below, and memorize them.

CA-NA-DA

CA - NA - DA (One little two little three Canadians) WE LOVE THREE (Now we are Twenty Million) CA - NA - DA (Four little five little six little Provinces) PROUD AND FREE (Now we are ten and the Territories - Sea to Sea)

North, South, East, West, There'll be Happy Times Church bells Will Ring, Ring, Ring

It's the Hundredth Anniversary of - Con - fed - er - ation Eve - ry Bod - y Sing, to - geth - er

CA - NA - DA (Un petit deux petit trois Canadiens) NOTRE PAY - EE (pays) Maintenant nous sommes Vingt Million) CA - NA - DA (Quatre petites cinq petites six petites Provinces) LONG - UE VIE (Et nous sommes dix plus Territoires, Long - ue Vie)

Hurray, Vive le Canada! Three Cheers, Hip, Hip, Hooray! Le Centenaire! That's the order of the day

Freres Jacques, Freres Jacques Merrily we roll along To - gether, all the way

Trumpet Solo: Hurray, Vive le Canada! Three Cheers, Hip, Hip, Hooray! Le Centenaire! That's the order of the day

Freres Jacques, Freres Jacques Merrily we roll along To - gether, all the way

N.B. - Brackets Indicate Counter Melody