

# Should Temper Demands for Freedom with Responsibility

Box 629, Mayerthorpe, Alta., December 14, 1967.

Are You Listening, Mr. Blaney?

Seven years ago, just at this time of year, I was carrying on a running battle with Herald columnist Ian Cass which centred around the "frills" in education. I don't suppose that Mr. David Blaney is old enough to remember that. He probably didn't even live in Georgetown then. Nor is he old enough to remember what it was like to go to class in the old Georgetown High School, with the third floor lab, the combination library - Grade 13 home room where four grade thirteens struggled through the year.

The things that Mr. Cass thought were frills, and that my generation of high school students fought for, are taken for granted by Mr. Blaney's generation, as are the marvellous facilities of Georgetown District High School. We thought we'd be in heaven if we could get just one single gymnasium to use for Phys. Ed. instead of playing soccer in the snow to the accompaniment of Mr. Prouse's "point" or in which to hold a dance. But now that these things have been gained for the students, they must find something new to strive for and Mr. Blaney, in his first of a promised series of articles (Dec. 7th), has chosen "freedom of thought".

There's nothing new in arguing for freedom of thought. The only new part is that now it has come to the secondary school level since the point has been won on the university campus. But let's not get too hasty in our flight to Utopia. I don't know what Mr. Blaney is going to suggest next. If he means by freedom of thought the development of creative thinking, then three cheers.

But Mr. Blaney, and all the others arguing in the same vein, must realize that before an airplane can take off it needs a runway. The basic facts taught in the primary and secondary levels of our educational process are the runway from which our flights of free thought take off. Before you can do any creative thinking you have to have some basic knowledge.

While that is true, it is also true that the crisis of adjustment to university life has in large measure been caused in the past by the total lack of any development of creative thinking at the secondary school level. It's not too great an exaggeration to compare what used to go on in high schools to the programming of computers the straight feeding in of facts as a basis for decision making.

The trouble is that people aren't computers, they have to learn to make decisions and making them intelligently and creatively is a difficult thing to learn. Carrying them out is still more difficult. The Hippie generation, with its great love for freedom of thought, has made some very good and some not so good judgemental decisions about society, but it hasn't discovered how to put them into action. Freedom of thought isn't really the Utopia that it seems.

In his first article, however, Mr. Blaney doesn't seem to be arguing for creative thinking but simply for freedom of thinking. That's what turns most people off when you mention Hippie thinking. There are two sides to the coin of freedom and the flip side reads responsibility. It's not enough to think freely. You must also think responsibly. For while Mr. Blaney argues eloquently for responsible action by society to maintain freedom of thought he does not argue for responsible thinking by the free thinkers.

To think responsibly you must have full command of the facts of the situation, as well as the possibilities arising out of it, and the place where you learn the facts is the primary-secondary school system. It's all fine and good to know that university students gain the facts from private study in libraries, but most of the high school students I know haven't yet matured to the stage of seeking out the facts for themselves, unless they're given a particular research assignment.

Nor should we push them into this. We ought to give child-

ren the time and opportunity to be children and the same applies for teenagers. When we push mental and physical development upon them so much, why shouldn't they think they're also emotionally mature enough to be married at seventeen? or to handle alcohol at sixteen? Why shouldn't they be "browed off" with their parents and the way they've handled the world when we push them into thinking that they can do anything?

Mr. Blaney is at an important stage in the development of his thinking and I, for one,

hope that he continues it. But I hope that he will temper his demands with responsibility and not ask for anything that he, or the people whose champion he is setting himself up as, cannot responsibly handle. We've got the freedom to think anything that we want but not to do anything that we want for society has long realized that, for the benefit of all concerned, it is better to limit the actions of all to the average level of competence.

Sincerely  
Tom Forgrave.

Tom Forgrave.

Neighbours can be a nuisance. But not if you cultivate them properly. I have a good neighbour, and by handling him with kid gloves during the summer, I receive from him the only Christmas present that really impresses me.

It's a crafty piece of work and I hope he doesn't read this. What I do is this: I let him beat me at golf all summer long with admiration when he hits a tremendous slice off a tee. I shake my head in disbelief at his approach shots. I shout a resounding, "Well done, old boy!" when he sinks a 14-inch putt.

By the end of summer, I have him right in the palm of my hand. He hasn't realized, for a moment, that any time I wanted to, I could take him out on the course and give him a terrible drubbing.

What I have done is to inculcate in him the idea that he can do things much better than I. And just before Christmas I spring the trap.

I buy my Christmas tree, lug it home and get the usual comment from my wife that it's the scraggiest tree in town and can't I even be trusted to buy a decent-looking Christmas tree. No matter. It doesn't bother me. I merely invite her to take it back and get a better one.

Then I begin the experience that has driven me closer to a stroke than anything else in my life: putting the rotten conglomeration of gum and prickly needles in an upright position.

There are very few things that I will admit, according to my wife. I am arrogant, smart-alecky and opinionated. In her opinionated opinion, I will fight until the last dog is hung, she says, (and by the way, who ever heard of anyone hanging a dog?) over a matter of principle, such as who threw the chowder in Mrs. Murphy's overalls.

But there's one thing I will admit, humbly. I can't get Christmas trees to stand upright. They don't just lean a wee bit. You can remedy that with shims under one foot of the stand and ropes and bailing wire.

But my trees don't lean. They genuflect. They kneel in prayer to the fireplace.

This used to drive me into wild rages which were very hurt on me. Cursing, swearing, rearing with rage at my family, knocking all the skin off every knuckle on both hands, sawing and chopping like an insane woodsman. And the thing still bowing with the grace of a debutante making her first curtsey.

And this is where my summer's humiliation comes in. Oh, I still go through the motions. I saw various lengths of trunk off the bottom. I hack away a few branches. I swear and yell a bit. But this is only a cover for the family's sake.

When I've had enough of play-acting, I call my neighbour John, and in dulcet tones ask, "How is the best little, old Christmas tree-putter - upper in the whole country?"

He's over to our house in 80 seconds. I know what goes through his mind. He thinks, "Poor sod. He can't even play golf. The least I can do is give him a hand with his tree, which is child's play." And it is to him

I haven't mentioned that he's a specialist in mathematics and physics. He pops over, looks at the tree, gently points out that the butt is inserted in the stand at a 45 degree angle, corrects it, and up goes the ruddy thing. In three minutes.

## LET'S PLAY BRIDGE

BY BILL COATS

Would you take a finesse in a suit if you know that it would not work? If you answered no, then you have something to learn.

At bridge there is never a clear cut yes or no answer. What is correct for one hand is incorrect for another.

Here is a case where you must finesse even though you expect to lose a trick.

The dealer is West and both sides are vulnerable.

North  
S-8 6 2  
H-4 2  
D-K J 8 3  
C-A 9 8 4

West East  
S-A K J 7 5 S-Q 9 3  
H-K 7 H-8 8 6 5  
D-10 9 6 D-Q 5 4 2  
C-Q 6 5 C-7 3

South  
S-10 4  
H-A Q J 10 3  
D-A 7  
C-K J 10 2

The bidding:  
West North East South  
1 S Pass Pass 2 H  
2 S 3 H Pass 4 H  
All Pass

Opening lead - King of spades.

West leads the spade King and continued with the ace when East signalled for a continuation. A third round of spades was led and South ruffed. Declarer had lost two tricks already and it looked like the king of trump was a sure loser.

West had opened the bidding and East could not find six points to keep the bidding open. Since the trump king was off-side, the declarer played the ace of trump and then the queen and went down to defeat. When West was in with the trump king, he simply led another spade.

East discarded and South had to ruff. Now East had one more trump than declarer and took the setting trick.

When declarer wins the third trick, he should do one of two things. Either enter dummy with the diamond king and lead a trump for a finesse or, if con-

vinced that West has the king, lead the trump queen from his hand.

The reason is simple. Dummy has two trumps. One must be kept, temporarily, to ruff spades. If West wins the first trump lead and leads a spade it can be ruffed in dummy. If East over-ruffs so can declarer.

The trump could be split 3-3. In that case West might refuse the first lead. Declarer can then ruff.

If it should turn out that West has four trump to king, then all we can say is that declarer did the best he could. In all cases, declarer must lose the first trump in order to win the contract.

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When backing up your car in the dark without backup lights put on a turn indicator. The flashing red glow increases visibility considerably.

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### BRIDGE CLUB

Lunch with Christmas cake and a lucky number draw in which fourteen players took home boxes of chocolates featured last week's meeting of Georgetown Duplicate Bridge club.

During the games, a recess was called and Mike Lorusso, on behalf of the members made presentations to Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Wilson and Earl Emond, club officials, expressing thanks for their work during the year.

Of the fourteen tables participating at the monthly Master Points night, North-South winners were: 1st, Dick Prust and Lloyd Keir; 2nd, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen; 3rd (tie) Mrs. Joseph Gibbons and Miss Elizabeth Leslie, Mrs. Ern Hyde and Mike Lorusso; 5th, J. Zahara and Richard Raymond.

East-West winners: 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Biehn; 2nd, Misses Olive Logan and Margery Mackenzie; 3rd, Mrs. Floris Nodwell and Mrs. Wellington Wilson; 4th, Mrs. Jack Hooper and Mrs. Sue Sullivan; 5th, Mrs. J. G. Collier and Mrs. Nellie Goldham.

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