

# Georgetown Herald

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### East End Park Coming

Discussion between Lions Club officials and councillors last week is a hopeful sign that Georgetown's east end might at least have a recreation park on the horizon. The Lions would be interested in developing a park on municipally owned land, if such is available. And the club's past record is one which should ensure that this would be no flash in the pan, but a substantial one of which residents would be proud. Many newcomers might not realize that it was the Lions Club which promoted

and built the community swimming pool; and after raising the cost by public subscription and a great many club projects, donated it to the town. Next was a large financial pledge to the town's new hospital. And meanwhile the club carried on such well publicized activities as the annual Santa Claus parade, along with those behind-the-scenes help, to families who need a boost, a pair of glasses for a youngster, an operation, or maybe just a few groceries to tide them over a tough period.

### A Vanishing Breed

Death of one of Georgetown's senior physicians, Dr. Arthur McAllister, recalls an era of the "country doctor" which has almost come to an end, particularly in this part of Ontario. The doctor belonged to a generation of men almost selfless in their determination to serve humanity on a 24-hour, seven day a week basis. They entered a profession where it was common to combine medical office and residence. They did business with a minimum of office work. If they were busy, their wife took the calls. Bookkeeping was elementary, bills were sent when time allowed. They thought nothing of making a house call at any hour of the day or night, grabbed an hour or two of sleep when they could, and yet managed to stay healthy themselves and, in most cases, to contribute their talents to their community in other ways.

Dr. McAllister, for instance, served Georgetown as a public and high school trustee, as well as taking an active part in the operation of his church.

They served in a different era. It was a time when men thought nothing of a 60 hour week in factories, when store clerks worked two or three nights and their time off was a Wednesday or a Thursday afternoon.

Doctors were expected to possess an almost impossible degree of skill. Specialists were few, and men like the doctor had to tackle everything from removal of tonsils and appendix, to childbirth, major operations, as well as psychiatry.

Most of them came from farming backgrounds, and perhaps their hard working childhood helped fit them for a job for which today's young people are ill equipped in other ways.

### Politicians Facing Facts

In today's topsy-turvy financial world, it is refreshing to find a few national politicians beginning to exercise the judgment we should expect from them.

Last week, Hon. Robert Winters was widely quoted, when he criticized the federal government for a series of unbalanced budgets. It was heartening to an editor who has expressed concern on several occasions about the wilful disregard of senior governments for the elementary economics by which an individual must live — not spending more than one earns. Or, in the case of governments, not making commitments above the power of the country to pay for these in taxes.

But Mr. Winters failed to have the courage of his convictions. While intimating that he would not be a Liberal leadership candidate and that he would be returning soon to private life, in the next breath he decided to keep his parliamentary seat for awhile. And in a later television interview, he said he wasn't really criticizing the government at all.

It would be refreshing, though probably political suicide, if a few men of Mr. Winters' stature, in all our political parties, decided to be honest for once, tell us the facts of economic life, and maybe even band together to form a new political party altogether.

They could call it the C.S.P. (Common Sense Party) and it would need a minimum of "plans". First would be to decide to run the country just as we must all do as individuals — deciding to first meet our basic needs, then allocate what we have left to luxuries, small or large, which will give us the most satisfaction.

Unless an established political party does this when it is in power, or unless a C.S.P. group is formed and is voted into office, we are headed on a disaster course which can only end in national bankruptcy. For we are rapidly reaching a position where taxes and interest rates are so crippling that only the higher bracket of wage earners can afford to buy a house, and where cash savings for a rainy day are virtually impossible.

### THE MAIL BAG

### Says Students Best Judge Of Abilities of Teachers

68 Moore Park Cres.,

Dear Editor:

The subject lately is raising a teacher's salary according to merit, with the problem then arising, who would judge the merit? It came to me that the best judges of a teacher's merit or lack of it, are the students themselves. I don't mean only their marks. Students are relevant and I don't doubt that you would get a much more objective and honest opinion from them than any board.

Teaching is a business and should be treated accordingly. The more you put into your job, the more you take home in your pay cheque. By the same token if you are a bum here today, gone tomorrow type, then you should show your door.

What really brought the subject up in our home was listening to teenagers discuss different teachers. It amazes me the opinions they have of some of their peers. What is more amazing, the teachers they were discussing have been teachers for years. The majority opinion seems to be that so-and-so's class is a laugh. This one does not even check on assignments. That one is consistently prejud-

are very important. It is far better that the next generation be taught to think and enjoy their knowledge, than to have a generation one half dropouts, the other half great memorizers.

Sincerely,  
— Mrs. R. S. Black

### IN THE MAIL BAG

### Delay in Publication Of Issues' Newspaper

January 20, 1968

Dear Sir:

The story in your Jan. 18 issue concerning the publication date of the first copy of "Issues Magazine" was appreciated by those who have worked on its staff. Unfortunately, the printing schedule was delayed courtesy of the blizzard last week end, and the sale may not start until Thursday or later. While we do not anticipate major climatic catastrophes to coincide with every publication date in the future, we would caution our readers from expecting us to maintain a clockwork schedule, since we are all employees of the Department of Education which cramps our style as newspaper barons rather noticeably.

We do regret the delay sincerely, and hope that our many kind advertisers, supporters and contributors will bear with us.

Yours sincerely,  
Roger Smith



### HOT PURSUIT

## IN THE MAIL BAG

### Hippies? Far From It Youth-In Leader Says

16 Queen Street,

Dear Sir:

Regarding the Youth-In coffee house, we have been accused of being hippies and harboring hippies. I feel this kind of criticism is unnecessary and I will try to explain the purpose, aims, and past and present projects. There are 150 members in the Youth-In organization, between the ages of 14 and 20. Question Mr. editor, are there 150 hippies in Georgetown?

The aims of our organization are to train young people to be responsible citizens, to provide an organization for young people to help in community betterment, to provide responsible social activities and to give young people a place where they can plan and execute beneficial programs for the town.

"Hippy flower power influence will be in strong evidence" is a quote from an edition of the Herald, but I would like to expand on this quote. In our coffee house we have a water meter and copper pipes running from it. Well, this is an ugly sight, so one of our members' mothers made five or six flowers from Kleenex to cover up this utility. Hippy flower power is evident!

A few of our members have long hair, and two have beards. Citizens of the town see these guys, find out they belong to Youth-In and immediately they are branded as dirty hippies and irresponsible citizens and the Youth-In organization accepts them, then the organization must be as bad as the youth are. If we go back to the time of Christ we find he had long hair and also a beard. He was forming an organization called Christianity, trying to help the people. He was a hippie in a sense, breaking off from the trend which was dissatisfied. Youth-In is trying to do this for the youth. The youth of Georgetown is dissatisfied, bored, they want something to do and a place to go. That is the answer.

If interested call me at 877-0540.

I would like to extend an invitation to the adult citizens of Georgetown to come down to the coffee house any Saturday night at Redgrave Community Centre, to have a look around and meet some of the hippies and drink some coke or orange on the rocks, or straight coffee.

Thank you for the space in your newspaper.

Yours sincerely,  
Jim Ferguson  
President,  
Youth-In

### Accepts Criticism, Wants Adults to Take an Interest

77 Maple Ave. W.

January 19, 1968.

Dear Sir:

I hope to be brief. Mr. Tom Forgrave has criticized me for a recent letter in The Herald, and rightly so. However, my purpose was not to give my views on student responsibility, merely to point out the inconsistency of a hypothesis which ran counter to my beliefs.

Why waste valuable Herald space writing about such a question, when I have set down a four page essay in Issues Magazine to achieve this end? Therefore, in order to reconcile myself I will send a copy of Issues Magazine to Mr. Forgrave —

an interest in what's really happening. At the risk of being pretentious, may I conclude that Issues Magazine is making an attempt in this area — support it.

Yours sincerely,  
Tony McAntley

### March of Dimes to Help Disabled Folk

Toronto 17, Ontario,

12 Overlea Blvd.,

January 18th, 1968.

The Editor:

Dear Sir:

Once again we are seeking your help to publicize our March of Dimes campaign during the month of January, particularly our blitz MONDAY, JAN. 29. On the Monday evening, some 40,000 Marching Mothers will be calling on more than 50,000 homes across Ontario, ringing door bells, seeking public support.

The objective is \$250,000 and the money is vital to the carrying out of the program for the rehabilitation of our disabled people.

Your past assistance has been a tremendous help. Our Marching Mothers have been loud in their praises of Dimes has received in so many areas. You have made a big contribution in informing the public and helping prepare a welcome of our volunteers. We are all most grateful.

Within the next few days a member of one of our volunteer committees will be making a personal call to supply information and to seek your support in again publicizing their local campaign.

May we add our voice to that of your local committee. The need is great and the cause most worthy. Any help you can give us will be appreciated by so many.

Sincerely,  
Chairman of Public Relations  
— J. J. McGUIRE

### WORD OF THE WEEK

ABROGATE: to abolish, annul or repeal by authority.

Next Week's Word: Abscond

### Georgetown Herald

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## SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

### THANK YOU MOTHER NATURE

There's one thing that brings people together and makes them forget, for a few hours at least, all their normal rotten, little, miserable, petty, private troubles. This is a good smash in the midriff from the gentle old lady, Mother Nature.

Whether it's fire or flood, blizzard or drought, a blunt reminder every so often from good old Mother, has a salutary effect on the perpetually whining denizens of the twentieth century.

This time it was that "cold snap" in January. I like that term. It's a typical Canadian understatement.

And we delight in it, as we do at barn fires, heat spells, terrible thunderstorms, beautiful autumns and three-foot snowfalls. It's peculiarly Canadian, and it makes us all become human again, if only until it's over.

People who normally fudge around with a face like an old rubber boot, people who would not be caught dead in a ditch together, suddenly start shouting witticisms like, "Cold 'nuff fer yeh?", beaming through dripping noses and purple countenances.

People who wouldn't be caught speaking to each other in the Black Hole of Calcutta find they have a great deal in common; neither could get his car started this morning.

Then there are the braggarts, the even put up with them with the greatest of good spirits. They come in different wrappers. Let's say it is 30 below outside. But there's always some character who lived in Kapuskasing or Yellowknife who swears it was 80 below there all winter, and wasn't even cold, just refreshing. Hacking their lungs out, they say "This is nothing."

And there's the reverse snob. Through rattling teeth and hunched shoulders, he too claims this is nothing. "Who back in '53 it was down to 50 below and stayed there for a week."

Then there's the rugged type. Pounding himself on the chest, he burbles "This is great; this is the real Canada; this is what makes us a sturdy,

independent people." Three days later you get a card from him. From Florida.

Two types are happy, everything is golden, when there's a "cold snap." They are the fuel man and the tow-truck chap. And bully for them, say I.

But my point is that a nature crisis gets people out of themselves, and perhaps it's better than medicine in this neurotic 20th century.

Forgotten during the "cold snap" are the Vietnam war, higher taxes of booze and fags, your rotten boss and the fact that you can't live another week without an automatic dishwasher.

There is a certain joyous drawing together against the elements and a definite pride in the fact that you can cope. For once, including Expo, there is a common bond, as we rub our ears and stamp our feet and blow our noses in a great national chorus that, to me, expresses the real spirit of Canada, and at least temporarily freezes all thought of separatism, divorce, abortion and who's going to be the new Liberal leader.

When you go out in the morning and find that the battery is flat, you don't fuss and cuss. You feel sort of proud that you are taking part in a heroic adventure. You know you're not exactly Scott of the Antarctic and that you can phone a cab, but you know that all over town, other cars are going "Argh-arh-arh-uh-uh!" and it gives you a sense of shared danger and hardship.

There's a tingling and a tingling in the atmosphere. People are grinning and shaking their heads and shouting, "Isn't that a brute of a day?"

And even the domestic problems abate. The other night, it was 28 Below zero. My wife is always saying that she might as well leave unless I can show some understanding. Kim continually threatens to run away to Vancouver and become a hippie. I opened the door and said "goodbye, champ." Eighteen seconds later, they were upstairs, watching TV.

Good old Mother N. Once in a while, she nudges us back to normal, even though the nudge knocks the wind out of us.

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