

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A Lost Generation

Sometimes in business it's better to absorb your losses, start over again and forget you ever made a bad move.

This is our advice to the Ontario government, and education minister Bill Davis in particular.

We're talking about the Hall report on education — released last week. Cost, according to daily newspaper estimates, was about a quarter of a million dollars.

It recommends completely ungraded education in the whole elementary school systems, permissive studies (choose what you like, drop what you don't), no examinations, no report cards — and on and on and on.

Was this compiled by a group of crackpots?

The only answer can be 'yes' despite an imposing list of credentials which include university presidents, school teachers, businessmen, lawyers.

Are they out of their minds? Carried away with wild theories, some of which may look good on paper, but which would

lead to a 'lost generation' if those in positions of authority decide to implement the report?

Again 'yes'. They have completely lost sight of the fact that our world is a disciplined one, and that one does not acquire this by magic, but by a long process of learning — from parents, teachers and playmates.

Already our school system has gone too far in freedom of choice, in dropping final exams and departmentals, in bowing to student demands, for a say in school administration.

The end result of the Hall report would be for a student to go through the entire school system, with student, parent, and teacher completely unaware of what he can do, and completely unprepared to enter this hard old world of business.

We talk a lot in our democracy of guarding against Iron curtain infiltration. A school system such as the report proposes would be as deadly and as final as any Communist takeover could ever be.

White Collar Emphasis

One phase of education which was neglected in the past and is only now emerging is an emphasis on trade training.

The professions and office workers have been glorified, and the man who works with his hands ignored.

Parents have stressed too much the dream of their son becoming a doctor, a lawyer or a teacher, forgetting that the world also needs carpenters, plumbers and electricians. Actually it has worked to the benefit of the trades, because so scarce have skilled tradesmen become that they command wages now far in excess of the office worker.

Things are changing. In the past decade the boy who takes the technical course is respected equally with the boy in the academic. Handsome shop rooms and ex-

pert instruction have been added to our high schools. The trades are coming back into their own.

We can look forward now to a gradually increasing emphasis on skilled trades, with not necessarily a de-emphasis on the arts, but a more rational approach.

In other words, a university Arts degree is no longer a magic word in the world of business. Specific training is as necessary in university now as it is in the world of trades.

The Hall reporters might well have spent more of their time on ways of persuading parents to direct their children into other than university fields, in publicizing trades, in ensuring that trade training in our schools is the ultimate.

Results of next Tuesday's federal election can be measured only in degree.

It Doesn't Matter

Essentially none of the three major political parties offer anything unique.

All are dedicated to spending more and more of our money for more and more social benefits, some of them good, some of them bad, but all geared to eventually turn Canada into a complete welfare state.

If by some minor miracle the NDP stands first, it will happen faster. If Liberals, and Conservatives slip in with a slim majority, the pace will be accelerated, for the winner must count on NDP support in the House of Commons, which is bought with implementation of some pet NDP projects.

Every party is committed in one way or another to creating a bilingual Canada. This would not be all bad. In today's jet world, mastering of two languages would be a distinct advantage to Canadians. To

bankrupt ourselves doing it, is another matter.

Most district voters are in the position of deciding whether they will vote for a man or for a party. The three candidates are relatively unknown locally.

In this case, party politics will have an advantage, with no 'native son' support at the polls.

The outcome is anybody's guess. The days of dedicated party voters is waning, and the 'floating vote' is more and more holding the balance of power.

The vote, as far as Georgetown is concerned, tends to concentrate on national leaders rather than parish politicians, so essentially it will be Douglas, Stanfield or Trudeau that voters see on their ballots when they go to the polls next week.



IN THE MAIL BAG

Need Corporate Types For Council Members

97 Sargent Road.

Dr. Mr. Editor: Mr. Hugh Powell had a very informative letter in last week's Herald. It is hard to believe that a typical town council could pile up so many mistakes in such a short time.

But if one stops to consider the abilities of the men we send to council then the situation becomes understandable.

There was a book on the newsstands, a short time ago called "The Pyramid Climbers" by Vance Packard.

It is a story of today's corporation man and his perilous climb to the executive level.

One of the hints to any pyramid climber is to take an active part in local government affairs.

It is quite plain that this advice is not taken in Georgetown.

For too long the only choice has been "to send boys to do a man's job."

Until more people with corporation training do realize it is their duty to help Georgetown progress then there will remain plenty of material for the Hugh Powells to write about.

— Albert Porter

HIDE STAINS ON BRICK

Removing paint splatters from brick often leaves unsightly stains. Cover them with a flat brick colour paint for the best results.

— Albert Porter

ONE OF A SERIES

Fallacies in Assessment

by Marshall Bain
Georgetown Assessment Commissioner

The most widely spread fallacy about assessment practices concerns doors on recreation rooms. Just because a room in a basement has no doors does not in any way change the fact that it is assessable on the same basis as a basement room with doors.

A room in the basement need only be reasonably fit for occupancy before the Assessor will put an assessed value on it. Leaving off moulding or doors does not mean the room is not finished, if the occupants are making use of it, it is assessable.

A homeowner can paint his house, pave his driveway, plant shrubs, erect a fence, put on aluminum windows, put on awnings or soil his lawn, any or all of these items will not change the assessed value of some property here in Georgetown. I will qualify this by adding that paving of large commercial lots is assessable.

However, the adding of aluminum siding or any other physical change which rejuvenates a property will also add market value to this property and will therefore be assessable. The items in the preceding paragraph would make a property more saleable and perhaps more valuable, but my feeling is the prudent buyer would pay little or no extra for any of these improvements.

SUGAR AND SPICE by Bill Smiley

BILL'S BIG DAY

Father's Day, as I've said many a time, is a farce only exceeded by Mother's Day. Well, this year, it was even farcical than usual, around own place.

It all started with a couple of buddies trying to kill two birds with one stone. My birthday arrived this year on a Sunday in June, and my wife and daughter were delighted to realize that it was also Father's Day.

Usually I do pretty well in June. First comes the birthday present with cards and love and a pair of rubber waders, or something like that, which I've been hunting about for a month, and which goes on my bill at the Sports Shop.

Then comes Father's Day — not long after, and the whole process is repeated, cards, love, a whiff of respect and some golf balls or other sentimental token which... (see previous paragraph.)

I admit that it's a lot of nuisance for the family, but damn it, there should be one month in the year when a chap is compensated for growing older by picking up some loot he needs.

This year, the girls had it all figured out. They could avoid

half of that sloppy nonsense of mucking about with cards, paper and ribbon, and trying to be decent to me until at least noon, and save money on the deal.

Well, I thought I'd go along with it, even though I knew I was being had. I not only had a bath, but went to church. This did in perfectly with the whole theme, that it was not only birthday but also Father's Day.

Spurred by all the money she was saving, my wife even remembered to get her own father off a card and gift, a little late as usual, but sincerely felt, nonetheless.

Everything went according to schedule. Kim had stayed out later than I had suggested on Saturday night, and I gave her hell when she came in.

But when we got home from church, all was serene, thanks to forgiving, big-headed Bill. She said tentatively, "Happy Birthday, Dad", and I said "Thanks, dear, and then I said — "And how about a Father's Day hug to cement the deal?" and got one.

Then we had the ceremony. She went off and brought in the box, gaily wrapped, and with one of her own inimitable home made cards on top.

It's a full sheet of paper, with "Happy Birthday, Dad", at the top, in fancy lettering. Below is a sketch, two figures. Bottom left is a stocky figure, resembling a porcupine, gray, with a jaunty red cap and coat, and a swinging scarf.

He has a sad, wistful smile and one arm extended toward a bluebird which is flying away from him. Beneath the bird, in fine letters, is the inscription, "I give you all my love."

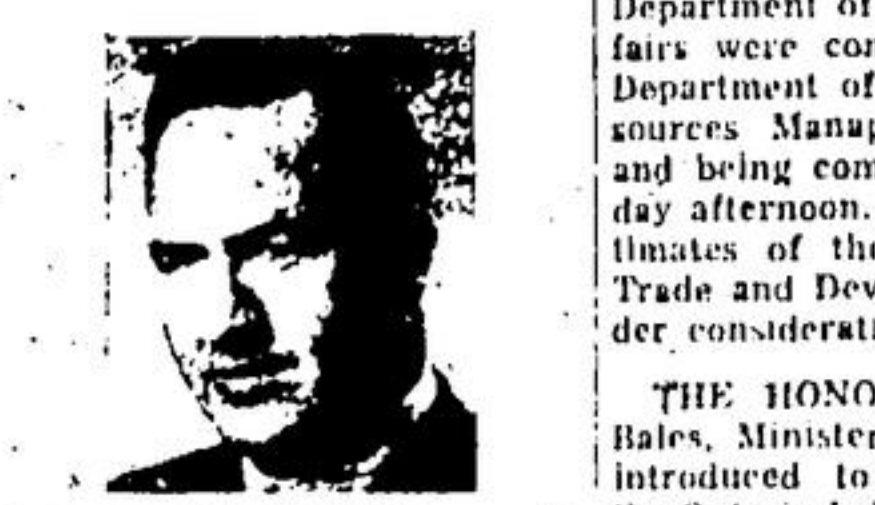
That nearly broke me up. But I blinked back the tears and opened the package. There was a shoe-box inside. My heart sank. Slippers? Who wants them? Stocking feet are good enough for me.

It was a pair of golf shoes which I've needed for two years and planned to buy this year, even if the crops failed. I have mentioned them only about 12 times since Easter.

However, they are expensive, and only too well did I know that my usual birthday and Fa-

HALYON EAST M.P.P.

JIM SNOW REPORTS



THIS WEEK THE Honourable Dalton Bales, Minister of Labour, introduced to the Legislature the Ontario Labour Management Arbitration Act of 1968, under which a new system will be established to facilitate arbitration of Labour — Management grievances arising under collective agreements. This Bill represents a very significant step forward in industrial relations in this province.

FOUR groups of students from Halyon East riding visited the parliament buildings this week and sat in for a short session of the Legislature. These included groups from Woodside Public School, Oakville, Oakville, Munn's public school and Lorne Skuce Public School.

The Red Cross has been awarded the Nobel Peace prize for compensation will be reduced from 3 days to 1 day.

ADDITIONAL BENEFITS to widows also include an increase of \$100 in the burial allowance to \$400. The initial sum given to meet emergency costs arising out of the death of the husband

THE MAIL BAG

ODE TO BACKYARD SPRING

Dear Sir: This bit of rhyme I have called "An ode to my Backyard Spring". In my backyard I had a spring. It used to water everything. Plants and trees and grass so green.

More water than the town has seen.

The council thought our town's not neat.

They started digging up my street.

My spring dried up and things looked poor.

When all my water runs down the sewer.

Council meetings I went to three.

My case was like a third degree. So come on council, give fair play.

And I'll say thank you and call it a day.

— Cyril Clarke

FRONT END THE SUBWAY

Before painting concrete or other masonry surfaces be sure the surface is properly prepared. It must be clean. All cracks, indentations and spalls must be filled so that a uniform finish is assured.

NEWS ECHOES

From the Herald of 10 and 20 Years Ago

- 1958
 - Eleven and one half acres on the west side of Maple Avenue East, between Main Street and Guelph Street, has been purchased from Jack Tost as the site for the separate school. The lot has an 882 ft. frontage and extends back to Water Street.
 - Awards established some time ago by Sid Silver in memory of his father Hyman Silver, were presented Friday to local public school pupils. Recipients at Chapel Street were Heather Arnold, Yvonne Sloan, and Margaret Namin, at Wrigglesworth, Mary Jane Taylor, Sonja Berg and Ineke Weststeyn; and at Harrison to Brian Purvis, Karen Stewart, and Terry Dunning.
 - Four members of the Georgetown High School cadet corps will be at training camps for the summer. John Sweeney, Bill Wilson, and Stan Mickus will be at camp Ipperwash and Norm Cooley at Camp Borden.
- 1948
 - Council on Monday —
 - Increased the Assessor's salary from \$1,800 to \$2,200 per year.
 - Asked for the town solicitor to have complete data on the John Street subway at the next council meeting so action could be taken to have the railway widened.
 - Received a cheque for \$986.88 from the Liquor Control Board, the town's share of fees collected from local beer sales.
 - The Lions boat trip planned for last Thursday aboard the S.S. Cayuga had to be postponed because of cold weather.
 - Rev. Alex Calder of Norwich has had a call extended to him by the congregations of Knox and Limehouse Presbyterian Churches and it is expected he will take over his new pastorate here in September.

her's gifts would have cost me twice as much. So I gave the girls the old "exactly what I wanted how did you know" routine.

Within half an hour, everything was back to normal with my wife asking plaintively why I wasn't like other men, who like to paint, and my daughter trying to find out why I'm so square about drugs and psychedelics and the whole lot.

But revenge is sweet, and I had mine. That night, my wife's father phoned. She thought it

was about his Father's Day card and gift and apologized because it was late. He hadn't got it and seemed a little mystified.

Her mother wasn't picking up the phone she said: "Do you realize Father's Day is two weeks off, the third Sunday in June, not the first?"

And that, gentle reader, proves once again that guile is no match for goodness and explains why I scored twice on gifts, as usual.

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