

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The End Is Coming

With startling suddenness, we learned last week that Georgetown as we now know it, will be disappearing within the next two years.

We attended a meeting at Queen's Park, in which Darcy McKeough, minister of municipal affairs, unveiled the government's plan for a Halton and Peel regional government.

And while this had been anticipated, it was a shock to learn that a complete new system of municipalities is planned, with Georgetown, Acton and a large part of Esquesing becoming one municipality.

Other present county boundaries will change too, but in these cases only one urban community is involved, and there will not be the loss of community identity that we will feel, in this part of the county. Milton, Oakville and Burlington will be the focal points of other municipalities, and will be the natural centre for civic services. In this area, there will be some sorting out,

for combining two established towns into one is a tremendous break with tradition.

Whether the advantages of a larger 2-county government, with a smaller number of localized councils, will outweigh the tremendous costs which will be involved, is something which every resident should be pondering deeply.

Queen's Park has just sold us a bill of goods in a county school board which, in the initial publicity, was going to save us money, while providing better education for all.

Before the county school board is even off the ground, we find that the scale of salaries and board remuneration has been set at such a high level that it threatens to upset the already fragile equilibrium in today's economy.

The vast bureaucracy which a two-tier regional government can create may yet make the school board look like small potatoes.

Expensive Schooling

Aside from the changes which a central county school board will make in our education system, we can't help but be disturbed by an advertisement which ran in Saturday's Globe & Mail for positions in Halton's new school system.

Already the county has engaged a director of education, at the somewhat startling salary of \$31,500, plus an assistant and three superintendents well up in the high income brackets.

Saturday's advertisement calls for five "co-ordinators" to serve under the superintendent of program for (1) communication arts; (2) social sciences; (3) pure and applied sciences; (4) physical and health education; and (5) creative arts. Besides this, the board is seeking six "assistant co-ordinators" with varied duties to work under the coordinators.

In the same issue of the Globe, another advertisement offers positions of superintendent of special education and student services; coordinator of guidance services; and consultant for counselling, attendance and social work.

And, as a rider to the advertisement, the board tells us that "depending upon

need, and in keeping with board policy, consultants will be appointed to work in each of the above areas."

Outlining duties the ad continues: "The chief responsibility of a co-ordinator will be the development of program from kindergarten to Grade 13 in his own area. He will work toward a logical and sequential development of the curriculum throughout the grades. He should introduce innovations in his area, and will be largely responsible for in-service training in that area. He will have some supervisory responsibility but he will not be involved in formal evaluation of teachers in any way."

What pay is involved? "Salaries are under consideration by the Board, and will be competitive" ends the advertisement.

So there we have it... the new Halton education system with its director, superintendents, co-ordinators, assistants and the considerable office staffs which all this involves, will cost in the neighbourhood of half a million dollars annually, before we think of the individual schools with the necessary staff, teaching and clerical, which will remain at its present level.

Can't it be Stopped?

Like a voice in the wilderness, we mention frequently in our editorials about government spending, deficit budgeting and the seeming inability of our senior government to use even the simplest rules of business in conducting our public affairs.

Last week Premier Robarts sounded off in a speech that Ontario must be given a larger share of tax money collected by Ottawa, or he will be forced to levy more taxes himself. He didn't explain where Ottawa was going to get the money.

Wouldn't it be better for Mr. Robarts to take a look at what some of his ambitious young cabinet ministers are doing with our tax money — education minister Bill Davis, for one, who must take the blame

for today's astronomical education costs.

While Mr. Robarts expresses concern about deficits out of one corner of his mouth, out of the other he talks about bilingual high schools. He allowed a ridiculous system of tax rebates to property owners and tenants which cost extra thousands to set up departments to deal with complaints. He set up pay scales for elected officials of municipalities and school boards which are completely absurd.

Isn't it time our provincial government took a long, hard look ahead, and a long, hard look back to the days before we had a 5% sales tax on top of an 11% sales tax. It might be refreshing, for a change, to be able to announce a tax reduction.

IN THE MAIL BAG

Overboard on Salaries Says School Board Critic

128 Rexway Drive, Our Georgetown representative Mr. Bodnar, whom we believed at election time was an intelligent and experienced organizer, justifies his action by stating that such men as the top administrator are singularly gifted. Too long have education officials stifled the voices of bewildered taxpayers with the slogan "we want the best for our children." The citizens who are on fixed incomes find the education tax burdensome.

The men and women who have so recently given of their time and effort without remuneration in the administration of the smaller municipal units now supplanted by the new board must be disappointed indeed. Some members of our Georgetown council are to be commended on their criticism of the new county board even to withholding, in protest initial funds. Cr. Denison's and Cr. Macken-

IN THE MAIL BAG

ze's concern over the new board not having sufficient funds to pay salaries was amusing to say the least. Since when was it wrong to be against a wrong? Judge Ord is to be encouraged on the stand that he takes to protest this motion. The fears of those who regretted the loss of local autonomy in educational matters have not been unfounded. — Percy West

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WOMEN INVADE TAVERN - NEWS ITEM

Weather Review for '68

by Roger Smith and David Warren

The year 1968 had something for everybody — 4 abnormally cold months, 4 unusually warm months, and 4 near-normal months. The result was that 1968 had a mean temperature of 44.6 degrees, or 0.5 degrees below normal.

It was quite a wet year, with 20% surplus precipitation. January, August and November were the main periods of heavy precipitation. Despite this, however, April, July and October were quite dry at the station, which is located in the western part of Georgetown. Persons living in nearby rural districts consulting these figures should remember to subtract up to 2 degrees in the summer (1 degree spring and fall, no correction in winter) from the figures listed, and should also be aware that summer rainfall is highly variable over short distances.

Our estimation of sunshine for the year was 51.7% of the possible total, which is near normal but less than in previous years.

Following are some of the most important annual statistics 1968
Mean Temperature 44.5 degrees
Precipitation — Rain 29.65"
Snow 7.68"
Total 37.33"
Sunshine — 2,271 hrs. (51.7% of possible)
Warmest day: June 9 — 95 de.
Coldest day: Jan. 8 — -16 de.
Frost-free season: May 8-Oct. 5 (151 days)
Greatest departure from normal temperature: Warmth — April 13, 24 de.; Cold — Jan. 8, -29 de.
Greatest 24 hour precipitation: 2.54" (thunderstorm) Aug. 22
10" Snowfall: 13.2" Jan. 14-15
11.8" March 12
11.2" Dec. 27-28
Record temperatures (Feb. 1914 onward) set or tied in 1968.

WARM

- 1) February 2 — 46 d.
- 2) April 13 — 79 d. (tie)
- 3) April 14 — 77 d.
- 4) June 9 — 95 d.
- 5) July 14 — 92 d.
- 6) July 15 — 92 d.
- 7) July 16 — 94 d.
- 8) July 17 — 93 d.
- 9) August 24 — 91 d. (tie)

COLD

- 1) January 1 — -10 d.
- 2) January 8 — -16 d. (tie)
- 3) July 30 — 41 d.
- 4) December 25 — -11 d.

The July heat-wave was not of the intensity to set so many records, but just happened to occur during a weak place in the record. For example the record for July 13 is 103, set in 1936. In Toronto, the records for this period come from 1856, 1854 and 1887 — before a station was in existence here. There were many days in summer that were only a few degrees from setting low records. July 4, with a low of 42 d., was one. Toronto set a new record of 82 d. for Oct. 1st. It was 78 d. here, 2 d. short of our record. March 31, at 70 d., was only 1 d. short of the 1967 record.

MAJOR STORMS OF 1968
1) January 14-15: 13.2" snow,

preceded by 0.87" of ice rain, the fury on July 9th—Guelph (sugared snow). The combination of amounts made it a record (we had 17.4" snow Jan. 23, 1968).

2) February 1: 1.29" rain, causing floods in SW Ontario.

3) March 12: 11.8" snow, heaviest in March since 1876.

4) March 22-23: A dangerous combination of freezing rain and snow.

5) May 14-16: Slow-moving storm with rain, fog, drizzle. It caused severe tornadoes in Iowa.

6) May 27-30: Highly unusual storm with easterly gale and cold, 48 d. temperature.

7) June 25: T-63" rain fell on election day, thanks to decaying hurricane via Texas.

8) July 5-9: Severe storms all over the district, with hail (July 5th). We missed most of

IN THE MAIL BAG

THANKS LEGION FOR SPARKING FIRE FUND

Dear Sir:
May I — on behalf of the Georgetown Little Theatre — publicly thank the local branch of the Canadian Legion, for the proceeds of the Fire Fund which was presented to us on Thursday, January 23.

In thanking the Legion for the thought and effort that went into this project, we are naturally also thanking those people, and groups who had donated to this fund.

While struggling to maintain our economic equilibrium in the financial quicksands of these times, we will endeavour to continue our operation under our current budget, and will regard this money as an emergency fund.

Thank you again.

This year, we have again entered the Dominion Drama Festival — only this time as a member of the Central Ontario Drama League — and not of the Western section.

Our original entry of "Come Back — Little Sheba" has unfortunately been abandoned, due mainly to casting problems and in its place we are entering "Private Lives". This switch in entries with just three weeks to prepare!

Next week, Wednesday, Feb. 6, will be our dress rehearsal and adjudication night — followed by our regular playing nights Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

With so many appeals going the rounds these days—perhaps I could make one too?

Why Not Make Next Week the One Where YOU Support Little Theatre??

A possible Herald headline for the following week — "Clashing of Hockey Sticks in Arena, Drowned out by Theatre Applause in High School!"

It could happen — give it a chance!

Thank you
Chris Fisher, president

IN THE MAIL BAG

Says Rochdale Minority Doesn't Spoil College

80 Prince Charles Dr.

Dear Sir:
In answer to your last week's editorial about Rochdale College — why all the fuss? It is a small minority group bucking the system.

There are 840 residents, three quarters of them go to outside universities or colleges. I have been there, spoken to students, and if they are misfits I envy them.

Rochdale's morals are no worse than you would find in any other apartment of young adults in any other town or city. Many Rochdaleers have never taken drugs and think free love is strictly for the animals.

So you can hardly run down the college for the few.

— F. A. Hardy

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Those Winter Carnivals

Canadians, unlike Scandinavians, don't commit suicide during the long, cold, dark winter months. At least not more than the usual number.

Instead, they just half-kill themselves by attending a winter carnival. This makes them feel so rotten for the following week that they're so glad to be alive again that they wouldn't even contemplate suicide.

I've seen people age 50 years during a winter carnival. Don't talk to me about the October beer-fest in Munich or the carnival of the bulls in Pamplona, or the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Those things go on for a week, or a month and there's lots of indiscriminate kissing, and dancing in the streets, and drinking.

We Canadians, hardly lot that we are, compress the whole Bacchanalian orgy into a weekend: the winter carnival.

Every self-respecting Canadian town has a winter carnival of some sort, and if the government had any brains, it would declare a national festival for about the first week in February.

It would be a great pressure-reliever. No work, all play. We'd get rid of our winter frustrations, our hatred of cold and snow. We might look and feel like skeletons when it was over, but we'd be purged of our hang-ups.

Personally, I'd be willing to kiss practically anybody, and dance in the streets should it be 12 below, and drink almost anything except antifreeze, if I had a week's carnival to look forward to, and back on.

It would break the bony, rigid back of winter. We'd just be climbing back into our ruts about Valentine's Day, and there would be spring, right around the corner.

Two years ago, as a centennial project, our school had a Frosty Frolic. It was beautiful. There was no organization at all, which is the secret of a good time. One bright, white February day, we marched down to the park, teachers and students in step for once, behind an impromptu band, and had a hell of a time. Ski-doo races, tug-of-wars, and teachers being over-

powered by mobs of kids and having their faces well washed in snow. For at least a month after that, we didn't hate each other.

I went in the snow-shoe race and finished 21st. Went in a tug-of-war and was dragged 40 yards through the snow by exuberant, yelling students.

Three years ago, when Hugh Liden with school work and music, and not doing too well in either, begged to be allowed to go to the Quebec winter carnival. He was only 17.

After the usual soul-searching, hedging, and predictions of disaster, we let him go. He was entranced. All those Quebecois dancing in the streets, being merry, loving one another. He came home, went to work, pulled up his marks by 12 percent and passed his performer's music exam. Therapy.

Now Kim has been invited to a winter carnival, at a university, by the jail-bird I mentioned recently. Should she go?

She's 18, or near enough. In another country, she'd be married, with at least one kid. In Canada, she's just a baby, with years of education ahead of her before she could even think of marriage, let alone babies.

It will all sort out, but I think the winter carnival is a great institution. When it's all over, there are husbands-looking for wives and vice versa. There are people who have gone through the ice on a Ski-doo and saved their lives only by a hasty application of today to the tummy.

The winter carnival has something for everybody. For the kids, there is the excitement and the colour and the chance of being run over by a snowmobile. For the swinging set, there are wild rides through the woods, and the parties, and the breaking of bones on the ski hill. For the middle-aged, there is curling and companionship and remembering the good old days before those noisy damned snowmobiles were invented.

Long live the winter carnival. But let's spread it out a little. Forty eight hours of kissing and dancing and drinking brings even a sturdy Canadian to his knees. See you at the carnival.

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