

EDITORIAL COMMENT Womanhood—Not So Bad

Militants demanding equal rights for women are way off the beam.

To our mind, the north American woman has it made.

She has more labour saving equipment in her home than her mother ever dreamed of. Food processors have refined their products to produce instant cake mixes, TV dinners, jellies and pickles that taste like the homemade products. She has vacuum cleaners and floor polishers, detergents which make clothing 'whiter than white', automatic washers and dryers, dishwashers... even a power lawn mower if her interests tend to the great outdoors.

Disposable diapers have taken the drudgery out of babyhood. If the washer-dryer goes on the blink, a laundromat is handy.

No longer does she have to heave

coal and baby the furnace along — gas, fuel oil and hydro have abolished these chores. She has a car wash to do the job for a quarter. Instant coffee instead of the old brew.

And with all this, she still has the amenities of her sex — a door opened by a gallant swain, a rise to attention when she enters a room.

Unlike men, she can resort to tears when frustrated, without causing an eyebrow to raise.

She often has an edge on the job market — if she's young because she's pert and pretty — if she's older, because she's mature and reliable.

The fact is that a majority of women are quite happy to be just that. The militants are fighting a losing cause, with little support from their own success.

Equal Partners

In today's world of working women, however, there is one area which needs changing.

If a woman is to be an equal partner in bringing home a paycheck, then a man must be prepared to be an equal partner in the duties around a home.

When a woman is a housewife, a man should expect her to shoulder the major burden of domestic chores.

When both go to work, then both should have well defined jobs in their

home.

When today's young couple start married life, it should be quite in order to have an agreement on home-sharing.

It could be that the wife gets a meal and the husband does the clean-up. A wife might do the washing, a husband the bed-making and dusting. Or the combined income should pay for cleaning help.

It is in this phase of today's world where women have a beef and a need to have new rules laid down.

Keep Those Trees

There is a possibility that a beautiful row of maples on Main Street South may become victims of road improvement.

We hope that council and the engineering department can devise a plan which will provide the necessary improvements without eliminating these irreplaceable gifts of nature which have provided a cool bower of shade on hot summer days, and beauty to enjoy at all seasons.

At a time when Ontario has lost most of its stately elms to disease, it seems tragic that we must destroy healthy maples in the name of progress.

The motor car is such an important part of our economy today that we must make some concessions to auto traffic, we realize. But pedestrians have some rights

too, and there can be a judicious blending to give everyone a fair break.

Streets like Main are important, not only to residents, but to the town at large. To those who argue that such a street must be wider because of its traffic, we say "Take a look at London."

In that city, one main thoroughfare, Dundas Street, which is part of No. 2 highway, was deliberately narrowed a few years ago. Wider sidewalks were installed, and trees planted. It ties up traffic at times, but those in a hurry can always use another route.

And London has converted an ordinary city street into a beautiful, park-like avenue.

We have the trees to start with. Let's work from that.

MR. STANFIELD TO VISIT BRITAIN ON HIS TOUR OF EUROPE — NEWS ITEM



"TELL ME, TED, WOULD IT HELP IF I HAD A YACHT?"

Going, Going . . . Gone — Started In Milkhouse

by Steve Lynette
in the
Oakville Journal-Record

It started in a milkhouse.

The career of 30-year-old-professional auctioneer Chris Schouten began slowly and privately when he was farm manager for Ray Connell, member of the Ontario Legislature for Wentworth North.

In the milkhouse, Schouten performed the daily chore of washing the milkers and as he did so, practised the famous chant that he had heard at auctions in the southern Ontario area.

No one knew of his desire to become an auctioneer until a friend happened to catch him rehearsing.

"I didn't tell anyone," he said, "but I sold his (Connell's) cows and other animals over and over again in the barn."

With his parents and nine other children, Schouten immigrated from Holland 20 years ago to live in Hamilton.

Schouten got his first taste of live auctions when he lived with his wife on a farm at R R 2, Rockwood.

It wasn't just a matter of developing a chant. Schouten took a home study course from the Missouri Auction School in 1963 and listened to the record they sent until it "wore out!" Two years later he attended the school for three weeks and received a diploma.

He was taught the basics of auctioneering, its laws, rhythm, and everything associated with selling.

"There is one thing they can't teach you," he said, "that's how to chant. You have to learn that on your own."

Through a friend in Rockwood, Art Nightingale, Schouten got his first break in Nov. 1965. Nightingale asked him to take care of his parents' estate.

"That was my first try at it and I'll never forget it," he said.

It was another year before he got his second sale and it was after that one he recalls "people got to know me."

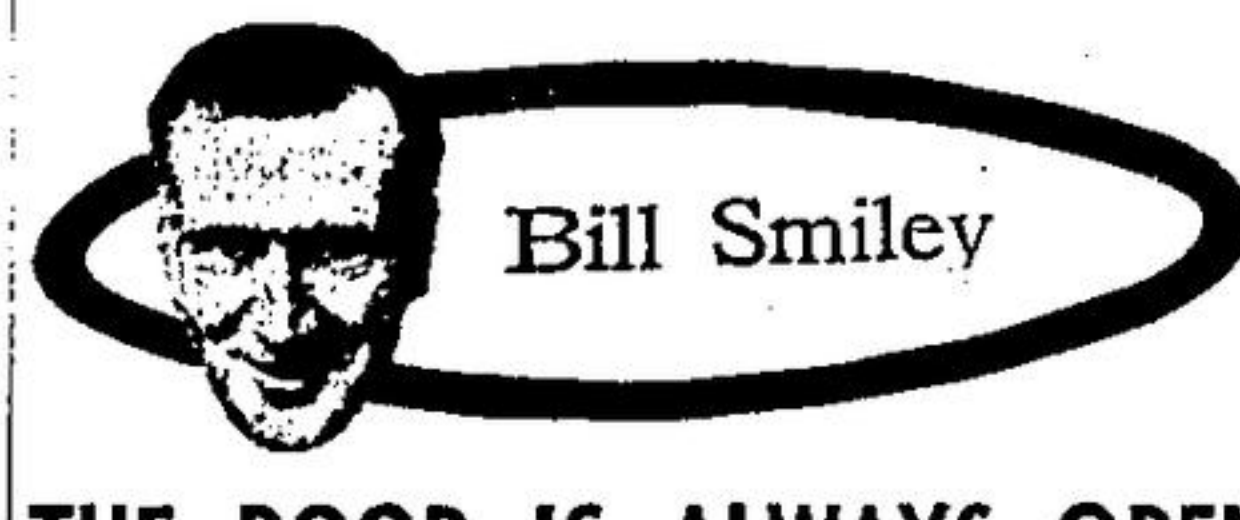
Schouten sold the farm then of John Ansecomb, a man he had met while working at a feed mill, and the sale grossed \$11,000.

Schouten now feels that he is established as an auctioneer. Last year he made 60 sales. His longest one took seven-and-a-half hours.

There is more work involved in an auction sale than most people realize. Schouten must list all the items to be sold, advertise them in an attractive manner and also on the day of the site the wares must look good to the buyers.

"You can't just go in and start hollering your head off," he said, laughing.

Though confident in his own ability as an auctioneer, he is quick to give credit to Frank Petch, who taught him English



Bill Smiley

THE DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN

This is going to be one of the most difficult columns I've ever written. Don't worry, there hasn't been a death in the family or anything like that, although I did offer my wife a divorce on Sunday morning and it was a solid deal for five minutes. No, this is purely physical.

When you play with fire, you're likely to get burnt. I did and I was. Trouble is, it's the two typing fingers on my right hand. Each has a blister the size of a dime, and a quarter-inch deep, right on the tip. So I'm trying to type this with my knuckles and it's very heavy weather.

I was warned about this by a friend, some years ago. He had three grown sons, all doing well, all married, all with children. I congratulated him on his fine family and the fact that they were on their own. He laughed bitterly.

"They're on their own," he snorted, "when they've all borrowed enough from you for a down payment on a house, at two per cent interest. And even then, unless they're in Zanzibar, they're home every second weekend, expecting to be wined and dined and babysat."

And he was dead right. The only solution I can see is for parents of grown-up 'children' to sell the family home, with its three or four bedrooms, and move into a one bedroom apartment, preferably in some place as handy to get at as Akilavik.

I don't blame the kids much. Our two are working in the hot, stinky city, at pretty menial jobs, and living in pretty squallid rooms, because that's all they can afford. We live in a lovely summer area, with beaches, clean air, a big, shady lot, and a built-in cook — their mom. They still think of it as home.

Clean sheets, real meat instead of rice and macaroni, showers galore, a doting mother to pick up after them, and a real mark of a father, who is always good for a small 'loaf'. What more could they want?

And I must admit, against my will, that we're pretty glad to see the redhead with the big brown eyes, or the young man with the trim beard, and hear "Hi Mom, Hi Dad."

IN THE MAIL BAG

Advices Take Instruction Don't Scuba Dive Alone

R. R. 2, Hillsburgh

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to commend the coroner's jury on their recommendations into the drowning death of Mr. Donald M. Budge. I felt they were extremely warranted not only to keep people living but also to keep the great sport of scuba diving with a clean unmarred name. Their recommendation that tank sales be restricted to only those who have completed certified courses is one that has been made before by many coroner's juries throughout the province and also is being worked towards by the Ontario Underwater Council of which I am a certified instructor.

The only real major trouble is how do we enforce a jury's recommendation. We don't. We sit back and we listen and we say "Yes, that's a good one" but we don't do anything. We hope the people involved will take note and value human life enough to prevent this same occurrence from happening again.

It only takes 15 seconds to drown. I find it hard to believe that the legal authorities have sat back this long and watched two men drown.

In addition to this I would like to make an appeal to anyone diving without instruction or anyone who is contemplating taking the plunge next weekend by themselves, for God's sake don't. Death will be in every breath you take waiting for that one second it takes for something to go wrong.

Let me explain a few of the dangers. It has happened where a Quebec man blew his lungs out and killed himself in a 6' deep swimming pool in Quebec. He died 48 hours later. A very long painful death. A small air

bubble can lodge in your lungs travel to your brain and do irreparable damage unless you notice that small pain in your chest after a dive. Should your ear drum rupture in cold water you would lose all sense of balance and begin nauseating into your mouthpiece. An unpleasant experience which would most certainly result in death unless you had a trained 'experienced' buddy with you.

These are only three of the ever present dangers involved in diving. Don't say it can't happen to you; I would hate to have to write another letter asking why you have drowned diving alone. Scuba diving is the safest sport in the world but it is also the most dangerous. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Thanks very much sir.

Yours very truly,
Joe Letts ICP No. 337
Peel Diving Club

IN THE MAIL BAG

Scores Dragstrip Decision—Wants Whole New Council

R R 1, Georgetown

Dear Sir:

Esquating Township Reeve George Currie, a man who has difficulties hearing his neighbour in the council chamber, to nobody's surprise can't hear any noise from the dragstrip.

Investigating residents' complaints, he takes a drive 'all over the area' presumably cups his ears and triumphantly declares, that the noise from the racing cars is really no worse than that of the trucks 'going up the Stewarttown hill.' (The Herald 23-7).

His Deputy, Tom Hill, on

the other hand, must have heard the racket because he offers the singular advice to keep the noise "in" by putting an earth bank around the area, while Cr. Ken Marshall can't think of anything less cynical to say to a complainant than to remind him that the Township is not protecting its residents. Sort of "Why don't you leave, if you don't like it here."

These then, residents of Esquating Township, are your municipal politicians. These are the men entrusted by you to make decisions affecting the entire township! This council might have managed to represent the sons of the original settlers, for today's complex society these men are utterly and hopelessly inadequate.

We must make certain to elect an entirely new council for the coming term, a council fully aware of and able to deal with the aspects of modern times. This new council must face the realities of the seventies, it must give us a zoning by-law, it must give us protection from speculators, in short, it must have the welfare of the people at heart.

The new council, moreover, will have to unroll the whole question of the dragstrip and will have to find an answer to the incredible decision of Mr. Currie and his cronies to allow the construction and consequent ruining of the dragstrip in the first place. It will have to dig into the scandal of Mr. Currie and Company's sitting on the township's holding by-law since last November.

Yours truly,
Charles Hildebrandt

FOR A . . .
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The Little Red Hen

From an address by Mr. Ron N. Dalby, P. Eng., delivered before the 1970 University of Alberta Engineering, Geological & Geophysical Graduates — 25 published in the May Issue of 'The Peg' — the publication of Professional Engineers, Geologists and Geophysicists of Alberta. Author of 'The Little Red Hen' unknown.

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen who scratched about and uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her barnyard neighbours and said "If we work together and plant this wheat, we will have some fine bread to eat. Who will help me plant the wheat?"

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Not I," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen — and she did.

After the wheat started growing, the ground turned dry and there was no rain in sight. "Who will help me water the wheat?" said the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Not I," said the Pig. "Equal rights," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen — and she did.

The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap the grain?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Not I," said the Pig. "I'd lose my Education Assistance Grant," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen — and she did.

When it came time to bake the bread "That's overtime work for me," said the Cow. "I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the Duck. "I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the Pig. "If I'm the only one helping, that's discrimination," said the Goose.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen — and she did. She baked five loaves of fine bread and held them up for her neighbours to see.

"I want some," said the Cow. "I want some," said the Duck. "I want some," said the Pig. "I demand my share," said the Goose.

"No," said the Little Red Hen.

For when the farmer came to investigate the commotion, he said: "You must not be greedy, Little Red Hen. Look at the oppressed cow. Look at the disadvantaged Duck. Look at the under-privileged Pig. Look at the less fortunate Goose. You are guilty of making second-class citizens of them."

"But - but - but I earned the bread," protested the Little Red Hen.

"Exactly," the wise farmer said. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system; anybody in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. You should be happy to have this freedom. In other barnyards, you would have to give all five loaves to the Farmer. Here, you give 1 - loaves to your suffering neighbours."

And they lived happily ever after. Including the Little Red Hen, who smiled and smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbours wondered why never baked any more bread.

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