

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Can't Estimate Trees' Value —

Georgetown council is to be commended on their interest in tree planting and in saving existing trees which might otherwise disappear before their life span.

With this part of Ontario denuded of elms because of the Dutch elm scourge, it becomes even more important to have our maples which, with the elms, are among nature's most lovely assets.

Council initiated action with a committee discussion with a tree expert who advised ways that council and individual citizens could cooperate, at reasonable

cost, to keep the town's maples healthy.

A stumbling block this year is finances. Council's tree budget has been expended already. If money cannot be found for a 1971 program, it would have to wait for another year, or perhaps some organization would cooperate and head up a campaign to provide the necessary funds.

In our opinion, trees are perhaps more important than roads.

One can get by with a second class road. But a tree is a tree. You either have it or you don't. And if it dies, it takes a generation or two, to replace.

No Golden Key —

A university education, once considered a golden key to a young person's future, is no longer an entrance to the promised land.

If one can believe the stories one reads in the daily newspapers, and what gossip one picks up from individuals, it can be a disadvantage, at least temporarily.

Take the case of public school teachers entering the profession with a B.A. degree. An economy wave, particularly in the city, precludes hiring and the young hopeful is caught in a squeeze, for the teachers' federation will not allow the teacher to accept less than the salary which a B.A. commands. And the school board will not pay this extra.

Graduates seeking to enter other professions are caught by the law of supply and demand. Even those with specialized training find they are competing in fields where there are more applicants than jobs.

Perhaps we have over-stressed a

university education at the expense of the trades, training for which is offered in high school and as apprentices in industry. There seems to be confusion among young people themselves about why they go to university. In our day, it was to fit oneself for a profession or for a business career. Today's philosophy appears to be that it is undignified to train for any specific vocation, and that a university course is merely cultural. This was the original concept of universities in the old country, but there is a difference. Then, only the children of wealthy families attended and there was no intent that they would look for work afterwards.

Correcting the imbalance will take time and today's graduates are caught in the middle of an era of change. Some of them will have to take jobs which pay less, and have less challenge, than they think they are equipped for. But, as has always been, those with real ability will find their mark, providing they are satisfied to start near the bottom.

Not Too "Way Out" —

Some university grads, imbued with the 'do your own thing' philosophy are, perhaps, putting an extra obstacle in their search for positions.

If one learns nothing else at school, it should be that our world is essentially conformist and that an employer judges an employee by looks as well as ability.

Styles change, and while extremities in styles are better accepted today than ever before, the employer is still the final judge. If he doesn't like your looks, he won't hire you.

Some of today's young people have confused casual wear with sloppiness. There is nothing attractive about young men with unkempt hair, dirty jeans, bare feet. Nor do pretty young girls enhance

their appearance with patched blue jeans, hair hanging over their eyes, Mannish style jackets.

The fault lies more with parents than with the youngsters. And one can't blame the high school authorities if they throw up their hands, if parents aren't prepared to set a few ground rules.

When it comes college time, the die is cast and it's too late. Institutes of higher learning have never bothered themselves about rules of dress.

The day of reckoning comes later. The working world has its own rules and the job hunters can protest, gripe, but to no avail. The old adage still applies. . . . The man who pays the piper calls the tune.



"HAVE PATIENCE, WILLIAM TELL WILL GET IT YET"



Bill Shares Some Birthday Secrets

When you are little, birthdays are great days. There are gifts in fancy wrappings, to be ripped open without even looking to see whom they are from. There is cake and candles and ice cream, and a general feeling that you, at least for a day, are Number One.

As life tumbles along, ever more rapidly, some birthdays are highlights.

A boy of thirteen is about six years older, at least in his status feeling, than a "little boy" of twelve.

A boyish girl of fifteen is five years younger than a "young lady" of sixteen.

Seventeen is a special age. You are looking back with scorn on sixteen and looking forward with licking lips to eighteen.

Eighteen is a tremendous barrier to crash through. For both sexes, it means you can now get in to see dirty movies without borrowing somebody's I.D. card. In some deprived areas, such as Alberta, I believe, it means you can drink legally.

Twenty-one used to be the climax of all birthdays. It was the "I've got the key of the door, never been twenty-one before" sort of thing. It meant you could vote and DRINK. But with the sophisticated

youth of today, the 21st birthday has become rather a ho-hum affair.

After that, most crucial birthdays were less than inspiring, some of them occasions for deep soul-searching, if not tears. At least for women. Men have always taken birthdays a little more casually.

But most women look forward to their thirtieth birthday with anything but anticipation. And when their fortieth is upon them, you'd think they were stepping into senility. Strangely enough, after a couple of days of claiming they're over the hill, they turn right back into the same women they were before the birthday.

Oh, you sly devil. You've guessed that all this is leading up to something. And you're right. Tomorrow is my 44th birthday.

Don't think I'm going to admit which one. It's for women, not strong, silent men, to quibble about their ages. But I'll give you some tips.

I have lived during the lives of four British monarchs, not including Queen Victoria. It is a rank canon that I was in World War I, though some of my students insist on asking whether I ever had any personal dog-fights with the

Red Baron. In fact, my first movie was called 'Lilac Time' all about silk-carved pilots throwing their brandy glasses into the fireplace and taking off at dawn in their Spads to battle the Hun.

I remember Jack Benny and Fred Allen and Fibber McGee and Molly on radio. Even Amos 'n Andy.

On the other hand, my first great love was Mariene Dietrich and she's still around flashing her legs and singing sexy songs. I was about twelve when I fell for her.

I grew up in the era of the ten-cent hamburger and the nickel pop. That used to make a big evening for a young fellow and his girl.

I remember adults sitting on the verandah, drinking lemonade in the dusk. And the clop-clop of horse and buggy in the quiet, tree-lined streets of small towns.

As a kid, I ate stew in the hobo "jungle" down by the railway tracks, and talked to the quietly desperate men riding the rails from coast to coast.

I remember working a whole Saturday with my big brother, on the huge grounds of the huge manse of the minister. And I remember very distinctly that he gave us a short dollar (16 hours work) and a long blessing.

And one of my favorite memories is the clang of the horseshoes when the local men gathered on summer evenings to enjoy the only sport they could enjoy, because it cost nothing.

It was the best of all possible times, and the worst of all possible times. But it was precious, as every moment of life is. Take a guess. How old am I?

THE DISTRICT AT A GLANCE

HUGH PROJECT TO BEGIN
BRAMALEA—The next portion of Bramalea's phase 6 lands north of Highway 7 to be developed will contain between 3,500 and 3,600 multiple family units and an unspecified number of single family homes. The project will be built on 200 acres of land between Bramalea Road and Dixie Road under the Home Ownership Made Easy plan.

NEW PARK PLANS APPROVED
CHELTENHAM—Preliminary plans have been approved in principal by Chinguacousy recreation committee for Cheltenham Park. These plans will be presented to council for further discussion. Included in the plan are 15 campites, picnic areas, and the operation of a pioneers' day.

TOWN BY-PASS IS OPENED
ORANGEVILLE—Orangeville's progress now includes a by-pass to redirect traffic to and from the cottage country, an addition which is still to be assessed as to value and safety. It will be a boon to police who have headache season every summer with the congestion problem on the town's main street. Shopkeepers on Broadway hope the lighter traffic will encourage more local people to shop downtown.

EX-MAYOR DIES AT 101
MILTON—John Maxted, a former Milton mayor, died Thursday in Milton District hospital following a fall at his home. He would have been 102 in December. Born in Esequing Mr. Maxted lived in Nerval for many years. He was in business as a masonry contractor.

DAM - RESERVOIR TENDERS SOON
SPEYSIDE—Tenders will go out immediately for construction of the \$12,200,000 Hilton Falls dam project near here. Final decision on the long-awaited reservoir development came at a meeting of the Halton Region Conservation Authority last week. Authority chairman B. B. Humphreys described the scheme as a "great benefit for the whole region."

NEW JAIL WITHIN YEAR
BRAMPTON—Peel County Warden Louis Parsons says the county could have a new district jail within a year. He issued a report to a county council committee Friday. Construction of the new facility will be near Highway 401 at Highway 25 near Milton. The big project will involve up to 20 million dollars.

BIKING BOOM IN GUELPH
GUELPH—The in-thing in Guelph these days is to own and ride bicycles according to the city police who have registered the highest number of bicycles in Guelph history. City police to date have completed the registration of nearly 8,300 bicycles by its licensing department. Many of the licenses were issued to adults returning to the use of the two-wheeler.

FOODLAND SAFE YIELDS \$1,000
ACTON—When an open safe was discovered by a neighbour behind a vacant house police were called in. The safe had been taken out of the rear of the Foodland supermarket in a shopping cart to the yard behind Force Electric and smashed open. About \$1,000 in cash and cheques was taken.

RABID FOX IS SHOT
ERIN TOWNSHIP—George Lockerby of R. R. 2 Acton is alerting neighbours in his area of the 4th Line, Esequing Township, about rabies in wild animals. He shot a fox near his home at about dusk after the animal attempted to attack his German Shepherd dog. A lab test confirmed that the fox was rabid.

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BUSINESS DRAGGING?
USE THE
HERALD DIRECTORY

Hopes Reeve's Remarks Was Diatribe, Not True

10 Albert Street

Dear Mr. Editor:

Would you please include this open letter to Reeve Tom Hill in your next Mailbag. Dear Tom:

As a practicing member of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, and a native of Glen Williams, who has known you since you were knee-high to a grasshopper, I was amazed, disappointed, nay — shocked to read your reported diatribe in the June 3rd Herald.

Surely you cannot be as narrow-minded and parochial as this apparent outburst would indicate. I cannot believe your memory is so short that you could have forgotten the many times you and many other village/township residents have had cause to be thankful for the magnanimous attitudes and actions of your neighbouring municipalities.

It seems that Essequing has for many years had the reputation for pinching the pennies, but I and I'm sure many like-minded near-neighbors of yours were hoping that you would rise above such self-centred, short-sighted views.

May I hope that I have misinterpreted your quoted, bitter remarks?

Sincerely yours
Ozz Davidson



LAZY LANDSCAPE