

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### About Swans

After 33 years, and perhaps a million words, this is this editor's swan song.

When we took over in 1940, Georgetown wasn't used to editorials.

Our predecessor had been more of a printer, and only on rare occasions impressed his own views on readers.

When he did so, he commanded attention.

On one infrequent entry into the editorial field, he opposed the building of a new high school. His readers agreed and soundly voted it down in a referendum.

We like to think we have been of some influence, albeit it less dramatic, in shaping our community.

We played some small part in such things as the construction of a swimming pool...formation of the first recreation committee...establishment of a bantam hockey tournament...retention of a high school in town when the government

pressed for a composite school at Speyside...saving some maple trees from destruction in the park area...a traffic light improvement at the Maple corner.

We have written several million other words, in which the daily life of the Georgetown community was chronicled.

Reporting of town and township council news is perhaps the most important part of the job. It is in this focal point of community life that much of the news originates.

A weekly newspaper, unlike its city counterparts, is much more a kaleidoscope of the community. No item is too small for inclusion in the news columns. Almost everyone in the district gets his name in the paper at one time or another.

A news editor now takes over and we wish Jim Martyn every success in the years ahead.

We hope that someday, when he writes "30" he can look back with the same affection for his job, his business associates and his town. It has been a rewarding "30 plus 3". We'll miss it.

### Many Willing Helpers

Production of a weekly newspaper cannot be the work of one, or two, or three reporters.

The Herald has been fortunate in having many willing helpers to attain as complete a coverage of news as possible.

Correspondents from the rural areas keep us posted on news of their communities.

Secretaries of organizations are generous in supplying news. We have been particularly

fortunate in having an excellent writer in the family. Her Chatting column has been one of the best read features, one of the most mentioned through the years.

With so many helpers, plus the words and pictures produced by the regular staff, The Herald takes second place to none in its field.

With a trained newspaperman taking over our duties, the future should be nothing but bright.

### We Grew Too

On a more personal note, The Herald office in 1940 had a staff of four.

Garfield (Mac) McGilvray was foreman; Reg Broomhead and the late Les Clark were the shop staff, with yours truly jack-of-all-trades in the front office.

In 1941, the army called, and wife Mary took over duties of news writer, ad salesman, bookkeeper and office clerk, for the duration. She did the editor one better and, with grandma Feller's help, added looking after a new daughter to her multitude of duties.

Reg and Les departed for the air force and the shop had Joe Boley as a replacement, our first and only woman, Mrs. McDonald for a time, Bruce Collins and Harold Davison as apprentices and a few others, none of whom were with us too long.

Back from the war came Les and Reg, and our four man staff was up to scratch again. Reg left to start his own business. Corey Herrington learned his trade here, and now operates his own printing business in Erin. Dave Hastings came from Fernie, B.C. and Myles Gilson from Markdale. Bob MacArthur, now with the Acton Free Press, was here for a time. John McClements came from high school to learn his trade.

To the front office came Aileen Bradley, following a number of part time office helpers; Terry Harley came fresh from high school to become news editor.

In 1958, Thomson Newspapers purchased the business, retaining all the staff, and adding an advertising manager, a job presently held by Frank Mullin.

Several years ago, a major change came when The Herald stopped printing its own paper. The finished pages were 'matted' and we started a series of travels to

other Thomson branches for final printing. Oakville, Guelph, Brampton and finally Galt, were points of call.

Two years ago, another major change came when our paper went 'offset'.

This newer printing process is clearer in reproduction, particularly in pictures, and gives much more facility in advertising, particularly.

This caused another printing shift, to Orangeville, where the firm installed offset printing equipment for the two papers.

The old days of the 8-page paper seem far off now, with The Herald regularly producing 20 to 24 pages weekly, more at seasonal times like Christmas.

Pictures were a rarity in the forties, and have now become an integral part of the weekly issue.

Anne Currie has been with us on a part-time basis for some years, as a reporter-photographer. And just this year, another face joined the staff, Bill Arnold, in the news department.

Valerie Caruso is the other face you see in the office three days weekly, and more at holiday times.

Adams Photography processes our pictures and Herald carriers are handled by Mrs. Audrey Eyre.

The linotype machines have been replaced in typesetting by copy punched on tape by two new staff members, Joan Davis and Joyce VanDelinder.

'Mac' McGilvray is still on the job, absorbing new techniques not dreamed about when he started his printing career in the late twenties.

We are proud to say that The Herald has grown with Georgetown, thanks to an excellent, dedicated staff who know their job and take a pride in every detail of the newspaper's production.



### SEVEN DAY CONTRAST

It could be any week of the past winter but this wintry landscape was the Memorial Park scene just last week.

## ECHOES

**10 YEARS AGO**  
IN A LONG RANGE forecast, Thursday night, April 11, 1963, Mayor E. T. Hyde, predicted in addition to the east end park under discussion, another arena and a swimming pool in that area. "It might take 10 years," he said, "but it will come." The discussion took place during a meeting chaired by Councillor W. Smith, to consider the establishment of a park in the east end of town. The consensus of opinion of those present seemed to be a park, maximum 10 acres, with space for baseball diamonds, play area for small children, and places for just sitting, was desirable.

**COUNCIL'S DETERMINATION** to end 1962 with a balanced budget caused an hour's debate Monday April 15, 1963 — a \$100 cut in a requested grant to help purchase jackets for the town's Ontario Championship Midget Hockey Team. But councillors stressed their pride in the team and their regret that the grant could not be foreseen at budget time.

**IT WAS ANNOUNCED** that the current police communications set up which consists of two way radios at the fire hall, the station and in the cruisers may be scrapped in favour of a more mobile system in which police in the cars and walking their beats would carry small "transistorized walkie talkies." Agents for the personal two way hand radios demonstrated them for councillors Monday night, April 15, 1963. Police used them the preceding week on a trial basis and were in favour of converting to the new units.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
**COUNCIL APPROVED PRELIMINARY** plans for a new \$28,000 fire hall which would be erected on a lot at the Chapel Street and Highway 7 corner. Architect R. W. Hall of Brampton has been engaged to plan the building and he explained the proposed layout. The building would have a 36 foot frontage on the highway and extend 67 feet back along Chapel. It would contain three bays for fire trucks, a clubroom, upstairs a two bedroom apartment. Complete plans would be ready for the May council meeting and it is expected that tenders would be called shortly after that date.

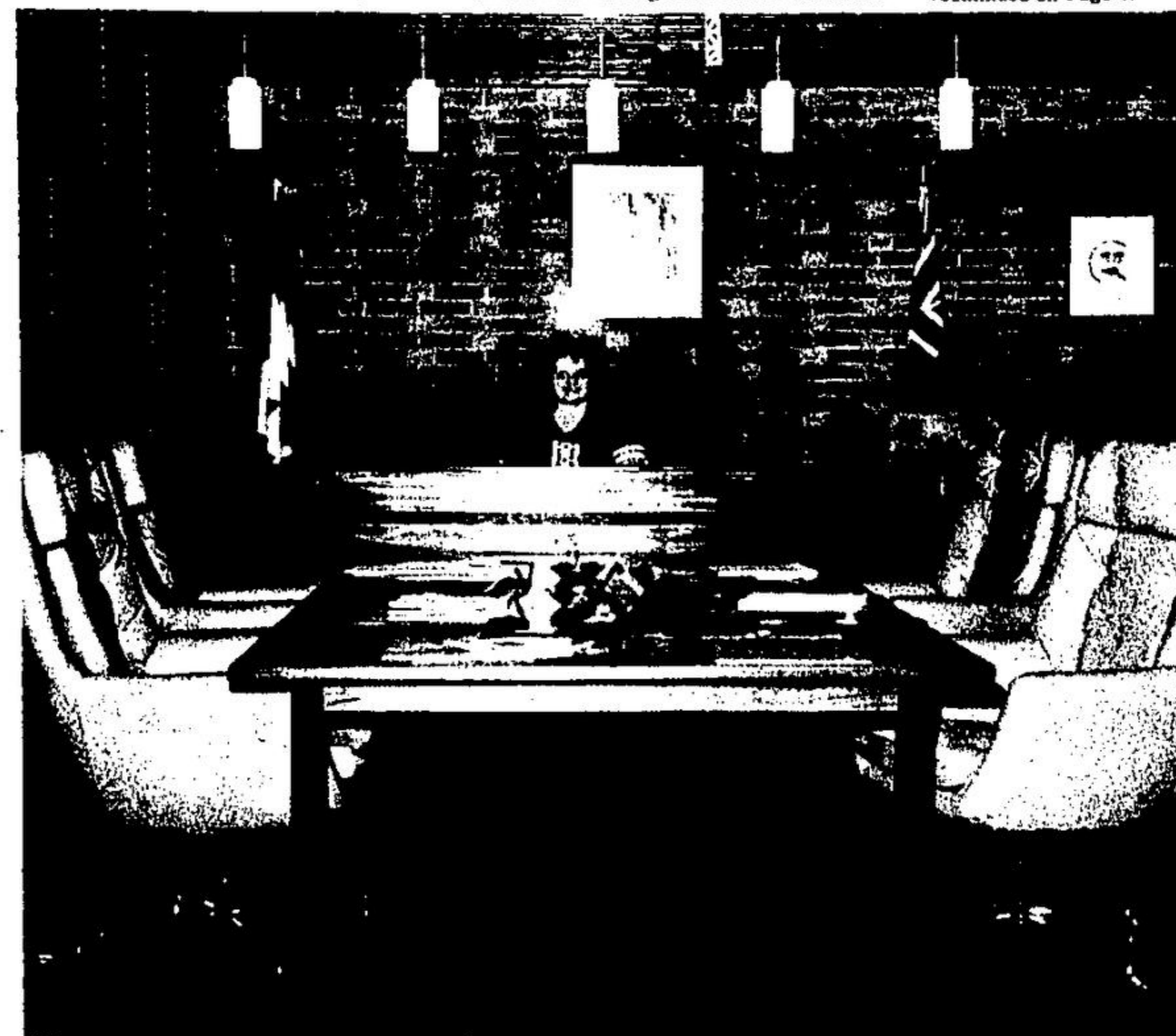
**COUNCIL WOULD ENGAGE** the firm of Dineen, Phillips and Roberts as consulting engineers, to make a survey of water storage, possible new sources of supply, sale of pumps in the Municipal Building and length of time involved in getting repair parts for the pumping station the firm will also be consulted on a proposed eight inch main on John St. from Victoria to the 9th Line, estimated to cost \$5900 and a six inch main on Albert St. from Union to Murdoch, which would cost \$1200.

**ESQUEUSING COUNCIL** paid bounty on 11 foxes destroyed in the township, with payments going to the following: T. Papillon, Acton \$15; Gerald Inglis, Glen Williams and Mel Whitney of Milton \$10 each; C. S. Bailey, Georgetown, A. Basso, Milton, and K. Papillon, Acton \$5 each; Harold Campbell, Georgetown \$3.

**30 YEARS AGO**  
**A LOUD CRASH** heard about three o'clock Sunday morning, April 11, 1945, by residents near the CNR tracks, is explained by the fact that two freight cars collided west of the station. A moving freight rammied a stationary one, knocking off the steps where the cars were locked together, and damaging its own engine. No one was injured. The accident caused a delay of a couple of hours, but the regular traffic was unaffected.

**BOTH THE BRITISH War Victims Fund and The Herald Soldiers' Comforts Fund** received a boost this week from a cuche held at the home of Mrs. W. Spence on Tuesday March 30 1945, and from a raffle on a hamper of groceries also donated by Mrs. Spence and valued at \$6. Altogether \$52 was realized and Mrs. Spence had allotted it as follows: British War Victims, \$23; Soldiers' Comforts \$6. Lorne Scotts W. A. \$23. The draw on the groceries was made that Saturday, April 10, 1945, at the Legion Hall, and Mrs. Robert Lane, Georgetown, won with ticket No. 280.

**THE FIRE DEPARTMENT** was called out on Sunday afternoon, April 11 when the grass in the pasture of S. W. Orr's caught fire, and a high wind fanned it in the direction of the house. It had been brought under control by the time the fire fighters reached the scene.



### ESQUEUSING CHAMBERS IMPRESSIVE

A complete transformation inside the Esqueus Township council chambers

has been made with the above results. Sitting in the

reeve's chair at the elevated table for The Herald camera

is Mrs. Cathy Bouskill of the township staff.

### BILL SMILEY

## I AINE SHURE WHAT THEY MEEN

English is going down the drain, going to the dogs, or going up in smoke these days. Take your pick. Maybe that first sentence is what's wrong with the language.

There are so many idioms in it that nobody can speak or write the real thing anymore. University professors have expressed their indignation publicly. A couple of them recently announced that students who expect to graduate in one of the professions can't write one sentence without falling all over their syntax. I agree with them.

But if they think they have troubles, they should try teaching English in high school. There has been such a marked and rapid decrease in the standards of written and spoken English that teachers of the subject can be found almost any day in the staff john, weeping into the washbasin.

This winter, a teacher in a city school decided to prove something she already knew. She drew up a list of forty words, most of them of one syllable, and tested several classes. Nobody could spell all forty. Many of the kids couldn't spell ten of the words.

Her experiment and her subsequent indignation were allayd dismissed by a public school principal, who said something like, "Oh, we don't worry much about spelling anymore. They'll learn to spell when they need to." Hogwash.

What employer of anything but brute strength wants a semi-literate lout fouting up his invoices, order forms and

everything he can get his hands on?

What printer, for example, will hire a kid who can't even spell "etaoin shrdlu" and doesn't even know what it means?

I do a fair bit of gnashing and wailing myself when I'm marking upper school papers and have to sort out something like, "The women nu were she was going, as she when they're everyday".

The thought is there, but there is something lacking when it comes to felicity of spelling.

Everybody blames everybody else for the sad state of English, but, as usual, you have to read it in this column to get at the truth.

Let us establish the a priori fact that the high school English teacher is faultless. And, some would add, that a fortiori, the high school English teacher is useless. So be it.

Now for the real culprits. They are not the elementary school teachers, much as we would love to blame them. They are victims, too.

First, English had been degraded and eroded for the past couple of decades until it is now down somewhere in

the area of brushing your teeth and saying your prayers.

Remember, you older and wiser people who went to school longer ago than you care to proclaim? You had spelling and grammar and composition and reading and writing and orals. This was English.

Maybe you didn't learn much about sex or conversational French or how to copy a "project" out of the encyclopedia, but you sure as hell had English belted into you.

Maybe you weren't given much chance to "express yourself" but by the time you were, you had some tools with which to do it.

Nowadays English is practically crowded off the curriculum by such esoteric subjects as social behaviour, getting along with the group, finding your place in society, and the ubiquitous and often useless "project".

Kids, one teacher told me, shouldn't have to learn to spell words that are not in their own vocabulary. Now, I ask you. How else do they acquire a vocabulary?

But, I repeat, it's not the teachers of our little treasures who are at fault. It's the tinkers, the dabblers in education. They are rarely found in a classroom. They are more often haring after some "new approach" in education that has been tried and found wanting by the Americans or the Armenians or the Aztecs.

Thus, out went grammar and spelling drill. The kids are supposed to learn these

basic skills, not through their eyes and ears, but in some mysterious way: possibly through their skin.

Daily drill is deadening to the spirit, so off with its head. Let the kids be creative, write poetry.

"I saw the moon ovary the clouded it was sooper". Doesn't that give you a unique experience? The freedom of spirit, the originality, the creativity?

Fortunately, I am able to shake this off, along with war and famine, death and taxes. It has its moments.

The other day, I threw this old chestnut at a class, and asked them to correct the grammar: "Forty cows were seen, sitting on the verandah".

There was total silence. It seemed OK to them. Then a pretty Grade 11 girl flung up her hand and flashed all her teeth. "I got it, Mr. Smiley".

"Yes, Beany," I winced. Carefully she enunciated: "I seen forty cows sitting on the verandah".

### GEORGETOWN HERALD

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### In the Mail Bag

## "I Speak for Many When I Say Well Done"

10 Albert St.

Dear Mr. Editor: In light of the announcement of your retiring as editor of The Herald, I ask that the following guest editorial be printed:

As a resident of Georgetown for more than 50 years, I feel I would be remiss if I did not express some thoughts, and-or opinions, publicly, in respect to Walter Biehn as editor, publisher and citizen of Georgetown.

Walter came to us in 1940, taking over at The Herald from Joe Moore, one of the most respected, humane, and outgoing men of his generation.

Needless to say, stepping into Joe's shoes was a major move for a brash young man who had little or no prior newspaper experience, except perhaps that of reading one. He, like the rest of his staff, was expected to have "The Paper" ready for us by 5 p.m. on Wednesday, come hell or high water.

Usually it was more of the former - with the old flatted press acting up at the crucial moment - with bits of wire, string or what-have-you pressed into service to get it off in time for the people standing at the door with hands outstretched. Seldom were they disappointed.

It did not take Walter long to prove that his capabilities extended beyond the newsroom - he spotted Mary and before long, it was "Walter Walter leading her to the altar".

When Walter went to war with the rest of us, Mary turned in and helped Mac and his depleted crew carry the load. With the war concluded, Walter came back to find a changing scene, and through the "subdivision days" - roads, sewers, etc. etc., he managed to keep us in-

(Continued on Page 3)

### In the Mail Bag

## Many More Than Players Made up the Raider Team

Editor The Georgetown Herald Main St. Georgetown, Ontario Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to express some of the feelings of the North Halton Raider Hockey Club.

The 1972-73 season got off to a slow start and as the regular schedule drew to a close we suffered some real off ice ups. These experiences served to weld this club into a team.

It was a real team effort which enabled the Raiders to win a second straight OHA Championship. Each member played his role, each shared the spotlight as a star one night and an also ran the next. This is of course why hockey is a team sport and why a team effort is needed to win.

You will have already heard the results of our team's efforts in the Eastern Canadian semi-finals. We were defeated by a good hockey team which we wish every success in its bid for a Canadian title. We are proud we could represent the Town of Georgetown and hope that next year we can win it all.

The following people deserve much of the credit for the success of our team this year.

1. Don Gosling and the Memorial Arena staff whose patience and cooperation are vital to the success of any hockey team.

2. The business men in our community whose support (moral, physical and financial) made it possible to ice the team.

3. The Georgetown Herald whose coverage of our

season did much to create and retain fan interest.

4. Probably the single largest contribution was made by the fans who followed our exploits. The whole effort would be in vain if fans did not come to the games. The players will never forget the overwhelming support our fans gave them in Welland, Port Colborne, and especially Embrun.

5. The contributions of individual citizens which are known, and the many, I am sure we never hear of are appreciated.

W. Brownlow, President, North Halton Raider Hockey Club.

P.S. We apologize for the communication breakdown which resulted in no scores reaching the arena for the Embrun series.

The Great Wall of China is largest single military fortification of ancient times.