

Opinion

Letters to the editor

A poem titled: The Grand Lady of North Union Street
There is a Grand Lady on Union Street,
With sandstone pillars and hard brick walls;
And marble steps worn through the years,
By countless students and their peers;
And home to those of Union Green,
Entombed beneath her outer walls;
Who ghostly whisper through her halls,
Save us! Save us! Save us from the wrecking ball!
I love you dear old GHS, forever in my heart!

There are some who say that Galion is a dying town, and in a sense they are right. When the dreams and ideas of the citizens of this community no longer matter, then we truly are a dying town!

Over the last seven years I have lost all faith in the decision making of the Galion City Schools. The only desire that this taxpayer has is to get out of this school district once and for all! Folks, if you only knew the half of it!

**Sincerely,
Steve A. Rowan
Class of 1968
1130 Ohio 61**