

Georgetown Herald

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Are You An Anti-Tipper?.....

You may recall telling you about an insulting taxi driver in New York City who, when we tendered a dollar bill in payment for a 95c taxi ride, called us back with a disdainful "You need it more than I do."

Apparently we are not alone, for three or four others have since passed on similar stories from the big city.

And it's started us thinking! Why not an "anti-tipping" organization which might in time, banish this nefarious practice for all time.

We have never met anyone who agreed with the practice, and it has persisted only because most of us are too thin skinned to resist the expected.

It is not easy to understand why one should tip a taxi driver and not a bus conductor... why a waitress or a washroom

attendant should receive extra for service rendered, and not the theatre usher... why practically everyone you bump into on a cruise ship or in a hotel should expect extra money, but no one in a department store.

It is a system, we assume which is double sided.

There are organizations which prefer to pay their help less than a living wage and have the public make up the extra. But, having read where a city head waiter was fined for income tax evasion on an income which surpassed any of his customers, we could assume that tipping can be a big business operation... jealously guarded by those getting the "take". In fact, we have also heard that some of the most common tipping spots are rented on a concession basis and their income far exceeds what it should for service rendered.

Why Not A Club?.....

Facetious as it may sound, we think a properly organized anti-tipping club has merit.

"From little scorn" applies to everything, and someday someone will have to take the lead to end one of humanity's silliest practices.

The anti-tippers could approach the problem from two directions.

First, we suggest a card which might read as follows:

"We believe in fair pay for every job, and are opposed to tips. If you are fairly paid, you will agree with us. If not, would you please have your employer send an account for the balance owing for our share

of your salary, and we will remit promptly."

A traveller would leave these cards wherever he thinks a tip might be expected.

Secondly, the organization would try to influence at least one big hotel chain to adopt a no tipping policy, feature it in their advertising, enforce it on their staff even to the point of having tips refused. The idea would spread.

Supporting publicity would stress the fact that tipping makes a job menial, is a form of "showing off" for those who practice it and degrades the person receiving the favour.

There's the idea in a nutshell. What do you think of it?

Patriotism Through Service.....

As one of 984 chapters numbering some 32,000 members, the local Countess of Strathmore Chapter, Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire is proud of its share in raising and disbursing a million dollars annually.

Marking the diamond anniversary of its organization this year, an attractive circular issued recently to members shows, among its major activities, a quarter million spent annually on education, which includes bursaries and scholarships, adopted schools in the West Indies and assistance to many Canadian schools; and a half million annually on home welfare and on

relief supplies to many foreign countries.

Each year \$44,000 is disbursed for post-graduate scholarships and university bursaries for children of Canadian war veterans. A special Eskimo project is erecting a \$20,000 community hall at Frobiisher Bay.

Besides these financial activities, the ODE extends hospitality to overseas students; welcomes immigrants and helps arrange citizenship classes, and assists in many community projects.

It is an extremely worthwhile organization for a town to have, and Georgetown is fortunate to have such a ladies group working on constructive local and national projects.

PIPE BAND BOOKED 2500 MILES IN TRIPS

Some 3500 miles of travelling has already been booked this season for the popular Georgetown Girls Pipe Band and their leader, Pipe Major Roy Magloughlin.

On May 30th the girls travel to Ottawa to participate in the Lions club convention.

July 1st week-end they have been invited to an Old Boys reunion at Cochrane. Later that month, they will be featured at a two-day Highland Games affair at Sault Ste. Marie.

The band is one of Georgetown's best advertising features and has spread the town's name far and wide during their years of touring.

February History Is Traced to Early Rome

The month of February has had a rough time keeping its days together. But some taxpayers may wonder whether it was worth the trouble.

February wasn't even included in the year when Romulus, one of the founders of Rome, drew up the first Roman calendar, according to World Book Encyclopedia.

Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, added it. He took the name from a Latin word meaning "to purify," for February was the month in which the Romans were purified for the religious festivals of the following months.

As it was called, onto the end of the year. It wasn't until hundreds of years later that it found the place it occupies today.

In the meantime, the emperor Augustus swiped a day to add

to August, the month named after him.

But the worst blow came in 1913, when, on February 23, the federal income tax was made legal by the Sixteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

Beauty and The Beast

When I awoke one morning,
What to my great surprise,
Myriads of tiny jewels,
Greeted my wondering eyes.

The trees were a lacy outline,
Against an azure sky,
Each television aerial, a glittering sword,
Each clothes line, a silver ribbon.

Scanning this wondrous sight,
I failed to realize,
The tragic outcome of something
So quiet, so peaceful and mild.

The hydro and telephone wires were down,
For miles and miles around,
And the soft glow of candles was seen in windows.

Where once brightly burned the electric light,
And instead of a full-course meal that night,
Many a cold sandwich was put on the plate,
The ringing of telephones was stilled in each home,

And conversation was kept to a minimum.

But thanks to the heroes of the storm,
Who worked so faithfully day and night,
Despite lack of sleep and frigid wind,
Fought to give us the things that we
So thoughtlessly, take for granted.

Yet still to me 'tis a wonderful thing,
To be able to see
All the beauty of nature,
Where'er it may be.

Edna (Olson) Hill



STRETCHED PRETTY THIN

Sugar and Spice

Stipulated by WILL SMILEY of the Wartime Club

Let me tell you about the Typhoon. No, Aunt Elsie, the Typhoon is not a big wind in the south seas. In fact, it is nothing but a memory. Not a sweet, tender memory, but a strong, pungent one.

This memory was stirred and waded by an article in MacLean's Magazine called Breakout at Falaise, a story of the Canadian's war in Normandy, circa the middle of August, 1944. With the article were several pictures painted by war artists. One of them showed Typhoon fighter-bombers strafing a German column. It was like seeing an old friend, and I studied the gruesome thing with delight.

The Typhoon was a big, ugly aircraft, built like the proverbial brick backhouse. It took off like a pregnant pelican and landed with the grace of a stovetop. If the Spitfire handled like a dainty racing mare, the Typhoon was like a great cavalry charger, always fighting for the bit.

But in the air it had the bite and balance of a Viking's battleship, the dash and speed of an English yeoman's longbow, and the dash and striking power of a modern motor torpedo boat.

In World War II, the Typhoon was used in the role of cavalry, to hit the enemy hard and often and from all directions, to smash him when he was stubborn, and to harry him without mercy when he was on the run. A squadron of Typhoons had the mobility and force of a squadron of Cavalry in the days of Cromwell.

Think I'm bragging, do you? Not a bit of it. When the troops were in trouble, when the tanks were held up by a nest of 88's, when the infantry was being belted by a nasty lot of mortars, somebody would holler for the Typhoons. A flight of eight could be airborne and plastering the trouble spot with bombs or rockets within minutes.

I've never seen it from the ground, but those who have tell me that when a flight of Typhoons attacked, the sight and sound were incredible. Down out of nowhere they'd come, motors growling, cannon crackling, until the moment the bombs or rockets were released, when they'd leap into the air like silver darts, while all hell broke loose where they'd struck.

There is only one type around who has more respect for the Typhoon than the pilot who flew one. He is the infantry soldier who was baled out of a hot spot by the timely arrival of a flight of Typhoons. Once a year I meet one such. He's a weekly editor who was a lowly foot-slogger with the Canadians. And every year, he buys me a very expensive dinner, not because he likes my big blue eyes, but because he has an abiding gratitude for the Typhoon and its av-jockeys.

There were bigger aircraft and better ones, but there wasn't anything tougher than the old Typhoon. Twice I was

hit by shells that would have torn the whole wing off a less rugged aircraft. All they did was jolt my old bird, and put a hole the size of a watermelon in the wing. The last time I flew one, a battered old relic called S for Sam, it was shot through the heart, but staggered through a well sown field and there deposited me so gently I didn't even bruise.

These of us who had trained on Spitfires were desolated when we were posted to Typhoon squadrons. The Spitfire was the ultimate in the simple ambitions of a fighter pilot. The Typhoon was a sort of ugly duckling with a not too savoury reputation.

But we soon grew attached to the big, ill-mannered brutes, as one does to a strong and willing mongrel. We revelled in living in the field just a few miles behind the lines, and looked with some scorn on the Spitfire boys who returned to tea in the mess after an operation. We decided we were winning the war, and the Spits were only for glamour boys. We went so far, in some cases, as to label them the "civilian air force".

Several hundred young Canadians flew Typhoons. A lot of them were killed because the type of job they did produced a high casualty rate. But any pilot who completed a tour of ops on Typhoons can look any man in the eye. Some of them can even look their wives in the eye.

It would be as foolish to write a sentimental ode to the Typhoon as it would be to compose a lyric to a locomotive, but I'm glad I got these few words written before my old friend is consigned to the dust-gathering statistics of a forgotten war.

ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald, Feb. 6th, 1958.

Mr. Thomas Sykes' car that was stolen off the street in Brampton last Saturday night was recovered by York County Police on Monday.

Georgetown Juniors won a great hockey battle here last night when they struggled through 70 minutes of play with a well earned 6-3 win over Milton. Georgetown, goal Alcott, defence Horton and Dewhurst; centre Crichton; wings Richardson and Riddell; subs, Wheeler Bradley, Collier, Sanderson and Davidson.

We are informed that a Mr. Tyers has acquired the radial station property and will open a creamery in town.

J. B. Mackenzie and Son have the contract for remodeling the Georgetown Armouries. A number of men are now busy shingling and putting new siding on the building.

At the Gregory Theatre: "One Night of Love" the most glorious musical romance of all time, starring Grace Moore "Fog Over Frisco" thrill drama starring Betty Davis and Margaret Lindsay, and "The Last Gentleman" with George Arliss as an eccentric but lovable old millionaire.

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Walter C. Blain,
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Garfield L. McIlvray
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Office Staff:

Aileen Bradley Terry, Harley
John Oliver, Advertising
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L. M. Clark Date-Harling
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MILLION DOLLAR PROJECT

Government Support Assured

Construction plans are ready. Your Georgetown and District Hospital Association is now taking the steps to raise funds and build and staff a hospital here.

Your new hospital will be a non-profit public general hospital, open to everybody, regardless of race, creed or ability to pay.

Government support is assured, provided that a Building Fund of approximately one-fourth of the total project cost is raised in voluntary gifts. The Fund goal is \$250,000.

Individuals, firms and groups — all people in this district are being asked to join their gifts. The public appeal is set for February - March.

Distribution of Expected Income
Your hospitalization insurance plan provides patients with prepaid coverage of hospital bills at existing facilities. But it does not provide for costs of a pre-hospital.

For construction, equipment, land, landscaping, fees and other necessary items, the Georgetown project costs \$1,060,000.

Toward this the Federal, Provincial and county government grants are anticipated as \$10,000.

Leaving need for Fund appeal \$250,000.

The beds and facilities in this project are fully approved after investigation, by the Ontario Hospital Services Commission.

Services Expected
Highlights of expected services during first 12 months: care for 1,800 to 1,600 patients - 375 births - 850 surgical operations - 2,000 x-rays - 12,750 laboratory tests - 60,000 meals.

Controversial Corner

By law Case

AROUND THE TOWN

The advancing possibility of traffic lights at the John St - Water St intersection seems to be viewed with enthusiasm by most people in town and I suppose the traffic conditions do warrant this move. However, the particular nature of the intersection is such that traffic lights are liable to bring about as many new problems as there were before. Stopping the main traffic flow on a hill is a bad thing in the first place, even when the surface is good. When we consider that the bit of highway by the Halton Co-Op is a continual problem in bad winter weather anyway, the results of trying to stop and start the traffic flow at this point, under slippery conditions, may be quite a headache. It would be a bad move if the town were to become known as the worst traffic bottleneck on No. 7 Hwy. Traffic lights appear to be the only solution at the moment but when they are installed, the "green-dwell-time" must give preference to the No. 7 Hwy. through traffic. These vehicles have no alternative route, much of the other traffic will have.

I would like to add my congratulations to the winner, the runners-up and to the sponsors of the public speaking contest held two weeks ago. In those days, when the English language is being assailed on all sides, when the use of a four-syllable word will cause raised eyebrows and when the exchange of worthwhile ideas is being lost through inadequate and inaccurate vocabulary, it is heart-warming to find such worthwhile contests being sponsored by one of our local service organizations. And to those who would like to see more French taught in our school, I would like to say, certainly, but let us make sure we are teaching enough English first.

I see that the latest of many theories regarding the origin of human life on earth is that we may have originated on Mars and travelled to Earth when the Martian atmosphere became too thin. This is a theory of the Russian scientists and it is receiving some Western support. I was unaware of this theory until a neighbour of mine told me that he had composed a brand new bedtime story for the little ones. It was in verse and went something like this:

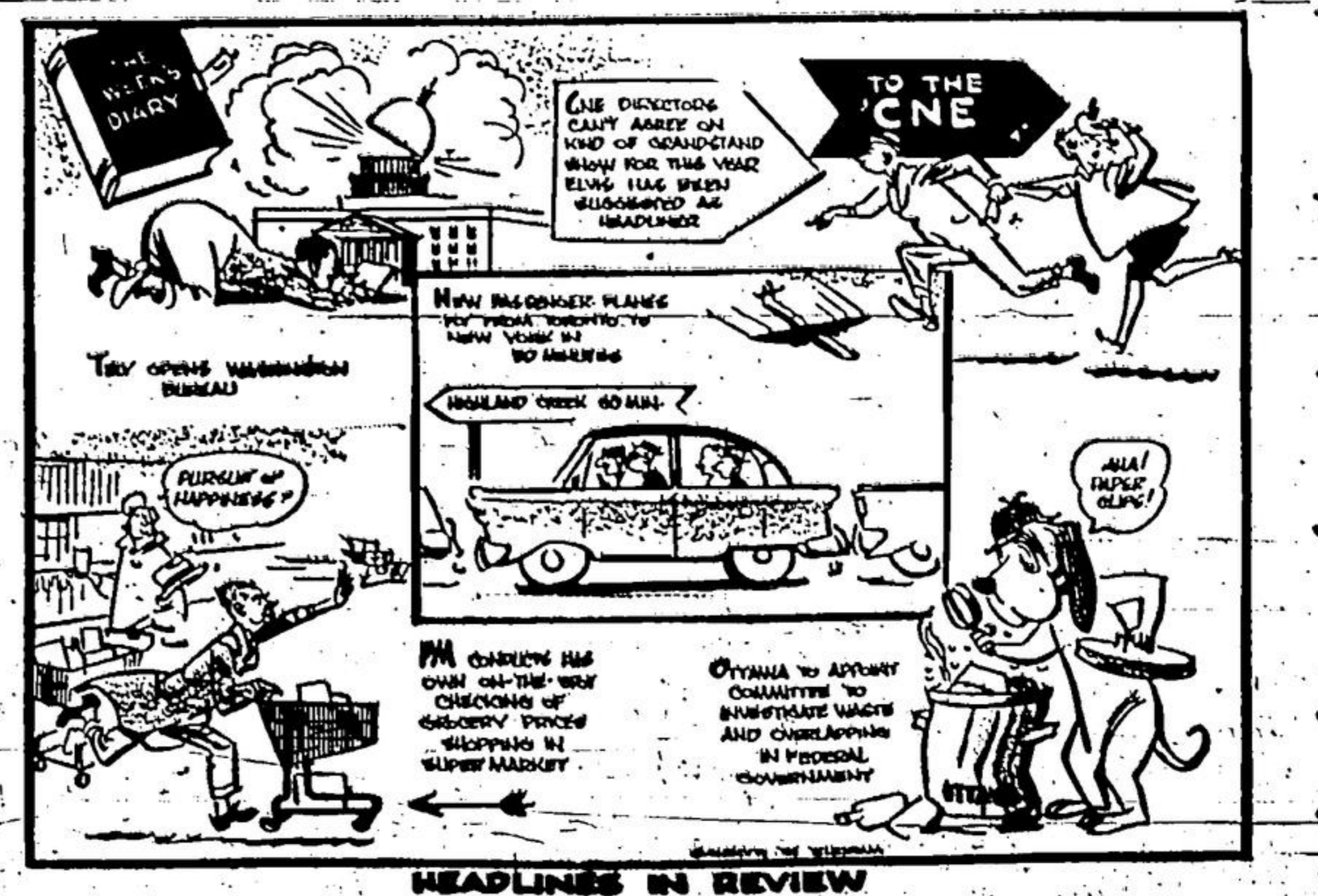
On a planet far away,
Where the air is thin,
A little life began,
And it came to Earth.

Anyone who has not buried his head in the sands of bigotry and illusion is faced with the unavoidable truth that the present rate of population cannot be supported. In the past, the population of the world has been kept within bounds by war, famine and disease — there are surely better ways than this.

MOUNTS BIKE TO MILK COWS

Neatest solution. One Calderon farmer, while his hydro was off, rigged up his milking machine to his bicycle. Mounting the bicycle he peddled and peddled, and peddled, in this manner he milked his whole herd.

"Much simpler than milking by hand," was his only comment.



HEADLINES IN REVIEW