

# Georgetown Herald

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Need Centralized Control?

Are municipalities obsolete? That is the rather intriguing question posed by an editorial in the Victoria Daily Times.

The editor reports that Professor Philip White, of the University of British Columbia, says that "municipalities are an historic accident, creatures of the provincial government, that they are not equipped to do the job asked of them today, should not be allowed to increase their percentage of the tax take, and constitute an antiquated form inherited from the 19th century. Prof. White adds that he is a big government man."

"The University of British Columbia staff member can find strong arguments to support his case that health, education and social welfare are fields of service beyond the scope of municipalities," the Times continues.

"He can, moreover, advance a strong case for centralizing control in various fields.

"But he apparently overlooks one important virtue of municipal government. It is conducted by men and women usually better known to their neighbours, and more

approachable by them. They respond more readily to the needs of people because they form the level of government closest to the public. It is at once an advantage because it makes them responsive, a disadvantage because many of them are too easily swayed by minority pressure groups.

"Big government enjoys a certain insulation from the people. Geographically it is virtually impossible for all members to be familiar with all conditions on the ground within the jurisdiction of big government.

"Each form of administration, big government and municipal, has its strengths and weaknesses and one of the weaknesses of big government lies in the inapplicability of some theory to practice. In British Columbia, for example, an administration can fast more and more responsibilities onto municipalities and then render them less than fully effective by withholding the funds they require.

"If, starved for finances, they become inefficient, it is not the municipal system that is at fault."

Galt Reporter

### Gentlemen in Shorts

When 75 drivers for the Railway Express Agency staged a work stoppage in New York last week because company officials told them the Bermuda shorts they were wearing were infra dig, attention was focussed on a question of some delicacy in making situations.

Railway Express officials ordered the New York drivers to change from Bermuda shorts into regular length trousers "because it wouldn't be proper for housewives to see the knees of company representatives."

We suppose it's possible for a housewife to either be shocked or ignited romantically by the sight of a pair of masculine knees belonging to someone other than her husband. But was this the full explanation for the express company's demurrer?

Did not the company act largely because it was convinced that only a comparatively few males can present an acceptable picture going about the daily round in Bermuda or any other type shorts?

After all, when it comes to knees among males, there are more knobby ones, more hairy ones and more of both the knock and the roundhouse curve types than there are of classic lines and irresistible appeal. So, isn't it reasonable then to

suggest the express company was more concerned over a majority of its drivers appearing ridiculous, rather than the effect the bared knees would have on housewives?

In seeking to make the issue one of company policy, the express agency had something going for it in the fact that its drivers, in their occupation, are largely involved with the public.

But what about other firms, including newspaper plants, where executives might like to see greater discretion observed in the matter of male employees wearing shorts in office or shop?

Frankly, not much can be done. If the shorts help the wearer endure the heat of summer, that represents a rather impressive argument. Then too, especially in newspaper plants where the principle is worshipped, it's a free country.

Nevertheless, we might have a great deliverance if all the males who lean to shorts, for working periods would stand for five minutes in front of a full-length mirror after they first don the scanties, and studiously evaluate the apparatus facing them.

Welland Tribune

### A Quebec Viewpoint

We wish that all the writers for English newspapers would take a crash course in French or hire some interpreters, then head for the back country.

If they would get away from the Montreal coffee houses, and the rarified atmosphere of Quebec City or Sedate Toronto, and just find out what the ordinary French-Canadian in the small towns and villages really wants.

The ordinary French-Canadian has no use for separatism. In fact a good many do not know what it means.

They don't want to boo the Queen. They don't hate Lee Anglais, even if they don't want to live like them.

They want jobs for themselves and a little better life for their children.

They don't expect everyone in Toronto

to speak French, but they feel that when they go to Ottawa, they should be able to speak French with confidence in our nation's capital city.

They don't want to put bombs in post office boxes, but when they send a letter to the federal government, they feel that they are entitled to get an adequate reply in French.

The whole separatist business is being over-emphasized by the popular press.

Some of it is pretty sensational stuff, and you can't really blame the newspaper boys for making the most of it. But the real tragedy is that in the process the hopes and aspirations of the vast majority of ordinary French-Canadians are being distorted and mis-represented or completely ignored.

-Rouyn (Que.) Monitor

## NEWS DESK EXTRAS

by Terry Hatley

- Less than a century ago in Canada, people still subscribed to some startling so-called "medicine procedures" according to a piece of publicity from the Federal Food and Drug Committee that reached this desk recently. Just about every village had its own favourite old lady who at some time in her past crossed the ocean bringing with her the homelands skills in hand-crafts, cooking and remedies which were supposed to be the panacea for any given disease.
- A child who had contracted measles was given a roast mouse. A wound that bled had spiders webs applied, web dust and dirt included, to arrest the bleeding.
- A bald-headed man would be assured of another crop by applying onion juice to his scalp a week or so.
- "Rheumatics" was "cured" by a bee venom, applied directly to the aching spot by the producer, a profane angry bee, who probably stung enthusiastically. Another cure for preventative rheumatism was sold at county fairs. This was an "electric ring" made of copper which was supposed to contain electric power. Three chestnuts carried in a pocket were supposed to have the same virtue.
- For an infected wound the thing to do was to take a whole potato turnip in its skin and letting it cool a little, then breaking it open and applying the inside as a poultice to the sore spot.
- A sty on the eye lid was supposed to disappear if rubbed with a gold wedding ring.
- "Fasting spittle" applied on waking in the morning was another infallible remedy.

- Warts, the result of handling a toad, would go away if rubbed with pork rind which was then buried. The burial was most important.
- You're probably thinking, with cures like these who needed the disease. However, one young doctor in the seventeenth century, helped one bit of folklore prove itself. He asked one young farm girl why her face wasn't pock-marked as most other girls' faces were. She said her master used to scratch the arms of all the family servants and then rub the scratches with lymph (a colourless fluid in animals bodies) from a cow that had cowpox and that would prevent them from ever taking small pox.
- The doctor pondered this procedure which was popular in that part of rural England which must have seemed like just another folk superstition. After a great deal of research he came up with the principle of modern vaccination against smallpox.
- So some of the outlandish remedies did work because of



NO WONDER HE IS FLUNKING HIS YEAR



## HARLEY TO HALTON

WEEKLY OBSERVATIONS BY DR. HARRY HARLEY, M.P. FOR HALTON

I AM PLEASED to report good progress in the legislative items that I discussed in last week's column. The first item "Youth Allowances" has passed. This is the extension of the family allowances between the ages of 16 years and 18 years as long as the student remains at school, or to parents of children who by reason of a physical or mental impairment are unable to attend school. This will thus serve to close the gap for such children who cannot qualify for disability allowances until they reach 18 years of age. This \$10 a month allowance will not be paid only during the school year but will be paid 12 months a year.

THERE WILL BE no changes in the exemptions from \$550 to \$300 per year in respect of those between 16 and 18 years drawing the youth allowance. This will make this regulation uniform across the whole of Canada. This will help parents because it costs more to keep 16 and 17 year-olds at school than it does younger children. In summary therefore the \$10 monthly allowance will be paid with no change in the exemptions on your income tax.

THE SECOND ITEM, the National Defence Bill, has

passed. This provides for a single Chief of Staff for the Armed Services. It really took too long to debate. It had been referred to the all party Defence Committee of the House of Commons for study. It was discussed, examined, and referred back with unanimous approval of the Defence Committee. It was strange therefore to have it again examined and debated in full by the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, objection taken to it by the same people who before passed it unanimously. If this were so why bother referring anything to a Committee of the House of Commons which is set up to save the time of the Parliament in detailed study.

THE THIRD ITEM the fiscal arrangements with the Provinces has been introduced. It is being left temporarily so that it may be studied by the Members and will be brought up again later. Today we move on to the Twelve Mile Fishing Limit which has been studied by the Committee on Marine and Fisheries. All in all the spirit in the House of Commons has improved and we hope this will continue in the weeks to come.

NEXT WEEK it is expected that we will proceed with the loan plan for university stu-

dents. These will be interest-free loans to those students who require financial assistance for their post-secondary school training such as universities, technical institutes or teachers colleges. The loans will be interest-free during the time of study and the loan will be repaid after graduation. I will give further details on this plan when the Bill in detail comes before the House of Commons. This should make the money available for university studies this fall.

## SUGAR & SPICE

### There Just Isn't Time

There's nothing quite so relaxed and indolent as the life of a school teacher in those two long golden months of summer. Eight glorious weeks. A little golf, a little swimming, a little fishing; a lot of picnics and cookouts and long, cold drinks; unlimited time to read and girls in shorts to ogle.

It's a picture I paint for myself in clear outlines, in cool pastel shades, every June. But somehow the finished canvas isn't quite what I had in mind. The outline blurs, the colors change in to violent reds, yellows and purples, and we come up with something resembling a drunken rainbow that has been struck by lightning.

This summer has been no exception. It started off in typical fashion with a racking dose of food poisoning that left me about as hearty as a lady of 80 who has just given birth to quadruplets. I was so weak that the cat, who has been watching her chance for years, stuck out her foot as I was tattering toward my lawn chair, and tripped me flat on my face.

Barely over this, I had to drive the family 700 miles into the U.S. on the July 4th week end, to dump young Hugh at a summer music school. But it wasn't the mileage that got me down. It was the list of instructions issued to the kid by his mother if they'd been written out, they'd have covered a sheet of paper for every mile we traveled, and they could have been remembered only by a herd of elephants.

I didn't blame her, though. It isn't that the kid is stupid. It's just that he's a teenager and lives in that peculiar world inhabited by that peculiar species. In the week before we left, he had lost his wallet, his running shoes, and a dollar bill (which turned up in the washing machine). That was an average week. Imagine going away and leaving that gormless gawk of a boy on his own, for three weeks, with 10 different places to be at definite times every day, with money to handle all by himself, with nobody to find all the things he'll lose, and with his way to find all the way home by bus.

We weren't much annoyed as we left him. He climbed out of the car, saying, "O.K. I won't forget. Uh-huh. Right. Yuh," as a last-minute burst of verbal diarrhoea poured out of him. He took bag, waved, and started up steps of the boarding house door to the one we had registered him in. He said "I'll start for home" and wind up in Utah. Got home from that in just long enough to do washing, repack the suitcase and head for summer school. Arrived a bit shabby after a long party and was immediately asked to read a poem to a group of intense English teachers.

After summer school, I rush into camp, then I rush for the old home town to get the paper for two weeks while the editor goes on honeymoon. Then scramble home, collect Kim from camp, entertain friends in relay, a week before burbling off newspaper convention which is about as easy on a fellow physically, as breaking a Mustang with a slipped disk. End of summer. End of "no days."

Anyone know of a job where they give you four months vacation? If I could find one I might manage to squeeze a couple of games of golf, a day's fishing.

One of the first English printed advertisements was handbill produced by William Caxton in 1480.

## Georgetown Herald

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