

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Why 24 Hours?

While it might be ideal for taxis to be on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, we can see no justification in making this mandatory for such businessmen in Georgetown.

From time to time, there is criticism of businessmen in this field, the most recent being at a town council meeting during discussion on the granting of a new licence.

What we seem to lose sight of is that a taxi business is no different from any other private enterprise which deals with the public. It would be handy for people at times of emergency if drug stores were open in the middle of the night, if grocery stores and dairies were available for purchases at any time of the day or night, or if the newspaper offices were on call at all times.

The same considerations which apply

to any business apply to taxi firms. A man can only work so many hours a day, and he must have proper working hours for employees too. He must also gauge his hours of operation to a profit scale, and it is ridiculous to expect him to spend money to keep a taxi driver sitting around all night for a small number of calls. Even in public transport systems, it does not always apply that street cars and buses operate around-the-clock if business does not warrant it.

The public should expect reasonable service from taxis as it does from any other business. It will get this, because a taxi firm is in business to make money, and he will do everything possible to operate his business at his peak.

Beyond this, we can expect no more.

Work Week Splendid Idea

A student work week, sponsored by the Rotary Club with the cooperation of the high school, was a great success as far as The Herald office was concerned, and from comments we have heard from others, proved equally successful wherever the young students were placed.

The idea took root last fall and required a great deal of preparatory discussions and contacts in business and industry. With such a success, next year will be a relatively easy job for the Rotarians.

The idea was to place graduating commercial students in offices and business places, to give them a taste of working with others, operating business equipment, taking dictation and generally acclimatizing them to working life when they enter the business world a few months from now.

They were unpaid, on the theory that

the business was doing them a favour, and the fact that in a one week period there is a minimum of actual work which can be accomplished.

In our case, we received a fine young woman who astonished us with her aptitude to the multiple duties which a small newspaper office entails. We hope she gained as much from her week in the office as we did, for she left a most favourable impression of the standard of teaching at GDHS and the training which these young people receive.

We hope that she is only a sample of today's young people whom adults are sometimes too prone to criticize and that she, like the other young hopefuls will start their working years somewhat better off for their "on the spot" week in business.

Tribute to "Red" and Jean

With the seventh edition of Georgetown's International hockey tournament in its final stages, once again the town should express its thanks to 'Red' Asseltine and his wife Jean, and the hundreds of willing workers whose efforts go into this annual affair.

We sat in on those early meetings when the tournament was first taking shape, and sometimes think that without Mr. Asseltine's guiding genius, it might never have got off the ground.

He is a man with a talent for organization with a minimum of red tape, and can accomplish more in one short meeting than many of us could in a week. His faculty of getting and sticking to the point, his ability

to inspire others to do their best, and his genuine fondness for hockey combined to make the tournament a success from its very first year.

With things now running smoothly, 'Red' and Jean have decided to take a rest next year — but not before they encouraged an equally energetic group, the Kinsmen and Kinettes, to take over for them.

Already these service clubs have proved their worth in helping the tournament and there is no doubt that the tournament in future years will be in efficient hands.

Georgetown owes a large debt of gratitude to the Asseltines and the Kinsmen for a project which has gained our town international publicity.



ALREADY RUNNING IN THE NEXT RACE

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

Remember where we left off? Twenty years from now. A weak central government, with everybody from the housewife to the U.S. government down on it.

A tough, ruthless Uniforce, popularly known as the Canadian Cobras 100,000 strong. And jut-jawed Joe Garibaldi, former union leader, as Defence Minister.

The Honorable Joe vaulted into the House of Commons in a rather unusual fashion. One of his opponents withdrew from the campaign, on health grounds, and set out for a world tour. The others were run down by a truck, just after addressing a meeting in which he had attacked the Honorable Joe. Both incidents occurred three days before the election, Joe won.

He moved into Ottawa with several beetle-browed cohorts. A modest flat? Not on your life. He took over an entire floor of the Chateau Laurier. There he lived quietly, with nothing to distinguish him from the average MP except the constant flow of champagne, call girls, and guests.

He was lavish with the press, and they liked it. He was always good for a story, because he had guts, color, and good whiskey, an unusual combination in a member of the House.

But the majority of his guests were sleek-headed men who grow fat and sleep o' nights. Industrialists with a new gimmick, armament-makers with a new toy, politicians with a new angle, and all the other flies that who gather around honey.

The Honorable Joe was the natural choice for Defence Minister. Slack-jawed Lester Gorton, Prime Minister, last of Canada's Rhodes scholars, felt in a vague sort of way that the Cabinet needed new blood.

Within two years he had quadrupled the defence department's slice of the national pie. That made it 85% of the taxes, but nobody kicked, because, even though there hadn't been a new post office, bridge or breakwater built in several years, everybody was proud of the Cobras, the world's finest fighting force.

And only a few old-fashioned members of the press thought it odd that the Cobras paid ten per cent of their salaries, voluntarily, into the old Soldiers Benevolent Fund, Chairman of the Fund, Joseph J. Garibaldi. By 1987, of course, there were precious few old soldiers left, but they were well treated by the Fund. Two glasses of beer a day, free smokes, roll-your-own, and a sexy movie every Saturday night, whether you wanted it or not.

Joe played it cool. He invited a couple of waiters from the Nanking restaurant up for a weekend bash. Everybody thought he was flirting with the Chinese.

The U.S. State Department called an emergency session. The C.I.A. infiltrated Ottawa, in the guise of civil servants. Of course, nobody recognized angle, and all the other flies that other civil servants spying on

him. Next thing he did was throw up a string of fortresses at Vancouver, Windsor, Brockville and St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. He justified the expense by pointing out, at a secret meeting of the caucus, that the forts were made of paper, thus giving a boost to our pulp and paper industry. But the results were drastic.

The Americans pulled eight divisions out of Germany and sprinkled them along the 49th parallel, about eight men to the mile. They sent an aircraft carrier up the St. Lawrence Seaway. It got stuck sideways, but the residents of Prescott, Ontario, lost their cool for a few days, with those 19-inchers trained on them.

The entire U.S. Air Force was yanked out of South Africa from which they had been napping the Conqoese. The pilots were delighted to be back in spots like Oswego, N.Y., where a beer was 35 cents instead of a buck, and besides, they wanted a whack at those Canadian Cobras, who were getting more space in Life magazine than they were.

Alas, once again we have run out of space, and you must wait until next week's issue to learn how Canada was taken over by a dictator in the only bloodless revolution in history. Well, practically bloodless.

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IN THE MAIL BAG

Asks What Price Tag for P.S. Principal's Duties

March 22, 1967

Dear Sir:
Over recent weeks our news media have been replete with reports on salary negotiations among teachers organizations and boards. Even your sheet decided the increase in taxes that a raise could bring.

Until last evening, as other teachers, I suffered in silence the barbs thrown by budget-conscious politicians and citizens. Then one point pierced my tough teacherish, epidermal layer; a voice accused us of being voracious money-grabbers, with principals heading the list. The announcement was, of course, punctuated by choice epithets regarding the ancestry of teaching personnel.

This note is not a plea for a raise; it is an attempt by one teacher - principal to eradicate a little ignorance among taxpayers. Would you put a price tag on the services mentioned below?

For public knowledge, elementary school principals must perform all the prescribed duties of a teacher some twelve in number, and, in addition, comply with the required tasks of a principal: to maintain order and discipline in his school, to ensure the recording of daily attendance, to operate the school according to a timetable, to make promotions, to hold examinations, to report regularly to the Minister, the inspector, and the local board, to give assiduous attention to the health and comfort of pupils, to report to the Medical Officer of Health when necessary, to suspend pupils, to prevent the use of unauthorized texts, and to keep a visitors' book in the school. Further regulations instruct principals to register pupils, record the progress of each

child, control the amount of homework, inspect the premises regularly, and perform other supervisory duties.

We also: order all necessary supplies, assist teachers where possible, act as public relations officers between home and school, mete out appropriate punishment, mediate pupil disputes, and supervise extra-curricular activities. As members of professional organizations, principals attend numerous meetings during a year, very few of which are called during school hours.

Every child is ultimately responsible to the principal for his behaviour while on the school premises. Inversely, the principal is responsible for every pupil in his school — hundreds of individual responsibilities.

Principals are chosen on the basis of both academic achievement and teaching experience. Boards look beyond the obligatory university degree, and select the personnel with the better classroom records. Perhaps this is a miniature sample of merit-rating desired by many lay persons.

It is doubtful that anyone can put an accurate price tag on education. However, what would you consider a fair salary estimate for the above position?

Yours truly,
W. M. French,
Principal

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THIS SPACE FOR SALE

IN THE MAIL BAG

Says Councillors Belong To "Fast Buck" Company

87 Sargent Road

To the Editor:
Last week at a meeting of the employees of the Fast Buck Manufacturing Company, a motion was passed to have their wages increased by 50 per cent.

Their motion was in accordance with Government regulations allowing company employees to vote themselves raises in pay and other benefits, without appeal from the employers, or the people they represent.

Fiction and ridiculous this may be but here in Georgetown the ridiculous is getting to be a common occurrence, such as the rail roading of the two year term and the latest pay grab.

As citizens of the Corporation of Georgetown we are the employers of all elected members to council. To employ means to use — more fiction.

Never were so many used by so few, whose slogan must be: "Not what I can do for Georgetown but what can Georgetown do for me."

Democracy by Webster's dictionary — That form of government in which the supreme power rests with the people. It ain't so anymore.

IN THE MAIL BAG

SAYS TIME IS HERE FOR WOMEN IN POLITICS

14 Elizabeth Street,
Georgetown, Ontario,
24th March, 1967

Dear Sir:
Since writing expressing my views on the council's motion to give themselves a raise, I see by The Herald 23rd March, they have put through their vote by a very slim margin 5-4.

I have received quite a few calls on this matter. I also see by your Editorial Comment you are in agreement with me too.

If Cr. Smith feels he is putting in too much effort into the job for the remuneration he was receiving why did he bother to run for council then? Does he and the other council members feel this \$10 is going to compensate for all the work they are now doing?

I am afraid that these men are at a disagreement with each other. One reiterates his own statement.

Well as far as I myself am concerned my contribution to the town of Georgetown isn't too great, but it appears that if a few of us women started going to the council meetings, then maybe we will be able to put ourselves in a position to run this town.

— Albert Porter

As that old saying goes, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."
Maybe this is what Georgetown needs.

I am,
Yours truly,
Mrs. Johan Chard

TURNING BACK TIME SERIES



DARING A FIRE TO START

GEORGETOWN'S FIRE BRIGADE (circa 1900) poses outside their headquarters on Cross Street. Only person identified is Croft Adams (in wide brim hat) holding the halter of one of two fire wagon horses. Note horn being held by man to right of horses, used like siren as warning signal. At left and right are men with reels of extra hose.