

EDITORIAL COMMENT

That Time Again —

Municipal election time is drawing closer in Georgetown and Esquesing.

In larger communities, election customs have radically changed.

The days are gone when most of the politicking was done behind the scenes. Today, candidates declare themselves earlier, state their reasons for running and their ambitions if elected in much clearer terms.

They make public appearances, speak at neighbourhood coffee parties, issue campaign literature before the nomination meeting.

This makes for a livelier election and gives the public some opportunity to base their decisions on more than knowing a name, liking the way a man ties his tie.

On The Verge —

There are prospects of reviving a merchants' organization, dormant for many years in town.

Nothing but good could accrue if retailers will get together, appoint an executive, and make some plans for the future.

Advantages are so obvious that they hardly need repeating.

Special days like the sidewalk sales, cooperative efforts at the Christmas season, group decisions on what to do when holidays like July 1st fall in midweek, are some which come to mind.

Making opinions known to town council on parking, group promotion for perking up storefronts and business premises; discussions on new ideas like malls. The list could go on.

We Can Do Without —

While today's teenagers don't always draw accolades from their seniors, they deserve a nod of approval for their deportment on Hallowe'en this year.

The lowest incidence of vandalism in this area perhaps marks the end of an era, and one which we can do without in future.

While many Hallowe'en pranks were innocent, and some clever, there was always a trail of destruction a few years back. Fence gates in rural areas were opened, allowing cattle on to highways, mail boxes were uprooted, shanties overturned. In towns, fires were sometimes started or false alarms sounded, there was often severe damage in schools and other public

To Hell With The Patient

"We demand a greater share of the gross body intake," declared the representative of the Benevolent Association of Hearts, speaking at the International Convention of Body Organs. Our Heart members are becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the low pay we are getting for our long hours of work and will go on strike unless we get a better contract from this group."

"Consider our plight," the Heart delegate continued. "Our members have to keep pumping away 24 hours a day, seven days a week, year after year. We get no time for relaxation, while the rest of the body is sleeping, such as the Brain, for example. We get no vacations or rest periods and, although we read about heart transplants and mechanical hearts, these incidents are so isolated they make little difference to our members. Our working conditions have been so intolerable for so long that we demand an immediate 30 per cent increase in our share of the Gross Natural Product."

"I notice you picked us out for the sleeping-on-the-job crack," interrupted the delegate from the Brotherhood of Brains. "Who do you think runs you, and the rest of the body as well? You would all be helpless if for you as well. And you Hearts the messages that keep you pumping, prod you for faster action when the body needs more blood and keep tight control of all the muscles and body organs as well."

"If any organ needs more of the GNP, it's the Brain. Not only do we have to regulate and stimulate you, but

we have to do all the thinking for you as well. And you know what our headaches have been, with such things as the new math, the new accelerated curricula in schools, the college pressures, the rapidly accumulating mass of knowledge to assimilate and the competition in industry to acquire intellectuals."

"We admit the computers have taken some of the drudgery off our heads, but this has really meant a higher strain in judgments and decisions. We're glad to see the business world finally beginning to appreciate intelligence, but it has put a real stress on our members. Internationalists speak glibly on the brain drain, but the real problem is the brain strain. Our members feel we are entitled to at least 40 per cent more of the Gross Natural Product."

While the convention floor debate was going on between the Brain and Heart delegates, the Liver and Digestive delegates were seen huddling in one corner of the hall, muttering to themselves and paying little attention to the floor discussion. "Let them eggheads argue," growled the Liver Workers Union chairman. "We got the votes and we got the power. They may be a bunch of brains but they're just a bunch of dumb clucks in decidin' things, for the LWU can close 'em up any time. Or so can our Digestive Workers Union members."

"That's right," agreed the DWU delegate. "We can shut off their food and, what's even more humiliating to those snobbish highbrows, we can smother them in their own trash. They may be

It also presents some problems for a newspaper whose policy is to be impartial.

To give all candidates fair treatment, and to separate news from advertising, we limit our news columns to reports of public appearances. If a candidate makes a statement at a council meeting, addresses a service club, it's news. But a limited reporting staff makes it impossible for on-the-spot reporting at all times, and we must count on a club secretary for such a meeting report.

Our mail bag column becomes limited, too, at election time and we cannot use letters from candidates or their supporters, boosting them or knocking another. If candidates wish to get their story across in The Herald, it must be in a news story or in the form of paid advertising.

Merchants today are in a period of intense competition and can no longer count on retaining business because of geographical location only. The days when farmers came to town once a week to make Saturday a gala day are long since past. Town residents have rapid transportation to other communities, their own cars or bus and train. Glamorous shopping plazas have come closer and closer to town, offering a wide range of facilities.

No industry, no large store chain operates too long without a planning department. And no individual merchant will stay in business forever without planning and without collaborating with others who seek the shopper's dollar.

This year, the evening was mainly devoted to youngster's trick and treat visits, with the occasional UNICEF collector. On our street they were uniformly polite and well-mannered. We had no uneasy feeling that some porch furniture might be missing next day.

Downtown, often the mecca for soap and lipstick scribbles, it was quiet too, and there was a minimum of clean-up for merchants.

Perhaps we can relegate Hallowe'en where it belongs — a nostalgic glimpse of a day when pranks were the rule. Today's young people seem more sensible than their parents in this respect.

rakin' in all the government and foundation research money and grabbin' all the news headlines and free publicity with their foundation & fund drives and their heart transplants, but when it comes to a showdown we sanitation boys can show them all up for a bunch of sissies. What do ya think we oughta get?"

"I'd say at least a 50 per cent increase," replied the LWU chairman. "The Respiratory boys are stickin' with us, since they're in the waste disposal field too, and I figure we got the votes to swing for our members any way we wanta go."

"What about the patient?" piped up a timid Conscience delegate, who had been shoved away back in the same corner in the early seating of delegates and had overheard the LWU and DWU scheming.

"To Hell with the patient," declared the LWU head. "If I can't adopt to modern life, let him die."

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DON'T GIVE IT ANYTHING TO FEED ON

IN THE MAIL BAG

Results Didn't Justify War Measures Action

21 Duncan Drive,

Dear Mr. Editor:

Looking at the cartoon in your last issue depicting a courageous firefighter struggling to quench the FLQ flames while Tommy Douglas is shown in an acrobatic stance shouting: "We must keep a cool head and wait for the house to burn down," made me almost agree with Spiro Agnew, US vice president, that the press is doing a lousy job and guilty of misrepresenting the facts.

As far as is possible at this time an objective look at the recent crisis will show the true stature of Tommy Douglas and his supporting MPs.

The implied notion in the cartoon that a tiny band of "sower rats" has the capacity to "burn the house down" is utter nonsense because Canada has long ceased to be a weather beaten wood shed, a fact that seems to have eluded John Collins. We are a great, proud nation with much of value to protect. Great nations are not in the habit of running for cover at the first sight of a powder puff.

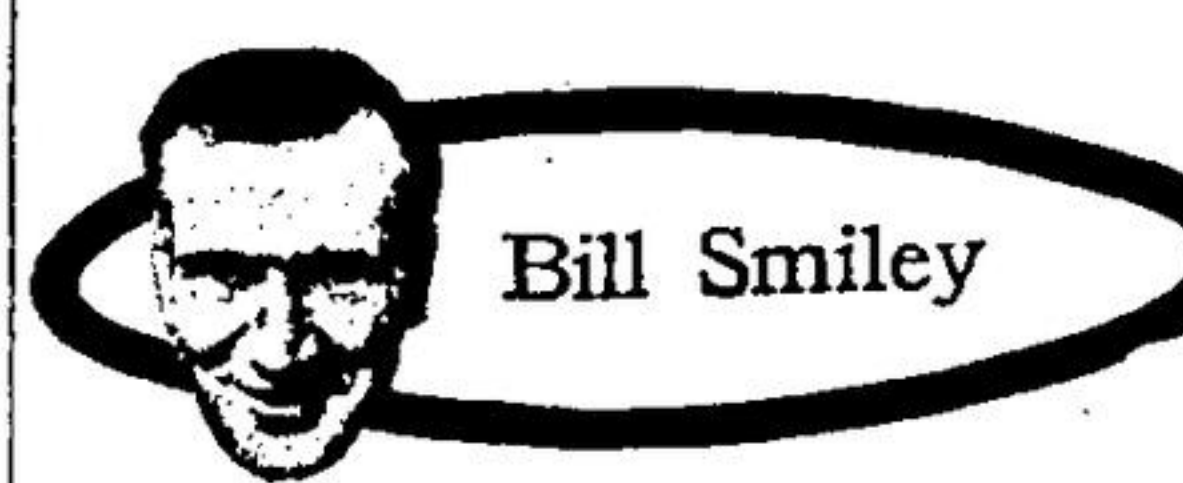
Let's sketch a brief balance sheet of recent events: On the positive side; imposition of the war measures act has shaken the Canadian public from its political Rip Van Winkle sleep and exposed the existence of latent fascist paranoia of frightening proportions. On the negative side; have the hostages been retrieved alive? Have the insurgents been destroyed in a stiff fire fight? Have the FLQ leaders been apprehended? Have the criminals responsible for these monstrous crimes been taken into custody? Have the large quantities of arms and dynamite that the Hon. Minister Jean Marchand mentioned been returned into the hands of the proper authorities? Has the esteem of the QPP and the RCMP been elevated in the public mind at home and abroad?

The answer to all these questions is no, not to mention the anxiety that Canadians whose mother tongue is French must have felt in these critical days, many of whom who are our immediate neighbours right here in town.

Defying constructive speculation for some time to come are the long range political repercussions this crisis will have in Quebec.

The hallmark of a great statesman is the ability to achieve by an application of minimum power maximum results. Who does quality? No Dice Pierre!

A vital lesson to be learned from this crisis is that by the very nature of our national fibre we can not tolerate that even a tiny minority is allowed to languish in desperation among us. Sophisticated and complicated as our society is with vital nerve centres such as hydro transmission lines, water, oil and gas supply lines, transportation and communication lines absolutely essential for the proper functioning of society, all relatively vulnerable to the machinations of terrorist gangs, John Collins is right that



Bill Smiley

FIG LEAVES INSTEAD?

I have just got home from something as rare and delightful as a personally conducted tour of Buckingham Palace — a teacher's staff meeting that lasted only half an hour. This is the equivalent to building the Pyramids in three weeks.

Meetings as such, are a particular annex in hell for anyone who has been in the newspaper business and attended at least one, and sometimes two, every working day of the year.

Ninety-five percent of meetings are unnecessary, unenlightening, and unproductive. They are the refuge of bores of both sexes, who take out their personal frustrations by frustrating everyone else. These people have their little dinkies: Raising points of order; moving amendments to the motion; and haggling for interminable times over items that could be solved in eight seconds by a three year old with two heads.

Occasionally, a meeting produces sparks, a clash, a conflict of personalities or ideas that light the Stygian gloom. I will remember one town council meeting. One of the councillors, somewhat the wear for something or other, called one of the councillors, "a gibbering old baboon." A nice thrust.

He wasn't too far off the mark, but was in no condition himself to hurl such charges. The offending party promptly started peeling off his jacket, and offered to thrash the other "within an inch of your life." The other councillors, and even the mayor, quailed. Chiefly, because both councillors were well into the seventies. I might add that the only blood shed was verbal. But that was a meeting.

Staff meetings are not quite that bad, but they inevitably produce in me a headache so fierce that only a great dollop of some sedative beverage can allay it.

I've seen adults haggling bitterly for half an hour over the chowing of gum. Where it could

be chewed, when it should be chewed and how it should be chewed, (open mouth or closed). The only result was that the kids went on blithely chewing gum, wherever, whenever and however they could get away with it.

Deep moral, social and psychological issues are involved in a problem of this magnitude. Is gum bad for the teeth? What do you do if you send a kid to the office, he removes his gum on the way, and swears angelically that it was the teacher's imagination, that he was really chewing his cud out of sheer nervousness? Is it better for the student to chew gum than to chew his fingernails down to the blood?

"Jesus wore long hair and a beard, didn't he?" How do you counter this one (a favourite, by the way, among male students)? Do you say, "Uh, well, uh, Jesus, uh, THROW THAT GUM IN THE BASKET!" Or would you say, "O.K., Buster, turn that blackboard into an ouija board."

This particular staff meeting was about girls wearing slacks. Human experience has showed that girls will wear whatever other girls are wearing. And girls these days are wearing

slacks. They are comfortable, they can look smart, they are warm, in our frigid winters they prevent boys from peeking up the stairs as the girls ascend in mini-skirts, and they have probably contributed more to containing the population explosion than the old-fashioned night dress.

Anyway, I expected a marathon. About three hours. They can wear slacks, but only once a week. They can wear slacks, but they can't wear blue jeans. Nobody in my class is going to wear slacks. If it's all right for the boys to wear blue jeans, why can't the girls. And so on.

It was fantastic, but the openly, and bluntly expressed feeling of the majority was that girls should be allowed to wear whatever was in style. And that was that.

One commercial teacher, who could have been expected to come down heavily on the side of "no slacks" said she didn't care if they wore fig leaves as long as they were "neat and tidy."

I'd like to hear what you think about long hair, girls wearing slacks, and all the other things that were unacceptable in our day. Drop a line.

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NEWS ECHOES

From the Herald's of 10, 20 and 30 Years Ago

- 1960**
Georgetown and District High School enrolment will be nearly double by 1968 according to a recent survey. A report projecting the enrolment there in eight years estimates the number of students attending will pass the 1000 mark in 1968, and will jump to 700 next term.
- Minister for almost ten years at Norval and Union Presbyterian Churches, Rev. G. Lockhart Royal has accepted a call to Knox Church, Goderich. He will preach his farewell sermons in the district churches on Dec. 11th.
- 1950**
"We didn't allow enough for expansion. Georgetown had the greatest growth in its history last year", said Mayor Harold Cleave at Monday's nomination meeting in the public library. Mayor Cleave was explaining to the 80 ratepayers present the reason for an estimated \$6889 deficit on the year's operations which is forecast by an interim statement of finances as of Nov. 15. The Mayor said it had been hard to keep up with the works in roads, water and sewers because of the opening of new subdivisions in a growing town. Predicting a town of 5,000 in a short time, Mayor Cleave said the census just completed showed over 3,400 residents here.
- 1940**
Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Best of Toronto have purchased 100 acres of land at Stewarttown and will build a summer home there. Dr. Best is internationally known as the co-discoverer of insulin with Sir Frederick Banting and is one of the world's greatest and best known medical research workers. Dr. and Mrs. Best have been frequent visitors in Georgetown and are well known here.

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