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Speak now or forever pay bill

A simple question. How would you like to be earning \$28,000 per year? A not so simple question. How will you enjoy paying someone else that \$26,000 figure?

Well, if the idea of handing your MP, Dr. Frank Philbrook, a pretty sizable raise in pay does not strike you as being a warm and generous gift, then speak up now or forever hold the cheque.

Dr. Philbrook is reportedly spending his holidays here in Halton. You are within a telephone call of telling him exactly what you think of his stand in support of the 50 percent raise in salary for our elected representatives in Ottawa.

His home phone number, by the way, is 844-1424 in Oakville.

The 50 percent figure, says Dr. Philbrook, is not really a 50 percent figure. Oh, sure should the bill pass, MP's salaries will jump from \$18,000 to \$27,000 annually and their non-taxable expenses will go from \$8,000 to \$12,000. Figuring that out, it comes roughly to 50 percent.

But (and here lies our MP's logic) when you calculate it over eight years (the past four since the last pay raise and the next four for the life of this parliament) it really doesn't mean very much at all. Balderdash! Who, in all the world of negotiations, has ever taken such a point of view when asking for a raise?

If you are in fact, the wise man whom we elected last summer Doc, then you knew exactly what your new job as MP for Halton entailed and paid. Even if you didn't (and that we wouldn't believe at all, after all how many jump into a new job without first asking, "what's the pay like?" then you sure as heck, since that hot and muggy victory night last summer, haven't had time to see what your expenses are going to be and whether or not you are going to be able to make a living from the salary. You, Doc, have jumped on the bandwagon.

There are many people who are sending their children to university on

an annual salary much less than your present one Doc. Certainly they have to scrimp and save and cut ends to do it but they, nevertheless do it.

Here we are, beginning a year already filled with talk of dire economic trends. Ford, right here in your own constituency, is predicting a far from rosy year for its workers. Other automobile related industries groan right along with them.

There you are, asking for more. Considering the government's stand on belt tightening, shouldn't you as our representative, practice a little of what your party's preaching?

As we said at the start, if you, as a normal citizen reading this feel rather displeased with the pay raise for MP's express your views. Thus far this holiday, Dr. Philbrook is quoted as saying, he's had only a small amount of feedback from us. "Where we don't hear, we guess they agree," he added. That's not what we hear Doc.

Let him hear the majority.

Won't work

What has happened to the good old-fashioned work ethic? You know, do a job and do it right.

Seemingly in these days of 40-hour weeks, time and a half, double time, nine to five, coffee breaks, the whole idea of working 'til a job is done, and making sure it's done properly have gone by the way.

Is it any wonder that few people today really take any pride at all in their final product, be it a plastered wall or an insurance policy? When you have cut and dried it to the point of being totally meaningless and unfulfilling then a person's job is no longer an important part of his life.

But a job should always be an important part of someone's life complete with headaches and happiness. It's something he spends his day doing. It's something he gives a fair amount of effort to, day in and day out, week after week, year after year. When it's done right he should draw a great deal of satisfaction. When it's done wrong he must share the repercussions.

Only through a total relationship with a job does a person achieve total satisfaction. To liken it to marriage may be a bit extreme but, if a person is going to give his all to a job, the commitment should be just as strong as marriage.

Why these thoughts now? Well we were talking to a good friend who works for a provincially funded organization in Toronto. The work, by all descriptions sounds really interesting and involving. During these past Christmas holidays he was entitled, by all rights, to four days off. Well, through a number of mix-ups and messed-up schedules, mainly through a result of poor management (viva la civil service) she turned out spending only three or four days working. Even at that when she was at work she was usually the only one there so really didn't bother doing her job.

Yet there was work to be done. The change has not been hard to notice. When she started her work there she was all energy and enthusiasm. Now she couldn't really care whether she goes in at all.

On the other hand we know of someone who is working for a small company who's working his heart out. He works until the job is completed and correct. If it means a little extra work without pay then he does it. He loves it. He looks forward to Monday. It's nice to see.

I promise not to promise to promise not to promise

During all the years I have fancied myself a columnist I've made it a practice to start the first column of the new year with a long series of New Year's resolutions. I've always felt this was a great way to commit myself to my own resolutions. After all, make a resolution and tell nobody about it, and in the end you don't have to believe in your own mind that you really made the resolution.

Notwithstanding all that, I won't let you in on too many of my resolves. Instead I'll repeat the best of the year-end jokes I've picked up. (If anyone out there wishes to send it to the

Reader's Digest and pass Go and collect \$25 that's fine with me.)

The joke: Little Elizabeth, age five, is telling little Joy, age six a joke she has learned from a tv program.

It goes: "Adam and Eve and Pinchme went on a picnic.

"They arrived at a river and sat down to have their lunch.

"But Pinchme was not allowed to swim so soon after lunch.

"So Adam and Eve went by themselves together.

"And guess what... a big wave

been paying attention to the Bible story.

All of which reminds me of a publisher I once worked for, who said "Brouwer, keep writing news stories. You'll be able to make a living doing that. But, please, stay away from the humor...."

Now for the resolutions: I promise to maintain the delicate balance required of any newspaperman with two wives - I've been married to one for 17 years, and to the other one only since September and I'm not sure which of the two will be giving me the most headaches this

year. With a little bit of luck the Helen will understand when the Herald will understand when the Helen is at the point where she has lost all respect and understanding and compassion for her rival.

I also promise not to make any more promises I can't keep. Just a few editions back I promised to tell all about our Herald staff party. I can't do it. Except to say that both Herald and Helen had a very good time indeed and that the giant front page that hung in the Herald's front office for a few days was really true.



I bet you wouldn't have guessed....

Ask me about August 22. Go ahead, just ask me about it. Well, it's a Friday. It's in the fourth week of the month. It's the 234 day of the year and there are 131 days after it.

What day is the middle day of the year? Well I'm glad you asked. There are actually two of them. Tuesday, July 1 is the 182 day of the year with 183 more to come. Wednesday, July 2 is the 183 day of the year with 182 to come.

All right. I know you're wondering how I know all these really interesting facts and figures. You're also wondering why I'm wasting your time and mine telling you about them. The reason, you see, is my desk.

I haven't seen it for a couple of weeks now. A flood of pre-Christmas mail covers what I presume is still my desk. I say presume because there have been others in this office coveting my desk. They had a perfect opportunity over the holidays to make a switch without my even knowing it. But don't tell them that.

Anyways, filling a great deal of the space on my desk are calendars. Not just one. Not just two. But...well, let's just say a heckuva lot of them.

I hate to start doing it but it has got to the point where I've begun throwing them out. That really hurts because I come from a family that every year got two calendars and two calendars only. One was from our neighborhood grocer and the other was from our oil man.

These two calendars had important places reserved on our kitchen wall where, day by day, the Johnston clan's activities were chronicled. First thing to be marked were the five birthdays. Not that anyone ever forgot them (we were very liberal with our hints) it was just a matter of making sure they were recorded. Then would come any annual events such as the first and last days of school, the church picnic, the Boy Scouts' bean supper, the start of baseball season. Well, before you knew it that calendar was filled with

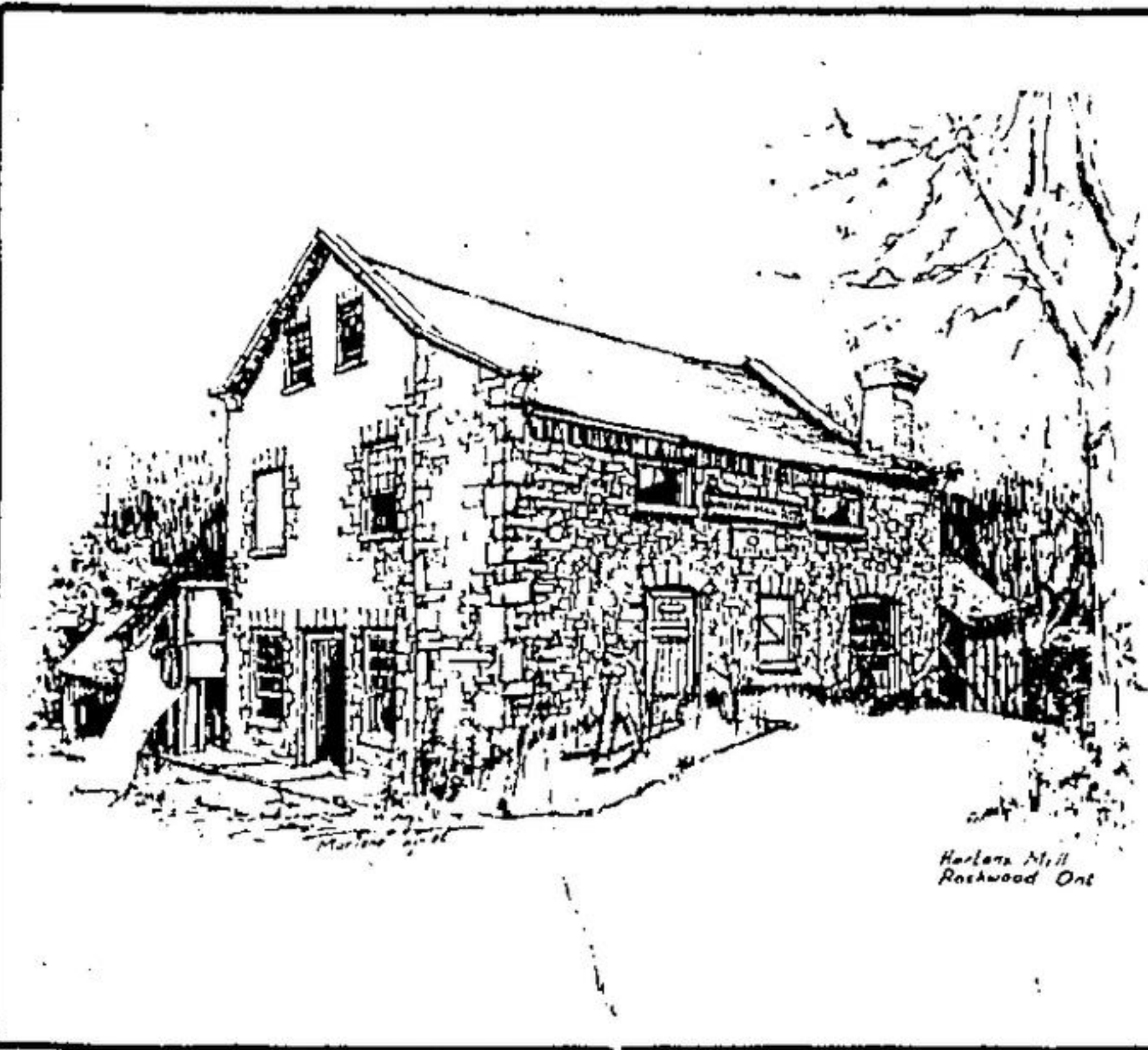
pencilled in notes. (Always with a pencil because you never could tell what might happen between now and then.)

Those folks who make them are obviously sharp cookies. Besides, they really stick together. The Ontario Ministry of Correctional Ser-



by BILL JOHNSTON

vices' calendar says today is Wednesday, January 8. Burns Transport agrees, as does this silly little calendar some fan sent. As for Miss January, she is definitely in agreement.



The award this year (they all agree that it's 1975) for the most appreciated calendar goes to the H. Boehmers company, the heating, air conditioning and construction material folks who located one of their branches here in Georgetown. Boehmers is marking 100 years in business and, as a means of marking the event, commissioned six artists to depict scenes which its "customers might recognize or would recall with nostalgia." It's an exceptionally fine calendar-and one which I'm tempted to do something extra with, such as framing a few of the 12 sketches.

Particularly worthy of note are three sketches by Marlene Joffriet. A graduate of Canterbury College of Art in England she now lives in Guelph. For the Boehmers collection she has drawn Massey Hall on the campus of the University of Guelph, the old school at West Montrose and the century old Horton's Mill at Rockwood.

Well done Boehmers. It's nice to get something like that in the morning mail.

Speaking of odd Christmas presents. This I borrowed from the Guelph Mercury's notebook. Strangest Christmas present in Guelph this year was a lighter which, when the switch is pressed down, doesn't burst into flames but, instead, a little red arrow pops up and points to the nearest person who has a match.

Another big selling Christmas gift idea in Guelph was a bottle of a new chlorine deodorant for people who want other people to think they have a swimming pool.

Nothing like doing a full job. Seems some thieves in Oakville weren't just satisfied with siphoning gas from a car owned by a fellow by the name of Rodney Rondeau. They took the entire gas tank from his car which was parked in his own driveway.

Hey, did you know Victoria Day is on a Monday this year?

YEARS AGO

10 YEARS AGO

A former Georgetown Police Sergeant, James Bilabrow, died after a second heart operation at Toronto Western Hospital. Mr. Bilabrow joined the Georgetown force in 1955 and was promoted to corporal within a year.

Erwin Lewis will serve a second term as Georgetown Fire Chief. He was elected to office at the annual meeting at the firehall.

Murray McMullen of McIntyre Crescent was rushed to hospital following an accident that occurred on his way home from school. Murray slipped from a snowbank where he and a group of youngsters were playing into the path of an oncoming truck. The truck, a Simpson-Sears delivery van, was operated by a Toronto man. The boy was treated and released from the Georgetown hospital.

20 YEARS AGO

The recent annexation of 1,728 acres will double the present size of the township according to Esqueping officials. Survey work has begun for the new development and a railway line is underway to provide access to the industrial park planned for the north side of Highway Seven.

Bob Hardman escaped injury when his car was struck by an eastbound CNR passenger train. Mr. Hardman was crossing the tracks, located at the station, on his way to the Provincial Paper Mill. The car braked to a stop at the station with the rear end still on the tracks. \$500 damage was done to the car.

This week at Carroll's: Peanut Butter...33 cents, Margarine...2 lbs. for 49 cents, Salmon...a half lb. 37 cents.

As of this year, the full-time teaching staff of Georgetown will reach an all time high. A total of 19 teachers are currently employed to serve the education needs of the children of Georgetown.

30 YEARS AGO

Harvey Nurse took first prize in the Corn Husking competition held during the fall. Mr. Nurse was one of 70 contestants for the prize offered by CIL. The announcement was made at a special banquet in Norval.

The Georgetown Herald 'Soldiers Comfort Fund' has a new total. As of this date \$1219.21 has been raised for the fund.

Halton County children have collected 1,800 bags of milkweed pods. The pods contain the silky material that will replace kapok in the manufacture of life jackets. Kapok is available normally from Java, but, with the Japanese seizure of the island it is impossible to gain access to the product.

This week at Carroll's: Tomato Soup...4 for 25 cents, Mustard...8 cents, Romar Coffee...33 cents.

This week at The Gregory Theatre "Seven Days Ashore" with Wally Brown and Gordon Oliver and, as an added feature, "Jungle Woman" starring Evelyn Ankers and Milburn Stone.