

A Division of Canadian Newspapers Company Limited

103 Main St. South, Georgetown, L7G-3E5, Ontario

PETER BROUWER, Publisher

BILL JOHNSTON, Editor

PHONE... 877-2201

Second Class Mail Registered Number—0943

Wrong number

Ge Doc, sorry about that. We didn't realize that you not only didn't make house calls but wouldn't take any as well.

Doc Philbrook, our man in Ottawa, was upset at last week's editorial dealing with his stand on the 50 percent pay raise for MPs. (He has mellowed a bit. He's now saying that 33 percent will be the answer. A couple more weeks of constituents' comments and who knows what our federal representatives will agree to?)

Doc, however, wasn't upset about our comments on the raise but, instead, he was quite angry that we gave his home phone number.

Unfair, claims Dr. Philbrook. People who wish to contact him can do so through his constituency office during business hours. His personal life, and his family's personal life, are separate from his business life, he told us.

Actually we've seen our error Doc. We, unfortunately, were thinking back a few years (and not in this area) of a fellow whom we sent to

Ottawa. He was there to express our voice and actually liked to hear what we thought about different issues so that he could speak with the certainty that he expressed his constituents' point of view.

He was a great guy. He didn't mind if we called him at home. If he wasn't there his wife would usually jot down a message and pass it along. On a quiet afternoon, in fact, he wouldn't mind if we dropped in to see him. Dad and I used to have some interesting discussions with him. Actually it was a matter of us listening and him talking, but occasionally we got our chance.

Anyways, he was re-elected so often we kidded him that he would eventually just move to Ottawa lock, stock and barrel. He didn't though.

So, in case you haven't given Dr. Philbrook a call yet concerning the 50 percent pay raise, to contact his constituency office number in Oakville just call the operator and ask for Zenith 89110. There's no charge. We're not certain of what the office hours are but they're likely 9 to 5.

They pay, we work

Our finance and personnel committee may not have made an easy decision last week when its members decided to put thumbs down on the provincial government's home improvement program. The decision, however, was a wise one. Our councillors, fortunately, are not taking all that the province keeps shoving at them.

The plan—properly titled the Ontario Home Renewal Program—will hand out \$8 million in loans to people wishing to improve their plumbing, up-date their wiring or carry out any other improvement to their home. Sorry no additions.

Halton Hills decided not to take part in the program, as Halton had decided earlier.

The plan actually sounds very seductive; a nice pre-election tidbit to catch the fancy of the people.

But there's a snag. The province pays the bill and then leaves the municipality the task of collecting it. All payments and collections are carried out by the local municipality. Halton Hills, by fact, would

become the collection agency for Queen's Park without the benefit of a five-percent or ten-percent commission.

As committee chairman Harry Levy pointed out, over 20 years of collecting monthly payments, town employees are going to have to expend a fair amount of time keeping things in order.

It's unfortunate that the program was set up in such a way. The plan could no doubt have been a big help to a few people here in Halton Hills. We, being a relatively new community, probably would not have received as many requests as others, but a provincial plan to assist in renovating old homes could probably have come in handy for some. Renovations being very costly these days.

Pity, however, the communities that receive a lot of requests for assistance under the program and thus are backed into a position of having to take it on. The more money the province hands out, all the more work for them.

Meet a Halton Hills audio-visualizer

While I'm a fairly optimistic person at heart, I don't hold out much hope for my profession. It's all because of a guy in Acton.

He's not a member of my profession, so that's not the reason for the lack of hope. He's one of those whiz-kids who's going to put us print-people out of business with lenses and wires and tapes.

So what's my profession? Simple. A publisher publishes. What else would he do. (In fact, what else can he possibly do.)

And why is this Acton individual getting on my nerves? Simple again. He has a better way of communicating with people than I have.

He doesn't need typesetting machines, or even typewriters and presses. He simply pulls up with his mini-motor-home loaded with electronic gadgets of all kinds, jumps out, sets up his microphones clicks his cameras with long lenses and short lenses, returns to his shop to put it all on cassette tapes and bingo, instant communications!

Peeter Saxon of Acton (why the two e's I'm really not sure, because there are a number of interpretations) is the fellow who has me worried.

He's in the business of audio-visual as they call it. And what Saxon does with this thing called audio-visual has me stumped.

On the weekend this Acton Audio-visualizer showed me, for example, that there is so much to a sewer pipe. I was beginning to wonder whether I ought to go back to school. Here he had a sewer pipe (a National Sewer Pipe, at that) in a ring with George Chuvale. And the sewer pipe won. Because it was called Clay. That is, Clay as in Cassius. Now if you're a fan of boxing, you know about George

Chuvale and you will be as surprised as I was that an Acton man can bring about a bout in which a Clay pipe out-performs real live Chuvale.

Anyway, Saxon is in the business of making commercial audio-visual presentations for companies and institutions.

Just recently he finished a series

of audio-visual presentations for the

Addiction Research Foundation, and I'll bet that a few shots of this thing, at the right time, in the right place would dry up the other kind of shot so quickly, the governments of our time would have to tax us all to death because of the lack of revenue from the sale of booze.

Saxon has also made a gorgeous audio-visual thing on recreation, and what it is really meant to be. This one he produced for a Toronto borough

and I would recommend something like this for all our local and area politicians. If we would all understand a little better that there's more to recreation than an arena and a few organized programs under the recreation director's guidance, we could improve our lives considerably. (In fact, Saxon, why don't you make an "audio-visual" on recreation and what it means to Halton Hills?)

Why am I saying all this?

Because Saxon, I found, is one of a dying breed. He's basically working a very small operation. Does all the work himself. Why? Don't people go "big" if they're really good because then there's a lot more money to be made?

Not Saxon. He likes his work. And he does it well. He's a craftsman in the true sense of the word. And he doesn't want to go "big."

It's nice to meet someone today who has that attitude.

The world needs the craftsman. No matter how many audiovisual or other gadgets we come up with.

Perhaps at that, even my profession will survive.

by PETER BROUWER

for the Addiction Research Foundation, and I'll bet that a few shots of this thing, at the right time, in the right place would dry up the other kind of shot so quickly, the governments of our time would have to tax us all to death because of the lack of revenue from the sale of booze.

Saxon has also made a gorgeous audio-visual thing on recreation, and what it is really meant to be. This one he produced for a Toronto borough

and I would recommend something like this for all our local and area politicians. If we would all understand a little better that there's more to recreation than an arena and a few organized programs under the recreation director's guidance, we could improve our lives considerably. (In fact, Saxon, why don't you make an "audio-visual" on recreation and what it means to Halton Hills?)

Why am I saying all this?

Because Saxon, I found, is one of a dying breed. He's basically working a very small operation. Does all the work himself. Why? Don't people go "big" if they're really good because then there's a lot more money to be made?

Not Saxon. He likes his work. And he does it well. He's a craftsman in the true sense of the word. And he doesn't want to go "big."

It's nice to meet someone today who has that attitude.

The world needs the craftsman. No matter how many audiovisual or other gadgets we come up with.

Perhaps at that, even my profession will survive.

by PETER BROUWER

for the Addiction Research Foundation, and I'll bet that a few shots of this thing, at the right time, in the right place would dry up the other kind of shot so quickly, the governments of our time would have to tax us all to death because of the lack of revenue from the sale of booze.

Saxon has also made a gorgeous audio-visual thing on recreation, and what it is really meant to be. This one he produced for a Toronto borough



Thumbing through the column

Pardon me if my typing is off this week. You see, I'm working under a terrible handicap: a badly bruised thumb.

Now bruised thumbs may not be a major disaster in your line of work fella but in this game we call journalism it could be deadly. Athletes have their torn tendons and their pulled groin muscles. Construction workers have their slipped discs and crushed fingers. Farmers have their hay fever. But for a journalist, a sure sign of a painful injury is a loose band-aid slipping off one of his fingers.

This typewriter just does not seem to have any mercy. (It were could spell properly) Here I am, limping through this column, and do

you think it would help out a bit? Not on your life. If anything, this devilish space bar is getting harder and harder to hit.

How did you injure your finger Bill, you might be asking? Fortunately, it's not a long story.

It was the afternoon of New Year's Eve. I dropped in at a friend's place for a pre-celebration celebration. She's a fledgling writer and had just received notice that her book is going to be published. Anyways, right in the midst of our festivities her daughter (young, attractive and eligible) pulled up with a carload of New Year's Eve necessities.

Well, always a gentleman, I volunteered to give her a hand in bringing them in.

I have never needed a better challenge or a better opportunity to impress. "No problem, these things will be in in no time." With that she headed for the house which, I should mention right now, is located about 60 feet from the road and down a sheer, icy slope.

They built their home by themselves and so were more concerned with such things as walls and ceilings instead of walkways, thus there

were't any stairs to help the journey.

Looking in the back seat of the car there was large cardboard box. In the front seat was a bag filled with large ginger ale bottles. (Why grocery stores are allowed to put



by BILL JOHNSTON

bottles in bags they know can't hold them, I'll never know?)

Once having managed to juggle the box and bag into some sort of carrying position I then had the tricky problem of closing the doors while (and here's the catch) still looking relatively cool, calm and collected.

Nevertheless I did eventually manage to do it. Then there was the walk down hill.

Have you ever seen someone

whose life is in dire danger, smiling and looking extremely cool, etc.?

Well I was that person. I lost all stability as soon as I stepped away from the car. Somehow, while travelling at about 25 mph, totally out of control, on a sheer icy incline, I not only managed to stay on my feet but still held onto the bag and box. Right up to and including the moment when I slammed into the front of the house, full tilt. And all the time still smiling.

Fortunately the only injury was this bruised thumb.

If you're wondering how I injured my thumb in all this... That came five minutes later when a car drove up and out hopped a fellow who was introduced as "The Boyfriend." While shaking hands I must have applied too much pressure. He, being a 600-pound giant, didn't seem to flinch at all as I focussed my entire strength into the death-defying Johnston Thumb Press. He, needless to say, mutilated my thumb.

I must keep reminding myself that inside this six-foot, one-inch collection of sheer muscle and might is a 165 pound weakling.

If that's not your cup of tea, how about this? Number one on the menu is snake shreds with celery at Yis Lam Ki Restaurant in Hong Kong. At their counterpart down in Toronto you might want to try Winston's for a change-of-pace meal. How about some silkworm sperm wine? Imagine who has the job of milking the silkworm. You might want to try tiger bone wine, or new born mice wine, not to mention five-snake bile wine or the common three-snake variety. Pass me thanks.

Keeping with the strange eating habits, psychiatrists in Birmingham University made a study on the eating habits of expectant fathers. They mention chocolates before shaving and french fries with ice cream. But when they got down to nibbling bars of soap between meals I began to wonder if the whole article wasn't a little soapy? Perhaps the good doctors conducting the study have been into the five-snake bile wine.

Bits and pieces

By Gerry Landsborough

What better way to begin the new year, than with a potpourri of news items, which, by the way, is a regular, now and again, feature of this column. Little bits of this and quotes of that, to amuse and confuse you—at least that's what they always manage to do to me.

Here's a favorite from Ottawa. Our government wouldn't consider selling a dozen

concluded Thursday night for the CBC television show "Country Time". For two days heavy cables, lights, cameras, and microphones covered the farm making the animals feel unwelcome.

Georgetown and District High School was included in a recent survey which will be used to formulate educational plans for Canada. One fact determined by the survey was that classes should not exceed 35 students. At present the average GDHS class consists of 38 students. The report went on to say that a teacher should only teach no more than 30 periods per week. Teachers now teach, on an average, 40 periods per week.

With the variety of courses offered some

teachers must prepare multiple programs for the educational year. The committee felt teachers should not teach more than four courses per week.

A representative from the Georgetown IGA store will appear in Magistrates Court because of a recent infringement of the Thursday closing bylaw. Members of the local police force entered the store and purchased several items. The Thursday closing bylaw will be considered in future council meetings.

Twenty boys signed up for the Georgetown Boys' Band. The boys purchase the instruments they will play in the band.

The band meets each Thursday at Chapel Street School.

The extension of Maple Avenue may be a reality if the predictions of Mayor Jack Armstrong come true. The mayor also reported that the employment situation was good in town with only \$7.00 being spent for the past year.

An encouraging report showing 1944 fire calls was submitted by fire chief Donald Latimer. Only one fire, the recent one at Penson's Fish and Chips Store, caused any damage and this was estimated at \$75. Other calls during the year were mostly for grass and chimney fires.

Brampton for the whole night

The rural districts about Georgetown were badly snowed in, due to another heavy snowfall and high winds last week, and many are only now getting out. Limehouse Road was impassable for several days last week.

Art Benton of the general store had provisions sent up on the train and used a toboggan to bring them from the station to his store. Mr. Howard May of RR2, Norval, was in quite a fix when he found his farm snowed in and the telephone out of commission on the day he headed for the polls in Esqueaux council.

Several Georgetown citizens had to spend the night in Brampton on New Year's Eve. Snow prevented buses from Toronto and Guelph from getting through.