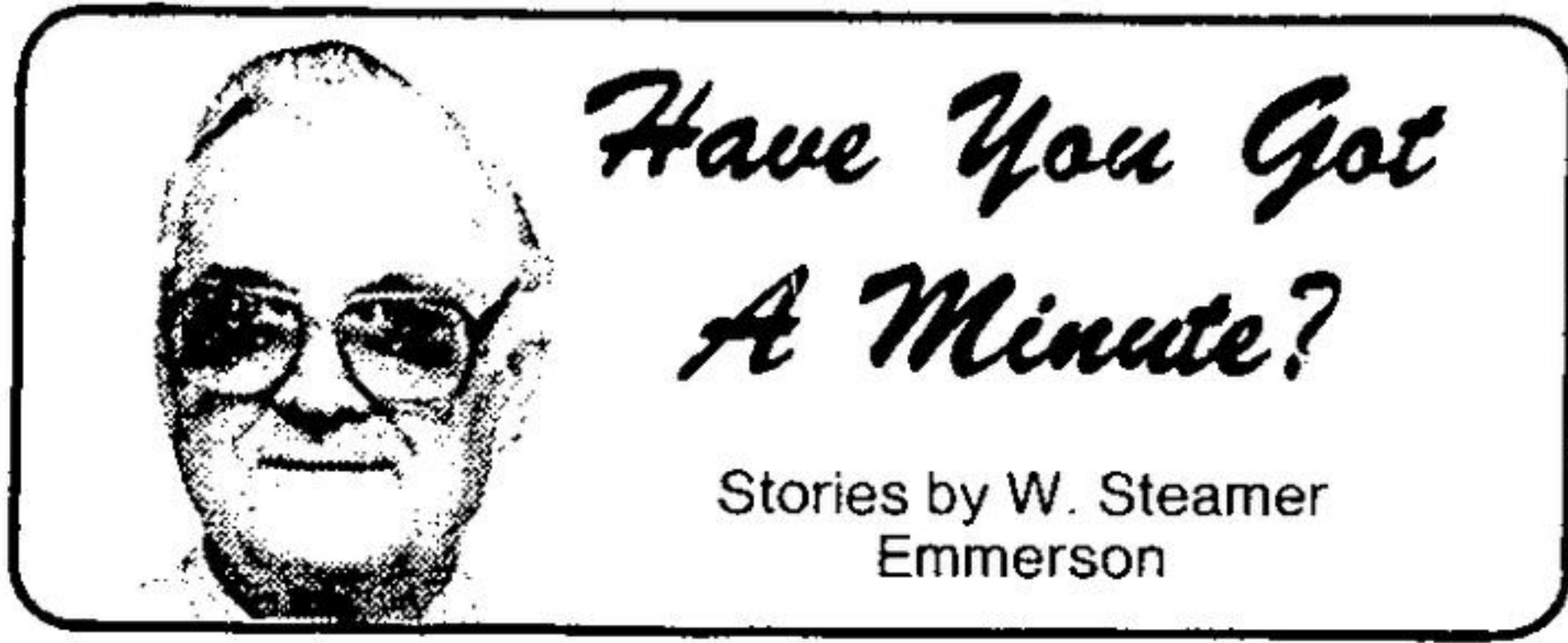


# With power comes the odd poke in the nose



Have you ever wanted to walk a mile in Russell's shoes?  
Or do you care?  
Surely now there must be one particular moment of frustration or despair that comes to mind.  
Think!

No profanity please.  
Hasn't there been a moment when some inflammatory action or arbitrary passing of a bylaw kindled or even fanned the flames of dissent within you?

Has not exasperation at times caused you to scream out within the sanctity of your castle, "Wouldn't I love to be the blankety-blank mayor for a day or two?"

Change would come quickly and ruthlessly with you at the helm.

Not for one solitary moment would you put up with the laggards, errors or omissions, the incompetent, the con-artists, the bullies, the fast buck operators.

No sir, under your command all and sundry would soon discover you run a tight ship.

Russell must have felt the same way when he started.

I know I did.  
The Chinese have a wonderful old proverb that reads, "It is easy to criticize from comfortable position."

I do it every week from my recliner as I scan the council news.

But the proverb, also Confucious, I like the best is "Young men who leave home to set world on fire often return for more matches."

Why, I've gone through box after box.

Russell is more progressive.  
He carries a lighter.

Back to the moment of your discontent.

Was it dump sites, developers, proposed four or five lane highways passing your door, or a neglected pothole in front of your house?

We are talking big issues here.  
I know one past mayor who lived and breathed potholes.

He was hard to beat at the polls.

Fighting developers, battling the O.M.B. was part and parcel of his stewardship.

He relished those battles.

The road crew of his day would feel the full fury of his office if they neglected potholes.

With an eye on the ballot box, potholes quickly filled translated into votes.

His slogan on campaign literature was "Vote for the Man You Know."

Is it any different today in the grandiose halls of power in the new civic centre?

Now Russell might get up and add his voice to the groundswell of public support for environmental issues.

He is probably wrestling with pollution in his mind this very minute.

It may take him a while to solve these kinds of problems.

Like mayors before him he can swing into top draw executive action over an unfixed pothole brought to his attention by an irate, won't take it anymore, taxpayer.

Pothole plicy became engraved in stone after "my incident."

To the best of my knowledge every successive mayor learned

the importance of rapid repairs to potholes.

Talk about the hot issues all you like, but potholes can command the attention of mayors, wardens, reeves, works superintendents, and every day down to earth pothole fillers with just one painful punch in the nose.

To those of you seething with dissatisfaction and silently scheming to climb the stairs of political power, just read on.

Oh, Russell, Pete, Tommy or Bill may have been threatened, but at no time can I recall an actual punch being thrown.

Especially in the heart of trade and commerce, Main Street.

It happened to me.

Let me tell you the sad and painful circumstances.

Believe this or not, it happened right in front of the Union Gas Company office on Main Street.

To this day I hate it when my wife tells me to drop in and pay the gas bill.

I look both ways going in and coming out.

Bear with me for a moment before I tell you about the actual punch.

Mainstreeting by the mayor is a true and personal way of taking the public pulse on how he and the council are handling the affairs of state at city hall.

You don't need Gallop pollsters to tell you what's going on in the taxpayers head.

Just walk down the main drag on payday or when the pension cheques are being cashed and you'll get your opinion. Fast like.

Some unflattering.

One day while mainstreeting I met a concerned citizen.

Joe had his own method of polling - one powerful, painful punch to the nose.

I might add by this time I was a concerned citizen too.

Of course everybody on Main Street knew within seconds Joe had taken his poll or toll so to speak.

In life we've all had to take the bitter with the sweet.

I just gave you a taste of the bitter, now let me give you a little of the sweet.

Free dinners, your photo in the paper every week, being called your worship, Mr. Mayor, cutting

huge blue ribbons could become addictive and head turning if your feet aren't planted firmly on the ground.

And of course there was always the glad handers giving you a mighty shake that pulled you close as they whispered their undying support in your ear.

It's not the glad handers to be wary of when mainstreeting.

Look out for the little eighty-year-old, jockey-sized, irreverent taxpayer who has fought wars, the depression and struggled to keep a roof over his family's head.

They are the dangerous kind.

Keep a sharp eye.  
In my case it was a nose.

I must be frank - Joe got my full and undivided attention instantly with one lightning fast Mohammed Ali right hand.

By this time I know you are burping with desire to know who this gutty almost centurion scrapper was.

Joe Brochu is gone now but I can assure not forgotten.

Let me say a few kind words about Joe.

He was never in any trouble before or since "our incident."

He always appeared to be on the sunny side of the street with his disposition.

Never had I known him to be other than a gentleman.

Before his retirement he was a cook at the local hospital.

That may have been his one and only flaw.

I am sure all of you can recall the old vaudevillian joke about the stubborn mule. In order to get his attention he had to be hit over the head with a two by four.

Joe must have remembered the joke.

It was really long gone Esqueving Township and Reeve George Currie who should have got the two by four.

Joe's pothole was just a few yards beyond old Georgetown's

boundary on lower Main Street often referred to as the eighth line.

It was really Reeve Currie who should have been at the end of Joe's punch.

I'll say this about Joe - he was direct.

There was no warning rattle, no growl. No jawing back and forth, just bang, right on the nose.

Dazed, shaken, warm blood trickling down my stinging nostrils I tried to regain my mayoralty composure.

I knew undying support was near at hand. Or was it?

The glad handers and their whispers of support had vanished as soon as the one and only punch was thrown.

So much for loyal supporters.

I was alone in front of the gas office with my pit bull adversary.

It would be ungrateful of me not to tell you my disgruntled potholer was the first to react with attention and compassion.

He insisted on dabbing my nose with his soiled hanky.

To this day when I take a clean hanky from my drawer I think of poor Joe.

Even though my tear ducts were raging like a swollen spring

stream, I couldn't help but notice his tears of remorse.

Without waiting for the blood to congeal I was on the phone to Reeve Currie and Warden Bill Hunter. Joe's pothole was upgraded from never to a "Mayday, Mayday" priority.

In my office Joe shadow boxed with excitement like the bantam weight winner of an important match.

As Mohammed Ali once said, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," Joe did the floating as he realized the machinery was thrown into gear to repair his road.

As I hung up I could hear the mighty start up van of the township grader with Red Roshier at the wheel.

The wheels were moving.

Joe hugged me, wanted to buy me a beer, called his wife to tell her that I was no longer an expletive.

To all you malcontent and rebels who would love to sit in the mayor's chair for a day or so, a word of caution.

With power comes privilege and the odd poke in the nose.

P.S. Russell's shoes are size ten.

## Automobile Club calls for restraint

The Hamilton Automobile Club is calling upon wholesale gasoline suppliers and retailers to use restraint in their pricing policy and not increase costs to motorists unnecessarily because of current events in the Middle East.

Hamilton Automobile Club President, Richard Congdon.

The Hamilton Automobile Club also urges the motoring public to use similar restraints and not succumb to panic buying in an effort to avoid perceived future price hikes.

"If everyone acts rationally, we should get through this situation without serious consequences to motorists or the economy," says

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Correctly answer this weeks trivia question then cut out the ballot and deposit it at King Pizza & Submarine or the Herald. A winner will be drawn each week from all entries received. Deadline for entries is the next Wednesday for the previous week's question.

Question: **What Position Does Tom Henke Play?**

Answer: .....

Name: .....

Address: .....

Phone Number: .....

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