

GRAPE VINE

two Georgetown locations at 166 and 360 Guelph Street.

The donated items will be cleaned for free and then distributed to the needy on Oct. 20 from noon until 4 pm at the 166 Guelph Street location.

Lest We Forget

The town's paperwork is done for this year's Royal Canadian Legion Remembrance Day parades and ceremonies in Georgetown and Glen Williams.

As well as proclaiming the week of Nov. 3 to Nov. 11 "Poppy Week," Town Councillors authorized Legion Branch 120 to order wreaths for the services and as usual, agreed to pay printing costs for Remembrance Day programs.

On Sunday, Nov. 10, Main Street from the Glen School to Confederation Street to the Cenotaph will be closed from noon to 1 pm for Remembrance Day ceremonies.

At 2 pm Sunday, streets from Market Street to Remembrance Park will be closed for an hour and on Monday, Nov. 11 the same route to the Cenotaph will be closed from 10:30 until 11:30 am.

St. John's fruit sale

Fresh Florida produce in the winter should be incentive to order fruit through St. John's United Church in Glen Williams.

Luscious oranges, grapefruits, and tangelos are arriving fresh from Florida early in December as a fundraiser. Order by Nov. 1.

For further information call Kim at 873-3139.

Police recruit patrollers

Halton police will have extra pairs of eyes and ears on the street next month when they launch the Communities On Phone Patrol (COPP) program in Halton Hills.

Trained volunteer members of COPP, using their own vehicles and police-issue cellular phones, will patrol where directed and while they won't get directly involved in any situation, they will watch and call police if they are needed.

Suspicious people and vehicles observed while on patrol will also be reported to police.

The COPP program, modeled after Waterloo's, will be up and running in Halton Hills and Milton next month and in the rest of the Region in the new year.

Interested COPP volunteers, who must have a driver's licence and a vehicle, can call Constable Doug Williamson or Doug Magwood at 878-5511 extension 2101.

Winter warmth

Once again Barragers Cleaners is doing its bit to ensure that anyone who needs a warm winter coat can get one for free.

Barragers is accepting used coats and sleeping bags until Oct. 15 at its

Hartley's PSSStered by that certain sound

P-s-s-s-t-t! The sound hissed across the room rebounding off kitchen walls like chalk skidding across a blackboard.

Good gosh, I thought, rushing to the kitchen window, someone is letting the air out of my car's tires. No one there. The tires looked fine.

Finally it registered. My wife, across the room, was trying to get my attention. P-s-s-s-t-t! she said it again, the word that bristles the hairs on my neck and makes me think of a rattlesnake with no pit to hiss in.

I've never liked the word. It is a word, not just a sound. Oxford—the dictionary—records it as an interjection to "attract attention surreptitiously."

I have to admit it is better than "Hey you" that other attention compeller but certainly not in the same class as polite English greetings such as "I say there ..." or "Could I have your attention, please!"

P-s-s-s-t-t has always rankled me—and got my attention—much to my own dismay.

It's the sound, the hiss, that gets my goat. Most of us are afflicted with some sounds we don't like. And the images they conjure up. Probably why we call our kids

Coles' Slaw

With Hartley Coles



John instead of Hortense, or Susan instead of Aphrodite.

Eugene Field, the rhymester, summed it up in these words:

Father calls me William,
Sister calls me Will;
Mother calls me Willie,
But the fellers call me Bill.

It's the words that we are most comfortable with that we like to use, often a derivative of the original. And the meaning of words can also be changed by a simple misspelling or misplaced phrase. "Typos" in newspapers and other publications are often good illustrations.

For example, take the apocryphal case of the small daily newspaper in the U.S. which started out with the following classified ad on Monday:

FOR SALE — R. D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Phone 958 after 7 pm and ask for Mrs. Kelly who lives with him cheap.

An embarrassed classified man-

ager had the following appear in the next day's newspaper:

NOTICE: We regret having erred in R.D. Jones' ad yesterday. It should have read: One sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 958 and ask for Mrs. Kelly, who lives with him after 7 pm.

Embarrassment piled upon embarrassment. On Wednesday the paper published a bold face notice in the classified columns which said: R.D. Jones has informed us he has received several annoying telephone calls because of the error we made in his classified ad yesterday. His ad stands corrected as follows:

R.D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 958 after 7 p.m. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who loves with him.

Horrors! The very next day the newspaper came out with this message from Mr. R.D. Jones:

NOTICE: I, R.D. Jones have no sewing machine for sale. I smashed it. Don't call 958 as the telephone has been taken out. I have not been carrying on with Mrs. Kelly. Until yesterday she was my housekeeper. Now she's quit."

So you can undoubtedly see why I do not like the word P-s-s-s-t-t!

HEY!

With less than 100 shopping days to go until Christmas, have you started your shopping yet?



"Yes, I started on Dec. 27 of last year and I only have two gifts left to buy."

Linda Gillett, Trafalgar Road



"Yes, I started collecting at the beginning of the month. I like to get ahead and get it all finished."

Marnie Michalak, Gardiner Drive



"No, I'm not even thinking about Christmas yet."

Paul Burns, Sargent Road

"No, we don't celebrate Christmas. I'm Jewish and my husband hates Christmas. Hanukkah is a very kid-oriented holiday — you light a candle and get a little gift."

Karen Reynolds, Black Creek Court



To spank or not to spank — that's the question

It seems to me that the organized I-know-better-than-thou brigade is mounting a campaign to repeal Section 43 of the Criminal Code. Most parents probably don't realize that this section, which allows parents to use "reasonable force" when disciplining children, even exists. Like most folks, I didn't know that I needed government permission to administer a spanking when I thought it necessary.

Before we go on, let me state unequivocally that I see a huge difference between a spanking and child beating. I have, when necessary, administered the occasional swat to the gluteus maximus of all our children. In our house, this was a last resort; used only when the children went well beyond the bounds of acceptable behaviour.

As a parent, I think you have to analyze how effective spanking, as a discipline tool, is. Siblings react differently. For example: our oldest paid attention to bad behaviour after a spanking and seldom put herself into the same position again. Our second child almost made a career of getting into trouble and proving she could take whatever we could dish out. (Every family has one). The Bride and I had to develop another strategy for her. I'll let you know if we find one that works.

Daughter Number 3 took spankings very personally, so we backed off that discipline in favour of room-time (alone) to consider her misdeeds. Our youngest was usually pretty well worked over by her sisters so she got off the easiest. What I'm trying to say is that spanking alone is not the answer to disciplining children. You have to put your

The Way I See It

With Mike O'Leary



mind in motion before your hand.

Children, as any parent knows, will be at one time or another, infuriating.

That's when the adult has to keep his or her cool. You should never spank a child when you are angry. Let me tell you how I learned that.

The Old Kid has always been a challenge. If you told her not to touch something, she'd put her finger 1 cm above it, look at you, smile, and say, "I'm not touching it." I remember a family dinner conversation when we were discussing bad language. Out of the blue she said, "I don't use bad words, but Buddy (a neighbour) does. He says F—that and F—that all the time. Everything is either F—ing great or F—ing terrible. Every other word is F—F—F— all day long, Daddy 'cause I know F—is a bad word and I'm a good girl. But Buddy does."

And then she turned to me with big blue eyes, batted her lashes and turned on a smile that would light up the night. Her look said, what'cha going to do about that Bucko? The Bride and I nearly bit through our lips trying not to laugh.

"That's good dear," we said. "Don't use the words Buddy does." She did not get a spanking.

When spanking any of our children was necessary, it would usually be followed with the brat in

question being sent to her room. Once, the Old Kid sat on the stairs and just screamed. After a few minutes, I lost my temper and that's when I learned my lesson.

"Get to your room," I bellowed, and swatted her again. She screamed even louder. In frustration I yelled, "What's it going to take to get you to stop crying?"

"I'll make a deal with you Dad," she sobbed. "You quit spanking me and I'll quit crying." She got a hug instead and went quietly to her room. I learned a lot that day and that was one of the last spankings she received. For this child, spanking was non-productive. The funny thing is that to this day, she doesn't recall the incident. But I do.

This column was brought about by an article in last Sunday's *Star* by Michelle Landsberg. In it she stated that of hundreds of studies done on this topic in European and North America, "not a single one anywhere has demonstrated any beneficial effects of corporal punishment." (Her italics.) Oh golly gee-whiz wow. Of course they haven't!

Spanking is not the panacea to disciplining children. If all you do is spank your kid, they'll probably turn out to be violent. The vast majority of parents shower love, affection, understanding, patience, and generosity on their children. Some parents spank their kids, some don't. The former are no better than the latter and certainly no worse. I'm not recommending one strategy or the other — I don't think I know enough about the subject. All I know is that the Bride and I did our best, and continue to do so.