

Too soon

Let's hope that the provincial government pays a little more than mere lip service to Halton Hills' request that the March 10 Ontario Municipal Board hearings concerning Consolidated Sand and Gravel's appeal against the Esqueving official plan be delayed indefinitely.

This has nothing to do with whether or not there should be another quarry on the Niagara Escarpment. It's a matter of saving a few of the taxpayers' dollars; over \$30,000 to be more exact. Dollars that will be either totally wasted or just an initial payment, depending upon the OMB's conclusion.

Should the OMB decide to uphold the provincially approved Esqueving official plan, as you would think it would, two weeks of legal and professional fees will have cost Halton Hills about \$30,000 to prove something they firmly believed in two years ago when the plan was originally drawn up and approved.

But let's not forget that the Region of Halton will also be represented throughout the hearings by its legal advisors. That, too, will cost taxpayers a few dollars.

Let's hope that Consolidated Sand and Gravel's bill for legal and

professional advice is just as steep as ours.

However, should the OMB decide that the appeal is justified thus giving the sand and gravel company permission to begin operations let's not be fooled that that could be the last we will ever hear of the whole situation.

Six months or a year later, when the Niagara Escarpment Commission's master plan for the escarpment is released, the conclusion in it may agree with the original Esqueving conclusion; that the quarry should not be opened. You can bet that Consolidated, which has shown a slight tendency towards stubbornness this far, will head back to the legal drawing board. We, as provincial taxpayers, will be once again asked to finance the legal wranglings that will, no doubt, result.

So let's be reasonable Queen's Park. What rush is there, after all? Who is providing the pressure to get this rushed through quickly and, as far as we're concerned, prematurely? Certainly not the town nor the region nor the Niagara Escarpment Commission. That pretty well limits it, doesn't it?

Considering the implications, both environmentally and financially, six months or a year is not a big price to pay.

The old days weren't so bad after all

I've just discovered something. The old days weren't so bad. Our parents have been lying to those of us who still claim some connection with "the younger generation."

All that nonsense about the "dirty thirties" or ten lost years? and all those other stories of how it used to be? Well, I've discovered that there were a lot of good points about those days that I think our folks and our grandparents have been hiding, and I can see why. If too many of us found out about some of the real things that went on during those days you would really see a move to go back in time.

Reading through Oakville Beaver of two weeks ago I stumbled upon an article by a fellow named Harry Dyson called "Living Every Minute. Mr. Dyson, obviously one of the older generation, was reminiscing about a cutter.

Now, for those too young to know such things, a cutter is not the guy standing behind the meat counter shaking hands with William Shatner. A cutter is a small passenger sleigh usually pulled by one horse. To put it in present day, language it was the sports car of the horse set. Well, Mr. Dyson told some interesting facts about those cutters that, believe me, I would never have suspected. And even then he couldn't tell the best.

To quote Mr. Dyson, "You know perfectly well...that Playboy and Esquire would blush to print what went on beneath those sheepskin and buffalo robes...Besides, it's just as well to let these young moderns keep on thinking that they invented such things." You're right Mr. Dyson. We've always thought that "such things" were invented the day someone decided to add on a rumble seat.

Yesiree, according to Mr. Dyson, not just cutters but carriages had it all over our modern mechanical monsters when it came to "such things."

Okay, our four-, six- and eight-cylinder wizards have all the con-

Dyson—let's take a look at that same situation about 40 years ago. The young couple hop into the cutter or carriage, give old Dobbin the lead, tie the rein around a handy item called the whipstock and "you knew you were home when the sleigh began stopped ringing."

Wow! Now don't tell me we've got it better.

They may not have had all the automated gimmicks that we have today but they weren't too badly off without. If it was cold and you wanted some heat you merely tossed on another blanket or buffalo robe. If you wanted music you took along a guitar and some singing friends. If you wanted comfortable seats you'd take the old pillow along.

To travel in a carriage or cutter is something everyone should experience at least twice, particularly if you're doing it in the winter. The first time you try it you'll find you spend most of the time trying to find the heater in the bloody thing. The second time, realizing that the only heat you're going to get is the small amount you receive if the sun should happen to be shining, you'll sit back and take the trip as it's meant to be: slowly and leisurely.

There's something about moving along at a fraction of the speed you normally travel at in a car. You have time, as the horse clip, clop along, to notice things you've probably passed by hundreds of times before yet have never really seen. You have time to contemplate and relax.

Ask the guys who probably spend more time travelling at a walking pace than anyone else—our mailmen—what it's like. Take away all the discomforts of the cold and the angry dogs and you'll find they enjoy the job because it's relaxing and allows them to think.

Well that's the way it is with horse-drawn sleighs or cutters.

And that comes from someone who has enjoyed it many a time. Having helped restore a few of the old buggies - including the forerunner of the entire General Motors setup, the McLaughlin carriage - to good running order I've gained a great deal of respect for that mode of travel. I can say, with a great amount of pride, that I've even driven a two-horse carriage.

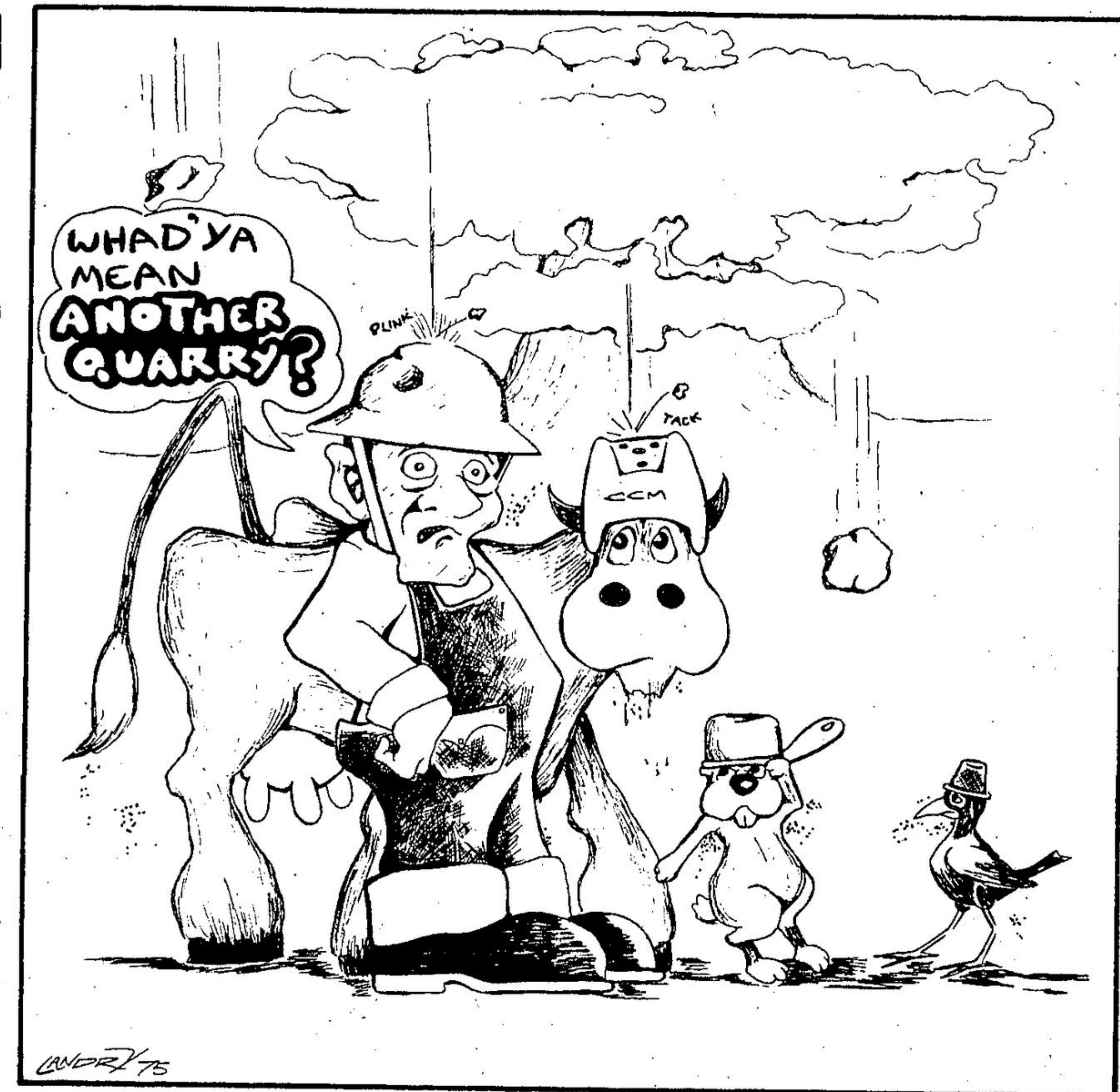
No, the old times weren't all bad, despite what you might have seen, heard or been led to believe.

Years Ago

Marshall appointed new postmaster

From the File of the Herald: 10 Years Ago

Rains for the last two days have caused the worst flooding in the history of Glen Williams. Houses immediately beside the river have been evacuated as the warm weather following the storm has created even greater torrents. Ice backed up at the bridge in the centre of the village is testing the strength of the structure. The St. John's Ambulance Service has established an emergency station for residents affected by the flood.



Tune in this week for another chapter from

Gerry Landsborough

If there is one mistake that we all seem to fall victim to every now and again, it is that of taking ourselves too seriously. With that in mind, I offer you the following to help break up the winter blahs.

Did you know that when Wilhelm Roentgen (he's the chap who discovered the X-ray) made his discovery in the late 1800s, some devilish person started the rumor that X-ray glasses would soon be for sale. This X-ray glasses would allow the entire female population to see through their clothes. Some blushing females would not even venture outdoors for fear their virtue would be compromised. So it goes without saying that some enterprising young fellow set about selling X-ray proof panties, and made himself a millionaire overnight. True.

Did you know that it takes Mother Nature from 500 to 1,000 years to make just one inch

of top soil? You can't grow food through subdivisions, that seems to be a fact of life that some choose to ignore.

Did you know that most of us spend our worrying time very foolishly. Of the time we spend, 40 percent of what we worry about never happens, 30 percent of what happens couldn't have been prevented, 22 percent of our worries are too small to be bothered with, which leaves only 8 percent that could be spent in worthwhile worrying.

Did you know that here in Halton Hills, we have at least one, true blue, male chauvinist, who commented to me that the majority of female housewives in Halton Hills spend their time watching soap operas and that's "sick, sick, sick people." For his benefit I have created the following scenario which I hope you enjoy.

And now for the next half hour we will continue with the continuing story of As the Stomach Churns. When last we left Joe, he had discovered that he was really Joelle, a

fact that had been kept from him all these years by his mother, the disguised barber.

His mother, the barber, had just told Lenore that she couldn't go on being married to Dr. Jack because Jack was really her half-brother, who was lost at sea as a baby and now the kind hearted African pygmies that had raised him since infancy needed him back so they could give him the startling new wonder drug that is sure to save sweet and gentle Martha May from a terrible fate worse than death.

As our scene opens Dr. Jack is saying brokenheartedly, "I just don't know what I'm going to do. Sue...I just don't know..." And all the ladies in Halton Hills just can't wait to tune in tomorrow "because it's so true to life." Is that really the way it is girls?

Would you believe that on one American TV network they have an - are you ready - black news broadcast; that is, news for black people. I couldn't believe it. I don't have a prejudiced bone in my body but I do believe

that other groups should have equal time. An Indian news, an Oriental news, a female news, a male news, a children's news, and, to round things off, The Complete Criminal Report for cautious criminals. There are times when I really doubt that mankind has a fighting chance. He moves forward ten paces and retreats two miles back.

To finish this bit of stuff and nonsense off, I'll share with you some homespun wisdom I received along the way from a dear old man who ran an elevator in downtown Toronto. He was of European background, with a devoted wife who bought him a briefcase so he could go to work and feel important. He carried his lunch in the briefcase but when he rubbed shoulders with the financial wizards of Bay Street he felt every bit as important.

I believe that his good wife knew the effect the briefcase would have all the time. My dear old friend always insisted that each day had its share of ups and downs, and each day for years he proved just that. Going up?

Anglican ministers express dismay and support for education system

To the Editor of the Herald:

We, the undersigned, write this letter in a spirit more of clarification than of controversy; and although we are all Anglican clergy we speak for ourselves as people, rather than for our church officially.

In the last several months we have observed with interest and curiosity the controversy which has developed between the

Halton Renaissance Committee and the Halton school board. At times our interest has been stimulated by being confronted by real, live, issues; and at other times we confess to a dismay.

Our dismay has been motivated partly by both camps. The school board has shown at times, we think, a lack of real concern and a far too

bureaucratic approach to the status quo, for example, 1. The inability to respond to many parents in the community by providing French immersion education in a new way. In this regard we feel the board's negative decision was out of a lack of information and the inability to respond to a creative suggestion. 2. The closing of the Norval School in

spite of the outspoken desire of the people on the spot, and many others, concerning the need for retaining it. Again it is our opinion that this matter was dealt with in a heavy-handed bureaucratic manner without due regard to the local people.

In spite of these criticisms, we would like to declare our support of the educational system - board and teachers alike. We understand to some degree, the difficulties put on

the system by the kind of society in which we live. We realize the vast proportions of the teaching task, and we appreciate the profound importance of the job that the community places before teachers and the expectations which we, as parents and citizens, demand. It is a task, in our opinion, which is well responded to and we commend the teachers for their devotion and their responsibility.

Concerning our dismay with the Renaissance Group. We would begin by saying emphatically that we have no axe to grind with another group of Christian people. We do recoil at attitudes, however isolated they may have been, on the part of the Renaissance Group, which would judge other Christians for not holding views constant with their own, and for patronizing attitudes concerning non-Christian views, held with integrity, by other members of the community.

Further we detect a real danger in over-simplifying problems that can only be tackled from the united and thoughtful strategy of the whole community. But most of our concern is focused on the over-simplified theological viewpoint which tends to deny God's spirit and truth to so

called Christian people and church organizations. God's truth is revealed in many ways, and we believe there are many who do not formally profess Christian faith, yet speak of spiritual values and reveal a deep understanding of God's person and activity in the world. Without their works on the shelves of school libraries, the integrity of such libraries should be questioned, and the growth of the student would certainly be hindered.

As we stated at the beginning, we intend no malice and we do not intend to be drawn into a prolonged argument that will lead nowhere. But we do feel obliged to speak in order, at the very least, that another Christian opinion should be stated, and we hope understood and appreciated by all.

Rev'd Ian Dingwall, Rector, St. Jude's Church, Oakville.

Rev'd Donald Downer, Curate, St. Jude's Church, Oakville.

Rev'd Jack Bleiby, Rector, St. Hilda's Church, Oakville.

Rev'd Richard Roggie, Incumbent, Glen Williams & Norval.

Disagrees with board's raise

To the Editor of the Herald:

I read with utter contempt the comments of Mr. Bodnar trying to justify his latest raise in pay.

We, as taxpayers, never question reasonable pay increases of our elected representatives providing the services rendered are in accordance with wishes of the officials' employer. But when these services are grossly lacking we resent footing the bill with our hard-earned dollars.

Mr. Bodnar explains that increased monies may cause members to be more likely to

yield to pressure groups' Does Mr. Bodnar feel that these groups are anything but parents who are extremely concerned about the lack of education for their children and at the same time wonder what our dollars are actually being spent on? His statement about "pressure groups" is rather sketchy. With or without a pay raise, Mr. Bodnar seems totally unconcerned about doing anything to rectify our objections to the education of our children and seems to prefer to "wash his hands" of our demands even though it is his DUTY to represent the wishes

of his constituents. Even our letters seem to go completely unnoticed unless the issue is embarrassingly forced. We are still eagerly awaiting his reply to questions raised from all sectors of the Herald and Independent at CHRISTMAS! We feel, with this battling average, paying him \$3,000 let alone \$5,000 or so is a farce!

But alas! much against his principles? Mr. Bodnar will accept our dollars to pay for an extra car and buying treats for his family. It takes unadulterated gall for anybody to assume they can take money

from taxpayers for these reasons for a very spare time job when these very taxpayers are working day and night to keep house and home together without the opportunity of receiving an extra \$5,000 for their efforts.

So I hope Mr. Bodnar will spare us the sanctimonious guff and either get off his rear to work for us—the "common folk"—or give back the money so WE may buy cars and goodies.

I sincerely doubt though he will do either and that's the most disgusting part of it all!

Betty Fisher
Chairman 'Concerned Parents'

The 60-cycle conversion is just about complete in the Georgetown area.

Georgetown may have a full-time engineer, if the arrangements that are being discussed under the new tri-urban plan come about. Rather than share an engineer under the scheme it is felt that one in Georgetown would be of more use for the town.

Harold Marshall has been appointed the new postmaster for the town of Georgetown. Mr. Marshall has been a local resident all his life and has served with the Canadian Postal Corps.

30 Years Ago
A fire located behind the Smith and

Stone, Victoria Street plant caused the illusion that the plant itself was on fire. The blaze was caused by a collision of two freight trains on the siding behind the factory.

About 50 members of the Georgetown and District Board of Trade held their February meeting at the Legion. President Art Speight chaired the meeting which served to draw up an official constitution for the board which was adopted.

In keeping with today's conservation policies the Liquor Control Board of Ontario has asked those holding individual permits not to destroy them. These permits will be extended, not re-issued, upon receipt of the \$1 fee at any board store.



by
BILL
JOHNSTON

veniences from piped-in music to air conditioning in the summer and hating in the winter. But that still doesn't put them on top of the old cutter when it comes to a very important item or "courtain" and sparkin'."

You're driving your girl friend or wife home from the movie. Two hands on the wheel and one foot on the gas pedal. Admit it guys, what can you do? As long as the car is moving you aren't.

Now—and here I must bow to the wisdom and knowledge of Mr.