

## You don't look a gift horse in the mouth

Planning board has made a recommendation that the region and town jointly finance the reconstruction of the Mountainview Road and River Drive intersection.

All well and good, but they've also in the same recommendation flatly refused any financial assistance on the project from future developers of property in that area simply because of the legal implications and obligations that would arise from any signed agreements.

For a council that has shown judicious hesitancy in turning down any possible additional fundings for any of its past projects their decision on this major and no doubt very costly project is a little hard to understand.

While it may be a frisky one that additional money from the developers is nevertheless a gift horse. And you know what you don't do with gift horses.

There are two developers who are

very concerned about having that intersection improved. One, the fate of whose property may swing on whether or not that extremely dangerous hump can be removed, has already told council he would be willing to assist in any way to get the work started.

Fear of possible obligations is a poor excuse. That being a regional road, Halton is going to call the shots on when, where and how the work is done. Halton Hills' lone contribution to the project will be how to pay for it and that, they have already been told, may be easier than they think or want.

But thank goodness planning board has decided to act as the initiator for what is a badly needed project. Pulling out from River Drive, just traversing the knoll on Mountainview is nothing more than a game of "Blind Man's Bluff" and someone is eventually going to lose.



## A good councillor and a friend

In the passing of Len Cox we have lost a great councillor and spokesman for many, but first and foremost, we have lost a great and understanding man.

It's so unfortunate that a man who opened his heart to the requests and wants of so many others should be cut down by that very same heart.

He was, we unashamedly admit, perhaps the councillor we admired most on a council filled with men, who

have gained our respect.

Len was a councillor we found to be willing to spend a little extra time to lend a hand, to impart some knowledge or advice, or just be a good and close friend.

We will most certainly miss him. To his family, although we realize how little words can mean at a time such as this, we, as we know all of Halton Hills does, pay our deepest respects and sympathies at this time.

## A Queen's Park view of the election

By Don O'Hearn  
Queen's Park Bureau  
Of The Herald

TORONTO—When the press conferences were over on the day of the announcing of the election a reporter summarized them this way:

"Davis," he said, "is ready for a fight. Nixon is bitter and Lewis is resigned."

It was a good capsulation and seemingly it may have been setting the tone of the whole campaign.

NEW DAVIS  
The former good-friend-to-everybody-I'm-mad-at-nobody has been much more of a fighting man recently.

In the House on several occasions he has shown strong outbursts and at times has been scathing.

He has shown a hitherto unknown power and has had his benches cheering.

During the campaign we can expect more of this.

A lot of it will probably be directed at the federal

government, which he apparently intends to make his chief whipping horse. But Robert Nixon will also get his share.

The Liberal leader and his troops seem to really irk the premier. And his usual treatment is to scathingly dismiss them as nothing.

NIXON BOTHERED  
Bob Nixon on his part seems to be really bothered by the government, and particularly Davis.

Bothered to the extent that they seem to really get to him. Between any politicians and any political parties there usually is a smile or so at off moments. But any smile that comes from the Liberal leader regarding Tories or Davis is wry indeed.

He leaves the impression of being in a real hate match.

Which means we could be in for some fiery times, particularly in those few weeks after Labor Day when the election will be at its peak.

There probably is even a key to this in that Nixon has said he is not going to hesitate to use the various booms and "scandals" in which the Davis administration has been involved.

This means personalities. And personalities mean heat. LEWIS RESERVED

Lewis is the enigma of the election.

For the past several months he has been inclined to sit back.

He has still been the best, the brightest and the witliest speaker in the House.

But he has mainly held his wit, and his inimitable scorn, for passing events and has hardly used it politically.

It is known that he has been trying to build a new image for himself and his party. But the impression he has left has been that he knows there is no substantial chance of gains in this vote, and that he would be better to more or less sit it out.

## Some of the games people play

By Gerry Landsborough

Dr. Eric Berne wrote the book "Games People Play" as a sequel to "Transactional Analysis in Psychotherapy" but it was written in a way that could be understood independently.

The best lifestyles are naturally psychologically game free, but to a certain extent we have all played games at one time or another. Unfortunately, for many game-playing can become a way of life, a self-defeating way of life. Below are a few of the more common games that trap people into being victimized by themselves, becoming in effect their own worst enemy.

Games are substitutes for real living, substitutes for real intimacy between people. Most psychological games are played without the person being aware of what is really happening. See how many of the following games you can identify.

One of the easiest games a person can trap themselves into playing is "If It Weren't For You." In this game the person or victim of the game feels that life could be oh so rosy if...I.W.F.Y. The "you" could be an aged parent, an unsatisfactory spouse, a difficult employer, just about anyone that in the mind of the victim is responsible for holding the person back from reaching their true potential. In reality the only one holding a person back is his- or herself though there are many people who go through life believing otherwise.

"See What You Made Me Do" is another favorite of many. In this game the player is engaged in doing something, a second person enters the interruption causes the first to lose concentration. For instance, a mother is washing the floor, offspring enters crying about a lost toy, mother jumps up and trips over the floor bucket. The result...? See what you made me do! It's a game that is very quickly learned by children.

A favorite game for group conversation is "Ain't It Awful." You can play AIA by discussing any community or world problem. Someone mentions divorce, crime, or inflation and everyone is off. Ain't it awful.

"Why Don't You... Yes But..." is a game in which the victim sets up a terrible set of circumstances, the listener then offers a number of possible alternatives to which the player answers with—"yes, but..." This game

can be played very successfully by business executives, they describe the terrible state of affairs the business is in, then they shoot down all alternatives offered to them by employees with the "yes, but..."

"Bigger and Better" is a game that is usually played by children but a good many adults play it too. One person starts out by relating a new job, a trip or any piece of good fortune. The second party then makes the game bigger and better by out-doing the first person's achievement. Bigger and better is a

particularly annoying game. "Sweetheart" is a marital game. One spouse makes a statement and ends it with, "Isn't that right sweetheart?" The spouse usually exposes a deficiency in the respective mate, the bigger the exposure the more acid is placed in the word "sweetheart."

People use games to cover every imaginable part of living. In all games there is a theme and a payoff. The payoff is a psychological one re-inforcing a person's negative views about themselves. The

players assume the roles of victim-persecutor or rescuer—according to which game is being played.

To be game free takes a great deal of courage. It involves being completely honest, first with yourself, then with others. This type of honesty makes "you" responsible for your own choices and decisions. To be "game free" is to grow from the inside out, to allow yourself to become the unique person that only you can be. Remember, if a man has to live with himself, he should see to it that he always has good company.

## It's curtain time!

By Bill Johnston

Listen, should you ever want some help buying some drapes, let me know, you're talking to a veteran of the wars.

Five days ago I couldn't have cared less if my windows were filled with a couple of old copies of the Herald, just as long as the sun wasn't too bright in the morning. I have problems, you see, facing, during the first few hours of a morning, anything stronger than the light coming from my Donald Duck night light.

I hadn't even thought about the reaction of anyone looking in. It's sort of like the Baby Blue movies or the National News on television, I figured. If you wanted to watch that sort of thing, fine, go right ahead. If you didn't well tough luck, turn the channel.

If my neighbours didn't like to see me strolling about (no, I don't go about flagrant) my place then fine, why not come on over and get a first hand glimpse. I'm extremely neighbourly when it comes to that sort of thing.

For those occasions when privacy should be demanded well I have these blinds which, through some miracle of engineering, when I pull one cord fall the full length of the window and, with another yank on another cord, close out all light.

But then I had a visitor who commented she didn't particularly think my blinds fitted into the decor of the place. "Decor?" I asked. "What decor?" If you had to put a name to

what I have furnished my place in, you could probably call it Early American Accumulated. A bit here, a bit there, none of which was bought with any "decor" in mind. If they had anything in common it was the fact that somewhere I have a receipt for each one.

"But you've got to have drapes!" Considering it was more of an order than a suggestion I decided that perhaps it might be best to comply.

So there I stood last Thursday evening in the centre of a huge department store in a huge department filled with nothing but drapes. I huddled around for a while trying to figure out how all those drapes would look in a window, which is easier said than done. When they're hanging, one on top of the other, by the hundreds, it is slightly difficult to figure out just which one is THE ONE.

By sheer volume, somewhere in that mess had to be THE ONE. Particularly considering I wasn't that choosy.

"Can I help you?" My confusion must have been showing. "Yes I'd like some drapes." I thought that a pretty dumb answer considering where I was, but it didn't seem to strike the saleslady that way. "Oh..." She actually seemed quite puzzled by my request for drapes.

"What kind?" "Well I thought orange or brown would do quite nicely." "Oh...You'd better talk to Mrs.

Shulman."

Mrs. Shulman popped out from behind a curtain which, fittingly was orange. "Can I help you?" Here we go again. "Yes I'd like a set of brown or orange drapes."

"Patterned, plain or striped?" Mrs. Shulman asked. "What size? What kind of material?"

It was a painful process for both of us. We struggled through finding out I wanted 100-by 84 inch curtains. We decided that fibreglass would be the best kind of material. And then came the color...

To tell you the truth I still can't figure out why I've got what I've got. Mrs. Shulman, a true expert in browns and oranges I found out, narrowed the search down to three particular types of drapes.

Finally my chance to show that I was a comparative shopper!

"Which is the cheapest," I asked. "That." "I don't want it." "Which is the most expensive?" "That one." "I don't want it."

"The third will do." So there they are. Staring at me. They're like a big price tag always impressing upon me the fact that I didn't really want them in the first place.

I sit here with those stupid drapes blocking my view. They're nothing more than a continuation of my walls. I miss my neighbours.

## Ads nothing but garbage

To the Editor of the Herald: Ministry of the environment propaganda in local media last week, (in three-quarter page ad on garbage) "Garbage is coming up Roses" was just that, a load of garbage. As one who has devoted much energy, time, and some money, into the study of solid waste, I would point out that Ontario's much publicised, world first plans for handling Ontario's solid waste, are at least a decade behind the plans of the

city of St. Louis and Hempstead, Long Island. Ontario's solid waste plants will have a capacity to handle from 200 to 1,000 tons of municipal garbage per day. That garbage that cannot be reclaimed, but will be landfilled. There is also a vague promise of some incineration in the distant future.

As I pointed out at Hope Township, Milton Heights, Georgetown, Kildee, Brampton, at Halton Region,

Esqueing, etc., etc., etc., if garbage is shredded, baled, or dipped in 11 different different herbs and spices, it is still garbage, and when landfilled, it still pollutes. St. Louis has very definite plans for solid waste. The garbage from a 4,500 sq. mile area (8,000 tons per day) will be recycled. The non-reclaimables will be incinerated smokelessly and will produce power. This facility will be operating by 1977. Initial plans were announced

in early 1974. Hempstead, Long Island's plant will process 100 percent of that city's municipal waste (3,000 tons per day). After reclamation, the remainder will be incinerated (smokelessly), and will provide 250,000 kilowatt hrs per day of new power to that city. This method of solid waste disposal (incineration for power after reclamation) is the accepted method in many countries around the world.

Landfilling is no longer accepted and no amount of public money spent on ads telling us otherwise will make it acceptable.

William A. Johnson,  
Rockwood

## Sunday will cost extra

To the Editor of the Herald: In reference to the "Food stores open on Sunday" article of August 13.

As a consumer as well as a merchant I am completely opposed to food stores opening

on Sunday. Why? The reason is obvious. A seven-day shopping week means higher food prices! At the moment we have a few short-sighted merchants—whose greed exceeds their good sense—who are taking advantage of the Sunday market. But what happens when all the food stores open on Sunday? After all it has to be a fair competition. What happens is you, the

consumer, can shop seven days a week instead of six for your groceries. Convenient? Yes, but with a difference! You, the consumer, are not going to spend any more than you did, before, just because you now have seven days instead of six to do your shopping. The result, inevitably, is that the merchants concerned have a big overhead: one-sixth to be exact. Who pays for this extra

overhead? The merchant! No! You, the consumer will pay it and I think food prices are high enough as it is. So I suggest, to prevent this, the remedy is in your hands. Boycott those stores that open on Sunday. The most powerful organization in the world is the public. I repeat: A seven-day shopping week means higher prices. Charles Crimes

Letters to the Editor  
All letters to the Editor  
must be signed.