

Teen-age drinking is our problem too

Twelve, 13 and 14 year olds nipping out between morning classes to have a slug of rye?

It's happening and it's happening right here in Halton Hills.

A startling thought indeed. A frightening thought in fact.

But consider statistics to come out of a study carried out in Oakville. Twenty-four percent of the students surveyed had a drink of hard liquor every day. Another five percent had a drink once a week and an additional six percent had a drink once or twice a month.

A study by the Addiction Research Foundation indicates that 75 percent of Canadian school children between ages 11 and 18 drink regularly.

Those statistics should weigh heavily upon each and everyone of us, for the problems that face the staff and students of Georgetown District High School and all other secondary schools in the province are problems that, to a large extent, we are responsible for.

We, in our small corner of today's liberal society, stood casually by as the province lowered the drinking age.

Showing our "with it" way of thinking we accepted the belief that our young people had by now matured to the point where they could handle the added social decisions that drinking forces upon any and all of us.

We didn't bother asking who had come to that conclusion.

Nor did we question the affects lowering the drinking age would have on those children who are 13, 14 and 15 years old. We blithely forgot "the old days" when 21 years old meant 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds could get the occasional illegal bottle of booze or spend a night in a pub, courtesy of a false identification card.

Did we actually believe that those same tactics would not be attempted by those a year or two below the new 18-year-old limit?

We didn't even bother asking the simple question of just who the reduced age would benefit more; our young people or the breweries?

We just stood by and let it all happen.

But now, with the stories and statistics that have come to light this

past week, it's rather obvious that it's time we started accepting some of the responsibility for these problems...for our problems.

We must begin, as an aware and concerned community, to at least recognize that we have a problem.

Our young people are mishandling alcohol.

In numbers it's not a serious problem. But, as Mike Furlong pointed out, as long as just one of our young people is having a problem dealing with liquor, we have a serious problem.

Recognition of the problem may, in fact, be the most difficult step in our coming to grips with the young drinker. A number of parents may consider a drinking problem the better of two evils and thus avoid the inherent dangers that go right along with alcoholism.

"Thank goodness he isn't on drugs," some parents may rationalize.

Make no mistake about it. Alcohol is a drug. The free availability of it makes it perhaps society's most dangerous drug.

We must not measure alcohol against marijuana or any other of the available illegal drugs in terms of seriousness. Alcohol is a problem unto itself and, because it's legal, it requires immediate and much stronger steps to control its abuse.

Raising the drinking age is definitely the easiest solution to the problem.

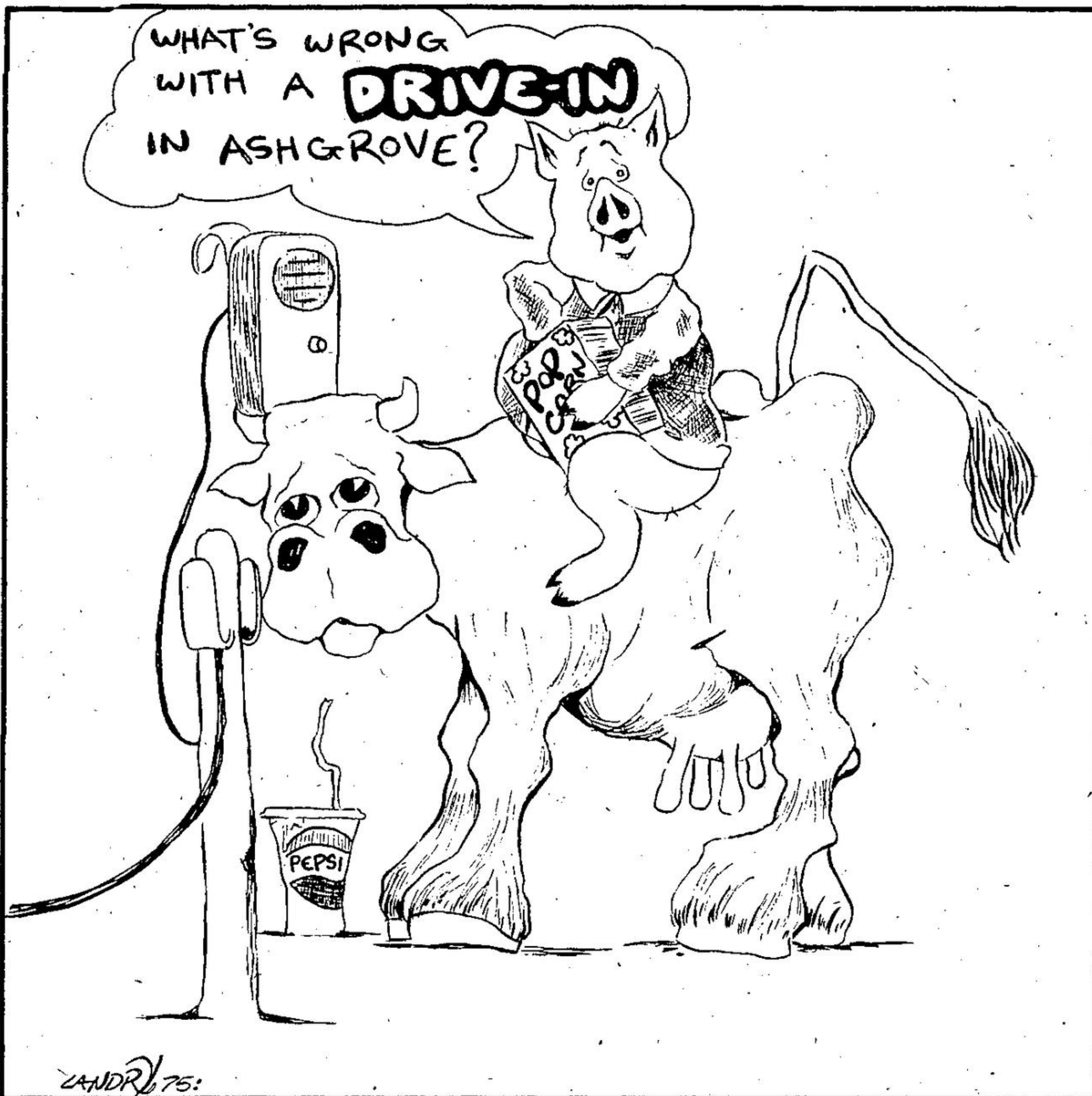
It is also like closing the gate after the horse has already escaped. Such a measure will merely make it a little more difficult for 18-year-olds to get a drink. But, if the desire is there, they'll get it.

We have to work together to help the young drinker face his problem, just as we should be trying to help the older drinker.

Like a dangerous weapon, beer or booze is not a danger until mishandled. We have to show the proper way to accept the responsibility of having access to alcohol.

It's a commitment that lies, not with the schools, not with the police, not with the parents, not with our social agencies.

It's a commitment that must be borne on society's shoulders. Yours and ours.



On the home front

This little wig went to...

by Susan DeFascendis
With the advent of the Christmas season, accompanied by the usual proliferation of party invitations, I always become disatisfied with my year long, housewifely appearance.

This year, I have come to the reluctant conclusion that, short of a complete reconstruction job, a miracle is just not going to occur. Remembering some of my past attempts at self-improvement however, maybe it is just as well.

Have you noticed how no one talks about wigs anymore? Are they that commonplace now, or were they just a fad that slowly died away? The only one I ever bought, caused so many difficulties that, to this day, I cannot suppress a shudder when passing a wig salon.

Several years ago, just prior to the Christmas party season, I had my hair cut off in an attempt to capture the "real me". The result was disastrous.

My husband took one look, started waving his hands in the air, and broke into a lot of Italian talk, which is something he is inclined to do when under a certain amount of stress. The only word that came across loudly and clearly in English, was "Divorce", and I realized then, that if I wanted to go to his company dance, some desperate measures were called for.

Off to a hair expert I went. With my mother in tow and her approval obvious, I was fitted with a hairpiece that I believe was called a wiglet.

Well, that was the first problem solved, but this, in turn, produced a second problem; one that I knew would be much more difficult to overcome.

My husband is totally opposed to artificial beauty aids, including wigs and eyelashes. Maybe if I looked like him, I could afford to share that philosophy, but personally I have always believed that I need all

the help I can get. However, knowing how he felt, how was I going to spring on him all this suddenly acquired hair?

Inspiration struck the following day, when he telephoned to say he would be working late. By eight o'clock, the children were asleep and a candlelit dinner was set.

With soft music playing, I greeted him at the door with a glass of wine. I was carefully attired in something flowing and, of course, the hair. The lighting was dim and I think the poor man was convinced he had come to the wrong house.

Apart from a few odd looks, which I attributed to the fact that he believed I had gone suddenly mad, the evening passed without comment from him, while I worried over problem number three.

What was I to do upon retiring for the night? Should I brazenly remove the hair or leave it on, thereby running the risk of losing

it during the night? I could clearly visualize myself a widow by early morning, when he would awaken to find, what he would assume to be, a dead cat in bed with him.

Well, I solved the third problem by accidentally blowing the upstairs fuse. My mother still swears I did it on purpose. Anyway, our room was plunged into complete darkness. Quietly throwing the wiglet into a drawer, I offered up a prayer of thankfulness and swore off artificial hair forever.

As a mature woman and having, hopefully, gained a little wisdom, I don't intend to bother with such obvious superficialities any longer. Why should I? I have suddenly come to the realization that, while my husband has been steadily depreciating over the years, I've been like the nice, sexy man on TV keeps telling me—getting better, not older.

Who needs to be classified as just another pretty face anyway?

Years Ago

Ban on snowmobiles passed five years ago

From the files of the Herald:

FIVE YEARS AGO

The late night whine of snowmobiles was banned by council Monday night, when a bylaw prohibiting snowmobiling in Georgetown between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m. was passed.

Over 200 students of the Georgetown District High School collected \$258.95 from their door-to-door carolling Monday night. The money raised is to aid the work of the Georgetown hospital.

Council took the first steps in doubling the cost of parking for one hour on downtown streets. A motion was approved to prepare a bylaw stating that the fee for half-an-hour parking be five cents and one hour parking be ten cents. The present rate is one cent for 15 minutes or five cents for one hour.

Arthur Silver, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Silver of Georgetown, has been awarded the president's medal from the University of Western Ontario, for the best scholarly article written by a Canadian this year.

The Ontario Department of Transport will take another look at traffic lights for the Maple Avenue - Guelph Street intersection. The second review to be done by the

ministry will be undertaken next spring to assess the need for traffic control lights there.

TEN YEARS AGO

Lois Elliott, ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, 46 Weston Cres., has been asked by producers of the Tiny Talent Time Show to appear on their Christmas special. The special Christmas show, in which Lois will sing, is an all-star production of the show's best performers of the year.

Six new members joined Provincial Paper's Quarter Century Club during their annual dinner meeting. Lloyd Boyd, James Gambell, Norman Norton, Richard Packer, Harry Shortbill and Robert Williams were welcomed to the club. Club membership now totals 66, with 35 active members and 21 associates.

Emil Zuber, 74 Delrex Blvd., who operated the popular night spot, The Riviera, was seriously injured when his car slipped on an ice coated road and rammed into a parked truck early Sunday morning. Mr. Zuber, presently in Georgetown Hospital, is reported to be in fair condition.

A total of \$8,037 in unpaid business taxes has been accumulated on the town's tax books since 1956, and the auditor has recommended that these be written off as uncollectible.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hall of Hornby celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on December 14.

15 YEARS AGO

Ken McMillan, one of the few local people to have the privilege of visiting Russia, has just returned from his trip behind the Iron Curtain. Mr. McMillan, president of the Ontario Hockey Association, was one of the officials accompanying the Chatham Maroons on a good will tour of Russia which saw them in hockey action in Denmark, Sweden and Russia.

"Young Buffalo Day in Georgetown" has been tagged for the day when three teams from Buffalo, New York will visit Georgetown and play against our local Novice, Pee Wees and Bantam teams.

Fire made another attempt to completely wipe out the old Saxe building on Guelph Street Thursday night. Ornamental Smiths lost a number of tools in the fire. Previous fires there knocked out the Georgetown Creamery, Georgetown Meat Market and a garage.

Minister of Knox Presbyterian Church for the past 12 years, Rev. Alex Calder will accept a call to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Peterborough, in early January.

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A provincial election in May

BY DON O'HEARN
Queen's Park Bureau
Of The Herald

When will the election be? This is an intense question. With the government in a minority, practically every moment is exciting.

It is a constant prize fight. But overwhelming it all, or underlying it all, is the one big

question - when will the election be? NEXT MAY

This is a question obviously with no ready answer. Anything could happen at any time to precipitate a vote. But, barring the extraordinary, the most likely time for an election would appear to be next May.

None of the three parties

particularly wants an election at this point.

The NDP wants to solidify itself with its new strength. The Liberals have to find themselves at leader.

And the government has to reorganize its party machine. All three, as a consequence have been playing it close to the vest.

THRONE DEFEAT

This winter, however like it or not, the house will probably have to face a vote which will mean an election.

When the new session opens the government will have to produce a Throne Speech covering a full legislative program.

After some weeks that Speech will compulsorily be voted on.

And even if they want to it will probably be impossible for the opposition parties to avoid defeating the government.

And the Throne Speech motion is an automatic confidence vote.

If the government is defeated on it there is no alternative but to go to the country.

The only real question would

seem to be the timing of this vote.

And this will probably come in March.

Traditionally the Throne Speech debate winds up before the budget is to be presented.

The budget comes down before the end of the fiscal year, March 31.

And a March defeat would mean a May election.

Viewpoint

Who comes up with those commercials?

by Gerry Landsborough
I have come to the conclusion that all advertising people even remotely connected with the making of TV commercials are all hopelessly mad. Then again, maybe it's me.

For instance, in all my years of going to the library - I own a Metro Toronto card, a university card, and of course a Georgetown card - I have never, positively never, had the occasion to discuss "irregularity" with my librarian.

Nor have I ever had the occasion to hear anyone else take that particular problem to the librarian. Nor have I ever wanted to discuss the aforementioned problem with a librarian - any librarian.

Have you seen the hostess who is ready for her party and decides to shampoo her rug with "Gorex" just before her guests arrive. Now I ask you, have you ever had an occasion when, the hour before a party, you had even the faintest desire to clean your rug? If you have, have you ever considered yourself a bit strange?

What about the poor soul in the supermarket who is asked to trade her box of "Bide" for two boxes of another brand. That poor soul is so far beyond solving a difficult mathematical problem like that, so of course she chooses Bide. She's afraid that it's a trick question.

Onward and upward with that famous "Man from Flad". You remember where that poor fellow, running for the garbage truck, sees his garbage bag break. Not to worry, the Man from Flad is here and known to only a few of the most discerning viewers he says in a secret code "Hurry up dummy there is still time to throw yourself up on the truck." You doubt me?

How about the fellow who wants to talk to you about (shh) "diarrhea." I can honestly say that I have never once wanted to discuss that subject, least of all with him.

Then there's the lady who has spent 25 years of her life with her head in a dirty oven. Why I ask you? Don't you find it strange that

anyone would want to keep their head in an oven...let alone a dirty one and for 25 years yet?

And of course let us not forget those lovely damsels parading around the airways in their Faden Form Bras. I can't think of a quicker way to lose a friend than... "Why Susie dear you look like you've crossed years off your figure." Why a body might almost get hurt saying something like that - let alone to a friend.

Another favourite has to be the one where Susie has just bought a beautiful new bathtub. Her dearest friend Mabel says "But Susie look at all that gritty dirt." Personally I'd drown Mabel before I could swallow a line like that. Gritty dirt indeed.

Let us not for a minute forget the man who "feels good all under." He tells people in elevators and in banks. I think he's strange. Can you picture riding in an elevator when someone tells you he "feels good all under." After an experience like that I would probably take the stairs forever.

Then of course you have the funny couple who paper their walls in their best clothes, with the Dooneyworthy wallpaper. The truth of the matter is, they are merely holding the paper up. Then as a poor, brow-beaten char comes in, the couple in the nice clothes sit down and says it's the "Yes You Can" wallpaper.

Remember that dear soul who was already to move into her new house and had to stay in a camper for two months. The children had only one set of school clothes that were all washed in "Bide". The truth of that one is that after buying the house all that was left was one outfit piece for the kids.

Last but not least is that lovely lady of the diner "Posie". When you spill something she hands you a quicker picker upper. I don't know about you but but Posie won't get a tip from me in fact I never buy the quicker picker upper out of spite.

Mad, mad, mad. I say all ad men are irrevocably mad, or then again, maybe it's me.