

Worthy report from Morrow

The recommendations made by Ric Morrow, chairman of Halton region, are going to require a lot of thought, that's obvious. As is usual in cases of this sort where recommendations for change are presented, it takes time for the impractical and irrational counter recommendations to sink out of sight. We're in the middle of that time now and there are many who pay no attention to the discussion until its all over.

They may be right, but for this time we believe not. Rather for a time in the past. It is obvious to anyone who pays the slightest attention to events around him or her that the rate of change has increased. Regional government was imposed in 1974 and despite cries of outrage against its imposition, it is here to stay. There is no returning to a way of life in the past. To do so is folly.

Morrow's recommendations are made with an eye to the future and that future portends greater problems, more difficult solutions and gut feeling decision making - the kind that may be for the benefit of all but only at the high cost to a few. Morrow can't quiet bring himself to disagree with the long respected John Roberts' point that the chairman of a region can represent the local seat at the same time. However, many journeys have begun with a stumble or false step but safely arrived to the destination and so it is with Morrow's report.

The details of how to reduce the number of regional councillors requires a lot of "on one hand-on the other" and we leave that fine weighing of possible or potential advantages to those paid to represent the public. With the variety of temperament and inclination available on regional council, who will be passing or rejecting Morrow's recommendations, there is a convenient out left for them in Morrow's provision of an alternative-leave everything as it is but limit the chairman to two consecutive terms. A wise escape hole which can allow an out for a wearied-of-arguing council and still let them look like they are doing something.

It's this mark of thoroughness-be it right or wrong-that creates a strong admiration for the chairman's report and for himself too, as the sole

writer of it. At this stage there's too much unknown about still hidden implications in the report, only seven days old today. But should sometime in the future regional government responds better than it does today to the needs of the people, a lot of the thanks for that will lie in Morrow's report. At least the ball is rolling.

Proposal contains warning

Contained in the proposal to facelift Acton's downtown core is an observation businessmen there and in Georgetown as well would do well to heed.

"The subversion of self interest, animosities and jealousies is imperative if the downtown is to progress and remain competitive into the future." The proposal emphasizes these lines as well as those saying: "It is therefore incumbent upon individual members of the downtown community, both property owners and tenants, to complement the public efforts of the Business Improvement Area with privately initiated improvements."

Failure to do as the proposal suggests, while not necessarily fatal to the cores of both towns, certainly will cause a tendency to deteriorate and stagnate when what's needed is life-giving change and forward movement. The people of Acton, however, have long been noted for their individuality and willingness to go it alone, to take their welfare into their own hands, to know themselves what's best for them.

The facelift of Acton's downtown is an opportunity for the community leaders and businessmen to show the rest of Halton what can be done by private enterprise. Maybe, if they succeed, the government won't forget to put them back on the map.



Living with a grynfnflk

By GERRY LANDSBOROUGH
This week Viewpoint asks the soul searching question what is a "knifnyrg"?

You mean you don't know? Well... a "knifnyrg" is grynfnflk spelled backwards. Now don't give up - grynfnflk is a word coined by none other than a psychiatrist.

A grynfnflk (pronounced grin-flink) is the latest word used to describe your son or daughter's live-in-roommate at college.

It seems words such as fiancée, co-hab, inamorata, my significant other, or whatever just don't seem to do justice to the era of sexual liberation.

The word was coined by Dr. Joseph Westermeyer and his associate psychologist Pearl Rosenberg. They coined it during an otherwise serious study of campus relationships, the tensions involved, how long they last and why they break up when they do.

The following expressions were collected by Dr. Westermeyer and published in the American Journal of Orthopsychiatry - these expressions are used by parents trying to

describe their offspring's amorous relationship: "My offspring's common-law marital partner," "the individual with whom my offspring lives," "my son's sexual partner," "my daughter's bed partner," "my offspring's roommate," "the individual with whom my offspring is currently living," or for the direct no nonsense approach "my child's shack-up partner."

Dr. Westermeyer found all of the above too cumbersome for everyday conversation. Thus "grynfnflk" was born.

Now at the beginning of these enlightening words of wisdom we gave you the word "knifnyrg" - now knifnyrg aside from being grynfnflk spelled backwards is actually the parent of a grynfnflk. Because parents of grynfnflks don't want to be left out.

Now if the above makes any sense to you, please let me know. Personally I feel the good doctor need not to have gone to such bother. Though I have to admit grynfnflk sort of

grows on you after awhile - then again so do warts and God knows we don't need them.

I'm trying to picture the reaction of someone being introduced as this "is the individual with whom my offspring lives," in such a case I'm sure "grynfnflk" is a definite improvement.

So next time you are being stymied by some intellectual savoir faire, throw in "grynfnflk" - you are sure to raise at least one eyebrow or two. Once you've mastered grynfnflk you could make reference to a knifnyrg and practise your best smug superior smirk. Why not?

Now aside from grynfnflk's and knifnyrg's you might want to hear what the latest lines on campus are prior to the establishing of a relationship. Here we go with some of the crazier ones.

To the common "how are you" the latest in quick replies is "delicious." Or a new twist on the "you are stunning and have a beautiful body" is... "You don't have a beautiful body - you are not stunning but you sure look cuddly" - now I ask you, wouldn't that warm the coldest heart?

How about - "Hi I'm harmless but intriguing" or "I'm a real challenge why not give it a try?"

Here's one that caught my eye - "I'm unmarried - but very expensive." Now here is a good opener for the cool but not pushy type.

"I'm not easy - but I can be tricked." Opening lines are great icebreakers that start conversations for that would be romance of a life-time. Dr. Westermeyer must have started something for the best one to date done to a Humphrey Bogart drawl is "Sweetheart, I think you'll make someone a great grynfnflk." According to my campus informant, the girls just can't resist it - everyone wants to know what a "grynfnflk" is.

Till next week... keep on smiling.

Looking through our files

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Council voted unanimously Monday to ask Gray Coach Lines to re-route their buses along Main Street. This was the former route of the buses, but council requested the buses travel along the highway in June.

Council granted permission for the Lions Club to place bicycle racks downtown. The racks, which will be painted in the club colors of purple and gold, are slated for Golden Gate Cafe, the bank corner, and Long's and Whittee's parking lot.

Residents of Queen Street requested that speeding on the street be curbed by the police and that warning signs be erected at either end of the street.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

An extensive chase of a 17-year-old reformatory escapee ended in Georgetown Friday when he was nabbed near the park after two members of a nine-man posse noticed his reformatory clothing near there. The capture ended a seven mile chase taken up by Mervyn Harness of the OPP in Acton when he noticed a car being driven through

the town limits. The chase by car was halted at the Georgetown western limit when the fugitive's car crashed into a guard rail. The fugitive, armed with a shot gun and shells, then continued on foot until his capture.

TEN YEARS AGO

Progressive Conservative candidate, James Snow, RH2 Georgetown, defended the government's HOME plan. He said it will relieve the housing shortage and that the brisk demand for lots in Bramalea was an indication of the plan's success.

Traffic lights at Maple Avenue and Guelph Street and Mountainview Road and Guelph Street were advocated by Jim McCoig at council. Mr. McCoig said by installing traffic lights council may be able to save the islands, which have been hit numerous times. Coun. Jim Young said the wiring was there for the lights and council was simply waiting for money. It was suggested the town apply for Department of Highways approval, so that they would be eligible for subsidy.

Liberal party hopes rest in Smith

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

TORONTO—The other day I noted how the Liberals probably didn't have the smarts when it came to appointing a deputy speaker and that the party's group in the house, while strong, still needed some maturing.

Hopefully this didn't leave a wrong impression. For while the party caucus still needs ripening, even without it, it still right now is an impressive force.

COOL APPROACH

This was strikingly illustrated to me when leader Stuart Smith called a press conference on the matter of Lummus Co., Hydro and the heavy water plant projects, which you will have read about.

The really striking aspect was the tone of the conference.

Dr. Smith had a case and he presented it. He presented it factually and without emotion.

He wasn't through venom or deep sighs condemning anyone.

His approach was to give the pragmatics of the situation, say that here was something which was apparently wrong, and that it

should be looked at.

This was most promising.

WITHOUT VENOM

For years now—more than I am going to say at the moment—I have been looking for a "reasonable" opposition here.

In my time we haven't had this. What I have in mind is an opposition that can agree that government can be right in many things it does, even though these may be improved, or some of them.

What we have had is oppositions who in their approach have had the tenor that the government is either callous or stupid.

The consequence has been lots of dog-fighting but relatively little progress from the inter-play between the parties in our system.

Yet there should be such progress.

The system is based ideally on the premise that the government proposes while the opposition opposes; but opposes not so much for political gain as to get improved legislation, policies and administration.

A "reasonable" opposition can get us close to this ideal.

And with the present Liberal group there is hope for such reason.

Vacation fun takes preparation

By SUSAN De FACENDIS

I have just returned from two weeks vacation in the Kawartha's, one of the most beautiful lake areas in Ontario.

The weather co-operated, the bass were biting and brilliant diamonds of sunlight flashed almost ceaselessly off the bluest shade that water can acquire. Without any effort at all, I slipped easily into the serenity of an almost uninhabited lakeside paradise - and it lasted for nearly five minutes.

I have not yet determined whether child can call to child for a distance of 100 miles or if the first faint wisps of barbecue smoke announces open season on 'food', but by the end of the first day our dock resembled a marina and, on any given day with about five minutes notice, I was setting the dinner table for an extra half dozen assorted sized children.

Having become an old hand at the cottage game, I have learned to mentally prepare myself well in advance to live with nature in relative harmony - after all, we are the intruders in this wilderness environment.

For instance, I find it preferable to look at the beauty of the scenery rather than examine the contents of the drinking water too closely. Ah, you say, but what about the miracles of nature and it's teeming wildlife? You are right, it is marvelous, but one must adjust to the idea that at least half the wildlife population will be inside the cottage with you.

Now kids by the dozen I can cope with; the patter of wee four-legged beasties racing up and down the finoleumed livingroom floor all night I can live with; even sharing my bed with various species of moths I can tolerate - but mosquitoes and I will never learn to co-habit in any state less than total warfare.

I have fought a steady losing battle with them for 13 years, one that annually leaves me in a state of acute post-holiday anemia. I have tested out every variety of 'bug-off', 'drop-ded' and 'ee!?! + + ee' on the market and firmly reject anything that reportedly attracts them, such as perfume and deodorant. Consequently I exude a heavy, out doorsy miasma of lakewater and weeds for the duration of my stay, all to no avail.

I dislike crediting my foe with any intelligence, but when a black, excitedly buzzing cloud masses around the car while we are still 10 miles distant from the cottage, one would almost believe they were anticipating my arrival. However, when I distinctly hear the vibes they are transmitting: "Breaker one-one! Guess who's coming to dinner, good buddy?" - well, can I be blamed for breaking into a fully-fledged case of paranoia?

Other than these minor drawbacks, cottage living has much to recommend it. It is casting a fishing line from your dock in the first warm rays of the rising sun and seeing a beaver swim lazily, unconcernedly past.

It is closely observing the almost prehistoric, appearance of a pair of osprey's ceaselessly hunting for sufficient food to satisfy their young, safely hidden in the raggle-taggle nest atop a nearby hydro pole.

It is listening to the angry chatter of a chipmunk on your doorstep when you forget his daily ration of breadcrumbs and the friendly waves from occasional passing strangers who will never be anything more than distant bobbing heads protruding above the sides of a boat.

It is watching the glow of triumph on your youngest child's face as she masters the heavy oars of a cumbersome rowboat. Another summer, another skill.

Well, all good things must end and it is back to the city now and time to gear up for the start of another busy fall season but, once in a while, a flash of memory will bring back the image of sunlight dancing off a quiet solitary lake and the mind will recall the lonely, haunting cry of the loon.

Decades old ripoff still circulating

By GEORGE EVASHUK

Everyone gets ripped off at one time or another and it happened to me last week. The sum was less than two bits - 24 cents to be exact - but even being ripped off for a penny is too much. Here's how it happened.

The postman delivered a postage due letter to me. It had no return address and the letter was unsigned. It was one of those blasted chain letters only this one did not ask me to send any money, or bottles of booze or anything like that. It was a prayer.

"You are to receive good luck within four days after receiving this letter," the anonymous writer says. "IT IS NO JOKE! You will receive it in the mail. Send 20 copies of this letter to people you think need good luck."

The letter goes on to say that a United States officer in the Philippines received \$7,000 after he mailed 20 copies but another officer, a general, died six days after failing to circulate the prayer.

It mentions that a Constance Digs received the chain letter in 1953 and got her secretary to make 20 copies to mail. Lucky Constance then won, according to the letter, \$12 million in a lottery. There's no mention of what happened to the secretary who did the work.

Then there's Charles Brent, another officer, who forgot to send the letter on. Unlike the poor general who lost his life, Brent only lost his job. Presumably, having nothing to do while unemployed, he mailed off the required 20 copies and to and behold, nine days later found a better job.

A Brian Arabalea, says the letter writer, threw away his copy. Nine days later he died. Obviously these people don't mess around.

The origin of the letter is a little hazy. Apparently, it came from a South American missionary, Stantonic DeCodin of Venezuela; but then it says that the original is from the Netherlands, which as I recall is in Europe, thousands of miles from South America. IT

Trudeau is never wrong ... or is he ?

By STEWART MacLEOD
Ottawa Bureau
Of The Herald

Loyalty is one thing, but I thought things were going a bit far when a senior public servant was quoted as saying "the prime minister is never wrong..."

Claude Lemelin, the author of that statement, is one of the prime minister's advisors on Canadian unity—there are quite a number of these around Ottawa—and he was referring to Trudeau's earlier claim that Quebec's Parti Quebecois government had established 10 to 15 propaganda offices around the province.

Just to set the record straight, it should be noted that the prime minister, in making that assertion, was dead wrong.

Sorry about that Mr. Lemelin. There is no doubt that the Parti Quebecois has an inherent interest in preaching the gospel of separatism, and there are probably dozens of party offices around the province that would be delighted to provide information about the glories of an independent Quebec. But the offices Trudeau referred to are not part of that machinery.

And it's rather ironic that the prime minister would be that careless with his facts at a time when he is talking about the need to establish a new government information agency to give Canadians the true story of federalism.

POORLY RESEARCHED

When a Tory MP asked the prime minister in the Commons whether such an agency would be established, and what has happened to justify it, Trudeau replied:

"... In answer to the precise question as to what has happened in the past year, there was an election in the province of Quebec of a government dedicated to the separation of that province from the country. There have been approximately 10 or 15 offices set up by the government across the province to convey information favorable to separatism. The honorable member should join me in approving the setting up, at the federal level, of an information centre which would counteract that subversive propaganda."

Considering all the national unity advisors surrounding the prime minister these days, you would expect his research to be reasonably complete before such statements are made in Parliament.

But, as it turns out, what Trudeau was talking about were 10 Quebec government information offices established by the previous provincial Liberal government to disperse administrative information. The offices are staffed by Quebec public servants—virtually all of them appointed while the Liberals were in power—who have standing orders not to handle political questions. They do a roaring business in road maps.

Since Trudeau made his statement, reporters have tried to get political information from the Quebec offices he referred to. None was available.

The prime minister is no doubt correct when he talks about the importance of the media bringing all the unbiased facts to Canadians at a time of constitutional crisis. But surely the credibility of the political leaders is just as important.

And it's difficult to maintain credibility when you don't have your facts straight.

POINTS TO HQ
It certainly didn't take Rene Levesque long to pick up his points from the incident. He wondered, with feigned sympathy, whether the prime minister was perhaps, "going towards a nervous breakdown" as he invented stories about propaganda offices. And, with tongue in cheek, the premier said that as a Canadian taxpayer he objected to his money being spent fighting something that didn't exist.

He also complained about becoming "kind of dizzy" trying to keep up with all the organizations being established by Trudeau to promote national unity.

If Trudeau lost some credibility with his statement on Quebec's information offices, I don't think too much was regained with Lemelin's loyal explanation.

"The prime minister, is never wrong, but maybe he didn't say it as precisely as he should."

But I guess it takes a certain ingenuity to squeeze such enormous overstatements and understatement into the same sentence

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