

Why not a chance at lower taxes

Halton regional council last week shouldn't have rejected the proposal to accept zero-based budgeting.

Its action in accepting a proposal to contain budget growth to the level of new assessment this year may ultimately reach the same target of stabilizing the mill rate with no increase in taxes but it does not allow for the possibility of the reduction in the taxes paid by ratepayers.

Zero-based budgeting allows for the re-appraisal of all budget items annually thereby giving elected politicians more latitude in making cuts of programs found to be inefficient or redundant and power to allocate those resources to other needed programs. New programs could be assessed on the amount of resources available after the ap-

praisal of all existing programs and budget items.

This form of budget control is gaining in acceptance and Peel Region, for one, is expected within the next two years to move toward it as a goal for containing the recent rapid rise in tax levies. During the past provincial election the Liberal Party proposed this form of fiscal control to contain the growth of both the civil service and the programs proposed by the government.

It is only natural that when a set limit of growth is announced all parties to it will gear their needs to that growth figure under zero-based budgeting proof must be provided before continuation, let alone an increase, is permitted. Halton should seriously consider a move to zero-based budgeting.

Commendable

Halton Hills council should be commended on its rejection of any form of limit on the number of delegations appearing before it. Council should also consider taking its own advice and finding ways to control handling of individual delegations when they arrive for presentation of their concerns.

The move to limit, suggested by Coun. Roy Booth, came immediately following a lengthy and involved council meeting held the night before which saw a large number of delegations attend.

Council should consider the effective use of its procedural bylaw to limit the amount of time each delegation might have to speak to council and to control the length of debate that follows.

In most cases, as Coun. Mike Armstrong argued, there is no need for a delegation to council prior to the matter going to committee. This is the usual method of handling specific requests, but to deny presentation to council is also to deny a basic right to speak to council.

If members of the public wish to protect their interests at both the committee and the council levels that is their right. To attempt to limit anyone from access, or to delay such access, to elected representatives is to inflict injustice upon people who are today confused about a complex form of government. Ultimately they have the final say when they go to the polls. Their right to seek satisfaction from government should not be hindered.

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

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

Hurry, hurry, hurry. The NDP provincial council later this month will set the date for its leadership convention.

Behind the scenes at least half a dozen people are trying to make up their minds whether they will run.

Woeful labor officials, who are all important, and generally sounding out their chances.

Here is comment on some of them:

HOW THEY RATE

— Ian Deans is the one declared candidate and is busily touring the province.

— Ian can be impressive. A good appearance, dresses well and talks profoundly. He presumably has had some assurances from labor.

— Jim Foulds of Thunder Bay. A teacher and a party moderate. He hasn't the force to be a leader and it is doubtful if he would get many votes at a convention, unless there was no other northerner in the field.

— Floyd Laughtren of Nickel Belt will probably be in.

He would be representing the radical wing of the party. A supporter of the former Waffle, he is regarded as the most extreme leftist in the house.

He would get support from the radical wing - which, despite the influence of Stephen Lewis is still substantial - but would be anathema to the larger moderate wing.

BAD GUYS

— Ellie Martel of Sudbury East. A school teacher and an enigma.

With Ellie it's all good guys and bad guys. He isn't particularly radical, but everything is black and white.

He has a good fighting platform manner and from this angle could be the best of all the candidates.

But his interests have been narrow, and largely local. And there is no indication he could broaden them with leadership. How-

ever, he is a fighter.

— Then there's Michael Cassidy. A former newspaperman (Financial Times) he is the best intellectual capacity of the potentials.

But he is a boring speaker, usually going on endlessly.

With a time limit involved, he might come up with a good convention speech.

But as a leader he could bore the public to death. Also his public personality is not good.

— Gill Sandeman. Social worker and defeated member in Peterborough.

She is personable, a solid worker and a woman.

The last could be an important consideration.

By SUSAN DE FACENDIN

After the siren call of summer with its seemingly endless lazy days, a massive effort is needed to lift oneself out of a state of inertia and realize that the inexorable ticking of a clock must once again be heeded.

The tomatoes in the vegetable garden are ripening faster than I can pick them and the beans are plaintively crying out to be harvested. While one is caught up in the scramble from garden to kitchen amid the boiling pots of water, a temporary emergence from the freezer bags becomes necessary to begin the preparations for school opening - and total chaos reigns supreme.

The two girls demand appointments at the hairdresser - a new hairstyle being almost mandatory for the start of the fall term -

while on the other hand, I have to literally drag my son, kicking and screaming, to the nearest barber and shackle him to the chair.

The first faint drop in temperature causes chills to run down my spine - as I realize that winter clothing must be sorted and assessed and that three barefoot children need to be shod.

"Mom! My shoes are too tight," comes the call from Richard's lair. "Can't you curl your toes?" I reply.

When I receive no answer from this obvious query I try another tack: "O.K. are either of you Cinderella's ready to wear a boys size nine, cast-off shoe yet?" I enquire hopefully of the girls.

"Oh, mom!" sigh Louisa and Teresa in unison, who can never take a jocular ap-

proach to the serious subject of clothes.

The bag where winter hats, mitts and scarves were hastily stuffed last May, is emptied. "I have one red, one brown and one green mitt. Anyone care to start a new fashion in vari-colored hands?" I brightly ask.

"Mom, I would like to oblige, but they are all left hands"

"Well you could each wear one and keep the other hand in your pocket. I am only trying to keep expenses down in these economically troubled times."

"Mom, I think the word you are looking for is 'Cheap'."

Choosing to ignore that totally uncalled-for remark, I doggedly continue: "Louisa, do you have gym shorts that fit?"

"I don't know, but I need new skis".

"That comment proves to be a 'bummer' as all three of them then become diverted into a heated discussion of skates, ski poles, goggles and sleds and I know, regretfully, that this job is going to take at least three days to complete.

While we stand amidst the piles of clothing still to be sorted, it appears reasonable to me to discard tacky, worn-out summer clothing at the same time. I distastefully pick up a pair of blue jean cut-offs that have not only faded to a dirty off-white shade, but are totally worn through in the seat.

"Mmm!" screams Louisa. "You can't throw them out, they are just getting comfortable" - and young Teresa chimes in:

"Yeah Mom! She's going to pass them on to me when they don't fit her anymore."

I reluctantly drop them back in the pile with a muttered: "If either one of you appears on the street in those, you will probably get arrested", and make a mental note to discard them when, as the school bells joyfully chime, I can reassume my solitary position of authority in the house.

My full cleaning spree is obviously going to have to be postponed indefinitely. On top of everything else, the mere thought of tackling Teresa's collection of mouldering pinecones; the dead butterfly taped to her bedroom wall that is about to fulfill its destiny of 'from dust to dust' and other, as yet undiscovered summer remnant horrors, is enough to give me nightmares. I wonder if the French Foreign Legion would accept a runaway housewife?



One truth: We all grow old

By GERRY LANDSBOROUGH

There is one truth in life that will effect almost all of us. Each and every person reading this column will experience it. We will all, God willing, grow old.

Aging in our society is actually frowned upon. We color our hair, God forbid that we should show any grays, and when it thins out we can wear a wig or a toupee. We concentrate all our energies on having that "youthful look." Aging is a process that we start outnunning in our early youth yet from the beginning it is a race we are destined to lose. Our culture looks at our senior citizens as something to be tolerated. We stick them away in homes as soon as possible. We retire them from business just as they are reaching their prime at a time when we could profit most from their experience. We seem to place our emphasis on the culture of our youth mindless of the wisdom of experience of the aged.

It is as though we believe that by hitting the old away and retiring them early from life we can avoid the irreversible process of growing old that begins on the day we were born.

The old seem to accept the ways of our society and soon after they are placed in a home they accommodate - by dying. How very sad.

Our senior citizens have earned a prominent and honored place in our society but we choose to ignore them and retire them early from life - in so doing we all lose.

the HERALD
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Publisher & General Manager
Phone 877-2201
Second Class Mail Registered No. 0943

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CIRCULATION: As of February 1977 12,752

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Unlike the youth of our pioneer fore fathers our young people do not have aged grandparents to instruct and spend time with them. Grandparents to day are caught up in their own lives and when the time comes to instruct grandchildren or great-grandchildren they are put away to a Senior Citizen Home. Out of sight soon becomes out of mind.

Every matron or nurse in a old people's home has a story to tell - of the lonely, the unloved, the unwanted, who sit brokenheartedly in chairs and wait for death.

With the above in mind we offer you the following for thought.

GRACEFUL YEARS

G. Landsborough

Dear Lord give me the wisdom to understand that my step will not always be as light. That these nimble limbs that carry me so swiftly up the stairs Will not always bend so readily at my command.

That these eyes that see the finest print with ease, and read for hours without tiring Will blur and cloud with passing years. Let me not show impatience with the old Lord

For I too will slow with quickly passing years Sometimes Lord the sharpest mind plays tricks And the years slip back and the memory lives in younger days.

Let me show compassion Lord, understanding, for a faltering hand To slow my pace for footsteps that are not as quick as mine For the curse of the living is old age And though we all step quickly through those portals

Let me follow gracefully Lord, without the impudence of youth. Let me be mindful that loneliness is painful for the old

And though my days fill by so rapidly - days for someone left alone do not For youth sneaks away so quickly Lord, and one day not so very far away I too will find that I am old.

Then I will sit and long for a cheery word, a smile, a bit of time And all of these dear Lord are mine to give so easily If I only for a second pause to remember that I too am a victim Of that clever trickster time.

Looking through our files

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Plans were under way for the Georgetown Fair this weekend. Special features are the horse show, cattle exhibit, harness and road races, poultry show, hall display, merchant's display, baby show all for the 101st annual fair.

Esquering council went on record this week as being opposed to a pheasant hunt in the township this year when council met for its regular monthly meeting Tuesday.

Council also approved payment for an air raid siren, which had been tried out and recommended by the fire brigade, to supplement the present fire siren. Cost is \$150.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A large crowd was on hand to attend the celebrations going on the opening of Stonehouse Motors, Georgetown's newest car dealer and to view the introduction of the 1958 Edsel.

Parking meters began official operation in Georgetown Thursday when the police force will begin handing out tickets for violations of the 5 cents an hour charge now being levied for downtown parking.

Another seven stores will join the "Closed Mondays", open-all-day-"Thursday" classification soon. Council passed a bylaw to set new hours for hardware and appliance stores after a petition was read at council.

TEN YEARS AGO

A three-man bid to withdraw from the Credit Valley Conservation Authority was defeated at council. Coun. Jim Young said, "we are not getting anything for our \$11,000" and suggested the town take steps to withdraw from the authority. Coun. Steamer Emmerston compared the CVCA to a long-term investment which would be thrown away if the town did withdraw. Two other councillors felt the town would never get a dam built at Hungry Hollow "if we have to pay for it ourselves." Coun. Emmerston said.

The latest addition to the Georgetown Police Department fleet, a Chevrolet van, is an all-purpose vehicle that should result in better patrolling efficiency and traffic control. Its use in transporting prisoners from the county jail will free a cruiser for other duties.

Trapped! Opting for the Foreign Legion

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