

UNICEF thanks for 1979 contributions

To the editor of The Herald:
On behalf of the Ontario UNICEF Committee and the many UNICEF children around the world, I would like to extend thanks to the people of Ontario for their most

generous support of UNICEF's work in 1979.
Once again, the people of our province have responded with concern and generosity to our fundraising appeal at Halloween and through the purchase of UNICEF greeting

cards throughout the year. As a result of this generosity, \$510,000 has been raised to date from the annual Halloween UNICEF collections and we are optimistic that we will reach our goal of \$600,000 from our greeting card sales across Ontario.

To the editor of The Herald:
"Are you taking me out to supper?"
"Sure, we could go to McDonald's or Kentucky Fried Chicken. I'll treat you to the best!"
"You great Scottish lowland peasant!" You good-for-nothing lowland Sassenach - I knew I should have followed my mother's advice and never married you when she found out you drank beer!"

My wife continued this tirade for some time, standing in front of the TV to get my attention, tipping red ink into my aquarium tank and making lurid descriptive remarks about my ancestors. This finally got my attention, earning myself away from the Stornoway Edmonton Oilers, who were withering my Leafs. I swept aside the beer bottles and fiddled my wife through my usual beery haze.
"Well, well, sweet wife, what brings all this on?" I know its

no often letter to take you out, but there's no need to go bananas - all that business describing my ancestors, they were nice people, you know. Even if my Uncle Tom ran a house of ill repute and Auntie Mary ran a gambling joint, they were respectable people, top elders in the Kirk and all that."
"That's what I mean," she said. "You haven't any class. You're a peasant. My mother was right. Do you know what day it is?" She asked all in one breath.

IT'S SATURDAY!
"Aha, of course I do!" I announced proudly, knowing that here my intellectual capacities were adequate. "It's Saturday!" I watched perplexed as her brows knitted in a furrow of gathering anger, clenching and unclenching her fists, and finally throwing the empty red-ink bottle at me. I ducked and hid behind the chair.

"It's the 26th of January, you inconsiderate lout!"
"What day, you little wife? I'm sure it's Saturday!"
"Of course it is, you great lump of Haggis. It's also the day after Robbie Burns' birthday, the 25th of January!"
Suddenly, the glimmerings of truth were dawning through my beloved hockey-beer haze. She was upset because I hadn't taken her out to a Burns' supper last night.

Everlastingly, my primitive intellect figured out a way to soothe her and secure our conjugal bliss.
"I could take you out tonight! Aha, that's smart. I thought, not many guys are that fast-thinking. I quenched a passing thought about missing the hockey game."
"Oh, big deal," she snarled. "You really are the last of the planners aren't you?"

"I'll take you to a posh restaurant," I hastened to add. "Roast beef, or seafood or Chinese, something like that, no expense spared."
"I don't want that," she raved, tearing out the sports section and shredding it into tiny pieces. "I want a Burns



Members of Georgetown's British Club were entertained at their recent Burns' Supper in the Lions Hall by Katrina Patterson, a highland dancer. A club member who asked that his name be withheld on the accompanying letter writes of the supper-dance in refreshingly humorous terms as a worthwhile alternative to television, yes, even Leafs hockey.

(Photo submitted)
Supper, like I shoulda had last night, you pig, always thinking of yourself. Last night was your darts night!"
"DARTS NIGHT!"
"Well, light of my life," I mumbled defensively. "you know I never interrupt my darts night!" Fervently, I rattled my meagre brains trying to remember where I had seen a Burns Supper Night notice in the papers. Eureka - the back of the sports section - all turn in little pieces on the floor! I dived on the floor and scabbled among the bits. With a screech, my dear wife was belaboring me with her favorite brush.
"You leave that sports stuff alone - garbage that's all it is. I think I'll go to the cinema with the lodger," she sniffed. "We could get a kick out of a blue movie. You don't care any

more. A Chinese meal on Burns night indeed! You peasant!" and with that parting shot, she flounced out the room. I heard her scurrying in the clothes closet for her hat and coat.

Frantically, I ruffled through the sports pieces and Hallelujah! I found it - The British Club Burns Supper, 26th January, 7:30 p.m., Lions Hall.

"Saved! I said to myself, it's only 6 p.m. I stood at the door and grabbed the wee wife as she rushed past.
"Hold it there," I said. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Out to enjoy myself," says she "with the lodger, perhaps" she adds vindictively.
"Now just hold it a minute, there," says I, in my most officious voice, puffing out my chest. "I've been fooling you all along, you see, because we're going out to a Burns Supper at 7:30! I do some mental somersaults to imagine what traps my little fib is getting me into, but I can't think of any."
She stops in her tracks, and fixes me with her sharp beady eye.

"Are you sure?" she questions, with her usual suspicion about my doings. "You never planned anything before. I remember our wedding - you forgot to turn up. I swear she wiped a tear from her eye. She was starting to weaken! Then her common sense and memories of all my other mistakes took over again - 'Where is it and what time?'"

LIONS HALL
"The Lions Hall at 7:30 p.m., run by the British Club."
"Oh yes," says she, sniffing and powdering her nose. "They're a good bunch, that should be good. When did you buy the tickets?"
"Er, um, er... they said I could pay at the door, so that's what we'll do", I was shuffling my meagre mental resources to stay ahead of my wily wife.
"So, anyway," I adds, to
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Mad at the PCs

To the editor of The Herald:
Before last year's election, the Tories promised a "pie in the sky". They promised a reduction in government spending, to review some of the overburdened social programs, such as U.I.C. tax breaks, etc. Never did they mention a tough budget for the '80s in the election campaign.

would have had to endure the punitive excess tax on gasoline, the increase in the price of crude oil, the increase in U.I.C. premiums, etc., in order to reduce the deficit. These are necessary to raise funds to finance the tax breaks for the rich!
To present a tough budget instead of the one with oodles of tax cuts that was promised before the election is bad enough. To present a budget that is also unfair is adding insult to injury.
Can you blame me if I am mad at Joe Clark and the PCs?
Yours sincerely,
Glenn Robertson
Oakville

These contributions, when matched by the federal government through the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) will multiply to \$1,020,000 - monies which will go far in providing safe water supplies, improved nutrition, health care and educational programs for millions of children in the developing countries of our world.
The message of 1979 - the International Year of the Child - was that children are the world's most precious resource. The people of Ontario should be proud to know that in 1979, as every year, their support of UNICEF has helped bring a brighter future to many of the world's children.
Sincerely yours,
Maggie Smiley
Provincial Chairman
Ontario UNICEF Committee

VIEWPOINT

Lessons for the global conflict: the dangers of our defeatism

By GERRY LANDSBOROUGH
Herald columnist
I have always admired those individuals who, under the most difficult conditions, have shown true grit and risen to the challenge, instead of buckling under. It is a quality found deep within the human soul.
A case in point is the story of Bonnie McLeod, 21 years of age and a quadriplegic, whose story was told in Sunday's Star. This young woman was hit by a car seven years ago, causing her almost total disability.
On paper, the girl is a millionaire, but in reality, the monies the court awarded have never arrived. The man who hit her had only \$10,000 public liability. I agree with Bonnie that insurance companies should have a fund for extreme cases such as hers. However, my main point here concerns what this girl is trying to do with her life against such tremendous odds. She shows determination, courage, spirit, the "desire to overcome" in spite of her handicap.

Today's youth are not only afraid, but I believe they delude themselves with the term consciousness objecter. We have followed with great interest the words of Andrei Sakharov, the eminent Russian scientist who has been forced into internal exile, because of the spark of humanity he has been trying to kindle against the "closed society" from within the "closed society". Here is a man who has enjoyed the life of Russian elite, yet is living testimony that life alone is not enough. The human spirit must be "free".
We are told that the best military minds in America and Canada have predicted a war within four years, if not sooner. Not only are we as Canadians not militarily prepared for war, but we are totally unprepared mentally. You can always get the equipment, but if the men moving the machines have already given up, then the best

weapons in the world would not be enough.
One Canadian general said, "The way things are going, within five years I might be looking at the world from behind the barbed wire of a Russian prison camp here in Canada."
Thanks a lot, General; it's awfully hard to win with that kind of an attitude. It's called defeatism and it's highly contagious.
No one expects anyone to look forward to war. War is the greatest perversion on the face of the earth. It destroys both bodies and minds. It is a cancer and it contaminates all it touches.
But freedom - the ability to soar as high as the possibilities of your imagination will take you, to earn as much as you want, to develop what "you" choose is something that once you have it - there is no life without it.
The story of the circus elephant comes to mind. A full-grown elephant is a beast

of enormous strength. Full grown, he can push over a tree or rip apart chains, yet this enormous beast is held in place with a little wooden stake in the ground. That stake is first used when the elephant is small and no matter how hard he tries, he can't pull free; when he grows he remembers, and he no longer tries, even though a halfhearted pull would set him free.
Defeatism is a wooden stake anchoring our youth that has not been placed in society by accident.
Those who remember, those who gave their lives, those who fought against great odds and who fought on when all was lost must counsel the youth around them as to the importance of freedom and the defence of one's country. If not, like our defeated general, we too will look out from behind barbed wire - barbed wire right here in Canada, where an attitude has us and our future staked to the ground.

In contrast to that kind of plucky courage is an attitude of defeatism that is so common it's almost cancerous. Too many are ready to give up without a fight - to give up before they even start.
With world conditions as unstable as they are, such an attitude is more frightening than the prospects of confrontation.
Many young people today spit out loud and strong that "they won't fight any war, anytime, anywhere".

First, for the record, let me state that I'm definitely your basic pacifist; I believe that it's morally wrong to kill anyone, but, and it's a big but, I also believe with all my heart that it's morally wrong to suppress freedom. There are many ways to die - for the most part, the battlefield is quick, compared to dying a bit at a time - day by day, a slow intellectual death.

It is hard for young men and women who have lived in a country that's free because of the efforts of others (who also did not want to fight) to make a conscious decision based on true belief. Few if any young or old people have ever gone to war with anything but "fear".



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