

Halton Hills Outlook

Their Outlook

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877-2202 PUBLISHER
Don Brander
ADVERTISING MANAGER
Carl Sinke
EDITOR
Dave Rowney

877-2201
MARKETING REPRESENTATIVES
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Sharon Marshall
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No happy moments for Grit Party

If there is one political comment that should be swallowed with a pound of salt - not simply a grain - it's this one from the lips of Liberal Leader John Turner about the Meech Lake accord: "The more public debate the better."
Well, if Liberal MPs and senators, along with assorted party officials and other heavyweights, were to keep their mouths shut, perhaps Mr. Turner would welcome more public debate. But, considering what this particular debate has done to him so far, it's well nigh impossible to imagine why he might want more of it.
In his more prayerful moments, I suspect he is pleading for silence. As a party leader, the Meech Lake constitutional accord has brought him nothing but trouble. He can't get much joy from watching the popularity of the Mulroney government tumble in the wake of the accord when the popularity of his Liberal opposition party is tumbling even faster.
It's an oddity for an opposition party.

an open division when the Commons voted on cruise-missile testing.
It's virtually impossible for a political party to publicly disagree on anything without the question of leadership arising.
The constitutional accord is particularly divisive because of the involvement of former prime minister Pierre Trudeau, who detests the document and still has a sizeable number of devoted followers in the party. When Mr. Trudeau went public with some scolding criticism of the accord, the smoldering discontent within the Liberal caucus began exploding into the open. Right now, the caucus is talking about little else.
One session, dominated by Mr. Turner's pleas for party unity in support of the accord, went on for five hours. Far from achieving success, the discussions and still has a sizeable number of devoted followers in the party. When Mr. Trudeau went public with some scolding criticism of the accord, the smoldering discontent within the Liberal caucus began exploding into the open. Right now, the caucus is talking about little else.
Some MPs, including several who stoutly supported the leader at last November's convention, were furious when Mr. Turner said Liberals would be proposing amendments to the accord, but if they were defeated, the party would support them anyway.
"And that," said one unhappy Grit, "is the same as telling the government not to pay any attention to our amendments - we'll support you come hell or high water."
The comment clearly played havoc with party morale.



Ottawa Report

By Stewart MacLeod

You may have noticed that, in the last Gallup Poll, the Tories dropped two percentage points while the Liberals dropped three. And this came after the Liberals had an earlier poll analyzed by computers and were told that, if an election were held then, there would likely be a minority NDP government.
Make no mistake, these are not happy times for the Liberals.
When, for instance, was the last time you heard of a federal party executive writing to MPs asking them to support their leader? The mere fact that Liberal President Michel Robert felt such a letter was necessary doesn't do much for the leader's image.
NOT FIRST
If the division over the Meech Lake accord was the first for the 40-member Liberal caucus, it wouldn't reflect so unfavorably on Mr. Turner. But the party is also split on the issue of free trade and there was

FURIOUS EFFORTS
A reporter who called every Liberal MP is convinced a majority of them oppose the accord as it exists. But Mr. Turner disagrees. He says only about 10 of them are opposed.
But even for a leader to admit that a quarter of his caucus disagrees with his position is singularly uncommon in Canadian politics.
And we're talking only of elected MPs here. When you get to the Liberal-dominated Senate, many of whose occupants were put there by Pierre Trudeau, the opposition is even stronger.



Bulldog Jones perfect to replace President



One woman's view

By CHRIS CARLISLE

I know the perfect replacement for Ronald Reagan. The candidate is tough, knowledgeable and has stamina plus. It's Bulldog Jones, my grandmother.
It was watching Reagan on T.V. that triggered the idea. A friend commented on what a job Reagan was doing, considering his age. I said Grandma, who's 87, outdid him in every category.
Bulldog Jones wasn't always Bulldog Jones. She used to be Grandma Jones to us; Maggie Jones to her peers. But this Christmas somebody made a diplomatic faux pas that riled her badly, and Grandma, banging her fist on the dining room table said enough was enough. She was getting tough.
"No more Grandma Jones! It's Bulldog Jones from now on."
Bulldog went on a couple of days later to play Santa at a gathering of 100. The original Santa, a hearty 77-year-old didn't show and none of the younger, more fit males were willing to don the beard and persona.
Grandma-I can't keep her calling her Bulldog. It doesn't seem respectful- showed her colors and rallied to the rescue. She's good in an emergency situation, a necessity for president. She charmed all the kiddies-okay maybe she scared a couple-and pleased every adult.
Charisma, savoir faire-all assets for a president.
She's a hard-worker. Not afraid to get her hands wet or dirty. When she retired at 63, she became a live-in babysitter for a select clientele who needed someone to stay with their kids while they went wherever. She stopped that around age 80 because she wanted to have a little fun.
Then she took up pool-the kind with a cue and the wet kind. Before heading off to the seniors' pool hall, she'd swim a mile every morning. From there it was bowling, or lodge meetings or Bingo or just shopping, riding the underground rails of the

TTC. She has nonstop energy and curiosity. She insists she wants to learn to waterski.

She can't sit still. She repapers her dining room at least once every six months. If she's not shampooing her carpet, she's painting the kitchen. The woman is a dynamo.

When I was transferred out West six years ago, she jumped at the opportunity to drive out with me. She'd never seen the Rockies and although it meant she'd have to sit in the front of a Vega for six days, she was all for the adventure. I have to admit I felt a whole lot safer travelling across Canada with her as copilot.

The woman has grit and patience. Not once in the entire trip did she ask me to stop to use the ladies' room or for a coffee, or to stop and sightsee. I'd ask her if she wanted to stop soon and she was accommodating all the way. Whatever I wanted; whenever I wanted. I was the driver and she'd adjust to my schedule. A president like this would endear herself to many.

But she also knows when to stand her ground. One night a year ago on a Toronto bus the driver was arguing with a teenager who was refusing to pay his fare. The driver wasn't moving the bus until he paid so he better pay up or get off.

When Grandma, who is 5-foot-one or so, gets angry, look out. No pussy footing around for her. The guy turned and ran and away they went.

This woman reads the morning papers every day and knows every side to every issue. She's no slouch when it comes to politics and social issues. She wants a return of the lash for rapists. Forget throwing them in jail. Give them the lashes rub salt in it. That'll make them think twice.

For all this toughness, she's a woman of love and will always take time out from her busy schedule of doing pushups on the living room floor or entertaining us with her singing and dancing and kibitzing, to help out someone in need. Without a thought for herself, she's nursed sick and dying friends and relatives and runs immediately and unselfishly to the aid of anyone in trouble.

She'd make a fine leader. Start the wave now. Bulldog Jones for president!



Letters

Going back to school

EDITOR'S NOTE: Georgetown District High School students are not all teenagers. Some are mature pupils, returning to school. The following is an essay by one adult about the experiences of going back to school.

By NELLIE SCHREIBER
Herald Special

It was a challenge to be able to go back to school.

We worried about getting through the fear of moving around the halls between all the teenagers. We had questions like: What will they think of us, coming back to school? Do they think that we invade their territory? How will the teachers react?

When I started those questions were soon answered. The school felt comfortable and at home in our own A.L.P. class. A.L.P. stands for "Adult Learners' Program". We had a nice variety of ages and backgrounds and we fitted well together. We shared thoughts and opinions as we became more familiar to one another.

I came into a program that had already started a couple of weeks earlier. I was interested in the subject of French. You might wonder why. The simple reason is, I meet so many people, who are French, and here I am, with my mouth full of teeth, not able to put to use all that I learned years ago. When we are holidaying, we always come across a lot of French speaking people. You might call it curiosity. Yes, I am curious. Can this knowledge be made practical?

I called the number available in the Halton Board of Education to inquire about updating my education. Coming from Europe, I did have the equivalent of Grade 10, since we only have six junior grades overseas. We started French in the fifth grade and when we came into high school, they were going very fast over all they had learned already. That is six years that I was exposed to the French language. I was disappointed after my call to find out that the night classes never got a start, but at the same time I was told that a special adult class was going daily.

I was invited to come in and meet the group and the teacher. I did go the next day and met the people, but I felt very unsure about starting all day. What about all my other activities?

I went one Friday, very hesitantly, to see what it was about. At the end of the day I had already made up my mind; I was really going to try. We had a terrific teacher I must tell you! She encouraged us, was enthusiastic herself and very helpful. The subjects we had together were English, Mathematics, Computer-data entry and some typing and employment skills. My husband noticed also a big difference in me, I was enthusiastic and determined.

I am happy to be here and have made some new friends. After the first semester, we had an opportunity to choose the subjects we wanted. The consequences were that we were all going different ways. Some chose Geography, Law, Typing, Sociology, Arts, Biology and Family Studies. Now we were going to go in with the high school students in their classes. This was another big thing for us. We were anxious, but we soon got used to it. And the strange teachers! It is a full load and we found out that homework is not always easy to find time for. But if the will is there, you find a way and we just did that.

We are all looking forward to the carefree summer holidays, but I bet when summer is over, we will be happy to go back again.