

Halton Hills Outlook

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Their Outlook

Ice cream melts after a closer look



Queen's Park

By Derek Nelson

TORONTO—Could I have cherries jubilee on my ice cream, please?

That's how one might look at the mouse born of the mighty labors of the Ontario Health Review Panel.

The panel's general conclusion is that the majority of Ontarians enjoy a high standard of health and the province has "a very good health care system."

That's the ice cream. But even the best things can be improved, as cherries jubilee does the ice cream.

So the panel suggested the "health of Ontario's residents and the health of the system could be further improved."

In fact, it said that if existing "shortcomings" aren't "addressed with vigor" then we could see "deterioration" set in.

Oh, oh. Does that mean the ice cream isn't quite as good as it appears on the surface?

CONCLUSIONS

The panel had some conclusions. "During the past 15 years there has been a succession of constructive recommendations to improve the health care system in Ontario," its report said.

And what has happened to these recommendations?

"The difficulty has been translating them into action," the report explained.

But with this new report things will be different now, right?

Not exactly. "The current com-

bination of pressures for change and constraints on resources will make actions even more difficult," the report suggested.

"What is the solution then?" "It is in these circumstances that an environment of trust and shared commitment must be established among the public, providers and government," the report daringly stated.

At this point, one has to wonder whether we are to take this kind of analysis seriously?

The specific conclusions drawn by the panel—it said it had trouble zeroing in on only three issues—help reinforce those doubts.

After all, there has long existed a consensus that the shift in health care should be from treatment to prevention, and for a move to home care away from institutional care.

The theory is that such changes would save money.

Yet the key recommendation by the health panel is simply the formation of another committee—to be called the Premier's Council on Health Care Strategy—to give pursuit of those goals the high-level thrust that would be required to achieve them.

The council would include health care professionals, government staff and health consumers.

Why this particular committee would succeed any more than the former Ontario Health Council, which was composed of the same type of people and was disbanded by the Liberals when they came to power, is hard to imagine.

The real question is how to force the changes desired.

And that the panel skirted or duck-

ed.



Find a place in your heart for those trees



One woman's view

By CHRIS CARLISLE

Do artists paint empty fields? Do they paint a blue sky? No, they paint a solitary tree silhouetted against the sky. They paint a mountainside covered in trees, each with a different mood, a different character. Just like the beautiful trees around my house.

If I woke up in the morning to nothing but a gray sky out my window all winter long, I'd never get out of bed. But in front of that gray sky, place all those deep green cedars, laden with the new white snow and it's a wonderland out there and I can't wait to get up and be a part of it.

My friend up the hill feels the same way and like me, works in an in-house office of wall-to-wall windows. Her house is on a hill so that sitting in her office, she sits right amongst the trees and the birds' houses. While she works she's right up there in birdland with wrens and doves and chickadees and robins and woodpeckers and blue jays and cardinals all flying around, back and forth right in front of her. She does government research and could trade in her enchanting little bird-song office for one in Ottawa any day. But she's an intelligent woman. She knows what life is all about. And there's no way she'd cut down her trees.

Trees are not only magnificent, they're functional. Where else could you hang your beware of the dog sign? What else makes such good support for a woodpile than couple of trees on each side? What else can you hang your clothesline on? Where else can you build a treefort? There's magic up there in the branches. Where else could birds sing from?

I cringe when I see a stump. I almost die when I see an entire lot of stumps, like the one I almost had a heart attack at last week. Last year it was a beautiful lot of cedars surrounding a cute little house. Suddenly, the whole place is bare and there's nothing but dried up grass and stumps. It looks horrid and now so does the house. All the charm is gone. It's just another lot that I suppose someone is going to build another house on.

So that's valid and it's really none of my business. But why cut down every last tree on the place? Is there no sense of esthetics anymore? It breaks my heart.

It's getting so that that grinding buzz of a chainsaw makes me jumpy. Well, it's not really the buzz that gets me, it's when it stops and that awful cracking sound comes.

Another tree falls. Another (as far as I'm concerned) senseless death. I hate that sound!

It wasn't so bad as a kid, clearing land for the cottage with an ax. Then, standing back to proudly await the earsplitting crack that announced triumph after an hour of hacking, was a joy. It meant accomplishment and that it was that much closer to break time and maybe a swim. And besides, there were thousands of acres of lush left all around us.

But now I hate it. I can't stand the thought of trees being cut down. It's a sickness that has invaded modern day society. I swear if I ever get the money, I'll buy a hundred acres of trees on a lake and live in peace in the bush with all my trees. For now I have to settle for my hundred and thirty-four or so treasures that my neighbor across the street would love me to cut down.

"Too many mosquitoes," she says with a grimace. "Cut down the trees and let the breeze blow through." Needless to say, they've cut down all theirs and planted a lawn and a couple of young nurslings. I don't get it.

At my Mom's in a Toronto suburb, trees have been growing peacefully for twenty-five years.

Now, however, a new breed of homeowner is moving in. And they don't like trees. Down they all come. The beautiful blue spruce that stood thirty feet high and lovingly cradled the new-fallen snow is no longer. Mom woke up in horror one day to find it gone.

"I've been looking at that tree for twenty-five years," she told the neighbors. "I loved that tree. Why did you cut it down?"

"Wasn't doing any good. It was just standing there."

Same attitude with the hedges. Mom has been trimming for twenty-five years. New homeowners. No more hedges. They were on the other guy's property.

CROWE'S FEATS



UNDER THE UNDERTAKER PROPOSES TO THE PUDGY DEBUTANTE.

MacLennans can meet their Chief

The Central Ontario Branch of one of Scotland's oldest clans will be hosting a special event, at the 1987 Highland Games in Fergus, Ontario on Saturday, August 8.

The MacLennans will welcome their Chief, Ronald George MacLennan of Dores, Scotland and his 10-year-old son Ruairidh (Gaelic for Roderick) as special guests for the Games. This will be Chief Ronald's first official visit to the Central Ontario Branch and plans are underway for as many members of the clan as possible to have the opportunity to meet him either during the Games or at one of the other events centered around his visit.

Members of the MacLennan clan will participate in the "Parade of the Clans" at the opening of the Highland Games in Fergus. During the Games, at their booth on the Avenue of the Clans, they will welcome persons who may be eligible for membership. (Septs of the MacLennan clan include such names as: Loban, Logan, MacAlinn, MacLyndon, Leonard, Lenane, MacAlinden, Linden, MacLenaghan, MacClelland, MacWilmare, Winan, Winning, Gilfinan, Gilfillan, MacAlonan, Lennon and Clelland.)

Special events in connection with the Chief's visit will be a buffet dinner following the Games on August 8, at the Community Centre in Alma. Tickets (€ \$10 for adults, \$5 for children under 12 years) must be ordered in advance (to order phone 416-742-9555; 416-945-5859 or 519-843-2078). On Sunday, August 9, the clan will participate in the "Kirking of the Tartans" during the 10 a.m. service at St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Fergus. A picnic for clan members and guests will be held following the service at the Community Centre in Alma. Attendees should bring their own lunch, beverages will be provided, charge will be € \$2 or \$5 per family.

Now in its third year of operation, the Central Ontario Branch of the MacLennan Clan meets two or three times per year. New members are welcome.

Contact: Bob MacLennan, Secretary-Treasurer, Central Ontario Branch, 416-742-9555.

Chief Ronald George MacLennan of MacLennan, Croix de Guerre, D.D.P.E., F.R.H.S., F.I.S.I.O., F.S.A., Scotland, assumed the position as 34th Chief of the Clan in 1976.

Having been forced to retire from his position as an educator due to failing health he has dedicated many hours to preparing a detailed history of the Clan and has been instrumental in organizing the establishment of a Clan MacLennan Museum at Kintail, Scotland. When completed, the Museum will house records of the Clan and will be an important focal point for persons from all over the world who are seeking information about their roots.

The MacLennans claim descent from the ancient Royal Celtic families of Ireland and Scotland. King Colman Rimid, circa 600 AD, gave the family the motto "Dum Spiro Spero" ("while I live, I hope"), which still appears on the Clan's coat of arms.

In his historical record of the Clan, Chief Ronald has traced its achievements back to the year 565 AD when an early member, St. Finnan or Morville, was tutor to St. Columba, a notable ecclesiastic of that time.

Many members of the Clan were forced to leave Scotland in the early 1800's, at the time of the Highland Clearances, and today their descendants are to be found in practically all parts of the Globe. There are probably many more MacLennans residing outside of Scotland than there are in the home country.

Several members of the Central Ontario Branch of the Clan will be attending the International Gathering of the Clans in Scotland this summer.