

Opinion Page

30 years ago

Hunter's Realtors were officially tagged OHA Intermediate B champions of Ontario, Monday night, and they looked every inch the part in powering their way to an 11-1 final win over a badly out-classed Thorold team at Thorold to end their long streak to the title.

Wayne Fiebig, son of Mr. and Mrs. G.W. Fiebig, 45 Victoria Ave., was presented with his Queen's Scout certificate by the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, Hon. J. Keiller MacKay, at a ceremony at Brantford on Friday, April 17 where one hundred and twenty-five Scouts from all over Ontario received similar honors.

Playing at the Brampton Drive-in movies were "Money, Women and Guns," and "Desert Legion," and coming soon were "Juvenile Jungle" and "Young and Wild."

15 years ago

After insistence by Acton Trustee Tom Watson, the Halton Board of Education approved its \$52 million budget this week. Mr. Watson, who is the chairman of the Finance Committee for this board wanted the proposed amount approved without any deductions. He reported that the average cost per pupil had increased in the schools by ten per cent over last year's figures.

Saturday morning one thousand Georgetown and area residents were expected to turn out for the eighth annual 28-mile OXFAM walk. Starting time for the Georgetown area was scheduled for 7 a.m. at Holy Cross School, Maple Avenue, and all walkers should have been finished the route by 7:30 p.m.

A number of Acton residents enjoyed the third annual recital by two music students at the Music Centre Sunday evening. Julie Smith and Joe Petric who have just completed their third year in honors bachelor of music arrange the free concerts at the end of each semester to keep family and friends in touch with their progress.

Halton's History from our files

10 years ago

Initially added to the tour to boost ticket sales in his current hometown of Halifax, former Georgetown resident Kevin Head performed at Toronto's Massey Hall last Wednesday night, opening a sold-out show for Irish folk-rockers Chris De Burgh.

Three Georgetown District High School students were among the prize winners in the Halton typing contest held at Lord Elgin High School April 25. The team from Georgetown were Ann Emmett, Chris Nagel, Lucy DeFraga, Heather Donaldson, and Lorna Snell. Lucy came first typing 78.9 words per minute, Heather placed third in the junior division with 53.1 words per minute and Lorna placed first in the novice division at 70.5 words per minute.

Bill Crawford, manager of Union Gas, was elected president of the Georgetown Chamber of Commerce at the annual dinner April 24. Mr. Crawford took over the position from George Gray who had been president for several years.

5 years ago

Stewarttown Senior Public School students carried off a two-and-a-half hour play at the John Elliott Theatre entitled "A Murder In A Nunnery." A few of the many students who took part in the extensive memorization of the lines included Andrew French, Inger Jackson, Trena Mackey and Richard Carman.

MacKenzie Smith Public School swimmers dominated the second annual North Halton Invitational Swim Meet, held last Tuesday in Acton.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter to Environment Minister James Bradley was filed with the Herald for publication. Re: Development in Georgetown.

I write on behalf of the Halton Hills Chamber of Commerce with regard to an important issue in our community. I know that in your capacity as minister of the environment, you regularly and frequently hear from the "environment community," but I am not so sure that you hear all that frequently from "the rest" of the community about environmental issues.

My letter relates specifically to the development of the Georgetown community of the Town of Halton Hills, and the request by the Isaac Walton Fly Fisherman's Club for a "bump up" to a full environmental assessment for Halton Region's proposed water takings to service development in Georgetown.

Mr. Minister, we take no exception to the protection of the environment. Our members live, work, play, and invest in our community, many of us for many, many years, and we have as big an interest in protecting our environ-

ment as anyone. We have a concern though, that the protection of the environment be balanced against our community's need to grow in a planned and environmentally conscious way. As businessmen, and residents of our community, we have great confidence in the Regional Municipality of Halton, and its attendance to environmental issues. We think Halton has an enviable record in those areas, and one which your Ministry should not take lightly.

We have considerable concern with the campaign being mounted by the Isaac Walton Fly Fisherman's Club and its impact on the development in our community. It has been a long time since there has been new growth of any consequence in Georgetown, and an equally long time that Halton Region has been exploring the water and waste water treatment options to enable that growth to happen. For a relatively small group of people, to take what we consider to be an unnecessarily obstructionist position at this point in a very long process, we find irresponsible.

It is extremely important to understand that Halton Region has

already accepted the fact that the proposed water taking might have an impact on the environment; hence, Halton's willingness to implement extensive monitoring programs to ensure that there is no harm to the environment. With the Regional commitment in place, we object, and object strenuously, to the request by the fisherman's club for a bump up to a full environmental assessment. Your acceptance of their request, in our opinion, would result in nothing more than a very lengthy delay to those people who want to live in our community.

Mr. Minister, we urge you to take into consideration the views of the residents of our community, and to deny the club's request for a full environmental assessment. Halton Region is a responsible government on environment issues, and we are completely satisfied that the Class Environmental Assessment process together with Halton's proposed monitoring program will afford our community all the protection it needs.

Yours truly,
Murray Lawton, President
Halton Hills Chamber
of Commerce

Strike could have been avoided

Dear Sir,

Every strike is a disaster that could have been avoided if communication channels between management and the workforce had been kept open.

Everybody loses in a strike. The workers lose most. The community loses, because the strikers will have less money to spend in the local stores. The factory loses business. And the management of the factory involved loses in trust, because a strike points out to the community that something has gone wrong inside the factory that only management could have put right but, for some mysterious reason, didn't.

Like a country, a factory has a history. The conditions that bring about a strike do not appear overnight, they are not brought into the plant by outside agitators, they slowly grow over the years and, if not checked, they eventually will rise to the surface and bring about such a massive discontent that, normally goodnatured and easy to handle workers will throw all cau-

tion to the wind and vote for a strike in spite of the grave consequences. It's a cry from the heart.

The reports in the press will invariably stress that money was the reason why an agreement couldn't be reached. And the readers of the news, not themselves showered with riches, will, in their minds, blame "greedy workers" for the labor trouble.

The real reason however, is always a breakdown in communication. As long as we are happy with our jobs, money is not unimportant but secondary. When our jobs become hateful, money becomes paramount.

I have worked at P.G. Bell in Georgetown since 1962, and I have seen this present strike building up steam for at least three years. I have tried to warn everybody of the looming disaster but, unfortunately, nobody was in a mood to listen.

P.G. Bell was sold several times in those years. Our old managers quit or got fired and new managers

came and left like people caught in a revolving door. Our supervisors became the real movers and shakers in the plant, at least that's what it looked like to us, and we had less and less input into the work process.

Attempts were made to undermine the contract, and safety, in some instances, became an object of derision.

The union tried hard, in my opinion, to bridge the widening gulf, to make management aware that problems were developing on the shopfloor. We got brushed off. Messengers of doom are seldom appreciated.

Now we are at war.

Will somebody have the courage to mount an investigation why we are at war? Or will the people, who brought this on, cling to their jobs, hoping that the storm may blow itself out and the strike end at the expense of the workers? The future will tell.

John Sommer,
Georgetown

Terror can come in familiar places



Kell's Korner

Donna Kell
Herald Staff

Terror can come in the most familiar of places.

Just last weekend I was covering my ears, unable to listen to any more talk about French fry-related deaths. But no sooner had my shivers subsided from the death of two little boys who first hid a flaming pot of grease and then themselves from "trouble" with their parents, when the next tragedy struck.

The radio was filled with the horrible gnashings of another tragedy that befell a Toronto family. Two small boys and their grandfather were killed when a pot of grease was left unattended on the stove.

But this time it was not childish curiosity that resulted in a flaming error. It seems Mother, God help her, fell asleep while cooking French fries. Can anybody want to eat the things so badly that they would risk a pot of bubbling grease on their stove?

I don't know about anybody else, but echoes of my mother's incessant warnings ring through my ears when I even think about cooking with grease. It's tragic to lose one life because of a faulty action.

It's selfish to be an adult and to do the very thing all mothers warn against. Too bad this mother, who received burns to her face but who survived the grease-incited inferno, will have to bear the burden of killing her two sons and their grandfather.

For the boys and the man, the horror was painful, but now it's over. The mother's horror lives on.

What sick individual would put sharp objects in a baby food jar?

It seems someone in England has a beef with Heinz. Fine. Blackmail Heinz in some creative way that does not put innocent lives in jeopardy. Get pictures of someone with someone else's wife, or find out who's selling what under the table. But don't put innocent lives in jeopardy.

Boo to the copycat crime in the U.S. over the weekend. Yay to the babysitter who premeditated the food before giving the pulpy green stuff to her little charge, finding the metal objects inside.

What some demented minds will contrive.

It makes you wonder.

Healthy foods are getting a bad name. After the tainted grapes from Chile and the spotty black orange eaten by a Toronto woman, I find myself looking more and more at those tags above the fruit that I used to ignore.

But I still find myself disregarding the produce of Chile signs. Dare I say you only live once?

No respect for "Mr. Weir"



Weir's View

By Ian Weir
Thomson News Service

It's a terrible thing to say, but it's true. For the first time in history, today's kids have lost all proper respect for their elders.

Oh, I know, I know. Adults have been moaning that kids lack respect ever since Cain broke curfew and told Adam to get off his back.

A few years ago, indeed, adults were forever lamenting that the kids of my own generation lacked respect.

But this was absolutely untrue. We had all the respect in the world. The claim that we didn't was just a silly falsehood spread by a bunch of old stuffed-shirts.

No, it's the present generation of kids that lack respect. Trust me.

I am an adult now. And I am not getting enough respect.

Just for starters, let's address the dismal truth that I was born one generation too late, and as such will be forever denied one of my fondest dreams - I am never in my life going to be called "Mr. Weir."

Now granted, this may not sound like a big deal. Lots of people will never be called "Mr. Weir" - particularly those whose name is something else.

But it's a question of principle.

spent my formative years calling people "Mr." and "Mrs." And I consoled myself with the knowledge that the tables would one day be turned.

So what happens? As soon as I hit 30, the entire society decided to shift to a first-name basis.

Nineteen-year-old dental receptionists call you by your first name. Twenty-one-year-old policemen, for Pete's sake, call you by your first name as they're writing out the ticket.

(Admittedly, one doesn't get too upset about the policemen. I don't much like being called "Iah" by a policeman, but I will concede that it beats all heck out of being called "the defendant.")

But overall, it just isn't fair. Where's the point in putting up with the woes of adulthood if you don't even get to be called "Mister"? Surely there must be more to maturity than lower-back pain.

As such, you can imagine how much fun I had last Sunday, when I spent two hours at a birthday party with a bunch of four-year-olds.

Let us pause briefly and consider certain possibilities.

It's certainly possible that I am a failure in life. A disappointment to my parents, a source of wry amusement to my friends, a man who richly deserves to be condescended to by 19-year-old dental receptionists.

But do I really deserve to be called "Ian" by a four-year-old?

Granted, one should try not to take this sort of thing personally. One should simply accept that modern, liberal society has decid-

ed that adults and four-year-olds should be on a first-name basis.

This is quite understandable, considering that modern, liberal society has loads of other dumb ideas as well.

And perhaps it's hopelessly old-fashioned to assume that kids should approach you with lowered eyes and hushed voices, murmuring things like, "Tell me, Mr. Weir, about how hard it was in the Old Days."

All the same, do we really need to settle for, "Hey Ian - wanna grab me another hot-dog?"

There's a decorum to be observed, as I tried to explain to one of the party-goers - a particularly precocious little charmer named Andrew.

The time-honored agreement (I explained) was that I would call him "Andrew" while he called me "Mr. Weir." But if he insisted on dropping me a notch down to "Ian," then the rules of etiquette demanded that I drop him a corresponding notch - down to something like "sonny-boy," or perhaps "you runny-nosed little begger."

This is the point at which his mother intervened, calling me something unprintable under her breath, so the issue never got resolved.

But I'll probably see Andrew again sometime, and then we'll set things straight. It's darned well time to take a stand, here.

"Your mother," I shall tell him, gently but firmly, "can call me what she likes. This is her right, as an adult. And as a miserable old bag."