

Opinion Page

30 years ago

Dr. Peter Kurylowicz made plans to move his dental practice into the new building that was going up at Mountainview Road and Campbell Gate. He is currently working out of an office he shares with Dr. Jack Kerby. The 1956 University of Toronto graduate completed three years service with the Royal Canadian Dental Corps before establishing his practice in Georgetown.

The late grandson of Isaac Rachlin who operated the dry cleaning business in Georgetown several years ago, Theodore Rachlin, was recently called to the Ontario Bar. Mr. Rachlin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rachlin of Acton. He received his bachelor of arts degree from the University of Toronto in 1954 and completed his LL.B. three years later. He is currently practising law with the Toronto firm Levinter, Grossberg, Mayzel, Shapiro and Dryden.

15 years ago

A report issued by the Ministry of Transportation and Communications showed that although bicycle sales have tripled over the past decade the number of bicycle related accidents and deaths has doubled. The lack of bicycle paths is one of the reasons given for this alarming statistic, the report says. Cyclists are forced to straddle traffic most of the time, it says.

Bicyclists themselves are blamed for a significant percentage of bicycle accidents. According to the report too many riders disobey traffic rules. Failing to stop at a stop sign was the most common violation of bicyclists, the MTC report says.

Reverend Andre Simard of Sacred Heart parish in Georgetown is leaving the church to pursue a master's degree in theology at Laval University in Montreal. Rev. Simard has been a Georgetown resident for the past seven years. Rev. Laurent Levesque will take over Rev. Simard's duties at the parish. Both men are members of the Redemptorist

Halton's History from our files

Fathers and have been with the church for many years.

10 years ago

Georgetown residents Doreen Long and Jean Ruddell were at the Canadian National Exhibition this week helping to promote the craft of rug hooking. They worked out of a booth set up at the Ontario Craft Booth in the Arts and Crafts building. Ms. Long and Ms. Ruddell are part of a 50-member club here in Georgetown. The hobby is fairly inexpensive, and that's one of the reasons the hobby is becoming more and more popular all the time, the two say.

Wellington Science Associates of Rockwood received a \$10,000 federal government contract to provide Environment Canada with a report on the analytical standards of pentaxeta and nepachloro styrenes. The grant was one of 25 unclassified \$10,000 contracts awarded to Canadian companies. The total value of the contracts amounted to \$17,047,419.

5 years ago

Edith and Harry Mills who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary - 50 years - this week gave some helpful hints on how to make a marriage work. "Work together and talk over any problems," they said. The couple emigrated in 1981 to Georgetown from Birmingham, England to be closer to their son Keith and daughter-in-law Etta. The couple have two grandchildren, Stephen and Sarah. Mr. Mills was a machinist for 30 years before retiring. He now likes to cook and garden.

LETTERS

Sales tax has awakened Canadians — Mendelson Joe

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter from Canadian folk singer Mendelson Joe to Finance Minister Michael Wilson was filed with the Herald for publication.

Dear Sir,
Your proposed nine per cent across the board sales tax has awakened Canadians from their lethargy. Even when you drop the tax to six per cent voters will still fight it. Why? It's too broad a grab.

I have the answer to our financial woes (the deficit and sundry expenses like renovations at 24 Sussex). My ideas to raise cash will also solve your government's environmental fence-sitting woes. So if you follow my method, everyone wins, and you'll look like a genius, if not a hero.

The Joe Plan (copyright 1989): We must wean Canadians off the fossil fuel burners (automobiles) sooner than later because the so-called "greenhouse effect" has to be addressed now. Please ask your environment minister to explain "greenhouse" if it's still not clear to you. Raise the price of gasoline for all non-commercial vehicles to \$3 per litre. Consumers will con-

serve, pollution will lessen and your coffers will swell.

Raise home heating oil too, but not as much as gasoline. Canadians have to learn about energy conservation: The nuclear power sickness has to be dismantled eventually, so raise the energy costs to all consumers of electricity. A lot!

Tobacco. More than half of all fires are caused by careless smoking. Smoking also taxes the health care system. So hit back, Mr. Wilson. Raise the cost of cigarettes to \$10 a package. Spirits. I don't mean the ghost of Mackenzie King. Alcohol. Alcohol also taxes the health care system, so jack up the price of all alcoholic beverages. A case of beer should cost \$50 for 24.

Back to automobiles. Make purchasers of heavy vehicles pay. All buyers of sports cars and so-called "recreational" trucks should be taxed to the teeth. A license sticker for a Mercedes should be \$1,000 per year. All polluting technologies should be proportionally burdened with the costs of cleaning up this mess we've created. Tax polluters

heavily!
The biggest single drain on our economy is the nuclear power boondoggle. Canadians didn't want nuclear-powered subs, and they don't want food irradiation. Canadians don't want nuclear power period. Cut our losses before some accident demands the same decision. Dismantle Atomic Energy of Canada Limited.

Rail transport versus air travel. Airplanes pollute way more than trains. The railroad, like the CBC, is the essential glue that holds this country together. Canadians must learn to re-discover rail travel because down the road in 20 years or so this country will have 40 million people. Rail transport will be as essential as our natural resources to the economy of this big land.

Finally, I respect that your government wants to balance the books. But the nine per cent method will just irritate people and get you un-elected. I'll send a copy of this letter to Mr. Mulroney.

Yours truly,
Mendelson Joe

Lightowers helps build Nicaragua

By HENRIETTE THOMPSON
Georgetown 10 Days
for World Development Committee

These days when it takes thousands of dollars to provide just a down payment on a house in North America, it is hard to imagine a family of working poor in a developing country buying their own house. It is possible, though. One way is through a Christian organization called Habitat for Humanity. When people want to live in a house of their own, they make an agreement with Habitat to provide the volunteer labor and pay back the cost of materials, which in Nicaragua, for example, is \$2 a month for 20 years. Habitat secures the materials, facilitates and organizes the project and provides the no interest loans.

Volunteers of all sorts (singles, families, nationals and overseas people) help out. Cheryl Lightowers, recently of Georgetown, now living in Vancouver, volunteered for a two-week work camp, her second to Nicaragua in two years.

Nicaragua holds a special appeal for Cheryl. Life is so difficult for the people: the U.S. refuses to trade with Nicaragua, the country is in a hurricane zone and the economy is in a shambles. Yet the people remain very hopeful. The city of Bluefields on the east coast was wiped out by Hurricane Joan last year. Habitat is undertaking a major building project of 100 houses there. (An average Habitat project builds 10-20 houses at a time.)

Besides being involved in the practical work of building houses Cheryl encountered active Nicaraguan Christians who lived "with a Bible in one hand and a newspaper in the other." She experienced the moving campesino mass which the people loved and knew by heart. She heard how people described life as "living Good Friday with the hope of Easter."

Making connections is an integral part of Cheryl's trips with Habitat. It is possible, she says, to create ties with the stories and slides she brings back and shows to others. Her role is also to provide options for action, i.e., through school links and letters. After all, there is a lot in common: where to live, where to work, how to raise one's children, how to be part of a community.

Hundreds cram new Civic Centre Saturday



Donna Kell
Kell's Korner

There was cake everywhere - little children with cake, smiling politicians with cake, and a cake shaped like the new town structure - Saturday when the Halton Hills Civic Centre opened the doors to its \$6 million baby.

Hundreds of people packed into the new building, milling around the floors while Mayor Russ Miller greeted guests and dignitaries. Mayor Roly Bird of Burlington and Mayor Hazel McCallion of Mississauga and Mayor Gord Krantz of Milton were among the out-of-town dignitaries. Regional Chairman Peter Pomeroy, a former Halton Hills mayor, and North Halton MP Walt Elliot, also joined in the festivities.

Crowds packed against the walls downstairs where the cafeteria is and elevators were jammed. It was warm for the crowds when one of the air conditioners broke down and the punch bowls were slurped empty.

One of the caterers scrambled around the kitchen to find something to give the thirsty masses. Coffee and tea were a lit-

tle too hot.

Everywhere lay napkins spattered with cake, the blue letters commemorating the civic centre's grand opening were obscured by crumbs. Coun. Joe Hewitt remarked about the surprising use of a glass used to encase important documents of town history. Paper plates, plastic glasses and forks and crumpled napkins were strewn across the glass top.

Children huddled in quieter corners, chomping greedily on cake that seemed to appear in never-ending supply, while musicians played jazzy tunes in a dimly-lit corner.

There were tables of quartered sandwiches, fresh fruit and vegetables, and line-ups as far as the eye could see.

And everyone who enjoyed the feast remarked how fantastic the civic centre looked. The shades were natural, everyone said. The view was terrific. "Oh, look, there's the golf course," a few remarked.

Everywhere could be seen the smiling faces of people who hadn't seen each other in weeks - or in years. There was a general sense of re-union. And a whole lot of community spirit.

And people became photographers for the day, wielding bulky cameras through unwieldy crowds.

It was exciting, and fun. And for anyone who missed it, the photographs might make it feel like being there.

After all, it's not every day the town has a \$6-million baby.

Men — stop being sensitive



Ian Weir
Weir's View
Thompson News Service

Well, let's start with the good news. It's now official: men can finally stop being sensitive.

According to a newspaper article, "a growing number of religious thinkers and psychotherapists" believe that men have gone entirely overboard with all this sensitivity business. And now it's time, they say, for us to rediscover our masculinity.

At a time like this, there's just one appropriate male response: whew.

The plain fact is that men have had a pretty wretched time of it ever since someone decided we all had to get sensitive. This is because men are biologically unsuited to sensitivity.

If God had intended men to be sensitive, He would have given them the capacity to figure out why women get mad.

The demand for sensitivity has condemned a generation of men to terrible domestic soul-searching sessions, in which they are required both to be honest about their own feelings and to see their mate's point of view.

Naturally, men are hopelessly incapable of coping with this. It flies in the face of millenia of

genetic programming - all of which urges them to deal with such situations by glancing shiftily round the room and occasionally offering such comments as "Wonder what's on the tube tonight," and "Hey, how 'bout them Expos!"

And now - at long last - we're off the hook. The problem, of course, is that there's also a catch.

According to these "religious figures and psychotherapists," the first step is for men to rediscover such traits as playfulness and risk-taking.

So far, so good. Most men can live with a call to be more playful and to take more risks - since it sounds very much like an exhortation to go golfing on her birthday.

Things get a little dicier when the psychotherapists argue that men must also rediscover the masculine capacity for action, as opposed to the feminine capacity for perception.

Well, they probably have a point. To hazard a broad generalization, the feminine tendency is to stand back, analyze a situation, and understand it. Real men, by contrast, charge right in there and set things straight.

Most of us settle for a sort of uneasy compromise between the two approaches - which is to stand back, analyze the situation, and get it wrong.

But the really unsettling part is the news that leaders of the so-called "male movement" are now organizing workshops at which up to 1,000 men gather to get back in touch with their "warrior spirit."

At this point, it's time to get off the bandwagon. Fast.

I don't know about you, but I

wouldn't want to get back in touch with my warrior spirit with a 10-foot pole.

Most of us were last in touch with our warrior spirit back in Grade Six. We ran home with a nosebleed and have avoided it like the plague ever since.

Again, I like to think this has something to do with genetics. Some men are descended from the prehistoric inventors of the hunting-party and the woolly mammoth-bashing club - the "fight" side of the "fight or flight" syndrome.

Others of us are descended from the early inventors of the track-shoe.

Anthropologists know it as the "flight or faster flight" syndrome.

Now granted, the article made clear that the psychotherapists don't have Genghis Khan and the Sheriff of Nottingham in mind when they mention the "warrior spirit." Instead, spokesmen point to Jesus and Gandhi as examples of men who combined high courage with compassion.

But this is even more dismaying. Apparently, the Real Man of the 1990s is going to be expected to be both heroic and sensitive.

And you know where this leaves most of us. None out of two ain't good.

In short, all of this pretty well leaves me right back where I started - flailing about in an attempt to strike some sort of compromise between masculine and feminine traits.

Okay, so I'm basically a chicken. But hey - I'm not very sensitive, either.

A guy just gotta try to do his best.