

# Opinion Page

## 30 years ago

Local Main Street merchant, Graham Farnell, was chosen as Worshipful Master of Credit Lodge No. 219 AF and AM GRC at their annual election meeting. Wor. Bro. Jim Linton thanked the brethren for their support last year and announced the retirement of two officers; Bro. Stan Wright and Bro. G.L. Royal.

Santa came early to 15 Georgetown and district crippled children during the Rotarians first annual Crippled Children's Christmas party in Knox Church Hall. Bill Hamilton arranged the party and was assisted by several Rotarian members including Ed Farris, Bill MacCormack, Tom Smith, Ralph Ursel and George Glassford.

Mrs. Robert Patterson celebrated her 91st birthday at the home of her son A.G. Patterson.

Members of the 1st Baptist Church Choir were entertained at the home of Mrs. Thompson for their annual Christmas party.

## 15 years ago

Sheila Cannon has produced the best fire prevention poster in Halton. Ms. Cannon, of St. Francis of Assisi Separate School, topped the list of winners in this year's competition. The best poster drawn by a boy was done by Russell Laffin of Robert Little Public School in Acton. Runners up in the competition included Tammy Gould, Lenore Chisholm, Andy Shoemaker, and Christopher Cozier.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wright accepted a cheque in the amount of \$400 from Bob Ezard of the Georgetown Lions Club. The cheque was for a last goal in the Grey Cup game in a draw held by the Lions Club.

On behalf of the Eighth Georgetown Scouts, Arthur Cook accepted a \$100 cheque from the sale of peanuts by the Georgetown Lions Club. The cheque was presented by Dick Succie.

## Halton's History from our files

### 10 years ago

Halton Region has given its seal of approval for Marport Corporation Ltd. to build 126 townhouses behind Georgetown Delrex Market Centre. The development, first proposed several years ago, will be built on the site at Mountainview Road and Sinclair Avenue.

Fred Oliver, Deputy Chief of the Halton Regional Police Force, has announced his retirement after 31 years as a police officer. He joined the former township of Trafalgar police force June 15, 1948. He was the only officer on the force.

The Georgetown and District High School's Christmas week wrapped up with a Grand Prix Tricycle race. The eventual winner was Mike Sanderson, a Grade 11 student.

Three local charities were big winners as the ticket proceeds of the game between the Gemini junior B and the Oakville Blades went to the Contact Centre, the Good Neighborhood Service and the St. John's Ambulance brigade.

### 5 years ago

Bell Canada expects close to one million phone calls on Christmas day. In the past Christmas day has been the busiest day for long distance phone calls during the year.

The Egg Nog Jog was held at the Terra Cotta Conservation Area for both men and women. The 11 kilometre jog had over 100 entries this year.

The Northern Lights, played by the Room 4 students at Harrison Public School were part of the school's "Where was Santa" production.

# Balancing profits and service

Vic Parsons  
Ottawa Bureau  
Thomson News Service



If you felt the earth shake some time after Nov. 16 last, rest assured it was not a replay of the giant California 'quake.

The tremor was more likely caused by Donald Lander, Canada Post president, after receiving the first report of the government's Postal Services Review Committee.

Lander, you see, is a private-sector man who's in charge of the two-headed steed that has responsibility for delivery of the nation's mail. One of the heads is labelled "Service" and the other is called "Make-A-Profit." These heads often strain in opposite directions.

Such rare creatures exist only in the government sector. In the business world formerly inhabited by Lander, Profit was No. 1. If Service didn't follow, the beast expired.

Canada Post's problem is that profits are scarce, and service to the public is essential.

So, it frustrated Lander to see the review committee recommend that his outfit take another look at providing door-to-door delivery for newer urban and suburban divisions. That was an idea Lander and Co. scrapped some time ago in favor of the much-maligned "supermailboxes." The aim was to save money.

### EXPAND DELIVERY

But Alan Marchment, the committee chairman, suggested it would cost a mere \$40-odd million and change to provide door-to-door delivery to about 405,000 households now served by supermailboxes. This could come from the \$72 million Canada Post will collect in 1990 through approved higher postal rates, Marchment added.

By 1993, the number of additional homes served would rise to about

800,000, but Marchment argued the cost would be a "minor investment," compared with the size and spending of Canada Post.

In private, Lander is said to have done an imitation of the grinding of tectonic plates. But Canada Post's recent public response was polite, although mocking.

Marchment's supermailbox proposal, it said, should be read in context with the 1985 report on Canada Post's mandate and productivity. Then it quoted at length.

For Canada Post, that report said, "the relatively minor inconvenience" for some customers in using the community mail boxes has some appeal. Conversely, it added, it's hard to convince Canadians living in new neighborhoods that they shouldn't get the same delivery service as those in established areas.

### PURSE DRAINED

"Yet compromises are necessary if the post office is to become more efficient and minimize the drain on the public purse and the pocketbooks of its users," the report said. That was taken by Canada Post as a go-ahead for supermailboxes.



## Those shopping mall mauls



Donna Kell  
Kell's Korner

It's the last Saturday before Christmas, and the perfect time to experience that annual phenomenon called Mall Mania.

I had the hellish experience of being in Square One Wednesday night, where I was plowed into by little children (usually being swung around by adults) where I caught glimpses of outrageously overpriced items, and saw four harried Christmas carollers move at a fast pace around the mall's four corners.

The same thing happened last year. There I was, starving, (okay, hungry) and looking for a place to eat. Not a chance with the wall to wall people, so I sat in the middle of the mall while masses of shoppers swarmed around me and my pizza slice.

To me, this is not the spirit of Christmas. Malls where people grab like vultures for some items - any items - for Uncle Ned and that favorite niece, while children with runny noses are forced around by a scurrying mom and dad. This is not jolly.

But then the fun part comes. After doing all that extraordinary shopping, you get to wrap presents. Me, I love wrapping. The bright colors and pretty bows dazzle me to no end.

But the key pleasure of wrapping presents must be knowing for each little package you enfold with beautiful red, green and gold, that's one less package you have to buy.

Don't get me wrong, I love Christmas. But what I love about it is being able to see a friend who lives far away come home once a year, or watching my nieces and nephews when they see Santa Claus (alias my dad) come through the door, with a hearty ho-ho.

These things, and rum and egg nog, make Christmas worthwhile. As I'm writing this seasonal complaint about mall mania, I haven't yet finished my yuletide shopping. So many gifts, so little time...

And I'm dreading the parking lots, where spaces appear like a mirage in the distance, only to be quickly filled by some aggressive motorist.

And I'm dreading the pick-over selection left to us - the last minute shoppers - a manic bunch who tend to not quite get what they're looking for.

With all the stress and strain of shopping, with all the pressure surrounding a deadline worse than any I experience at the Herald, it's no wonder people say Christmas is a peaceful time.

The biggest labor undertaken Christmas day is to lift a fork to your mouth or unwrap the triumph of human-over-shopping someone else has achieved.

## So how about it, Santa?



Ian Weir  
Weir's View  
Thomson News Service

To: Santa Claus, North Pole, Canada, HOHOHO.  
Dear Santa:

Well, it's that time of year again, isn't it? Time to send you my annual letter, just to let you know what I'd really, really like for Christmas - and to thank you in advance for the shirts you'll be sending me instead.

In actual fact, I've been thinking about writing you for ages - ever since the Christmas decorations went up at the shopping malls after Labor Day. Christmas comes but once a year, but it lasts about six months.

Sorry about leaving the letter until the last minute. But if you want to know the truth, I felt kind of sheepish about writing it.

Let's face it, big guy - I'm kind of old to be writing letters to Santa. At my age, it feels weird to write a letter, address it to the North Pole, and scurry out to pop it into a mailbox. So I don't suppose you have a fax number instead?

Anyways, my customary greetings to you and the crew. How are Mrs. Claus and the elves? And how are the reindeer - Dasher, Prancer, Sleepy, Grumpy and the

rest of them?

But let's get to the point. And the point, Santa, is that I'm having a real problem with the whole issue of Christmas gifts.

Oh, don't worry. I'm not about to make one of those huge, impossibly idealistic requests - I won't ask you for peace on earth, or universal goodwill, or even Kim Basinger.

And please don't think I'm not grateful for all those shirts. They've been lovely shirts, and you and the elves have undoubtedly worked long and hard to make them.

It's just... well, let's put it this way. Is it just me, Santa, or do you receive letters from other post-thirty little girls and boys who find that Christmases just haven't been the same since you stopped giving them toys?

The issue came suddenly to a head for me the other day, when the bright-eyed, four-year-old announced he wants a motorized jeep for Christmas.

You know the ones I mean - those huge jeeps that kids can actually drive around in. The ones that undoubtedly cost several hundred bucks.

Naturally, I strongly suggested to him that you would not be leaving one of those jeeps under the Christmas tree.

When he protested, I gave him the usual spiel. That Christmas is a time for giving rather than receiving, that he should count his blessings, that love is the greatest gift of all, blah, blah, blah.

You know. It's the wise and caring spiel which translates as "Forget the jeep, bucko."

But what took me aback was my own reaction. I was actually kind of miffed to hear that a little boy wanted a motorized jeep for Christmas.

And that's when it dawned on me. I wasn't mad because I thought his request was greedy and unreasonable.

I was bitter because I want that darned jeep myself.

This is not a time for logic, Santa. Let's not pause to wonder what a 33-year-old man would look like, driving a motorized jeep gleefully round the living room on Christmas morning.

Let's just stick to the plain fact of the matter. You haven't given me a toy for 20 years, and it's my turn.

Just in case you don't think I deserve it, please let me put your mind at rest.

I've been a very, very good boy all year. And if you give me that jeep, I'll be even better.

Honest. I'll be amazingly careful when driving that jeep in the house. It'll never run over anyone's feet, or bang into the furniture.

And best of all, I'll even promise to let the kid use it, once in awhile. Maybe for 10 or 15 minutes on Boxing Day, if he asks pretty please with sugar on it.

So how about it, Santa? If you give me the jeep, you'll also be making a four-year-old very happy.

Otherwise, I guess he'll just have to settle for borrowing one of the shirts.

The ball's in your court, Chubby.  
Yours sincerely,  
Little Ian