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**Outlook**

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# Got some money? Invest it in your education

**Dianne Maley**  
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TORONTO - In 1981, with recession grabbing at their ankles, bewildered investors turned to the usual array of experts. They wanted advice about how to make money, how to invest it and how to preserve what they already had.

They worried about inflation and deflation. They worried about being laid off, going broke, losing their homes. "Should we buy gold?" they asked. "Should we buy stocks or bonds?"

In 1990, with the forces of recession again surrounding us, people are asking many of the same questions. "I have \$10,000 to invest. What should I do with it?"

Spend it on education and training. On a hobby you can turn into a business. On debt-reduction if you already have a business. On reducing your mortgage. Use your money to make yourself less vulnerable to ups and downs in the business cycle.

This advice is not original, but it's the best I've heard. How better to spend a recession that learning something new?

**TIMES CHANGING**

That's not to say recession is inevitable. Even if the economy keeps growing, people would be well advised to have some alternatives in mind for earning money. Global technology and international markets are changing the world we live and work in. For better or worse, we'll have to adapt to these changes.

Some people will do so by dropping out, moving to the country and growing vegetables. Indeed, a drastic cut in one's cost of living is not a bad idea. Others will want to be part of the brave, new world. For this, constant learning will be necessary.

The global economy may not be a good thing. It has happened because technology permitted it, sort of like the dropping of the atom bomb. The changes are enough to make your head spin. Take stockbrokers and investment bankers, for example. One day they are raking in millions; the next they are out on the street, jobless.

Not long ago, the Tokyo stock market seemed to have nowhere to go but up. Now everyone agrees it has nowhere to go but down.

A few months ago, real estate seemed like the best investment in the world. Now, it looks like a loser.

Investment dealers are not the only ones wondering about their future. Even auto workers are asking when the downturn will end. In Ontario, auto parts giant Magna International is facing severe financial problems. Nation-wide, one company after another is slipping into insolvency.

**SNAFU® by Bruce Beattie**



"We're trying to have a barbecue...  
Do you mind?"

## Chretien has leadership in the bag



**Stewart MacLeod**  
Ottawa  
Thomson News  
Service

And to think that, just a few months ago, we were bracing ourselves for a real knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out Liberal leadership race.

Yawn. Perhaps it's premature to say it's all over, that Jean Chretien has no greater challenge than to measure his head for the fitting of the crown on June 23. But it wouldn't be irresponsibly premature. Unless something dramatic happens, such as Mr. Chretien committing an unforgivable boo-boo, it's in the bag for him.

It seems that everyone, particularly the Liberal party executive and Mr. Chretien's opponents, seriously underestimated both the strength and durability of his organization. At the same time, the strength and durability of some of his opponents' organizations were seriously overrated.

This is especially true of the Paul Martin campaign. Mr. Martin, a millionaire Montreal businessman with creditable credentials, was widely perceived to be a major threat to the populist Jean Chretien. Prior to the official start of the campaign last September, everyone thought that Mr. Martin - whose father sought the Liberal leadership on three occasions - had an awesome organization in place.

If he did, it appears it has not produced. Now even his own campaign workers, whose primary job is to spread optimism, are acknowledging publicly that Mr. Chretien enjoys a massive lead in committed delegates. Privately, some admit it will take a miracle - i.e., a monumental Chretien blunder - before their candidate has a chance.

**BIG LEAD**

The most recent survey by The Canadian Press news agency - and this seems to be the most unbiased count available - gave Mr. Chretien 1,865 delegates, compared with only 585 for Mr. Martin. Next was Sheila Copps with 150, anti-abortionist Tom Wappel with 89 and John Nunziata with 16.

Some 5,200 delegates will be eligible to vote at the June 23 convention.

From the moment John Turner announced his decision last year to give up the party leadership, Chretien organizers began campaigning for an early convention - knowing their man had the highest profile. A February convention, they felt, would give competitors, such as Mr. Martin, far less time to become household names.

But the party executive, in what was perceived to be a deliberate boost to Mr. Martin, decided the convention could wait until June. This set off speculation that Mr. Chretien - quickly dubbed "yesterday's man" by his critics - was in for a fight.

Mr. Martin, starting last summer, shook Liberal hands from coast to coast, quietly visited church basements and family recreation rooms and was widely reported to be winning new friends at every stop.

## Smithsonian fee shocks Americans

**Kevin Bell**

Washington  
Bureau  
Thomson News  
Service



WASHINGTON - One of Washington's most respected institutions has shocked some Americans by having the nerve to charge an admission fee.

The Smithsonian Institution, a huge conglomeration of museums and art galleries that draws millions of tourists annually, has introduced a \$4 fee for adults (\$2 for children) to see a temporary show of mechanized dinosaurs.

News of the admission fee was considered significant enough that it was placed on the front page of the Washington Post. The story drew a series of letters to the paper from local residents who were not only outraged that a fee schedule would be adopted, but that such a respected museum would bring in moving replicas of the ancient creatures instead of showing real dinosaur bones.

One reader called it "Disney World on the Mall," referring to the National Mall, a strip of land stretching from the Capitol Building to the Lincoln Memorial that houses most of the Smithsonian's national museums, art galleries and monuments.

"If the Smithsonian makes a bundle of money charging four bucks admission to a travelling road show of animated dinosaurs, what might we look forward to next?" the reader asked. "I can't wait to ride the little train up to the top of the haunted castle."

**TRADITION**

Linda St. Thomas, a spokesperson for the institution, stresses that the fee to see the temporary exhibit of robotic dinosaurs will help defray the cost of an expensive exhibit that is being shown through

an arrangement with a private firm. But the strong reaction is a sign that some want the Smithsonian to respect traditions that have been established throughout its 154-year history.

Since 1836, when Congress accepted British scientist James Smithson's legacy and established the institution, admission charges have been generally shunned. A 25-cent fee for an exhibit on drug abuse in the 1970s was the only other fee in the Smithsonian's history.

Smithson stipulated in his will that his estate would go to the United States to establish a centre for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Smithson's bequest consisted of bags of gold sovereigns, valued then at \$515,169, which were used to establish the trust.

Since then, the Smithsonian has grown to 14 museums and galleries - 13 located in Washington, D.C., and one in New York City - as well as the National Zoological Park, also in Washington. A 15th museum, the National Museum of the American Indian, is scheduled to open in the mid-to-late 1990s.

Over the years, the Smithsonian has collected 137 million objects, works of art and specimens, most of which are located in the National Museum of National History (about 119 million specimens). In 1989 alone, the Smithsonian added 700,000 specimens and artworks to its collection, including 7,996 specimens of flies, 1,272 examples of lice and 8,152 specimens of wasps, all dry-mounted.

The zoo acquired a 6,500-pound Asian elephant named Toni, a Sumatran tiger and 44 tree shrews, while the National Museum of American History picked up a 1955 Ford station wagon, 14 condom vending machines and the scarecrow costume worn by Ray Bolger in *The Wizard of Oz*.

Only a small fraction of the specimens and exhibits are on display at any one time; most are used in scientific research. But the vast array of artwork and examples of natural and cultural history attract millions of tourists each year.

## Poets' Corner

**ALWAYS WHEN**

Not who, or why, or where, or how, but when.  
Always when, as life takes its deadly toll.

You aren't a who at birth, but a when.

An event noted more by the date than your name.

Sometimes you don't even have a name.

You grow up, or at least think you do.

And you are told when, even though you sometimes beg to ask, why, or how.

You mature with age, or so they say.

When you mature seems so all-important; at least to the world. You are proud to be considered mature.

But you would like to know how it happened.

Just in case you might want to erect a historic plaque.

You fall in love and it is clear to everyone.

Your friends seem to know when you are in love.

You want to know how you came to be in love.

Why are you in love, Or better yet, what is love?

Then comes death. And before you depart for the great unknown, You hope people will remember you.

But do they? Maybe ...

sometimes.  
But for the most part, they will remember the date:  
When you died.

Not really who, why, where or how, but when.

Always when, as life takes its deadly toll.

By Colin Gibson  
Georgetown.

**BABIES**

They spit and pee and squirm and scream,  
And cry and slobber and creep.  
They keep you slaving all day long  
And at night they never sleep.

Not that I resent my own,  
I adored each dirty diaper.  
But the thought of going round again  
Is enough to make my hyper.

So why the dream?  
I ask myself.  
And I think I know the reason.  
My baby's days are done,  
I'm sure.  
To all things there's a season.

But, make me crazy as they did,  
And steal my youth, my freedom, my rest,  
A greater job I'll never know  
Than holding my babies to my breast.

By J.B.  
Acton.