

# the HERALD Outlook

"OUTLOOK" is published each Saturday by the HALTON HILLS HERALD, Home Newspaper of Halton Hills, A Division of Canadian Newspapers Company Limited, at 45 Guelph Street, Georgetown, Ontario L7G 3Z6.

877-2201

Second Class Mail - Registered Number 0943.

877-8822

**PUBLISHER**  
K. Robert Malcolmson

**STAFF WRITERS**  
Ben Dummett Lisa Rutledge

**EDITOR**  
Brian MacLeod

**SPORTS EDITOR**  
Collin Gibson

**AD MANAGER**  
Dan Taylor

**ACCOUNTING**  
Jennie Hapichuk Inga Shier

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**  
Joan Mannall

**ADVERTISING SALES**  
Jeannine Valois Craig Teeter  
Stacie Roberts Kim Haryott

**PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT**  
Dave Hastings, Supt. Myles Gilson  
Stu Robertson Susanne Wilson

**CIRCULATION DEPT.**  
Marie Shadbolt

## Who pulls Canada's financial reins?

**Dianne Maley**  
Your Business  
Thomson News Service



**TORONTO** - When money traders in the Far East began their day Monday, they wanted to know one thing about Canada: were Michael Wilson and John Crow still in control of the money reins?

When they heard Finance Minister Wilson say Canada was as safe a place as ever to invest, they relaxed. They Canadian dollar opened shaky but quickly stabilized in Tokyo. When European markets opened, trading was orderly.

By the time traders arrived at their desks in Toronto and New York, the potential damage from the death of the Meech Lake constitutional accord had been contained for the time being. Instead of selling dollars, traders began buying. "When foreign investors didn't sell, we decided to get back in and start buying again," one trader explained.

But the big surprise was interest rates - short-term rates on the wholesale money market actually dropped a bit. Long-term rates edged higher.

CONFIDENCE MEN

"The international market has learned to trust those two gentlemen," one banker said of Messrs. Wilson and Crow (governor of the Bank of Canada). "If they can show they remain in control and that the financial situation is stable, that would limit the damage," Hung Tran of Deutsche Bank Group in New York, told The Globe and Mail.

Indeed, the whole Meech Lake affair has been a big headache for Mr. Wilson. He is not without blame. When his boss, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, tried to stampede the premiers into signing the accord, Mr. Wilson went along, warning Canadians that interest rates could soar if the deal were to fall through.

Having set the scene for disaster, Mr. Wilson was quick to try to prevent it. On Sunday he gathered together reporters for the international media to tell them everything was all right. That's just the first step.

Over the weeks and months to come, Mr. Wilson may not be so successful. something fundamental has changed. Canadians have begun to realize that they should not have all their eggs in one basket. The Canadian dollar is vulnerable.

The effects could be twofold. Even if foreigners keep buying Canadian bonds and bills, foreign investment in Canadian plant and equipment may slow. Meanwhile, Canadian investors will look for greener pastures elsewhere. The flow of foreign money to Canada could slow to a trickle at the same time as the flow of Canadian

Continued on Page 23

## SNAFU® by Bruce Beattie



"Door-to-door salesmen haven't bothered us since I invented these!"

## Liberal convention unusual, bizarre



**Stewart MacLeod**  
Ottawa  
Thomson News Service

**CALGARY** - It was one of the most unusual, if not bizarre, conventions in Canadian political history that handed the mantle of leadership to Jean Chretien.

What that mantle hides is a deeply divided and troubled Liberal party, an organization that presents the new leader with a monumental challenge. Furthermore, he begins his challenging chore in a deeply divided and troubled Canada.

The razzmatazz and hoopla surrounding the coronation of Mr. Chretien was far from an accurate reflection of the mood of the 4,700 delegates who came to Calgary to select a leader who, they hope, will become the next prime minister of Canada.

Seldom, if ever, have delegates been so diverted from the task at hand. In some ways, the exercise seemed irrelevant, as the Meech Lake accord fell apart and voices of doom echoed in from across the country.

One could sense the deepening depression around a convention that was supposed to be a giant national revitalization exercise. And with this came a decreasing lack of confidence in the ability of any new leader to solve the problems facing the country.

In many ways, it was bizarre. Tears were actually shed among groups of campaign workers, trying to excite their faithful followers for another rah-rah demonstration. While brass bands roamed the Stampede grounds to spread happiness, some delegates wore black arm bands to mourn the passing of Meech.

Others, of course, cheered the

passing of Meech. But, whatever the reaction, it had the effect of reducing many convention activities to incidental proportions.

Delegates weren't talking so much about the future of the Liberal party - the primary purpose for this leadership wing-ding - as they were about the future of the country.

### ONE EXCEPTION

And, in the midst of this, the delegates turned to a new leader who, during the climax of the constitutional crisis, said virtually nothing about it. Mr. Chretien's silence during the terminal days of the accord was nothing short of deafening. And while Paul Martin and Sheila Copps used every verbal tactic in their arsenal to squeeze words out of their rival, Shawinigan Jean stuck firmly to generalities.

Needless to say, the frustrations were immense, not only among rivals, but among delegates from various regions, particularly Quebec.

Seldom have we seen so much booing during campaign speeches. The feelings between the Martin and Chretien people were not friendly. And we can assume they won't become warmer in the foreseeable future.

Nowhere will the scars of Meech be more evident than within the Liberal party. One could sense the depth of divisions as two former leaders, John Turner and Pierre Trudeau, sat in different parts of the convention centre, never managing to applaud the same constitutional comments.

There is no evidence that the candidates changed many votes with their speeches or their off-stage activities. But the corridor conversations among delegates clearly had people looking at things in a new light.

The fact that Mr. Chretien won so much delegate support in Quebec had created a perception among many that he was viewed as a virtual messiah by people in that province. But revelations about the sad state of the federal Liberal party in Quebec, and how it cannot be seen as representative of the people there, had an obvious

Continued on Page 23

## Mayor's trial has lots of drama

**Kevin Bell**  
Washington Bureau  
Thomson News Service



**WASHINGTON** - From a journalist's viewpoint, the trial of District of Columbia Mayor Marion S. Barry Jr. has everything.

Opening arguments show it could have juicy revelations about sex, drugs, lies, corruption and plenty of drama. The possible downfall of a mayor, who once preached vigorously in the local schools about the evils of drug use, is a yarn that any reporter would want to sink his or her teeth into.

While Congress has been sinking in a legislative quagmire and the White House has been trying to make sure that Americans don't forget President George Bush's name, the Barry arrest and trial has been the hottest story in Washington.

It seldom has been off the main pages of newspapers or off the top of television news shows since Barry was arrested on Jan. 18 when the government claimed to have made a videotape of him smoking crack cocaine in a Washington hotel with a former girlfriend.

With prodding by an impatient trial judge, it took two weeks for lawyers on both sides to finally settle on a jury. It was virtually impossible to find jurors who had not heard of the case, so the lawyers settled on people who said they felt they could be impartial, despite the avalanche of publicity they had seen or heard.

But once the trial got under way, it was clear that the prosecution is determined to portray the mayor as a liar who has been addicted to drugs for years. The prosecution claims Barry once had drugs delivered to his office in city hall and frequently supplied his friends with cigarettes laced with cocaine called "M.B. Specials."

"This is a case about deceit and deception," the prosecutor said in the opening arguments. "While the defendant was preaching 'down with dope' in our community, he was putting dope up his nose."

### STING VICTIM?

However, the defence is determined to show that Barry was the victim of an expensive government sting operation that used a sexual lure to entice Barry into taking drugs. Supporters of Barry have claimed that government prosecutors wanted to get rid of a black mayor in the federal city who has been tainted by various government scandals in recent years.

"Approximately seven years ago, the government made a determination and a quest that it was going to get Mr. Barry," defence lawyer Kenneth Mundy said in his opening statement at the trial.

But many people fear that the clash of the black mayor and the country, two-time presidential candidate Jesse Jackson recently urged the prosecution and the defence to bargain a plea in an attempt to prevent a trial that has racial overtones.

Despite the drug and perjury charges against Barry, the mayor

Continued on Page 23

## Poets' Corner

### THE RAIL FENCE

Built by settlers, in the early days  
Making rails, hard working ways  
They sawed and split those cedar logs  
Hauled them out of swamps and bogs  
Some of the cedar ever grew  
Aged deep within, greatest wood I ever knew  
Railed were dragged by ox and chain  
Built to protect the settlers grain  
All the time they had to spare  
Built rail fences with great care  
Later years, the wire fence came  
Wasn't too bad, but today a pain  
After a few years, gets rusty red  
Has no strength, just plain dead  
All the rail fences that we find  
We rebuild them, very best kind  
Many generations since the rail was made  
Yet their quality, a very high grade  
Lets preserve, every rail  
They reveal, a story tale.

Albert Brooks  
R.R. 1 Limehouse.

**A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE**  
I have not promised that skies shall be blue  
I only promised your strength to renew.  
I never did say that trials would end  
Only that, with them, My help I would send.

The future, before you, lies dark and untrod  
Yet moving ahead is the great hand of God  
To lead you, to guide you, to make the way clear  
With a holy pure light into a new year.

The way may be thorny, the pathway unknown  
Yet My love and mercy will always be shown.  
My peace, grace and love will shine in your heart  
With power, joy and gladness your soul to impart.

Fear not, little flock, I will always be there,  
To comfort, uphold you, your burdens to share.  
My glory will shield you, My fires shall not cease,  
For the end of it all will be My perfect peace...

A peace that begins in each human breast  
And then proceeds outwards, including the rest  
Of all mankind everywhere, first to the last  
I now bless your present, your future, and past.

I'm coming again soon in power and might  
My angels will carry you into the night.  
Now sing songs of joy, for salvation's from Me,  
Just hold My hand tightly and I'll stay with thee.

Doreen Palmer,  
Georgetown.