

# Editorial

## One of those days

It's been one of those days. You know, the kind of day everyone has once in a while where you just wish the world would go away and leave you alone.

You wake up to the sound of birds coughing and everything goes downhill from there.

Doom and gloom abound in this great land of ours and your kettle explodes just as you are trying to prepare the much-needed first cup of morning coffee. So you settle for a glass of milk, only, the greenish-yellow stuff floating on top turns you off somewhat.

What can you do? You can't punch-out your pet fish, because they have taken the hint that all is not well and are hiding behind the plastic tree in the fish tank. Charlie the Tuna should have it so good.

Turn on the radio and reality descends with a thud.

The gaffers in the Senate are playing musical brains, while the taxpayers foot the bill for their childish antics. Fire alarms are ringing all over Parliament Hill because some poor lost soul seeking shelter had crept into one of the buildings and set some newspapers on fire in an attempt to keep warm.

The irony is delicious in a Faustian-sort of way.

Members of Parliament are thinking of building a \$65 million underground complex on Parliament Hill (complete with barber shops for their personal coiffeurs) so they won't have to be confronted by a questioning public and an increasingly cynical media when they step outside the hallowed halls.

Meanwhile, the ordinary guy/girl on the street, is wondering how much more their haircut will cost when - and if - the GST kicks in.

The newly-elected government in Ontario, the New Democratic Party (referred to in years past as No Damn Policy) is in a bind.

Colin Gibson

Editor's Notebook



The NDP's promised a virtual utopia in pre-election posturing and now realize that collectively, the party was dreaming in technicolor, because the Ontario cupboard is bare and the wolf is at the door. 'Fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you,' etc., etc., ad nauseum.

Toronto's supposed NHL team, 'Multiple Laufs' lose a dart game because they've given up on hockey.

Word comes down from Ottawa (the only city in the civilized world to fail an I.Q. test) that the federal government plans to slash \$705 million from its cash transfer payments program to Ontario.

This cash cut will filter all the way down to municipalities who are already having problems justifying tax increases just to survive.

Yes, it's been a wonderful day. The car won't start because of the dampness and when you do arrive at work, there's a message to call your friendly banker because of a forgotten payment.

I will survive, just as we all survive so-called 'dog-days.'

The only problem is, tomorrow night might turn out to be the same as today.

Maybe I'll just perform an act of kindness to shake the blues and take my fish for a walk. "Here Brian, here Mila."

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EDITORIAL — COLIN GIBSON Managing Editor ROB RISK Sports Editor  
Staff Writers: Ben Dummelt and Lisa Rutledge

ADVERTISING — DAN TAYLOR, MANAGER  
Jeannine Valois, Stacie Roberts, Craig Tgeier, Kim Maryott

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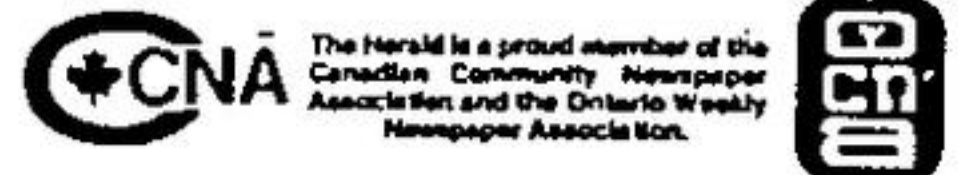
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## Quest for human Barbie doll

At first, I wasn't quite sure how to respond to the news that the Mattel Corporation is offering a thrilling new career opportunity to a suitably qualified young woman.

No, the folks at Mattel haven't decided that their next C.E.O. must be female. Not quite.

Instead, they've decided that what their corporation really needs is a real live Barbie Doll.

At times like this, it's stunning to reflect upon the strides the woman's movement has made over the past quarter-century.

Apparently, Mattel wants a living, breathing, Barbie to attend promotional events. As such, they're looking for a young woman who matches Barbie's description - she needs to be blonde, blue-eyed and long-legged, as well as "bright and bubbly."

The news item did not say whether the successful applicant will also be encouraged to wear a T-shirt reading "Natural Blonde, please speak slowly."

As I say, this quest for a human Barbie Doll raises certain interesting questions about the state of feminism in the 1990s. On the other hand, you could look at it from the opposite angle entirely, and see it as one of those disturbing instances of reverse-discrimination against men.

If Mattel would stop insisting that it's Barbie be a woman this could be a wonderful opportunity for Dan Quayle.

But wait. It gets even more intriguing.

Mattel isn't just looking for a young woman who has Barbie's looks - they want one with Barbie's morality as well.

If you're like me, you probably never gave much thought to Bar-



Ian Weir  
Weir's View  
Thomson News Service

bie's morality in the first place. Silly us.

Mattel stresses that its successful applicant will have to prove she has a good reputation, noting that Barbie herself has always been faithful to her boyfriend Ken.

Well. At this point, the mind could be forgiven for boggling just slightly.

Granted, there's precedent for requiring young women to undergo a reputation check. For instance, Princess Di was actually asked to prove her purity and chastity before she was allowed to marry Chuck.

I'm not exactly sure what this involved. Perhaps it meant signing an affidavit attesting that she's never dated Prince Andrew.

In any case, this issue of Barbie's morality raises some deeply troubling questions. Just for starters, consider that there must be millions of Barbie Dolls out there.

Is Mattel prepared to guarantee the behavior of each and every one of them?

Just recently, I attended a par-

ty at which assorted dolls and stuffed animals had been left on display in the rec room. Barbie began the evening on the mantelpiece. After the third round of drinks, someone placed her in a distinctly compromising position with Garfield the Cat.

Still, you can see why Mattel is anxious that its best-selling doll be perceived as moral. A lapse or two, and just imagine the headlines in the supermarket tabloids:

"Barbie's Love Child Sired by Charlie Brown! (Snoopy disgusted. Ken seeks psychiatric help from Lucy.)"

But hang on. This is no time for flippancy. The fact is there's a profound sociological implication in all of this.

Mattel is clearly suggested that Barbie's relationship with Ken is an excellent model, well worth emulating. In an age when relationships are so precarious, this warrants a closer look.

So let's see. Barbie and Ken have been dating for 32 years, during which time Ken has remained apparently unemployed while Barbie has gone out and acquired a breathtaking number of new outfits.

After 32 years, she remains content with him, despite the fact that they've never married nor had children. (Baby Wet-a-Lot is utterly unrelated, despite any malicious rumours to the contrary.)

Ken, it would appear, has managed to remain in favor of maintaining a plastic grin for three decades and saying absolutely nothing.

Hmmm. You could argue that a certain spark seems missing. On the other hand, this Ken guy sounds like nobody's fool.

## Poets' Corner

### PRONOUNCE IT - 'COULD BE'

He was the tower of respect, in our community.

Our old town doctor: His Name? - Doctor Kood-Bee.

He lived in a rambling old house at the end of the street

I think it was built for the rich and elite.

I went to him one day, with a very sore knee

I said "Doc" - What the heck can it be?

With forefinger on chin; he looked up at the sky.

Then said, - "My boy, I don't think you will die"

You've pulled a tendon in your knee: "Humm," possibly - Could Be!

Try some quinine on a spoon or a cup of sasifras tea

Or perhaps my elixir; it's sure to cure thee

And surely to heaven, Old Doc was nearly always, (well could be) right

The pain in my knee disappeared over night

I wonder if it was his elixir, or that sasifras tea?

Or possibly the quinine; you see, I took all three

Your day was an adventure with a visit to Dr. Kood-Bee.

But today this type of doctor, is finally no more

Now you go to crowded offices and stand in line at the door

Your time in the office is limited in minutes, you see,

Possibly one, two or three

A prescription is slapped right in the palm of your hand

To the drug mart you go; these drugs will make you feel grand

I wonder who will win, the drugs or me?

Oh well, who cares.

AMEN  
COULD BE

Poppa Tyrer  
Milton.

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS ARE FREE

The fragrance of flowers  
Soft breath of fresh air  
Oxygen shade of the leaves  
Joy of spring water, to share

Sweet voice of someone singing  
Alluring words of tender love  
Confidence in someone you trust  
Birds singing in trees up above

Bees buzzing in the blossoms  
Trickle of water in the stream  
See children happy playing  
Way of lifes great dream

End of the clouds rainbow  
Reaches down to a wonderful sight  
Then shines the stars and moon  
In the sky, on a beautiful night.

Albert Brooks  
R.R.1 Limehouse.

### GOLDEN WEDDING

50 Years - look back to those days  
Time changes many different ways

We take a chance as life begins  
The road is rough, and trouble stings

Though we labor on, we won't be beat  
The taste of victory, then is sweet

The sun still sets bright in the west  
And the flowers bloom their very best

Time makes a difference when or where  
But in life, it means love and care

Now we live in a different time  
Music it still has it's chime

May every day new pleasure bring  
Now your Golden Wedding bells do ring.

Albert Brooks  
R.R.1, Limehouse.