

# Editorial

## Good for a 'Laff'

I have a confession to make. No, no Martha, the kids can stay up, it's not that kind of confession.

Last Tuesday a companion and I trekked to Maple Leaf Gardens to take in the game between the Calgary Flames and the hometown favorites - affectionately known as the 'Multiple Laffs'.

It was a tough decision. Tuesday being a quiet night in the local enclave, it came down to a choice between the Leafs-Calgary match or heading over to the local library to watch them lock-up for the night.

The tickets to the Leafs-Calgary game were freebies, so this helped make the decision easier. Besides, Calgary only journeys to Maple Leaf Gardens to play hockey on rare occasions (a situation the Maple Leafs appear to have adopted wholeheartedly) and you can watch them lock-up the library most nights of the week. It should be noted, however, the library closing came a close second in an unofficial vote.

In what might best be termed a masquerade of a hockey game, the Flames led 2-0 after the first period, 4-0 after the second period and extended the lead to 5-0 just 13 seconds into third period play before coasting to the 5-3 win.

Give the 'Multiple Laffs' their due, though. The team was very impressive in the pre-game warm-up. It was simply a case of the Leafs saving their best for first, as it was all downhill after the opening faceoff.

My companion, having spent some time in Calgary, is a dyed-in-the-wool Flames fan. She decided to wear her Calgary Flames sweater.

I thought this might cause some problems at the Gardens among Maple Leaf faithful, so I felt perhaps I should wear a sports sweater just to even things out. I didn't have a Maple Leaf jersey, however, and felt the T-shirt I got several years ago from the National Ballet 10 km run might seem a bit out of place - especially in the washrooms - so prepared for the worst.

No sweat. Maple Leaf fans must write in their support because I only saw one youngster wearing a Maple Leaf sweater, while Calgary Flames sweaters

Colin Gibson

Editor's Notebook



proliferated. There were even a couple of Flames banners being waved. Leaf players have a valid point when they complain about lack of fan support in their home arena.

In a word, the game was boring, highlighted only by referee Terry Gregson's question performance. And this is the zebra scheduled to work next week's NHL All-Star game in Chicago.

Obvious penalties were ignored, while more petty shiny crimes suffered the wrath of the referee.

The joke call of the night occurred in the second period and it involved the Leaf's Vince Damphouse and Calgary's Doug Gilmour. Gilmour, it should be noted, was recently voted the NHL's Most Sexiest Player in an ESPN poll of female viewers. Similarly, Damphouse is not noted as a brawler.

To make a long story longer, after threatening each other, the two went at it and were each dinged with five minute fighting majors. Then, however, Gregson tagged on four minutes more to each player for, get this, "attempting to spear." Give me a break, they were waving at each other and no contact was made.

Goodies at the Gardens are basically just as overrated and over-priced as the Maple Leaf players.

A hot dog cost \$2.50; two ice cream bars cost \$3.50; a small container of pop cost \$1.40 and a small box of popcorn similarly cost \$1.40. On top of this, I paid \$12 to park for just under three hours.

All in all, maybe I should have just stayed home and watched the game on the tube.

Then again, maybe I should have headed over to the library for the nightly closing.

The Halton Hills

# HERALD

Home Newspaper of Halton Hills - Established 1866

A Division of Canadian Newspaper Company Limited  
45 Guelph Street, Georgetown, Ontario L7G 3Z6

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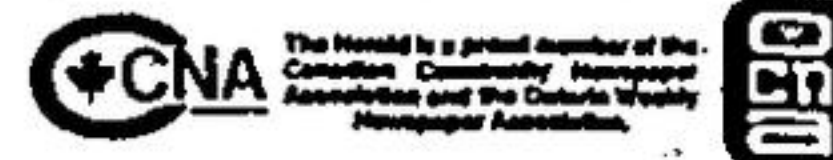
CIRCULATION — Marie Shadbolt

ACCOUNTING — Jennie Hapichuk, Accountant and Inga Shier

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
Single Copy (in Stores) ..... 25¢  
Halton ..... \$54.00 year  
\$29.00 six months  
\$16.00 three months  
Canada ..... \$90.00 year  
\$48.00 six months  
\$27.00 three months  
Foreign ..... \$170.00 year  
\$ 90.00 six months  
\$ 50.00 three months

GST and Provincial Sales Tax where applicable are extra

Second Class Mail Registered No. 0934



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## Winter is highly overrated

I don't know about you, but I might start enjoying winter a little more if I could figure a way to keep my car from freezing up without cultivating icicles in my living room.

This may take some explaining. Please bear with me.

As I may have mentioned in the past, my personal opinion is that winter is a highly overrated season. I'm frankly not sure why we bother with it in the first place.

Obviously, there's not a lot we can do to stop winter from arriving once a year. But this doesn't mean we have to feel cheerful about living on a planet with such a glaring design flaw.

Naturally, this sentiment leaves me slightly at odds with a lot of my fellow Canadians - since Canadians, as a breed, are prone to being inexplicably romantic about winter.

Such attitudes leave us with two possible conclusions about our ancestry.

One: Canada was settled by rugged pioneers who didn't know the meaning of the word "complain" because they were simply too tough to freeze to death.

Two: Canada was settled by pioneers with vacant grins who didn't know the meaning of the word "frostbite" because they kept looking for it under "ph" in the dictionary.

In any case, here I am - wondering why it's too much to expect both an unfrozen car and an unfrozen living room.

The roots of the dilemma lie back in September, when I took the inexplicably rash step of buying a new car.



Ian Weir

Weir's View  
Thomson News Service

New cars have many advantages. They also have one hideous drawback: you want to keep them alive.

This was never an issue in all the years I drove Arthur, the 1973 Datsun. Oh, I certainly would have felt badly if Arthur had perished in the first cold snap of winter. But there's not the same pressure when you're driving a car worth roughly the value of the gas in the tank.

With a new car, though, I leaped into action as the temperature touched -20. Well, cracked into it, anyway.

Lacking a block-heater, I remembering hearing tell of a portable heating device you could clip to your engine in cold weather. So I headed off to a well-known Canadian store that stocks such devices.

I won't mention the store by name. Let's just say it's the one that lets you save like Scrooge - largely because you can never find a sales clerk to sell you anything.

After searching for an hour, I found precisely the device I wanted. I drove proudly home, then discovered it was precisely the device I didn't want.

It wasn't a portable heater. It

was an ordinary block-heater. It required installation.

Installing mechanical devices does not run in my family. The practical knowledge of the Weirs has traditionally been limited to remembering that plumbers are listed under "p" in the Yellow Pages.

It's always struck me as slightly odd, considering that my father is a surgeon. This is a man who can successfully execute a quadruple bypass, but needs all weekend to weather-strip a doorway.

In any case, I returned to that certain well-known store and exchanged the heater for a safety light, having once been told placing a light-bulb under the hood will generate enough heat to prevent freeze-up.

I'm not sure why, I believe this to be true, since the person who told me was my father. But we'll let this pass.

Just one small problem remained. I've just moved into a new apartment which lacks outside plug-ins. But this sort of thing need not dismay a skilled mechanical improviser, who will quickly realize he can solve the problem by running an extension cord through his front window.

The one slight drawback is that the aforesaid mechanical improviser can no longer shut his front window. That means he is currently trying to prevent the next Ice Age from beginning under his chesterfield by leaving the stove on all night.

I'm enjoying my winter tremendously. Really I am. I always curse loudly when I'm happy.

## Poets' Corner

### FRIENDSHIP

A true friend is hard to find,  
The one which you can trust,  
Rely upon,  
To help you through any  
obstacle,  
And which understands you.  
But when you do find that  
friend,  
You know you have found  
something special.  
Don't take advantage of that  
friendship,  
Because once you lose them,  
A part of you is destroyed.  
Respect them care and love  
them,  
And they will always be there  
for you.

By Christine Deforest,  
Terra Cotta.

### CRITICISM

We live in a world of competi-  
tion,  
And a world of fashion and  
beauty,  
Judging one another, wherever  
we are.  
Being ignorant and cruel,  
Looking only at the exterior  
and physical beauty,  
Ignoring what's most impor-  
tant,  
The beauty and qualities deep  
within.  
Who has the right to judge?  
And why do some think they're  
better?  
Especially when were to be  
equal.  
Let's open our eyes,

Allow people to express  
themselves first.

Let's not play judge and jury.  
Let's accept one another,  
For who they are,  
Not,  
How they may appear.

By Christine Deforest,  
Terra Cotta.

### WILL THEY EVER UNDERSTAND

When parents get divorced,  
Your life is torn in two,  
Each gone their separate ways,  
So, along with your heart,  
It's just as hard for their  
children,  
No matter what the age may  
be.  
But what's even more difficult,  
Is, remarriage.  
All you can do is accept the  
situation,  
Try and understand,  
But when they shut you out,  
And have less time for you,  
You feel abandoned and alone,  
Either they don't understand,  
Or, they just don't want to hear  
it,

So, they answer with denial.  
There's nothing left to do,  
But write it down,  
Maybe someone else going  
through this situation,  
Will understand where I'm  
coming from,  
Will understand why I wrote  
this,  
And maybe I'm not alone.  
By Anonymous.