

Editorial

The Halton Hills HERALD

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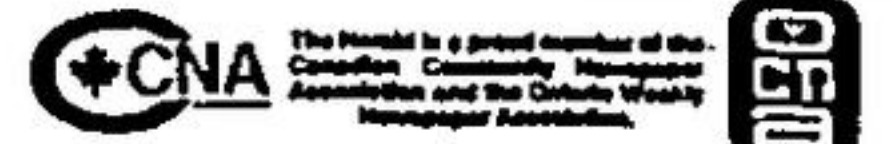
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Letter to Brian

Dear Brian,
From what I read in the newspapers and hear over the radio and television airwaves, it appears you have once again chosen to don the mantle of 'Savior of Canada.' It is to laugh, it is to cry. Surely this is just another joke you choose to foist on the Canadian public!

Give up the ghost, Brian. Or, put another way, wake up and smell the roses, the garden party is over.

You have not only failed Canada in regard to actual leadership, in your capacity as Prime Minister, you have even failed miserably to successfully continue the political leadership pantomime of even appearing to be a leader. The one in charge - remember?

The lack of this latter ability, more than anything else in the political arena, usually signifies the ringing of the death knell chimes. Do you hear the chimes, Brian?

You represent a mystifying blight on the soon-to-be Canadian cadaver.

Yet, as with the mythical and mystical 'Angel of Death' you hover overhead, apparently unmoved by the tragedy of the moment.

Let it be noted, however, you, Brian, are the architect and in turn, the archangel of the tragedy.

With no elected political experience, you back-roomed your way into the leadership of the federal Progressive Conservative political party (et tu, Brute? screamed Joe Clark) and with no concept of the national character of Canada, proceeded to tear the country apart.

Because Pierre Trudeau and the Federal Liberal party had initiated the Canadian Constitution concept - including the Charter of Rights and Freedom - which excluded Quebec (at that province's choice, it should be noted), you felt that you, personally, and your PC party had to get into the act and damn the consequences.

Your closed door "roll the dice" protocol for solving the Meech Lake stalemate blew up in your face and you looked around for someone else to blame for your own miscalculations.

What type of leadership qualities have you shown to Canadians during your sorry reign as our Prime Minister.

Let me count just some of the juicier mess-ups.

Countless members of the PC caucus are forced to resign and appear before the courts on corruption, conflict of interest or betrayal of trust charges.

Your right hand man, and chief

Editor's
Notebook
by
Colin Gibson



Quebec lieutenant, deserts you and your party to form a political organization in Quebec whose mandate is based on tearing Quebec away from the rest of Canada.

Your Fisheries Minister, Tom Siddon resigns over the rancid tuna scandal even though you and your cabinet colleagues were aware of the situation and in fact made the decision to allow the tainted tuna to go on grocery store shelves.

You then appointed this same man to head Indian Affairs and conveniently, both he and you were on vacation and callously stayed on vacation through most of the Oka crisis when federal leadership or direction was desperately needed.

You rammed through the free trade pact with the United States, over the protests of a number of provincial premiers (your partners in confederation, remember?) and the protests of countless concerned Canadians.

You made a mockery of the Canadian parliamentary system over the hated Goods and Services Tax and in so doing held Canada up to ridicule from the rest of the world.

Your economic policy has caused a recession the likes of which the country hasn't seen for 10 years - with no real end in sight - and you involved Canada in the Persian Gulf War (rightly or wrongly) without following established parliamentary practices.

Even now, you are talking of a free trade pact involving Mexico and the United States while our economy flounders.

The Canadian ship of state is rudderless and without a captain and has been for years.

And now, you attempt to bill yourself as the 'Savior of Canada.'

Brian, you are so out to lunch you have to make a telephone call to get a doggy bag.

One wonders if the leadership course in which you enrolled was not authored by the American General, George Armstrong Custer.

I'M GETTING OUT
OF THE FAIRY
GODMOTHER BUSINESS.
THE THRILL IS GONE.



CONSUMERISM HAS
RUINED IT FOR ME.



I GRANT SOMEBODY
THREE WISHES AND
IT'S THE SAME THING
OVER AND OVER.



MASTERCARD,
VISA, AND
AMERICAN EXPRESS.



ETTA
HULME

Researchers cause depression

I'm not even going to try to be light-hearted, today. I'm too depressed.

The scientific researchers have done it to me again.

In case you overlooked a perfectly ghastly little news item that appeared the other day, I'll quote it for you:

"An Ohio study of natural deaths claims that short people tend to outlive tall people. Each additional inch in height noted in the study corresponded to a reduction of 1.2 years in the average age of death."

Well.

You'll understand my depression a bit better once I confess that my life to date has been marked by precisely two (2) Significant Accomplishments:

I won the Grade 9 typing prize. And I managed to grow to a height of six-foot-one.

My first accomplishment got me laughed at by all my adolescent chums. Now it turns out my second is going to kill me.

Granted, that news is infuriatingly vague. It tells us that "each additional inch in height" corresponds to a reduction in lifespan, but it doesn't answer the crucial question: each inch in addition to what?

If it's in addition to say, eight feet, then it's no big deal. This wouldn't really prove that height reduces life-expectancy. It would just indicate that decades of bumping your head on door-frames can take its toll.

But I have a grisly suspicion the study refers to each inch over an average height of five-nine or five-ten. In which case I have an excellent excuse to feel even more persecuted than usual.

I've always taken forlorn pride in being taller than average, particularly since it's my only mark of physical distinction.

Weir's
World
by
Ian Weir
Thomson News
Service



The Love of My Life, bless her, is always quick to reassure me that I mustn't think of myself as physically nondescript. She loves to point out that I have hilariously big feet. But this kind of misses the point.

In fact, my ultimate dream as a teenager was to grow to a height of six-three or six-four. I was realistic enough to know this wouldn't guarantee the respect and admiration of my peers. But at least it would enable me to look down from a considerable height upon those who were snickering about my typing prize.

The fact is that society has always looked with respect upon tall men. And the reason, of course, is simple.

It's because - as we all know - short men are aggressive, warlike and obnoxious.

Admittedly, you have to be careful when making sweeping generalizations. But this particular generalization is well-supported by scientific fact.

Alexander the Great was short. So was Napoleon. The fact that one shorty was determined to conquer the world might be regarded as an aberration. The fact that two of them tried it clearly indicates a trend.

It goes without saying that you and I have personal experience with short men, too. My own best friend - let's call him Frank, since that's his name - is short.

At the end of a long evening listening to short-jokes in the pub, Frank has frequently been known to scowl and demand to know whether the rest of us could find another subject on which to exercise our infantile wit.

You see my point. The man has a complex.

But all of this is to overlook the burning question: precisely why does increased height lead to decreased life-expectancy?

One possibility, of course, is that it doesn't - and that this study is just a wicked hoax perpetrated by short people.

Conceivably, their fiendish belief is that, if they can demoralize the rest of us with such studies, it will be easier for them to conquer the world.

But there's an even darker possibility. It has to do with vegetables.

I don't know about you, but when I was a kid my mother was constantly warning me that failure to eat my vegetables would stunt my growth. And what if our mothers were making a hideous mistake?

What if each vegetable was eroding our life-span, and our mothers should instead have been crying: "Omigod, the boy's growing - seize his broccoli and give him a Twinkie!"

This sort of thinking can quickly lead to paranoia, which we should avoid at all costs. Naturally, I would never suspect my mother of deliberately conspiring to poison me with parsnips.

My mom is a wonderful person. She has always had my best intentions at heart. Always.

On the other hand, the woman's five-foot-four ...

Poets' Corner

THE FLOWER

A man, one day, was walking
In a dark, deserted woods,
And he chanced upon a flower,
In a glade.
He was blinded by its beauty
And in greed he had to own it
So he dug it up and took it home
to find some shade.
He planted it, and watered it,
And built a fence around it,
And vowed that he would
nourish it each day
But he got busy, and forgot it,
And the flower lacked attention
And with no water, it began to
fade away.
When the man at last
remembered
And went to check his flower
He found the blossoms
withered, and he cried -
He knew for too long he'd ignored it
And he'd see no more its beauty
For he couldn't bring it back -
The flower died.

B. Brooke, Acton.

THROUGH THE GLASS
DARKLY

1. Corinthians. 13. (11-12)

When did it happen? When did I
become a man?

When did I put away childish
thoughts and hopes and dreams?

When did the rose tinted glass
Turn clinically clear and
cynical?

The bird hit the windshield and
I just kept on driving,
Carelessly eyeing the remains
of its brittle body

Attached to my side mirror
And the frail feathers flapping,
impotent in the wind,
I didn't even bat an eye-lid for
its pain.

Had I forgotten all those
hopeless baby birds

In the hedgerows of my
childhood.

That I had so painstakingly
nurtured

And joyfully given life and
freedom?

Was it God or was it the world
that made me now aware

That they too probably ended
up

Spattered on somebody's
windshield?

By J.B., Acton.