

# Editorial

## Sports predictions

Well, I suppose it's that time of year again to look into ye olde crystal jockstrap and come up with some truly insightful and amazing predictions. (Or is that unsightly and amusing predictions?)

Whichever, here we go. This column was written before Friday night's heavyweight fight between World Champion Evander Holyfield and the 'Cheeseburger King' George Foreman.

My prediction is that Foreman will knock out Holyfield within four rounds or die of malnutrition.

And now that the Stanley Cup fisticuffs are well-underway, Foreman will then take on the survivor, most likely the Edmonton Oilers, in a best-of-seven rounds winner-take-all challenge match. That should end the joke which has made the rounds for years about going to a boxing match only to see a hockey game break out.

Dave (Charlie) Manson of the Chicago Blackhawks will act as cut man for Foreman, while Bob Probert of the Detroit Red Wings will fill the other corner position.

Now that Toronto's supposed major league baseball team, the Blue Jokes, have got their 1991 season in gear (already blowing games they should have won) it is safe to predict the team will finish no higher than third in the American League Least Division.

Dave Stieb is well on his way to yet another off-year following a relatively good season and the pitching staff is at best - suspect.

John Olerud, at first base replacing Fred McGriff is still in the "prospect" stage and learning how to play the position. He should have been given a year in the minors.

Manuel Lee will prove a bust at shortstop and with no real backup on the major league roster, the infield will be a headache all year.

The Jays will need a lot of run production from the outfielders

"As I See It"

by Colin Gibson



and aside from Joe Carter, this won't materialize.

The Toronto Argo-Nots will not even make it to the CFL's East Division Final. The reason - typical for the Argo - too many off-field distractions.

The ownership troika of McNall, Candy and Gretzky will attempt to drum up interest in the team, but they will be selling themselves instead of the football product, which will suffer.

Off-injured quarterback, Matt Dunigan will again prove just how brittle he really is and once more be relegated to the sidelines. Backup QB Ricky Fogle will once again wilt under pressure and now that much-maligned (unfairly) pivot John Congeni has departed for Ottawa, the Boatmen will be rudderless.

They also will be without a defensive game plan.

Don Matthews, who jumped to the World League of American Football, was a defensive genius. He proved this with the B.C. Lions, the Edmonton Eskimos and most recently, the Argos.

New head coach, Adam Rita, is an offensive-minded mentor, but as in any sport, if you don't have much defence, you don't win.

Which brings us to Toronto's other so-called professional sports franchise, the Multiple Laffs of the National Hockey League.

Nuff said. As I see it, anyway.

The Halton Hills

# HERALD

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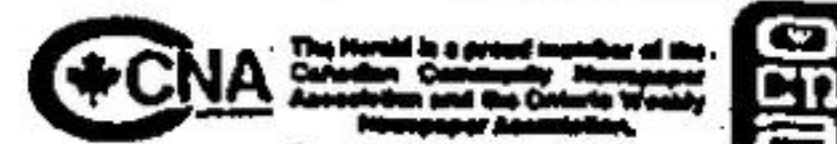
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## Q: WHICH IS MORE HUMANE? ...

A: a GORILLA in a BIRDCAGE...

B: a PARROT in a BRIEFCASE...

C: a GOLDFISH in a WINE GLASS...

D: a KILLER WHALE in an AQUARIUM...

## Poets' Corner

### The Whistler

In the distance,  
we hear a tune.  
The whistler is coming,  
he'll be here soon.  
He's right on time,  
as every day.  
We wonder what greeting,  
we should say.  
The whistler is strong,  
but he's also kind.  
A heart of gold,  
and a musical mind.  
He loves Tchaikovsky,  
and Mozart too.  
Yet, he'll whistle a simple  
tune, just for you.  
He plays the piano,  
and repairs them as well,  
Rebuilds them from oldies,  
then boy, do they sell.  
The whistler is coming,  
his tune sounds so sad.  
But we know when he sees us,  
he'll be very glad.  
We dance with excitement,  
as he enters the lane.  
Our love for him,  
will always remain.

By Rick Hamilton

### ALWAYS THERE

If you have a problem  
and you feel nobody in the  
world seems to care  
look my way.  
I'll always be there  
because our love is true  
and as long as we care  
you'll never be alone  
in the world we share.

by Sean Davis, Acton

### BEAUTY

Slender and  
young, she  
silently sits  
staring into the glow of the  
sun  
Long flowing hair  
capturing the essence of the  
light  
Golden eyed,  
and on long powerful legs  
she rises  
Leaving with a  
smile  
etched  
on her face.

Jason Piper, Acton.

### LOVE LIES

I'm beside myself with anger,  
And my heart is strewn in  
pieces.  
And I feel as tho a part of me  
has died -  
For he told me that he loves  
me,  
And he thinks that I'll believe  
it,  
And he wounded me with words

I know he lied.

B. Brooke, Acton

### THE WALL

All my life I've been alone  
Hidden away behind my wall,  
Finally came the shining light,  
Then the bricks began to fall,  
But ...  
My hope of love and  
tenderness,  
For me is bound to end.  
For your love has found  
another,  
And I am but your friend.  
If ever you should need me,  
Call and I'll be there,  
But for now, I'll rebuild  
that wall,  
Against the love my heart  
can't share.

by John Bousfield, Acton

## Americans think we're ugly

One hates to create new angst for a nation as battered and uncertain as Canada is, just now. But I'd feel dishonest if I withheld the following discovery from you:

Americans think we're ugly. Alas and alack, this is true. I read all about this in the newspaper, under the shocking headline: The Ugly Canadian.

At first, I clung to the forlorn hope that this might be a story about just one Canadian in particular, who merely happened to be physically unattractive.

I hoped the story might contain quotes along the lines of: "Well, Bert's a fine and noble fella, just like all Canadians. It's just too bad his mother beat him with an ugly stick."

But no. This was a story detailing the grievances the residents of a Michigan border town harbor against Canadian visitors.

According to American storeowners, Canadians are notorious for shoplifting, littering, rudeness and lousy driving.

One resident was quoted as saying she once saw three Canadian women get into a fist-fight over a turkey. She added: "Sometimes I wonder who owns this country, Canadians or Americans."

Well, I laugh. A hollow, bitter laugh.

In response to this woman's accusation: No, madam, Canadians do not own the U.S. We have never owned the U.S. We used to own part of Canada, but free trade fixed that.

As for the charge that three Canadian women were seen fist-fighting over a turkey... well, we'd need a few more details before we could respond to that one.

Who was the turkey? Are you sure he WAS in fact a turkey, or

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did you just jump to this conclusion after overhearing him mention an issue he intended to raise the next time he attended Question Period?

But there's a much more serious issue, here. Quite frankly, it's staggering to be accused of being ugly tourists by Americans, of all people.

This is a bit like having Gollath call you a philistine.

Being a Canadian, I'm naturally too polite to make disparaging remarks about American tourists. Suffice it to say that any Canadian who has ever travelled abroad has had the experience of sharing a restaurant with a bunch of Americans.

The Americans are the ones complaining in loud voices that the breakfasts here just don't measure up to the ones they serve at the Burger King in Des Moines.

The Canadian is the one who's trying desperately to fake a British accent so he doesn't get mistaken for an American.

The plain fact is that Canadians are universally known as lovely tourists. A British travel writer once (viley) referred to Canada as "a neat white waste of time," but everyone knows we're all polite, quiet and deferential.

It's part of the national character. It comes from all those winter evenings we spend discussing curling and watching Hinterland Who's Who.

I mean, just compare Canada and the U.S. Their national symbol is an eagle. Ours is a beaver.

They have L.A. and Geraldo. We have Medicine Hat and Fred Davis.

The Americans themselves know what lovely people we are. I read another news item the other day, about a New York man who is actually marketing fake Canadian passport covers which will enable American tourists to pass themselves off as Canucks when abroad.

And now, out of the blue, a border town in Michigan accuses us of being rude, pushy, messy and larcenous?

There must be some mistake. There just has to be. Possibly, the real culprit in all of this is that entrepreneur in New York.

Obviously, those aren't Canadians in that Michigan border town at all.

They're all New Yorkers with phony passport covers.

### Write us a letter!

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