

# Editorial

## The Loony Award

Apparently I have a devoted readership.

My "Devoted Readership Club" held its regular weekly meeting the other day in the usual location (an available telephone booth) and after a longer-than-usual session - lasting almost three minutes - came up with what I feel is a brilliant idea.

It was suggested that I search around for worthy recipients who would receive a weekly "Loony Award."

Any individual or group would be eligible for the weekly award to be presented at some yet-to-be-determined date.

The first winner of the "Loony Award" is none other than Federal Minister Otto Jelinek, the former figure skater, who along with other members of the federal Progressive Conservative Party, is skating on very thin ice.

Mr. Jelinek directed Revenue Canada to fork over \$32,000 to pay for special gold-colored pins which are to be distributed to the approximately 8,000 federal government employees who helped work on the controversial Goods and Services Tax scheme.

The pins, which cost about \$4 each, have been embossed with a maple leaf emblem and the notation, "FST-GST, 1991."

In a note accompanying each pin, Jelinek writes, "Your part in this accomplishment ... is sincerely appreciated. Please wear this commemorative pin with pride and my personal thanks."

It really is comforting to know that our federal revenue minister is putting Canadian taxpayers money to good use.

This is the same yo-yo who came up with the scheme to encourage cross-border shopping in British Columbia.

In presenting Mr. Jelinek with the first-ever "Loony Award" we suggest that those who receive the pins wear them where the sun never shines.

Nominations for the "Loony Award" will be accepted from the general public.

Maybe I'm being overly-paranoid but it seems to me, that anyone with a white anglo-saxon background is increasingly being shunted aside from mainstream Canada.

And this is in a country that supposedly prides itself on being a cultural mosaic.

"As I See It"

by Colin Gibson



I am Scottish by birth and Canadian by choice and proud of my heritage, as everyone should be. People of British extraction helped found Canada. Our parliamentary system as well as our judicial system are based on the British model.

We are asked to respect people from other countries' cultures as well as their beliefs and traditions yet why can't we ask the same in return?

If we do, we are termed bigots or racists or rednecks and relegated to a closet along with other unworthy anachronisms.

Hold the phone, someone has their wires crossed somewhere.

I am neither a bigot, a racist nor a male chauvinist but it ticks me off when one of those lines is tossed out just because you disagree with someone's point of view of things.

I don't care if a person is black, yellow, pink or green - but by the same token, an idiot is an idiot no matter what their color or place of origin. And I will voice this opinion when, and if, the need arises.

The United States has become such a great country because its citizens are Americans first, regardless of their heritage. It is the great melting pot.

The same cannot be said of Canada, unfortunately because the multicultural monster has run amuck.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," so the saying goes. All well and good.

To borrow freely from the cliché, "Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater."

The baby is Canada and the bathwater represents new immigrants.

Don't throw out either the baby or the bathwater.

But always remember, people of British extraction helped make the bathtub and it's tough taking a bath without some sort of foundation.

As I see it, anyway.

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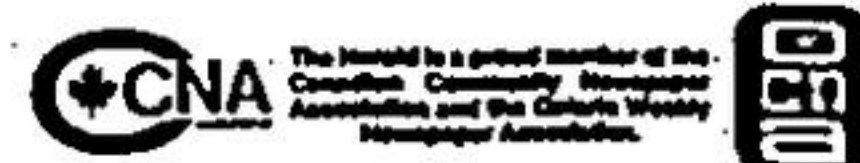
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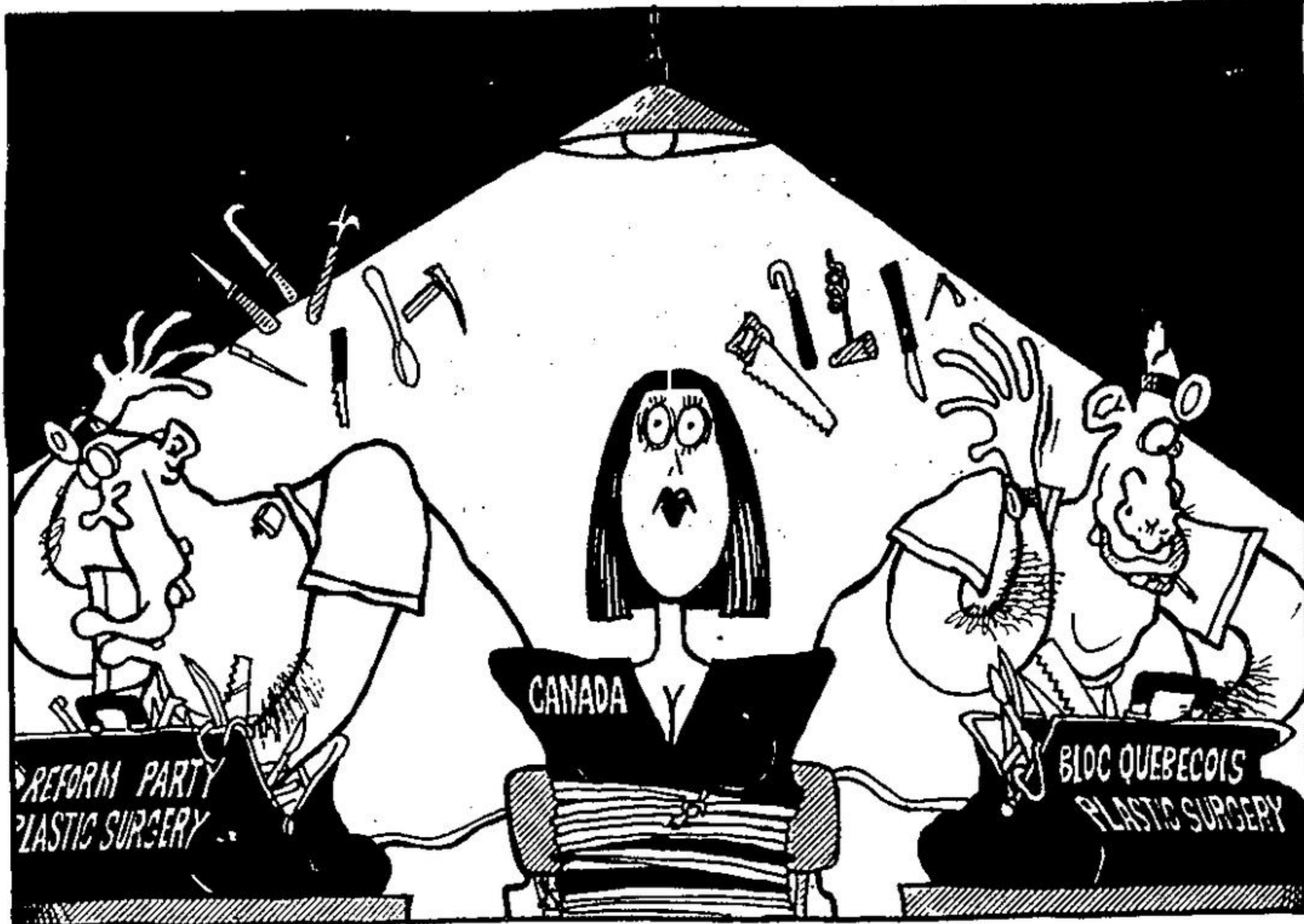
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## Ninja Turtles coin?

This is kind of the way I felt when I discovered that Canada may become the first nation in the world to issue an anniversary coin being the image of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.

Let us pause, briefly, to weigh our response.

This will probably be something along the lines of, "ohhhh, boy." Or possibly, "Cowabunga, dude."

It seems the Royal Canadian Mint has decided to honor the 125th anniversary of Confederation in 1992 by striking a new quarter for each of the 10 provinces and two territories, plus one special loonie.

And in order to come up with the appropriate designs, the mint held a nation-wide contest, which resulted in 11,003 entries.

Thinking up an appropriate design for a special-issue loonie is an interesting enough exercise in itself. After all, you want to come up with a design that truly says something about the state of the nation.

Perhaps the mint could issue a special loonie in honor of the GST - a loonie which would, of course, be stamped with 93 cents.

On the other hand, the mint might like to honor the most prominent of our current crop of nation-builders - a man who can surely be hailed as the mother of all Fathers of Confederation - by offering a special-issue Mulroney loonie.

This coin would bear the prime minister's smiling visage, and be guaranteed to get stuck in soft-drink machines.

As it happens, unfortunately, the contest is already closed. You and I can no longer make sugges-

Weir's World  
by Ian Weir  
Thomson News Service



There are times when the mind just doesn't know where to start boggling first.

Still, the Canadian Press recently circulated a story helpfully listing some of the more interesting entries. And the one that really caught my eye was the one I've already mentioned. Jill Jolley of Prince Edward Island wants a coin commemorating the Ninja Turtles.

Well. At this point, let's start by hoping that Jill Jolley is a beaming eight-year-old with pigtails and rosy cheeks. If she's actually a 42-year-old systems analyst, we don't want to know.

Let us look on the bright side. There are worse things, surely, than having the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles on the national coin.

Just try, for instance, to imagine a Teenage Mutant Ninja Beaver.

Still, let's get to the fundamental point at issue, here. The point is this: what is it with those stupid turtles, anyway?

Oh, I know. I'm probably too old to be able to understand the Younger Generation anymore. I'm 34, and out of touch.

It's sad, really, to wake up one morning and realize that you've been reviling M.C. Hammer and exalting the Beatles with the same passion with which your father used to revile the Beatles and exalt the Andrews Sisters.

(It's nightmarish, when you think about it. In 30 years, Lawrence Weir's grandson may have his own TV show. And his house band will undoubtedly be the Rolling Stones.)

Still you discover that the second Ninja Turtles movie is now out. You discover they have their own record album. You read in the paper that theirs is now the most-watched cartoon in the history of TV.

And you say to yourself: what's wrong with kids, these days? Don't they have better things to do?

Or, to put it another way: why aren't they watching Bugs Bunny?

It's a terrible thing to discover that the classics of your youth are being shunned by a shallow, new generation. You start to lose faith.

You start to conjure pathetic fantasies about the final episode in the Ninja Turtles cartoon series, in which True Justice will be done. Yosemite Sam will materialize in the sewer, advising our heroes that they are shell-bearin' varmints and offering to blast 'em to tarnation.

In fact... But wait. This is turning into a tirade. Shame on me.

Hey, I welcome the issuance of a brand new Ninja Turtles loonie. We've got to make an effort to keep up with the times, after all.

So tell me...who's your favorite New Kid on the Block?

## Poets' Corner

### COCOON OR CRYSLIS

There was a time I did fear change.  
And, was stuck on the spot.  
I mean, lunch was at twelve,  
Dinner ... six on the dot!

What I may have thought back then,  
From the heart, though it seemed,  
Would make me now shrink  
Though, as a finale - redeemed.

No matter how different I may have felt in the past,  
I feel we are progressing,  
Even with shadows being cast.

I shall always feel lonely,  
Choke back many a tear,  
With all of my memories,  
Those I hold very dear.

No matter how strange Some may seem to me now,  
We are as a crysalis.  
Keep changing ... somehow.

This is our evolution.  
To 'me', anyway.  
That we go on changing so ...  
Day after day.

Lola A. Richardson,  
Georgetown.

### IN THANKS

I really can't remember much that day,  
When ice and slush made our van go astray.  
But God has spared my life anew,  
And also blessed the children too.

You have no name nor face to me,  
But you were there as helpful as can be.  
I thank you all for what you've done,  
Now we again enjoy life in the sun.

M. Westerveld.

### HIGH-FLYERS

Over the fields and factories they soar,  
Testing their wings at heaven's door.  
Circling round and round again,  
Above the heads of working men.  
The fact that they're flying,  
An accident of birth.  
The inevitable tragedy  
They will fall to earth.

By J.B., Acton.