

# Editorial

## The Halton Hills HERALD

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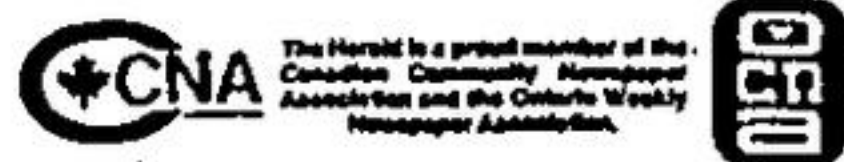
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## Flawed Budget

It's been a pretty hectic week around 'ye olde homestead', what with Herald Special Supplements, last-minute news breaking, the eruption of controversy over the first-ever Ontario NDP budget and getting banged-up in a traffic accident.

This latest traffic accident was a relatively minor one compared to getting hit by a train or being taken up in a tornado, but it did result in an overnight stay at Georgetown and District Memorial Hospital because I received a crack on the head.

The hospital staff was, as usual, courteous, professional and caring. The brain scan showed nothing (just kidding, I wasn't given a brain scan) but slight wooziness does remain, allowing me to write in my usual inimitable fashion - helter skelter.

The response to the weekly Loony Award proposed in last week's meanderings has been amazing. Some of the nominations had to be discarded however because of the language used by various - and nefarious - selection committees.

One stands out, however, and definitely deserves attention.

This week's Loony Award goes to the NDP provincial government for its proposed budget - one I totally disagree with.

The so-called experts have had their chance and most appear to agree that this particular budget being foisted on Ontarians is ill-conceived, ill-timed and simply justifies previously-aided business fears that the new NDP provincial government would tax and spend with no thought to the future of either the province or its residents.

An Economist interviewed Thursday morning on CTV's Canada AM put a more chillingly realistic hue to the budget pictured as a recession-fighter by provincial Treasurer Floyd Laughren.

The Economist estimated that if various Ontario governments realized \$1 billion in taxes yearly, it would take until the year 2012 to get Ontario's deficit back to the figure it hovered at prior to the NDP budget. This wouldn't even take into account inflation or

"As I See It"

by  
Colin Gibson



possible higher interest rates on the provincial debt.

The NDP, by way of Mr. Laughren's budget, has mortgaged Ontario's future to the point we might indeed soon become one of the have-not provinces as costs to social services escalate and businesses flee either south of the border or to other provinces to escape the NDP's 'pie-in-the-sky' way of dealing with a troubled economy.

Ontario, it appears, will now be locked into the same debt treadmill as the federal government with no escape in sight.

Throwing good money after bad has never been viewed as a solution to either individual, business or government indebtedness. Yet this is what the NDP has done.

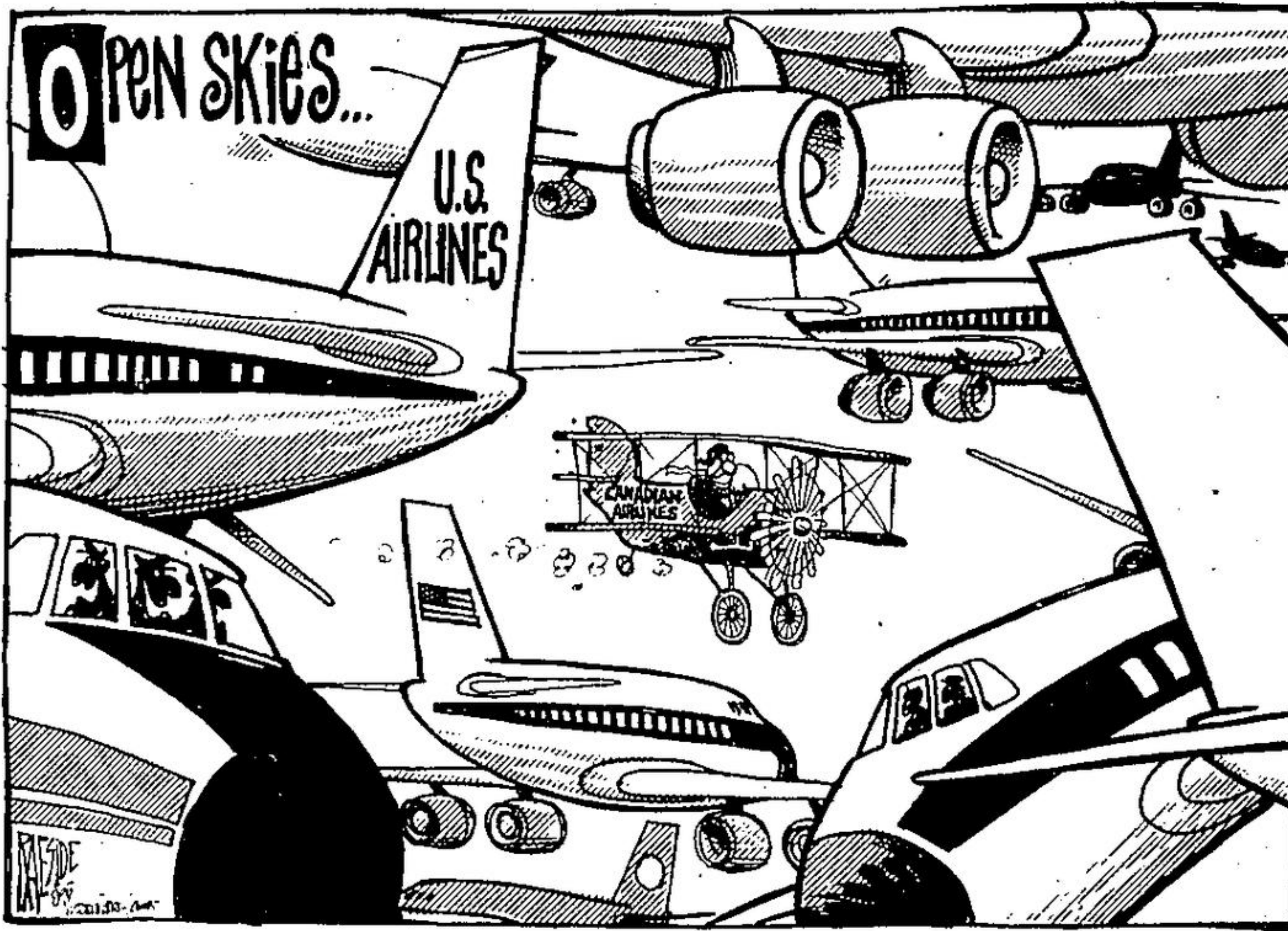
It is obvious the NDP has catered to those self-interest groups who have a personal stake in the government while other sectors of the province have been cut adrift.

The only life-line being offered is one that will eventually turn Ontario into a welfare state, with spiralling taxes, decreases in services and no business base to pay the bills.

I wonder what excuse the NDP will use when it is forced to announce to Ontario taxpayers that the proverbial cupboard is bare.

I suppose the NDP could always blame David Peterson's Liberal government for causing such a happenstance. The NDP provincial governing party appears to use this canard on an almost daily basis at the present time.

As I see it, anyway.



## Heroic dog stories

Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night and ask yourself the agonizing question: why have I never owned an heroic dog?

Well, possibly you don't. I'm not normally quite this peculiar either.

Still, I've been thinking a lot about heroic dogs lately, ever since I came across a newspaper article inviting readers to submit stories detailing the remarkable feats of their canine pals.

The article listed a few examples of such stories - dogs who returned home after being lost thousands of kilometres away, dogs who risked life and limb to save their master from gunmen, that sort of thing.

Now, I've been owned by several dogs, over the years. So naturally I sat right down to think of all the brave and clever things they did.

After an hour or so, I finally remembered one exploit that was cleverly and fearlessly performed by Sadie the Coonhound. But I'm not sure it's exactly the sort of thing the newspaper had in mind, since it involved lurking under the stairs and then leaping out to bite a dogfood delivery man.

Finally, I had to face the sad fact: I've never owned a dog who was any better in a crisis than I am.

This is a terrible thing to say about an animal, but there it is.

I've, never, for instance, owned a dog who got lost across the country and then found his way home. On the other hand, I grew up with a Scotch collie who used

Weir's  
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to get lost in the neighbor's back yard.

Laddie discovered that he could crawl under the fence between the two properties. Unfortunately, it never seemed to dawn on him that he might be able to crawl back the same way. So there he'd sit, peering through the chicken-wire and howling mournfully.

The first time this happened, I tried to demonstrate the appropriate escape-technique by crawling under the fence myself, and then crawling back. Having done so, I smiled brightly and urged him to follow suit.

He gave me a look to indicate his dismay at discovering that he seemed to be owned by such an odd boy, then resumed howling. I finally had to walk him home around the block.

I've never had a dog protect me from gunmen, either. On the other hand, there was the memorable morning that Luke the Coonhound - brave Sadie's fearless brother - hid in the bushes during an attempted break-in, then tried to attack the investigating RCMP officer.

We were up at a summer cabin,

Luke and I. One morning, I was awakened by the unmistakable sound of someone trying to kick the front door in.

Even in my groggy state, I could tell this much. I could also sense that something was missing from this scenario - like those heartwarming shrieks which would indicate that the villain was now being torn limb from limb by a vengeful Coonhound.

So I jumped up, paused briefly to put my pants on, and went to investigate. Fortunately, the two would-be house-breakers saw me coming through the window, and fled up the path.

I phoned the police and went outside, just in time to see Luke come slinking out of the shrubs. He gave me a woefully guilty look, then decided to fake it.

He sniffed the air with sudden suspicion, as if to exclaim: "Zounds! Has there been villainy afoot? Alas, that I was miles away and thus unable to dash to the rescue!"

But he saved his finest moments for the policeman's arrival. He waited until the officer began asking me for details, then sidled up behind him.

Luke did not have many talents in life, but he had gloriously operatic bay. Which he now unleashed.

The officer jumped straight up in the air. When he came back down, Luke was wagging his tail pleasantly, as if to indicate that he was glad to meet such an alert policeman.

So there you have it. The full and thrilling saga of my long association with noble and resourceful dogs.

Movie producers are cordially invited to enquire about rights.

## Poets' Corner

### WALL OF PAIN

Like old Humpty Dumpty,  
Who sat on a wall,  
You built one around you,  
To be safe from a fall.  
I watched, as a friend,  
As you laid bricks of doubt,  
And of hurt, and suspicion -  
To keep people out.  
Then she came along,  
And you thought her love true -  
You dismantled your wall,  
And your feelings burst thru.  
Too late, you discovered  
She did not feel the same  
And you rebuilt your wall -  
Adding sorrow, and pain.  
I know what you're feeling,  
I honestly do -  
What you're feeling for her -  
I'm feeling for you.  
Just once, your wall crumbled,  
Your feelings soared free -  
Bricks silently tumbled,  
But, alas, not for me.

B. Brooke, Acton.

More like: "To the people!"  
We're not rats in any sewer  
And bats in any steeple.

If we don't make it together,  
We will be so far apart.  
Afraid of kindred spirit,  
Though, that is just for a start.

We become multi-cultural,  
At least, that is what we think.  
For a large country, too plural,  
The theme began to stink.

It is either, too white,  
too yellow,  
Too beige, too black, and  
maybe too red.  
Not one of us is really the same,  
With some, who try  
changing instead.

We may change our name,  
Try changing our race.  
Fear leads many to shame,  
Afraid of showing one's face.

Seems the system lacks  
of pride.  
We are walking tall, while  
aching inside.  
"With malice toward none," we  
need not be out-souled.  
Our hearts could reach out,  
be truly bold.

It is not much fun, certainly  
not fair.  
One does not choose one's birth  
- so there!  
We really ought to try  
getting alone.  
Remember 'O Canada' - our  
theme song?

Lois Richardson,  
Georgetown.

### TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

bare branches reaching  
for the white winter sky  
innocent naked  
clutching at angels robes  
scratching at heavens door  
attempting to pick god's brains  
owe their brittle existence to  
their earthly roots  
blackened soil  
fighting their own  
good fight  
to fuel hell's fire  
grab the devil by the balls  
get a grip on reality.

By J.B., Acton

OH... CANADA  
It hasn't been: "We the  
people" ...