

Editorial

The tolerance meter

It's extremely unfortunate - but also a fact of life - that in times of stress, tolerance for others wears thin and is one of the first victims of "hard times".

Sad to note also, is the fact that the tolerance meter just doesn't dip on a personal basis but can also encompass a nation's psyche, as a desperate search is conducted for a convenient scapegoat on which to lay the blame for a country's woes. The history books are chock full of examples of just this kind of national aberration and resultant tragedies.

To understate the obvious, Canada is indeed going through hard times both economically and societally and in various pockets throughout the country, one can see - and hear - that the tolerance meter is indeed starting to dip.

Halton Hills represents a fairly accurate cross-section of our country, so I suppose it is to be expected that the tolerance meter would dip, somewhat, here as well.

After receiving what might best be termed an 'eye-opening' letter recently, I'm wondering just how far the tolerance meter has really dipped in Halton Hills.

The letter was addressed to me personally and signed, "Thinker". No return address, no phone number. It was a lengthy letter and it was similarly obvious the mystery writer had taken some time in getting the thoughts - complaints? - on paper. I would like to share parts of the letter with my readers and hopefully, get some reaction.

The writer starts out by expressing agreement with a recent column of mine, wherein I made reference to the "multicultural monster" I feel is being created in Canada - and goes on from there.

The writer feels the "multicultural monster" is a vote-buyer offered to ethnic minorities by politicians and states, "It seems any government ads or literature these days must feature a cute Chinese or black child waving a Canadian flag. That's fine, but won't they ever picture a kid that looks like one of mine? - with fair hair and blue eyes?"

The writer then takes a chunk out of the provincial NDP government.

"I really believe the Rae government has gone stark raving mad with its hiring practices (a certain per cent must be of a visible minority or female) and its appointments to the Metro Police Commission. Anglo Saxon types need not apply. There is a tyranny of the "minorities" in this land."

Grants to cultural groups was also attacked.

"I really object," the letter states, "as a taxpayer, to the huge amounts of money being given in grants to ethnic culture groups for cultural centres and festivals. This is all very nice - people in traditional costumes dancing about for Canada Day (ad nauseum) and visiting royalty, but these second and third generation Italian, Ukrainian, Greek and Chinese have lots of money, because they are hard-working people. Witness the

"As I See It"

by Colin Gibson



elaborate weddings and food galore. They are quite capable of paying for their own cultural centres and celebrations."

Our immigration policy also comes under fire.

"I object to our immigration policies that allow criminal elements to remain here. I know of young teachers who will not accept jobs in the Peel system because of "black ghettos" of very streetwise kids who curse and taunt and ignore them, and who will immediately run to some Human Rights activist or commission if they are disciplined."

Local protest groups also feel the sting of the written lash.

"I am really fed-up with all the local protest groups - these self-appointed, "righteous" "experts" who believe they are speaking for the silent majority. They are quite carried away with their new-found importance. I have seen them at council meetings - ridiculing and rejecting the costly and detailed reports of expert consultants, engineers and hydrologists etc., who have bent over backwards to inform the public and address their concerns. Do these people think they know more? Should they be allowed to intimidate our elected representatives with noisy and rude protests?....."

"I believe most of these people are essentially selfish. They want no more homes now that they are here. They want nobody to drive on their street but happily drive on everyone else's...."

Local environmentalists are criticized by the letter writer.

"I am concerned that over-zealous teachers are inviting people from P.O.W.E.R. into the schools and children are doing essays about 'Stop the Dump'. There is no place for political activism in the schools. I fear our children are being manipulated by left wing do-gooders and this is inappropriate."

The local press doesn't get away unscathed, either.

"Part of my concern is that the local press (and the CBC) gives, and seeks out, a lot of publicity to noisy 'unelected' people."

The letter-writer concludes hoping the feelings expressed will give me something to think about.

The points raised certainly have given me something to think about.

I wonder what residents of Halton Hills feel about the points raised in the letter.

As I see it, anyway.

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EDITORIAL — COLIN GIBSON Managing Editor ROB RISK Sports Editor
Staff Writers: Dan Dummett, Lisa Boons, Topper-Pot

ADVERTISING — DAN TAYLOR, MANAGER
Jeannine Valois, Stacie Roberts, Craig Teeter, Kim Haryott

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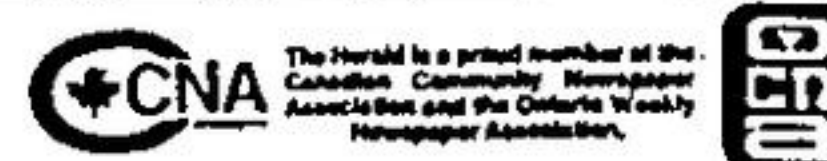
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Vindication for snoring

There are times in a man's life when he just feels overwhelmingly vindicated.

There's no other word for it. Vindicated.

This, of course, is from the Latin root "vindi," meaning "I've been right all along," and "cated," meaning "so there."

That sums up my feelings exactly when I discovered that scientists - brilliant fellows that they are - have come up with a new theory to explain male snoring.

It is now believed that loud male snoring is a vestigial trait we've inherited from our ancient forebears. In prehistoric times, it seems loud snoring actually functioned as a defense-mechanism, by which the sleeping male was able to scare large animals away from the family cave.

Well, As I say, the word is "vindicated."

As you may have guessed, I just happen to be one of those males who snores. Loudly.

Naturally, I have no way of verifying this, since I'm invariably sleeping at the time. But The Love of My Life assures me that I do.

She first mentioned this fact in the blissful early stages of our relationship. "Honey," she said one morning, "you sometimes snore just a little. But that's all right."

This gradually progressed to, "Ian, you do snore pretty loudly," and finally to, "Weir, you sound like a forest full of loggers with chainsaws."

Couples' conversations have such a delightful way of evolving over time.

In any case, as a male snorer knows, this affliction is a terrible cross to bear. You find yourself waking up alone in the morning, and discovering that The Love of Your Life is curled up on the

Weir's World
by Ian Weir
Thomson News Service



would ask edgily.

"Oh, nothing much," I would say casually. "Who's Clint?"

But this only worked once or twice. After that, I was stuck with Snorer's Guilt again.

But then, I opened the newspaper the other day, and read about this glorious new theory. Naturally, I rushed to share this news with The Love of My Life.

"My snoring is a vestigial trait by which prehistoric men scared away marauding animals!" I cried triumphantly. "Do you know what this means?"

She pondered briefly, then suggested: "It means you haven't evolved very much?"

Though wounded, I continued. "It means I'm constantly protecting you, even in my sleep. I'm driving animals away."

"You're right," she agreed. "The cats can't stand the snoring either."

I fell silent at this point. I glowered briefly - in despair, rather than anger - and withdrew in high dudgeon.

A high dudgeon, of course, was a sort of Medieval carriage.

Men traditionally climbed into one when it was obviously time just to give up and go to the pub.

Write us a letter!

The Herald wants to hear from you. If you have an opinion you want to express or a comment to make, send us a letter or drop by the office. Our address is 45 Guelph Street, Georgetown, Ontario L7G 3Z6.

All letters must be signed. Please include your address and telephone number for verification.

The Herald reserves the right to edit letters due to space limitations.

Poets' Corner

MOTHERS

Mothers are special in so many ways,
Their love will forever fulfil our days.

The love of a mother, is a precious gift.
One that must be treasured always.

For these reasons, it is plain to see.

Why my mother will always be special to me.

I love you mother.

By Janet Banks

For A Friend

I wish that I could guide
Your aching heart,
And help you find what you're searching for

If the love of a friend
Could a haven form
You'd be safe forever more.

B. Brooke Acton.