

the HERALD

Home Newspaper of Halton Hills - Established 1866

A Division of Canadian Newspaper Company Limited
45 Guelph Street, Georgetown, Ontario L7G 3Z6

K: ROBERT MALCOLMSON
Publisher and General Manager

877-2201

EDITORIAL - COLIN GIBSON
Managing Editor
ADVERTISING - DAN TAYLOR
Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Single Copy (in Stores) 25¢
Halton \$34.00 year
\$28.00 six months
\$18.00 three months
Canada \$90.00 year
\$48.00 six months
\$27.00 three months
Foreign \$170.00 year
\$ 90.00 six months
\$ 50.00 three months
GST and Provincial Sales Tax
where applicable are extra
Second Class Mail
Registered No. 0934

CNA The Herald is a proud member of the Canadian Community Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association.
The Herald claims copyright on all original news and advertising material created by its employees and published in this newspaper. National Advertising offices: 85 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario M5H 2M4, 884-1710 or 640 Colborne St., Montreal, Quebec.
The advertiser agrees that the publisher shall not be liable for damages arising out of errors in advertisements beyond the amount paid for the space actually occupied by that portion of the advertisement in which the error occurred, whether such error is due to the negligence of its servants or otherwise, and there shall be no liability for non insertion of any advertisement beyond the amount paid for such advertisement.

Slings and arrows

Ah, the slings and arrows from a concerned reading public! Any self-respecting journalist worth his typewriter - nowadays it's word processor - couldn't live without them.

It comes with the territory and believe me, at times you feel as if it really is the 'wild, wild west'.

Perhaps I'm a bit of a literary masochist as opposed to a literary sadist - "Hit me, hit! no way."

I actually enjoy the poison pen letters and the angry phone calls questioning the legitimacy of my birth. It allows me to stay in tune with my readers - their likes and dislikes - and attempt to get their concerns or their frustrations into my columns or editorials.

In this respect, I will not change. So friendlies and unfriendlies, keep those cards and letters, and the phone calls, coming.

I ran into this elderly gentleman recently and after I had helped him to his feet, dusted him off and made sure he was alright, we had a discussion about my editorials and my columns.

"I hate everything you've ever written for the Herald," he exclaimed while dusting off the tire marks from his shirt. "You're a rabble-rouser and we don't need that around here," he foamed.

"Then why do you read my stuff?" I asked, dabbing at my face with a Kleenex.

"Because I love to hate you," he replied, sauntering off with an Errol Flynn grin.

In my earlier incarnation as a journalist, I plied the jockstrap beat. I was Sports Editor with the Herald, when it was located on Main Street, in Georgetown, then transferred to a daily paper, the Nanaimo Daily Free Press.

The top sports story in town was the Nanaimo Clippers, a Tier Two Junior "A" team coached by former NHL and minor pro hard rock, Larry McNabb.

Good old Larry had a philosophy for hockey as well as life. "Why go around a wall when you can go through it."

The Clippers were declared provincial champions one year when I was the Sports Editor, because the other provincial finalist refused to continue the series after three of their players required medical attention because of a between period brawl in the third game of the series.

The Clippers were good, no doubt about it. But they were also bad in the sense that any opposing player who dared to venture onto the frozen pond was considered fair game for a free ride through the protective glass and into the seats.

"As I See It"

by Colin Gibson



Former NHLers Barry Pederson, Torrey Robertson and Greg Adams toiled for the Clippers, during my sports tenure, and they were an exciting team to watch.

I once wrote about Torrey Robertson - who had the intellect of an unshelled peanut - "Torrey brought the fans to their feet when he laid a tremendous check on himself because there was nobody else around to hit." Needless to say, Torrey wasn't impressed with my prose and threatened to rearrange my facial features with his hockey stick.

In a moment of sheer stupidity, I confronted Torrey about his threats and he told me not to worry. It was his brother who had issued the threats because Torrey never read anything in the newspaper but the comics.

Still with the Clippers, I would receive phone calls at about 2 o'clock in the morning from someone who claimed he was a player on the team and that he and some others, who didn't like what I wrote about them, were just waiting to get me alone in the dressing room.

Foolishly, perhaps, over the next several weeks, I roamed the dressing room during practice and games, but nothing ever happened.

After the season had ended, at the team's awards banquet, the mysterious phone caller came up to me and identified himself. He was a benchsitter and one of the very few even-tempered players on the team.

When I asked him why he had made the phone calls, he replied, "I thought it would make me feel more a part of the team." We ended up friends.

Last week I wrote a column about my son and thought he might be a bit ticked-off because of the, at-times, personal nature of the offering. He told me he wasn't bothered by the column. When I asked him why, he stated because he thought I was weird, anyway.

That's my boy.
You call them as you see them.
As I see it, anyway.



Scientists debunk space aliens theory

Naturally, you were just as astounded as I was by the recent news about scientists and space aliens.

I refer, of course, to the revelation that a growing body of scientific opinion now believes that space aliens do not exist at all.

Oh, good lord. First Santa Claus. Then the Easter Bunny. And now this.

I scarcely need stress how shattering this revelation is to so many of the most cherished beliefs in Western Society.

I mean, if space aliens don't exist, then we're forced to the conclusion that Morgan Fairchild - despite all the well-documented reports in the supermarket tabloids - was not fathered by one.

This is dismaying to all of us. And no doubt devastating to poor Morgan.

But apparently, it's true. More and more scientists believe there's simply no basis for believing that intelligent life exists anywhere except on earth.

Or to put it another way, given the state of affairs on earth just now: intelligent life may not exist at all.

I know this to be true, because I read it in an article reprinted from The London Evening Telegraph. If you've ever read the Telegraph, you'll understand why I'm so confident about its accuracy.

No newspaper that grey and boring could ever be wrong.

To be honest, I was never too sure how I felt about space aliens in the first place. I suppose I've always felt that they might exist, and quite possibly possess

Weir's World

by Ian Weir
Thomson News Service



powers far greater than own - in which case I'd be much more worried about how they feel about me.

Still, news that they don't exist explodes some very comforting theories.

It would, for instance, rule out the possibility that Brian Mulroney was kidnapped by space aliens in 1984 and replaced by a look-alike android and was, unfortunately, just slightly misprogrammed.

Now granted, this belief in their non-existence might be one of those passing scientific fads. Scientific opinion has been known to slip up, occasionally. Remember oat bran?

Still, the scientist chap who wrote the article in The Telegraph did a pretty convincing job of destroying the various arguments which support a belief in space aliens.

For starters, he posed the question: if space aliens exist, then why haven't they contacted us?

One of the conventional answers to this, of course, is that space aliens have deliberately

chosen not to contact us, knowing that we just aren't ready for this sort of thing. But as the chap points out in The Telegraph, this argument rests on the unlikely premise that all space aliens would wisely decide to stay away.

The guy has a point. After all, if there are billions and billions of aliens out there, then surely a few of them must be weenies.

Another argument might be that space aliens simply lack the technology to contact us. But The Telegraph notes that we ourselves are on the very verge of being able to send probes into distant galaxies.

As such, if aliens exist, they're all more backward than we are.

This, you'll admit, is quite a thought. What if we are indeed the most advanced and intelligent of billions of species in the universe?

It's the sort of thought that inspires you with awe. And with the sinking feeling that God had better help the universe.

But most fascinating of all was The Telegraph's most fundamental argument against the notion that life could exist on other planets. Apparently, it's nearly a mathematical impossibility for life to evolve before a planet's sun burns out - and that the rapid evolution of life on earth was the result of an amazing sequence of flukes and coincidences.

Gosh. This newspaper article doesn't debunk the belief in space aliens. It reinforces the nagging suspicion that there is really just one word that describes the human race.
Improbable.

Poets' Corner

GOOD-BYE

I'll never forget the words he spoke,
That evening in the rain -
"It's time to go our separate ways,
I can't see you again."
I stared at him in silence,
Not knowing what to say,
Thinking "God, don't let him mean it
Please - don't let him walk away."
He offered no excuses,
Simply told me not to cry.
I felt my sad heart break in two
One final kiss - good-bye.
B. Brooke, Acton.

EMPTY DREAMS

Forever waiting,
Never sure -
I love him
He loves her
Broken promises
Empty dreams -
Nothing is the way
It seems. B. Brooke, Acton.
FOR MY MOM
"Everything changed when my mother died," she said.
She didn't expand.
I didn't ask her to.
She didn't need to.
Both being mothers and daughters ourselves.
By J.B., Acton.

Turner cries foul over editorial!

Dear Editor:
I stood in Glen Williams on Canada Day and sang the national anthem. I was a proud Canadian - as were the several hundred other people there.

Also on Canada Day, I raised flags in Limehouse and Caledon East. I visited a festival in Caledon Village, and talked to scores of people. It was a positive day, and folks spoke of renewed hopes for Canada's future.

Then I read the Herald, and all the negativity and confrontation which created some of our national problems flowed right over me again.

Instead of celebrating what's right about Canada, the Herald decided to focus us on what's wrong. Your editorial sought to lay blame, once again, and foster the myth that our problems were dreamed up by a handful of people like me. These people you describe as "pompous and arrogant navelgazers" who put party politics ahead of their country.

Okay, Mr. Editor. Can we please move on now? We all know what the problems are. How about helping find some solutions? How about moving beyond the politician-bashing and asking

your readers what kinds of reforms they'd like - so, together, we can fix Canada?

This is a great country, and we are all blessed to live here. But it's not a perfect country. And until we stop trying to kick each others' shins out, it won't be. How about it?

Garth Turner, MP
Halton-Peel.

Editor's note: Until politicians decide to take off their self-legislated shin pads and suffer the pain ordinary Canadians feel, there doesn't appear to be much room for discussion.