

# the HERALD

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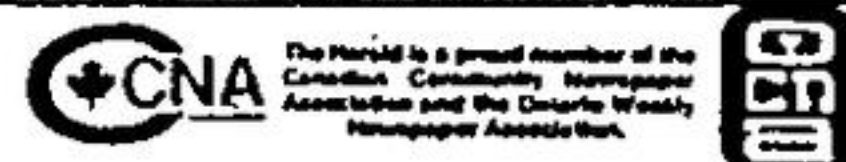
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## Another day, another loony

Ah yes! Another day, another loony - and there are a few of them paddling through the muddled waters of our nation, emitting cacophonous calls heeded mainly by the other feather brains who claim - willingly or otherwise - a relationship to the brood.

Ontario's NDP government, in all its wit wisdom, has once again decided to throw good Ontario taxpayers' money after bad. We refer, of course, to the bailout of the ailing Kimberly Clark newsprint mill in Kapuskasing.

The NDP (once referred to as the No Damn Policy bunch and rapidly giving credibility to the acronym) has decided to buy a hydroelectric generating station, north of Kapuskasing, for \$140 million through Ontario Hydro, which in turn means the Ontario taxpayer must foot the bill.

The deal was done to save 1,200 jobs in Kapuskasing, which is basically a one industry town of 11,000 people whose livelihood revolves around the newsprint plant.

Warms the cockles of your seashells, doesn't it?

But hold the phone.

With more and more newspapers going the recycling route and with technology through chemicals allowing for alternatives to wood-based newsprint, not to mention the fact that our forests are finally going to get some protection from rapacious logging operators, how in the world is this plant ever going to survive?

It won't, pure and simple and the Ontario taxpayer will bear the brunt of yet another government ill-thought-out program initiated simply to boost the image of the party in power.

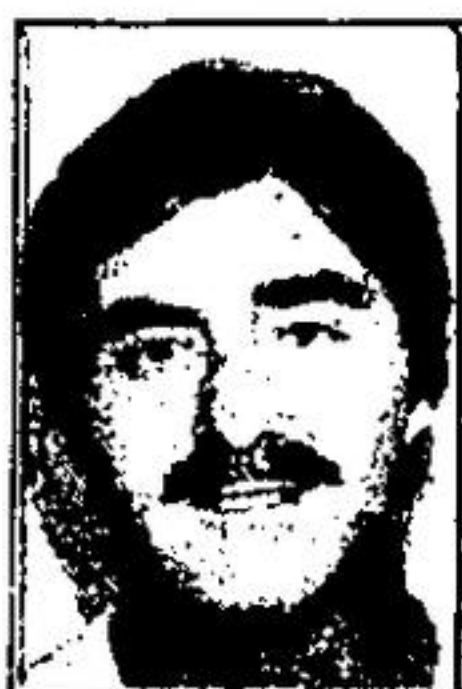
Local Queen's Park representative, NDPer Noel Duignan, should be queried about this waste of money especially since we can't get water for Glen Williams residents because Bob Rae and the boys don't consider it a priority issue.

Come one, Noel, get your act together. Take up your constituent's plight with more than just rhetoric. Drop the beard and put on the gloves.

If you want, I could make a phone call to Bob for you.

"As I See It"

by Colin Gibson



We note the denizens of the dead-brain society have once again decided to hold a meeting at Cedarvale Park.

According to sources, a youth soccer game had to be cancelled at half time, this past week, because glass shards from broken beer bottles were found to be dotting the pitch.

This, even after players, game officials and spectators all joined forces to comb the field prior to the start of the game.

It seems the activity of the players during the first half caused more glass shards to surface and the referee - quite rightly, it should be noted - was reluctantly forced to cancel the game.

Who are these deadheads that not only take away the youngsters opportunity to play a good, wholesome game, but also threaten them with bodily injury.

Are they your kids? Are they your adult friends?

To quote Bugs Bunny, "What a bunch of maroons."

Since the police don't seem to have the manpower to patrol Cedarvale on a regular basis, I have a suggestion.

For those who care, and who happen to be passing Cedarvale Park during the evening, when no organized activity is taking place, drive through the parking lot and write down the license plate numbers of the cars parked there.

Deliver the list to the police station and let the cops handle it from there.

For the gutless wonders who have nothing better to do than break beer bottles at Cedarvale Park, I have a request.

Invite me over to your place.

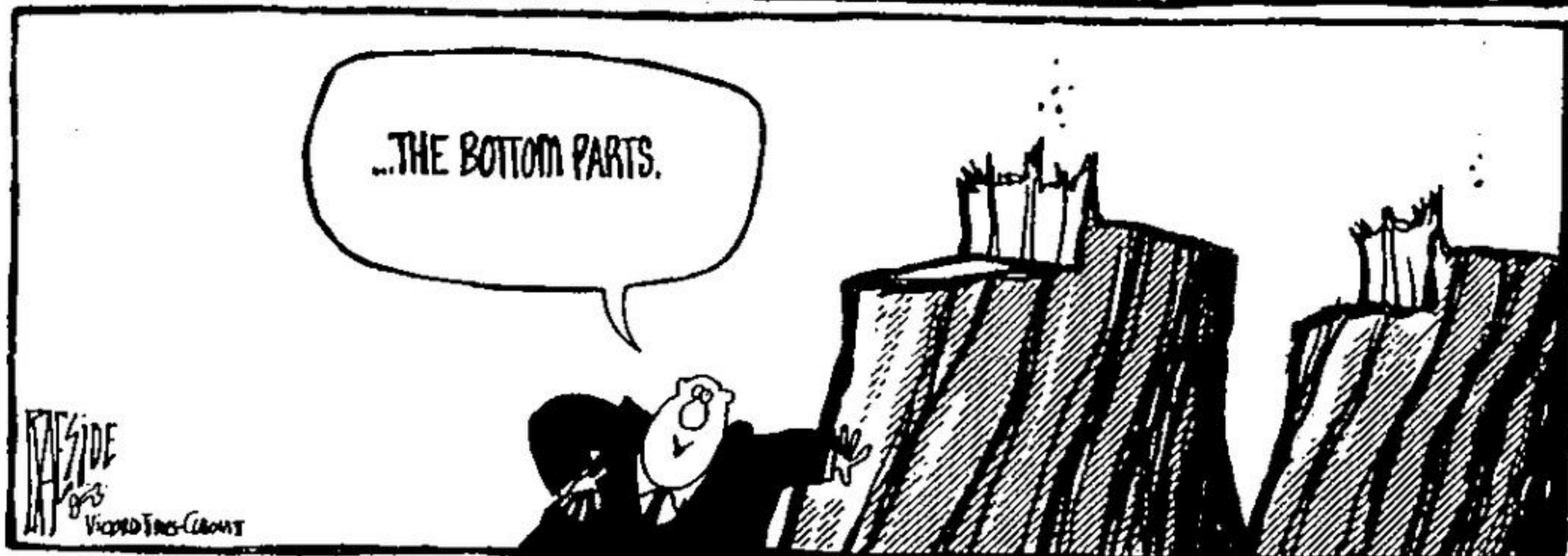
Just before I leave, I'll make sure I smash my beer bottle on your livingroom carpet.

As I see it, anyway.

FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF FUTURE GENERATIONS, WE'RE SETTING ASIDE PARTS OF THIS OLD-GROWTH FOREST...



...THE BOTTOM PARTS.



## Oh, the rigors of childhood

It was yesterday at precisely 3:15 p.m. that I suddenly pinpointed - with one of those searing flashes of insight - the most pressing problem in the world today.

Forget about the depletion of the ozone layer, the disappearance of the Amazon rainforests, and the impending collapse of the CFL. No, our single largest problem is that today's kids just don't know how tough you and I had it while we were growing up.

I'll pause briefly, so that we can all clack our dentures and harrumph in agreement.

As I say, the insight came at 3:15 p.m. I was sitting in my study, flailing about frantically for a column-idea, when the telephone rang.

It was the Likely Lad, who's 11. He was at a shopping mall four blocks away. He wondered if I'd come pick him-up, since it was raining.

There's only one appropriate response to this sort of request, and I gave it.

I sat in disbelieving silence for a moment or two. Then I gurgled briefly. And finally I drove to the ruddy shopping mall.

But every block of the way, I reflected upon what your father or mine would have said had we dared to make such a request.

They would have said: "You have time to visit shopping malls in the first place? Then you had better take a seventh paper route, you wretched boy."

Unfortunately, I can't be too critical of the Likely Lad for failing to realize how hard my own childhood was. Since his mother and I didn't get together until he was 10, I didn't get the chance to brainwash him during his most formative years.

But clearly the Lad and I have some catching up to do. Because it goes without saying that my own childhood featured rigors that would make him tremble. And it gets more rigorous by the week.

I mean, let's be honest. You know perfectly well what you and I would have thought had we been faced with a four-block walk in the lashing rain.

We would have considered it luxury. Because this would have meant it wasn't 40 below - the temperature through which we trudged six miles to school, and

Weir's World  
by Ian Weir  
Thomson News Service



eight miles back, for several months each year.

Thirty yeras ago, parents didn't take their kids out to amusement parks and waterslides. This was partly because our parents didn't like us much.

No, we were left to our own devices. And we didn't hav video machines and Nintendo, either. We had to amuse ourselves with the odd toy we were given for Christmas.

One year, I got part of a hockey puck. Another year it was a small plank with a nail in it. I treasured

that plank.

The trouble is, kids won't believe this. To make matters worse, our parents seem to have forgotten about it too.

Last spring, I grumbled to my father about having to drive the Likely Ladd to baseball every second night. My father chuckled benignly, and said: "Well, but that's what you have to do when you have kids."

This was, quite frankly, staggering - since I have no recollection of having been driven to baseball by anyone.

I distinctly remember riding my bicycle to ballparks miles away, slip-sliding down icy streets (winters being longer then). And I certainly don't recall anyone coming to call encouragement.

Occasionally, my father would phone the coach and ask how I was progressing. Then he'd stump downstairs and say: "I understand you missed a cut-off man. Come out to the woodshed and be beaten."

And after enduring all this, I discover that no one believes me.

## Fed-up with feds

Dear Colin:  
I just finished reading your article on Super Brian. Congratulations on the most truthful article I have read.

When I see that Brian on TV, I would love to smash that face in.

You know something, we have not received our GST cheque for July. My husband and I are senior citizens.

My husband's cheque from work is \$83 a month. He worked at Chubb Brampton over 17

years. He worked at Avro before that.

We also had a family of six. I'm 75 and Ray is 78, so the Conservatives haven't helped us out.

We still have to pay that stupid tax.

I just wanted you to know how much I enjoyed your article on Super Brian.

Sincerely,  
L. Quanbury,  
Georgetown.

## Nursing staff thanked

Dear Editor:  
A time to thank the Nursing Staff at the Bennett Chronic Care and to Drs. Halparin and Brown- ing:

On behalf of my mother, Ada Matthews, I would like to extend my thanks for their quick response to my mother's resent illness.

We are fortunate in Georgetown to have such a car-

ing, professional group of nurses as we have at the Bennett.

Over the past six years, while my mother has been in residence there, their understanding and kindness to family and residents alike and their professional care have been greatly appreciated.

Respectfully yours,  
Susan Hewitt  
(Ada's daughter)  
Georgetown.

## Poets' Corner

### THE WEDDING

The man that I love got married last Saturday,  
I'm not feeling so hot -  
He swore he'd not hurt me,  
I vowed I'd not let him -  
Then I feel in love,  
And forgot.

The man I'm in love with was married last Saturday  
I've never known such deep pain -  
It wasn't his fault -  
(It was mine: for I trusted him)  
I'd not be that stupid again.

The man who's my world wed another last Saturday  
Best wishes I didn't send -  
Empty arms that are aching,  
Empty heart that is breaking -

Goodbye, love of mine,  
Goodbye, friend.

B. Brooke, Acton.

### THE ROAD AHEAD

I am very proud of this friend of mine who has taken the roughest path, in life to find,  
That the road ahead, isn't as rocky anymore,  
And her eyes can see, further than ever before,  
Her view has become, such a welcome one,  
With the road being guided, by the brightest sun,  
Now Mother Nature has made her to see,  
That the fine things in life, are actually quite free.

Cathie Marcoux,  
Georgetown.