

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

The Halton Hills Weekend, published every Wednesday, at 211 Armstrong Ave. Georgetown Ont. is one of the Metroand Printing, Publishing & Distributing group of suburban newspapers which includes: The Georgetown Independent and The Acton Free Press, Ajax/Pickering News Advertiser, The Aurora Banner, The Barrie Advance, The Brampton Guardian, The Burlington Post, The Collingwood Connection, The Etobicoke Guardian/Lakeshore Advertiser, Halton Hills Week End, Kingston This Week, Lindsay This Week, Markham Economist & Sun, The Milton Champion, The Mississauga News, The Newmarket Era, The Oakville Beaver, Orillia Today, Oshawa/Whitby This Week, Peterborough This Week, Richmond Hill/Thornhill/Vaughan Liberal, The Scarborough Mirror, Today's Seniors, The Uxbridge/Stouffville Tribune. Metroand Printing, Publishing & Distributing is a division of Harlequin Enterprises Ltd.

Advertising is accepted on the condition that, in the event of a typographical error, that portion of the advertising space occupied by the erroneous item, together with reasonable allowance for signature will not be charged for, but the balance of the advertisement will be paid for at the acceptable rate.

In the event of typographical error advertising goods or services at wrong price, goods or services may not be sold. Advertising is merely an offer to sell which may be withdrawn at any time.

Editorial and advertising content of The Georgetown Independent is protected by copyright. Unauthorized use is prohibited. Price: Store copies 50¢ each; Subscriptions \$22.00 per year by carrier; \$40.00 per year by mail in Canada; \$65.00 per year in all other countries. Plus G.S.T.

Second Class Mail Registration Number 6869. The Georgetown Independent is a member of The Canadian Community Newspaper Association and The Ontario Community Newspaper Association.

EDITORIAL - 873-0301
Editor-in-Chief: Robin Incoe
Managing Editor: Cynthia Gamble
News Editor: Paul Dorsey
Staff Writers: Janet Baine, Stuart Johnston
Photography: Ted Brown

BUSINESS OFFICE - 873-0301
Manager: Carol O'Grady
Accounting: Pat Kenner

Composing Manager: Steve Foreman
Composing: Perry Steel, Sharon Pinkney,
Mary Lou Foreman, Dolores Black, Shell Harrison,
Dobbie McDougall, Kevin Powell.

Mailing Address: 211 ARMSTRONG AVE. GEORGETOWN, ONT. 873-0301 L7G 4X5

ADVERTISING - 873-0301
Director of Advertising: Shaun Sauer
Advertising Manager: Sandra Dorsey
Classified Manager: Carol Hall
Display Sales: Penny Karas,
Jeanette Cox, Kathy Toth, Jackie Mullen, Charmaine Letts,

National Representative: Dal Browne (493-1300)
DISTRIBUTION
CIRCULATION/SUBSCRIPTIONS - 873-0301
Director of Distribution: Ian McAllister
Circulation Manager: Nancy Geissler

Stop the dump proposal in its tracks

The following letter to Mayor Russ Miller was filed with us for publication. A letter expressing the same sentiments has been filed by Nancy Ridler of Acton, a concerned mother of two.

Dear Mayor Miller,
I am very concerned that our elected officials are not doing all within their power to stop the proposal by RSI to turn the Acton Quarry into a garbage dump.

I have a young daughter who is asthmatic, and I am very concerned not only about the contaminated water that will result if the dump goes in, but also about the added air pollution that will result from all the garbage trucks going through our town, as well as airborne toxins which are emitted from solid waste landfills.

I am asking you and my Ward 1 representatives to enforce the Indusmin agreement to replace the Third Line through the quarry, because this



action will stop the dump proposal in its tracks.

Jeanet Juster,
Acton

Tired of charities?

Dear editor,
I have heard it said that Canadians are becoming tired of giving to charities. They feel overwhelmed by the constant appeals to give; there are

too many worthy causes to support every day and the choice is too hard.

I do not believe Canadians feel that way, despite the present economic conditions.

I know from more than 30 years of close association with the Unitarian Services Committee (USC Canada) and many thousands of Canadians who trust and support this agency, that there is a continuing willingness to share with less fortunate neighbors.

In these more difficult times, we may be forced to become selective regarding the charities we support. We should look for effective and accountable organizations. We must look beyond our front door and get involved with charities that are helping people help themselves.

I hope that many of your readers will feel able, despite the recession, to make a donation, however small, to help improve the lot of their next door neighbors in Africa and Asia.

Harry Bolster (for) USC Canada,
56 Sparks St.,
Ottawa, Ont., K1P 5B1

GST adds up

Did you hear about the guy in B.C. who calculated he spent just shy of \$900 on GST in 1991. The Feds had predicted that he would spend less than \$200 a year.

The B.C. guy was so mad he's sending his receipts to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney to prove that the GST doesn't work.

A colleague in this office did a similar calculation. Comparing bills incurred in November 1990 (before GST) and bills incurred during March 1991 — both average months of spending — the colleague had to shell out an extra \$77 a month, just on GST. This works out to just shy over \$900 — \$924 in total — in 1991.

According to a GST consumer information office bulletin issue in April of 1991, the cost of living increase attributable to the GST for low income families (\$12,000-\$17,000) is \$200 annually; for middle income earners (\$48,000) it's \$570; and for high income earners (\$70,000+) it's \$1,000.

But instead, in most cases, GST is costing triple or quadruple what the Feds had optimistically predicted. That's quite a dent in the weekly budget.

The Canadian Federation of Independent Business reported in the first three months of the year, almost half of Canadians had cut their spending due to the GST. Judging from the recent Christmas shopping season, spending practices hadn't changed in the latter months of 1991 either.

The GST has its good points — it got rid of an archaic tax system which hampered some businesses and it may be used to help countermand the escalating federal deficit. But why should what hurt some businesses be replaced with something that hurts everyone? And whether the GST will actually be used to directly to lower the deficit remains to be proven. Frankly we're skeptical.

The GST is in fact, as our editorial cartoon points out, a monster. It was implemented at the wrong time — in the midst of recession. People's budgets are pared down to the bare minimum in these tough economic times and the GST has made it even tougher and for some, impossible. Nine hundred dollars a year is a hefty chunk of money. Having it to spend could mean a downpayment on a new car, a new refrigerator, a TV, clothes for your kids, a trip or just paying off your bills. Just the things the economists keep telling us that we need to buy to get us out of this recession.

Think about it. What could you have done with an extra \$900 this past year?



Evening up the odds in the battle of the sexes

I've always been a little sensitive about being the only male in a house with five females.

I'm outnumbered five to one. Even the cockatiel is a female. (The budgie was male, but he died.)

You know, it's lonely being the sole male in the household.

And it's tough sometimes. A man can only listen to the continual commentary about the latest cosmetics or styles of clothing before he feels a bit ostracized and becomes downright jaded with an excess of femininity around him.

It happens when I'm shopping. If I look at clothes or male-oriented things, the whole family stands in a tightly knit group with that "just how long is Dad going to take this time?" look on their faces.

And with four daughters, I never have a chance to play with the latest toys all the fathers with sons get to enjoy at birthdays or Christmas morning.

Nope, I'm outnumbered. And I ad-

mitted defeat long ago, resigning myself to the fact it wasn't going to change.

Until recently, the only thing I looked forward to was my daughters' dating. At least I would have a few male-types around the house, to even up the numbers.

But just this week I was proven wrong.

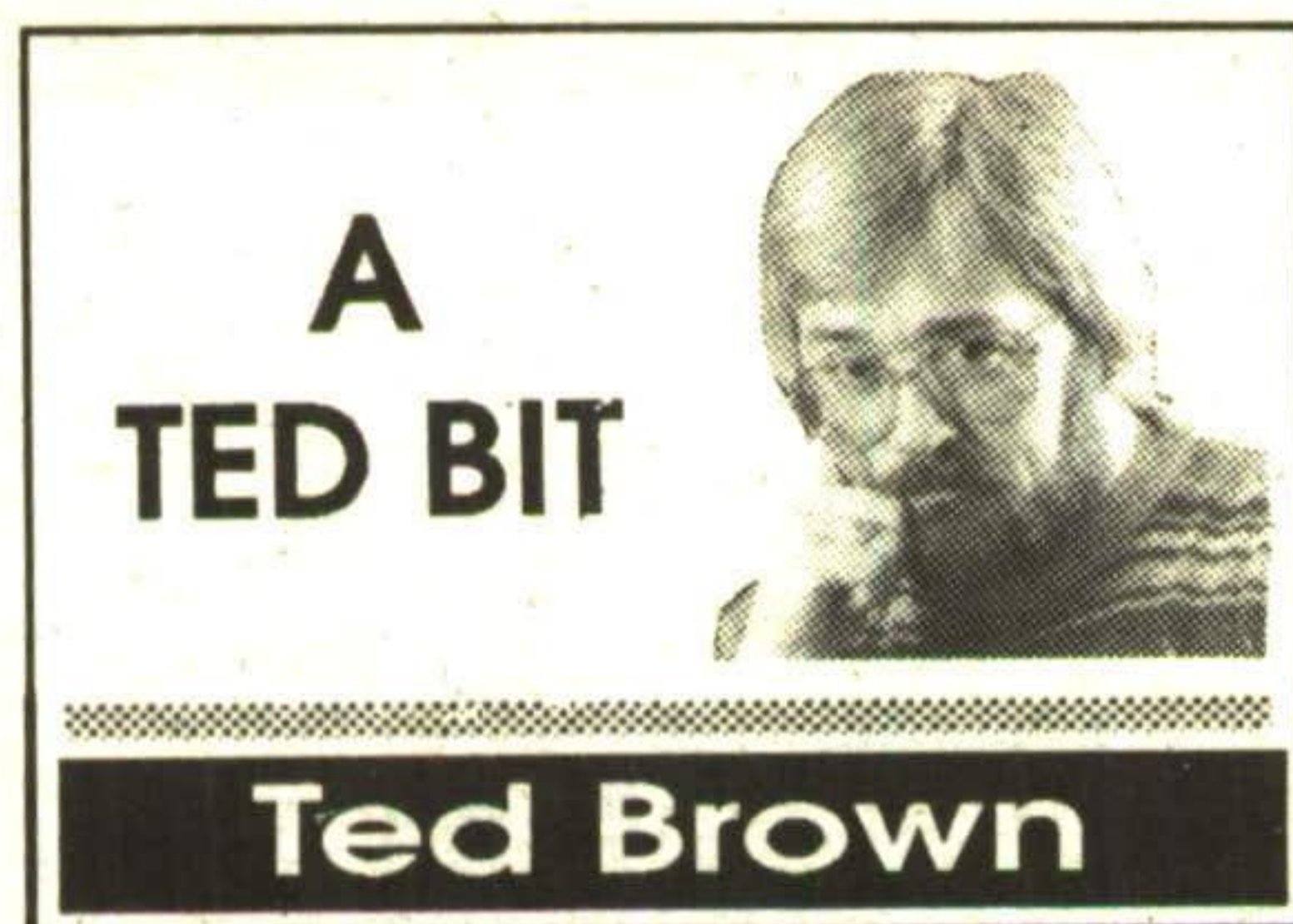
The male/female ratio took a small but significant step in my favor New Year's Day, with the arrival of a new face in the Brown household.

Wednesday morning, "Merlin" landed on the kitchen floor in a frenzied ball of fur and claws with a puffed-up tail, and immediately took command of our place.

I'll explain.

Merlin is our new cat. New MALE cat.

Because he was born Halloween night, the family unanimously decided to name him after the mythical, mysterious wizard, and, like his



namesake, he has been working feats of magic since he arrived. Sporting a fur coat about the shade of a Kraft caramel, this cat has had my wife and all four of my daughters under his spell since he set foot inside the door, scurrying from one end of the house to the other, with the kids in a trance, following close behind.

His most minuscule wish is their unequivocal command.

And the kids have done nothing but fight over him since he arrived.

Everyone argues about whose

turn it is for Merlin to sit on their lap. Or who should be petting him, or playing with him or feeding him.

Of course, no one has volunteered to look after cleaning his litter box yet.

I immediately developed a kinship with this cat; sort of the male-bonding type thing. After all, "us guys gotta stick together," you know.

And together, I'm sure we can take over the house.

I envision the two of us sharing a cold beer and watching the hockey game on TV, burping and swearing with wild abandon, while the womenfolk in the house watch some mundane program on the black and white TV.

After all, whatever Merlin wants, Merlin gets.

Or maybe we could have fun exchanging a few off-color jokes, that we pick up on our travels. I'm sure Merlin has heard a few good ones at the local garbage can to match the ones I've heard around town.

Merlin and I could work as a team.

Perhaps I can get him to create some cute little diversion early in the morning, gaining me additional time in the bathroom. The use of the bathroom is quality time in my house with five women around.

And I can hardly wait for spring to get here, so he can get out at night, and terrorize some of the neighbors who have female cats. I'm sure I'll feel a little bit of pride and say "That's my boy!" when I learn I'm a "grampa" (of sorts) from one of his nocturnal interludes.

Yes sir, this cat and I will be a great team, equaling out the balance of power in the battle of the sexes of the Brown household.

He'll be a rip-roaring, tough cat, never fearing to take on the world if needs be, all the while controlling the ladies in our house like a regular Casanova. Nope, this cat won't be any wimp.

That is, of course, so long as my wife doesn't have him fixed.