

THE HALTON HILLS WEEKEND

KEN NUGENT
Publisher

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A pleasant thought

In the time of ever increasing unemployment and rising costs it was refreshing when Mayor Russ Miller announced that he would be seeking a 0 per cent increase at the initial budget meetings last week.

Now, all the taxpayers can do is hope that the remainder of council and staff can find a way for that to happen.

The mayor is looking to run the Town as if it was its own home and we hope that the other members of council view the budget the same way, spending wisely and saving at every opportunity.

The Mayor is seeking to reduce services in an effort to make ends meet and while we have been accustomed to a high quality level in this regard, it is one area that the budget may be reduced to help keep the increase as low as possible.

It is something the taxpayers must decide. There is only so much money to go around and council are not miracle workers.

If taxes are to remain at a zero level, or anywhere close to that number, the residents of the area are going to have to bite the bullet.

Council can not, and will not, be able to do it alone. The taxpayers are going to give up something, be it Town services or hard earned dollars. At this stage of the game we feel residents would rather keep their hard earned cash.

Riding coat-tails?

Dear Editor:

Wow! I read with interest the press release stating that the Reverend Ken Campbell is going to save Canada by running on the Reform ticket in the next election! He took 67 words in one sentence to tell us the Reform Party will win next year. Based on the lengthy dissertation I don't think the country has enough time to hear his views on tax reform, on an equal elected senate, on government spending or on fair immigration policy to name only a few.

No, Reverend Ken is going to jump on the Reform coat-tails because the Minister of Revenue de-registered his charitable organization.

I suggest, Reverend Campbell, that you grind your ax on your own

LETTERS to the Editor

band wagon and that for the sake of Canadian politics and particularly the electorate of this riding, you concentrate your efforts in your area of expertise, namely, press releases, the advancement of your social credit policies and your anti- "whatever's happening now" programs.

This would best be served by your running on your present Social Credit ticket with all your "antis" by your side. In that way your true support will be reflected in actual counted votes on election night.

Blow hard socialism is on its way out, thank goodness!

D. Paul Campbell

Great support

Dear Editor:

These are very busy times at Acton Food Share, but we feel we must express our thanks, and gratitude to the many wonderful people, organizations and businesses that helped us with gifts of food and money.

Thanks, also the the churches of Acton, Rockwood, Everton and Churchill for their donations and support.

During the Christmas season we received an outpouring of gifts of toys, cookies, Christmas cakes, fruit and turkeys, helping to make the season brighter for those in need.

On behalf of the directors and volunteers may I express our thanks. Your support is so essential.

Sincerely,
Joan Waldie,
Coordinator



This baby's high tech, all the way

Does this column look any different to you?

I don't know if it does or not, but I'm writing it on a brand spanking new computer.

Members of the editorial department just took delivery of a bunch of new computers; baby "Macs," or better known as Macintosh Classics. (And all these years I thought baby Mac's came from the same place as the big ones; "the Golden Arches.")

Yep, we're high tech now, folks, complete with all the lights, bells and whistles. Just like the dailies.

I must admit I have always regarded change in the workplace with a bit of suspicion and apprehension. But I'm becoming a tad attached to this computer. It is a cute little thing and takes up about half the room the old one took on my desk.

And it doesn't make any noise like the old ones. They sounded something like one was firing up a vacuum cleaner when we flipped

the switch.

Nope, this thing is a quiet as a mouse. And speaking of a mouse, each one has a mouse as well. I guess we needed something to play with at the side of the keyboard.

And it makes playing computer games a whole lot easier.

(Oops, that just slipped out. Everyone knows journalists are a serious lot and would never stoop to playing juvenile games on a computer.)

So what does one do when faced with a new computer system?

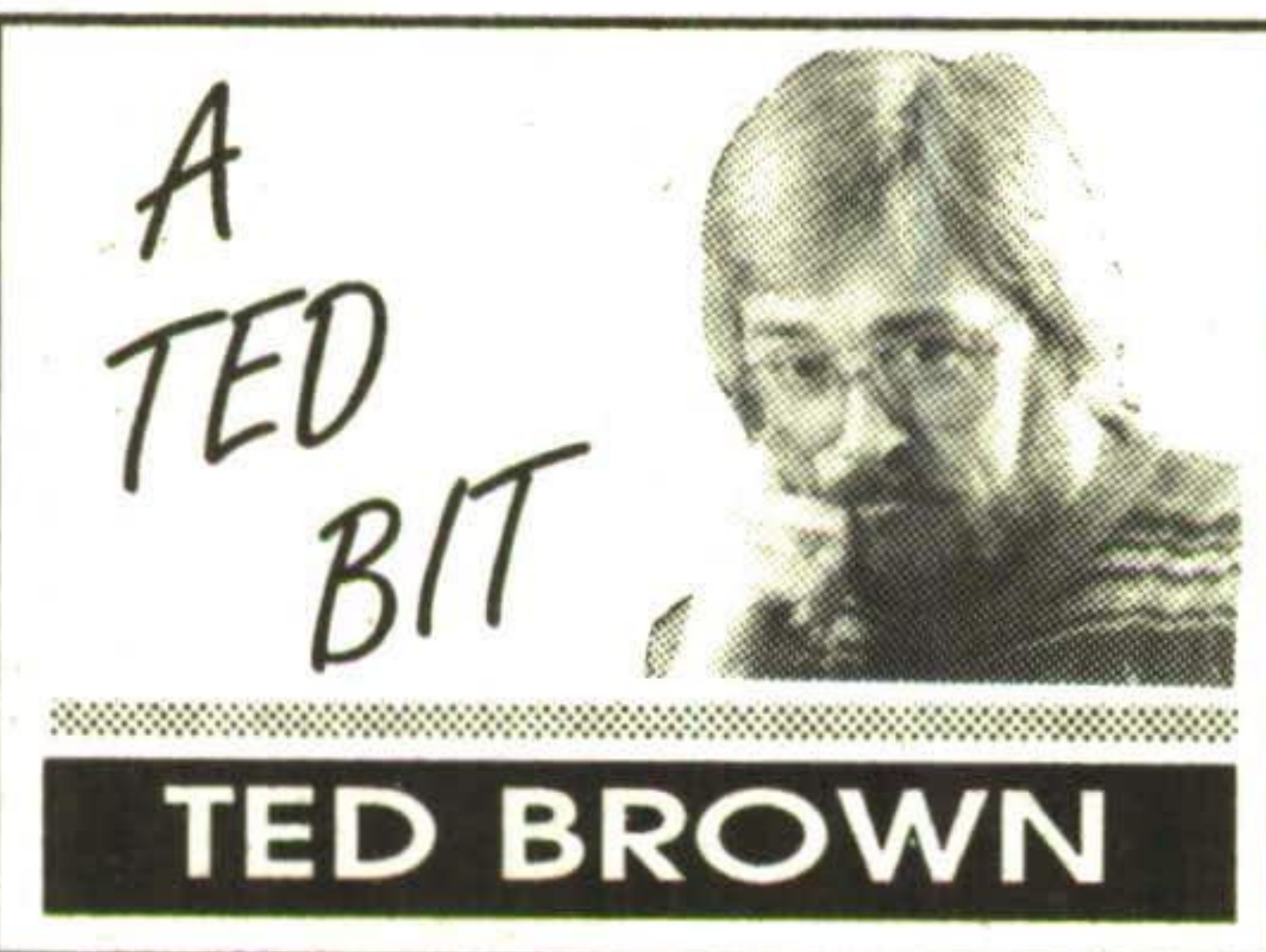
After one week, I think I can sum it up in one word.

Panic.

And after the panic subsides, pull your hair out.

And say, "I can't learn this, not in a hundred years; it's just too damn difficult."

But, surprise, surprise, surprise. I have managed to get through this far without so much as one word of profanity.



Okay, I said one word. But not out loud. (And what I say under my breath doesn't count.)

I will admit, though, this thing has a lot of neat little features. Things like a nice little grey screen that's easy on the eyes. And it has a whopping big memory, so it never runs out of room for those long stories.

It has a spell checker too, so I won't mke ayn mor dmb spllig mistak S or TyPo'S in mi copi. (So long as I remember to use it.)

And instead of making a beep when I make an entry, it boings. Or

squeaks like a monkey. Or clangs like someone threw a glass bottle into a garbage can. As a matter of fact, I can program it to make virtually any sound I want. (I wonder how it belting out a few bars of Born to be wild would sound?)

With this new system, we're all hooked together on a network in the editorial department, sort of like a bunch of kindergarten kids tied together with a rope for a field trip. That way, we can transfer stories from one unit to another without so much as leaving our desks.

Yes sir, The Georgetown Independent has certainly hit the big time.

With our new computers, we can check each other's stories, change the type faces at will and write the headlines to any size; right from the comfort of our desks.

Neat stuff, eh?

It reminds me of how things worked on the old "Lou Grant" tele-

vision series. You know, with Lou and Rossi and Billy, and all the others who toiled on the television screen every week to put out that fictitious daily called the Los Angeles Tribune.

Say, now that's a neat thought.

We should start to call Robin Inscow "Lou" and refer to Cynthia Gamble as "Billy."

Maybe Stuart Johnston could be our very own "Rossi." After all, he's the same type; an aggressive little guy who scurries around after those good news stories.

Now, I'm not too sure if Janet Baine could go by the name of Mrs. Pinchon; after all, Mrs. Pinchon owned the Tribune.

Yes, with these new high tech computers, we could almost rename the entire newsroom just like the staff of "The Trib."

Just as long as no one starts to call me "Animal."